

BOB

2 February 2020

What to say about Bob?

I became friends with him at Kfar Hanassi over a period of years, 1971-74 I think, and we were good friends.

Sitting on his black leather sofa, with him in his masterly armchair, we would put the world to rights, listen to the albums of the day, of which he had a great many and which he kindly allowed me to record on to cassettes for my own use, and generally lend an ear to each other whilst settling in to our different lives on the kibbutz.

An incident from those days that he reminded me of recently was of one particularly eventful evening when a bat managed to get into his room. Once inside it appeared much larger and more menacing, whirling around with us throwing blankets and towels in a vain attempt to catch it as it had not found the door and there were screens on the windows. It never got entangled in my hair or his as we finally succeeded and the bat lived to see another day!

We have exchanged Christmas cards over the years and latterly also emails. When visiting Paris he kindly suggested that we meet for coffee on the Champs Elysees, knowing that I lived in France. I had understood that he had mobility problems but **he** had not understood that I lived 700 km from Paris! So that coffee date did not happen.

I am really glad that my overly delayed visit to Kfar Hanassi took place last September. Every Christmas card from Bob for some years had an invitation to visit. He sounded overjoyed when I told him and, true to form, he went all out to make my visit memorable. It was wonderful to see him again, full of life and laughs, stories from his life and shared memories. He made my husband, Peter, and I most welcome saying "my door is always open for you".

So, Bob, thank you for being my friend and may we continue to remember you this way.

Angela McQueen [nee Burgess]