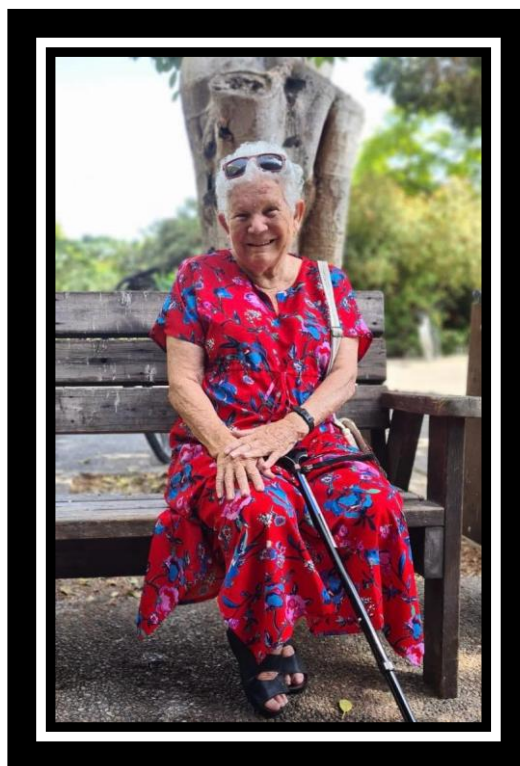


The Yizraelite – No 2208 Date: 23.5.25

Kibbutz Yizrael



We regret to announce the passing

of our dear member

Ruti Becker

The family and Beit Yizrael

The Kibbutz Eulogy – Limor Griman (Mazkira)

Today, we bid farewell to Ruti Olami Becker — a woman of labour and spirit, dear and beloved, an inseparable part of our landscape and history. Ruti was born in 1938 in the settlement of Tel-Or, adjacent to the Naharayim Power Plant, daughter of Sarah and Yaakov Olami, who worked at the Rutenberg Power Plant. Her childhood was spent along the banks of the Jordan River, at the foot of the Gilad mountains, the Galilee, and Golan Heights — landscapes that instilled in her a deep love for nature that accompanied her throughout her life.

In May 1948, Naharayim was captured. Her parents were taken prisoner — while Ruti, then ten years old, who had been evacuated a few days earlier with the children of Naharayim to Ashdot Ya'akov, had to experience the loss from a distance, watching the flames rising from Naharayim. She was later transferred to Haifa, where she stayed with a family that hosted her until her mother's return — six weeks later. Her father returned from captivity only after 11 months.

Ruti grew up in Haifa. Together with her friends, she joined the Tnua HaMeuhedet youth movement. She became part of a "Garin" destined for Degania. In the youth movement, she met the "Madrach", Amen. He took her with him to Yizrael, where they married.

Here they built their home together— here, their four children were born: Neta, Achav, Avner, and Yael. Here, they lived, loved, and worked together for over 60 years, until Amon's passing in 2019.

The family went on shlichut, to Rhodesia. When they returned, they found that Yizrael had changed — many of the founding members had left. But instead of despairing, they committed themselves to rebuilding. Ruti was among those who bravely pushed for the end of communal children's houses— driven by a profound, human understanding of the needs of children and family.

Over the years, Ruti worked in various fields, mainly as an accountant — in the kibbutz, at Tammuz Factory, and during the early days of Maytronics.

At age 36, after having children, she began a new and meaningful chapter: academic studies in life sciences — a field that inspired and intrigued her. She completed a bachelor's degree at Oranim, and later a master's degree at Tel Aviv University, also engaging in research.

At the kibbutz school, Ruti taught nature for ten years. She described this period as meaningful and fulfilling. She built a unique educational framework, opening the first

natural sciences classroom, which received children throughout the day — a place for exploration, play, and open learning. Every week, each class would go on a field trip in the surrounding hills and farmlands. Ruti believed in nurturing curiosity, love of knowledge, and direct encounters with the land and nature. The children who grew up on the kibbutz remember her well — as a nature teacher who refused to stay inside the classroom walls, instead taking them outdoors with love and enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, she was an active member of the Higher Education Committee — encouraging, guiding, and assisting members to pursue further studies. Ruti believed that knowledge is a transformative force.

Ruti was a resolute and determined woman, participating actively in meetings and expressing her views clearly — always out of a deep commitment to the kibbutz and its way of life. She believed in the kibbutz ideology, was proud of it, and fiercely defended it.

In 1995, tragedy struck her family when her son, Avner, only 28 years old, died after a heart attack during a rugby practice. His death left deep pain and loss. Thirty years that have passed. Ruti grieved Avner's passing every day since.

For her family, Ruti was a pillar — an open and welcoming home for her ten grandchildren and five great-grandchildren, who loved her dearly and will miss her sorely.

On Friday evening, less than a day after joyfully and lovingly marrying off her granddaughter, Ruti closed her eyes and departed from this world.

To Neta, Achav, Yael, the grandchildren and great-grandchildren — the Yizrael community mourns with you.

Dear Ruti, Yizrael's soil, in which you planted deep roots, welcomes you today into its loving embrace, alongside your son Avner and your husband Amen

May your memory be blessed.

Limor Griman, on behalf of Kibbutz Yizrael, May 25. 2025

Achav's Obituary

Mother. Grandmother. Friend.

We are here, in the most beautiful valley in the world, near the graves of your parents, your husband, and your son, paying you final respects.

You have reached a good old age; you are saying goodbye to us in a way that is both expected and surprising, and our hearts are heavy.

We will always remember the safe haven you were, the open refrigerator, and the candy cupboard, your constant interest in family members, and the help you offered us all.



The boundaries you knew how to set. The smile and humour that helped us cope with difficult times.

The bitter and the sweet, travels, and love for people and places.

Avner, who passed away prematurely and left a gaping wound.

You knew how to support Dad unconditionally. And you also knew how to stand your ground, as an independent woman and a free person.

You established a home here with light on the hill, where someone is always present.

On behalf of all of us, I wanted to say to you: Thank you



Someone on the Hill — Interview with Ruti Becker - 24.2.25



Someone on the Hill - Interview with Ruti Becker Conducted on 24.2.25

Childhood in Naharayim and Evacuation to Haifa

I was born in Palestine in 1938, in a part that later became Jordan. In 1948, when we established the State of Israel, we became citizens of Israel. My father worked in Naharayim. Naharayim was a strange settlement. It wasn't a kibbutz, nor was it a moshav; it was like a workers' neighbourhood—for workers who operated the Rotenberg power plant. My father was an employee there; he was an agronomist, and his job was to manage all the fields that belonged to the power station.

Rotenberg had already purchased 6,000 dunams, which weren't really needed for the plant itself, but he bought the land for the State of Israel—buying with an eye to the future. Eventually, after agreements with Jordan, the island went to Jordan, and the bridge went to Jordan... but there is peace.

When I was 10, the State of Israel was established.

They had to evacuate Naharayim, and then, during the last day of Passover, I was evacuated to Ashdot Ya'akov, to my aunt. Afterwards, the Naharayim children were evacuated to Haifa, where I stayed until May 15.

My parents remained in Naharayim, along with all the workers. My mother was the nurse so she also stayed.

My two parents were taken captive. There was an agreement with Abdullah not to touch the Electric Company personnel because the company was British. But it didn't hold up, because the Iraqi army was the one entering Naharayim, not the Jordanians. The Jordanians indeed kept to the agreement—they did not invade. But the Iraqi army, wanting to show its own achievements, invaded Naharayim, gathered all the people, and took them as prisoners. They led everyone to a prisoner of war camp in the Jordanian desert, in a place called Mafrak. That's where the prisoners stayed until the end of the War of Independence. They were prisoners for nine months. Many people from Gush Etzion and the Old City of Jerusalem were also brought to this camp. After six weeks, all the women (including my mother), the wounded, and the Old City residents were released, leaving only the Naharayim and Gush Etzion men.

My father was in captivity for nine months too. It wasn't as terrible as it seems. It's not the hatred that exists today. After six weeks, they released my mother. The Electric Company took care of us.

They moved us into houses where well-to-do Arabs had been living. We moved into the German colony, into nice houses with beautiful furniture... and they just came and threw out the furniture and moved us in. Since then, when I hear about war and evacuation, that's what I think of.

In that house, there was also a kitchen and a table full of food, with people sitting and eating, and then they were chased away. Everything was left on the table, and they moved out. Arabs from Haifa fled to Acre and from Acre to Lebanon.

I had an older brother who evacuated to Migdal and from there to a school on the Hadar. My brother is no longer alive.

The Movement and Meeting Amen

When I arrived in Haifa, even during elementary school, I joined a youth movement and continued with it until Yizrael.



My Garin was in Dagana for "Hachshara", with all the famous Labour Zionists written about in books, but I didn't understand that then... Amen was the madrich of our garin. He waited for me to grow up, and when I finished 12th grade, he felt he could begin to court me—that was it.

While in the garin, they sent me to be a madricha in various places including a big summer camp of the entire movement. Amen was the movement's Shaliach; he was their treasurer.

That's where our bond strengthened. When the camp ended, Amen said—"Well, come to Yizrael." "Okay," I

replied. So, I came to Yizrael.

One day, he came to me and said—"Listen, on such and such a date... (I no longer remember the date), Tiyoche is getting married, so I went to the secretariat and said we're also getting married." Just like that! He didn't even ask me first!

Yizrael

I arrived on Yizrael in 1958. Everything was muddy. There were no paths at all. People weren't lacking; there were many "Garinim... but yes... the houses were small... the "cottages", the "basinim", and the huts—the six huts. There were garinim that came and went... then the Anglo-Saxons arrived.

The kibbutz movement asked the kibbutz to send a representative back to the South African movement to be a Shaliach. I was naive and pretty stupid, but I really wanted to go abroad, so I told Amen—"Let's go abroad, come..." And so, we did.

Shlichut to Rhodesia and South Africa



I didn't really know what Rhodesia was (Now Zimbabwe – Ed), but we went. Already in 1958, right after we married and before our children were born. We arrived in Rhodesia, and it was very nice there, except there were hardly any children in the movement. We returned to Yizrael after three years because, after Rhodesia, we also spent a year in the "Hachshara" in South Africa. I tried to join every long trip I could.

Return to the Kibbutz

When we returned, it was a different kibbutz. Completely different. Half of the Anglo-Saxon garin had left, and half of the founders were no longer here. It was easier for me, than for Amen—His friends were no longer here.

I returned pregnant with Neta. Amen went back to the carpentry shop and integrated into kibbutz work wherever needed. I got involved with the children's houses. I was involved in the struggle to change the system of the children in children's houses, from the beginning of the struggle until the final implementation, when we brought the children to sleep at home. Yizrael was entitled to 24 apartments. We waited until they were all built, then we moved to family living—the entire kibbutz, all at once. And this was the only kibbutz that did it correctly.

Studies and Work as a Nature Teacher at the School

I started studying after Yael was born, after I had four children. I studied biology at Oranim. Until then, I worked in accounting—John Eliasov wanted to run the accounts department, and it was a great opportunity for me to study. I finished my studies, and then Shimon came and said—"Great, you've played your games, you're returning to work in accounting." I said—"Not yet." I was almost 20 years a biology teacher, doing wonderful things with the children.

Everything was based on the idea that the children should do, not the parents. We went out once a week to the fields for two hours, observing things—not collecting, but checking what's there, looking, talking, and learning about it. I told them—"Look, tell me what you see," or "Imagine you're 10,000 years ago—where are you, what do you see?" or "Now imagine you're 20,000 years ago—what do you see?" I tried to give them an understanding that the landscape also changes. Those were very good years. I loved teaching very much and accumulated a lot of knowledge over the years. I knew exactly where I was going, which flower I wanted to see, which caterpillar I wanted to show, and they were right there.

I also insisted on going to do preparatory lessons, which caused big fights with the

other teachers. My method didn't quite fit with how they taught. It was very important to me to have a school at home on the kibbutz. I put a lot of effort into it.

Additional Work and Accounting

Later, I worked at the university for a few years. Then I worked in the accounting department at Maytronics. Afterwards, I helped out in the garage. Avinoam and Susskin bought software to run a garage but didn't know how to operate it! They had no time to run the software. So, I came in to set up the software—including all the procurement and inventory of parts.

Family




Neta has three children and four grandchildren. Two from Matar and two for Yaar. Nohar, who studied therapy and occupational therapy, is getting married in a month. **(Ruti had the fortune of being at Nohar's wedding the night before her passing [Rochela Matalon]).** Achav has three sons, none of whom are married yet, but they are all organized, studying, and everything. Yael has four children, one grandchild; her eldest daughter is married and has a two-year-old.



Ruti at Nohar's Wedding

In Conclusion – Today's Yizrael

I have no complaints about the direction the kibbutz is taking. I don't think we should privatize; it wouldn't help us at all. It would only break the kibbutz apart. That's my opinion.

Reut's Editorial:  Ruti Bakar passed away last weekend. The previous evening, she attended her granddaughter's wedding, where she met her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Ruti was a curious person with a great passion for knowledge, and many members of the kibbutz remember her as a nature teacher.

A few years ago, when the prehistoric site of Ubeidiya was reopened for excavation for several days, I travelled there. When Ruti heard about it, she was excited and intended to join. I was surprised that she wanted to come, as it didn't seem like an easy walk, and the trip involved more than just driving on a road. On the morning of the trip, she called to say she wouldn't be coming after all. When I arrived there, I was glad she decided not to come because walking from the vehicle to the site was complicated, but I kept the memory of her excitement about the site being excavated and her desire to visit it, which is located a few kilometres from Naharayim.



again

**We share in the sorrow
of our member, Eran Shkolnik,
on the passing of his brother:
Tal Shkolnik
May you know no more sorrow.**

Combined Community Management + Education Council

Sunday, 25th May at 17:30 in the Moadon

Agenda:

Presentation of the Education System Audit Report

(Guest: Uri Greenberg, Internal Auditor, Audit Committee)

Presented by: Limor Griman

General Assembly Report – 19/5/2025

Assembly Chairperson: Shlomo Cohen

Assembly Secretary: Uri Gilad

Participants: 35 members, via Zoom and Channel 900

1. Work Procedure

Kinneret Govrin, HR Manager, opened with thanks to both management teams who devoted significant time to the two procedures. About two months ago, the procedures were presented to the Community Management and then reviewed again by both management teams.

First, it is important to note a significant improvement among members in increasing job scope and salary, with most members now working full-time. Conversations, guidance, clarifications, and various forms of support have made a difference.

Kinneret presented two proposed changes by HR management to update the procedure, focusing on:

- Non-compliance with the work obligation
- Maternity leave

The reasoning behind these changes stems from HR's responsibility to bring work and income issues to the community agenda, to increase members' income from work, and to ensure fairness toward members who fulfill their work obligations.

Non-Compliance with Work Obligation

The goal of the changes is to better align the procedure with reality and increase the minimum work requirement for every member. There is also a reference to cases where people only worked part of the year (e.g. new candidates or someone who was on maternity leave – Ed) and a cap was placed on penalties. Work hours and job scope are calculated as an annual average only at the end of the year, as has been done until now.

Discussion:

- How can a member know in advance they won't meet their work obligation?

- Each member receives a monthly report with work and absence hours, plus a mid-year report. Communication is also maintained with those at risk of non-compliance to offer support and solutions.
- Concern was raised that those penalties might harm social cohesion.
 - Others argued inequality in burden-sharing is more damaging to the collective.
- **Officials need tools to address exceptions. The procedure aims to provide such tools.**

Maternity Leave

HR proposes allowing an exception to the maximum 48 vacation days per year in the case of maternity leave, extending leave up to six months, and adding six preparation days that will not count as vacation but will be deducted from one parent's leave days. (i.e. - they will not be penalized – Ed)

Someone expressed the opinion that we should be more flexible when it comes to new mothers, as maternity is a rare and special occurrence. There was a suggestion to add an additional 14 days beyond the six-month leave, (even beyond what National Insurance provides).

In response Kinneret replied that only 14 weeks of maternity leave are covered by the state. The kibbutz has long allowed more than that at our expense and we also allow transferring leave days between spouses (which is unheard of elsewhere – Ed). The new procedure also adds the right to use six more leave days. Kinneret does not think the addition is justifiable.

2. Outside Workers Procedure

Rochela Matalon, Head of Outside Workers Management, presented the background: the need to update, include unaddressed issues, and set a minimum salary threshold.

One change relates to the minimum wage threshold for outside workers:

- Concerns were raised that the threshold might be too high for beginners or specific fields.
 - Others argued it should motivate upward movement. In reply it was stated that the national average salary is currently 14,800 NIS. In reply: Discretion is used where justified.
- Suggestion to conduct community dialogue circles was noted but deemed unnecessary due to the procedural, not fundamental, nature of changes.
- Concern about too limited mention of 'discretion' in the procedure. A formal

proposal to give specific powers of discretion to the committee was not submitted in the end.

- It was emphasized that the process is a dialogue aiming for suitable and sustainable work. Flexibility and sensitivity are applied.
- A request not to deduct from a worker's budget, a gift received via salary, was clarified: only non-work-related benefits are deducted.

Voting to approve both procedures Took place via ballot on Wednesday–Thursday, 21–22/5.

Results:

Work Procedure:

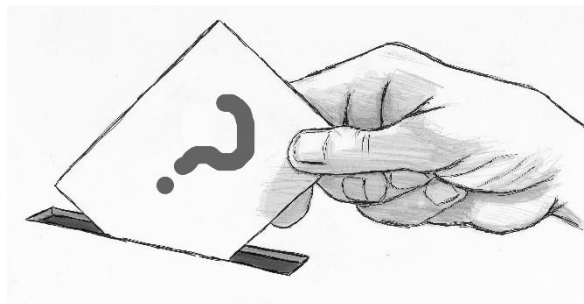
In Favour – 112

Against 50

Outsider Workers Procedure

In Favour – 115

Against 50 – 45



HR (Human Resources) Updates - Kinneret Govrin Leadership Development

Following the announcement issued two weeks ago, we have begun to advance the process of developing management. In the coming days, the team will reach out to various candidates based on the criteria they have defined, which serve as guiding principles: adherence to the decisions of the kibbutz, particularly fulfilling work obligations; absence of conflict with the kibbutz; academic education; leadership and managerial ability; systemic vision and loyalty; good interpersonal relations; ability to work in a team; motivation and drive to fulfill public roles; involvement and caring in kibbutz life; and the ability to regulate and manage anger.

We would like to emphasize two main points:

1. There are members we are not approaching, not because they are unsuitable for a role in the kibbutz, but because they are already more mature and experienced—having held roles within the kibbutz, participated in

committees, and been involved in various processes. We are emphasizing candidates with less managerial-kibbutz experience. It is possible that in the future, we will also address this group of members.

2. As mentioned, this is a gradual process and will expand the circle in a controlled manner, in a way that matches our capacity to handle candidates and within the budget available to us.

The first update can be read on "Kehilanet" under the HR Clusters and Committees section. We will continue to provide updates.

Role-finding team: Amir Darom, Hila Alterlevi, Yifat Asaf, Yaniv Shapira, Irit Shemesh, Kinneret Govrin

600 days is too long!

**People of Yizrael, Kfar Yehezkel, Gidona, and Geva: 600 days is too long!
Let's shout together!!**

A nationwide demonstration marking 600 days for the hostages - join us!

We will meet on Wednesday, 28.5, at 06:30 AM at the Geva, Gidona, and Kfar Yehezkel junction.

Demonstrations will take place simultaneously at several locations across the country: we will create stunning human displays filmed from the air by drones. The demonstrations will serve as a visual call for support for the abducted and their families.

Pre-register so we can organize accordingly, scan the QR code:

Did you register? Update Daniel Haims-Assaf, and we will coordinate transportation.

Share the event with friends and family – the more of us there are, the stronger our message!

Every gesture gives a little more fuel to the families and the abducted, in the hope that it will enable them to see our support for them on television.

Together, we will bring everyone home!

Daniel Haims-Assaf, on behalf of the Yizrael protest headquarters



The Story of the Flag Display at the Top Dam

Over a year ago, in early February, initiated by Yoni Brauman and carried out by the Youth Generation, the yellow flag display at the reservoir was erected. It consisted of over 100 flags, representing the number of Hamas hostages at that time.

The row of flags impressed all passers-by and also reminded us, as we left and returned home, that the hostages are languishing in Hamas tunnels and that their families are longing for their return.

Throughout the year, the display was dynamic, reflecting current events as well as the national mood—on 12/2/24, when Louis Her and Fernando Marman were rescued in a military operation, Amir Beutler, replaced two yellow flags with Israeli flags.

In September 2024, upon the terrible news of the discovery of six hostages' bodies in a tunnel in Rafah, six yellow flags were replaced with black flags.

Thus, over the months, the installation changed its appearance, with the peak during the emotional period of the hostages' agreement—every Saturday, Tzafnat Mor replaced the yellow flags with Israeli flags, symbolizing the number of hostages returned that day.

Over time, the remaining yellow flags faded and came apart, silent and symbolic witnesses to the worsening condition of the abandoned hostages in captivity.

With the establishment of the Protest Headquarters, we decided that renewing the flags would be one of our first projects.



Shimrit Meir took on the task and, together with Yoni Brauman, gathered the cutters and seamstresses who made the flags: Stella Greenberg, Zemer Peled, Nofar Dolinko, Miki Touz,

Mali Ba'avur, Pnina Habshush, Ruth Mor, and Rahel Piekarski.

Four sturdy men arranged the banners: Niv Segal, Yoni Brauman, Dagan Meir, and Elad Ilan.

On Thursday afternoon, we met at the reservoir. We rehung the new flags, in the hope that it would only be for a short time!

A big thank you to everyone who came, everyone who helped prepare the flags and banners, and especially Shimrit Meir and Daniel Haims-Assaf who organized the event.



Delving into the Archives – Jules Feldman

On Thursday, March 12, 1970 — several years after the decision was made — the transition to family living was carried out. (Lina Mishpachtit – Ed)

Ylzael was not among the first to make the switch.

In Degania Alef, since its founding in 1910, family living was always the norm.

In Kinneret, from 1910 until 1948, family living was also standard, and only then did they switch to communal living.

In Ein Harod, there was communal living until age 6. From ages 6 to 12, it was family living, and then back to communal living.

In the late 1960s, some kibbutzim transitioned to family living.

In Ylzael, between the decision and the implementation, several years passed.

Only with the completion of the Tzameret housing development did the conditions become suitable for the move.

The last kibbutz made the transition in 1985.

We are sharing an announcement about the transition, along with an article by an artist on the subject.

From: "Stories Before You Forget" Amen Becker

You remember the Saturday duty in the kindergartens. All the members participated. You remember how you and another friend were "Shabbat caregivers." You also took care of the lunch for the kids. The children's food was always better than what was served in the dining hall.

Of course, the children never ate everything. You and your friend would happily gobble up everything that was left. The children called you "the voracious caretaker."

You remember that one of the mothers decided to break the rule and took her daughter to sleep with her one Saturday afternoon. This caused quite a commotion, but that mother won. She didn't always take the girl, but when she felt like it, she did.

... and here you remember something that's better forgotten but sits well in the mind — the sleeping arrangements. Your eldest daughter, who is half a year old, sleeps with four other children at the kindergarten.

One morning, before dawn, someone knocks on your door. You jump up to open it. It turns out to be the night guard, who had given up trying to soothe the crying girl and decided to bring her to the parents to calm her down and restore peace. You laid the curled-up girl in your bed.

It took less than a second, and your wife sat up, horrified, declaring that this was not her daughter! Both of you panicked, worried both about what was happening to your own child and about what might happen if the girl's mother came to the kindergarten and found her missing.

You dressed quickly, wrapped the girl in a blanket, and hurried to the kindergarten on the other side of the kibbutz. Already at the entrance, you saw and heard the Polish mother, whose daughter had gone missing. She tore her hair, clawed with her fingernails, and screamed in anguish. You handed her the girl. The mother calmed down. Your own daughter was sound asleep, and you returned home. That mother, (Helen Simmons), has long since left the kibbutz.

... not everything is so dark in this story. Several happy memories remain from then. For example, the bedtime "at Gan Alon" where your three children slept — Neta, Achav, and Avner z"l.

You remember how, after dinner in the dining hall, you would arrive at Gan Alon for the bedtime ritual.

It always started with a big commotion. There were about 20 children and twice as many mothers and fathers. The parents tried to shorten the bedtime as much as possible. After preparing the beds and dressing the little ones in pyjamas, arguments would begin with a mother or father who still didn't want to leave.

You remember that it never ended like that with you. At some point, your children insisted on hearing a story. You used to apologize, claiming you had no new stories. So, the child would loudly demand: "Not a new story, only **'The Fearsome Lion'**."

When children in other rooms heard this mantra, they would abandon their rooms, beds, and impatient parents. Everyone would gather and crowd into the room where you sat, waiting eagerly for what's next. You had a talent as an actor. That was the source of your ability to tell stories to children.



You would declare "**The Fearsome Lion**," and a deathly silence would fall over the entire Gan Alon. Even the other parents would fall silent and wait until the story was over.

Amen Becker - Master storyteller (may his memory be blessed)

September 2015. With thanks to Nitzan Rivlin Feldman for bringing us the story.
Jules Feldman



Jezebel at Masada – Tzafnat Mor

The moment has arrived, or rather, my favorite mission — the ancient site of Herod's Masada.

We packed our 'Narkissim' (the name of our group) together with brave parents into the bus, and began our journey to prevent Masada from falling again; we stopped at Khirbat Madsar, wandered around, and even crawled through the tunnels of Bar Kokhba and his soldiers. It was challenging and especially amusing, as I unleashed all my catlike abilities to crawl through the small, tight tunnels.

We continued along our favorite circular route around the burial caves — it was fun, and I even learned a little more.

Full of energy, we moved on, to the western parking lot of Masada, along with about half of the children of Israel. It turns out that the best time to visit Masada is on Lag BaOmer. There, we were greeted by the smiling, kind faces of Rotem and Yuval Agmon, who came to support us emotionally and gastronomically and also help with logistics; quickly, we claimed ownership of our tent, the kitchen, and everything in between.

After a delicious dinner and lots of hot chocolate (a first rule at Masada — always bring hot chocolate), we headed towards the sunset and the new, spectacular sound-and-light show that told us the story of Masada.

Watching the show after the Simchat Tora Fiasco in October 2024 felt like a punch to the stomach — a blow that emptied all the air from the lungs.

Back to the end of the performance. In perfect timing (since we all know timing is everything), at its conclusion, we witnessed a missile from Yemen passing right

overhead on its way to a romantic encounter with Arrow 3. Some even thought it was part of the show. The Houthis, after all, just wanted to join the celebration...

We quickly walked away toward the shelter. We tried to watch our Yuval Raphael in the Eurovision semi-final, but antisemitic reception issues prevented us from viewing her, and just before my eyes closed, we received the joyful news that she would be in the final! I told myself we would take revenge on all the anti-Semites on Shabbat, and I fell asleep.

On Friday, we woke up very early — really, really early — we had to reach the gate for ascending the ramp before everyone else, to climb as fast as possible and find the best spot to see the sunrise; we were amazed to find that our dear friends from Ma'alot not only robbed us of the teapot that Shlomo prepared for us but also, adding insult to injury, they put Turkish Coffee into our kettle (scowling face); while we were grumbling about the moonlight theft that just happened, we loaded our gear onto the bus, quickly improvised some coffee and started walking. Fast and determined, but also slowly and carefully. We reached the summit and turned toward the best balcony to watch the sunrise together.

Of course, we took plenty of photos — alone, in pairs, and in groups — and finally, began the spectacular activity prepared for us by Shlomo, with the participation of guest stars — surprising and famous figures like Joseph Ben Matisyahu (Josephus), who some say betrayed us and even invented history; King Herod; the Maccabean woman Miriam; a jealous woman; a Roman soldier and a righteous Jew. Each took turns, to tell us their part in the story of Masada. We laughed and enjoyed ourselves. Suddenly, it was time to say goodbye to Masada and slide all the way down the Snake Path.

We drank more coffee, ate ice cream, and mainly lowered our pulse rates, and then, after a moving reunion with Omri, the number one driver, we set off for home. We stopped on the way home at the beautiful and renewed Ein Bokek.

We heard interesting stories, perhaps even true ones, about the place, and returned to the bus, happy, full of chip bags and chicken thighs for the long way home. And of course, hot chocolate.

To sum up, it was fun.

There's no doubt that Masada is an ethos, an ethos I've been examining closely lately, asking myself whether the story, as it's told to us, is worth its honourable place in our history, or perhaps we should celebrate life!

And on a serious note — it's enough now! It's time to bring all the hostages home. They and their families deserve rest and life.

A big thank you to Rotem and Yuval Agmon, who accompanied and supported us. We

couldn't have done it without you! We'll save a spot for you next year...
"Return, sons and daughters, to your borders!" — soon, very soon.



Again, on Saturday There was a pile of guys on the grass... from all around the world!

Last Saturday (May 17th), we hosted the Ai Matai team, the UN soldiers' battalion from Fiji, for a match against the Northern Stars.

We experienced one of the most exciting rugby games seen in Israel in recent years. The Northern Stars started strong and led 28-14 at halftime.

In the second half, the Fijians increased their pace and turned the score, ending 63-28 in their favour.



The game featured some brilliant moves in rare Fijian style.

At the end of the match, there was an emotional ceremony with Fijian gospel singing — those who weren't there missed out!

This coming Saturday promises to be even bigger and more festive!

At 10:00 AM, a national rugby tournament for children and youth will open. This is the final

tournament of the season. All the teams across different age groups have progressed greatly throughout the season, and on Saturday they will have one last chance

to showcase their skills in front of parents, siblings, friends, and many fans.

This season, 10 national tournaments took place, with each team earning points based on their placement. At the end of Saturday's tournament, the team with the most accumulated points will win the championship trophy.

We look forward to seeing a large crowd come to cheer on the young teams in their quest for the championship!



AND ... At 3:30 PM — Adult Match: Northern Stars vs. Steaua Bucharest (Romania's champion team)

Earlier this year, Nitzan Reizel from Ein Harod (who grew up in the Ylzael Club) decided to move to play professionally with Steaua Bucharest.

Now, a few months later, Nitzan returns with his new team for an exciting and challenging game.

The Romanian team is known for its strong scrums and big, technically-skilled players. For the Northern Stars, this is a crucial match to keep their chances alive for winning the regional league.

It's important to note that hosting a foreign sports team at this time is a very rare event, and we greatly appreciate the Romanian team coming to Kibbutz Ylzael.

See you on the field!

Idan Zelas.



In the library

Meeting with Ziv Yonatan about his book

"Bimkom Prayda" (In Place of Farewell)

Thursday, 29.5.25

At 20:00 (8:00 PM)

In the library

Shavuot on Yizrael

Festival Program:

1.6.25 - Self-Service Dinner

Traditional Agricultural Games

2.6.25 – First Fruits Ceremony

(More details soon)



Living in the Chevra Bogeret

Lecture and Discussion over Coffee

Under the Guidance of Simona Aloni-Levi

Sunday 25.5.25

20:00 – in the Moadon

Our Milton Kaplan Protests for Israel

Covent Garden Sunday 18.5.25



We Decolonized Israel in 1948

ENGLISH IS FUN with Rahel

SOUND and SENSE

What do these words have in common:

bash, clash, crash, dash, gash, gnash, hash, lash, mash, slash, smash, thrash, and trash?

The words all rhyme. Right. But what is it that the thirteen words share in their content?

Faces are bashed, gashed, slashed and smashed. Cars crash. Hopes are dashed, enemies clash. Teeth gnash. Beef is hashed. Potatoes are mashed. Rooms are trashed.

Now the pattern becomes clearer. All of these *-ash* words are verbs that express terrible actions of great violence. Why, over the more than 1,500 year history of the English language, have speakers seized on the *-ash* sound cluster to create words that describe mutilation. Listen closely to the broad *a* and you will hear that it sounds like a drawn-out human scream. Now listen closely to the hissing sound of *sh* and note that it too takes a long time to expel.

The 18th century English poet, Alexander Pope once wrote, “The sound must seem an echo of the sense.” It appears that the agonizing, hissy sound drawn-out sound of *ash* is particularly well-suited to the sense of violent actions that unfold over seconds, minutes or even longer periods of time.

The ancient Greek philosophers, Pythagoras (whose theorem of the right triangle we confront in geometry classes) and Plato subscribed to what many now call the ding-dong theory of language origin. They believed that the universe is like a great bell and that every object in nature has a special ‘ring’. Strike an object and out comes a word the sound of which is inherent in the thing itself. “Balderdash! You respond, uttering another *-ash* word. “Such an a priori correspondence between sound and sense can’t possibly exist. Only human beings can invent words; syllables can’t repose in things themselves.”

But keeping an open mind, consider the evidence for the validity of the ding-dong theory of word formation.

Starting with initial consonant sounds: The word for mother (and mama and mummy) in most languages begins with the letter *m*: *mater*, (Latin), *mere* (French), *madre* (Spanish), *mutter* (German), *mam* (Welsh), *mat* (Russian), and *masake* (Crow Indian). Could it be more than mere coincidence that this pervasive *m* sound for words maternal is made by the pursing of lips in the manner of the sucking babe?

Think of all the words you know that begin with *fl-*. *flicker, flutter, flurry, flip, flap, fly, flow, flash, flee, flare, fling, flush, flame and flail*. Could the fact that the tongue darts forward whenever we form *fl-* in our mouths account for the sense of movement, usually rapid movement, in all of these words?

Why do so many words beginning with *sn-* pertain to the nose: *snort, snore, sniff, sniffle, snuffle, snarl, snivel, snout, sneer and snicker*? And why are so many other *sn-* words distasteful and unpleasant: *sneak, snide, snob, snatch, snit, snub, snafu, snoop, snipe, snake and snag*?

To appreciate the nasal aggression inherent in *sn-*, form the sound and note how your nose begins to wrinkle, your nostrils flare and your lips draw back to expose your threatening canine teeth.

Think for a moment of how forcibly the sound of an initial *b* is expelled as it flies from the lips like watermelon seed. Then observe how many words beginning with that letter denote the expulsion of breath – *breathe, blow, blab, blather, bluster, babble, and blubber* – or the application of force – *batter, blast, bang, bust, bruise, bludgeon, bump, break, butt, beat, bash, bounce and bomb*.

.....more next week



Programme for 25-29 May

Daily from 08:30 - 12:00 you can enjoy, coffee, cake, lively conversation, and board games

Sunday 25 May

08:00 Pedicure with Limor Mualem (by appointment only)

09:10 Zoom from Dorot B'Gilboa – Israeli Music Romanticists – Israeli style and characteristics

Monday 26 May – Jerusalem Liberation Day

09:00 Sweet from the oven with Monica and Noa

10:00 Brain games and trivia with Galia Shemi

18:45 A musical experience with Stass Gavrillov

Tuesday 27 May

09:00 Holistic treatments with Shlomit Fink – by arrangement with Shlomit

09:00 Tiyl (no walking involved) in the area of Sde Eliahu

Wednesday 28 May

09:30 Lecture by Rochele Matalon

10:00-12:00 The ceramics studio is open for work with instruction from Miki Touz

Thursday 29 May

09:30 HaNogariah – woodcraft with Noga Harpaz

09:30 Flora

10:00 Movie Screening

16:30 Meeting with Yifat Assaf for Shavuot

**Credits:**

Editor of Hebrew Newsletter: Reut Shaliv

Translated and edited by: Eddie Solow

Proofread by: Chazz Broadhurst

Printed by: Danit Duvdevani Kirshberg and Hedva Shaharabani

Disclaimer 1: The Edi-tor and translator does his best to provide an accurate reflection of the Hebrew Alon. Please be warned that it is not a direct translation. The original Hebrew text is the official version. This is of particular importance when it comes to decisions and procedures! Not all the material published in the Hebrew newsletter appears in “The Yizraelite”. Considerations of length, readers’ interest and the Edi-tor’s ability to grapple with the subject matter, determine what is included.

Disclaimer 2: “English is Fun”: At the request of the author, this column is not proofread or edited in any way. Content and format are at the discretion of the author.

Note: The readers are encouraged to submit for inclusion “letters to the editor”, photos and material that does not appear in the Hebrew Alon.