

ute to Elijah never-the-less. When Elisha the prophet saw Elijah ascend to heaven in a fiery chariot he cried out about Elijah – My Father My Father the chariot of Israel and its rider. Elijah the prophet was a father to his people a father to Elisha.

Rabbi Sharfstein was also a father . When he answered a question, he listened and he heard how you felt. It wasn't just about having the knowledge- it was about truly caring about the the person whose question he was answering. Too often Rabbis forget they are speaking to real people – who have feelings – not Rabbi Sharfstein, he truly cared and people felt it.

And more than being a father to his pupils and as well a great Rov and a Torah Scholar, he was a father to his family, to his children. This is a side to him that maybe all did not see; he was also a husband , a father and a Zeidy . To his children he was “Daddy”. Always there for them – always ready with a hug or a warm word or a bright hello. To his grandchildren he was their Zeidy. He would enjoy nothing more than to play, and be with, his grandchildren. They in turn enjoyed nothing more than to play and be with him. As the song goes Zeidy made us laugh; this Zeidy only ever made his einiklach laugh and smile.

He introduced them to such characters as – Mr Mcillicutty, Thruckmorton, Sheherezade and Rumpilstilskin.