

From Alsace to England to Israel and from there all over the world.

Saba you and Savta have created a tremendous legacy of children, grand children and great grandchildren, daughters in law and blended families that were always welcomed with open arms.

Your home was a little haven of tea and biscuits whenever any of us turned up at your door.

Oceans have separated us on your last journey to meet up with Savta, Shauli and Tom, however we are with you in spirit at this moment.

You loved the open sea, so I dedicate this poem to you:

I am standing upon the seashore.

A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze, and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There! She's gone!"

Gone where? Gone from my sight – that is all.

She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination.

Her diminished size is in me, and not in her.

And just at the moment

when someone at my side says: "There! She's gone!"

there are other eyes that are watching for her coming; and other voices ready to take up the glad shout:

"Here she comes!"

Much love, Andy

