

Marc, there are so many stories to tell...

Marc was one of the first people I got to know when I first came to Afik and we quickly formed a bond. We enjoyed each other's company, we both liked the guitar, good cheese, good wine, good jokes and shooting the breeze. I can't count the times we sat around the table, tasting the wine and the cheeses while Marc played the guitar.

I enjoyed the clarity of his thoughts even if I had to wait. Anyone who knew him also knew that he spoke measuring his words carefully and not everyone had the patience.

For most of the years I knew him, he had a mordant sense of humor and his stories always made me laugh... like the time he told me he had complained to the doctor about pain in his right knee and the doctor had told him he needed to lose weight, so Marc shook his head from side to side, and with his laughing blue eyes said "If it was the weight, both knees would hurt!" and there it was, that twinkle in his eyes that told me he too was amused and then he started laughing.

He had a keen mind and a way with words, I don't think I ever heard him utter a superfluous word. If he had nothing to say, then he didn't and we just sat, appreciating the moment.

He loved his family, he loved to play music and sing.

These last years were difficult and our conversations darker but I will always remember him as my friend, the towering man with the laughing blue eyes and the mordant sense of humor.

I will miss him dearly.

Sandra