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Rabbi David Z. Vaisberg, M.A.R.E., M.A.H.L.

It is still difficult to imagine this world, and this Temple, without Bruce. We had just over a year together in friendship and partnership, and yet I feel as though we had so much longer.

Bruce was an absolute mensch. His kindness and generosity knew no bounds. I saw firsthand how he would be available to help or speak with anyone in need, be it within Temple life, volunteering, his professional practice, or pretty much anywhere else. He always found the time for you, and he was that special kind of person where when you were with him, he was entirely with you. He found such happiness in the joy of others, and in his Temple presidency, he made a point of being there for every single Bar and Bat Mitzvah. He was just so happy to witness these beautiful lifecycle moments. One evening, after leaving Bruce, Susan, and Mark's home with my family after dinner, I remember Miriam asking me, or perhaps I asked her, "can these people actually be so nice?" Of course, the answer was yes.

Alongside his kind and nurturing nature, Bruce was an effective Jewish leader and Temple president, a position and responsibility that gave him an immense amount of pride. Bruce looked after his congregation in the same way that he looked after anyone else, wanting to make sure that his Temple family, as he put it, was cared for and had all its needs met, not only today but for years into the future. He led us through transition after transition, right into the turbulence of 2020 as long as he could. Bruce was firm when needed but always welcomed constructive disagreement and conversation. He loved his people. When it came to going down to Florida to visit TBA members down south, Bruce jumped at the opportunity, and we had a wonderful two days staying with his aunt and catching up with congregants. As a presidential partner to a rabbi, I couldn't have asked for someone better in my first year at TBA. He sought to collaborate with me at every possibility. He wanted to make sure I had absolutely everything that I needed to get to know the community. He was always up for an adventure. And, there was no one better to sit down with after a sermon— inevitably, he would have thoughtful and supportive comments.

What I miss most, though, is Bruce's friendship. A few months in, I learned that if I were in a rush, it would be best *not* to call Bruce, as every call would turn into at least half an hour of conversation. I cherished our weekly lunches, dedicated time for us to connect. I miss our late-night post-meeting meetings in my office, where both of us might realize it was well past ten before finally heading to our cars to go home. When Judah had to have an emergency appendectomy last February, Bruce was one of the first people I called. He and Susan were with us through it all, making sure that the right doctors were with us and that we had everything we needed, including an ample supply of rugelach and cookies. I called Bruce before calling my parents or in-laws, as I knew that Bruce would know precisely what to do. He did. And in that ER, the Physician's Assistant called Bruce Grandpa— after all, who else would be with us at a moment like this? We laughed a lot, and Bruce said, "you know what? I'm ok with that." It brought him joy. As with so much. Bruce's cup always overflowed.

Bruce brought blessing into my life and the life of this Temple. For our year together, I am eternally grateful. And I miss him terribly. May Bruce's memory always be for a blessing.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'David Z. Vaisberg', with a stylized, flowing script.

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