

BOB VIGNAUX.

Bob Vignaux, as a working visitor, I first met you on the morning of January 9th 1974. We were standing in the cold mud of Pardes Druze in the Hulah. On learning where I came from you stated with half snarl, half grin, "*I HATE AUSTRALIANS!*"

You had a funny way of showing it....

When I returned to the kibbutz for the year 1975, you introduced me to a very attractive Dutch girl, Froukje, who was from the new Ulpan. Froukje became my beloved wife in 1976.

In 1984 Froukje and I returned as working visitors, this time with our two young sons, Joachim and Amiel. You vacated your own house so that it could be our home for 6 months.

Between us, Froukje, daughter Danah and I visited Israel another 10 times up to 2018. Every time you and your home were the hub of our social connections both on Kfar Hanassi and to friends across Israel. Your generosity made it all so easy.

I am sure that sometime in the years ahead I will again climb down from the bus in Rosh Pina and once more begin the long slow walk into Kibbutz Kfar Hanassi, savouring every step of the beloved return. But it will never be the same.

Bob Vignaux, you were gruff, abrasive, loud, larger than life....generous and ever welcoming. You were the best friend a man could have.

I can picture you now in that Garden of Eden, the heavenly Pardes...., showing those other *sons a bitches*how a **real kattiph** is run! Give 'em hell Bob, just like you did to us!

Bob, you were dearly loved and missed by us all.

Chris, Froukje, Joachim, Amiel and Danah.