

כמה מילים מהבן הקטן שלך. אבל באנגלית,
כי אני כבר שומע אותך אומרת לי "English fool"

So I want to say thank you. Thank you for bringing me into this world and for raising me the way you did. As many here know: I was a very late child. Shmulik and Aviva were teenagers, Aba was ready to move on with his busy life managing the kibbutz. But you insisted, and you were determined to have another child. So Aba relented. And there I was growing up, basically as a lone child, with Aviva helping out as the loving big sister and Shmulik getting ready to leave to the army. It is fair to say I was well taken care of. Spoiled with so much love and caring and generosity.

Ima, you taught me kindness, you showed me wisdom and humor, you inspired me to learn, to be a good listener. Most importantly, you taught me how to make proper English Tea!

I remember when I left the kibbutz, you said to me — go figure out the world and try to make it better, make good choices, and don't forget to come back and visit. I tried my best to come as often I could. You hated the goodbys. I hated them too. But you and Aba were always so supportive of me and my life choices. Over the years, with every achievement and milestone I crossed, you reminded Aba "and you didn't want him." Well, as you lay here next to Aba, you can remind him of this again.

I will close with one of my favorite quotes of yours: "be good, and if you can't be good, be careful." Well, as you join Aba here, I hope you are both good and careful. I will miss you and always love you. Rest in Peace.

Your loving son,
Natan