

La Boz Meldados - A Short Journey Each Month

By Louise Chiprut Berman

While looking through last month's LaBoz, I was mesmerized at the section of meldados. Reading through them is like taking a journey back in time.

The most wonderful short trips go through my mind as I remember many of our dear departed. It's also educational placing families together. This is somehow very important to me. Being a Chiprut, most shabbat dinners and holiday meals were topped off with a genealogy lesson thanks to my dear dad, Morrie Chiprut, of blessed memory. Some of you may remember his love for golf and his golfing buddies, Al Viesse, Danny Almoslino, Mike Varon, and Ike Morhaime. Dad would say, "Did you know people came to see my mother for a variety of reasons?" That's when I learned that my nona, Louise Kadun Azose Chiprut was considered a "Dudu." I wonder if that's a genetic trait.

Back to the meldado page. The first name I recognize is **Lucy Maimon**. I can see her standing near the kitchen at camp. She is wearing an apron and holding a big cuchada. I can feel the dampness of the morning. I now try to name all the Maimon kids. I always miss someone, confusing some with the Scharhon and Azose families.

Eva Viesse. Auntie Eva to so many. I can hear her laughing and see her playing mah jongg with mom. I remember her fingers as she served us her fabulous food. I continue down the list.

Eli Baroh. I can see where he is buried. I think of my friends, Jerry and Cecile.

Dale Behar. Gone too soon. I remember our days with the American Sephardi Youth Federation events. I hear his hearty laugh.

Oh... then I see my brother's name. **Jerry**. Is it that time again? My eyes tear up and I feel sad.

Betty Halfon. My dear friend and cousin. I get a lump in my throat and think of all the trouble we caused at camp, then smile at the good times we had in Palm Desert as adults. Another gone too soon.

Jack Adatto. I should call Allyn. I still have some of the letters he wrote me from Vietnam in the 60s. He was my brother's best friend and ultimately another older brother. Allyn is only one who can call me by that old nickname.

I continue reading down the list. **Beverly De Jaen**. A truly kind woman. I haven't seen Mordo in a while. He always reminds me we're related. It's time to call Lilly for another history lesson.

Mike Bensussen. Tess was my bunkmate at camp. Time to reach out to my old friend and let her know her acoustic guitar still sounds fabulous. I wonder where Shabetai is.

Oh no... **Esther Chiprut**. It's eerie how she and Jerry both have meldados a week apart. I get another cup of coffee. Gives me a moment to stop and try to get past the unfairness.

Mary Azose. Now I make the connection to the Scharhon family mentioned earlier. I also remember not to send Mr. Azose an email on Shabbat or he'll give me "keshas."

Jacques Schaloum. That must be who my buddy Jack is named for. I love seeing the names repeated in grandchildren. Repeating names is our brilliant way of maintaining family lines. I recently saw Lucia at the City of Hope meeting. I haven't seen Henry in years but will always remember the unmistakable, "Shabbat Shalom Schaloum." Good times. It appears I have camp on my mind.

Nancy Resnik. I don't remember that she passed away. La Boz is my reminder buddy. I think of her children.

Angela Bass. I remember sitting with her uncle David Israel at the home visiting my mom. I can see his red hair. I remember his conversations were always about who he is related to. This must be a common theme we all grew up with.

Sol Amon. Yes...in his white apron at the market. I haven't seen Harry Calvo in a while. I think he still works at Pure Food. He and Alan Benezra were my bowling teammates. We were a dynamic trio.

Meir Rubenstein. I never knew him, but his daughter Evelyn and I became friends when I worked in the admissions office at the UW. I smile and recall how I gave special attention to many incoming freshmen students from our kehila, making sure they were admitted.

Stanley Muscatel. Another old elementary school friend. He's on my high school list of those no longer with us. He's supposed to be here for our reunion in August.

I read other names and empathize with their families. Reading the meldados has a dual purpose for me. Each month, I take this short trip down memory lane and think of those who have passed. I am always amazed at how quickly the years pass. I look forward to next month's La Boz.