

Chevra,

I was several thousands of miles away during the funeral, but my thoughts were with Max's family and our Fabrangen community (and I am hoping that there was a recording made). Now, with John's encouragement, I will share a few reflections on my interactions with Max over the years. Like so many in our community, Max touched my life in so many ways. I remember the many Tikkun Leil Shevuot that we studied together, the meaningful Shacharit minyanim during the Shivah for Chana, the candy he provided at Shabbat services for my kids, the annual EPPYK contests that Max organized, and the constant games of Jewish geography that Norman remarked upon in the Jewish Week article. And I appreciated the encouragement that he provided to me in my various professional ventures.

For me, there were two special occasions when I had the opportunity to spend time with Max for extended periods of time. Several years ago, he visited Israel when I was there for an NIF board meeting. Max agreed to join me for site visit to our projects in the Beersheva region. I picked him up in the morning at his Jerusalem hotel and for the next two hours he regaled me with stories of his experiences during the 47-48 period. Every road we passed sparked another memory and story. And of course, when we arrived in Beesheva, he wowed my colleagues in both Hebrew and Yiddish. It is a day I will always cherish.

More recently, he invited me to his new apartment to provide feedback on a book in Hebrew that I had given him, which was written by my former NIF colleague Eliezer Yaari. In true Max fashion, he not only shared his opinion of the book, but brainstormed ideas about how the book could be marketed to an American audience, which needed to hear the stories and see the photographs of an Israeli who had ventured beyond his neighborhood to understand the lives of the Arab citizens of Israel who lived nearby. – Larry Garber