

The Yizraelite – No 2253 Date: 23.4.26

Kibbutz Yizrael - Cyber Edition



From the Eve of Yom HaZikaron Ceremony

This evening, on Yizrael, we will all remember the fallen and our members who went to war and did not return, Moshe'le, Dudi, Neil, Shaul, Alan, Nimrod and Benny.

Moshe Licht Orion

Born in Tel Aviv on 17.07.30. His childhood and youth were overshadowed by the events of 1936–1939, the Second World War, the Holocaust, and the years of struggle against

British Mandatory rule.

He enlisted in the Palmach and, with the Ramat Yohanan training group, took part in the battles of the War of Independence. In the summer of 1948 he settled, together with his fellow garin members, in the village of Zarin, where they founded Kibbutz Yizrael.

On 19.03.55, while on a security patrol between the cowshed and the hay barn, he was shot and murdered in an ambush by infiltrators who had hidden among the bales of hay.

He was survived by his parents, his brother, his wife Mira, and his daughter Orli, who was born after his death.

Dudi (David Yonatan) Silbowitz

Born in South Africa on 06.12.48. In 1971 he immigrated to Israel and joined Yizrael in the framework of Garin "Hod" of Ichud Habonim, later Habonim Dror. In July of that

year, he enlisted in the IDF in the Nahal, and from there transferred to the Armoured Corps. During the Yom Kippur War he was called up for reserve duty, and on 18.10.73, in the battle for Abu Sultan, on the western side of the Suez Canal, his tank sustained a direct hit and Dudi was killed together with his fellow tank crewmen and fellow members of the kibbutz.

He was survived by his parents, his sister, and his fiancé, Sandy.

Neil Fried

Born in South Africa on 13.04.48. In 1971 he immigrated to Israel and joined Yizrael together with Garin "Hod". In July of that year, he enlisted in the IDF in the Nahal, and from there transferred to the Armoured Corps. During the Yom Kippur War he was called up for reserve duty, and on 18.10.73, in the battle for Abu Sultan, on the western side of the Suez Canal, his tank sustained a direct hit and Neil was killed together with his fellow tank crewmen and fellow members of the kibbutz.

He was survived by his parents, a sister and a brother, and his wife Jenny.

Shaul Ephraim

Shaul was born in Rishon LeZion on 17.11.51. He was a member of Garin "Gilboa" of HaNoar HaOved VeHaLomed. In November 1970, after a period of service on Kibbutz, he enlisted in the IDF in the tank corps in Nahal. During the Yom Kippur War Shaul took part in the defensive battles in Sinai, and on 18.10.73, in the battle for Abu Sultan, on the western side of the Suez Canal, his tank sustained a direct hit and Shaul fell together with his fellow tank crewmen and fellow members from the kibbutz.

He was survived by his parents and siblings.

Alan Feldman

The younger brother of Jules and Barry Feldman, he was born in South Africa on 08.01.60. As a member of Habonim Dror, he decided at the age of 16 to come to Israel and completed his high school studies at Midreshet Sde Boker. Yizrael became his home, and the Blass family became his adoptive family. Alan joined a Nahal garin intending to settle in Yizrael, and in January 1979 he enlisted for Nahal basic training. He fell during his military service on 20.06.79.

He was survived by his parents and three brothers.

Nimrod Shusterman

Born in Tel Aviv on 13.09.60. He was a member of Garin "Egoz", which was intended for Yizrael. In September 1979 he enlisted in the Nahal and later transferred to serve in the Golani Brigade. With the outbreak of the First Lebanon War, he went into battle with his unit, and on 10.06.82 he was killed by a missile fired from a Syrian helicopter at Jabal Baruch, near Ein Zhalta.

He was survived by his parents, a brother and a sister, and his partner Ida.

Benny (Binyamin Nishti) Kiryati

Born in Givatayim on 17.04.63. In 1981 he enlisted in the IDF and served in the Nahal. He was a member of Garin Eitam, which was intended for Yizrael. In June 1982, during the Lebanon War, he was wounded in the head at Ein Zhalta in Lebanon. During his rehabilitation he returned to the kibbutz. In 1993 his health deteriorated as a result of his injury, and in August of that year he died. He was survived by his parents, three brothers, and his partner fiancé Michal Shelef, whom he had been due to marry that summer.

Moshe'le, Dudi, Neil, Shaul, Alan, Nimrod and Benny, our friends who left from Yizrael and did not return.

May their memory be blessed.

Written by: ניצן ריבלין-פלדמן

Reading: Shulamit Witelson

From the Memorial Day Ceremony at the Cemetery

The Greatest Honour Yoram Kaniuk

Reading: Dekel Serano



The greatest honour we can give to the many dead whose spirit walks among us today, the unknown and the others alike, is to stand before them in humility and say that their quiet voice, reproachful in its silence, is heard from one end of the land to the other. That we will do all we can to build, upon the roots they drove into the hard earth with their very bodies, a living, beautiful tree, a worthy home, a society as good as we can make it. Their voice calls forth from us an

apology, that they are there and we are here, and asks us to remember them, their faces, their bodies, their final pain, life's betrayal, the mystery of honour, of the shell or the mine, the blue of the sky, and the finely woven words sometimes spoken in their name, too often in vain.

Memorial Day Ceremony at Maytronics - 1



For nearly three years now, Memorial Day has met us within the ongoing reality of war. Only a moment ago we were all in protected spaces, trying to navigate between work responsibilities, concern for our families, and real fears of the unknown. This sharp and rapid shift between routine and emergency is the essence of our shared story, the essence of the State of Israel in its 78 years of independence, which we will

mark tomorrow evening.

In moments like these, the most beautiful side of Israeli society is revealed: the remarkable ability to cope with immense challenges, the determination to return to routine alongside pain, and the constant aspiration for peace.

We feel this deeply here at Maytronics. I believe our company is a living mosaic of Israeli society as a whole. Our extraordinary human diversity, with its wide range of opinions, beliefs, and backgrounds, is our true source of strength. Despite the complexity, and perhaps because of it, we succeed in maintaining unity, partnership, and mutual responsibility.

On this Memorial Day, alongside the deep pain, we choose to see hope. We make space for difference and for a multiplicity of views, out of the understanding that this is the only way to build a secure and worthy future for our children. This is our promise to one another: to continue working together, to respect the uniqueness of every individual, and to safeguard our shared home.

This spirit finds powerful expression in the words of the late Shmuel Harari, a dear Maytronics employee who fell on 23.10.24. Shmuel left us with a moral testament that feels more relevant today than ever:

“Every Israeli should find someone they disagree with and sit down together over a cup of coffee, a beer, or a hot tea. Argue with respect, and let each one give up one principle that matters to them.”

On this day, we embrace the bereaved families and pray for quieter days ahead. May the hope for peace become the reality of our lives, and may our children know war no more.

May the memory of the fallen be a blessing. Stav Gizunterman (Chief Solutions officer)

Memorial Day Ceremony at Maytronics - 2

From Yosef to Rom

A Chain of Courage, Through the Hecht Family



Yosef Hecht, my grandfather, a survivor of Auschwitz, did not save only his own life. He saved ten children within that hell, teaching them the craft of carpentry. He also carried his dying brother on his back, on foot, as part of the brutal Death March of 650 kilometres from Auschwitz to Mauthausen. His stories of courage did not remain in the past. They were passed on to his children, among them my father David, from them to their grandchildren, and from them to their great-grandchildren, shaping an entire lineage.

Rom Hecht, my son, Yosef's great-grandson, whom he never met, absorbed these stories until they became part of his spirit. He chose to enlist in the IDF's elite search-and-rescue Unit 669, not by chance.

After two months of fighting, during which he took part in rescuing dozens of soldiers, on 12.12.23, Rom fell in Shuja'iyya in Gaza, together with his commander and seven other fighters, during a complex rescue operation for Golani soldiers, carrying rescue gear on his back.

Two men, four generations, the same choice: to risk their lives in order to save others.

Yosef could never have imagined that his son David would have such a grandson. Rom never knew Yosef in his lifetime.

But one thing binds them together — the spirit of courage.

Written by: Saar Hecht

Read by: Ron Jino





About the Seventh of October



Written by Itamar Zilas, son of Carol and Paul (taken from Itamar's Facebook)

Dedicated with immense love to Team Ziggy, my brothers in heart and soul

War Diary

Saturday, 7 October 2023

8:15 in the morning, Uzi calls. Yitzhaki asks that we gather quickly at Beit Lid. I pack a bag, my gear is ready on the shelf, the images and the news do not stop coming in on the media, there is no need to explain much at home...

A huge hug to everyone, stay strong, everything will be alright. I hand over responsibility in Nahalal and disappear.

At the traffic light in Nahalal, I run it half-red at high speed, a police car waiting beyond looks on, I wave my army shirt and vanish.

The drive to Beit Lid is very short, empty roads, only reservists and regular soldiers making their way to bases.

We arrive at Beit Lid, connect to the brigade's communication network, start vehicles, load equipment, build up the force. The rumours about what is happening in the south do not stop. I tell myself that if even half of it is true, we are in serious trouble.

The pressure rises and the hours pass. We receive permission to head south. A convoy, four vehicles each with a driver, commander, two doctors and a medic. We have the most advanced equipment to save and treat casualties: blood units, devices and gear worthy of any emergency room.

I am the lead driver in the convoy. I tie up loose ends, make sure everyone is ready, waiting for Yitzhaki's command: "Driver, go."

"2, 3, 4, this is 1, confirm movement in ascending order." We race south, the skies full of rockets, sirens. I negotiate Highway 1, weaving between cars, the main thing is to accelerate. On the radio, endless reports: go to Be'eri, no, Kisufim, there's some festival, mission changes every moment.

At Beit Kama we stop for a final briefing. Yitzhaki gathers everyone: “We are at war. Be strong. Everyone have a bullet in the chamber. Anyone who identifies a threat may open fire.”

From Beit Kama we drive to the Urim junction, pass all the checkpoints. At Urim I turn right and head north on Route 232. Passing Re'im, Be'eri, Alumim — “Get to Kfar Aza.”

The difficult sights come quickly. Burnt cars, fields and trees on fire, flames reaching the sky, smoke, soot and a terrible smell. Everywhere, dozens of bodies. The sights are very Hard to fathom.

I do not stop. I report: “Be advised, many bodies on the road.”

I weave between them. We cross the Nova music festival parking area with the vehicles, not even understanding where we are. After 45 minutes we reach the entrance to Kfar Aza. I take off my helmet, Netzach says, “You're completely black with soot.” I half-smile: “I think we're at war.”

At the entrance to the kibbutz stands a Savana vehicle, half in a ditch, with the bodies of the special unit that arrived in the first minutes and did not survive...

We quickly organise at the entrance. Stretchers open, vehicles lined up, engines running, ready for evacuation. Doctors outside receiving the wounded, performing life-saving procedures. A stretcher lifted, “Driver, go.” Behind me, a doctor treats wounded, and we evacuate to helicopters or ambulances, the main thing is to save lives.

We are a highly specialised unit of the Commando Brigade. The best doctors, paramedics and medics. Believe me, they are truly exceptional. Life-saving surgeries, sometimes while driving.

These are moments where you work like a robot. You do not allow emotion to surface. All the drills, everything you trained for, is happening now. Adrenaline at its peak, the injuries severe.

Difficult moments. You block out background noise, hands on the wheel, foot heavy on the gas, no matter what — we complete the mission.

Each person who arrives is a whole world, with a family, with a life. We do everything possible to save them.

Some arrive and you understand it is over, that another family has been shattered. We gather them in a corner with the utmost respect these heroes deserve.

As the hours pass, the corner grows. The row of red shoes is etched in us forever.

Before dawn, a refrigerated truck arrives. I admit I turned aside. It was too much for me.

We pull back to the orchard to rest briefly. Fifty minutes pass. "Get back quickly." We spend another 48 hours at the kibbutz entrance receiving wounded. Every vehicle exiting the kibbutz stops by us. We unload casualties, treat and evacuate. Fighters from all units.

What spirit they had — heroes. Warriors. Some even argue and refuse evacuation: "Bandage me and I'm going back in."

Hours pass, and we are moved across the road to a synagogue in Sa'ad to rest and catch our breath. We check the vehicles, make repairs.

On Thursday we move to a hostel in Netivot, preparing to spend Shabbat in the sector. Within seconds, residents surround us with pots of food and treats.

On Saturday night, three guys can go home until tomorrow afternoon. I mutter bitterly, "I'm staying, I'm not going," then immediately correct myself: breathe, we are at war, who knows what will happen. Go, hug everyone and come back.

On Sunday afternoon I return south. Leaving home was very difficult. On the road, in the quiet, your mind starts working — what we went through, thoughts about what might happen, about home, about the children, about Zohar. You must not sink into it.

I arrive in Netivot. Hugs and kisses with the guys, as if we had not seen each other for months. A quiet evening passes. At 1:30 a.m., an alert: "Get to the vehicles and drive north — quickly!" We race north toward the Safed area. We spend nearly a month there — honestly, it felt almost like normal life.

When the manoeuvre in Gaza begins, we return south. The brigade enters a rapid combat procedure. On Friday afternoon we meet in a park in Ashkelon. Final preparations, a company talk, plenty of dark humour — morale must be lifted.

Malka and I treat ourselves to a box of pineapple. Final briefing, we sing "Hatikvah." How powerful that anthem is.

I look around: everyone standing straight, singing, motivated.

This is the moment. The time has come. We mount the vehicles and move toward the border. At night we enter the Shati refugee camp — a hornet's nest. Everything is dense, bombed, difficult routes, lots of dust.

In the morning, Egoz encounters heavy fire near a school in Shati. Pressure, tight routes. We extract them to an improvised landing strip by the sea.

Two helicopters arrive from the sea at zero altitude. A stretcher is lifted, the helicopter does not even touch the ground and disappears with the wounded.

One stretcher remains on the ground. Only legs are visible from under the blanket. The faces fall. No explanation needed.

We are an excellent team. We have worked together for over ten years, know each other well, know when to give a push or encouragement. We are a distilled mix of Israeli society — kibbutzniks, moshavniks, secular, religious, brothers in life and soul. Sometimes you must stop, talk and share. Without that bond, we would not have made it.

We later moved to Khan Younis, Rafah — countless missions: transport, supplies, insertion of forces, evacuation.

In Khan Younis I had a moving moment. Yahli completed his beret march in Maglan and joined the Commando Brigade. I went early in the morning to his ceremony. How emotional. What pride. Since then, I dreamed of doing reserve duty with him.

A month ago, on a cold rainy night, we entered to extract a special Maglan unit deep in Lebanon. Darkness, heavy rain — and Yahli walks up to our vehicle. We hug and go our ways. There are no words to describe the feeling of pride at meeting the nephew I have known since birth and seeing him as a brave fighter.

Since then, our unit has been everywhere — Lebanon, Gaza, and back again. Dozens of reserve days until this very moment. We are a strong team, true brothers in arms. We gave our all over hundreds of reserve days — some hard, cold and wet — but inside there is immense sense of pride and a sense of mission.

Now, as we try to lift our heads as high as possible, it is important to make time for home, for our partners and children, and just as important — to take care of ourselves, to sit and share our experiences.

This togetherness that we discovered in staging areas and in combat is not just our team's story — it is the story of all of us as a people. Like roots in the soil, our strength

is in staying connected. If we do, no storm can defeat us. This is our greatest victory: mutual responsibility, the spirit of the home front, and the unity born from hardship.

May we continue to look after one another and be worthy of those we have lost. Together we will be victorious.

Itamar Zilas spoke these words at the ceremony on moshav Nahalal
Submitted to the newsletter by Rochela Matalon

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Transition Ceremony from Memorial Day to Independence Day

Memorial Day and Independence Day Eve, 2026.

This year too, the transition is not a sharp one. We do not leave the pain behind, we carry it with us, beside us, as a living memory. The war is still here. The sirens and alerts continue to accompany us, and in our hearts too, the tension has not yet eased.

We remember the fallen, soldiers and civilians, those who were part of us. Their absence is present among us, in names, in faces, in memories that will not disappear.

And within all this, there is also hope. All the hostages have returned home. Some have returned to begin the healing process, and some have returned to their final resting places. Their return reconnects us to what truly matters.

Here, on our kibbutz, we know what real togetherness means, in ordinary times, and certainly on days like these. And between Memorial Day and Independence Day, we do not move from pain to joy, we hold both together. Because to be a free people in our land this year is not only a celebration, it is a choice: to go on building, to go on believing, and to remain together.

This is our transition. From war to routine, from grief to celebration, from memory to life.

And yet, despite everything, we do not give up. Because 78 years ago, a state for the Jewish people was established here. A state built with bare hands, with stubborn vision, and with boundless love for the homeland. It has endured, and continues to endure wars, terror, austerity, and crises. And it has also known growth, the absorption of immigrants, technology, creativity, progress and hope.

This state was not born perfect. It was born out of a wound. It lives within challenge. But it is ours. And we have no other.

So, at this moment, we will not forget. We will not look away. And neither will we give up hope. We will not give up the possibility of rejoicing, cautiously, humbly, and responsibly. We will hold fast, with pride, to what we have already built. We will pray for lives of peace. And we will promise to go on building here the best place of all.

Written by: Naomi Shechter and Anat Friedman

Read by: Naama Assaf and Zohar Baum

The Torch-lighting ceremony



On the eve of Independence Day, this year too, we will proudly continue the tradition of lighting the torches.

This year, we have chosen to light five torches, each dedicated to a different aspect of the Israeli spirit, as it has revealed itself during the complex period we are living through.

*For the lighting of the first torch, the Torch of Living Memory, I invite **Yaniv Shorer and Nitzan Feldman**.*

Yaniv: We light this torch for those who are no longer with us, yet are present in every moment. Soldiers, women, men and children, whose lives were cut short in painful and difficult events.

Nitzan: In the name of memory that does not remain behind, but walks forward with us, and in the name of our commitment to live lives of meaning because of them and for them, this torch shall be raised.

*The second torch is dedicated to resilience and mutual responsibility. For the lighting of this torch, I invite **Dotan Savir and David Beutler**.*

Dotan: We light this torch in the name of a spirit that was not broken, in the name of the outstretched hand, the open heart, and the people who were there, and still are, for one another.

David: For the sake of communal resilience, the sense of mutual responsibility for our people, and in the name of that which holds us together, this torch shall be raised.

*The third torch is dedicated to our sons and daughters in their year of service, national service, and to our soldiers in regular service, career service and the reserves, to the members of the rapid response teams, and to the security forces. For the lighting of this torch, I invite **Shay Hadar and Stav Levy**.*

Stav: In honour of our members, our sons and daughters, serving in regular service and in the reserves in the IDF, in the security forces, and in the rapid response teams. In honour of those who left behind their daily lives and their loved ones for the security of the State of Israel. In honour of the fighters on the front lines, acting with courage, determination and devotion, enabling us to live lives of quiet and security. In honour of the spirit of volunteerism, commitment and mutual responsibility that fills us with such pride. In honour of the IDF and the security forces, this torch shall be raised.

*The fourth torch is the Torch of Creativity and Renewal. For the lighting of this torch, I invite **Nitza Halevi and Karen Eilon Brustein**.*

Nitza: We light this torch for the spirit of creativity and renewal that beats within us even in times of crisis, that does not rest for a moment, even when storms rage around us. For the thread that binds the generations together, and for the roots planted in the soil of the kibbutz.

Karen: For the strength and the ability to rise from pain, to gather the broken pieces and turn them into new creation, in education, in culture, in agriculture and in the building of community. For the working hands that continue to sow the land, to preserve what exists, and for the human spirit that continues to create, to build, and to breathe life into all things, this torch shall be raised.

*The fifth torch is the Torch of Hope, the Future and Peace. For the lighting of this torch, I invite **Michal Zinenko and Ido Sharoni**.*

Ido: We light a torch for hope, the hope of a generation that believes things can be different here. That even after all we have been through, we can still build a safer, quieter and better future here. That our leaders will know how to take responsibility,


make the right choices, and find the path to peace.

Michal: May the heart begin to heal, may the scars begin to close, and may pain become a force that moves us forward rather than holds us back. In honour of the belief that we do not lose what matters most, our humanity, our dignity and our care for one another. In honour of hope, of peace, and of the future we all dream of, this torch shall be raised.

Written by: Anat Friedman and Naomi Shechter

Read by: Zohar Baum and Naama Assaf



Reut's Editorial:  This year, Memorial Day left me thinking about the word “trigger”. Of course, I had heard the word before, but on the eve of Memorial Day I watched the first episode of *The Journey* on Kan 11, which follows reservists taking part together in a workshop called “A Journey of Release” following their service in the *Swords of Iron* “campaign”. One of them, Shaun Amar, was critically wounded at the start of the fighting. He was shot in the jaw, underwent surgery and a long rehabilitation process, which included a bone graft from his leg, and also “iron”, as he put it. As the X-ray shows, the lower part of his face, which at first glance appears to be the ordinary face of a bearded man, was rebuilt. Most of the workshop participants have their faces blurred. The episode centres on him and on what he went through. As it unfolds, it becomes clear that although his friends wanted to support him during his recovery, some of them found it very difficult to look at him. He was a “trigger”, throwing them back into the hard days of the fighting.

This year, Memorial Day, which through ceremonies and special broadcasts “brings back” those who are no longer with us, those who cannot celebrate the only country in the world where, in principle, we should not have to fear antisemitism, brought home to me the harsh reality faced by some of the soldiers who fought, and are still fighting, through the many long days since the seventh of October. And when they are asked to return to civilian life, they simply cannot.....

Agenda of the Community Management Meeting

Sunday, 26.4.26, 17:30



*Guests at Shavuot holiday events

*Blast shelters in the public area



OPEN DISCUSSION

Your voice.
Our future.
**LET'S SHAPE
WHAT'S NEXT!**

**PRIVATISATION OF THE
CLOTHING BRANCH**

**MONDAY,
04.05.26** **20:00** **IN THE
MOADON**

Different perspectives. | Stronger together. | Real impact.

Notes from the Music Academy



“The days go by, another year passes,
but the melody remains forever.”



It has been some time since we last shared news from the Music House.

Like all around us, we too heard and felt the lion’s roar over the past 40 days.

The Music House, its students, teachers and management team made tremendous efforts to maintain the regular course of studies.

And indeed, we feel we succeeded in creating a small island of sanity and stability for our students in the storm. Music proves, again and again, its remarkable ability to calm, steady, and bring order to mind and body, offering a refuge from the tumult of everyday reality.

Until the outbreak of the latest round of fighting, concerts, events and national musicians’ conferences were taking place according to plan. We hope the current situation will allow the programme to be completed by the end of the year.

The Music House symphony orchestra led two “Singing Together” events, in which hundreds of third-grade pupils from the regional council and the Northern District took part. It was moving to see these young children singing, word for word, from some of the finest repertoire of Hebrew song.

The Music Academy also hosts student and guest concerts from time to time, as well as recitals by graduates of the music track. You are warmly invited to follow the announcements on Kehilanet and come and enjoy some excellent music. We would be delighted to see you in the audience.

In recent months, several changes have taken place in the Music House management team.

Alongside Stas Gavrilov, Keren Weizman of Moledet has recently joined the team as business manager, and Oval Shonari of Moshav Merhavia as logistics coordinator.

The academy continues to rely on a wonderful and dedicated volunteer team, led by Nitza Halevi, Avner Alterlevi, Ilana Peleg and Rivka Orenon of Tel Yosef. We are also greatly assisted with teachers’ transport by Fay Drezner, Nissim Avrahami and Milton Kaplan.

For students from kindergarten through Year 12, and for their parents, now is an excellent time to decide which instrument you would like to play next year, and then wait patiently for registration to open.

Ilana Peleg, on behalf of the Music House team



Interview with Rena Gadzhiyev – Violin Teacher - Ilana Peleg



Where were you born?

I was born in Azerbaijan, in the capital city, Baku. I studied there throughout my childhood and later graduated from the Academy of Music.

When did you start playing, and which instrument?

My mother, Rami, was very musical, and it was her dream to learn to play, but the events of the Second World War disrupted everything, and she was never able to fulfil that dream. I began playing the violin at the age of six, inspired by my older sister, who is three years older than I am and is now a professor at the Academy of Music. Our teachers used to smile at the thought of two violinists in one family.

When did you begin teaching, and where?

I began teaching in 1992. However, after completing my academic studies, I worked as a violinist in the Baku Philharmonic Orchestra rather than as a teacher. I immigrated to Israel in 1999, and in 2004 I joined the Music Academy, following a recommendation from a friend of the Gavrilov family.

Who was your first student here?

Rena: Yarden Zinenko, who was about three years old at the time.

What, in your opinion, is most important in teaching a musical instrument?

It is important that the student loves music, enjoys the instrument, and finds the experience engaging. Ideally, music should become a natural part of the child's life.

Which musician influenced you the most?

Rena: My first teacher, Yevgeny Mikhailov. His approach to teaching came from the

heart. He loved every piece he introduced to me, and his explanations were always imaginative and inspiring.

Do you play for your own enjoyment?

Rena: I play for the soul, often with friends. Each time, someone else chooses the piece, whether classical or light music.

What makes teaching here at the Music House unique?

Rena: There is a special atmosphere here, quite different from other places where I have worked. There is a sense of warmth, alongside a high level of professional expectation from both teachers and students. I truly feel a sense of home here, as well as strong support from Stas, the director, and the entire staff.

What is your personal preference: cinema or theatre?

My great love is for high-quality music, and especially opera. My daughter is a professional opera singer and performs in Vienna. I also very much enjoy good theatre.

Thank you, Rena. This has been most interesting.

Interviewer: Ilana Peleg

Family Hike

Families in the Mist - Gil Hillel



On Saturday, 18.04.26, the members of the Sportiyulim Committee organised a short, close-to-home family outing. The idea was simple and well judged: to make the most of a brief lull in the war, give the children a chance to let off steam, and, while we were at it, do the same for ourselves. With typical efficiency, an easy, lesser-known route was chosen along a nearby stream.

Well, it worked. And in a big way! It seems we all needed it. The adults ticked the box, mission accomplished, while the children, almost to a fault, ran back and forth as if with knives between their teeth, determined to squeeze every last drop out of the experience.

The one element that was less cooperative was the weather. It chose to register a mild protest, wrapping us in fog and obscuring parts of the path, as if whispering: "What are you doing here? This is only a brief pause..."

As at every event organised by this excellent committee, we were not disappointed. Towards the end of the route, treats awaited us that would have done the founders of the nearby settlements proud. The trail led us between Geva and Kfar Yehezkel, along the course of the Shizafim stream, an intermittent stream, some might say especially intermittent. Along the way, we enjoyed professional guidance from Ella Cohen, more light-hearted commentary from Zohar Assaf, and something approaching spiritual reflection from Yotam, who trailed behind, observing the kibbutz chaos with shining eyes.

Heartfelt thanks to the members of the Sportiyulim Committee, who recognise a need and do not hesitate to provide. Thanks as well to all those who accompanied us, both unarmed and otherwise, to everyone engaged in the sacred task of feeding the masses, to those handling the logistics to and from, and to the planners and doers who carried it all through without compromise. Gil Hillel



Family Hike - Saar Matalon

This past Saturday, around 90 participants of all ages set out on a family hike in Nahal Shizafim (Wadi Geva). The original hike had been scheduled for March but was postponed due to the war. After we had already begun to suspect that the new date might not happen either, the ceasefire arrived (unannounced) and gave us a short window to organise and set the outing in motion.



The hike offered a refreshing opportunity to get outside after a long and difficult period. We set out from Ramat Tzvi Circle and walked as far as the area behind Kibbutz Geva, where a generous lunch was waiting for us. From there, we continued to the entrance of Kfar Yehezkel, where the buses were waiting to take us home. We returned tired, but very (very!) satisfied.

We would like to say thank you:

- To the outstanding logistics team who prepared a field lunch for us: Yifat Segal, Niv Segal, Musli Arieli, and Phil Adler.
- To Yotam Assaf and Yaniv Shorer for carrying out the preparatory hike.
- To Ella Cohen for leading the hike.
- To Zohar Assaf and Arnon Matalon for their guidance along the way.

Warm thanks as well to everyone who helped with loading and unloading the equipment.

See you next time,
Saar Matalon and the Sportiyulim Committee

See the Week-end pictorial supplement at the end

Quiet Power: From Kfar HaNassi to Yad Vashem

Adv. Yossi Abadi, Yizrael, from *Zman Kibbutz*

Oded Peled, a member of Kibbutz Kfar HaNassi, is a poet whose life and works are closely interwoven. His poetry is rooted in the landscapes of the Hula Valley and in kibbutz life, yet at the same time it reaches far beyond them. It blends everyday

Hebrew with echoes of the Bible, Jewish mysticism and modern poetry, moving between personal memory and collective history.

His poem “Mother, I am with you in the chaos of Belsen,” from his book *Letters to Bergen-Belsen*, is now featured in an official initiative at Yad Vashem in Jerusalem. The inscription, titled “From Letters to Bergen-Belsen,” is integrated into the commemorative space alongside sculpture and stone, as part of an approach that seeks to give the written word a tangible presence within public memory.

This is a project in which poetry does not accompany commemoration but stands at its centre. The written word steps out from the pages of a book and becomes part of the physical and public space of remembrance. The choice of Peled’s poem highlights the power of poetry to express the inexpressible with simplicity, honesty and without pathos.

The line “Mother, I am with you in the chaos of Belsen” resonates throughout the space of Yad Vashem with quiet force. It speaks directly to the most fundamental human emotion, the bond between mother and child at a moment of utter loss. Placed in this setting, the line becomes a memorial stone in its own right.

The Yad Vashem initiative reflects an institutional recognition of poetry as a vehicle of memory and moral conscience.

The Word Becomes Matter

The project at Yad Vashem reflects an institutional recognition of poetry’s power to serve as both memory and moral conscience. The placement of Peled’s work in this space demonstrates how a word can become material, how language can carry public memory.

For Kibbutz Kfar HaNassi, for the kibbutz movement, and for Hebrew literature, this is a significant moment. A creator who has worked for years with humility and quiet dedication finds his voice at the heart of the space where Israel’s collective memory is shaped.

Alongside the recognition he has received in recent years, the Yad Vashem initiative adds another layer of acknowledgement, understated yet profound. Oded Peled’s poetry has long found its place in the hearts of readers; now it has found its place at

the centre of the national landscape of remembrance.

From Letters to Bergen-Belsen

Mother, I am with you in the chaos of Belsen.
I am here, as I promised, so that you may find me here.

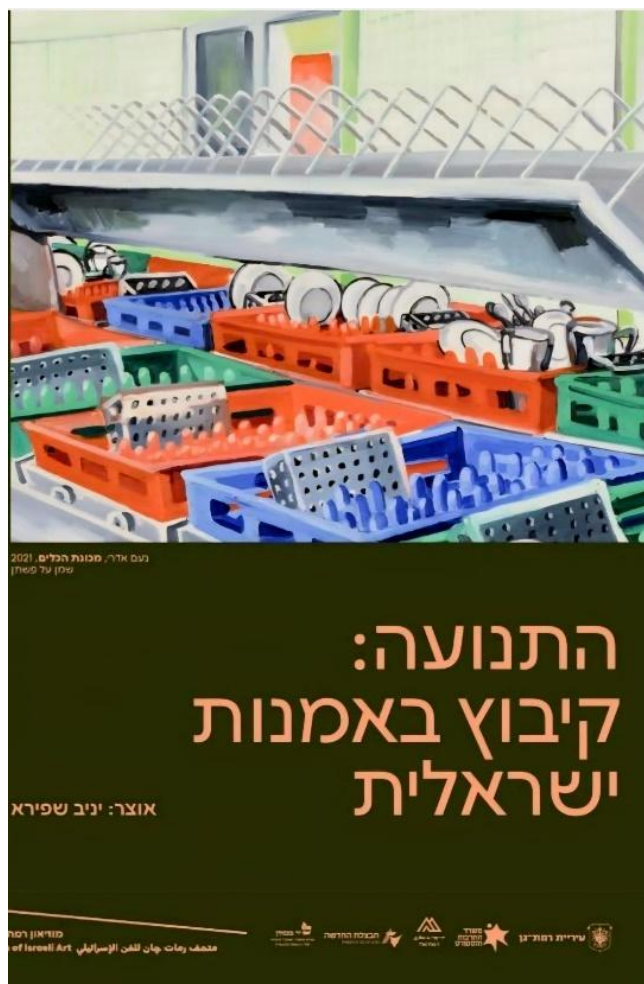
I am here, so that you may still be able to touch
the small hand that once held yours in the red earth.

I am here, mother – after everything, and despite everything –
with you, and with every child who remains here with you.

— Oded Peled

You are invited to the opening
of the exhibition
**“The Movement: Kibbutz in
Israeli Art”**
Curator: Yaniv Shapira

An exhibition that explores kibbutz art, the artists, the works, and the themes, but also Israeli art as a whole. It carries a contemporary dimension in the aftermath of 7.10, but above all offers a historical perspective. It emerges from life and turns its gaze back upon it. Conceived, shaped, and mounted during wartime, the exhibition nevertheless engages with the vitality of life and with movement as a value.



Opening event:
Ramat Gan Museum, Thursday, 30.04, 20:00

WHAT IS THERE TO TALK ABOUT SO MUCH?

AS IT TURNS OUT, QUITE A LOT!

WHAT MATTERS TO YOU, AND WHAT ARE YOU WILLING TO COMPROMISE ON?



WHAT DID YOU WANT TO SAY, BUT FELT VOICELESS IN THE COURTYARD?



WHAT IS IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO KNOW, AND WHAT WORRIES YOU?



IT'S ALL ABOUT LISTENING AND TALKING



JOIN US!

SHAPING A SHARED FUTURE



REGISTER FOR MEETINGS ON THE COMMUNITY APP - UNDER APPOINTMENTS AND CALENDARS (ALL DATES APPEAR THERE)



Anachnu - We Are One

Our movement was established by Israelis from across the political spectrum who seek to heal the deep rift that has formed between the right and the left.

We invite you to join forces and think together about a new national vision and a shared future that will bring hope and unity to Israeli society, with Israel at the heart of the movement's values.

Tuesday, 28.4.26

At 20:00

Kibbutz Yizrael Club (the moadon)



***English is fun* will not appear this week due to unforeseen circumstances. We wish Rahel a speedy recovery**



Thank you to the anonymous reader who sent me this birthday greeting if the state - Ed

**Weekend Pictorial Supplement
The Family Hike... on a misty day**















Credits and More:

Editor of Hebrew Newsletter: Reut Shaliv

Translator and editor of The Yizraelite: Eddie Solow (Edi-tor)

Proofreader: Chazz Broadhurst

Office staff: Irit Cohen, Danit Duvdevani Kirshberg and Hedva Shaharabani

Disclaimer: 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.

Two editions of the Yizraelite. We publish two editions. **The cyber edition** includes more colour photos and occasionally additional long articles. The hard copy is printed in black and white, and therefore there is no point in printing colour photos. We are also limited in length because of printing costs. The hard copy is distributed at the beginning of the following week; therefore, adverts for events that have already taken place over the previous weekend do not appear in the hard copy. Even if you prefer reading the hard copy, we encourage you to scroll through the internet version over the weekend.

Please take into account that we use AI when translating. We proofread, fact-check, and correct the text, but errors may still be overlooked. Be warned.

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