

CANADA

**JESSICA M. COOPERMAN, M.D.**

Child & Adolescent Family Services, Markham Stouffville Hospital,  
Markham, Ontario

I want to share this story because Ramah Canada is one of my most favorite places in the world, and my experience there was life changing and one of the highlights of growing up.

RAMAH60777

My first year at camp was 1983. I was twelve years old. My dad described Ramah to me and my sister Liza as a place where we would pray, study Hebrew, and hopefully, find husbands. Needless to say with that introduction, I wasn't completely enthusiastic. Within a few hours of being at camp, I realized that he was right. We would pray and study Hebrew, but his description didn't do justice to the wonderful environment that made *tefillah* and learning so much fun. I also had no idea that at Ramah I would meet some of my best friends, including my very best friend Judi Price (Rosen).

From our first summer together in Arazim, Judi and I were inseparable. Our friendship has mainly been long-distance. When we met, she lived in Burlington, and I lived in Ottawa. We always counted the days until we could be together again at camp. During our university years, we were lucky enough to live together in the same city for a couple of years, but schooling and fate again forced us to resort to our old ways of communicating, mainly by mail and by phone. Just when we thought we would finally be in the same place at the same time again, Judi married a wonderful man and moved to Winnipeg. I was so pleased to be the maid of honor at her wedding—seventeen years after we had met. Three years later, she returned the favor and entertained my wedding guests with tales of my idiosyncrasies dating back to camp. So here we are, twenty-four years later: in two different provinces, two husbands (one each!) and now, two babies! My friendship with Judi is the best thing I took from my years at *maḥaneh Ramah. Tov li!*