

The friendship that Chaim and I have enjoyed with the Goldmans is a rare thing. We have been friends with both Bracha and Macky.

Macky's love and appreciation of people came through over and over again. He was sensitive and he cared.

He did not want to upset people and have them worry about him. How often did we sit at the table and I saw that he was in pain or exhausted, but he didn't want to say anything.

אחרי מות קדושים

Many times when speaking of someone who has passed away, we tend to idealize them.

But Macky was not a saint. He had his faults, but he WAS a truly kind, giving man with a special gift. A gift of appreciation, of caring. How many times did he send an sms apologizing for sleeping and not being up when we came to visit. How many times did he try to please people, at his own expense, by staying up and visiting with people who came to see him - so they wouldn't feel badly.

How many times did he thank us for xxxx; nothing we did was taken for granted. As I said at the funeral, 2 days before he passed away, in a very weak voice, he called wanting to confirm my Hebrew name. He heard that I had the flu, and wanted to daven for me.

I believe that it was a very special זכות to know Macky, to say he was my friend and to be able to help when we could.

His influence on me was so positive. Chaim and I miss him, and will continue to do so.

The world is an emptier place without him.

I believe he will do his best to be a מליץ יושר בשמיים for his wife, family, friends and all of ישראל כלל.

Ruth Eichenstein

My friendship with Macky started in 1975 when we lived in Elazar. He was one of the founding members of the Canadian group and I of the American. We immediately enjoyed a good rapport.

So much so, that after we both left Elazar, we would visit each other's families, would spend Shabbatot together, and celebrate each other's s'machot.

From 1979 on, our families would spend every Simchat Torah together in our home; including this past year when Macky was already quite ill. There were only 3 occasions that I recall that we did not celebrate together at our home, be it Telshe Stone or Alon Shvut: 1. Macky was in the hospital and I spent the chag with him there 2. He was chatan Torah, and our family came to Beer Sheva to celebrate together 3. Last year when Macky was too ill to travel.

I mention all of this to explain the history of our friendship, our connection.

Therefore, it was natural for me to try and be there for my friend. "Being there" was made "easy" by Macky. Sometimes I asked myself, "Am I really helping?" "Am I accomplishing anything for him?" But he would let me know that I was. He showed his appreciation with his smile, his verbal thank you and the messages he would send expressing his deep feelings of appreciation. These things helped bring out the best in me.

When he told me about his illness, he said that he had several goals he wanted to achieve, and that I could help him with: his love of learning, and secondly with his love of Eretz Yisroel. We learned together daily on the phone when he was able. We also travelled. Bracha, Macky, Ruthie and I went to Ashkelon because he wanted to see the sea. We also stopped to pick sea shells. We drove to see the beautiful flowers, the "kalaniot" and spent a nice time in Eilat. The Goldmans together with Barry and Esther also made it to Mitzpe Rimon, and then went themselves to the "Keramim" hotel near Jerusalem.

Macky pushed me to become a better person. His love for learning inspired me. As I stated above, we would learn when he had the strength. Even on the last Tuesday when he was so ill, in so much pain; when he had a 10 minute respite from the pain, he asked me to daven with him.

His love for Am Yisroel was also an inspiration. He loved the Jewish people and accepted each one. He loved learning. He loved the Torah. He loved the country and he loved people. He loved his wife and his family. And he was loved by many.
How could I not be inspired by him?

יהי זכרו ברוך

Chaim Eichenstein