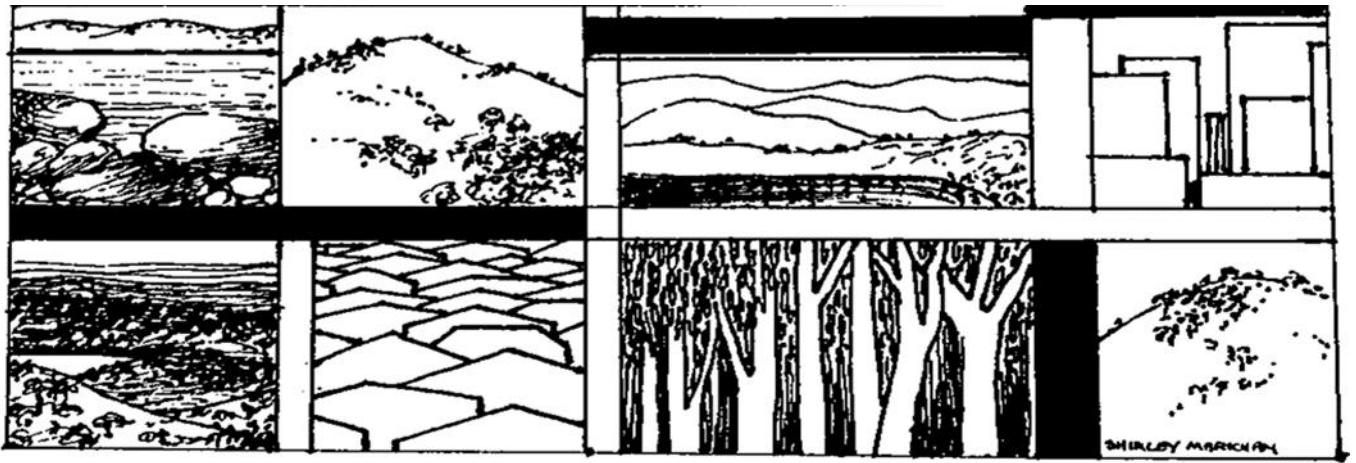




The Yizraelite – No 2228 Date: 17.10.25

Kibbutz Yizrael



**Deep sorrow has descended upon our home
with the passing of our dear member
Mirik (Miriam) Yuval
The family and Beit Yizrael**

Kibbutz Eulogy

Mirik was born in Poland in 1934 (the approximate year) and was a child Holocaust survivor. She was sent for a time to live with a relative in London and from there immigrated to Israel on her own. Here, she lived with her aunt in Jerusalem. Mirik studied at the Rehavia Gymnasium and was a member of the youth movement together with Avinoam (of blessed memory) and Shimona.



In 1954, Mirik arrived on Kibbutz Yizrael together with members of the “Kinnerot” garin. In her early years on the kibbutz, she worked in the dairy. In August 1958, she married Moshe (Tiyochke) Yuval, of blessed memory, whom she met on the kibbutz. The couple had four children:

In 1961 their firstborn, Michal, was born; in 1963, Gilat; in 1968, Muli; and in 1973, Tamar.

Mirik worked on the kibbutz in a wide range of roles: She taught Hebrew in the Ulpan for several years, worked in the library, in the kitchen, and in the sewing

room. She also edited the kibbutz bulletin for several years.

Mirik loved to travel the world and managed to visit many countries across various continents. A small story: on a trip to Rwanda with Dina Weinbaum, Mirik was fearless enough to be photographed close to a gorilla!

One of her most significant ventures was her mission on behalf of the Jewish Agency in 1996 — two years in Ukraine, followed by two more years in Russia.

Mirik’s gifted hands found expression in embroidery, knitting, pottery, cooking, and baking. Many of her friends fondly remember her guidance in diverse embroidery workshops.



Mirik was a woman who triumphed over that war and lived her life to the fullest.

Rest in peace, Mirik.

Yitzhak Peleg, on behalf of all the members of Yizrael

Eulogy by Gilat

Dear Imma,



You had a difficult life, and you went through it with strength, gentleness, and unmatched determination. You were a strong woman, with a big heart, and you always considered us first and foremost. You never judged us – you only loved, listened, and cared.

There were years when you were afraid to show your feelings, after everyone you loved had been taken from you – but we always knew your love was there: quiet, deep, and embracing.

In recent months, you said to me, *“I know you’ll be able to fulfil yourself. I believe in you.”* And you believed that of all of us.

Yesterday, we sat on the balcony, and a large yellow butterfly visited us, surrounded by little white ones — and I knew it was a message from you: that you are all right now, free from pain, together with all those you loved and lost.



And our hearts wish for only one thing — that you return home in joy, in lightness, wrapped in the warmth and love of all who await you there, and of all who love you here. **Gilat Yuval**



Mirik — In Memoriam *Reuvena Shalhevet Kanie*

I met Mirik at the beginning of 1962, and we became friends almost immediately. Over the years, our friendship deepened, becoming ever stronger and closer. For more than sixty years, we were like sisters in every sense — except, thankfully, without the jealousy that sometimes comes between sisters.

Our friendship found expression in countless conversations, in going together to cultural events, in reading books and sharing thoughts about them. We travelled together, in Israel and abroad. Our families celebrated holidays, birthdays, and other happy occasions together. My children often spent their school vacations on Kibbutz Yizrael, and whenever Mirik came to Jerusalem, she always stayed in “Mirik’s room.”

Mirik was a true friend, always there when I needed her. She never hesitated to lend a hand, and more than once she was both a lifeline and an anchor to me — often without my even needing to be asked. She did everything quietly, modestly, and never dreamed of asking for anything in return.

To me, Mirik always stood out as a brilliant woman with many and varied talents, expressed in her creative thinking and her gift for crafts. She never followed the herd, nor wished to be just one among many. I always regretted that she did not value herself enough and did not always recognise her many strengths.

Having lost her family as a young child, she could not confirm her memories of those formative early years — there was not even anyone who could say for certain when she had been born. As a result, she carried an uncertainty about the events and experiences of her early life, often wondering whether what she remembered was reality or a figment of her imagination.

Yet it was always clear that she possessed an extraordinary ability to survive, an endless curiosity, and the will to find her own way through life’s hardships.

She is already deeply missed.

May her memory be blessed.

Reuvena Shalhevet Kanie



“Is There Light on at the Yuvals’?” Tirtza Omer

Life alongside the Yuval family was filled with countless shared experiences — stories of being neighbours on the other side of the kibbutz, or the communal neighbourhood sukkah on the lawn between the houses. Memories of the traditional Hanukkah gathering, when Shimona made the punch, Mirik the doughnuts, and my mother Pnina the latkes — and everything was simply delicious.



The highlight, of course, was the week-long trips together to Sinai (and later, after parting from Yamit, to Eilat).

They always began with feverish planning sessions — menus and equipment lists, meticulous packing of boxes, each carefully labelled (“Sunday breakfast,” and so on). For the trip to Yamit, Mirik even sewed a huge tent big enough to fit us all, and added little flowery pockets for Tamar’s dolls.

Then came the long, eventful night drive, and of course the holiday itself: Mirik and my mum reading early in the morning, followed by frantic meal preparations, then rest in the heavy heat, or the mothers dipping their ankles in the water (if daring — up to their knees!), and beautiful walks in the surroundings filled with laughter and joy. There were also many tales of the parents’ trip to Egypt on feluccas and

so many more shared adventures.

But most of life beside the Yuvals was made up of the smallest, everyday moments — the ones hardest to capture in words. A chat while standing on the path, or a short sit-down by the plane tree. A kind of neighbourly relationship that respected each family’s privacy and independence, yet was threaded with moments of togetherness. And from that came the familiar question: *“Is the light on at the Yuvals’?”* — which later became *“Is there light at Mirik’s?”* — as if to keep a gentle hand on the pulse of the house next door, without ever intruding. Living side by side, sharing moments of joy and also moments of sorrow.

As we grew older, every visit to our parents’ home always included a stop at Mirik’s — to see some new handiwork she’d made, get a book recommendation, or just hear how she was doing. We also had rich, fascinating discussions with Mirik, who was always articulate, sharp, curious, and full of opinions. Whenever I heard her *“Ahhh, look here...”* I’d straighten up in my chair, ready for a short monologue whose conclusion would make it clear that I was mistaken... The first time I told her I disagreed with her, I felt as though I’d stopped the Aswan Dam with my bare hands!

Because that was Mirik — a force of nature. A wealth of talent, abilities, and knowledge, and a force of strength in the face of hardships and a past we never dared to ask about.

Now you may rest, Mirik. **Tirtza and the Omer Family**



Shlomit Allaluf Writes About Mirik

A figure so meaningful, so present, so unmistakably “*Mirik*.”

Mirik was born into, and came from, another world — a world in which being a Jewish child was a matter of life and death (and is history repeating itself?!). She lived through the Holocaust and, by some unimaginable strength, survived. She was smuggled, rescued, and her life was granted to her a second time as a precious gift.

That gift she knew how to cherish. Every single day she chose life — chose people, chose goodness — despite and in defiance of the hardships and obstacles along her way.

Mirik built her home here, raised a family, and took part in creating an entire community.

She was a strong, thoughtful, and courageous woman — never afraid to voice her opinion, always speaking from a pure heart, listening to others, and full of love for people and for this place.

Mirik had a deep passion for living life to the fullest. She loved the written word and was captivated by it in all its forms — in stories, culture, and wide-ranging knowledge. When her eyesight and hearing no longer served her well, she found ways around it — spending hours at the computer listening to recorded stories and countless lectures on every imaginable topic.

She loved travelling and exploring. The “*globe-trotting*” of her younger years became, in later life, journeys and excursions nearby, often in the company of her daughters. Every trip was a treasure to her, a breath of fresh air.

She was a devoted mother, an anchor for her children, with whom she shared a deep and constant bond — they were always the centre of her world.

In recent years, Mirik faced increasing difficulties as her body weakened and she lost her independence. It was hard for her to come to terms that she would need help. In

time, she overcame that challenge too — processing it in her own way, with acceptance, humour and dignity.

She leaves behind a legacy of strength, curiosity, honesty and steadfast intellectual independence — where her words and her heart were always one and the same.

I will remember you upright, sharp, with a slightly mischievous smile and twinkling eyes.

May your memory be blessed.

Shlomit Allaluf



Ziv Ben Bassat Writes About Mirik

I got to know Mirik deeply about two years ago, when she joined the ceramics sessions at *Or BaGivah*.

When she first began, she was hesitant — despite her impressive background in the arts, especially embroidery and photography. But quite soon, she began to enjoy the feel of the clay in her hands, and she proudly said that none of her creations ever stayed with her — there was always someone who wanted it. That made her happy.

During our meetings, Mirik told me many stories — about her family, her children, and Tiyoche; about her travels around the world and her time on shlichut in Ukraine and Russia.

The last time we met — just last Thursday — it happened to be only the two of us, and she was so delighted by that. We talked, laughed, worked together, and, as usual, left our pieces to continue working on the following week.

At the end of the session, we said goodbye as we always did — “*bli neder*” (“God willing”) — until next week...

Ziv Ben Bassat



From the booklet *“Fragments of Memories”*

By Mirik Yuval, edited by Dina Bookman

In the Warsaw Ghetto

...A friend of my father was the head of the Jewish community (the head of the Judenrat in the Warsaw Ghetto), a man named Adam Czerniaków. I don't know exactly what my father's role was, but I think he served as secretary of the community and mainly dealt with Jewish education. (Even now, I'm not sure whether I truly remember the following story or whether it's a reconstruction of later memories.)

One evening, several people gathered at our home, among them my father's friend. Usually, I would play among them, sit on someone's lap, and get a sweet or two. But this time they sat alone. I had the sense it was a very serious conversation. The next evening, we heard that Adam Czerniaków had committed suicide.

On the eve of an Aktion, the Germans had demanded that he prepare a list of 10,000 Jews to be deported from the ghetto — so that instead of random roundups, the deportations would proceed according to a name list he compiled. The meeting at our home must have taken place before his fateful decision. He left behind a letter, explaining that he refused to determine who would live and who would die. The Germans found him sitting at his desk, after he had shot himself in the head.

After his death, no one was willing to replace him. My father still had some level of contact with the Germans, for the community's needs. Once, they caught him, but at the train station they pulled him out of the crowd and sent him home.

The Aktion

One morning, my father went out to work as usual, while my mother stayed home with my brother and me. Suddenly, we heard shouting in German and the sound of running feet. My mother realised that an Aktion had begun. She immediately hid us inside a sawdust storage room, very well concealed — anyone entering the flat wouldn't have noticed it at first glance.

It's hard to know how long we stayed there — maybe hours. From our hiding place, we heard voices and gunfire very close by. Then came silence. Someone knocked on the door, called to my mother, and identified himself. She recognised him — he was from the Jewish ghetto police. He had come to take us to a hiding place.

When I approached the door, I saw a large pool of blood. There were blood traces along the corridor and down the stairs, as if someone had dragged a body. The silence was unbearable — as though we were the only ones left in the world.

The policeman told us to go down quickly and quietly, but I refused to step on the blood. I began to cry and scream. They told me it wasn't blood, made up stories about spilled tomatoes, but I wouldn't believe them. I screamed and refused to move. In the end, he picked me up in his arms, and that's how we went down. We went to hide in a cellar.

That attempt to make me walk down those stairs was horrific. The trauma has stayed with me to this day. Whenever I see blood, I'm back on those same stairs. In the past, to suppress the image, I would faint — and when I awoke, it would all disappear. Over the years, I learned to control it, even choosing the place and time to faint, so as not to attract unwanted attention.

My Father's Cousin – the Lubavitcher Rebbe

I was sick in bed when relatives came to say goodbye before leaving for Brooklyn, in the United States. The man was the Lubavitcher Rebbe — my father's cousin (his father and my father's mother were brother and sister) — with his wife and their two daughters, Hannah and Musia, and their families. They were not Polish citizens but Lithuanian, and perhaps thanks to that, and to the funds raised by the Hasidim in America, they obtained passports and permits to leave. Their youngest daughter, Sonia, who was married to my uncle, did not join them. She refused to leave without her husband, and he, in turn, refused to abandon his widowed mother.

In the winter of 1942, all the Jews of their town were executed — among them my grandmother, my uncle, and my aunt.

Being Taken Out of the Ghetto

One day my parents told me that I would no longer be in the ghetto. I don't remember how I felt — perhaps because I didn't allow myself to. I think one of my coping mechanisms was the wall I built around myself — a wall that protected me from remembering feelings.

My parents said I would be transferred to someone I knew, who would then take me to a family where I would live. There was no discussion — they decided, and by doing so, saved my life.

That morning, they took me to a place where many people had gathered — mostly women — who worked in German factories outside the ghetto. They used to go out in groups. One young woman took my hand; everything had been arranged in advance, and even the guard was in on it. At a certain point, I slipped away from the group, as had been planned, and met someone I was told to expect — a priest, a friend of my father.

As far as I know, he was in charge of Catholic schools in Warsaw. Since my father worked in Jewish education, they had met and become friends. The priest found someone willing to take me in — for payment, of course: money and jewellery, which he provided them periodically. He also arranged to move me from place to place whenever necessary.

The family who hid me — the Komolas — lived across the Vistula River, which runs through Warsaw. They had no children and hid me in their home; no one else knew I was there. When visitors came, I had to hide under the bed and stay there for hours without moving or making a sound.

During the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, you could see the smoke rising from the ghetto from their apartment. They spoke among themselves, as if I wasn't present, wondering whether "she" remembered anything, whether "she" understood that they were burning the ghetto, and whether it affected "her." Eventually, they decided to ask me. I realised that if I said I didn't remember or know anything, they would leave me alone. And that's what happened.

The Flight to England

...There was still no civilian aviation in Europe at the time. I was placed on a military flight with British soldiers returning to London from an Allied conference. They did not allow a child under ten to fly, so they issued me a passport matching the requirement — stating that I was born in 1934.

How did they manage to put a small girl on a military flight to England and issue her a British passport in such a short time? After the war, an organisation headed by Eleanor Roosevelt (the former U.S. First Lady) helped war orphans. The Lubavitcher Rebbe contacted her directly, asking for assistance in transferring me to relatives in England. Eleanor Roosevelt then turned to Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary, and personally requested that he order my transfer to England.

And so, I found myself on that military plane bound for London





Reut's Editorial:

It is hard to write words of farewell for Mirik. The hardships she faced in her life, from a very young age, forged her into a woman of steel — with boundless knowledge and an endless passion for culture.

I saw her just a few weeks ago, walking briskly uphill with her walker, as if to tell the world — and perhaps her own body — “Here I am, moving forward, no matter what.”

When Mirik and Shimona left the library, they were both already well into their eighties. Shimona taught me how to use the software, and with Mirik I consulted on various matters related to books. I turned to her often, and she was always willing to help, doing so generously.

Mirik never came to visit the library after its renovation; she didn't like the space — “a dance hall,” as she called it. Though I thought differently, I appreciated her candour and was grateful for every bit of help she gave, and for her warm smile whenever I came to seek her advice.



On Tuesday, 7.10.25, we marked two years since October 7th. Time passes, and yet when that date came, the shock, sorrow, and pain were still very strong. A few days later, we were moved by the scenes of hugs — the living hostages reunited with their families and loved ones.

May all the hostages and fallen be brought home to rest in Israel.

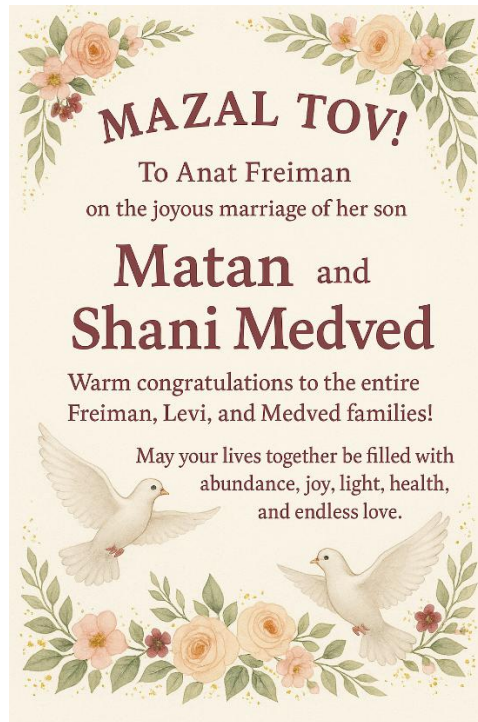
Congratulations to Noga and Omer Harpaz

on the birth of their granddaughter,
daughter of **Galit and Daniel**.



Warm congratulations to the **Harpaz, Alterlevi, Ron, Ziv, and Hassan** families.

May you all be blessed with **abundance, joy, light, health,**
and **endless love.** 🌸🌿🌸



Community Council Meeting
Sunday, 19.10.25
17:30, in the Meeting Room

Agenda:

1. Presentation of 2026 Work Plans and Budget: Demography Cluster, Electricity Department
2. Vehicle Department Audit Report



General Assembly - Assefa
Monday, 20.10.25
20:30, in the Moadon



Agenda:

1. Procedure of the Assembly and the Economic Council.



New Year Wishes from the Kolnick Family

To our brave friends in Israel, who have lived through two years of despair and terror, and have shown unimaginable courage in their effort to live normal lives since 7 October 2023:

This Yom Kippur, I sat in our synagogue near Washington, on a beautifully clear and peaceful autumn afternoon. Through the windows I could see the white trails of airplanes gliding calmly across the American sky.

And then it struck me — I don't have to worry, not even for a moment, that these are vapour trails of missiles sent by barbarians to murder Rina, myself, and our community — but only peaceful passenger planes flying overhead.

So I wish for all of you what we outside Israel take for granted — that you will no longer have to look to the sky to see death approaching; that you will no longer have to run to shelters to avoid those threats; that you will no longer have to scan the newspapers for the names of those held as hostages by barbaric terrorists; that you will no longer have to attend funerals of soldiers and civilians killed in war and massacre.

May the skies over Israel be clear, and may your lives, and the lives of your loved ones, be long and peaceful in the new year and in all the years to come.

And may sons return to their borders in peace

וישובו בנים לגבולם בשלום

Alan and Rina Kolnick.



A thank you letter from Yossi Abadi



To CPA Avi Levi, member of the kibbutz. I wish to express my gratitude and appreciation for your dedicated and professional assistance in handling the income tax matters of one of my firm's clients. Thanks to your personal involvement and professional connections, a justified action was advanced and carried out with exceptional speed and efficiency.

As a result, the kibbutz itself also received a handsome legal fee — all in the spirit of cooperation and mutual assistance, true to our finest tradition. Sincerely,

Yossi Abadi

Yonatan Orosco announces he is leaving the kibbutz.

Message from the Community Management

At the end of September, Yonatan Orozco announced his departure from the kibbutz. Yehonatan will not be residing on the kibbutz and will cover his share of the living expenses for his children.
Reported by: Limor Griman.



Update on the Sexual Safety Team

The Sexual Safety Team was established about four years ago to serve as a point of contact regarding sexual-related harm and to strengthen the sense of safety within the community.

The team consists of four members with professional backgrounds in the field: Doron Kagan (Coordinator), Tamar Sadur, Dalia Levitan, and Inbal Adler.

Recently, Inbal requested to conclude her service on the team. After consideration and consultation, we have chosen **Alona Granot** to join the team in her place.

Alona holds a master's degree in art therapy and a certificate in psychoanalytic psychotherapy. She brings with her twelve years of experience in mental health as a therapist, supervisor, and field director, along with expertise in trauma treatment.

We are confident that Alona will contribute greatly from her experience to the Sexual Safety Team and wish her success in her new role.

We also extend our sincere thanks to **Inbal Adler** for her dedicated service.



From the Early Childhood Yard



This week we experienced moments of great emotion — of excitement, hope, and pain.

The return of living hostages, alongside the heartbreaking news of those who are no longer with us, floods us with powerful and complex feelings.

Two years of waiting, praying, and longing condensed into one day — a day when reality once again surprised us, as it so often does, for better and for worse.

On such a day — historic, turbulent, and emotionally charged — our educational teams faced a difficult challenge: to make clear and delicate separations between their personal emotions and what is happening “outside,” and the here-and-now reality within the educational space with the children.

And indeed — they did just that, with devotion, calm, and professionalism.

Precisely when the world outside is stormy, our educational mission is to create stability, continuity, and an island of sanity — a space of safety and trust.

This is a guiding educational principle we strive to realise and live by at all times.

We have been called upon to do so many times over the past two years — to create inner quiet in a noisy reality, and to provide children with a sense of safety and protection.

On the one hand, this is a complex and weighty challenge; on the other, we have learned, grown, and developed within ourselves resilience and deep professional capabilities — all of which were expressed so clearly on this historic day.

This is our professional compass, and these are the guiding principles that lead our daily work — all the more so in times like these.

A heartfelt thank-you to all the teams for their vital work, their responsibility, empathy, and wide-open hearts.

We will continue to hope and yearn for more good news — until everyone comes home, and every family can find closure and begin the healing process.

And we, together with them.

Yael Oster



From the Memorial Ceremony on Kibbutz Yizrael, 07.10.25

October Seven - Shlomit Allaluf

Two years have passed since that cursed day — a day seared into memory, leaving a scar on the soul of each and every one of us.

A day when time stood still, and daily life dissolved into pain, loss, helplessness and uncertainty.

Even here, on our kibbutz, the quiet of morning suddenly turned to fear, and to pain I

had never known.

A sense of fragility and impermanence within the chain of disasters that engulfed us.

Two years — a fleeting moment in the mirror of history, yet an eternity in the hearts of families, friends, and entire communities who were struck.

In the midst of the great rupture, we discovered ourselves — the unifying, strengthening, embracing power of community; the shared resilience, the ability to rise and go on, the strength that lies within the small circles of a community that holds and supports.

We learned how deeply we need one another, and how the meaning of togetherness outweighs every fear.

And our children — they remind us every day why we are here.

Running barefoot across the lawns, singing on the holidays, painting flowers and suns. In their eyes we see the future, and in their laughter, hope takes root.

We go on — not forgetting the pain, but refusing to give up on life.

We long for days of quiet, of safety, of a simple and good routine.

And together — with our blend of strength, love, and hope — we will continue to build our home here.

We carry the pain within us, but also the commitment to guard what is precious to us — to keep loving, to keep believing, and to keep hoping.



Two years have passed since that dreadful morning – Yifat Assaf

Two years have passed since that dreadful morning — the day Simchat Torah was shattered.

Two years in which time stood still, yet life went on, step by step.

Two years of courage, of human spirit, of an outstretched hand.

Two years in which, from the ruins, a people stood up.

We live as if in routine, yet above us always hangs a cloud — relentless and heavy.

We fear for the hostages, who for two years have been suffocating, starving and weakening in the darkness, their cries unheard.

We fear for our soldiers, risking their lives and mental health in an endless war whose purpose is shrouded in uncertainty.

We fear for our country, for our moral compass, for the values we were raised on and taught our children to uphold.

We are a nation in pain — grieving, sorrowful, crying out — yearning for quiet, normal, peaceful, and innocent days.

And all those thousands, whose lives were cut short on that terrible day and since then, have left us with a commandment in their youth — to cherish what we have, to guard it with all our might, to live, to breathe, to love, and to do all that we can to end this madness.

May this terrible war come to an end,
may the hostages return home,
and may we again be blessed to see the light.
Perhaps — just perhaps — this time, it will happen.
May it be so.



Memorial Day for the Events of 7 October – Maytronics

740 days since 7.10.23 (!) — who would have believed that we would be marking a day of remembrance while still living in an ongoing reality of captivity, war, and bereavement.

Nearly two years ago, on that Simchat Torah morning, we awoke to the most devastating terror attack we have ever known, and to a reality of unimaginable pain. Looking back, we all remember where we were and how we felt... and yet, it is still hard to grasp what happened.

Two years in which entire families have been mobilised—both on the front lines and on the home front—while our colleagues are still in uniform.
Two years of fear and uncertainty, alongside life and hope.

Amidst the lasting pain, we have also discovered our strength as a people: our ability to unite, to hold on to one another, to be there for each other.
The past few days have been deeply emotional—filled with tension, anticipation, and excitement over the return of our hostages. These were moments of true joy and immense relief. Sadly, the mission is not yet complete, and we continue to wait here, at home, for everyone's return.

We stand here today to remember the murdered and the fallen, the heroes—men and women alike.

We stand here so as not to forget: not to forget the cruelty, but also not to forget the bravery, the resilience, and the hope.

We bow our heads in memory of those murdered and our fallen soldiers.
We give thanks for the return of the hostages, and continue to pray for the safety and return of all who remain captive, and for the healing of the many wounded—in body and in spirit.

On this Memorial Day, I wish to thank you for two years in which you have shown both personal and organisational resilience, for your meaningful work and dedication during these challenging times.

I am proud of the unity, support, and solidarity you have displayed—of your volunteer spirit, generosity, and compassion.

May we soon return to calm and peaceful routine.

Sharon Goldenberg



Last Night in Hostage Square – Elad Ilan

Notes from the Diary of a Hopeless Optimist

Last night, on October 11th by their reckoning, two years and four days after that cursed day, we returned for what one hopes was the final assembly in Tel Aviv's Museum Square — now known as *the Square of "The State That Could Have Been"*, or, as the optimists say, *the State in the Making*.

The atmosphere was different this time. For a moment we almost wanted to break ranks and embrace the police officers, but then remembered that in the looming civil war they will probably be on the other side — so we let it go.

Only a month and a half ago, at the end of August, we came to the weekly rally, and the atmosphere was entirely different:

We stood there then, listening to the desperate, heart-rending cries of the families, to Lior Ashkenazi in the role of his life (even better than his imitation of Ofra Haza back in the nineties), and we didn't know whether anyone was hearing our pleas.

But last night, as mentioned, the mood was completely different. Even the autumn air seemed to be on our side, and Witkoff, Kushner, and Ivanka were all smiles. The historical context is that dictators are rearranging the world among themselves — but at this moment, they are saving lives, and that's what matters.

This group has managed, for now, to halt the bloodshed. Let's hope they keep it that way.

The square and Shaul HaMelekh Boulevard overflowed with a crowd full of hope, watching the speakers and the screens — perhaps the closest our generation will ever come to the night of November 29th. A superpower imposed an agreement on the Israeli government and forced it to stop abandoning its citizens and soldiers. Not out of values of comradeship or solidarity, but out of geopolitical interests.

Maybe we'll manage to become again what we once were — though that will require plenty of denial, repression, and self-deception. Our regional situation, contrary to what the television tells us, is not encouraging at all. We refuse to learn where we went wrong or to draw conclusions.

We are now fitting into the Middle East so well that it's no longer clear whether the Israeli soldier is superior to the Syrian one — and the same goes for other aspects of life.

But now, with tense anticipation, we will wait for the images of our brothers returning from hell, and pray for their full return and recovery.

Elad Ilan



Jezabel Bids Farewell to Nir Oz

14.10.2025, 22 Tishrei, 5786

Allow me to begin with a short and rather unimportant story (because, after all, unimportant facts are my favourite part): in the home where I grew up, my father was very strict about proper Hebrew and about always noting the Hebrew date — whether in our birthday celebrations or in official letters he wrote. Over the years, we kept up that habit — and still do! (Though now and then a mistake slips through...) Yet I abandoned the Hebrew date somewhere around primary school. And now, at this very moment, I suddenly felt a need to include it — I don't even know why.

Now to the matter at hand — I arrived here three months ago, to work as the lifeguard at the pool, but in truth, I came to rescue myself from myself (a long story for another time). When I first came here in March, to sort potatoes in the red and shiny combine harvester, I found peace and calm for my soul in this beautiful place — a place that was desecrated, abandoned, and yet found its way deep into my heart.

When Bob and I arrived in mid-July, you could probably count on one hand the number of people who slept here. Since then, many more have come — I met true kindred spirits from the kibbutz, volunteers from Israel and abroad, members of Hashomer Hatzair, the emergency squad, reservists who came for a break at the pool, and many others.

You opened the gates and doors of your homes to me, and made me feel like one of you.

Bob also felt right at home — running free and happy without a leash, meeting new loves and many new friends. He still hasn't quite recovered from the sounds of explosions, but as they say — this too shall pass.

So, amid all the destruction and ruin, I found a warm and green corner — peaceful (sort of, because you know... the explosions) — a true home.



Yesterday, after a long struggle of two years, we were blessed to welcome home 20 of our hostages — alive — returning after a long and agonising captivity. I was deeply moved, like all of Israel, as I went to greet them near Re'im Camp — the best farewell gift I could have asked for! But our struggle is not over, for 25 fallen hostages are still there. I will continue to fight and to speak up until the last of our hostages is brought to a proper burial in our

homeland — wherever I may be, with you and alongside you.

Thank you, dear community and precious people, for the opportunity to come and help, to be part of rebuilding Nir Oz — in the hard days and the better ones.

I apologise for withdrawing into myself these past few days; it's one of my ways of coping with the anxiety and the pain of leaving and returning home.

Now it's time to spread my wings northward — like Nils and his wild geese. Know that you always have a place with us in the far north (well, sort of — because from here everything is far), on Kibbutz Yizrael. I'll be more than happy to host you anytime.

Again, thank you for everything — for who you are and what you are.

With much love and already missing you —

Jezabel / Tzafnat



Philo-sophia



I scribbled a quick note for my wife to find on top of the pile of dirty washing and ran up to the car park and jumped into the waiting car provided by the Prime Minister's Office.

"Off to Sharm El Sheikh don't forget to add fabric softener" the note read.

I had been looking forward to cold scrambled eggs in the dining room followed by a morning repairing fly screens, locks and squeaky doors. Unfortunately, I had been summoned to a meeting with heads of state and their hangers-on down south under the gaze of the world media. Instead of mooching around in one of my many ripped t-shirts and tired shorts I'd have to slip into a suit and tie tailored at great expense to the taxpayer by the good people at Barakat Bespoke in Jerusalem. My Hocas were swapped for Mochis. To add to my misery, I saw that I'd be missing out on couscous for lunch (it as Tuesday after all).

My security detail hustled me into an unmarked helicopter at the Megiddo airport. I pressed my passport up against the window when we flew over the border much to the annoyance of an uptight looking shabaknik. I shrugged my shoulders and gave him my "suck it up" smile. He wasn't impressed by my "a banana walks into a bar" joke either. I figured his underwear was too tight. This was confirmed by the way he minced toward the terminal on our arrival.

On our arrival I was ushered into a top-level briefing for the coming days and what was expected from me and my team. Our first meeting was with the Americans which when you boiled it down was all about when to nod in agreement and saying hallelujah or amen whenever Donald's name was mentioned. There were a few old friends there and when I had an opportunity, I quietly asked Jared how Donald managed to convince Bibi to go along with his plan.

" Ever heard of grabbing an opportunity when it's presented to you?" he asked me while sipping on an iced glass of hibiscus tea. I nodded cautiously and reached for a piece of sun bread. So Jared says picture yourself holding a lemon in each hand ... now hold them closely together. Now start squeezing them. Now squeeze them tighter and tighter until you get some lemon juice. Simple really, he smiled conspiratorially – it's all about asserting pressure in the right places. Jared winked at me "Donald is a puppeteer" he continued "except he doesn't use strings – just persuasion sometimes gentle and other times irresistible. No wonder Bibi has a slight limp, I mumbled to myself.

While there is no jet lag when flying to the Sinai Peninsula, I had trouble sleeping that first night – I got up about two in the morning and started wandering the halls in search of an ice machine – I could have used room service, of course, but I felt like stretching my legs and giving my mind something else to think about other than squeezed lemons. Protocol dictates that one should have no or minimal contact with the other side so when I bumped into Taher al-Nunu ushering his young son into his room I pretended not to see him and kept moving down the corridor.

At breakfast the following morning I told Ron about my chance meeting and that if I'd known we could have bought family with us, I would have. I told him I felt a little guilty running off leaving my wife with nothing but a pile of washing.

Ron gave me a long sad stare and told me that what you see from there you can't see from here. We sat in silence for a while and then he said "that wasn't his son". Those Hamas guys need to have their lemons dealt with, I thought to myself.



Daily (Sun–Thu)

08:30–12:00 – Coffee, cake, chat & table games



Or B’Givah Weekly Schedule

Week of 19–23.10.25

Sunday 19.10.25

- 9:00 – *Or BaGivah* open
- 16:00 – *Or BaGivah* open
- 16:30 – *Body Percussion with Rinat Arava*

Monday 20.10.25

- 8:00 – *Pedicure with Limor Moalem* (by appointment only)
- 9:00 – “*Sweet Morning*” with Noa & Monika
- 10:00 – *Lecture with Galia Shemi*

Tuesday 21.10.25

- 9:00 – “*Sweet & Cold*” with Monika
- 10:00 – *Collage Workshop with Inbal*

Wednesday 22.10.25

- 10:00 – *Lecture with Rochela Matalon*

Thursday 23.10.25

- 10:00 – *Film with Galia Shemi*
- 10:00 – *Open Ceramics Studio with Ziv Ben Bassat*



ENGLISH IS FUN with Rahel

A MAN OF FIRE - NEW WORDS

Oscar Wilde once quipped, “Now we sit through **Shakespeare** in order to recognize the quotations.” Unrivaled in so many other ways in matters verbal, Shakespeare is unequalled as a phrasemaker. “All for one, one for

all," and "not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," wrote Alexandre Dumas in *The Three Musketeers* and Clement Clark Moore in *The Night Before Christmas*. But Shakespeare said them first. "One for all, or all for one we gage" in "The Rape of Lucrece" and "not a mouse stirring" in *Hamlet*

A student who attended a performance of *Hamlet* came away complaining that the play was 'nothing more than a bunch of clichés.' The reason for this common practice is that so many of the memorable expressions in *Hamlet* have become proverbial.

In that one play alone were born brevity is the soul of wit, there's the rub, to thine own self be true, it smells to heaven, the very witching time of night, the primrose path, though this be madness, yet there is method in it, dog will have his day, the apparel oft proclaims the man, neither a borrower nor lender be, frailty thy name is woman, something rotten in the state of Denmark, the lady doth protest too much, to be or not to be, sweets for the sweet, to the manner born, and more in sorrow than in anger.

Shakespeare lurks in the most astonishing places. Some assert that the Porter's speech in act 2, scene 3 of *Macbeth*, there is the source of the modern knock-knock joke: "Knock, knock, knock. Who's there in th' name of Beelzebub? Knock, knock who's there in the other devil's name? Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Never at quiet."

Shakespeare also hides in many works of twentieth-century literature. He was a busy and prolific writer who, in twenty-five years, turned out thirty-seven long plays and co-authored several others, yet he still found time to provide titles of their books to generation of authors who return again and again to the well of his felicitous phrasing.

Take *Macbeth* for example. Near the end of the play, Macbeth expressed his darkening vision of life: "It is a tale/Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury/signifying nothing." Centuries later, William Faulkner purloined a

phrase from that speech for his novel *The Sound and the Fury*, which is indeed told by an idiot.

Earlier in the play one of the witches' chants, "By the pricking of my thumbs/Something wicked this way comes." Agatha Christie plucked the first line and Ray Bradbury the second, as titles of their bestsellers.

(There are dozens of examples, but I have just written about Macbeth. R.)

The etymologist Ernest Weekley said of Shakespeare, "His contribution to our phraseology is ten times greater than that of any writer to any language in the history of the world."

If Shakespeare had not lived and written with such a loving ear for the music of our language, our English tongue would be immeasurably the poorer. No day goes by that we do not speak and hear and read and write his legacy.

.....more next week



Edi-torial: This week we are experiencing a whirlwind of emotions. Witkoff and Kushner spoke at Hostage Square. We were moved by their compassion. **The hostages returned home!** We were elated! The monsters began to release the bodies of the dead hostages. We were relieved. They stopped returning the bodies and lied. We are angry and worried. It is hard to cope with all these mixed emotions and all that is going on.

Deep down there is hope.!!!

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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.

Please take into account that we use AI when translating. We proofread and correct the texts but errors may be overlooked. Be warned!

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