We used to joke that if you bumped into my dad in the kitchen, he'd probably want you to work out how to solve global antisemitism while the kettle boils. But he did, because why wouldn't he? Problems are there to be solved... That's what my dad taught us, in everything he taught, he wrote, but mainly in the things he chatted to us about while the kettle boiled. He loved us, so much, and never ever missed any opportunity in recent years to tell us that. To tell us how proud he was of everything each of us did, but mainly, of who we were. Of how proud he was of each grandchild, and every new bit of joy they brought into his world. And because he loved us, each of us in different ways because we are different people, he gave us the space to become us, not him...

I will remember many things, but those two in particular: he taught us that the world is there to be challenged and that there is no such thing as an unsolvable problem, and he loved us, which meant we could become the people we are, and no child could wish for more.

(Extracted from Gila's hesped at her father's funeral.)