

Dad was born into a different world from the one we live in today. He was a subject of Sultan Mehmet V, when Iraq was just an Ottoman province, and 40% of Baghdadis were Jewish.

He was part of that generation of Jews that wanted to help build a modern Iraq, but eventually had to take the difficult journey of uprooting themselves and their families to rebuild their lives and careers again from scratch. Like many of his contemporaries, he just got on with the job without a fuss, and he never complained or expressed regret.

The continuing thread through the second half of his life was service to others. In 1969, he set up the Iraqi club in West Kensington to facilitate Iraqi Jews to meet and help each other rebuild their lives here. He persuaded a number of his friends to participate in funding premises, which contributed to community cohesion for 35 years.

He was not only concerned with Iraqi Jews in the UK, but also throughout the world. For over 30 years his Scribe Journal of Babylonian Jewry was enjoyed in the many countries where Iraqi Jews had settled.

He was also keen to preserve the Baghdadi Jewish traditions, and his Haggadah, with Arabic and English translations, is still used worldwide.

Dad was devoted to Mum, and when she became ill in the last few years of her life, he would take her with him to work every day. She would sit with him in his office, which was a great comfort and reassurance to her. He gave Mum a real sense of security. He had a strong commitment to traditional family life in the broadest sense.

Dad was a great inspiration to me, and showed me by example, that you can always do more if you apply yourself. He set up a solid business for his family, and a charitable

foundation that will continue to do good for many years to come.

He also built the Dangoor Synagogue in Lauderdale Road in memory of his parents. It is used every day of the week throughout the year.

It wasn't just his own community he helped, but so many others in different ways. He established university scholarships, sponsored the Westminster Academy, and supported the dissemination of information via the Cancer Research website and the Age UK website.

Despite all the challenges in his life he never complained. He used to enjoy reading around his many subjects of interest, but 22 years ago he was struck by macular degeneration, which meant that he was no longer able to read at all. He never uttered a word of complaint.

The strong feeling he had of responsibility for his family and his community was always there. When he was 95 and had begun to feel pain, and found it difficult to walk and to see, I asked him if he thought old age was a punishment. He said not at all, as he no longer had the burden of the responsibilities he had always felt.

In 2009 Dad was rushed to St Mary's hospital with acute pulmonary oedema. It took 4 hours to resuscitate him and he nearly didn't make it. Our family is very grateful to the hospital for giving him another 6 good years of life.

In these final years, I would see Dad many times a week, and he would always want us to have something to eat together. He would enjoy listening to music from his days in Baghdad and he would be able to recite by heart many of the psalms he had learnt in his childhood.

Dad leaves a big hole in our lives, but his example and memory will sustain us long into the future.