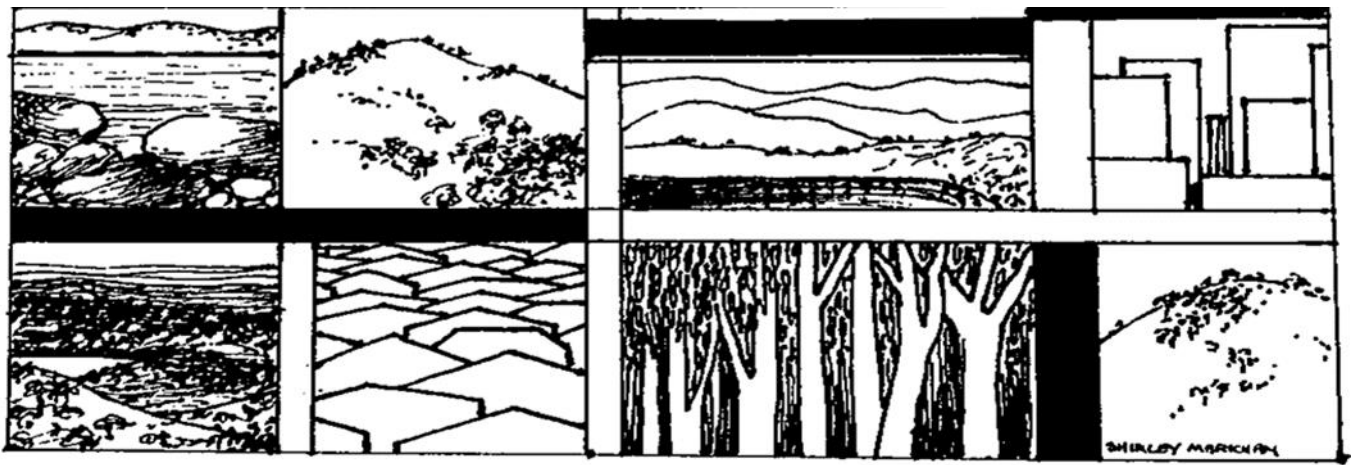




The Yizraelite – No: 2226 Date: 26.9.25

Kibbutz Yizrael

Farewell to Zimra Baran

Kibbutz Eulogy – Limor Griman



Kibbutz Yizrael bids farewell today with sorrow and pain to Zimra Baran, a kibbutznik from her first day to her last, who breathed the kibbutz movement from north to south and was bound to Yizrael with every fibre of her being.

Zimra was born in July 1936 at Kibbutz Beit HaShita, the eldest daughter of two pioneers—Nehemiah and Geula Klevansky, and the eldest sister to five younger sisters—a tribe of strong, powerful women, just like the tribe she leaves behind.

In 1951, when she was 15, during the split within the kibbutz movement, the Klevansky family, Mapai supporters, moved to Kibbutz Ayelet HaShachar.

On Beit HaShita, at age 17½, Zimra met her first husband, Amos Tzifroni. They married, and their children Eli and Oren were born.



On a mission from the kibbutz movement to build a young kibbutz, they moved to Kfar Azza and lived there for a year. In 1957, on another mission, they arrived at the young Kibbutz Yizrael. Here, after parting from Amos, Zimra met Anton Baran, and after their

marriage, they expanded the family with the births of Irena, Smadar, Gazit, Tze'ela, and Giora.

Zimra worked wherever she was needed: in the laundry, in early childhood education, as an outside worker in Ramat Efal, and for many years as secretary at the kibbutz factory, Elex Control Systems. She was a woman of culture at heart. She taught music and Bible studies, acted in plays, and sang in the choir. Zimra had a deep bond with the Jewish, secular, kibbutz cultural tradition she absorbed in her childhood and youth at Beit HaShita and Ayelet HaShachar. This tradition, she brought with her to Yizrael.

For many years, she was responsible for the communal Kabbalat Shabbat at the Friday night meal, preparing the ceremony and getting people to participate, some to play instruments and sing, others to write material or arrange flowers. From her first day on Yizrael, she was a central partner in preparing and producing the communal Passover Seder in the dining hall. She arranged the traditional songs and dances, with the participation of all the kibbutz children. She was the driving spirit behind the unique local Passover Haggadah. She was partner to every detail, in writing and design.

Zimra was the legendary editor of the kibbutz newsletter. For 24 years, week after week, tirelessly, she gathered material, encouraged people to write, and created a cultural-communal institution that became part of our sense of pride and belonging.

The love of sport coursed through her veins. She inherited it from her father and passed it on to her children. When she was introduced to rugby, she “caught the bug,” embraced the club, and became “the mother of rugby,” always on the sidelines, at home and away games, always encouraging, supporting, living the match as though

she herself were on the field. She served as secretary of the Israeli Rugby Union and received a lifetime achievement award for her contribution to the sport.

At the same time, she also trained as a referee for basketball games and swimming competitions. Her love of water was a defining trait; every morning she began her day in the swimming pool.

Zimra was a family woman—immensely proud of her seven children, deeply loving of her sisters, with whom she enjoyed spending time. Her 21 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren were, in her eyes, the bonus, a blessed addition. She devoted countless hours to them—helping with studies, driving them on her mobility scooter, knowing their friends and their worlds in detail.

Zimra loved Yizrael dearly, young and old, veteran and new. She knew about every newcomer to the kibbutz and every baby born. She had the gift of seeing each person, giving them space, extending a hand. She valued and appreciated the simple things—the gardens and lawns, the swimming pool, the nature all around. She always expressed gratitude to those who cared for gardens. She loved the human diversity on Yizrael and believed it created something special here. She loved the atmosphere and the collective spirit, of which she was such a central and inseparable part.

To Zimra's family—her sons and daughters, her sisters, her grandchildren and great-grandchildren—Beit Yizrael mourns with you today at the passing of a mother, grandmother, sister, and friend. Yizrael without Zimra is a different, changed Yizrael, but her mark is deeply imprinted on this place and its people. We all carry with us her spirit, her laughter, her warmth, and her generosity of heart.

Dear Zimra, the soil of Yizrael, where you planted such deep roots, gathers you today into its loving embrace. May its earth rest lightly upon you. May your memory be blessed. **Limor Griman**

Irena's Eulogy

Where do I begin? I'll start with your stories about Beit HaShita, how you regretted not being born in time to serve in the Palmach, and how, in the end, you did not serve in the army. Thanks to that you gave me two older siblings, Eli and Oren.

I remember how, on that "Black Sabbath" (1946), you children mocked the English and sang, "The English teacher said, "One, two, three, and *then ate a fresh mouse*.... ואכל עכבר טרי"

You loved Beit HaShita so much. You were always proud that Tikva Sarig was your teacher and of the hikes you did with your famous teacher, Azariah Ayalon, in the desert, chasing the desert lizard that could change its colour to blue.

Not long ago you told me that you were almost the only one from your class who had kept in touch with him over the years. Again, you told the story of Yohanan from your class who was killed in the war.

When your father, Grandpa Nehemiah, returned home after four years with the Jewish Brigade, you were afraid to go out to see him because Grandma Geula had placed his photograph on a shelf and every time you did something naughty, she would say, "Zimra, wait until your father returns." When he finally came home you stayed in the room and braided your hair.

You loved your sisters so much. You repeated again and again how you and Osnat looked after baby Ruti, while Grandpa Nehemiah was at war and Grandma Geula worked long hours. Once you even forgot her on the lawn.

There is the well-known story about your birth. Grandma woke Grandpa on the eighth of July and said, "Heinz, congratulations, The baby is on the way" and he replied, "For this you woke me after a whole night on guard duty?" Safta told him she was going to give birth...on his birthday. They took the Jezreel Valley train to Afula and then found an Arab man with a donkey who took you on the donkey to the Emek hospital. It is the same hospital where no cure could be found for the terrible suffering you endured at the end.



Rotem chose to focus on your story in her work with her roots project. She listened to you with great attention: how you met her grandfather Anton, who was then an ambulance driver and gave you a lift. How he picked anemones for you, (which was allowed then). You took the anemones but

instead of being moved, you shook them and the petals fell off to show him he should have picked closed flowers. What did Anton know about anemones? He chose the most open ones. But he fell in love with you notwithstanding, and moved to live with you on the kibbutz.

Even when you had many children of your own, you continued to take in young people who came to the kibbutz, because you had a big heart.

You did every possible job: in the vegetable garden, in the laundry (at a time when you had to put wood under the boiler and light a fire). You worked in the “economia”, in the kitchen, as a caregiver in the baby house... (when there were only cloth nappies yet the children were always clean and dry), in the nursery school, as a high school teacher of literature and Bible studies. You were also a basketball official, a swimming judge and you loved rugby as if you were born in South Africa. You worked at Hapoel and for the kibbutz movement, volunteered in the civil guard, edited the Alon for years, organised the Kabbalat Shabbat, studied singing and so much more.

What you achieved in your 89 years is remarkable. You never stopped even when walking became difficult.

From you, I asked only for the picture that hangs on your wall: you astride a mule with a cart, collecting laundry from members of the kibbutz when it was still in its early days. I made a terrible mistake and told you I wanted the picture of you riding the “donkey”. I was immediately hauled over the coals for not knowing the difference between a mule and a donkey.

I kept the little notes you used to leave me after parent teacher meetings. They are full of wisdom and love.

At the health clinic, while waiting to have blood tests, we would sit on the edge of our chairs so we would hear my name being called...because they used to mispronounce my name in every possible way. Who then knew how to say “Irena Baran”? When I was born, Mum tried to persuade Dad that Irena was an outdated name from the diaspora and the baby had been born in the Land of Israel, on a kibbutz. But Dad insisted she be named after his mother who perished in the Holocaust. I was named Irena.

When I visited Sparta, I called you specially to say I was where I believe was your true birthplace. The upbringing you received was certainly Spartan. The well-known story you kept telling, how the children were given the best food even though there was so little but no child was allowed to leave the table until they had finished their food. When the caregivers were not looking, children would slip food, they could not finish, under the table to you. Later, when you grew up, you did not sit in restaurants for pleasure. We travelled the country a great deal and you loved the land with all your soul.

You were a wonderful mother. I could call you at any hour especially early in the morning because you were already awake at four. I asked you about Hebrew, and to

help with songs for festivals. You were happy to help, always suggesting songs only you knew. You could not understand how come I did not know them.

Singing was one of your great loves. Often, we would break into spontaneous song when a single word reminded us of a tune. Woe betide us if we sang a wrong word.

Somehow, I thought it would go on forever. I thought that I would continue coming every third Saturday and we would be together, chatting, going for walks around the kibbutz with you on the mobility scooter and sharing moments of happiness.

Mother, rest in peace.

I love you and already miss you beyond measure.

Irena

Tze'ela's Eulogy

I was born into a large and happy family, full of brothers and sisters. Our home was always full of friends and relatives, and it was a great joy. Despite that, I always received so much attention—both from Dad and from you.

You were the kind of mother who took all of us to the beach, on trips, to basketball, to swimming, and of course to rugby matches, which you loved so much. But you always gave me the feeling that you were there just for me, every moment of my life. I knew to appreciate it then, and I appreciate it now.

I will never forget that in ninth grade, my best friend was you. You were my confidante, the person to whom I told my secrets, the first person I turned to—and that says everything.

From you, I inherited, above all, my love of music, of dance, of the written word, the strength of knowledge, and the love of crosswords and puzzles. From the day I could read and write, we solved puzzles together, and later in your old age I became your teacher for logic puzzles. You would wait eagerly for me to arrive, because you had saved one especially for us to solve together.

When I was about 10, I once came to your work at Maytronics where you were a secretary and asked for a sheet of paper to write on. You insisted that I type directly on the typewriter and not write by hand. You taught me blind typing. You were determined, saying one day I would thank you—and indeed, I thank you.

My curiosity and my desire to work in so many different fields comes from the example I received from you. Your hand was in everything, always with professionalism and with love, and everyone always loved you wherever you went.

You were the perfect grandmother. Everyone envied my children for having such a grandmother. When they were small, you would actually argue with me, saying you wanted to babysit more and that I wasn't giving them to you enough.

You helped us so much, I don't know how we could have raised our children without you. Eran and Alma, Barak and Avigail are so deeply connected to you. You are an inseparable part of their lives. Your absence is already felt and it hurts them so much.

You always chose to see the good around you and to focus on it. You were the least judgmental person I ever knew—you gave everyone their place and accepted each one just as they were.

You never stopped marvelling at everything I did—from the child I was, to the teenager I became, to me as a dancer, my studies and achievements, my travels around the world. You always wanted to see every place I visited and hear every story. You never stopped telling me I was the most amazing mother in the world, and that my children were simply perfect in everything they did.

You gave weight and meaning to everything that happened in my life. I don't know what I'll do now. Who will be as genuinely excited with me, with all their heart, about everything that happens to me or to my family, like you were? For that support, that love, that anchor you gave me—I will thank you my whole life.

A few hours before you fell asleep forever, I managed to tell you that I love you, that you are the best mother in the world, and that I will never forget it.



Tze'ela

Giora's Eulogy

I'll start by saying that my mother loved the kibbutz very much, or as she always insisted, she loved "**Kvutzat Yizrael**". It should be clear that if there was ever a conflict of interests between the good of the kibbutz and my good... as they say, when in doubt there's no doubt — **the kibbutz comes first**. I learned to love her from that, too.

Imma was a teacher of bible studies and Hebrew. Woe betide any grammatical mistake ... not pleasant; you can ask Shlomo and Eran. She passed on to me her deep love of sport. Above all else, rugby (by a long way!). Rugby was a huge part of her life. Both on Yizrael and nationally. She knew everyone in the field of rugby and everyone knew her. A short woman. (I didn't say small), who stood out in any photo, standing next to all the burly rugby players. She ran the Yizrael club, she was a line-judge with the flag on the touchline, she managed Israel's youth team, and so much more. Mum was also very active in the Hapoel association; among other roles she ran women's sport in the association and some years ago received a lifetime achievement award for her many years of contribution to sport in Israel. She was a basketball referee and, following me, even became a swimming referee. In her later years she didn't miss any sports event broadcast on television — on every channel you can imagine — and you could trust Imma. She knew about channels you'd never even heard of.

And I, following her example, caught the sports bug. To this day I still train, run, and swim. It's a significant part of my life, part of who I am. Thank you for that, Imma.



Imma was very extremely candid. When I asked her if I was handsome, she would always answer, “You’re not handsome, you’re cute.” But she always hugged and kissed me endlessly; she taught me how to give love to your child, and now I apply that proudly with my own children, who sometimes complain that I am choking them with my hugs. Grandma Zimra showed no mercy to them either and hugged them nearly until her last day.

The pain I’ve seen in recent weeks in my children, since imma was hospitalised, has made it very clear to me how significant she was to them and how much they love her. Yesterday, coming back from the hospital, I really wanted to block out the image of those final moments and remember my mother as she was, full of life. I looked at countless photos and videos of her with my family — with Reut, with Daniel, with Ayala, and of course with Alon, your beloved. The cursed war that forced us to live here for almost a year brought my family closer to you, imma. Seeing the natural way my children came to you and stayed with you day after day, almost all day, was simply fulfilling and moving, and I appreciate it so much. We, the whole family, appreciate it so much. Your strengthened bond with Daniel and with Ayala, who heard countless stories from you, and the special friendship that grew between you and Alon will not be forgotten and we will treasure them forever.

Mum, you are no longer suffering, and that consoles me. Your daughters and I were with you until the last moment. We only ask that you finally rest, because you so deserve it. You did so much. Now it is time to rest, beloved mother.

Your youngest son. Forever. Giora

Eulogy by Reut Baran

Twenty-three years ago, I entered the home of Giora’s parents — a young, innocent girl, perhaps twenty-one. Without knowing, I had mud on my shoes and I heard Giora’s mother shout for the first time: “Who came in with mud on their shoes?!”

After that, like in a comedy of errors, I sat on the sofa and it turned out the remote was there and I sat on it and stopped Zimra’s recordings (she used to record incessantly). Again, she shouted fiercely: “Who touched the remote?!” I didn’t take responsibility. I didn’t reveal that it was me. I was afraid.

In one of our last conversations, when you were lying on the sofa and I was beside you, suddenly we had a moment of intimacy and I thought this was the time to confess. But just then Aloni came in and ran to hug you and chat on the sofa.

And now I feel the urge to tell you that it was me. I was the one who came in with mud, and I was the one who sat on the remote and stopped some recording of a rugby match or a quiz. I know you would laugh and forgive me. Because that's how you were: able to shout with force and also be gentle and forgiving. To get irritated by some little thing and still have an overflowing heart for people and for life.

Zimra, I want to say thank you. Thank you, dear Zimra, for creating Giora and filling him with warmth and love. I received this wonderful man as my partner. Thank you, Zimra, for being an amazing grandmother to our three children; you gave them attention, loved them and appreciated them so much. Thank you for hosting us in the first year of this terrible war and giving us a home when the ground crumbled under our feet. Thank you for always making me feel wanted and for keeping a special place for me in your heart.

Thank you for the stories you told me, precious fragments of history, and for letting me get to know you, a pioneering woman, strong, brave, a trailblazer. And thank you for who you were in my life and in my family's life.

Our hearts are full of you and always will be. Thank you, Zimra.

Reut Baran

Eulogy by Noa Lindner

Hi Safta. I hope my Hebrew writing is good enough for you and that I will not get shouted at from the stands.

Our grandmother, whose home, how shall I say, was never quiet. It was always full of loud voices, laughter and humour. You taught all of us what unconditional love is. You had love for every child and grandchild or even a random baby you saw along the way.

Of course, you never missed a rugby game, a Friday night Kabbalat Shabbat or editing the kibbutz newsletter.

You always made sure to volunteer and to do good wherever possible.

Throughout the years, when I was a student, you insisted on reading and proofreading every paper and assignment of mine.

You taught me that you can connect with and start a conversation with any person, in your unique way. Thank you for what you were to my mother, especially during all the years when it was just the two of you.

Thank you for always listening and supporting. Thank you for our last deep conversation.

Safta, Dad and Yoav say there is an Arsenal versus Chelsea match today. We can talk about it afterwards.

There is no one like you, Safta.

You can be at peace knowing that you left behind a large and diverse family who, I am sure, will do good in the world.

I love you Safta. You will be missed. Noa Lindner.



Eulogy by Alma Shkolnik

Safta. This may sound a little strange, but in recent years we used to talk about what will happen when you die.

I told you, you would be sorry if you did not wait for me and we did not die together. When I returned from overseas, I realised it was closer than ever.

I asked for a moment alone with you, so I could say everything I wanted to say and say goodbye properly.

I told you that you are the person I love most and you are my best friend.

I told you that I know how much you worry and fear for me, but it is okay, I will be fine.

What I really wanted was for you not to suffer, because you have been suffering for a long time.

I told you that you are with me all the time.

You are with me at the pool in the morning, before the lifeguard arrives. You are with me at Kabbalat Shabbat, when I look for your name on the page. You get annoyed with me when you see that I am not really singing the songs but only pretending with my lips. You are with me at rugby games. You took me to watch the matches and slowly I began to love it myself. You are with me at the Olympics, on Channel 5, in books, in the Bible and especially in the film Forrest Gump, which was our favourite film, specifically in the scene where he shouts "Alabama!" and you would laugh so much every time.

And even though I said I will be fine, I will miss you.

There will be no one to call at 4:00 am after a party or just because I am awake. To hear you say: "zoomoolush kazapatush" like only you know how.

When I came to see you in hospital, all I wanted was to lie beside you and have you hug me with your soft, pleasant hands, but I will have to wait for that until we meet again.

Safta, it will be hard for me without you, but you left me a family the size of an army who will look after me and look after each other.

I wish you could know how truly, truly I love you. You are loved by everyone here and also by those who are not here.

May I, one day, influence someone the way you influenced me.

Love you forever my favourite Safta.

Alma Shkolnik

Yocheved Tzidkoni's Eulogy

To Zimra, my beloved elder sister.

After our parents passed away, I became Zimra's responsibility. She always helped me, believed that I could fulfil dreams. In recent years I made a point of visiting her as often as possible, to gather fragments of memories. I discovered that we grew up differently. Sleeping in the children's houses divided the family. Only when we moved to Degania did our shared experiences begin. I realised we remember things differently from our parents.

In recent years I gathered memories from Zimra about Beit HaShita. I was very glad that she decided to write them down – in truth, she included many of those stories in the Alon she edited – I felt the Alon was written for me personally.

Life on Yizrael with Yossi consolidated my friendship with my elder sister and the extended family. We helped our Anton and Zimra raise her and their children happily. The connection to her many grandchildren gave her special joy that filled her with strength.

With Zimra's help I fulfilled the dream of creating the book "*Notes in Time*". Oren joined the endeavour, and together, a wonderful book that I truly love came into being – it gave Zimra the opportunity to write down childhood memories.

During our Yizrael period, we studied dance once a week with Devorah Bertonov. For a whole year we travelled together to Tel Aviv. We really bonded.

All of Zimra's daughters and sons were, for me, part of daily life.

I am very sad, about the journey on which Zimra has gone – However, I believe that human life on earth is indeed temporary, but the soul is eternal, and so is love. Nothing truly ends, it only changes form.

Zimra, I have much love within me for the wonderful family you created.

May your memory be kept with me forever.

Yochi Tzidkoni

Eulogy by Vered Halperin, Zimra's cousin

To my beloved cousin,

I want to say that I simply loved you, a pure kind of love from a woman who shared her family with mine.

You made me laugh. You entertained me with your stories. You worried about me a little, when you could. You opened your home to me when I was a young girl.

I will always remember you with those sweet cheeks of yours, with the light in your eyes when you saw me.

Thank you for years of a bond that was never broken.

Love, Vered and also my Phil

A letter to my neighbour – Orit Sloman

Zimra, you wouldn't believe the goings on in your house — I am reminded of how much you loved your family, but also how much you loved your peace and quiet. I am thinking about the difficulty you had of accepting that there was now another person in your home (the caregiver), that things were no longer truly under your control, that the world around you went on as usual, and that you could no longer even enjoy your morning swim — all of this must have broken your heart.

And still, each time I came to see you, you always said thank you. You especially liked it when I shared my dilemmas about motherhood; you enjoyed feeling like an educational counsellor and teacher. Of course, I listened to you with full attention, but sometimes I would say: "Zimra, stop! I came to pour my heart out to you, not to listen!" Only in a bond that had lasted for so many years, almost since the day I was born, and because you were my good friend Oren's mother, could such rare honesty exist.

There was a neighbourliness between us that allowed life's minor bumps in the road not to cause harm. I quipped that you were the best neighbour anyone could wish for (because you couldn't just pop in for a visit), and then you would burst out laughing, your roaring laugh echoing through the house. No explanations were needed. And now I ask myself over and over... where will I find another neighbour like you.

I will miss you deeply.

With love. Orit Sloman.

Jezebel bids Zimra Farewell



On Saturday afternoon, as I was sitting with my friends on Nir Oz, the news arrived of Zimra's passing. I was deeply saddened. In recent years a true friendship, a bond and a special love had developed between us. I gathered my things and returned home in order to say goodbye to Zimra – the woman and the legend.

We spent many mornings together at the pool – Zimra's quality time with anyone who showed up in the very early hours, and above all, her health time. She always made sure I arrived exactly on time, and if I didn't, she would immediately call to say that because I was late, she too was late... She would constantly say to me that whenever I

felt like swimming, I should just call her and she would come at once; yes, even at 3 or 4 in the morning, for she was already awake and just waiting for the pool to open...

We had a special arrangement during the first year of the war, when the pool hadn't yet officially opened. I would ask her if she wanted to come at a certain time, and so we set ourselves a weekly schedule. We talked a lot about our great love of sport; to my delight, Zimra was a wonderful partner for my fondness of niche sports, those that ordinary people usually know little about or follow less closely. Together we marvelled, especially during the Olympics, at the extraordinary abilities of athletes to achieve things that ordinary humans cannot. Of course, we also spoke a lot about rugby and football, and Zimra loved to ask how Talia, my niece, was doing and how she was progressing in football. And, as a proud aunt, I was happy to boast about Talia's achievements, even those that Talia herself preferred to keep quiet...

But it wasn't only sport that we spoke about. Zimra encouraged me to write for the kibbutz bulletin – whether in my quirky columns or in other pieces, and of course the most recent and current one – *Jezebel*. Even after she stopped editing the bulletin, I continued to send her my writings for editing and feedback, sometimes just for another opinion, (including pieces that were never published or meant for publication). It was important for me to hear her opinion, and of course to benefit from her meticulous editing. Naturally, out of habit, I almost instinctively sent her this very piece for proofreading as well...

When we came to interview Zimra for our kibbutz veteran members' documentation project, she insisted that we interview practically the entire kibbutz before her, because she was "still young." We told her we had already gone through those before her and now it was her turn. Zimra persisted, but thankfully in the end, she agreed to our request and told us the fascinating story of her life (*Which appears in this edition on page 26 - Ed*)

We would also meet at the rugby field. She always had a big smile on her face, cared about my wellbeing, and came to every game she could.

Zimra loved sport in the purest sense of the word – people like her are hard to find today.

Rest in peace, dear Zimra.

I will hold in my heart everything you told me and taught me. I will remember our special conversations, your endless love of sport, your smile and your laughter.

Yours, **Jezebel** (Tzafnat Mor)



Delving in the Archives

Arnie Friedman on Zimra and Her Sisters

Alon 1520, 20.12.2012

"So where, where are those girls now..."

All those girls were with us this week in the dining hall.

There are those who come to the dining hall to eat and chat with others at the table, and there are those who look around to see who has arrived and who hasn't.

I greatly enjoyed seeing **Zimra, née Klevansky**, surrounded by all her sisters who came to visit her. I wasn't surprised to hear that there was a reason for their visit – to organise a family event on Yizrael.

One can say that the Klevansky sisters personify the pioneering working settlement in the north of the country. So, please meet:

- **Zimra**, the eldest, from Kibbutz Yizrael
- **Osnat Kahanovitz** – from Degania Alef
- **Ruti-Roni Fine** – from Degania Alef
- **Yocheved (Yochi) Tzidkoni** – from Ein Gev
- **Dana Klevansky** – from Degania Alef
- **Naama Belkind** – from Degania Alef ...the youngest of the girls

I sat there smiling to myself when I saw **Tze'ela** come into the dining hall with the baby (Avigail), as all the sisters rushed to greet her and shower "coochie-moochie" affection on the newest little girl joining this family of women.

Really, you couldn't mistake it – each of the eight women present carried the family genes. In short, there were "*eight Zimras*" around one table, chatting and enjoying themselves together.

Zimra

By Nathan Alterman נתן אלתרמן

The wandering evening
turned toward the mountains.

Hour of partings, how holy you are!

A maiden, like a dream, steps to her threshold,
and her song collapses at the gate.

On the rim of the sky the cypress stands alone,
and the maiden's song forgotten.

And the world remains with only three words,
in wide fields and wind.

הערב הנודד

אל ההרים פנה

שעת הפרידות, מה קדושה את

עלמה כאן חלום יוצאת אל מפתנה
ושירה מתמוטט בשער

על סף הקיע בודד הפרוש

ושיר העלמה שכוח

ונותר העולם במלים שלש

בשדות רחבים ורוח

From: "Stars Outside"

Sent in honour of Zimra: Elad Ilan

Zimra's Smile - Chanan Shaliv



Zimra had a special and radiant smile. A round face and a wide mouth revealing bright white teeth. And her eyes — eyes that sparkled with intensity, radiating: "Oh, how beautiful, how joyful."

A long life, full of activity and involvement, naturally also brought with it challenges and sorrow. Zimra was born into a culturally diverse home and grew up within one of the most extreme educational experiments of the renewed

Zionist society in the Land of Israel. The children's house, and the near-total collectivism of the pre-state days, on a frontier corner of the valley, and later as a young mother on the border of the Gaza Strip, became the foundation she sought to build both within her large and extended family, and here in her kibbutz home "on the hill" on Yizrael.

Conversations with her were always fascinating, almost always aimed toward an idea or a goal — about cultural matters or kibbutz ways of life. From her youth she corresponded in writing with leading thinkers such as S. H. Bergman. And in the

newsletters and holiday programmes, in which she was deeply involved, she always took care to include articles, poems, and quotations that invited thoughtful reflection and broadened horizons from many varied sources.

Later, alongside her growing children, the world of sport became a central pillar of her contribution and activity for the community — alongside a whole enriching world unrelated to the playing field, the swimming pool, and the referee's whistle.

Our young and unique Yizrael, with its lively members who were somewhat different from the “standard kibbutznik” of the fifties and sixties, is slowly fading into the mists of memory and nostalgic longing. Zimra, who was a most loyal and devoted representative of the Hebrew, agricultural, and kibbutz settlement culture, together with others, laid this foundational cornerstone of our community.

That radiant smile — so uniquely Zimra — will continue to accompany us for many years to come.

Chanan Shaliv

Yizrael Rugby Club – In Memory of Zimra Baran



We returned to our houses after a Yizrael rugby tournament on the field, under the September sun, and discovered that Zimra had passed away. How symbolic, that on the very day of Zimra's departure the senior team of the club won yet another tournament on our local field. How symbolic, that on the very day of her departure, sons of Kibbutz Yizrael who had grown up with rugby from a young age now starred in the senior team.

Zimra was always so joyful and proud of every achievement of the club, but especially of the rugby players who had grown up in our club and went on to become senior players. In 2015, we celebrated 40 years of the Yizrael Rugby Club with a festive event, where Zimra was awarded a lifetime achievement honour: *“The Mother of Yizrael Rugby Club.”*

Zimra accompanied the club from the 1970s and for many years took care of everything: driving, helping with the accounts, organising the team's equipment, refereeing at matches, and more.

She also served as the secretary of the Israel Rugby Union for many years and in 2022 was awarded the Union's Lifetime Achievement Prize at a moving ceremony on Yizrael. Until very recently she continued to attend the major rugby matches at Yizrael, taking pride in the team's successes. The achievements of the Yizrael Rugby Club stand as a living testimony to her work.



We will always remember her as a proud kibbutz member, cheering the team from the sidelines, and for all her contributions to Israeli and Yizrael rugby. May her memory be blessed.

Idan Zelas



Ofir Halevi Writes About Zimra

I first met Zimra quite a long time ago... She continued to call me by the nickname she gave me as a baby decades ago (still classified...). I grew up with some of her daughters and her older children.

When she joined the world of rugby (as club manager and touch judge) and basketball (as sports coordinator on the kibbutz), our connection became more intense.

Zimra had the energy of a power station. Over the years of my life, I must have encountered her thousands of times: at rugby as a youth coach and as a player (I could hear her shouts of encouragement from the other end of the field...), in basketball as a children's coach, as a student when she helped me print some paper, and even in recent years on the paths, when we would meet and she would always ask if I had seen some game or heard what happened on the field the previous Saturday.

She was there on Passover, with the well-known song *"For, lo, the winter is past"*

Zimra was present at every station of my life on the kibbutz.

She was deeply involved in community life and contributed in countless areas such as culture, education, sports, work, committees, and of course demographically — She is the local record-holder with seven (!) children, and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

A true woman of Honour Eshet Chail!).

I am certain that we all preserve Zimra's deeds and memory many years to come. miss her rolling laughter, her endless energy, and her presence. A magnificent life of action and fulfilment has come to an end.



will
for
I will

Condolences to the family and to Beit Yizrael. *Ofir*

Inbal Pezaro writes about Zimra

Zimra was an active and very significant partner in my life for several years. Anyone who knew her, knew that one of her greatest loves was sport. She found interest in, and enjoyed watching, every type of sport. During the time when I was still a schoolgirl, sport had already become a big part of my life, I needed to travel to practices once or twice a day, and Zimra mobilised to help organise volunteers from the kibbutz to drive me to Haifa for training – and she herself drove me countless times.

Her commitment was absolute. She understood the importance of keeping up with training, studied my sport in depth down to the smallest details, would sit and talk with my coach, and knew all the swimmers who trained with me. On the way to practice, we shared meaningful quality time, when we would talk a lot about training, competitions, and even about school. She always sensed my mood, asked, tried to help in any way, and above all – she was always there for me.

She accompanied me until I got my licence and started driving to practices on my own, and even afterwards she continued to show interest and to be present. Her involvement was so significant that it was obvious to my parents that she would join the family on the trip to the Athens Olympics in 2004, to watch me compete.

But what will always remain in my memory is our shared quality time on the road, just the two of us.

She was giving.
She was a friend.
She was community.

— Inbal Pezaro



Zimra and the Journey to Athens (Paralympic Games – 2004)

Inbal began competing in international competitions in 1999. From that moment, her training pace increased greatly, reaching 10–11 workouts per week. All the practices took place at the ILAN swimming pool in Haifa. Each practice lasted between two to two and a half hours.

For five years, there was an enormous burden of driving her back and forth, until Inbal got her driver's licence and a car. During those five years, Zimra mobilised for massive support of the family, as a driver. In 2001 I began working as CEO of the Jordan Valley College, and then I could no longer take Inbal to ILAN. Zimra took on the mission, organising kibbutz members as volunteers. The volunteers drove Inbal to ILAN and dropped her off for training. I would return from work at the college, via ILAN Haifa, to bring her home.

Zimra's support was extraordinary, enabling us to overcome the challenge successfully. By 2004, when Inbal was chosen to represent Israel in the Olympics, we decided that our entire family (including parts of the family from New Zealand!) would come to Athens to accompany her—and it was clear that Zimra was an integral part of the family!

We rented a large house in Athens, big enough for our family (including Zimra and also for two of Inbal's classmates (Yaara and Tamar), who joined the journey on their own initiative! What a celebration it was!!

Once the competitions began at the pool, Zimra threw herself into action. There was a "battle" among the most dedicated fans to grab the best seats in the stands, all on a "first come, first served" basis. Zimra would rise early and go alone to the pool entrance to "stand in line." Day after day, for the ten days of competition, Zimra made sure to be among the very first in line so she could save seats for the whole gang!

And when Inbal swam and won medals, no one was happier than Zimra—because that was who she was: a sports fan, a swimming fan, and above all, Inbal's biggest fan!!

Our memories of Inbal's first Olympics are inseparably woven together with our memories of Zimra in Athens. **Peter Pezaro**

.....

Reut's Editorial:

Patchy told me back in July 2023 when I took over from Zimra: "Zimra is a pioneer. She will always volunteer to help you."

To step into Zimra's shoes as the Alon editor was no simple task. Zimra was a legend. She was the editor of an Alon that I had always loved to read. I wanted to continue in the same spirit. So many technical challenges, which, for an outsider, might look like "just a few minutes of work," turned out to be hours of effort.

Zimra, through all of this, you were always there to help me.

Later you began writing your own column, *“Zimra’s Column”*—and it was wonderful. You also joined the proofreading team. Many of the habits that now come to me almost automatically are thanks to your repeated reminders: commas; always adding surnames (“This is going into the archive! And what if someone else has the same name?”); making sure opening hours and numbers were aligned correctly right-to-left. Always write a first and last name on the same line; avoid fonts that look like handwriting for the sake of the Alon’s English-speaking readers; “Rugby, not Rogbi”; and, yes—more commas.

These corrections might have seemed unimportant, but they are the mark of quality, and they represent many years of experience and devotion. I try hard to follow in your footsteps, but I still miss things. What Patchy said to me was so true. “Zimra really is a pioneer. She will always volunteer to help you.”

I always knew to expect the most corrections from you, and I counted on it. No matter how hard I tried, you would always find something to fix—and knowing you would find the mistakes gave me secure. Sometimes there were technical glitches in sending the files between us. Just before your illness, Tomer from IT managed to resolve it once and for all—and that turned out to be our last phone call. I rang you on a Thursday morning to say that this time everything had come through fine, and Tomer had confirmed it was fixed. While we were still talking, the notice appeared on Kehilanet about the passing of Eilon Halevi, and I said: “Oh no, Eilon Halevi has died!”

Your response surprised me. For some years you had struggled with movement and yet your instinctive reaction was: “Oh, I must run to Nitza.”

Your voice, which always sounded younger than your years, could still “run”. Your curiosity, your interest, your will to act and to help—all of these could “run”. Only your legs could not run. And still, you said you had to “run” to Nitza. I understood then that despite the limitations of your body, inside you were still running. I answered: “But Zimra, surely Idit and Ofir are already there. You don’t need to “run”, you can go slowly.” And you replied: “You’re right. I’ll get ready and go. Nitza is a good friend of mine.”

The following Thursday, when I called to ask when you would be sending me the corrections, Oren answered and told me you were hospitalised.

Thank you, Zimra, for all your help. Thank you for teaching me what to look for and how. Thank you for your wonderful column. I know it cannot have been easy to see someone else take over the work that you did so excellently, and with such dedication, for a whole generation.

Patchy's statement that you were a "Chalutz" (Pioneer) was somehow prophetic. Like so many pioneers you died of a disease carried by a mosquito.

As the current editor, I am including the little illustration by Chas—the drawing you told me was "your signature", as the bulletin's editor, and that you always placed it in the Alon when you edited it. When I replaced you, I stopped including it, because it belonged to you.



Edi-torial: When my friend, Zimra, retired after a quarter of a century as Editor of the Alon, the kibbutz held an well-deserved party in her honour. I insisted on thanking her publicly for her contribution to my life's work. In Zimra's Honour, I reprint my blessing:

Farewell to Zimra – Eddie Solow

It seems that Zimra is really going to retire after her record tenure as the editor of the best newsletter in the kibbutz movement.

I can" imagine B'Yizrael without Zimra. I will miss our phone calls at three or four in the morning, and meetings at 5 in the morning --first in her office and more recently at her home. How many times has your office been moved over the years, Zimra? I would often get confused and arrive at the previous office in the dead of night and not understand why the lights were off.

Where will I find an editor who works my crazy hours?

Before I learned to type on a computer, Zimra was the only one who could read my illegible handwriting and understand my bad spelling (and that includes my wife, bless her). I can honestly say that without Zimra, I would not have dared to take on many of the public tasks that I have done.

Without Zimra there would be no "izrael March" Six or seven drafts until we got to the final version... all eight Marches! Who would have the patience for me, except for Zimra...?

Some of my letters to the Alon would never have seen the light of day, had it not been for Zimra (probably many members would have been happy about that..). I always knew that I could give Zimra the piece of paper in illegible handwriting with words crossed out and lines splattered with Tipex, and additions with arrows and lines in every direction --and Zimra would manage.

I owe Zimra a great deal. I am so grateful to her.

Zimra, I wish you health and happiness. I" sure you won" abandon the computer. Write a book with all the secrets and stories and facts that you have not been allowed to publish over the years. I" looking forward to it.

With love, Eddie



Someone on the Hill

*Interview with Zimra Baran from
Bulletin 2177, 02.10.2024*



Interviewer: Zohar Asaf (excerpts from a two-hour discussion)

I was born in Beit HaShita. My class was the second group. The one before us were the “firstborns,” and we were the second. I mention this not by chance but because of the Bar Mitzvah. When the first class at Beit HaShita celebrated their Bar Mitzvah, it was such a special occasion! Then, when it was our turn, the War of Independence broke out, and we couldn’t celebrate. That’s why, every time I see a Bar Mitzvah here on Yizrael, I get deeply moved all over again.



My parents – My father was born in Königsberg, Germany (today Kaliningrad, Russia). He came to the Land of Israel in 1934, during the German Aliyah. My mother was born in Jerusalem, as was her father (in Silwan, the City of David). Her father was Yemenite, her mother Sephardic. My mother had five sisters and one brother. My grandmother gave birth to 14 children, of whom six survived. Some stayed in Jerusalem, two aunts lived in Yokne’am. My mother studied at the “Alliance” school until 8th grade, then began helping to support the family. She joined a youth movement in Jerusalem (Machanot HaOlim). Later, the group decided to go help a kibbutz. They chose Beit HaShita,” which at first was at Ma’ayan Harod. I remember the spring, because we used to walk there from Beit HaShita, play, and even zip-line from the trees straight into the water...

My father met my mother while working as a shepherd. (Like Rabbi Akiva, in a way...) The story goes like this: my mother was sent to bring him lunch. Every day she went to the sheikh’s house to fetch food for him. Now imagine this German fellow being served by a tiny Yemenite girl. It went on for a few weeks until they fell in love. My mother, with her humour, used to say that to enter the young men’s tent, one had to leap over all the filth... They lived in tents. When I tried to reconstruct the story, I realised my parents didn’t actually live in the same tent. So how was I even born? I have a picture of them lying together on the threshing floor...

One morning my mother came to my father’s tent and said: “Nechemia, good morning, Mazal Tov!” Father: “You wake me to say Mazal Tov? I’ve been on guard all night, let

me sleep!" Mother: "Not only that—I'm in labour..." My father leapt from the bed. They walked on foot to the train station (today the Shata prison), boarded a train to Afula. But from there they still needed to get to the hospital. My father saw an Arab walking with a donkey, approached him (speaking Arabic in a pure German accent), and asked: "Tefaddal, could you put my wife on the donkey—she needs to give birth?" The Arab agreed. He and my father walked, while my mother rode. The Arab said: "You know, this is the first time the woman rides the donkey while I walk on foot..."

They reached the hospital. It was July, the height of summer, and my mother was very dark-skinned. They entered the hospital, and someone called out: "Nechemia Klavansky!" It turned out my father's best friend from Germany was the head doctor there. They were happy to meet, talked, and then my father said: "Sorry, I'm in a hurry—my wife needs to give birth." The doctor asked: "Where is your wife?" Father: "Here." The doctor: "No, where is your wife?" Father: "Here she is!" It took him five times to understand that this dark-skinned woman was indeed his friend's wife. When I was born, I was very fair, a true blonde. The nurse at the hospital got so excited she carried me around saying: "This is the daughter of the German and the Yemenite!"

I am the eldest. I have five sisters. My father was *Abu bul-Banat*—father of daughters. Some men are born to be fathers of girls, and my father was perfect for it. A wonderful father.

We lived in the children's house—slept there, ate there, lived our whole lives there. We celebrated the holidays by ourselves, for ourselves. There was a separation between the adults' world and the children's world. We enjoyed it—especially when it came to food. We ate like rich kids while at Beit HaShita there was hardly anything to eat, and no money. Story: one day I came with some kids to the dining hall, to visit our parents and of course to eat. The long tables were set with tin plates, each holding half an egg and a tomato. We were hungry children... My mother took the crust of bread, spread on it a bit of olive oil, salt, pepper, and garlic, and said: "This is a delicacy—eat!"

At night I was terribly afraid of the dark. Oren once told me: "Because of you I'm afraid of the dark!" There was a night guard back then, and parents hardly saw their children. Education then included beatings. If you misbehaved—you got slapped. My mother always said: "Just not on the face, only on the bottom! Not on the face!" It was taken for granted that one raised children with beatings. No one imagined it could be otherwise.

All her life my mother wanted to move to a moshav, because she wanted her children with her. I think she was really a wonderful mother. She cared for us more than other mothers did. I knew it because all the children loved her. She was a real kibbutznik, worked tirelessly, always in charge of something.

She and her friend from Jerusalem, Chava Na'aman, came to Kvutzat HaChugim in Ma'ayan Harod. In those days, membership in the kibbutz was by vote. Every time, my mother's candidacy was rejected, while her fair-skinned friend was accepted. My mother asked: "Why don't you vote for me?" Someone replied: "Look, we don't know you from all sides yet..." My mother stood up, turned around, lifted her skirt and said: "Now you know me from all sides..."



"אנחנו
מכירים את
נאולה רק
מצד אחד"
ועדיין לא
הכרנו את
צידה השני
נלקח מתוך
"מעשיות
קבוצת
החוגים",
בית השיטה

The move to Ayelet HaShahar – When I was 15, there was a split in the kibbutz movement. Half of Beit HaShita, the Mapainiks, went to Ayelet HaShahar. In 12th grade we studied three months in Kfar Giladi and three months in Ayelet. It was the first attempt at a regional school, and it succeeded. At Ayelet HaShahar I married Amos Tzifroni—my first marriage.

We were asked to go on a year of service to Kfar Azza. Eli was already two years old. We were asked to "hold the kibbutz" until a new garin arrived. The group that had been there left, leaving it deserted. Fourteen of us came from different kibbutzim—Ginnegar, Afikim, Ayelet, Ashdot Yaakov, and more. We simply ran all the branches and jobs. I worked in three: cooking, laundry, and caring for three children. It was hard—Kfar Azza was a border kibbutz, guarded by IDF soldiers. The whole kibbutz was dug up with trenches. Every time there was shooting from Gaza, we ran into the trenches. Then came the Sinai Campaign.

One day the only phone in the kibbutz rang: "Zimra! A call from Ayelet!" I said to myself: "Surely Yochanan was killed..." I picked up. Yochanan was killed. A classmate. Two of my classmates were killed—he and Yoram Segev. And you ask me about wars? Since I was born—war, and another war, and another war... Hard.

We stayed in Kfar Azza about a year and a quarter, until the Garin arrived. We handed everything over and left. The soldiers returned to their kibbutzim. We went back to Ayelet.

After a few months, the movement called us again—this time to reinforce Yizrael, which had suffered a major exodus. I didn't want to go—we had just returned from Kfar Azza, and I was pregnant with Oren. But after I gave birth, we went, for the sake of peace—it mattered to Amos. Shayeh Yeshuah, the secretary (seven years), went around old kibbutzim recruiting for Yizrael. We joined. After Amos and I divorced, he went back to Kfar Azza. I remained on Yizrael.

On Yizrael – Children from outside arrived: Pnina Brish-Havshush, adopted by us; Hemi Freiman, adopted by the Slomans; Chaya Cohen, with Eilon and Nitza Halevi. I was in charge of schoolchildren and of absorbing these children. Every day I went down with them to school, made sure they settled, and hitchhiked back. One time Anton picked me up... and the rest is history.

Anton worked for Kupat Holim, in charge of vehicles in the northern region. He brought me from Afula back to Yizrael. He asked if he could come visit. He came, met Oren—and that was that! He fell in love with her. A year later we married on Yizrael, in the *Founders Hut*, which at the time was the dining hall. For our wedding, Bernie drew cartoons of a car travelling “over the hills and valleys” until it reaches Yizrael. Beautiful drawings—sadly, they weren’t preserved.

Anton bonded with my parents instantly. He learned bridge from my father and became an excellent player. My father taught him chess too. They often played: my father, Anton, Beni Toyuz, Aubrey Levin, Neil Freed z”l. Later the young Derek Davidson joined, and they never parted. Miriam Davidson was adopted by me, so Derek came home with her—and instead of falling in love with me, he fell in love with Anton.

Anton told very little about the Second World War. Only that his father threw him off a train, and he escaped with other children. No one from his family survived. All his life he searched for them. He did remember they made him a Bar Mitzvah—that he told us. Anton had been divorced; his ex-wife lived in Tel Adashim. She was an army diagnostic officer, intelligent and pleasant. She died long ago. They had one son, Udi Baran, who today lives in China.

I love the Passover holiday, and I found a wonderful partner in this love—Nitza Halevi. (later, together with Stas Gavrilov), we “made” Passover, which to this day is a special holiday on Yizrael. Before the Seder night, we would go out to the field (where the factory stands today) and celebrate the Omer Festival (based on the Omer offering in the Temple)—singing, harvesting, and bringing the grain into the dining hall, and then holding the Seder meal.

One day Michal Sadur z”l arrived on Yizrael, from Kfar HaMaccabi, where Shavuot was a grand and impressive holiday. She produced a magnificent Shavuot here. I approached her and suggested we cancel the Omer Festival, and instead bring symbolic sheaves before the Seder, while holding Shavuot the way she designed it. After all, everyone who took part in Shavuot also took part in the Omer Festival—singing in the choir, harvesting, doing everything to make it succeed. And so it was—before the Seder, the children bring bundles of wheat, and Shavuot is celebrated with dancing, singing, music, an agricultural procession—in short, a glorious holiday!

Over the years I worked in many places, too many to recall them all. I worked in the laundry for 14 years, off and on. Each time they took me for a year to the babies' house, then I returned to the laundry. The first babies I cared for were Ofir Halevi, Gilat Yuval, Yoram Zundel, and others. Later I worked in the toddlers' house. I went to study at Oranim, where I trained as a teacher of Bible. But as always, what I had was never enough for me. I used to sneak into music classes all the time. I saw that it was good, and I decided to teach music on Yizrael—since there had never been music classes here at all. When Jenny Zelas was principal of the school, I began teaching movement to records, and later tape recorders. In my last year of studies I taught Bible and literature in Beit HaShita.

I was even in the Border Police! Suskin and I caught the fellows who were trying to steal our almonds... It was written up in the kibbutz Alon



I also worked outside, at Ramat Efal, as the secretary of the director. One was Ada Sereni, and after her, Shai Huldai (brother of Ron Huldai). Ezra Shema z"l also worked there with me, responsible for the vehicles. Anton covered for me with the children—good for him.

One day a course opened, by Shoshana Mittelberg, called "Who's Afraid of the Computer?" I rushed there! At age 40 I discovered I was dyslexic. I had always known writing was hard for me, so I adopted a Hermes typewriter and typed away. At that time, I was asked to replace Peggy Friedman z"l as secretary of the factory. But English and I were not the best of friends. There was also an English secretary—first Natalie Baum, then Ita Pen. I was the Hebrew secretary, mostly the secretary for our "Foreign Minister," Yossi Piekarski z"l.

At the "Elex Control Systems" factory I worked many years. Yossi used to bring a tape recorder with him on flights, recording in the plane. He'd give me the tapes, and I would type his letters for him. Those were good days.



And then, whether I wanted or not, the rugby bug bit me. The South Africans and Australians brought rugby to Yizrael—Louis Milner, Milton Kaplan, Benny Segal, Dudi Silbovitz z”l, and many more who were part of Yizrael’s rugby team. I got involved because Eli, my eldest, started playing rugby. I was at every practice. I found myself travelling to every away match, adopting the role of “touch judge.” At first the practices were on the big lawn, later they moved to the

football field, which became the rugby field. Thanks to Milton, Bennie, and me pestering Dani Atar, the regional council head then (and now), we managed to build the field. Without them, Yizrael could not have done it alone. Today, when I come with my grandson Alon (Giora’s son) to a rugby practice, I meet people of all ages who come up to me, ask how I am, and I don’t even recognise them—they’ve grown up! It warms my heart to know that they remember me... Not to mention that Amir Beutler was one of the “little ones” running around when I first started. I love sport in general—I inherited that from my father, who was crazy about sport. He was a swimmer and a runner.

Do you remember Hillel Helman? He suggested I take a basketball referees’ course. I did—and I became a basketball referee, and later also a swimming referee. Giora was a swimmer, so who were the judges? The parents of course. Charlie Dolinko and I did the course together and refereed. Now my children and grandchildren carry on in sport.

My children and grandchildren

- Eli (and wife Ela) – two children, a son and a daughter, and three grandchildren abroad.
- Oren (and Yair) – lives in Tel Mond, four children and two grandchildren so far. One son in Tel Aviv; she babysits his daughter and his new baby.
- Irena (and Yaron) – three children, living in Modi’in. One daughter studies and works at Wingate, two sons in cycling.
- Smadar (and Ilan) – lives in Rosh Pina, three children. Two sons in the army: one in the Air Force at Tel Nof, one in the submarines—terrifying! The daughter is in 12th grade.

- Gazit – lives here on the kibbutz, a physical education teacher at the Western Valley High School in Yifat. She has a daughter, Shira, now in Thailand; Nevo, who is being called up to Gaza for reserve duty for the third time, and also volunteers in agriculture in Kibbutz Nir Oz, with Yuval Agmon; and Stav, in the Air Force, doing very well.



- Tze'ela (and Eran) – lives here on Yizrael. Three children: Alma, after the army, now on Yizrael and working in "Carmel" kindergarten, much loved by the children. Barak, just finished 12th grade, strong and tall, working in "Tabor" kindergarten until the army; and our youngest, Avigail, who just celebrated her Bat Mitzvah. Avigail helped a lot with Giora's children and with me—very talented.
- Giora – my youngest. Those who didn't know him before, know him now. Giora and his family left Kfar Szold and spent 11 months on Yizrael. They moved to Pardess Hanna. He has three children: Daniel, Ayala, and Alon.

Anton thought we would have only one child. After Irena, when more daughters kept being born, he was shocked! In the end a son was born, named after his father, Grigori.

For 24 years I edited the kibbutz bulletin. There is something about the bulletin's work. Patchy Shapira suggested I collect my editorials. I began collecting them, and then realised I could also do the same for Arnie Friedman's column "On Flowers and Garbage in Isabel's Capital." I loved it when Arnie came into my office—he would speak, and I would write.

Every morning, I swim in our beautiful pool. I swim and feel like I'm in paradise! I see our national bird, the hoopoe, appearing often. I see the trees growing, the lawns, and how everything is nurtured. Everyone who comes to Yizrael comments on the landscaping. I want to tell you this is no accident—it's tradition. Arnie Friedman z"l started it; it was in his soul. Among his pupils was Shai Halevi, now a landscape architect, who introduced the idea of lawns. There is something about Yizrael's landscaping that goes beyond flowers and grass. Efrat Agmon, who also had it in her soul, never let us step on the lawns...

I very much appreciate and love culture and tradition. I am an admirer of Amen Becker z"l. We put on plays here, never giving up on holidays and togetherness. I love that about Yizrael.

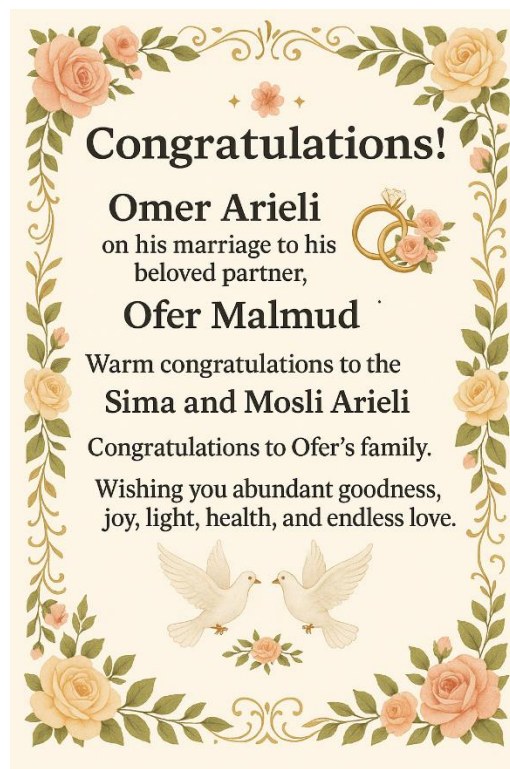
What makes me happiest are my children. The grandchildren are a bonus. But for me—it's my children. Actually, I should say my family, because I also dearly love my sisters. There aren't really things that upset me, but it pains me that some people don't work and don't care. I can't understand how someone can live off someone else. Gossip also bothers me. Maybe that's why I open my mouth without thinking and speak directly. (Zohar: "Either you say it or you don't.")

I love the togetherness and atmosphere of the kibbutz. There is something about Yizrael that I don't think can be transplanted elsewhere. That's what makes it special—precisely because such different people, from so many backgrounds, all live together.

What I would like to pass on to the next generation is—do good, love, and look at things positively, even if it means turning the negative into the positive. In my 88 years—wow! —I've learned that good and love are better.

What name for my book? Yaniv Shapira wrote my biography and called it "*From the songs of the Land*").

Zohar Asaf: Thank you, Zimra. You've repeated so many times the words "good" and "doing good"—and that really is something that characterises you. I'm so glad you are here with us. There are a few key figures in this place—Yizrael without Zimra is not the same Yizrael. You are a very meaningful figure—thank you for everything.



Community Management Meeting Agenda:

Sunday, 28.9 at 17:30

in the Meeting Room

1. Updates and Miscellaneous
2. Ron Granot's request for special leave
3. Presentation of the learning process from kibbutzim,

conducted by a team on behalf of the Management Committee

General Assembly + Open Discussion

Monday, 29.9, 20:30

Agenda:

1. Committee Appointments
2. Admission to Candidacy – Yaara and Noam Grinspan
3. Open Discussion – Presentation of the learning process from other kibbutzim conducted by a team on behalf of the Management Committee

Background to the Open Discussion on the Learning Process from Other Kibbutzim

(Mon 29.9.25 at 20:30)

In December 2024, against the backdrop of recognizing that we are facing a significant shift in the dividends from Maytronics—likely to create financial strain for our community—the Management Committee decided to embark on a learning process. The goal was to gather knowledge and insight before moving toward any concrete decisions.

This choice reflected our desire to be **pro-active** in shaping our future, not reactive; to **lead with intention** rather than be led by public pressure. The aspiration was to act wisely, with a broad understanding of the implications of different possible solutions.

A team was appointed from within the Management Committee: **Jeremy Perling, Idan Zelas, Elad Ilan, and Limor Griman. Erez Peleg, Community Manager, participated in all the meetings.**

Phase One was to identify the kibbutzim worth visiting. We chose those that remained cooperative after the major crises of the 1990s. Most are still members of the Cooperative Forum today, each giving “cooperation” its own distinct definition.

Phase Two was to define the issues to explore. Our questions centred on:

- How is the community budget structured? What are its income sources—work, pensions, profits?
- How is the individual member’s budget structured, and how are profits distributed?
- What characterizes the social fabric—cohesion, committee participation, cultural activity, communication and decision-making?
- Which community services are maintained, in what form, and what happened to services that were privatized?
- In kibbutzim that introduced change—what were the reasons, and how was the process led?

With this framework, we went to work.

We visited **five kibbutzim—Tzuba, Sha’ar HaGolan, Ein HaShofet, Hatzerim, and Ramat Yochanan**—all of which have faced, or are still facing, challenges: demographic, economic, or social. We also consulted with a professional experienced in guiding kibbutzim through change, to gain a broad perspective on processes across the movement.

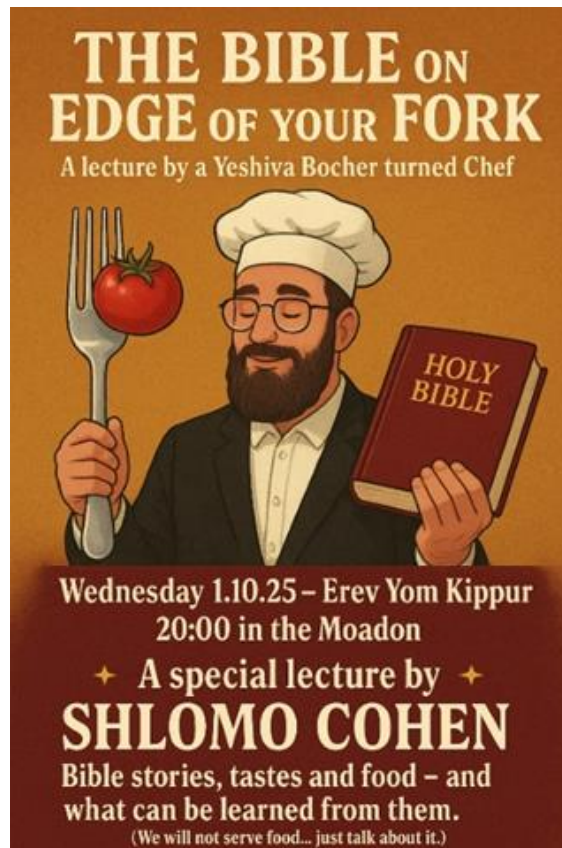
There is still much to learn and many questions to ask. Yet at this stage, we are ready to present to the community what we have encountered along the way, and to hear your reflections and opinions on how Yizrael should proceed in light of the insights from this learning journey.

Limor Griman – on behalf of the Learning Team

New English books in the Library

18-Eighteen / Alice Loxton

The Hidden Girl / Lucinda Riley



Sunday 28.9.25

- 9:00 – Or B’Giv’ah open
- 16:00–18:00 – Gathering with coffee, cake, conversation, and board games

Monday 29.9.25

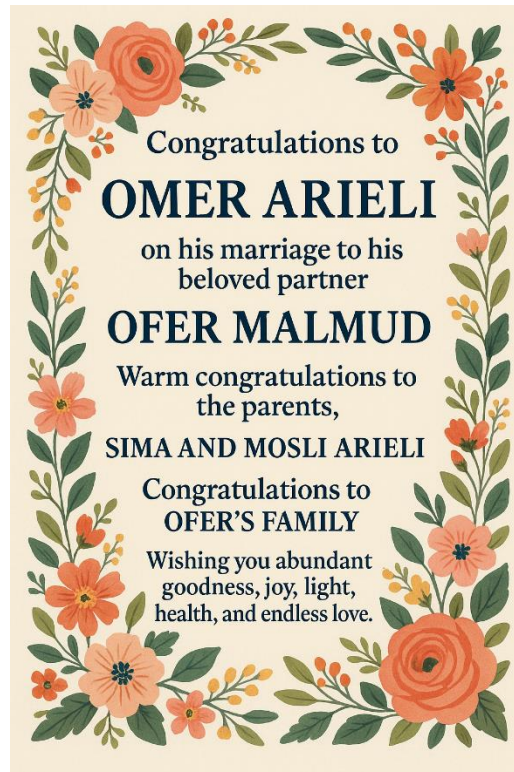
- 8:00 – Pedicure with Limor Moalem (appointment required)
- 9:00 – Sweet and Cold with Monica
- 10:00 – Brain games and trivia with Galia Shami

Tuesday 30.9.25

- 9:00 – Gathering with coffee, cake, conversation, and board games
- 10:00 – Preparing for Yom Kippur

Wednesday & Thursday 1.10.25 & 2.10.25

- Erev Yom Kippur and Yom Kippur



ENGLISH IS FUN with Rahel

COMMENTS, QUESTIONS AND REQUESTS RECEIVED IN THE GORHAM HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY OVER THE YEARS:

- Do you have a postal service here? Do you have a stamp?
- What is the easiest animal to report on?
- Does a chicken have a vagina?
- How do you know when you die?
- Do you have a photograph of the devil?
- Do you have a copy of *The Canterbury Tales* written in our language?
- Do you have the book *Pardon Me, You're Stepping on My Eyeball*?
- What is a good disease?
- Where is the Panama Canal?

- Is Europe in America? What about China?
- May I have some yellow sheets of white paper?
- What do you call those things you put at the bottom of the paper? Are they footnotes?
- I want a book with no chapters. Chapters bug me.
- Haven't you got something easier than this book? This must have at least a thousand words in it.
- Do you have a photograph of a dragon?
- What date is New Year's Eve?
- Were Mary and Joseph married when Jesus was born? How about when he was conceived? Did they even know each other? It says here, "And he knew her not."
- How do I find a book that I don't remember the name of? What was it about?
I don't remember, but it was orange.

Blessed be our school librarians. Amalgams of scholars, teachers, counselors, traffic controllers and baby-sitters, they march to the company of secular saints. May their tribe thrive and multiply.

.....more next week

Credits:

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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.

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