

בס"ד

לעילוי נשמת

CHAVA SARA LUBAN ז"ל

OUR TEACHER.....

OUR FRIEND.....

*"Blessed is the man who trusts in Hashem,
G-d will be his security. He shall be like a
tree planted by waters, toward the stream,
spreading its roots. It shall not notice the
heat's arrival, and its foliage shall be ever
fresh. In the years of drought it shall not
worry, nor shall it cease from yielding fruit."*

(Yirmeyahu 17:7-8)

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Dear Friends of Chava, O"H

We, the women of Chava's most recent class who were privileged to glean from her unusual spirit, are honored to present this tribute of gratitude.

It is difficult to put into words the magnitude of her angelic presence.

Her unconditional emunah and bitachon in Hashem provided her with the strength and fortitude to face her difficult challenges with trust, dignity, and serenity.

This is only a glimpse into our hearts of just how special Chava was to all of us.

We are blessed to have her in our lives as a role model and true friend.

First yartzeit
15 Elul 5764
September 1, 2004
Jerusalem

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Elul 15, 5764
September 1, 2004

I wake up today and my body gives a shudder as I become aware that it's the first yartzeit of Chavah O"H.

Maybe a year has actually passed, but in my mind's eye Chava is as fresh and alive as the breathtaking flower I knew her to be.

The only thing that really counts in this world of ours is emes, truth. And the only thing that actually spells out that truth is Torah. Chavah, O"H, in her whole beautiful being, personified that powerful truth of Torah.

I am grateful to Hashem for the zchus of having had Chavah's last set of shiurim in my home. With piercing pain in our hearts, we, her students, all compassionately absorbed every last utterance.

Intellectually we know and believe that Chavah is now in the real world wrapped in the purple robes of Hakodosh Baruch Hu. But the hole in the deep portals of our heart still remains.

I bow in humble courtesy and gratitude at having known Chavah and having been part of her life.

Tzivia Tabak
Yerushalaim

Time has a way of passing so quickly. It was definitely quite a number of years ago when I first met Chava o”h, she must have been visiting the Gross’s and came to our apartment for a brief meeting of some kind. It’s strange because I can remember how impressed I was with her that immediately after, I approached Mrs. Gross to share with me some more information about Chava, so that I could try to find an appropriate shidduch for such a special person. I don’t usually do that.

I must have met her, on and off with a brief hello on the staircase, through the years when she was visiting the Gross’s. Then suddenly one day I noticed someone who looked familiar standing in front of our building. I didn’t recognize her but I said to myself, I know her from someplace- that smile and shine on her face. And low and behold she approached me and told me that she had been recently married. I was so happy for her.

One day months later, I received a call from one of my closest friends, Tzippy Elbaum. She started telling me about a shiur on tefillah that will be taking place in geulah, something unique, because the woman giving the shiur is fighting an illness and I wouldn’t want to miss the opportunity. I didn’t even know who the lecturer was, but I thought to myself, this is something I really want to try to attend and it’s on my day off.

I walked into the shiur a little late, there was someone speaking, but I couldn’t place her. She spoke about the infinite greatness of Hashem and the attributes of justice and mercy that we express in the Shema. She spoke about how in the end we see that everything that happens is from Hashem and is ultimately good. It’s just that from a human’s perspective that we can’t see that. Every word that she uttered came from her heart and was directed by her mind. It was so incredible, she seemed very youthful yet with an understanding of one who had experienced years of living.

It was so unfortunate to see that she was struggling with her illness. Yet with so much dignity she was there for all those attending, to open their own eyes and deepen their understanding of tefillah. Only after a number of classes did I realize that this was the same Chava, I first met during her Eyaht days. She had reached heights, spiritually and intellectually beyond anything I could imagine.

In those brief months I attended her class, she became my teacher, my “Rebbe” in faith and trust. Till this day, I can not let a number of days go by without taking the time out to reinforce and review the lessons that she taught us. Her words have left such an indelible impression. They gave me strength at my most trying moments. She was a living example of what she taught till her very last days. I can’t forget how in her weak state she held on and stayed strong – to continue giving just a little more.

What I have shared with you, I know is just a very tiny part of a much greater picture. May Hashem console you and may you be consoled by the knowledge that what Chava o”h, gave to others in her lifetime will live on in each one of us, and these lessons will flow onwards to the next generation and many generations to come.

Rena Orlowek

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שקט

Chava Luban. ^{אמ"ד}. Something was very special about her. Her serenity & inner calm inspired me tremendously. Her smile was like the sunshine. I always looked forward to her ^{פיוניות}, as they helped to recharge my spiritual batteries.

I had gotten divorced a few months before I began attending Chava's incredible ^{פיוניות}.

It was amazing ^{אין סוף} ^{מילים} that just at the time when I needed the most ^{פיוניות}, I sent Chava as a ^{מידע} for that purpose. Chava lived & breathed all the messages which ~~she~~ she imparted to us. It was so ^{פשוט} to see her so attached to

our Creator, & being of a competitive nature, I tried to do the same. Through Chava, my ^{אמונה} & ^{יכולות} were strengthened even more. I was taught to →

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accept that hardships in life were a result of extra special Fatherly love, & not ^{אין} cruel fate. Her classes were so powerful for me that I hadn't found note-taking necessary. On one occasion, for some reason I jotted down a few sentences on a ~~small~~ small piece of paper, which I placed in my wallet. I now treasure that piece of paper. Whenever I need some ^{פיוניות}, I have something tangible to hold onto & to read again & again. The following note (as it appears on the piece of paper) is mostly word for word as I heard it from Chava.

When we daaven & ask ^ל for something, the "מבקש" is only a means, it's not the goal! The fulfillment of the need is not the purpose of the ^{מבקש}. The purpose is to come close to ^ל. The very things we →

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lack are themselves gifts,
 because they help ~~us~~ to bring
 us closer to ש! Something
 that's missing creates attachment
 & connection. Also, having needs
 help us to clarify who we are.
 It builds us into human
 beings. / "אני אנוש כי שואל וישיב"
 To keep hoping ← "ש' די ארץ"
 & not getting what you want
 is hard work. But we have
 to keep hoping & davening...

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strengthened to do just as I
 am "told".

For me - Chava is not someone
 to be "remembered". "She" lives
 with me constantly in the
 present, & is a loving supportive
 friend through all my trials.

- "אני אנוש כי שואל וישיב"

& may all my דאנק &
תפילות be a זיווג for אנוש אנוש

Fraidy Brown
 Beitar Illit

Whenever I feel down I feel as
 if Chava is rooting for me "Come on
 Fraidy - use this as a chance to
 come closer to ש! Don't waste
 these precious opportunities to grow!"
 I then automatically feel →

1 2100 ,
- ♡ Chayah, a"h ♡ -

We know - there are no accidents - and so when I met our dear friend Tzivia in the health food store - after so long not having seen her - and she so feelingly told me "Miriam, there is a class in the morning that I know you will appreciate given by such a special woman - - - - I knew I would be trying to get there.

HaShem really helped me and I came to the class and met Chayah Lubin, a"h, may her light continue to shine. Her presence was so noble - so angelic - I was breathless. Then she opened her notebook and began to speak - her carefully prepared beautifully written lesson - spoken so carefully with such depth and love.

My heart and soul opened to this exquisite woman - this radiant teacher. I trusted her and I trusted her Torah.

Every lesson became a building block for me - there were always beautiful inspiring ideas that Chayah, a"h, wove into her teachings - ideas to incorporate into my daily life to help me to be closer to HaShem, ideas that strengthened me to work harder in a more deliberate dedicated and elevated way.

Altho Charah, a"h, guided us in studying the book "Faith and Trust", it was her living example of faith that at any moment HaShem could change the decree and if He didn't, then this is meant to be and her complete Trust that her life and health were totally in the Hands of her Creator - that really taught us.

Charah, a"h, was a great gift to us. She gave every ounce of her waning strength to be a vessel for the Words of God to reach us. May her memory be for a blessing and may each of us take what we received from her and do more of what we came here to do and be more of who we were sent here to be amen

and may HaShem continue to comfort her precious family and her dedicated husband. May we soon merit to be in the great day we all are longing for - the complete Redemption, the Building of our Holy Temple and the return of all our beloved ones forever. amen

Written in love and tears
Miriam Succot

Dear dear Chava ⁵⁶,

I wonder if you ever knew before you left us, how much you were an example to us, how much we learned from your teaching and from how much you prepared to teach, from how much you enjoyed teaching and even more from your beautiful embodiment of Torah.

On one hand, you were so wise, so understanding - but on the other hand, so unassuming, almost unaware of your own importance your own impact, your effect on others. You treated us as equals - and more - with such esteem for others. We miss having you with us. We miss your presence.

Today is ⁵⁶ and I look at my notes of your shiur exactly a year ago. You spoke of the Melech HaChaim - and that each of us is connected to the Creator with many strings. So many times you explained to us that our souls, though they may get surface dirt on them never become permanently stained. We have a part of us that is attached to the Eternal that stays pure.

You mentioned that the greatest gift is the ability to differentiate. Chava ^{is}, you used this gift wisely to choose good - to choose to rise above this lowly world, to give a shiner at Hadassah Hospital in the midst of your treatment, to teach weekly going beyond the physical and giving of your soul.

I recall that very special shiner in Hadassah Hospital. You taught us about making choices and how all we have to do is make small choices how they change the world.

Just seeing you teach and shine as you teach - so much more soul than body - that was the biggest lesson.

So much patience for others, so gracious and kind, so careful of other's feelings.

Now you know. Now we know and remember.

May we continue to grow as you so much wanted for us.

Devorah Eisenbach

Chava's smile and laugh was so real; it showed real inner peace and happiness.

I didn't realize that 7-17 was so sick, since she was getting well. But, I am sure she knew. This makes her smile and its meaning so very valuable, since others "give up" and have not good feelings.

Yet, Chava was happy - and was ^{וְהָיָה כְּבִּיבָה בְּחֶסֶד}, like a baby in his mother's bosom, who completely trusts and believes, that all G-d does is perfect and good, and is in peace.

I'm sure that Chava is in a great, great place in ^{שְׁמַיִם}, and I am still waiting to hear the next ^{דבר} she was planning to give us.

I feel it was a privilege to know her, and as I am writing these lines remember a story, that happened about 30 years ago. A young ^{איש} from Yeshivat Fresburg was ^{רבי}. He came to his friend in a dream to tell him that he is in the ^{בית} of ^{אברהם} '67 because he learnt every week the ^{שולחן} also with '67. So I hope, that maybe, she'll take me in to be with her in her ^{בית} of absolute belief - ^{ב'ניק} in G-d.

I feel that her happy childhood and special husband helped her in attaining it.

With all the appreciation to you: her parents
 & her husband.

How blessed we are to have Chara W. Mein⁵ as our teacher. A double blessing for me as her sister-in-law; to have seen her careful, determined, intelligent striving: first as a student at SYA+T some dozen years ago, ^{then} as a new bride building her own home, and ^{finally} through her finest expression of her mature self while teaching and guiding us toward our own realization of God's gift of life.

Her skills as a teacher were among the finest: a gracious, cheerful tone, a flexible and humorous reception of ideas and moods, a highly intelligent and well-ordered preparation, and the steely crow-bar determination to move us forward through stories, personal example, and direct persuasion.

(2.)

She taught us to retain our sensitivity so that we should come to express genuine loving-kindness - an active care that promotes another's true good.

Human dignity is the measure of our success, and this dignity is the very basis of Malchus-kingship.

How she could convey to us these principles can only come from her own experience of those precious lessons from her particular family and teachers, who themselves have gained from the striving and accomplishments of earlier generations. She made it her task that we should continue to show the world this awareness of Hisami loving-kindness, that

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we can live for a "Kiddush HaShem"
That is an intelligent and focused
expression of the support, encouragement
and reassurance of our
creator in every life, in every
aspect of life.

So Chava showed us directly
about true leadership - not
from intimidation, manipulation
or humiliation - but through
a sensitive concern for others, for
their genuine benefit. She did
this with her courage to strive
in her own awareness and her
observance of mitzvot, in her
concentration and focus (to the
best of her strength) to enhance
marriage and family (her own and
others), and in her enormous 15

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gift of self-expression through
her teaching.

As we were drawn to her in her
shining dignity during her illness,
so we ~~will~~ still cling to her memory
as bright inspiration towards
the time we are assured will
produce the fullest expression
of human dignity. We should
see, in her merit, a complete
redemption that will come from
the Creator's great love for us.

Marye Lubin

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an of blessed memory has left me a rare and precious gift of inspiration that I will treasure for life.

Many of us pay lip service to the lofty ideals of an and an

of an had actually risen out of great difficulty to become a shining example of faith and trust in an carried out into life.

She spoke with grace, serenity and conviction.

of an became a chariot for G-d and glorified His Name.

On this, her first an we know, that her extraordinary investment continues to live and to give in the purest, truest sense.

an

Miriam Fushbaum

The נר teaches us to follow the ways of the righteous.

There was so many wonderful traits and teachings to learn and grow from נר.

We certainly feel that it was a great נס for us to have had her as our teacher. What was the Key she used to open the hearts of her many students.?

I feel that it was נר - humility.

The קוד says 'נר' נר. Humility brings one to fear חמ. נר's extreme humility brought her to deep fear of חמ plus her humility made all her students feel close to her, understood and appreciated. It also created in them a desire to become influenced by her.

Her humility thus acted as a bridge, lifting us to greater levels of נר, and greater appreciation of our fellow men.

We pray that her influence on us be ~~be~~ everlasting and the fruits of her deeds will ~~continue increase~~ continually increase.

נר נר נר
נר נר

The ~~influence~~ righteous even after death are considered alive

c. Paulov

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7'02

The first time we had met Chava (7'08)
 & me was by Rocelly Miller's
 class, hosted by Raizel Logan (may
 she be blessed).

I was astonished by her presence
 - quite in awe: something hard to
 put into words. It must have been
 Chava's so very special inner beauty,
 Chava's extraordinary, elevated, refined
 and serene soul, that so clearly
 permeated to the outside, making
 her appearance to be stunning,
 with such (old) mobility, with such
 an angelic beauty. Yes, I definitely
 had picked up on, had felt, something
 so very special, even with out having
 known Chava 7'08, even upon the
 first time having met her.

This must have been shortly

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after Chava had discovered that
 she was seriously ill, for she had
 a certain kind of far off, deep
 serious expression. And this is
 why it had been so painful
 & I had been so broken after
 having met Chava again, a year
 or so later, more the less teaching
 us a Tefiled class - because she
 had looked quite different, so much so,
 that I couldn't remember where we had
 known each other from. And
 painful it was, ~~etc~~ heartbreaking
 once I realized where we knew
 each other from.

Yet the broken heart is
 sometimes what HASHEM wants
 & is what causes us to connect so
 deeply with HIM towards hope & salvation.

And, as real life (solution)
involved there was, for we were
not to having dear, sweet, precious
Chava with us much longer
than any of the "Dr's" had
ever imagined.

Chava "s" was supposed to have
taught us a series of 9 classes.
Well, we were so fortunate
to have had the 1st class
& the 3rd class & for the
remaining 6 classes - Chava
would not be with us... she
had more important matters
to take care of... between
her & the Ribbon Shel Olam - in
preparation for future classes
with us, for lessons in LIVING, REAL LIVING
when the body is withering away, yet
mind & soul thriving towards Eternity

Yes, Chava, during the most excruciatingly
painful, fearful and intense times,
hour after hour, day after day, month
after month, experienced ^{RE-ANIMATED} ~~RE-ANIMATED~~
REVIVAL of the DEAD

We must have without really being aware
of it, had a deep soul connection
and it was not "pro" that during
that long period of her absence, Chava "s"
was constantly on my mind & indeed
I was quite broken, for we knew
that Chava "s" was ~~indeed~~ ~~is~~
~~great~~ - in need of great
^{prayer} - Mercy from Heaven, in
need of a MIRACLE. Apart
from the pain I was feeling, the
worry and concern, I had had
2 consecutive dreams, both similar,
what I can remember was waking up
after having a vision of a group of ladies

In ~~awe~~ awe, leaving the class in silent inspiration, speechless yet ecstatic, after a class with Chavah, and the second dream, along the same line, we had been fortunate to have Chavah leading us an "all-nighter" again leaving the class totally inspired.

After some time, we heard an announcement from Rebetz Eisenboch = "Guess what Cookies" דאן א נייע

- GOOD NEWS, Chavah Luban is doing much better & will be coming back to teach us ".... & next after some time... I got a call from Karen Pincus.

"Hi, my name is Karen... would you be interested in attending a class given by Chavah Luban?"

Well, all I could say to Karen was "this is dream that has come true!"

... & that was the beginning of our group. How fortunate we were.

In addition: after several classes I finally got the courage to approach Chavah in order to share with her what I have written down on paper now: about how ~~much~~ ^{so} affected I ^{was} by everything & how hopeful I had felt after having the dreams and indeed it was with such ~~effect~~, for Chavah's response had been something to the effect: "I'm so happy you are"

Telling me this... it's so
Besharet... because I've
been trying to understand
something, and what you have
told me really fits in,
making it to be much more
clear."

May we all merit the
coming of Moshiach in
our times, at which time we
will once again merit to
be in Chovav's presence O"th.

Rivka Tausky

It was my zchus to have been in the four amos of our dear Chava o”h. (So hard to put o”h after the name of a person so alive till now).

Those of us who were privileged to attend her shiur or engage in conversation with her felt richer than when we came. Her greatness left me with an elated feeling.

In Pirkei Avos it tells us that if we learn from a friend one halacha or one perek or even one letter we are required to honor him. How much more so does this apply to Chava o”h, from whom we learnt so much.

Let us hope that we are able to emulate her holy ways which should be an everlasting memorial to her.

Chana Gelernter

Dear Chava,

When I think of you a sweet soft scent of a gentle pastel shaded flower engulfs me. I can see you before my eyes smiling, gentleness and royalty in one.

Months after I asked you to daven for something you still remembered and asked me about it. I’m sure you’re still davening in shamayim. Chava, I hope to see you soon at the time of the revival. Once again I will see your gentle smile and your royal bearing in that beautiful braided scarf. Moshiach should come soon so that we can meet again.

Varda Renah Littman

Chava was one of those rare people who never judged anyone. It wasn’t because she wasn’t perceptive or naïve. To the contrary she was very astute. She “simply” understood from a very deep place that no human being can judge anyone. She shared peoples’ pain and joy on a very high level. A truly elevated soul, a privilege to have known her.

Blumie Balkind

I feel really privileged to have learnt under Chava o”h. I really feel that we were in the presence of an angel, everything that she said sounded so pure.

"A Praise by David.

*I will exalt You, my G-d the King, and bless Your Name forever and ever.
Every day I will bless You and extol Your Name forever and ever.
Hashem is great and highly extolled and His greatness is unfathomable.
One generation to another will praise Your works and Your mighty acts they will declare.
The splendor of Your glorious majesty and the words of Your wonders I will speak.
Of Your awesome might they will speak and Your greatness I will recount.
Mention of Your bountifulness they will express and in Your righteousness joyfully exult.
Hashem is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and great in kindness.
Hashem is good to all, His mercy encompasses all His works.
All Your works will thank you, Hashem, and Your pious ones will bless You.
Of the honor of Your kingship they will speak and Your might they will declare.
To reveal to men His mighty acts and the glorious splendor of His kingship.
Your kingship is the kingship for all times and Your dominion is in every generation.
Hashem supports all the fallen and straightens all the bent.
The eyes of all look expectantly to You and You give them their food at its proper time.
You open Your hand and satisfy the desire of every living being.
Hashem is just in all His ways and benevolent in all His deeds.
Hashem is near to all who call upon Him, to all who call upon Him in truth.
The will of those who fear Him He fulfills, He hears their cry and delivers them.
Hashem watches over all those who love Him and will destroy all the wicked.
Praise of Hashem, my mouth will declare, and all flesh will
Bless His holy Name forever and ever."*

(Psalm 145)

Chava taught me so much about building a loving relationship with Hashem. She was grateful for each moment and grabbed every opportunity to become closer to her Creator. We learned Houminer's sefer, "Faith and Trust", by observing in awe how she had actualized his words in her own life. She inspired us to reach higher than we thought possible. She led us to the Kadosh Kadoshim with the morning prayers and down the long frightening corridors with Queen Esther on her way to plead with King Achasheverosh.

Chava lived Torah and her presence radiated love. She had so much to give and she gave and she gave and she gave. She taught us in the hospital and she taught us nine days before she died. She taught us when her back was in excruciating pain and before and after treatments. Nothing stopped her. Her neshama was on fire and her whole being glowed whenever she spoke words of Torah.

The way Chava lived her life taught me not to fear death or dying. She was a window to the world of "emet" and I thank Hashem for giving me the opportunity to grow from her light.

Karen Pinkas

Evie Strauss, Chavah Luban, had this priceless quality of making me feel cared for, loved, and safe. I knew that when Chavah would be coming to visit, all would be well. How I looked forward to those times together!

Whether it was acting as my labor coach 11 years ago during the birth of my first son, giving me wise and valuable marriage advice (while she was still single) and which I still think of and use to this day, visiting our family in Toronto for Succos, or the countless other memories I have in my mind and heart, there is one thing that stands out. I knew that when Chavah came to visit, I would have a visitor like no one else. She was so much more than a friend- more like an older sister and aunt.

When Chavah was around, I felt completely taken care of and nurtured. When she popped into my life for a few days, I knew I could breathe a little easier because the burden of caring for a large family would be lifted and split into two parts. She helped with the kids. She cooked. She very slowly benched with my daughter so that she could learn the right words for the benching. Absolutely whatever was necessary, Chava ran to take care of it. She never gave less than 100% in any and every situation. It was true greatness in motion.

Along with her ever-present TLC, Chavah brought a treasure chest full of divrei Torah and inspiring words. She continually amazed me with her yirat shamayim and inspired me to grow by seeing her living and embodying our holy Torah. It amazed me just how much information she retained from the shiurim she attended and how deep her Torah ran.

But even one more midah stands out above the rest and this is the one that can still evoke tears each and everytime I focus on it. This was her ability to make me feel so very loved and special- like I was her most important and treasured friend. I truly felt that as, as probably countless others did as well. Sometimes I sit and think, 'what did she ever see in me?', this person who was so "great" in every sense of the word.' But I guess it doesn't matter. All I know is that Hashem gave me a great scus by giving me a friend, no, a soul-mate named Evie Strauss. I will eternally be grateful for the 15 years that I had the privilege to have her in my life.

When I had a baby this past December, there was no doubt in my mind that I would name her after Chava. So Chavah's memory lives on in my mind and heart whenever I call my baby's name- Yael Chava- who was born Dec. 1, 2003. May Chavah's memory be for a blessing.

With much warmth and love,
Jaymie Pamensky

Dear Chavale,

I sit by the park to write this, because it's a beautiful day and you would have wanted to be - and wanted me to be - outside enjoying it. I brought organic apple juice and rye cookies with me and imagine you here, savoring the tastes and sights and sounds.

I vaguely remember you once telling me about a dream you had... at that point you were barely walking, but in the dream you were well! Your body was moving the way you wanted it to and you were hiking and reveling in the freedom of movement. I imagine it's like that for you now. I remember that for a while you would answer the question "How are you?" by saying, "I'm fine, but my body isn't doing so well." Now you are unchained from your body, and your neshama--the part of you that's always been fine-- is on to the next step in its journey. I can hear you telling me that The One who created it is guiding its every movement and always has been. Sometimes it's not easy for me to see that, but sometimes I get a glimpse. When it's hard to see it I try to take it on faith, a faith that you not only taught, but helped to cultivate.

For me you are still here in many ways. I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say I think of you or feel your influence every day.

As I sit here I see you in the beauty of nature, which you enjoyed so much. I see the geese taking off now and you are here. I see people riding bicycles, a little girl holding a pink balloon, the wind rustling through the trees, the ripples on the water. I remember walks with you through places like this, and how much pleasure you took in them.

I can picture you in the Moshav where you and Amos started out...framed by olive and pomegranate trees, so happy to be in Israel, caring for your plants, preparing and enjoying pure, simple foods, praying, hanging your laundry, welcoming people with your loving smile, learning, taking in and truly appreciating the beauty all around you, the gifts from G-d. Your smile, your laugh, were so beautiful and abundant.

It always felt to me like you learned from everything you saw. Your observations about life were interesting and nuanced. You were constantly processing life's questions, and bringing yourself in line with your conclusions. Your philosophy of life was applied, never just a theoretical exercise. I watched you develop yourself over the years I've known you to the point where you became as much a teacher to me as a friend. And to be with you was to see a living example of the ideals that you articulated.

That's probably what made you such an extraordinary teacher. When you told me recently that you were, even in the midst of your pain, learning Megilat Rus with a few secular Israeli women it didn't surprise me. These women were people who had encountered you. If I remember right, some were even practitioners who had treated you, and felt beyond your infirmity to the depths of what you had to give over. Your classes dealt with the deepest and most relevant questions: Why were we created--what is our purpose? How are the mitzvot--a compendium of laws-- related to our inner life; how do they contribute to our fulfillment? How is a theoretical belief in G-d actually applied in day to day life? Why is there suffering in this world? Nothing was

whitewashed or finessed, either. Always real feelings, real questions, relevant discussions.

What a role model: beautiful, inside and out; caring and compassionate; graceful and deliberate; curious and creative; perceptive and articulate; honest and humble; gentle, but strong. Dignified, even in the most undignifying situations. I think of your eyes, which generally danced with life and humor; even as they quieted after years of pain, there was beauty in them as they took in the world and your situation with acceptance, and gently embraced those that entered your field of vision.

You loved people. Your family, your friends, your neighbors, your students, people who crossed your path...so many people benefited from your loving nature. You befriended doctors, physical therapists, nurses and fellow patients. A few weeks ago you told me that being confined, as you were, to your bed or chair, you would find satisfaction in thinking about your relatives and friends, who they are and how they can grow, and then praying for their development and fulfillment. Chesed (kindness, the drive to give) was natural to you.

I watched people come to visit you. I hope I never forget the smile you greeted everyone with, and how you remembered to ask about this one's new house, that one's simcha. And even through your own ordeal you kept their needs in mind, looking for jobs, apartments and shidduchim for people you knew who needed them, collecting money for people in difficult financial situations. A funny anecdote I remember that reflects all of this: one day you got a phone call that was a wrong number. In your warmth, you struck up a conversation with the person who called, an older lady who began telling you details about her life. She mentioned in passing that she was a shadchan, and your wheels started spinning. Before you got off the phone, you hooked her up with one of your single friends, whom she set up on a date!

And the advice and guidance you gave: perceptive and wise, and in the later years, fearlessly frank. You were so honest with yourself, so real with your feelings and accepting of the feelings of others that many turned to you as a therapist. You counseled people with unusual sensitivity and insight -- couples to the chuppah, singles through their pain, people who were becoming more observant through their changes. One of your students called me last week sobbing, "Who else will be able to understand me like she could? Who else will be able to advise me like she could?"

There's an expression (I think it came from the Kotzker Rebbe; forgive me if I'm wrong) "Where is G-d? Wherever you let him in." You brought meaning and insight and G-dliness everywhere you went. Preparing for Shabbos with you, eating a meal, speaking to people, helping people, watching the world. Wholesome and holy. You made your relationship with G-d very down to earth, teaching yourself to let blessing into your life-- to seek it out, to be grateful and happy with the gifts in your world, to pray from your heart, to do mitzvos with precision and intention. You once wrote to me that when the pain and frustration at not being able to live a normal life were so intense that the usual ways you had of framing your situation positively were not so comforting, then you

would turn to G-d even with your anger and your pain - and find an even deeper connection to Him in that raw place.

The serenity and acceptance you eventually achieved were palpable. Your faith, and the trust in life that it engendered, were lessons for everyone who knew you. To eat something with you, to talk to you, just to be with you, was to feel you fully present and to share a peacefulness with you. I remember the last time I saw you. It was Erev Shabbos, about a month before you passed away. We spent the day preparing for Shabbos, you giving directions (always precise and purposeful) and me trying to fulfill them. The afternoon passed calmly. We talked a little, worked together, rested. By late afternoon, the breeze was drifting in the window in the living room, the house was clean and the table was set. The silver candlesticks and kiddush cup shined. We both noticed how unusually good the cholent smelled. The Friday afternoon quiet began to settle on Jerusalem. It was one of those times--and there were many--that I could feel the Shechina resting in your home. It felt like a shul, a holy place.

The kind of mesinus you had I have only experienced in one other situation: when I have gone to Gedolei Yisroel to get a bracha. Calmness, purposefulness and a sense of Hashem's presence.

In some college course I took, the professor presented to the class the image of a person who had fallen from a cliff and was holding on to some branches for dear life. In his calmness and mindfulness, the man was able to notice some beautiful berries growing out of a crag in a rock within reach. He gratefully ate them. You were that person, Chavah, except you shared those berries with everyone who was privileged to know you.

May we all traverse this narrow bridge of a world, applying the lessons you taught us.

Reva Leah Kirschner

Memories of Chava

I was privileged to speak with Chava on a genuine and heartfelt level from the first time I met her. This was due to her searching, gentle, beautiful soul always reaching for understanding and connection - connection to her Creator, to His beautiful world, and especially to others. The feeling was always one of privilege - to have the opportunity to experience and interact with such a wonderful and truly loving person. Life was always more vivid in her presence. Clarity of purpose and the simcha in her process of seeking made a very great impact on me.

Debbie Feinsod

It is very difficult to put into words a feeling that lives somewhere deep inside, a feeling that is always there, even when I am not consciously aware of its existence. I was Mrs. Luban's student twice, the first time by luck and the second time because I wanted to be in her class, not imagining my studying in Jerusalem without her guidance. However, it is not about her teaching that I wanted to write. It is about her being a Teacher.

I grew up in Russia, where being Jewish meant living under a constant pressure of defending one's identity and dignity against the temptation of assimilation. For Russians, as for most eastern Europeans, Jewish is not a religion, it is a nationality, and as such it makes no difference whether a person inherits it from his or her mother or father. My father was Jewish, as well as my mother's father – but not her mother. Growing up in a non-observant family, I never questioned my being Jewish. My sister and I were raised knowing well that we were different from others and being prepared to suffer to keep this difference. Everything changed when the family immigrated to America, and I started learning about my religion. Realizing that what I was thinking of myself was not true came as a shock. I had to re-create my world and find a new place for myself in it. I wanted to lead an observant life, and so I needed conversion.

I was scared when I came to Jerusalem for the first time. People in my situation give up so often and go back to the secular world because of a bitter feeling of not belonging anywhere else. "You are a walking mistake", as I was once told... It was Mrs. Luban, my Teacher, who helped me to stay strong. I learned more from her loving and attentive looking into each word of the Torah than I have ever learned from any of my readings. It has been two years and I have forgotten much of the discussions that we were having in class back then. What is much more important, I will never forget how to approach and how to treat the words of the Torah. Even if my thought goes wrong, my heart stays in place. Mrs. Luban showed us the path to follow and, even though it was not the topic of our lessons, placed chesed as one of the main lights along this path.

Many people can teach, but not that many can be Teachers. The latter involves sharing the knowledge, living it with the students, rather than simply instructing on a given topic. Mrs. Luban was not instructing, she was sharing. She listened to my story, and instead of making comments or suggestions, simply invited me to her house. She talked to me practically every day while I was in Jerusalem, and each time she made me feel home, somehow forcing the "walking mistake" wound to disappear.

When I recall our lessons with Mrs. Luban, I think about the notion of building a fence around the Torah. Of course, rules and regulations created by the Rabbis to protect the Jewish way of life are extremely important. I believe very sincerely that kindness with which Mrs. Luban treated us all was no less a part of this fence. Chafetz Chaim said: "Indeed, we all perform acts of kindness. But we are kind only under pressure. [...] Instead, one must possess a *love* for this mitzvah." Students of Mrs. Luban are those fortunate few who could learn the meaning of such a love from a Teacher whose very nature was chesed.

Anna Navrotskaya

Sometimes you meet a person and know you are in the presence of a great person. That's how it was with Chava, י"ח. When I think of her I picture a smile, an understanding look, a twinkle in her eyes, a depth of thought which was natural to her being as she walked through each day. She had true סִדְרָה אֱמִנָּה. Love for people shined forth from her and poured out to the people she came into contact with. Chava, י"ח, was so dynamic in her entire life - always working on herself and her relationship with יי, and learning more וְיָדָה. This was so strong in her, that she influenced other people to also work on themselves and grow in וְיָדָה and toward their potentials.

This is a truly great person we're talking about! Her וְיָדָה is a tremendous loss to all of us סִדְרָה אֱמִנָּה for I feel that the world stands on the shoulders of people like Chava.

By: Tzippy Zager (Bader)

I will never forget the first time I met Chava. It was Erev Sukkos, about ten minutes before Candle Lighting Time. She dashed into my parents' house, intent on being ready to welcome the Yom Tov properly. We knew little about her at the time. She had flown in from Washington, having been there for her nephew's bris. The image is still vivid – a thin willowy woman, glasses dangling from a thin rope around her neck, and an aura of sincerity emanating from her neshama. I had no idea then, that this special woman would have such an impact on my life.

I was a teenager at the time. Chava became a steady presence in our home, a “big sister” to me. As she grew in Yiddishkeit, she pulled me along with her. I was swept along with her enthusiasm, pulled along the currents as her interest in spiritual growth tugged at her being. But the pivotal moment for me was the summer which I spent in Yerushalayim, where she was learning at the time. I was then 17, on the brink of womanhood, still very much a teenager, unsure of my future, and uncertain of the path I was taking. We spent the Friday night Seudah together and then took a walk together under the heavenly midnight blue Yerushalyim sky. We talked a talk that lasted many hours, and has lasted with me till today.

I read my diary of that night and recall the depths we searched, the intensity of the moment. I had begun my own personal search. I wanted to understand, really understand the truth in a way that I never had before. She listened, answered, debated and explained with such clarity, intensity, and sincerity. She sat with me and with precision showed me the truth I had always known. It was there for me, in my heart, and she handed the gift back to me, polished, shined and renewed. She breathed new life into my unsteady soul and strengthened my foundation with her deep-seated conviction and faith.

We bonded then in a deep new way. We shared a yearning for spiritual growth and she included me in her personal quest. That Yom Kippur she took me to a shul, where I discovered Tefillah all over again. When I think back, I don't know what inspired me more, the chazzan and congregation thundering Kedusha, or the sight of Chava saying her personal “Al Cheit”, tears streaming down her face in repentance. When she davened, she was really talking to Hashem, really opening her heart, seriously baring her soul and that too left an impression on me that I still hold.

After I got married, we started a learning schedule, delving into the Navi text. She always wanted to learn, to grow, to discover more. That was an inspiration to me. No matter how busy she was, she never stopped her own personal quest for development. We shared teaching experiences during those learning sessions. I was teaching in a Bais Yakov and she was teaching in Be'er Hagolah, a Jewish school for Russian immigrant children. Her dedication and devotion to her students was an example of what a true teacher should be. I remember an auction she arranged for the students, the prizes being items of Judaica, in order to inspire her students to learn more about their heritage. She taught with love and that sincerity that was such a part of her being.

She wasn't really happy in New York, and eventually she returned to the place that tugged at her soul – Eretz Yisroel. She was busy and I was busy and we didn't communicate on a daily basis, but she was in my heart, peeking out when I needed inspiration and guidance. I just had to delve into my memory and I would know how she would react.


I remember when I heard about her engagement. Finally she had found her zivug. I saw her at her vort, her face glowing, a huge smile on her face. She had found her soul mate. She was complete.

The next event that comes to mind was the Sheva Brachos that my family took part in hosting for her. A happier kallah you could not find. I remember thinking then, "Chava can now build a Jewish home where there will always be Torah and spirituality just as she always dreamed, and she has found a helpmate to do it with her."

My heart grieves over that dream. Chava did not have much time to build that future which she wanted so dearly. But I am consoled in knowing that her inspiration and example enabled so many others, including me, to build their homes with deeper sincerity, a stronger foundation, and a truer simchas hachayim. And so in truth, all those homes are her homes too, and the merits that pour forth from those homes will be a credit to her always!

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I had a special glimpse into the beautiful נשמת of י"ב א"ת.
I accompanied her on numerous occasions to the Dr. where she would receive her treatments.
Her courage, confidence + control, always with a quiet נשמת to י"ב, a smile on her lips and a twinkle in her eye, was truly awe inspiring.
It was a נשמת to be in her נשמת.
Sincerely,
DEYNA SELENGUT



Chava -

Your mind was ~~strong~~ always so sharp and attuned to seeing finding the ^{DNK} in everything. You were a true talmuda of Rabbi Kirzner S"Cs, a Rav who exposed everything to the light of truth, just like you did.

Chava - you were so gifted in other ways, too. I remember the precise & exacting designs you made in your profession of architecture, as well as your artwork, which revealed symmetry and beauty. In essence, Chava, that symmetry and beauty were part of your nature, your ^{DNK}. Any and every good quality that a Jewish person could have, you had. You didn't perform

your playfulness, idealism, your warmth, listening ear, your ^{DNK} in ^{DNK}, compassion, sincerity

^{DNK} by rote, which in its essence is one of the ^{best} ^{DNK} of this generation. ~~You performed~~ you infused ^{DNK} and higher purpose into everything. ~~I~~ I remember driving in a car with you - and as we drove - there was a Rabbi Kirzner tape on. Even driving somewhere was infused with purpose. Chava, even though I ~~at~~ we lost touch in the last 2 years or so, I'll always remember - that special sparkle in those ^{warm, incisive} blue eyes and your infectious smile. We'll miss you, Chava.

Chigil Rothenberg
973 778-2174

EVIE

Late last night at a family simcha Steve Strauss asked me if I would like to say a few words at today's memorial service. My immediate reaction was that I would and I told him so. On the ride home I realized that I had much to say, probably too much and very little time to organize my thoughts. So, at the risk of shortchanging all of the wonderful qualities that made up the whole of who Evie was, I would like to focus on one small aspect of her- her ability to be a friend.

I know that later in life Evie changed her name to Chava, but for reasons that will be clear shortly, I will always think of her as Evie.

The Futrovsky side of my family had 10 first cousins. My perception growing up was that at family get-togethers for holidays we tended to split into groups based on various unspoken criteria. The boys often seemed to run around and play sports together in someone's backyard, Susan and Evie, the oldest girls, tended to be together, and the younger girls made their own alliances. It was only many years later when Evie, a cousin with whom I was friendly, became my close friend.

In the mid-1980s we both found ourselves living in New York City. I don't think either of us had ever planned to live there, but career aspirations forced the decision. I came for graduate school and she came to pursue her love of urban planning. Though I do not remember the exact details, my intuition tells me that it was Evie who initiated contact between us. I am so glad that she did. Initially we got together for minor Jewish holidays in New York or to drive together to Washington in the less beat-up jalopy either of us owned at the time. In short order we expanded our friendship to getting together for purely social reasons, for lunch or dinner or to walk around Manhattan and admire the architecture. Some of what I learned from Evie was intellectual and concrete. On our interminable drives to D.C. I would inquire about the architectural engineering of the various bridges and other structures we would pass and she would delight in educating me about tresses and cables and the ratios of the weight of structural materials to vehicles on bridges. In turn she would query me about my studies in psychology, about theories of family dynamics and of my personal thoughts on the value and efficacy of the psychotherapeutic relationship. I don't know how my questions of architecture and urban planning impacted her, but I do know that our discussions of psychology, while initially fact based and theoretical, slowly and inexorably became deeper and more personal. These discussions, I think, formed part of the basis of our friendship.

Over time less and less became off limits for discussion. We each were single at the time and we were able to use the other as a sounding board in our initially, tentative and ultimately successful efforts to find a lasting mate. I remember her being excited to meet Yael and how the two of them formed a friendship that transcended the three-way relationship we shared together. Evie and Yael planned their own outings, once reporting to me a wonderful time they had at a Purim celebration.

In some ways I think our friendship was revealed in the unspoken ways we related to each other as changes occurred. As Evie became less secularly oriented and more deeply involved in a spiritual, religious life she began to dress and carry herself in a more modest manner. Previously when we would get together we would greet each other with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. She never asked me to change this practice, but I did. When she entered a room I would clasp my hands behind my back, nod at her and, I always believed, catch a glimpse of appreciation as she nodded back as we greeted each other verbally. We never spoke of this, but there was, I believe, an understanding between us that it was out of respect for our friendship that this occurred. She was too kind to request this change, but, I think, appreciated that it occurred without being requested or spoken of.

After I moved to Washington in 1994 we saw each other less, but in her trips to this area she would often call and we would meet for coffee or ice cream. She related some of her concerns regarding her illness and eventually her excitement at meeting and getting to know Amos. Though our lives moved in different directions, the friendship that had developed through our years together in New York always served as a foundation, a touchstone, to which we could return.

Though I continued to write to Evie thereafter, the last letter I received from her was in December of last year. After filling me in on the happenings in her life, her happiness with Amos, her teaching, her love of life in Israel, she did something so meaningful, yet so small as to pass almost undetected. In concluding her letter she sent regards to Yael and my children, she requested that I send her pictures of the kids (which coincidentally I had put in the mail a couple days before receiving her letter) and then she signed her letter, "Love, Evie." I was happy to have heard from her, but was overjoyed by her signature. She had long ago chosen to be called Chava. Why did she sign it Evie? It seemed so clear to me that it was about us – about the friendship we had developed as Lee and Evie. To have signed Chava would have emphasized the changes and differences between us. Signing Evie was about emphasizing our friendship. I never mentioned this in my subsequent letters, but it always stuck in me as quintessential Evie – a small gesture, not requiring any reply on the part of the other, designed to create closeness and comfort.

In two weeks Yael and I will be in New York City for a weekend. As we walk down the avenues I will make it a point to glance up, to pay attention to the beautiful architecture and to think of Evie. I will glance up the two rivers on either side of Manhattan and gaze at the spans of the wonderful suspension bridges and then too I will think of Evie. Just as these buildings and bridges soar in their elegance so too will the memory of Evie live within me.

Lee Futrovsky

Evie Strauss, z''l.

Evie and I were in Yeshiva together, both in New York and Israel. One of my fondest memories comes in 1992 when I came home to our apartment in Yerushalayim, where 7 of us lived, after a shidduch date which I didn't have permission to be on, and having late night heart-to-heart talks with Evie about life, men, relationships, dating. She was not only a great listener, but an insightful thinker. I was drawn to her effusive smile, warmth, sense of humor, and inner resolve to do the right thing.

She left Yeshiva for a while, and then reappeared one day. When I asked of her return, she said that although she had a challenging relationship with one of the faculty she had to confront it. How special a trait – returning to confront the challenges before her.

She had an inner resolve to follow the path that was right for her in life, even if it was sometimes painful and involved making tough decisions. Her graciousness in accepting life's challenges, struggling and wrestling with them, growing from them, and always with a sense of humor and warm smile are the mental images I will always carry with me.

May her soul be bound with the souls of Israel.

steven:

i am quite saddened by the news of evie's passing. we worked together in the office of facilities planning at umcp. i remember many wonderful and thought provoking conversations with evie. these were usually more interesting than the work.

when i was younger i use to play a great deal of golf. when evie returned from a trip she had taken to the west coast she brought back for me a photograph of a golf course on the pacific ocean. it was a simple, but thoughtful thing for her to do. the photograph has moved from office to office with me and now hangs on a wall next to my desk. it has often brought me a nostalgic smile.

although evie and i lost touch when she left the university to follow a new path, i have always and will continue to think of her a dear friend.

my thoughts are with you and your family.

jim salt

Chava shared her ordeal with me about one and a half years before she was married. One of the many things she related was that she was davening to be שׂוֹמֵרֵי (translates - Joyful). To remind herself of this mitzvah, she wore a smiley face watch ☺

שׂוֹמֵרֵי I was at her wedding and I was stunned by the simcha.

One of my last telephone conversations with Chava was about a year ago. She was in the midst of treatments, pain management ^{and} preparing a Sheva Brachot for one of Amos' ^{talmidim}. I was surprised that she ^{had} taken on this responsibility as she said she was "doing what she could" that meant - she bought special desserts and some prepared foods. She was cooking the fish and some other things... What struck

me was her Gratitude at being ABLE to be involved in this special mitzvah. She was present in the moment and truly joyful.

After, I think it was the Sobhyas attack, I asked her what her ^{thoughts} ~~thoughts~~ were. She said, so honestly, her perspective is changed by her own life situation. Not knowing the future, being present right now and living. From what I've heard, Chava was ^(P. 100) "spiritually strong" until her שׂוֹמֵרֵי :
~~She was very grateful for her life at~~

She was so grateful to שׂוֹמֵרֵי for bringing her Amos and their time together....

I have a beautiful ^{image} in my mind's eye - Chava dancing at her wedding! She held herself like a queen and moved with GRACE and Inner DIGNITY. She seemed completely present in the moment and its frozen in my mind's eye

סידור 1"ב
2"0ענ

24.02

Dear Chava,

Even though I was only privileged to know you for a few years, you touched my life in some very deep ways; causing your passing to leave both a hole and at the same time showering my life (and of course the lives of so many others) with great lessons.

How easily you could have let your wonderful middot and yirat shamayim become stifled by your pain, discomfort and physical weakness.

How often you could have let your emuna, perseverance and determination get paralyzed in the ensnaring web of hopelessness and helplessness.

But no, even within your suffering you continued to share and give of yourself with extreme sensitivity in your interactions with others; which reflected your keen perception, patience, honesty, and favorable judgement. It seemed like you were constantly sifting through what was most important in this life, with your devoted husband always by your side; then crystallizing it into grounded action in your quiet but firm way and giving over your refined teachings.

You were always adorned with an angel-like ambience, draped in gentle modesty, as you radiated the light of the shechinah and Torah.

Thank you for being such an example - such a shining example of bringing out light from darkness.

Your memory will remain a blessing forever.

37 With so much gratitude, Madelyn Goldfarb

B"H
24 Elul 5763

Chava, I miss you. In spite of our lack of contact, I cannot imagine the world without you in it. I always felt your presence, through our common friends, through our common goals and values, and through my admiration of your daily, never ending spiritual accomplishments.

I remember long talks that we shared, I think in 1993 or 94. I remember you telling me to think positive, to be positive. I remember often sitting near you at Emunas Yisrael, unconsciously watching and learning from your focused dovening. I remember your longing to get married, your determination to marry the right person. I remember your joy when you met and married Amos, when you told me to never give up, to never settle. You were so concerned that people learn from your simcha, your joy. You left me a message on my voice mail during that time that left me in tears and in great hope. And you were right.

Over the last 10 years we each walked a long distance, on roads that were parallel to each other, yet not so far apart. I always wished to have a closer relationship with you. Our roads finally curved and met, when in January of this year we spent a few hours together. I felt completely comfortable with you. We finally understood each other, talked freely together, and shared what we both knew about the world Hashem had created for us. Seeing you was so sweet, and so sad.

I can list so many adjectives to describe you - devout, determined, brilliant, accomplished in everything you set out to do, funny. You never stopped striving for greatness as well as true humility.

Most of all, for me, was your sweetness and your all-consuming awe of heaven. I learned so much from watching you perform mitzvos.

To all the members of your family I offer my deepest condolences. I know you will miss her every day.

Her neshama was born at such a high level, and combined with the hard lifelong work she did, and her great suffering due to her illness, everything I learned has taught me that Chava Sara is right now and forever so deeply close with her

Creator. On one level this is something I cannot understand. I just want her back. But thinking of the joyous journey her neshama must now be taking does comfort me. She even understands something none of us can - why she had to be separated again from her soul mate.

Amos, you have been and continue to be on your own journey. Let Chava Sara's love for you, and her wanting you only to be happy, remain a reminder to you to seek that happiness, for the sake of heaven. May all of us do mitzvos with Chava Sara in mind, to bring continual aliyahs to her beautiful neshama from now and forever.

Golda Zipora Hoffman

Evie Strauss Luban , z'l

I miss Evie a lot. She was one of the smartest people that I know, incredibly perceptive, interested in self-growth, alive, present. She had a great sense of humor, was so human, deep, good values, smart about profound and everyday things, could discuss anything with you and lend her wisdom and encouragement. She became even more sensitive and finely attuned to people, it seemed to me, after her initial diagnosis. She really appreciated life. She had something about her, almost palpable, which made her charismatic, people were drawn to her. Her energy was smart, alive, and beautiful. She was beautiful. She cared about how she looked and made herself look beautiful...not by make-up but by how she carried herself. She was delicate and graceful. Truly beautiful. She had a beautiful, smart voice. Unique. She wouldn't have liked hearing these things about herself. She didn't always feel that they were true and she was always amazed to hear someone talk about her in such a way. Yet she clearly affected many just by her presence. She was always looking to grow and to enlarge herself, her kindness, knowledge of Judaism, ways of looking at her situation, the world, others. It was inspiring and encouraging. I felt that she had conquered the cancer. There was no doubt in my mind. It was so strange to hear her tell me over the phone from Jerusalem that it had come back and was in her bones. She was concerned about my reaction, how it would make me feel, since I too had dealt with this diagnosis. Yet, even then, she sounded hopeful and brave and calm.

Evie understood people. She understood me. She was my guide. She was a mentor. I miss her terribly. Evie did not take for granted that she had met the love of her life. She worked at this relationship, she valued it tremendously. She understood that for those who had not yet reached this stage in their lives and were seeking this, that it was a painful and difficult period. She was encouraging and supportive. She understood the trials and tribulations that people go through in seeking a mate. She understood the pain. I valued that tremendously. She never belittled me in this. It was comforting to talk to her.

Evie suffered so much. Yet she was beautiful and dignified and powerful until her last moment. She was an inspiration.

I visited Evie's gravesite at Har Hamenuchot in Jerusalem a few weeks ago. It is like her: strong, solid, beautiful, calm, powerful. It is befitting of her.

Rachel Sosland

Hi,

Glad to be a small part of the book of memories of Chava. I didn't know her well but I can share that when I was thinking of moving to N.Y., I came for 3 weeks to test the waters and rented Chava's room while she was in Israel. She was very easy going and friendly in our interactions over the phone which made a somewhat unnerving experience very pleasant. After I moved here I would see Chava from time to time and remember her always to be friendly, smiling, with a soft, sweet voice and lovely face. One time she heard that I was looking for ideas of where to send out my laundry and she was very helpful in directing me to a great place, even calling me on the phone to tell me more about how good the service was for her. Her enthusiasm convinced me and I use this laundry service today. In all, Chava helped me in my transition to N.Y. and I am grateful to her. May her memory be a blessing.

Beth Kanter

Chava - I will never forget the series of excursions we used to take together. We took jaunts to beaches in New Jersey, a bed + breakfast in Connecticut + a remote campsite in the Adirondacks + even^{to} a hotel on the beach in Netanya. These trips were always filled with the sweet mixture of meaningful introspective conversations and a light but complete soaking in of Hashem's beautiful world. You have always inspired me with your depth, insights, + wisdom, all of which were always balanced with that SMILE. That spread across your face + spoke of real n'div simne, the kind of smile that came from an acknowledgement of the struggles ~~we~~ we all have but knowing that it ~~was~~ is all from Hashem.

Last Erev Shabbos I pulled out some photos of you - In one, you are lying down in a rowboat in the middle of a beautiful lake in the Adirondacks. The day is sunny - The sky is blue + spotted with clouds. On your face was a content + knowing smile. I pray that all of us who have known you, loved you + learned from you, can emulate your ability to fully ~~love~~ live life + love G-d + His Torah.

Memories of Chavah Strauss Luban

I knew Chavah mainly through the chevra of friends who would get together for Rosh Chodesh . I always admired how fresh and well-put together she always looked, as if she had always just stepped out of a shower into a spring day. Of course, I envied her slim figure and excellent taste in clothing.

Chavah approached me at a yahrzeit gathering for our teacher and mentor, Rabbi Yitzchok Kirzner. She told me that Rabbi Kirzner recommended that she learn Sha'ar HaBitachon from Chovos HaLevovos, and would I consider being her chevrua for that learning. We learned together just about every week for many months, mostly at her apartment. During that time I met and became engaged to my husband. It was so great to be able to talk Torah, and relationships with Chavah as I was going through that incredible transition. I really admired how open and loving Chavah was when I became engaged, even though she was waiting for the same thing. This is something I continued to see in Chavah right through until the end - she never begrudged other people's simcha, and she embodied it as her own. She was so happy at the birth of each of my children, especially when I was able to name my second son Yitzchok Leib, after Rabbi Kirzner.

Learning with Chavah opened me to her analytic precision, a very fine mind. I tend to be more conceptual (training as a lawyer), and Chavah was very precise (training as an architect). Both of us enjoyed integrating our intellectual netiyos with the learning. Also, both of us were teaching at the time, and I saw how Chavah literally put her heart and soul into her students, and prepared outstanding materials. I was really in awe of this, because I barely managed to stay a bit ahead of the required materials, and to know a little bit about my students' lives. Chavah was totally accessible to her students - while she had that precision and discipline, she was also very soft and kind.

When I learned about Chavah's illness, I could not help thinking about the many months we spent learning Sha'ar HaBitachon, the lessons of emunah. A "ba'al bitachon" is always b'simcha, because such a person knows with complete faith that every single thing that happens, hard or easy, is the very best for that person, designed by Hashem. If we can't complete the tasks we set out to do, that is also decreed by Hashem, and we should also accept this with simcha. It was very moving to see Chavah live and embody these principles more and more as her illness progressed, right until the very end. Unfortunately, because of the great distance, and my own "busy" life, I could not be there for Chavah as much as I would have liked, but she was always very much in my prayers.

After Pesach of last year, when we heard that Chavah was weakening substantially, I suggested that we organize a special segula - 40 women would take challah with a brocha on the same day as a zchus for Chavah's refuah. Only, Chavah was so tzinudik about her illness, that until that time, we did not ever ever discuss her illness among

each other. I respected that tremendously. She never wanted to be a "tut tut" case - she just wanted to live like a normal person who happened to have an illness. Anyway, we asked Chavah's permission to do the segulah. I was so pleased that Chavah merited to live several wonderful productive months after that, full of ruchniyusdik tikkunim.

Chavah, I know that you are in a magnificent place. You traveled the entire road of your journey with dignity and grace, setting an example for all of us. I hope and pray that we will be reunited with Moshiach very soon. Then, I will look forward to hearing more about your amazing life and journey.

With much love - Yehudis Zahava Michelson

it's a bit past july, but i just found the request for memories under a welter of paper...

i met chava through her friend adina, who suggested her as a skills person for our pioneer program in camp sternberg. we invited chava for Shabbos, and were charmed by her warmth, quiet humor, and sensitivity.

the girls in camp were drawn to her, and she taught them, by example, much more than fire-making and hiking.

she gave freely and cheerfully of her talents, helping to design a more workable infirmary and a plan for our zoo.

i learned with her as she grew after her first surgery and recovery, and was thrilled with her engagement to amos. we had many a laugh over their unusual shidduch story. she loved their little home in the mountains and i enjoyed her stories of her life there and of their neighbors.

the world seems a colder place without her...

From Miriam Greenwald

The first time we met Evie was around nineteen years ago. It was a Friday evening and we had the pleasure of several first time guests at our home for the Shabbos seudah. All the guests were seated and we were about to begin when the door opened and Evie walked in. It might sound presumptuous to say that one person could make a difference at an already full table, but Evie did. Besides the charm she brought to the table that evening she projected this natural balance of seemingly opposite characteristics. She was regal yet unassuming, confident yet humble, sharp and witty yet soft-spoken. Nineteen years has not dulled that first impression she cast that evening. We did not see Evie for awhile after that night. The next time Chava came to our home, we were obviously pleased to get a chance to reacquaint ourselves with that star attraction of that Friday night meal several years back, but we could not have imagined on that second encounter how important Chava would become to our family and how her friendship would uplift our lives.

If we were to explain why our relationship with Chava had such an impact on our lives, it could suffice to just list the qualities we saw in her. After all she was intelligent, sensitive, optimistic, perceptive, sincere and funny. She loved acts of chesed and had the capacity to find the good in everyone. She had a deep respect for the power of prayer, the wisdom of the Torah and a deep gratitude to the Rebbetzins that included her in their circle of friends. But besides the obvious benefits we derived from our association with such a sterling individual, if you were fortunate enough to have her as a friend, as we were, then you found someone that had more concern for your well-being than you did. If you had a problem Chava would dedicate all her skills and talents to find the appropriate solution. You could find her calling you on an issue brought up at a table conversation months earlier just because she had a better approach than one she had previously given you. She was clear in thought, persuasive in deliberation and steadfast in action to help you. She would persevere when you did not and she would resolve what might have already been ceded.

But after taking into consideration all of her many attributes and all the good will she brought to our home, what touched us most was the simplicity of the relationship. Her openness and purity of heart and soul fostered a friendship that seemed to float effortlessly over time. Our dearest and sweetest memories are of quiet moments of small talk, of laughter, of the sighs that rise from human frailties and of the smiles that are drawn from all the possibilities that life has to offer. And when she introduced us to her family and Amos we knew she was sharing that which was most precious in her life. To meet her parents, brother and sister-in-law was to begin to understand the source of all that she wanted to be and to meet Amos was to glimpse the boundlessness of her hopes and dreams. The Ahava that was generated will never dissipate and our memories will never fade. We will never forget.

Chaya and Michael Bartel

5111 - Evie - you will be deeply,
deeply missed in my life as I know

you will be in others. You will
not be able to be replaced.

Your love + guidance was essential
to me and I will look to our
conversations to guide me on
+ forward.

I pray that you are comfortable
and secure in heaven w/ Hashem
I pray that you can know
how much of an impact you
have left on me. ~~I~~ Thank
you for what you have
given to this world by
being you.

She had the prettiest handwriting I've ever seen. It was that of an architect, reflecting both artistry and attention to detail. And it spoke worlds about Chava. She brought her aesthetic sensibilities -- beauty and meticulousness -- to everything she did, be it teaching, wrapping a gift, getting dressed in the morning, talking to a friend. There was always beauty in the details. And when there was not, she conferred her ~~beauty~~^{loveliness} onto the task.

And there was the beauty of her Yiddishkeit. Nothing in her performance of the mitzvos was anything but lovely and detailed, because it was who she was. And because the mitzvos in their comeliness, their elegance, resonated in her soul. There was a fit -- a sympatico -- between Chava and the mitzvos, and now she is at one with their truth. I think of her way, the beauty that manifested in all she did, and can only hope to emulate such grace.

like everyone else, i was very moved by the memorial service for evie. thank you for letting me be a small part of it. i must say, it was very well orchestrated and fitting for a great woman like your sister.

i must also say this: not only were we all blessed to have known her (michelle remembers evie as someone who would light up any room she walked in), but evie was so very lucky to have such cool, devoted family like you. there is a special place in heaven for folks like you, people who could honor the privacy request in the face of such extraordinary circumstances, who could be there for her through the bad times, who could be so sensitive and respectful of their family in the face of such loss, and who could honor their sister with such grace and dignity. i am crying as i am writing this, as much for you as for evie. linda, i will never forget the honesty and emotion of your short speech, especially the story about evie going out the window. kitty's reading of evie's last letter still has me shaking: it took great courage to write and great sensitivity to read. every one of steve's gross college friends were crying. steve, as i told you, the boggle metaphor brought me back and was so appropriate a tribute to evie, a woman brave enough to remix her life and passion. putting the whole thing together, i am sure, was so difficult but so worthwhile. you are such a meunch, someone i love so much, and i am so proud of you and to be your friend.

i got to speak briefly to beth but could not comfortably get to speak with your parents. on behalf of michelle and i, please convey our sympathy and let them know that the loss is felt everywhere.

be well and please be in contact. love.....steve

I. Steven Levy
White and Williams LLP

20th

I didn't know Chava well - she graced our Shabbos table a mere two or three times. However, despite the fact that I spent little time with her, I can honestly say that I loved her. Chava's specialness was unmistakable. Her warmth, her sensitivity, her nobility of character were so instantly apparent - and so endearing - that I felt that in that short time, I had found a friend. I can only imagine what a tremendous loss her passing was to those who were close to her. May you be comforted in knowing that in her life - though short - she touched and affected many people in a beautiful way.

Freda Rosengweig

Something to Remember
Chava Sara Luban

The difference between a man and an angel is that an angel has one mission only and it always stays in one place. A man can do more than one mission and always steps forward. Chava Sara was a combination of an angel and a man - the pureness of an angel, a smile that lasts forever and a look from heaven - those endless blue eyes that are running forward.

When you look at a sick person you give that silly, merciful look and you look for the right words to say. But you felt strong when you looked at Chava. She gave you the look that makes you feel weak and silly, like trying to tell you "stop playing games, be real and trust Hashem." Chava had that type of look as if she was a good old friend even if you just met her.

Being next to her was like she said, "Carry on, you'll get over".

Strength and gentle, warmth and brightness, gathered into one person - that represent the meaning of Chava and that was what she was - Chava and Sara.

And I ask myself . . . something to remember? Or something that you can't forget?

I still remember the first time Chava walked into our lives. She was coming to us for the second days of Succos. Having never met her I had to idea what to expect. The hours passed. It was candle lighting time. The other guests had arrived but no Chava. We lit the Yom Tov candles, she had not come. Outside it was raining hard. Suddenly, moments before it would have been too late, there was a knock on the door. I hastened to open it. There she stood wet and distressed at being so late. Somehow, I immediately drew her in and wrapped her in my arms. There was something about her then and always that just drew you to her. By the way, why was she so late? Her sister in Washington had had a baby boy. She had flown to Washington to make sure that the Bris was taken care of as it should be. Then she arranged to fly back into N.Y. in time for Yom Tov. As sometimes happens there was one delay after another and so she was late. That was Chava. She was always concerned for family and friends. Whether it was a spiritual matter or other issue she was there. She would call or come or write but you were in her thoughts and in her heart. There was never a moment where she was not trying to do for others till the very end of her abbreviated life.

I have no doubt that from her present celestial perch she is still keeping involved in the destinies of those she loved and cherished all her life. There will never be anyone quite like her. I loved her, miss her and will cherish the relationship that she had with me and my entire family forever.

Esthere Bader

I first met Chava as a teacher when I was learning in JEWEL. But that is not where I most remember her from. I believe at that time I had her for one class and it was not until a few years later that I began to understand the amazing qualities that she possessed. I met Chava again almost two years ago through a mutual friend. I was going through a very difficult time in my life and my friend suggested that I meet her. I never imagined that in such a short time that one person could become so important to me. Chava was already sick when I met her, but she never dwelled on it, she always went out of her way to help me. She gave me unbelievable chizuk and she really inspired me to see the good in myself. She taught me how to help others and how to help myself. I really feel that I do not have enough words to express what Chava gave me of herself, she helped me in ways I never thought were possible. I have taken all that she gave me and I have incorporated into my life and I feel that I am truly living a better quality of life having had the privilege to know Chava even if just for a year.

With all my love and gratitude,
Ilka (Amy) Altshuler

Steve, I am Patrick Murphy and I was the Associate Director of the Office when Evie worked at The University of Maryland. I am deeply saddened. Please accept my heart felt sympathy for you and your family. Evie was loved by all and an absolute pleasure to be around. A consummate professional with a great sense of humor. I personally have many fond memories of her at work and playing softball on the office team. I will let all know and see that she is appropriately remembered at the gathering. Her passing will be received with shock and deep sorry. Thank you for taking the time, when your heart must be heavy with sorrow, to let us know.
Pat

I feel like - or I wish - I was coming to your wedding today, D/N.

I will remember you D/N as a beautiful, wise woman. A woman of truth, clarity, kindness, wisdom and self-discipline.

A friend who possessed the rare ability to really listen - listen w/ your heart and w/ your mind. Non-judgmental, constantly inspiring + supporting me towards finding my own path, towards growth, towards hope.

Thank you D/N for letting me get to know you + for getting to know me. Thank you for being such a significant part of my life. You loved life - especially your recent phase of marriage to Amos. With this, life was whole to you. Your dreams + prayers were answered - your work on yourself helped you to reach that moment and I know that you would share that praise w/ Hashem.

I met Evie Chava when we were in our late twenties, sixteen years ago. She was an architect and I a registered nurse. We lived and worked in Manhattan and met at the Aish HaTorah event for aspiring Jewish professionals. We started talking and it didn't take me long to see the fineness, grace and nobility of her character. Her soulfulness, gentle nature, intellectual honesty and searching self exuded out from both her soft eyes and wise, thoughtful words.

I feel I was privileged that Hashem brought her into my life to journey with me. We traveled together from what felt like a meaningless and profane world into a world filled with G-d's light and majesty. We entered into His Palace together, into the world of Truth, Torah and Holiness.

Evie Chava put ideas into words in just the right way, she listened to my convoluted thoughts in just the right way, and put light onto every subject in just the right way. She was a friend of magical magnitude. I loved her.

Chana Jessica Goodman Bernstein

Chava had a radiant smile. You could feel the goodness and the warmth of her heart radiating from her being. Chava strove in all ways, physically and spiritually to rescind the decree of illness, as she battled for her health, while at the same time, accepting Hashem's Will and teaching inspirational Torah classes to Jewish women. This ability of hers caused a great illumination both in this world and the next World, a goodness not easily forgotten.

Though she is no longer with us here, yet her memory and her life's accomplishments live on, along with the shining legacy of all the righteous women who have left their mark on Am Yisroel throughout the generations. May her memory continue to bring us comfort and awaken in us all a joy and appreciation of the life we have been given to live.

Chava Dumas

MEMORIES OF EVIE from Aliza Freedman Aziz

I last saw Evie in March of 1991 when I married and moved to Arizona. I have no idea what her style of dress had been in the intervening years, but I know very well what she most often wore during the time I knew her: long-sleeved, cotton turtlenecks with the collar up. I had always thought it kind of neat to have the collars up, but if I started wearing my turtlenecks that way, everyone would know I was copying Evie. In Arizona I discovered that long-sleeved, cotton turtlenecks hold up well in the heat. Now I could start wearing my turtlenecks with the collars up. I have received two benefits from this: the shirts are not as tight around the collar, and I am frequently reminded of Evie.

If my memory serves me correctly, I met Evie in the autumn of 1988. I was taking classes at Aish Hatorah in New York City. Evie and I and another student, Jessica, were all recent ba'alei teshuvah. We began learning together and became friends. I recall one Shabbat we all spent together, before Jessica left for Israel. I have no recollection of dinner or lunch; it is the third meal that is etched into my memory. The songs of the third meal are especially beautiful. Many lend themselves to beautiful harmonization. On that Shabbat, we spent the waning hours of the day, singing and harmonizing our hearts out. I felt our voices rising as one up to shamayim (heaven). Tears formed in my eyes. I knew that a very special time for me was about to end. I took hold of the intensity of emotions from that day and have tried to draw on them in times of difficulty.

I was living with roommates on the 36th floor of a building in a large East Side apartment. An easy walk down on Shabbat morning, but a killer going up. In fact I never even attempted to walk up until I'd been living there several years. Evie came back to the States from Israel and spent a Shabbat with us. Evie's presence gave us strength. In fact, it might have been Evie who gave us the idea to walk in the first place, but I don't remember. That autumn, she and I walked up a few time together, also giving each other encouragement. Evie didn't stay in the apartment on Shabbat very often, but when she did, she always made the walk. I never asked her how she did it.

I met my husband-to-be during the summer of 1990. After one particular conversation between us, I realized this relationship wasn't going to work. He really wasn't religious enough. I was alone in the apartment and began to cry. At that moment, Evie returned and I filled her in on what had happened.

She gave me a little smile and said that she'd just come from a shiur that dealt with dating issues. The point of this class was very relevant: if you have a choice between a man who observes all the laws but has very midot (character traits) verses a man who is completely non-observant but with exceptional traits, better to marry the man with the good midot. For with the former, there would be no compromise and no shalom bayit in the home. With the latter, there would be both.

I knew immediately that Evie was an angel from Hashem. For here before me was a man with exceptional midot and who keeps all major halachot and is willing to observe more for the sake of the home. We have now been married almost 13 years and are immensely happy.

Evie's days on this earth were too short, though her time was exceptionally well spent. She continues on in the hearts and minds of all those who knew her.

May Evie's memory be for a blessing, zichron l'vrachah.

The last time I walked this road
it was with you,
pushing you up the steep incline
in your wheelchair.

We sat on this hilltop
looking over the sea
in silence,
each of us with our thoughts,
pen, journal,
wind in our face,
January sun
warming our insides.

How trusting you were, and
how scary it must have been for you
when we wheeled down
the steep and curving descent
that led to the sea.
This was our only way down
and you braved your fear and
trusted my strength
to bring us down there safely.
As we made our slow and steady way,
a man without legs
passed us by in his wheelchair,
wheeling himself up the sharp hill
by his own brute strength,
and a moment of mutuality and
shared understanding
passed between the two of you.

And now I've come back here,
one year later.
I can walk up the hill with my own legs
and command my body
to do as I will.

You did not have this luxury.

For you, every movement was agony.
The tiniest fraction of a gift
that we take for granted in our daily lives,
was a test of endurance for you.

You held up with dignity and with strength.
You gave us strength through your
commitment to your dignity, grace, and
compassion for mankind.

radiates outwardly and draws us to you?
Tell me your secrets; what makes you tick, what
fuels your trust and belief in a
G-d that sends indescribable
suffering and torment to one so pure as you?
How do you continue to feel
His love for you in the midst of your pain?

* * *

I am back here,
alone,
on that same place where
once we rested.

The waves continue to crash,
the gulls, to soar,
and I, to write.
Time here is eternal.
Your lessons, which you
taught by living your life,
teach me now.

The vastness of the sea, of
endless blue meeting blue, of
rich brown colored earth and
tufts of spring grass on the dunes,
remind me of you and your
love of Hashems world and
delight in His creation.
They remind me of our
place in time and eternity; of
being in our individual moments
and yet beyond them; of
perspective and
gratitude and trust.
Ever deepening and deepening
gratitude and trust.

Raezelle Lazar

* * *

The wheelchair bumped on the curb
through my negligence. You did not
utter a word about how the bump
could be felt in your bones; about
your fear of falling out, or of your
feet being dragged on the ground.
Instead, a gentle reminder to do it
differently next time.

You accepted your suffering with endurance,
expressing your pain and despair in your
private, quiet moments; going beyond
the depth of the physical and existential agony
to smile at the nurses, at the doctors, at the very people that
lowered your dignity.

But your dignity could never be lowered
because you saw yourself as a
G-dly princess, a Daughter of Hashem,
and if Hashem could will even this,
then this, too, is good.

* * *

We watched the gull
resting on the wind
suspended in mid air
supported by the strong currents
that we could not see.

Below, the seas waves
erupted into foam,
endlessly, relentlessly,
breaking onto the shore.
We sat in the wind and the silence,
together and alone,
two good friends, listening to
the sound of the sea below,
knowing that there were
oceans of words that could
never be spoken.

What are you writing in your journal?
What are your deepest most thoughts?
Tell me, my friend,
I want to know. How do you
manage to smile,
to see the joy and happiness in life,
to find the inner simcha that

Chava,

Your soft voice
thunders with emmess.
With precise spiritual movements,
you unravel the most complex paradox,
revealing the infinite light
residing at its core,
the pure inspiration that grows ever stronger.

We hear you now,
with such clarity,
and follow your wisdom,
as both a clear compass
and lit up beacon
in our fully developed sea of life.

"Ahl naharos bahvel shahm yashavnu, gahm bahcheenu, b'zachrainu ess
tseeyohn." (Tehilim 137:1)

The picture is shattered –
yet the pieces, the brilliant pieces –
are ours forever,
like crystals growing from their source,
ss infused by you.

"Sheer hama'alos, b'shoov Hashem, ess sheevahs tseeyohn, hahyeenu
k'chohlmeem." (Tehilim 126:1)

"Chahsday Hashem kee loh sahmnoo, kee loh chahloo rachamahv." (Aichah 3:22)

We miss you.

Dovid and Cindy Neiburg

Radiant soul
Natural teacher
Beloved friend

Her years were short
but full of wisdom, love
and gratitude for every moment.

Even through her suffering
her smile would shine.

Truthful, real,
deeply caring,
driven to grow.

With grace and humor
she taught, mostly by example,
genuine love of and trust in Hashem.

Reva Leah Kirschner