

Gail Saffer-Stern

Bob

Many of you have spoken of Boston Bob, Blue Eyed Bob, but the Bob I first met on Kfar Hanassi back in 1973 was in the Pardes, Sergeant Bob. He was our platoon sergeant, leading our unit with the command and efficiency that it took to get the fruit picked and off to market in a timely fashion. There was little tolerance for late risers who would not make the van in time for the Pardes. That would leave us a man short, and we would have to work harder to compensate. But he was our leader, and we looked towards him for guidance. One of Sergeant Bob's most influential tasks, was insuring that his unit would be staffed with some of the best field cooks the Kibbutz had to offer. He had very high standards, and breakfast out in the Pardes was worth getting to the van on time for.

After some years both Bob and myself moved out of the Pardes. It was some years after that we would become neighbors. Though there was a difference in age, we shared a common background, we were American born.

In those days kibbutz walls were pretty thin, so Bob & I were able to share our music of the 60's & 70's with each other after work without having to leave our individual rooms. Sometimes if my music was loud, continuing into the late hours, I would receive a light knock on the wall. Other times it might have been pounding if the light knock was not heard. At times we would share care packages that was sent from the "old country". Something that reminded us of our roots.

Sergeant Bob had an impact on those he associated with. We would look to him for guidance, experience and mentorship. It has been many years since I have been on the kibbutz. Things have changed and we have grown older. I have fond memories of an important part of my life, which Bob had an impact on. Yes, you always did it your way, and for those who were around, we thank you. Rest in peace dear neighbor.

Gail

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