

ולומר לכם תודה גדולה שלא נרתעתם ולא ויתרתם על הביקורים אצלה, ומבקש גם מכם לבחור תמונה אחת יפה שנעים להיזכר בה, לאמץ אותה ללבכם, לצרוב אותה בזיכרון ושהיא זו שתלווה אתכם בהמשך.



אוהב אותך
אורן

To my Ima:

So here we are at the olive grove where we're all destined to be one day

Apologies Ima for speaking to you in English but we've been communicating this way all my life and after all, you were an English teacher. And as a teacher you would expect an executive summary so here it is:

I love you and miss you terribly

Before my personal message to you, I want to pass on a massive bundle of love from your Kiwi family including my amazing and very supportive wife Jo, her sisters Dee and Sue and their partners Paul and Peter, Jo's brother Scott and of course, the many children and grandchildren.

I always jokingly said that I'm your favourite son but now I realise what I really meant is that I'm your high maintenance son. The one you had to spend most of your time on. So while you may have been a frail woman at the end of your life, what I'll remember is a formidable woman that helped build a nation, raise four sons and put up with a mad husband. With that in mind, I'm going to take this opportunity to thank you. Not for everything, obviously, because that would take forever. Just a few things that popped into my head.

Thank you Ima for:

- Having me and nurturing me when the doctors asked you "lamah ha tinok lo noshem"?!
- Handing me biscuits into the cot, even though your dad the dentist thought it was a bad idea

- Looking after me during the three years in England when I was wetting my bed every night which is why Oran wouldn't let me sleep on the top bunk.
- Looking after the baby (Gili) so Aba, Oran and I could bravely climb the formidable cliffs of Ilkley Moor. And yes, in hind sight they were only about 3m high.
- Enduring all those horrible trips on an old 501 Egged bus to see the specialist in Haifa after we came back from England
- Providing a bag every time I threw up on the 501
- Sharing an exciting moment on Mount Carmel when we both spotted a navy submarine leaving the port
- Making the courageous decision to send me to Arad for three years which is the only reason my Asthma never developed into a debilitating disease
- Sitting in a non-air conditioned car for ten hours every two weeks to visit me in Arad then enduring the heartbreak of your son begging you to take him home with you and having the courage and wisdom to gently say no
- Being a teacher at my school and not embarrassing me (much)
- Sending me meringue biscuits to the army because they were my favourite, even though they always arrived looking like someone dropped 100 grams of cocaine into the goodies parcel
- Baking the best plum pie in the world and understanding that for the Collins boys it's about quantity, not quality.
- Spending two wonderful weeks travelling around the South Island with us, cramped into our Subaru and holding on for dear life when Aba drove (Aba! Yamina!).
- Accepting Jo as your daughter and not making fun of her Kiwi accent (much)

And finally, thanks for being the best mum in the world

I'll see you on the other side

Love

Eldad

