

I want to share a few thoughts about my friend Lenny.

I had known him for close to eighty years. We went on holidays together, in our bachelor days would

do all the usual young people stuff but with one difference. One could never think of Lenny as young. He was very often the only adult in the room.

He had many talents but preferred not to talk about them. For years I was convinced that he was totally non technical till I realised one day that his technical training and skills were far beyond mine. To Lenny this made no difference to our friendship.

Later in our lives when Carol and I were starting a family, we became an inseparable three-some and could spend hours talking about anything, he was so knowledgeable. As a child our daughter Sari was convinced he was her uncle.

He was always very concerned about our welfare and while never prying was always ready with helpful and sensible advice.

There were many things that happened in Israel and the world that angered and upset Lenny but he took everything philosophically. I never heard him swear.

One of the few things about Lenny that puzzled me was his distaste for any sort of physical activity. He would much rather sit at home with a good book or work on his family genealogy. He refused to learn to drive and turned down requests to sit on committees even though on the occasions he did it was with all his thoroughness.

I am reminded of the time in the early nineteen sixties when I was on the team working in the fish-ponds, of which Lenny was put in charge. The equipment and conditions were primitive and the work was hard but Lenny didn't "play the boss" and worked side by side, often in freezing water, with the rest of us. He never had a problem finding a driver to take him out to the ponds at three o'clock on a cold and rainy morning.

One day while taking a tank load of fish to the market in Tel Aviv, at a stop in Hadera for a routine check, Lenny discovered that an air pipe in the tank had come apart and if it wasn't fixed most of the fish would die. He had no choice but to strip down to his underpants, jump into the tank and hope to find and reconnect the pipe. After what seemed like minutes and onlookers began to get worried he finally emerged triumphantly but missing the underpants. He calmly got into the cabin of the truck where he was able to dry and dress himself. The fish were saved.

.When Lenny finally married Shoshana it was, predictably, for all the right reasons. True love is something that grows with time but their marriage was also based on mutual respect and care for each other from the very beginning and they raised their children with all the right values

Lenny was a friend not only shall I never forget, but whose memory his other friends and family can be justly proud of.

Paul Bilgory

