

# Roy

You are now resting in your final place.

You have finally succumbed to your illness, your cancer eating away at your capabilities, though you kept your quiet uncomplaining attitude, your personality in your daily life.

Some 65-66 years have passed since we first met, but those days are so far away, the memory of where and how we met are vague. Many memories do remain of the things we did there in Tottenham, living just a short five minutes walk away from each other, even before Habonim started up in the local Shul.

We were a threesome, you, Ramon (zal) my twin brother, and I.

We three were about ten or eleven years old, a year or so after WWII, after we moved down from Stamford Hill to Tottenham, the Tottenham of the Spurs, though our threesome did not play any football. Instead, we used to play cricket together, the cricket bat being yours. That we played some sort of cricket as a threesome is certain, once being the only occasion on which we ever argued. There was large park nearby, through which ran the River Lee, and parallel to the river, a canal through which barges were slowly moving up and down, and through the locks.

Our threesome thrived, also playing cards, though which ones have faded away in the many years of that long time ago. Those games were a good start to your later Bridge at Kfar Hanassi! The get togethers have milled themselves into a masse of memory, a memory of adolescents growing up.

But we were not alone. We were also part of a group of six or seven boys and girls, all about the same age, around eleven and twelve years old. Many of those times we were at your home, among other games we played as adolescents, I remember the kissing games, innocent as we all were.

Meanwhile, we were together in Habonim, going to the same camps, being together for the whole summer, the three of us, with Ramon (zal), for the three or four days on Pioneer, before the rest of the tsofim – youngsters of our age-would arrive, until the final clearing up.

One particular camp, we found ourselves in the same tent -was it Boris from Liverpool who was our Madrich, our leader?. He confided in us after a few days, that he was designated as the Madrich because whoever decided the different groupings considered us 3 as those most liable to be troublesome. Tottenham boys must have been known as anything but placid and eager to take part in any activities going on in the camp. From where we got that description I do not know, though we were anything but a problem.

Later, as we grew up, we played cards with a fourth boy, called Michael Silver. We played regularly, even though Michael was never a member of Habonim. Michael and his family eventually emigrated to Rhodesia, and we lost all contact with him.

Our close friendship ended that period around the age of 16 or 17, going our separate ways But we came together again and through Garin Hey we found ourselves in a similar future, on Kfar Hanassi. You and I even worked in Mifal Habonim, though in different departments, different functions.

Yes, we have traveled a long way from Tottenham, sometimes together, sometimes apart.

But the time has come Roy to say goodbye

With a blessing to signify that

With many a mixed thought we part

With memories of good times, but sorrow in our hearts

Roy

Rest In Peace,

Ezra