

From the memorial ceremony for my late brother Philip:

Excerpt from

**The Green Leaves of Summer by Dmitri Tiomkin**

A time to be reapin', a time to be sowin', The green leaves of summer  
are calling me home 'Twas so good to be young then, in a season of  
plenty, When the catfish were jumpin' as high as the sky A time just for  
plantin', a time just for plowin', A time to be courtin' a girl of your own.  
'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth And to  
stand by your wife at the moment of birth.  
A time to be reapin', a time to be sowin', The green leaves of summer  
are calling me home. ...

My earliest memory of Philip goes back to a time when he was five years old and I was three. It was during WWII and we were staying with Grandma Esther in Cardiff while our father was on reserve duty. Philip decided that the right and proper thing to do would be to buy her a present, to which end he proposed to dedicate his pocket money. In a silversmith's display window he spotted a silver sugar spoon. This he bought and duly presented it to Grandma, who was positively chuffed, while our Mum glowed with pride.

The area where we lived in South Wales, at first in the Mumbles and then Swansea, was certainly a green and pleasant land where we could gather blackberries off the Bush and bring some home for Ma to make a pie. And we would climb the rocks between Langland Bay and Caswell and picnic on the warm sand. And Phil used to play fives with his friend John in the school yard. When the time came, Phil was called up for national service, and got posted to Iraq. On demob, he visited me at the hachshara on the David Eder Farm in Sussex. He joined us and in short order, he and I arrived in Israel, settling in Kfar Hanassi. He met and married Frankie, and they raised a lovely family of four. Green Galilee was absolutely the proper home for Philip. It welcomed him and there he thrived and enjoyed life. May his memory be for a blessing.

ג'ודי, אחותו של פיל

