

The Yizraelite – No 2222 Date: 29.8.25

Kibbutz Yizrael



Eilon Halevi 23.7.132 – 21.8.2025

Reut's Editorial: The memories of the children who walked the paths of Yizrael with their parents or grandparents will forever include "Eilon's fish pond." The memories of children and members of Yizrael who celebrated the Passover Seder on the kibbutz over the years will always include Eilon's voice as the **"Father of the Seder."**

For many years, Eilon served as the "Father of the Seder", until a few years ago when he passed the torch to another who would continue his path. The unique Yizrael Seder – with its songs, readings, and, for those who remained until the end, a special *Chad Gadya* each year adapted to the Israeli present – was always the place where the Halevi family raised their voices together in song.



It seems only fitting that a man who worked with animals in his youth, and who delighted in tending his garden in later years, should also be the "father" of the spring festival – the festival of renewal, blossoming, and growth after the winter rains



Kibbutz Eulogy – Limor Griman

Kibbutz Yizrael bids farewell today to Eilon Halevi, of the founding generation, who arrived at the kibbutz a few short years after its establishment and lived here for over seventy years, in complete faith and devotion to the kibbutz ideal.

Eilon was born in July 1932 to Nahum and Rivka Halevi, in a Zionist-rooted home in the village of Givaton near Rehovot. Six years later, his younger brother Amatzia Ami, was born. Their childhood in the village was modest and simple, lived under the shadow of the events leading up to the establishment of the State—an era that left its mark on entire generations, and also on the path that Eilon chose in life.

In ninth grade he transferred to the agricultural school "Mikveh Israel," where he studied all the agricultural subjects and specialised in dairy farming. In addition to his demanding work milking cows day and night, he joined the "Hagana" organization and took an active part in defending the school during the War of Independence. Eilon was also indirectly involved in the development of the "Davidka" mortar by David Leibowitz, one of the teachers at Mikveh Israel, and even accompanied him to the sand dunes of Holon to conduct the first experiments.

After completing his studies, he joined the Tel Gezer training group, from which members were sent to join the founders of Kibbutz Yizrael. He later enlisted in the IDF, completed both the squad commanders' course and the demolition course. He loved his military service, but he never severed the bond with his friends on Kibbutz Yizrael—and the moment his service was complete, he followed his heart and joined them.

His choice to become a kibbutz member was no coincidence: it was an ideological and moral decision. Eilon saw it as a mission and devoted his whole being to the building and consolidation of the kibbutz. As a village-born youth and graduate of an agricultural school, he regarded farming as his life's calling. Already on his very first day in Yizrael, he reported for night milking in the dairy, and just a few weeks later he was appointed Dairy Manager—a role he carried on his shoulders for twelve years. Afterwards he moved to head the sheep branch, where he invested all his energy and soul during difficult years, working from morning to night for the success of the branch. Eilon believed in hard work, and especially manual labour—he saw it not merely as a livelihood but as a mission and a vision.

On Yizrael he met Nitza, who had arrived on the kibbutz a few years after him. Their love soon blossomed, and the two married and built a family together. With deep love, they raised their four children—Shai, Ofir, Idit and Gal.

Eilon was a devoted family man, closely and lovingly accompanying every stage in the lives of his children, and later also his nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. He was always happy to tell, with great pride, of their pursuits and accomplishments.

Eilon grew up in a home that valued knowledge and books, and he preserved an endless curiosity for learning throughout his life. He also attached great importance to family history, researching his family tree and ensuring that memory would be passed on to future generations. His friends on the kibbutz also knew him as a gifted storyteller—he always had an anecdote or an amusing memory to share from the past with anyone he met.

After finishing his role heading the sheep branch, he worked for several years in the cattle section of Tnuva and later in our retail poultry meat store at Of HaEmek, before becoming the kibbutz buyer and preparing members' allowances in the accounts department.

Even when he retired at age 72, he never really stopped working. He devoted long hours to tending his garden and his fishponds. Eilon's fish ponds were often visited by the children on the kibbutz. Eilon always found an original way to fix mechanical problems

Eilon Halevi was of the generation that built the State and built the labour movement—a generation of hard work, modesty, determination and faith. He will be greatly missed by his family, his friends and his kibbutz. His memory will live on in all our hearts: the image of a man upright and humble, devoted to his family and community, a farmer, a storyteller, a man of books—and above all, a man with a wide and generous heart.

To Nitza, to Amatzia—Eilon's brother—to Shai, Ofir, Idit and Gal—Kibbutz Yizrael mourns with you the loss of a veteran member so deeply identified with the kibbutz, its heritage and its values. We will miss Eilon's presence on the paths of the kibbutz, in the dining hall and beside his fishponds.

Dear Eilon, the soil of Yizrael, where you planted such deep roots, gathers you now into its loving embrace.

May the earth rest sweetly upon you. “ימתקו לך רגבי עפרה”

May your memory be blessed



Nitza's Obituary

Instead of the traditional obituary, Nitza chose to read her words spoken at Eilon's 90th birthday.



Dear Eilon. It is my honour to congratulate you on your 90th birthday.

I, who have accompanied you for so many long years (about 65 years), wish to share with those who came to celebrate with you today a few things about you:

First and foremost, you are a man of work in your very soul. Working with animals was the pinnacle of your life: from your school days at Mikveh Israel Agricultural School, and perhaps already from your childhood in Givton, where you would go to the neighbours' dairy to milk. The dairy on Yizrael was for you a natural and obvious continuation.

Your work with the cows and sheep continued for nearly 25 years – days and nights, Sabbaths and holidays. And ever since, in every job you took on, your work ethic remained the same.

For you, work was never just a way to pass the time – for you, work was a supreme value! And from this, stems also your attitude towards the working person: the deep respect you always held for construction workers or manual labourers on Kibbutz Yizrael (who usually were not kibbutz members...) found expression in your small conversations with them, and in the anecdotes, you so loved to tell. And when our lemon tree bore its fruit – no one of them was left out.

This was the joy of giving, of which you had so much. Your hand is always outstretched to help anyone any time. Your generosity and open heart, whether in donating to someone in need, or in support of a cause you believed in, are another vital element in your character.

And above all – the family! From the beginning you were the one who maintains the ties between the family members, on your side and on mine. You often ask: “when was the last time you had contact with your brother on Lahav? And with your brother on Kiryat Haim?”

Your care and devotion to the family, especially to the children, were most evident when you were a bit younger: each of the children, and even some of the grandchildren, were recipients of your endless driving to activities of all kinds – sports practices, basketball and football games, swimming, dance classes that eventually led to matriculation – summer evenings and winter nights alike, tirelessly, month after month, year after year, with great devotion. I know how much the development and success of the children meant to you, and I am certain you played a vital part in that success. We all love you very much! Nitza. 22.07.22

I loved you deeply, my beloved. Rest in peace. —Nitza

Eulogy by Idit

My dear father,

A devoted and loving father – persistent, determined, never one to give up.
A wonderful dad for a walk on your broad shoulders, or a shared ride on the bicycle,
always full of humour and little stories along the way.
A father for whom honesty and the straight path meant so much.

It was not always easy with you, but you always answered willingly, with great
generosity, whether for lifts, for trips, or for any help needed.

I will miss deeply your presence near the house, just to say “hi, Dad.”
I will miss your smile when we walked in, and the playful word, perfectly timed, that
made everyone laugh.

A creative father, strong, with a wide-open heart.
You were a wonderful, encouraging grandfather to all your grandchildren.
We will remember you with much love and longing.

Our dear father – thank you for everything.

Idit



Eulogy by Ophir

A few weeks ago, we celebrated your 93rd birthday.

Ninety-three years in which you lived a full and independent life: you built a home on Yizrael, raised children, welcomed grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

You grew up as a boy under the British Mandate, witnessed the establishment of the State, helped found Kibbutz Yizrael, and saw it flourish.

We, your children, hold countless memories: shared children's houses, the move to family housing, and your tireless work—whether in the cowshed, the sheep, Tnuva, Of HaEmek, or in bookkeeping.

Shai still remembers your days as dairy manager, when you filled the sink with water so he could play while you milked.

Idit and I remember the Saturdays when, as sheep branch manager, you took us with you out to the pasture.

You were always dedicated and committed to your work, continuing until the age of 72 before retiring. You drove Shai to basketball practices, waited patiently at my basketball training sessions when I joined the team at 18, and drove Idit to swimming. You even drove Stav several times a week to dance classes.

Even after we grew up, you continued to come and watch us play—whether in the national leagues, or any other setting. You even made it to rugby matches. Always busy, but always present. Your devotion to the family was endless.

Growing up with a father raised in a strict household was not always easy. Yet we always knew you stood by our side. And when grandchildren arrived, something softened in you, a new door opened. Nine grandchildren spread over 25 years, and you were blessed also with great-grandchildren.

In later years, your hearing and mobility declined. Conversations and movement became harder. Yet, with determination, you still worked in the garden, tended the fish ponds and the house, and cared—as always—for Mum and for all of us. In recent years, together with Mum, Idit, and Noa, you built a circle of support and joy.

Memories of long-ago days flood in: you playing football on the big lawn, walking with your carbine on night guard duty, trudging in boots to and from work. Countless sweet-bitter recollections, filled with nostalgia and connection to a simpler world.

This past week your good and generous heart betrayed you, and you suffered greatly. For the first time in 93 years, you spoke of pain. We hoped you would return home, to

give us another two—or twenty—years. Throughout, Mum and Idit cared for you with boundless devotion.

Words cannot capture the depth of your absence: at the dining hall table, outside the house, in the garden, by the fish ponds, everywhere. The farewell is hard, and we will need to adjust. We, your children, will remain united—for Mum and for the family.

Ninety-three years of independence, action, and fulfilment.
Rest now, dear Father.



Obituary by Shachaf

"My grandfather has a ladder, reaching almost to the sky."

My grandfather, Eilon.

When I was in kindergarten, I told all my friends that my grandfather was the strongest man in the world. When he pushed me on the swing he made out of a box and some ropes, I flew so high I could do a whole somersault. He would give me the fastest rides on his bicycle, even uphill. He was so strong he could carry a rock on his shoulder.

As the years passed, the bicycles became a mobility scooter, and the rocks were dragged behind him in a makeshift wheelbarrow. Even at 93, he was still the strongest grandfather. Just a few days ago, when my baby tried to climb on him, he lifted her with ease and sat her on his lap.

A 93-year-old grandfather who tended a magnificent garden, who went to eat because, in his words, "one has to go eat."

When asked how he was, he replied: "As befitting my age and weight." After we

returned from swimming, he'd ask: "Were the waters wet?"

Answers I always expected — but now they taste of longing and bring a smile.

Until his last day, my grandfather never needed help. Only once in a while, sitting in his regular seat in the dining hall, he would say: "Shachaf, bring me some soda." So I poured him soda and gave it to him.

And what did he give me?

Grandpa Eilon gave me family, an open home where one is always welcomed with a smile, routine, stability, and wonder. Wonder at how such an old man was so full of passion for life's smallest details.

He boasted of being the oldest member of the kibbutz, remembered so much, and recalled things faster than people a third his age. He enjoyed a slice of bread with chocolate spread after supper, was fond of halva, had his favourite spot on the sofa and his chair in the garden.

He could improvise a solution to any technical problem, climbed ladders even when walking had become difficult. A few nights ago, when I came to sit by his side in the hospital, I asked the nurse how he was. He answered: "Stubborn."

I laughed to myself and was glad that even in such hard and painful moments, you remained yourself — strong, precise, and spirited.

Grandpa, we did not talk much, but you were simply always there. Present. A part of the home, the family, and my life here. Grandpa Eilon, a man of work — your time has come to rest peacefully, facing the valley you loved so much.

I promise we will take care of Grandma.

"My grandfather has a ladder, reaching almost to the sky...

*So why, when I sang him a song he loved,
did he suddenly fall asleep and his eyes closed?"*

— Shachaf Halevi-Sassi



Avenue of palm trees at Mikveh Israel

Eulogy by Stav

At the threshold of your day—
toys scattered like treasures,
a white dove rising,
a song climbing toward the heavens,
and a blessed child,
cheeks flushed with life.

At midday—
the garments of battle upon you,
yet your hair still holds
a thousand tender kisses.
And in your legacy,
a round-faced infant
cradled in the pram.

Listen,
my little brother, listen—
listen to this world,
for it is yours,
it calls your name.
Tomorrow the kites will rise,
and another day will fade.
Our lives, my brother,
turn as a wheel.

At the setting of your day—
a silent gaze meets the dusk.
Your queen stands near,
a sword rests upon your heart.
This is your hour—
accept the blessings
that well from the depths
of God's heart.

These are my days,
and these are your days.
These are my prayers,
and these are your prayers.
Before my eyes

your life passes,
and mine with it.

Stav



A Birthday Greeting for Eilon on His 90th Birthday

By Ophir Halevi

What do you wish a person turning 90?

“To 120”? That sounds a little exaggerated...

“To 100 and twenty”? That sounds a little too close...

I wanted to bless you and wish you all the good the world can offer, and to say that I haven't forgotten:

That as a child – not a simple one, it must be said – before bedtime (and after I had “washed my feet all the way up”), you told me stories from the world of animals. You built me a dovecote on the lawn. You took such good care of my dog, Humi – because, as always, the child wants a pet, and the parents are the ones who end up taking care of it...

I haven't forgotten that as a teenager – not an easy one, it must be said – you took me to basketball practice in the sports hall in Mizra on Friday afternoons, when all the parents were resting. You, with the Renault 4, showing up and waiting patiently until the end of practice.

I haven't forgotten that you took care of the dog Johnny, bringing him inside in the cold and in the heat, summer and winter – and even though he was mine, he loved you more...

I haven't forgotten that as a young man – not a very standard one, it must be said – you accepted my craziness with the fish on the roof, and even helped with joy. At your place, on your roof, my professional career began...

You would come to rugby on Saturdays and to basketball on Wednesdays, when everyone else was sitting at home watching TV. I haven't forgotten that you always had emergency money in your wallet, which saved me more than once, back when credit cards and ATMs didn't yet exist...

Just two weeks ago I was swinging in a hammock tied to the tree in the garden, with a rope I had taken from that tree – the same rope that had been hanging there for 20 years, since the tree was small and dense, and every evening it would fill with birds, leaving their droppings, and you would chase them away by tugging the rope and shaking the tree. Every evening...

The tree grew, the birds flew away, and the rope grew weak. Luckily, I only crashed from half a metre high...

I haven't forgotten, and I've internalised, that family always comes first. The children, the talented grandchildren – how is it that in our family everyone turns out so successful... I haven't forgotten the stories of the extended family, the jokes from the days of Terpepu, and the big stories and the little anecdotes – how could I forget, if I hear some of them about 4,723 times?

I haven't forgotten how we went to Jerusalem for your bypass surgery, and I was amazed at the calm and composure you showed – I only wish I had inherited some of that coolness of spirit...

I haven't forgotten that for years you watered my garden and Vered's grave.

So, after knowing you for about 59 years, and with so many shared memories, I want to wish you that you continue to remember everything, that you be as healthy as possible, and that you enjoy every moment.

And one final blessing: see you at the 100th birthday party. I'll do my best to be there...

Ophir Halevi.



Eulogy by Tal Halevi – Gal's Wife

I have known Eilon for 19 years.

The first time I walked along the path leading to his and Nitza's home, he was sitting at the entrance, greeting me with warmth and a wide smile. Afterwards, he gave me a tour of the garden he was so proud of – and showed me the family albums, also his handiwork.

And so he was every time I came there, from that day on. A steady, solid rock of calm and a welcoming presence.

Whenever he told a story or a joke, he would burst into laughter at his own words. As a child, he called Gal “Wild Child,” and when Gal came home, he would ask him: “Where have you been, Wild Child?” – an anecdote that always made me smile.

As a girl who grew up in a very different home, I never ceased to marvel at the warmth of the reception I received from Eilon and Nitza.

When you think about it, in all the nearly twenty years that I have known Eilon and Nitza, there was not a single moment when either of them raised an eyebrow at anything I did or said. From Eilon I always received nothing but a broad smile. And it’s not that I didn’t slip up now and then – I certainly did.

When we told Zohar, his youngest granddaughter, about his passing, she cried and muttered for two whole days, “I’m not ready.” Not ready to accept that she would never see him again. For my children too, Eilon was a warm and radiant presence, linked in a Pavlovian way to the human landscape of their childhood.

Just recently Zohar spent time with Eilon and Nitza during the summer holiday. When she said goodbye to him, he acted out crying in pantomime, with a half-smile. When she said goodbye this week, she sobbed bitterly and asked me how she could go on living without him. None of the auto-suggestive arguments of the adults around her – that he had lived a full and good life – mattered to her in the least. And rightly so: such reasoning does not sit well with the raw pain of a child who cannot imagine life without his presence in the background.

As in life, so too in death – he considered those around him, waiting for the most opportune moment to depart this world.

Every time we come to the kibbutz, we will continue to come to “Nitza and Eilon,” as the sign at the entrance to their home declares. And we will always look toward the chair where he sat, waiting for us.



A Tribute to Eilon Halevi - Geoff Toister

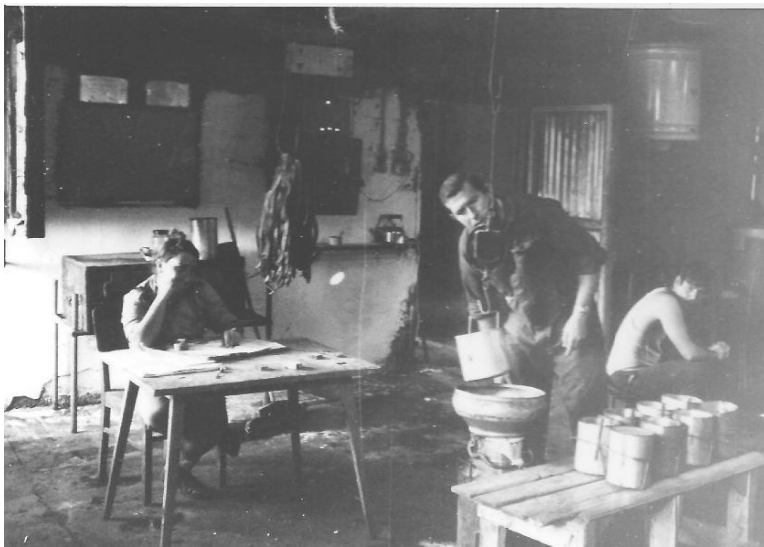
On 4.7.25, “Bizrael” (Alon. Issue 2214) published a short piece by Jules Feldman about the sheep branch. It was accompanied by two photographs of Eilon Halevi.

As someone who worked with Eilon in the sheep branch from 1968 until 1978, and as one who deeply respects his memory and his contribution, I wish to add a few lines to Jules’ note.

Yes, I worked with him, and also with Barry Feldman and with Eddie Solow, but we all stood in Eilon's shadow. No one matched him in professional knowledge, in responsibility, or in putting up with the physical hardships that were inseparable from the work in the sheepfold.

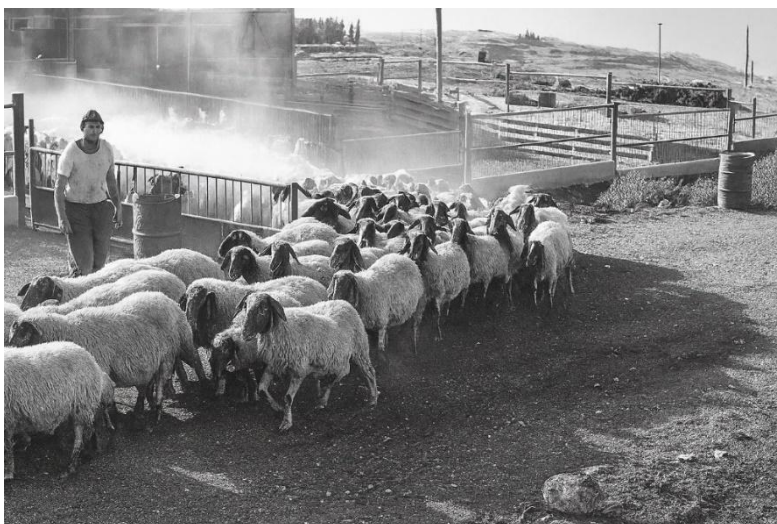
The most striking example of his professionalism was the monthly milk weighing. Eilon oversaw every stage of the process—from reading the numbers attached to the sheep's ears, to calling out the weight, to carefully recording the data on a special sheet.

In the pit (R): Geoff Toister and Haim Popirski



The weighing doubled the length of the milking—from two to four hours— The milk of each ewe was poured into tin cans, weighed, recorded, and only at the very end of this meticulous process, pumped into the cooling tank. And still the work was not done: the next day, Eilon would always study the results—checking whether the total yield matched

the quantity and quality of feed the flock was receiving, and which ewe should be sold due to low output.



If, in one of Jules' photographs (L), Eilon appears to be simply enjoying the sight of the flock going out to pasture, those who worked beside him knew that he was in fact looking closely to check whether a ewe was limping because her hooves needed trimming, or whether another looked ill.

Since 1978 my thoughts have turned, many a time, to those days—not out of nostalgia, but in an effort to internalise what I learned from Eilon. I have also visited Yizrael many times since then. On those visits, I would meet Eilon in the dining hall—sometimes as *Av HaSeder (Passover master of ceremonies – Ed)* on Passover eve, sometimes when he was working in the accounts branch, and in more recent years sharing memories of experiences I was not part of, but which he thought I was—and that was a source of pleasure for us both.

I mourn the passing of a man of rare stature. I mourn the passing of a man I admired. May his memory be held in the hearts of the members of Kibbutz Yizrael and its friends. *Geoff Toister Tel Aviv*



The above photograph shows Eilon milking by hand. The picture cannot convey the reality: that the low stool was so uncomfortable that anyone rising from milking always stood up with a backache.

Zimra's Column

To Nitza Halevi, My Dear Friend

In order to preserve the society we created, we need great effort, thought, the wisdom of the elders and the wisdom of the young, open eyes, an open heart, generosity, tolerance and patience, seriousness, inner truth, faith, friendship, and above all – much love.

The memories of Eilon will remain with me always...

I first met Eilon when I began working in the “new” laundry, after 10 months in which we had no laundry at all and I used to travel twice a week to Kibbutz Ginnegar to wash the clothes of the children and the members. The new laundry was adjacent to the dairy, and in the mornings Eilon would call to ask if I wanted to come to the cowshed to eat something... mostly eggs, of course. Something that Eilon and I shared was our love of eggs – fried, poached, soft-boiled, hard-boiled...

Above all, I loved to listen to his stories. And he had many: stories from his childhood, stories about his father (a wise and humble man), stories about people he met over the years – in the army, at Mikveh Israel, in the youth movement, and on Yizrael. What I loved most about Eilon was his love for Nitza. That love connected us. I grew close to the family as, over the years, our children were born around the same time, and so we would meet every evening to put the children to bed in the children's houses and the baby house. Kibbutz life in those days...

Eilon and I had many good talks – usually beginning with one of his stories, which would lead us to meaningful conversations. Eilon underestimated himself when he said he had not inherited his father's wisdom. In truth, Eilon had wisdom for life; he was a man of ideology, of honesty and faith, a man of dignity who believed in a meaningful life: a life of work, integrity, and friendship – friends for the way and friends for life.

A few years ago, Zohar Asaf interviewed Nitza and Eilon for the kibbutz bulletin. In answer to one of the questions, Eilon recounted a shocking story that had taken place many years before in Moshav Givton, his birthplace. Hard as it is to believe – as if 7 October 2023 had not already happened – and this is what he said:

“Eighty-four years ago, in our moshav, a gang broke in and murdered a mother together with her three children, including her eldest son, who was 14. The Dumnitz family. Since then, I have lived with that memory. Nothing has changed – only the scale. In the 1936–39 Arab Revolt, 401 people were killed. I know this because in the history and current events group, we discussed what was happening today, and I

mentioned that back then 400 people had been killed. The teacher corrected me and said it was 401 – and that is how I remember it.”

And Eilon added: *“The most important thing in life is that the next generation should learn better than we did.”*

As Yigal Alon once said: *“A people that does not respect its past, its present is meagre and its future is shrouded in fog.”* (At the founding of the “First Settlers Colony” in Rosh Pina, 1978).

And as we all know, what brought Eilon the greatest joy was always the family – his children, his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren. *“The family gathering – that is always a great joy!”*

Eilon and I shared the same birthday – the 19th of Tammuz. I was glad to find that I was not the only one who marked birthdays according to the Hebrew calendar. And so, every year for about 70 years, I would send him birthday wishes, and he would send me wishes in return. *“And behold, there was a man, and he is no more.” ...*

Rest in peace, dear friend. May your soul be bound in the bond of life.

With much love,

Zimra



In Memory of Eilon Halevi z”l - Hanan Shaliv

Eilon was a man of the Land of Israel.

His extended family had deep and widespread roots throughout the country – in Hebron, in the north, in Haifa, in Givton near Rehovot and more. The family members were pioneers of settlement and research; some were also active in the fields of culture, education, and planning – the “muscle and brain” of the Zionist enterprise. Eilon always emphasised that although his forefathers immigrated to the Land of Israel from Russia, there was a family tradition that they were descendants of the Spanish expulsion, who, in a roundabout way, had ended up in Russia.

Eilon belonged to the generation of the War of Independence – those youngsters who were not formally drafted into the IDF because of their young age, yet participated in defence and support activities for the fighters. Eilon and his friends from Mikveh Israel were involved even before the battles began. After being drafted within the framework of the Nahal, he went on command and demolition courses and took part in everything concerning the defence of the kibbutz.

Eilon arrived at the very young Kibbutz Yizrael together with his classmates from Mikveh. Here he worked and acted as a founder and builder of both the farm and the community for more than seventy years. He was always connected to the livestock branches – in the dairy, in the sheep which he managed and nurtured, and where he trained a new generation of shepherds. And of course, his well-known hobby – raising ornamental fish in the pond at his home. Upon reaching retirement age, he exchanged his milking boots for a pen and a computer. As a graduate of the “Farm Management Course”, he always took part in discussions and planning about the kibbutz economy and the strengthening of its branches.

He always proudly told of his deep commitment to Yizrael and of his binding declaration at that fateful general meeting on the future of Kibbutz Yizrael in the mid-1950s, *“I will not leave Yizrael.”* Indeed, together with a small group of founding members, he changed the course of events and laid the foundation for the kibbutz’s renewal and stability. Eilon had the privilege of building his family home with Nitza, whom he brought from Kibbutz Yiftach, and together they created the economic-social foundation upon which the community of Yizrael was built

Yizrael is a very unique social blend. At its core was a cooperative kibbutz with a rather small agricultural farm that, over the years, developed from grain fields and small livestock branches into irrigated farming, orchards, and a large cowshed. Today the work of the founding generation in agriculture is almost forgotten, but on the basis of their labour and accumulated knowledge we have reached this point. Industry and outside employment were later added, with Nitza among their pioneers.

The kibbutz community, established in 1948 by young native “Sabras” and Palmach members, was shaped through constant change, ongoing effort and struggle and, at times, painful crises. Many youth groups were absorbed from Israel and abroad. Later, individuals, families, children, and grandchildren joined. It is not the same kibbutz Eilon first came to, but it is certainly the home he helped build.

Eilon was a most significant part of all this achievement. Not always in the forefront, not always as he had wished or planned, sometimes even slightly from the sidelines – but always with full acceptance of what was developing and being built here.

Eilon was a man of the *vanishing* Land of Israel.

— Hanan Shaliv





Thanks from the Halevi Family.



At the Conclusion of the Shivah for Our Beloved Eilon

We wish to express our heartfelt gratitude and deep appreciation to the Bereavement Committee.

Thank you for the guidance, support, and dedication you extended to us in this difficult time.

Your precise care, attentiveness, and sensitivity allowed us to devote ourselves fully to moments of farewell, knowing that all practical matters were handled with the utmost responsibility.

A special thank-you to Inan, who led and managed the entire process with your unique calm, devotion, serenity, and professionalism.

Everything was conducted with dignity, order, and compassion.

On behalf of the entire family – thank you from the depths of our hearts,
The Halevi Family



Summary of Education Council Meeting - 10.08.25

Participants: Avishag Sharoni, Yael Oster, Limor Griman, Noga Harpaz, Nofar Brin-Dolinko, Neta Ratzin-Blass, Nir Baor, Adi Goldstein Ilan, Einav Nagar, Ofri Ziv, Sarit Laviv

Invited: Shimrit Tzafadia, Sigal Hadar

Guests: Tal Darom, Lior Keret

1. Living in Youth Rooms – Continued Discussion

The appointed team (Uri Ayalon-Brustein, Nir Baor, Adi Goldstein Ilan) presented **three options**:

- **Option 1:** Rooms for 11th & 12th grades (with new rules).
- **Option 2:** Rooms for 12th grade only (with new rules).
- **Option 3:** Youth programme without residential rooms.

Shared framework for Options 1 & 2:

- A clear written procedure, approved by the General Assembly.
- A steering team with parents, youth, and educators.
- Group meetings with all parents of resident teens.
- Twice-yearly individual discussions with youth, parents, and staff.

Main points from the discussion:

- **Option 2** (12th grade only) provides independence at a more mature age – a gradual transition before army/Year of public service.
- Question of authority: Is this for the Education Council to decide, or should the General Assembly approve?
- Importance of seeing the **opportunities** in the rooms – independence, responsibility, peer group experience, educational dialogue.
- The **difficulties**: boundary-setting challenges, educators forced into policing roles, blurred responsibilities.
- Need for clarity: parents are always responsible for their children, but the **education system is responsible for the rooms**.
- Success depends on **trust and partnership** with parents.
- Suggested to run a **pilot** before making a final decision.

Decision:

In about a month, the Council will meet again to refine the three options and formulate a recommendation for the General Assembly.

Following this, an **open community discussion** will be held, presenting the process, the options, and the Council's recommendation.

2. Budget Overruns in Teens' Personal Accounts - Discussion postponed to next meeting. Report prepared by: Limor Griman

New English Books in the Library

- * None of This Is True/Lisa Jewell
- *The Lost and Found Bookshop/Susan Wiggs
- *The Colour Storm/Damian Dibben
- *Before the Rains/Dinah Jeffries



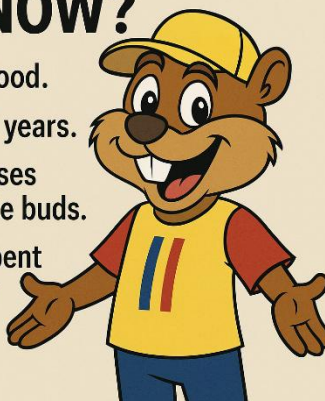
DID YOU KNOW?

- Lobsters have blue blood.
- A snail can sleep for 3 years.

By age 60, a person loses about half of their taste buds.

Over \$630 million is spent on golf balls each year in the U.S.

Message: Yitzhak Peleg



The teams have gone out for a preparation week – a chance to rest a little, organise for the coming year, and above all, to breathe after such an intense period. And in the midst of it all, a “small kibbutz drama” unfolded: the erection of fences around the Alon and Rimon kindergartens.

For years we managed to push this idea off, but the security reality has prevailed, and this time there was no choice.

But – and here there is always a “but” – we did not give up and did not despair. We gathered the sharpest minds in the community, and through joint thinking we were able to present the regional council with a framework that minimises as much as possible the harm to the landscape and the open spaces. Happily, the council cooperated and walked hand in hand with us.

It is important to add an educational note: in our perception, for ages 3–6 there is no need for a two-metre fence with locked gates. We trust the children, the boundaries they have internalised over the years, and the independence they have gained. This is how we nurture their sense of capability, responsibility, and personal ownership. Children who find meaning in exploring and engaging in the yard will channel their curiosity and initiative into constructive places – not into “testing the fence.”

Authorities will say that the fence is meant to protect against external threats. But for that, the kibbutz has other means in place, and we do not truly embrace the approach that “a fence solves everything.”

So, if soon you notice a tall fence peeking out near the kindergartens – know that every effort has been made to hide it, to reduce its presence, and to preserve the open and free spirit of the place.

A big thank-you to Aksel Levin, Shahar Levi, Guy Arad, Erez Peleg, and Limor Griman for the thought, creativity, and shared work.

And now – we wait for the children to return soon and once again fill the yards with laughter and sweet noise.

Yael Oster – Head of Early Childhood



Message from the Culture Cluster

“Two Frogs Fell into a Bucket of Milk...” 



Very soon, Tali Brauman will step into the role of Chair of the Culture Committee, and I will return to being only the Head of the Tapuach Cluster and focus on the road ahead.

This is my opportunity to thank everyone who helped during the interim period — through action, ideas, kind words, or participation. To the regulars and the one-timers alike — every single one of you was a joy to work with.

“Two frogs fell into a bucket of milk. One gave up and drowned, the other never stopped kicking — until the milk turned into butter and she managed to climb out.” This parable, to me, captures the spirit of our community — people of all ages and backgrounds who keep on doing things, even when it isn’t easy, even when the budget isn’t large. Those who keep “swimming,” even when the results are not immediately visible.

This is how our holiday events have been created, and how the daily initiatives and activities in between continue to thrive — quietly, behind the scenes, with persistence, care, and love. And the whole is greater than the sum of its parts; community culture doesn’t come only from the Culture Cluster.

Thanks to you, these events became moving, unifying, and full of meaning.

But to keep going — we need more of you. More hearts that care, more hands that help, more people who want to be part of it. Community activity in general, and cultural activity in particular, doesn’t happen by itself — it needs human energy, commitment, and presence. To grow, to connect, and to build a vibrant community — we need more “frogs that aren’t afraid to keep kicking...”

I wish Tali the very best of success, and to all my colleagues in the Tapuach Cluster — heartfelt thanks for the path we've shared together.

Feel free to reach out to me with ideas, initiatives, or even if you just feel like taking a holiday event into your own hands (the High Holidays are just around the corner...).

Yifat Segal – Head of the Tapuach Cluster



Social Involvement Committee

Our branches are growing and gaining momentum (Very mixed metaphor -Ed), and we are glad to see that even with a limited budget, a lot can be done:

- **Adoption and support of a kibbutz near the Gaza border** – following the recommendation of the Movement Secretariat, we chose Kibbutz Re'im. The leading team has already met several times with representatives of Re'im, and a number of projects are already underway:
 - Hosting families from Re'im in one of the apartments in Beit HaShutafut on weekends – starting in October, one apartment will be allocated for this project. If no families from Re'im register two weeks before the date, the apartment will be available for Yizrael members.
 - A performance by *Shablul* in Re'im – a huge thank you in advance to Yaniv and Eran!
 - Collaborations between the social-educational systems
 - A meeting of kibbutz veterans
 - A joint kibbutz trip, or hosting the Re'im kibbutz trip here with us
 - We would be happy to hear additional ideas...Project leads: from the committee – Yifat, Nitzan and Tzafnat, together with Dagan Meir.
- **Support and encouragement for female lookouts serving at the Jalami checkpoint** – a respected group of cake-bakers has formed (thank you to all!!) and already two weekend deliveries have taken place, in addition to hosting the

soldiers at the pool during the summer. From now on, we will send cakes to the base once every two weeks. We also hosted a group of soldiers for a festive dinner at the pub (thanks to Doron and Shlomo).

Project leads: from the committee – Eyal and Gazit.

- **Agricultural volunteering** – a connection has been established with *Leket Israel* and we are planning a joint volunteering activity during Sukkot.

Project leads: from the committee – Niv and Tzafnat.

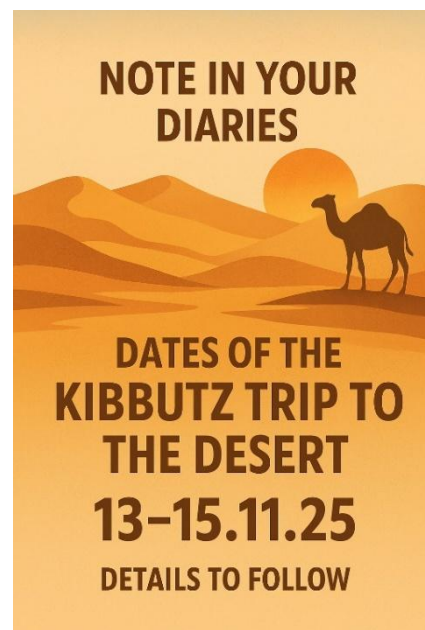
- **Hosting children and youth at risk, at the pool** – during the summer we hosted the children of *Beit LaYeled* from Kfar Yehezkel (and again, thanks to the one and only Shlomo Cohen for the pitot from the oven) as well as several groups from Malkishua.

We would like to thank all the members who responded to our survey, volunteered for the various tasks, and helped us better define our working methods.

It is also important for us to remind and explain that, unlike in past years, we are operating with a very limited budget. Unfortunately, this means we are unable to support private initiatives and projects. Members with ideas and suggestions are warmly invited to approach us, and we will look at how they can be integrated into existing projects or into plans for 2026.

Many thanks to all, and may we always remain on the giving side.

With hopes and prayers for an end to the war and the return of all the hostages,





Activities Schedule Sun. 31.8 – Thu 4.9

Date	Activities
Sun 31.8.25	🕒 9:30 – Lecture: <i>The World's Oldest Fossils</i>
Mon 1.9.25	☀️ 9:00 – Morning “Sweet and Cold” with Monika 🌀 8:00 – Tai Chi with Limor Moalem (<i>bring a towel</i>) 🌙 20:00 – Quizzes with Galia
Tue 2.9.25	🌐 10:00 – Artists and Interesting Sites in the World with Noa Armoza
Wed 3.9.25	🌱 10:00 – Nature in Bloom with Hamutal Assaf
Thu 4.9.25	🎬 10:00 – Film with Galia 🏺 20:00 – Open Ceramics Room – Workshop with Ziv Ben Bassat 🎨 17:15 – Exercise on chairs with Michal Sha'anani

ENGLISH IS FUN with Rahel

EAT WHATEVER YOU LIKE BECAUSE...

- The inventor of the treadmill died at the age of 54.
- The inventor of gymnastics died at age 57.
- The world bodybuilding champion died at age 41.
- The best footballer in the world, Maradona, died at 60.

And....

- The KFC inventor died at 94.
- The inventor of Nutella died at 88.
- The inventor of Hennessy died at 98.

How did doctors come to the conclusion that exercise prolongs life, when...
The rabbit is always jumping but it lives for around 2 years, and....
The turtle that doesn't exercise at all, lives over 200 years.

So, rest, chill, eat, drink and enjoy life!

THINGS TO PONDER:

- + Why do we press harder on the remote control when we know the batteries are getting weak?
- + Why are you IN a movie, but ON T.V.?
- + What was the best thing BEFORE sliced bread?
- + Why do we drive on parkways and park on driveways?
- + Why do "fat chance" and "slim chance" mean the same thing?
- + At a movie theatre, which armrest is yours?
- + When does it stop being partly cloudy and start being partly sunny?
- + When French people swear do they say, "Pardon my English?"
- + Why do people say "heads up" when you should duck?

ORIGINAL MEANING OF A DECK OF PLAYING CARDS:

52 cards for 52 weeks in the year

2 colours for day and night

4 suits for the 4 seasons and 13 weeks per season

If we add each of the cards (ace + ace + ace + ace + two + two + three + seven + eight etc.) of the game we will get 364.

Jokers were used in a leap year.

FORTY IS THE ONLY NUMBER IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THAT IS
SPELLED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

.....more next week



Credits:

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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.*