

Tribute to Mimi Neumark

By

Noey Nuemark

She would sit on the *kikar* on Visitors Day, surrounded by a constant, rotating group of people, all sneaking bites of the enviable spread of fresh fruit, honey cake, melted together chocolates and sour straws and whatever else the grandkids requested, and don't forget the deviled eggs! With seven Neumark-Sztainer cousins at camp, there were always a million places to be – *rikkud*, *ohel* tours, on a tree bench, by the pool or the lake – and Grandma would make her rounds, making sure to spend time with each of us and our friends.

Of course, it helped that she knew everyone, and everyone knew her. She knew my parents' friends from Visitors Days between 1974-1981, when she would visit my dad each summer and host countless Habonim events at her home in Skokie. She knew my friends and my cousins' friends, kvutzot ranging from Workshop 50 to Workshop 62, from her presence at every Visitors Day from 1996-2016 (and yes, she continued catching rides from Chicago to visit my mom, in her tenure as camp nurse).

She was "Grandma" to everyone, and even if she couldn't possibly keep track of the dozens of kids in matching t-shirts coming over to chat enthusiastically between bites of candy, her generosity and love for the Tavor community extended past those Visitors Days (of which we counted nearly 40 in total that she was at).

When my friends and I would visit Chicago, she'd host us for late night snacks and revel in our camp stories. She visited each of us cousins on Workshop – sometimes more than once. I'll always have happy memories of my grandma tied to Tavor, and the donations in her name to this community tell me that others feel the same.

Thank you from my family and me to everyone who made these meaningful contributions, and to everyone who stopped by our blanket on Visitors Days over the years to always make Grandma feel like part of the Tavor family.