

In Fond Memory of Max Coe

Professor, Computer Information and Technology Department

Max M. "Junior" Coe



Coe, Max M. "Junior", 50, Las Vegas, NV, formerly of Wichita, died Mon., June 20, 2005. Born Feb. 4, 1955, in Wichita to Max and Beverly Coe. Graduated from Southeast High School in 1972 as a Nat'l Merit Finalist. Earned a BS in 1976, and an MS in 1981, in computer science from the University of Kansas. Was a professor at the Community College of Southern Nevada for the past 14 years. Diabetic since age 4, he received a kidney/pancreas transplant in 2000. Survivors: mother, Wichita; brother and sister-in-law, Nathan & Judy Coe, Los Altos, CA; sister and brother-in-law, Cynthia "Chi-Chi" & Jeff Allen, niece Rachel Allen, nephew Danny Allen all of Hutchinson. Local remembrance to be held later.

Memorials: UCSF Stem Cell Research Program, Box 0248, San Francisco, CA 94143-0248, attn: Linda Buck and American Diabetes Assn., 837 S. Hillside, Wichita 67211.

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A Tribute to Max

A few minutes ago, my husband Sam told me that a very dear friend and mentor Max Coe had passed on after a long illness.

Max Coe was one of my first teachers in the art and science of programming. It was in his class that Sam and I became friends, then much, much more. I remember fascinating lectures on random number generation, simulations and floating-point calculations.

In the summer of 2000, Max gave me my first real programming gig. It was a nutritional analysis program and I did the GUI. It was then that the cumulative damage of Type 1 Diabetes really to hold. He was in dialysis every other day. No matter how hot it got, and it got very, very hot, he could only drink 8 oz of fluid a day. That is correct! Onne half of a can of soda. A Day.

During the summer he got a kidney/pancreas transplant. He told me about the "Joy of Peeing". It changed his life, and for the better! I was so happy for him. Because I had no laptop, I lugged my desktop to his house every day to work on the project till midnight every night. Sam was the "project widower". Even so, Max's health was still very fragile. He had a tackle box full of anti-rejection, fungal, bacterial, viral drugs. He was under no illusion, he said, "I have exchanged one disease for another, but I can live with this."

As far as I knew the last five years were good. Whenever we spoke I always greeted him, "Hello, old friend." I saw him last year and had a good gripe about being unemployed. He told me to relax and gave me a few leads. He was in good spirits and he lifted mine. We talked shop and then he had to teach. That was the last time I saw him face-to-face.

His kidneys failed again and he declined another transplant. He passed on in the presence of friends.

I owe a great debt to Max Coe, my master. He invested his time and energy into this student, his apprentice, I am now a "journeywoman", thanks to him.

I will miss our talks greatly. Today call a friend you have not spoken with in a while. Let them know how much they mean to you, because tomorrow is not promised to them nor to you. Tell your family that you love them, while they can hear you. If I sound maudlin, please forgive me, but I feel most strongly about this.

Goodbye and Godspeed, Old friend.

Margie Gold.

@ Max's End-of-the-Semester Party, May 2005

Left: Norma Hernandez and Max

Center: Back row: Shruti Tandon, Mitzi Ware, Norma Hernandez;

Front row: Judy Fightmaster, Naser Heravi, Max

Right: Max

