During my first pregnancy, Steven and I debated names. I knew I wanted to name her after my father, Morton/Moshe, who had died two years before she was born. We jokingly said the baby would be "Moshette" if a girl arrived, but truthfully, none of the 'm' sounding names appealed to me, and Steven's sister was already named Miriam, a possible candidate.

Since the name Moshe is understood to come from an Egyptian root word meaning 'drawn from the water', I had a brainstorm one day. There is a Hebrew name, Dalit, whose root is the Hebrew verb *lid-lot* meaning 'to draw water'. That seemed to be a great match – etymologically.

Of course, Max reveled in the enjoying the family stories of Fabrangeners, and we talked occasionally about names during my pregnancy. I told him about my 'Dalit' association and he was thrilled. It was perfect, he assured me.

Except -- I really didn't like the name Dalit. In fact, "Dalit Braun" just didn't have a good ring to it. But Max was linguistically hooked. He'd say "That's a great name! It's such clever wordplay!" and I'd protest, "But Max! I just don't like the name!" and he'd respond "but the pun is too good!"

Ultimately, though, I came up with a name we both liked better. There is a girl's name, Aviva, that means 'springtime'. One night – too close to my due date, when I was still wrestling with a good choice of name – I bolted awake and said "Avi Bah" as two words, meaning "My father is within her". (Note: for this to make sense, you need to realize that the bet/vet b/v sound is the same consonant in Hebrew.)

I called Max from the hospital and told him, and he was delighted (and relayed the reasoning behind the name to a pregnant mom some years later, and she promptly chose the name for her daughter, too). I had a name I liked, and Max had a good wordplay to enjoy.

I have many memories of Max, but this one is special to me because it was an example of his love of language AND of how much he was involved in all our lives. – Rachel Braun