



*Bertha Rosalie
Sobel Rose*

November 4, 1923 - September 25, 2019

Today is the day that Bertha Rosalie Sobel Rose took her leave from this lifetime after ninety-five plus years. That it is the season of the Jewish High Holidays is not coincidental, as Mom was a person of the Highest Holiness, a person without pretense nor charade, a person who KNEW that the self is only a small part of 'the plan' rather than the Creator of 'the plan', and a person whose personal difficulties dwarfed many of our own. And yet she greeted each day and each person she encountered as a genuine gift from God.

Bertha Sobel was born in Beaumont Texas to Eastern European and Russian Jewish immigrants, David and Sonia. Along came beloved brother Jerry to complete the Sobel nucleus, which was a devoutly Orthodox Jewish home. David was quiet and stern, a proud father of his beloved SonnyBoy Jerry, and Sonia was hardworking, engaging, and welcoming, a master seamstress whose works supported the family through difficult depression days. Mom was valedictorian of her high school class, earned a scholarship to Lamar University in Beaumont, but stayed at home to help with her Uncle Abe Sobel's Beaumont business when he was called to active duty in World War 2. When he returned to Beaumont after discharge from the Army, Bertha decided to stay and work rather than return to college.

So, it was a strikingly beautiful Bertha who met Chibby Rose on the steps of the Temple in Beaumont on a Yom Kippur afternoon where Dad had been attending Yizgor services in remembrance of his father Victor Rosenwasser. Now Chibby was a gregarious, fun loving, apparently footloose, country Jewish man from Bellville Texas and in him Bertha saw all of the happy days and unleashed joyous times that she so wanted and envisioned. Off they went together for their coupled journey.

Along came three hungry mouths to feed, and along with us came a most difficult realization for Mom: that Chibby was a fun loving and heartfelt man, yet his mind was filled with pain and difficulties that were hard to understand or soothe.

In that context then arrived the defining moment of Mom's existence

until her life ended: Blindness, at age thirty. Her blindness first manifest around the time I was born and proved very difficult to diagnose in 1954. So, what to do now? Three little children, a very unstable life's love and partner, not much money, and newly incurably blind!

Mom told me she laid around in bed for two weeks, sad and frightened, and then one day she simply sat up and said, "I'm not giving up", and got out of bed and got on with life. This was her credo until her last breath that I witnessed today, Wednesday, at 3:26 pm. To attempt to describe Mom's nature and her life adequately on paper is futile, but please let me just share with you a letter I wrote to my then seven-year-old son Benjamin this past November 2018 for the occasion of Mom's 95th birthday:

Dear Ben—BeBe asked me to write a letter to you about some feelings I shared with her last night, and it dawned upon me that this letter might be the best birthday present that you and I could ever give her.

You know just how grateful I am to BeBe for staying with me for my entire life, and that she is responsible for my very existence in this lifetime. What I said to Mom/BeBe last night was how utterly grateful I am to HER for staying with us, for staying alive, for these 7 1/2 years of your life Ben. Why would I say such a thing to BeBe? Because, just as she has done with me since I was a tiny boy, she has given you, my dearest son, a chance to be with her in real life, in real time, and spend countless priceless moments simply absorbing just who BeBe is—a woman-person of immense faith, compassion, sharing, caring, courage, and Love. She is uncompromising in her wishes and actions in keeping our family together, not separated, and this despite my childhood pleadings to separate our family and find peace. She would have none of that then, and this was based on her deepest self being True Love—love of her life's partner, and love of her children. Not one shred of all of that has changed until today, her 95th birthday. Around the time I was born BeBe went blind, and we have lived that blindness with her, and now she has shared that with you. What a blessing for all of us to see and experience just how BeBe deals with the blindness that would shatter most of our lives! And we get the privilege to help BeBe, something you are amazingly good at—as if you Benjamin were

born with the notions of caring and compassion in this lifetime. You know in her amazing way BeBe has been a real 'Protector of People', just as you are Ben.

How has BeBe shared her profound nature and lessons with you? By lecturing you, or writing things to you, or preaching what is right and wrong to you? Not at all. In fact, what she has done is just be her incredible self—her strong, faithful, vulnerable, empathetic, loving self, and let you just soak in it—let you soak it in to the deepest parts of your soul. And as each week goes by and you grow up, I see and hear more of BeBe's lessons in you and coming from you. This Ben defines the greatest gift a person can give to another, a gift that will stay with you your entire lifetime and will continue to deepen and grow—incorporating such a good and wonderful soul that is BeBe's into your heart and soul is a gift that cannot be approached or equaled, and I know it because I got it from her too! There is not a day that goes by in my life, and in your life to come, that our hearts will not display those gifts BeBe has given us as we deal with others in this world. I told her last night there is no greater offering that she could have given us, period. That's why I would say these things to our beloved BeBe.

Ben, 15 years ago I wrote this to BeBe when she turned 80:

You are the most amazing person I have met, and you are likely to be the most amazing person I will ever meet. You are not famous, nor wealthy, you have not starred in movies nor TV shows, published books, or been the President.

But you have accomplished what is the greatest imperative we human beings have: to Love, to Bond, to Bear and Raise children, and to Pass your teachings on. You have done so at great sacrifice, and with profound, unspeakable personal pain and tragedy.

And you have done this with such grace, such unfettered enthusiasm and gratitude for the gift of being alive. And with the most earnest, straightforward and real faith I have witnessed.

Mother, you have made an indelible impression upon your world, by being a beacon for any who have met you and have taken the time to

see your oh-so-bright light. Your Daily Wisdom, your pure essence, and the lessons of your faith and ways of living are blueprints for all who have known you, to use in our lives.

I yearn to be the custodian of your Spirit, and I will always try to spread your voice to all I meet.

So, you see Ben that I've recognized BeBe's gifts for a long long time—well for my whole life actually. Here is something else I wrote to BeBe when she was 82, 13 years ago:

How you walked with me, the little, little boy, in the fields in Austin, holding my hand (usually my left hand) to protect me from the traffic;
How you helped me to stop stuttering and be able to speak;
How you dressed me on happy occasions and holidays, like Halloween and Chanukah;

How you held my six-year-old head when asthma would not let me breathe, and fed me “guggle muggles” to warm my chest and heart;
How you woke me each and every morning for so many years, so I could eventually do something for others;

How strong but benevolent you were in these tasks, when your heart was so heavy;

How you cried (with and without tears) with the suffering of our family – your Mother and Father, your Aunt Bess, my Father and your Husband, and your loss of the sights of our world – and just how powerless I was to help you;

How you cried with your head on the kitchen table, after another remarkably painful evening, and how you brought the next day alive with such vibrant energy with your morning awakenings;

How you gave me, with all of your daily burdens, a shoulder on which to cry, to laugh, to be angry, and to feel strength and connection – you would not give in to the miseries;

How you held the family together (!) for the next 30 years;

How you have been the great beacon of compassion and wisdom and understanding, with your own unique brand of faith and resilience as your driving force;

How you truly feel, truly feel, what you hear and believe, and how that truth and earnestness gives me daily perspective as I move through life and guides me when I am lost.

Mother, who holds your head when you feel weak and tired, lonely and alone?

Who gives you breath when you cannot find your own?

And where does the strength and spirit of your voice come from when I call?

It is, as you have shown me dear mother, God who holds us all.

Ben, please take these divine lessons from your time on Earth with BeBe every moment of your blessed life, and you will fly with the magic of BeBe's carpet each and every day. Never forget from where you came, and always give the Love that is your Truest self, every single day, as BeBe has shown you, and all of us, just how it can be done!

Love Always,

Dada

Mom was everything in life to so many, but to me especially. My inspiration on a daily or even hourly basis, my source of strength and balance, my confidante, my dose of what really matters in this life and what really does not, my roots in Judaism and the simplistic beauty of its concepts, and my living demonstration to Ben of what courage truly is, rather than what our society typically calls courageous. She and I and so many Loved Ones together walked the streets of Sausalito, the cafes of Paris, the lava of Hawaii, the trails of Montana, the theaters of New York, the sands of the Caribbean, the kitchen of the White House, the cobbles of Amsterdam, the carpets of the Santa Fe Opera house, the synagogues and cathedrals of London, the snows of Banff, the smoky music clubs of Brussels, the cemetery of Beaumont, the boats of Mexico, and so many more places. But the most important places we walked were in the hearts and homes of so many Loved Ones, who made her life of darkness so rich with the Light of Love. I can never express how grateful I am to so many for seeing Bertha Rose for the True Love that she was and will always be.

Mom showed us, clearly and without any exception, just what earnest selfless devotion and honesty means in so many ways, always Pure and unfettered, simply extraordinary. Sister Janice (and a fleet of angels!) has reproduced this very trait in the last times of Mom's life, ushering

Mom back Home with the strength of Samson and the tender touch of a falling feather. Sister Vicki provided Mom the truly colossal blessing of sharing with Mom a special home, a room to spend her final 11 years until that last breath. Mom just loved her room, the warmth of the sun through her windows, and the proximity to her beloved Congregation Albert. Mom bathed in the Love provided by her caregiving angels and neighbors and family, and she showered all whom she met with that Care and Love. Each of her days and moments done in darkness, yet with an unseeing wisdom whose Vision superseded most all of ours.

And no matter how tricky it was for her to do something even so simple as to drink a glass of water, Mom was never a tragic figure in her heart and soul, and in fact she was a Titan of strength and Love, disinterested in petty self-evaluation and rumination. She would never expect nor ask anyone for anything that she would not ask of herself. In the gift and miracle of my son Benjamin she found and experienced and shared the primordial Unconditional Love that we all begin this life as, and that sustained Mom in the last 8 hard years of her time here. How incredible for both Ben and BeBe.

In the last months of her life, Mom and I (and often with Ben right in with us) shared so many profound discussions about life, death, arriving, going, God, Love, and Fear. She was truly torn between worlds about having to leave this earthly life, a prolonged existential crisis that created a final book of suffering for her. She did not want to leave! The mechanics of her leaving were a real time demonstration of the Power of her Will and Love. In that context, when I told Mom one day a couple of weeks ago how great it was to hear the sound of her voice, she told me, nearly inaudibly: “Oh good; And even if you don’t hear my voice you know it is always there.”

A couple of weeks prior to that lesson, Mom and I and Ben had an enormously profound experience together in her room. Here is what I wrote about it just a few weeks ago as it was completed:

Mom, Ben and I just had the longest deepest and best ‘session’ of all since this whole Goodbye has taken on its new form. Simply into the divine beyond. All topics discussed, dissected, and absorbed in the moment. Deeply featuring Faith, Love and Fear, and the abandonment

of Fear. She just now said ‘This is the best day; I’ll take this day into my thoughts and my heart!’ And it just began to POUR down rain. The back door is open, it smells heavenly.

Mom then said, after all themes were shared and considered, with hands clutched together and held to her heart, teary unseeing eyes looking toward the sky: ‘God, thank you for all that you have given me. (And without missing a beat) And God, thank you for all you have taken from me.’

WOW. Lesson Delivered.”

Oh Mom, Oh Bertha Rosalie Sobel Rose, High and Holy—Thank You. Ben and I and so many share Love with you, Eternally.

May we all be Custodians of Your Spirit!

Barry M. Rose, MD
Sausalito, CA



יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְרָא
כְּרַעוּתֵיהּ, וְיִמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּעֶגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Yit-ga-dal v'yit-ka-dash sh'mei ra-ba. B'al-ma di-v'ra
chi-ru-tei, v'yam-lich mal-chu-tei b'chai-yei-chon
u-v'yo-mei-chon u-v'chai-yei d'chol beit Yis-ra-eil, ba-a-ga-la
u-viz-man ka-riv, v'i-m'ru: A-mein.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

Y'hei sh'mei ra-ba m'va-rach l'a-lam ul'al-mei al-mai-ya.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקַדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא
לְעֵלָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא, תְּשַׁבְּחַתָּא
וְנַחֲמַתָּא, דְאִמְרוּן בְּעֶלְמָא, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Yit-ba-rach v'yish-ta-bach v'yit-pa-ar v'yit-ro-mam
v'yit-na-sei, v'yit-ha-dar v'yit-a-leh v'yit-ha-lal sh'mei
d'ku-d'sha, b'rich hu. L'ei-la min kol bir-cha-ta v'shi-ra-ta,
toosh-b'cha-ta v'ne-che-ma-ta da-a-mi-ran b'a-l'ma, v'i-m'ru:
A-mein.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Y'hei sh'la-ma ra-ba min sh'ma-ya v'cha-yim a-lei-nu v'al kol
Yis-ra-eil, v'i-m'ru: A-mein.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל
כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

O-seh sha-lom bim-ro-mav, hu ya-a-seh sha-lom a-lei-nu
v'al kol Yis-ra-eil, v'i-m'ru: A-mein.

Mourner's Kaddish English Translation

Glorified and sanctified be God's great name throughout the world which He has created according to His will. May He establish His kingdom in your lifetime and during your days, and within the life of the entire House of Israel, speedily and soon; and say, Amen.

May His great name be blessed forever and to all eternity.

Blessed and praised, glorified and exalted, extolled and honored, adored and lauded be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He, beyond all the blessings and hymns, praises and consolations that are ever spoken in the world; and say, Amen.

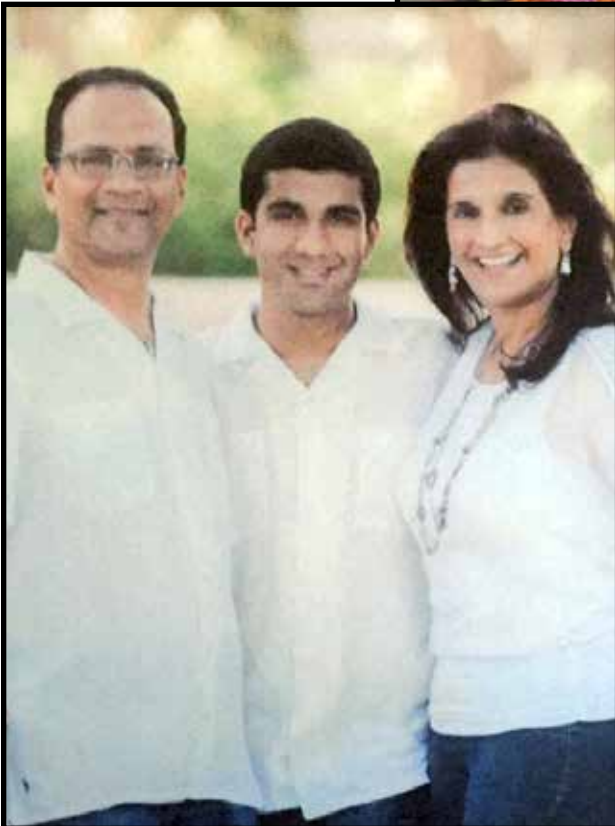
May there be abundant peace from heaven, and life, for us and for all Israel; and say, Amen.

He who creates peace in His celestial heights, may He create peace for us and for all Israel; and say, Amen.

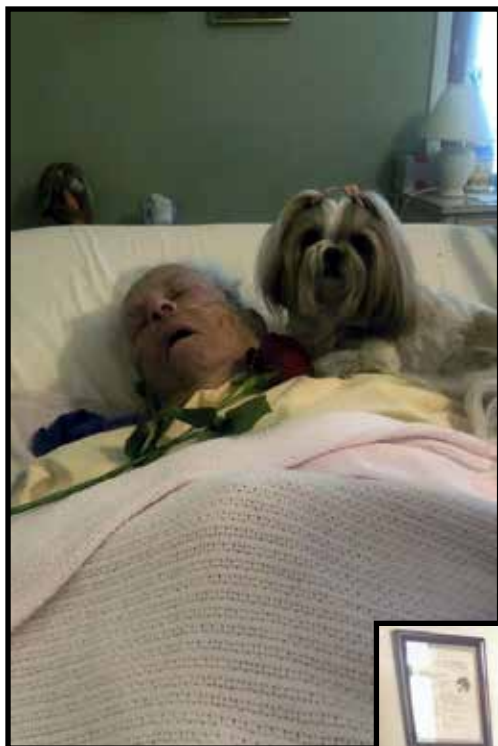












September 25, 2019
25 Elul 5779
National Daughter's Day

Thank you all for being here to celebrate an extraordinary life!!! A world of thanks to all my mom's wonderful and gracious caregivers over the years! Undying gratitude goes out to my sister Janice, for her unfailing and complete devotion to mom and all our family, and to my brother, Barry, for his depth of perception and an exceptional ability to express it, and his smashingly detailed and accurate memory.

Eulogy for Mom, Bertha Rosalie Sobel Rose, Transition on 9/25/2019

I want to begin by saying thank you all for being here to celebrate an extraordinary life!!! A world of thanks to all my mom's wonderful and loyal caregivers over the years! Undying gratitude goes out to my sister Janice, for her unfailing and complete devotion to mom and all our family, and to my brother, Barry, for his depth of perception and an exceptional ability to express it, and his smashingly detailed and accurate memory.

There are so many things that made mom, Bertha, a standout, one of a kind, and purely precious woman, wife, daughter and parent...so many it's hard for me to count or name. Being in her presence for only a minute, one was astounded by her entire BEING---a light so bright that it totally defied the darkness in which she lived daily!

And, I know, nothing can ever separate us, because our souls are eternally linked. I tried to transmit that to you always and felt I had been successful when about 4 years ago we were chatting in your cherished bedroom. Mom said, with a somewhat serious tone, though smiling, "Vicki, I have something I need to tell you." I replied, "Sure, what is it?" Her answer was as follows, "Vicki dear, living here with you has really helped me a lot, but one of most important ways it has helped me is that I am no longer afraid to die---I want to live, but I am no longer scared of death itself." With that statement to me, all the petty trials of co-habiting with anyone, even one's own mother,

completely paled in comparison to the fact that she truly felt some sort of liberation from a profound suffering. Mom didn't want to leave her beloved family and friends, and everyone was Bertha's friend--- she fought to stay with us, but that fear of death itself, that she carried for so many years had virtually vanished. I knew immediately, with instant and sure realization why we had been brought to live together towards the sunset of her life. A part of my life's work had been achieved! Thanks be given to Universal Spirit of never-failing Light!

So, having lived with Mom the last 11 and 1/2 years in Albuquerque, our bedrooms across the hall from one another, there are two main things I will so miss about her. Those two things are first, her shining smile that radiated her entire Beauty and special being, and secondly, her enduring strength which she exemplified everyday upon waking, smiling to life, greeting the day, even with her blindness and challenge. She was so grateful to be alive!!!

She lived in faith and presence at all times. All of us have been universally touched by her spirit and commanding life force which we will carry with us for all our days going forward till we meet again..

Mother dear, your memory IS an eternal blessing. You are the epitome of love and compassion, and gratefulness and grace!! You are my continued INSPIRATION EXEMPLIFYING JUST HOW TO LIVE ONE'S TRUTH IN THE MOST RIGHTEOUS MANNER EVERY DAY AND IN EVERY WAY!!

All my love always and forever, your first-born child,

Vicki ♡
9/29/18

Funeral Service

Sunday, September 29, 2019 2:00 p.m.

Broussard's Chapel

Beaumont, Texas

Rabbi Matt Michaels

Temple Emanu El, Houston

Interment

Kol Israel Cemetery

Beaumont, Texas



Please sign Mrs. Rose's guest book and share your memories at
www.broussards1889.com