



*Tzippy
Remembers
When...*

Next- Level Giving

TZIPPY CLAPMAN

My friend Joyce Ibel née Markowitz (Yocheved Chana bas Yitzchok) passed away recently, and I am thinking about how she lived her life, and the choices she made.

Her parents were none other than the beloved Markowitz family who owned and ran the famous Noble Drugs on the corner of Kingston and Montgomery. Anyone over the age of 40 remembers it well.

Joyce's parents, Irving and Malka Markowitz, were always at their pharmacy counter making sure people received their prescriptions in a timely manner. Mr. Markowitz even had the Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka as his customer, and possibly the Rebbe also (this I don't know for sure), and he would deliver their orders himself to make sure they were received promptly and that he could answer any questions the Rebbetzin might have for him.

When the Frieddiker Rebbe came to America on 9 Adar II in the year 5700 (1940) and was staying in the Greystone Hotel in Manhattan, Mr. Markowitz's father was the man who got in touch with the Frieddiker Rebbe and informed him that the building at 770 Eastern Parkway was for sale—the rest is history.



Joyce with (Tzippy's)
granddaughter
Cherry Gordon.

Soon after I got married I met Joyce, my neighbor. That blessed day was the beginning of the precious friendship that I was fortunate to enjoy for over 40 years.

Joyce's mother, Malka Markowitz, passed away suddenly at home, and on the last day of *shivah*, many *chassidim* from our community including Rabbi Tzvi Abba Lerman and *ybl"ch* my husband were there to walk Mr. Markowitz around the block to signify the end of *shivah*. Rabbi Lerman then told Mr. Markowitz that the Rebbe had instructed him to tell Mr. Markowitz to immediately go and reopen his store. The Rebbe told Rabbi Lerman to convey his message that the Crown Heights community needs him to continue providing professional pharmaceutical services.

Joyce did not marry until much later in her life, when it was too late to have children, but she found a most wonderful match, a man who was brought to Torah and *mitzvos* by Rabbi Leibel Baumgarten, the Rebbe's *shliach* in Long Island. Joyce and her husband, *ybl"ch*, Stu Ibel, never had biological children, but they mothered and fathered many Jewish *neshamos* who needed love and care.

Joyce and Stu had jobs in the same field. Joyce was a case

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manager in HASC taking care of her clients who lived in group homes in Flatbush and Boro Park. Stu worked as a psychologist in a Jewish organization for special children.

Both of them went above and beyond the call of duty doing their jobs, and showed sincere love and caring for their clients who needed it.

Joyce spent many Shabbosim relaxing with me on my couch with our feet up after the men had left to shul. My children were her children, and she would spend lots of quality time spoiling them with her love and attention and good cheer, throughout their childhoods.

Besides showering love on her clients, and on my children, Joyce also adored the children of her three sisters, Karen, Rona, and Annie, and had close relationships with them.

A fellow employee at HASC had been without a mother since infancy. Joyce took her on as a daughter and then the girl's husband became her son-in-law and her two precious children became her grandchildren. In short, Joyce and Stu were *givers*.

I remember Joyce taking girls (nieces, friends, clients, whomever!) shopping for wedding gowns and kitchen needs during their engagements.

There's one story I can never forget.



Tzippy Clapman, Joyce and Stu Ibel, and Rabbi Yehuda Clapman at the airport on their way to the Gordons in California for Pesach.

I knew a woman who worked with Joyce at HASC who was struggling financially. Joyce figured out a way to help support this woman without her ever knowing where the money was coming from. At one point that woman started acting very unfriendly and unkind to Joyce, but Joyce did not let it get to her and continued to pay those bills in secrecy. That is next-level giving.

Having never had biological children, Joyce could have felt sorry for herself. Instead, she was busy sensing where there was a need and trying to fill it.

For the last six Pesachs, Joyce and her husband came with my husband and me to California to spend Pesach in the home of our daughter and son-in-law, Miriam and Yochanan Gordon, and their family.

Well before we arrived, Joyce would send many gifts for the children and for the household, which made everyone feel loved and appreciated. She even sent kosher-for-Passover desserts on ice, and pretty paper goods and place settings.

Joyce's love and devotion to all the people in her life was unstoppable until a few months ago when she suddenly fell ill with an illness that cut her precious life short.

Joyce's husband Stu; my grandson Avi Gordon; his wife Malka Lavana; my husband; and Joyce's devoted sisters were all at her bedside in the middle of the night, saying *Viduy*, during the last moments of Joyce's life. She returned her holy *neshamah* to Hashem on 22 Kislev.

I know that she will surely be *ah gutte better* for all of us and help to bring Moshiach speedily! Until that moment, let's learn from her example what it means to be a giver. ❄️

TZIPPY CLAPMAN, RN, MS, FNP, lives in Crown Heights with her husband, Rabbi Yehuda Clapman, a certified sofer. Formerly a NICU nurse and now a provider in family medicine and women's health in Parcure of Boro Park, Tzippy has written extensively for the N'shei Chabad Newsletter, always with the goal of convincing parents of the supreme importance of creating warm, happy, Yiddishe memories for their children. Tzippy's sense of humor, her sincerity, and her clarity about Yiddishe values have changed lives for the better in the gentlest way possible. This is the 53rd installment of "Tzippy Remembers When..."