

Dad,

You have been, and still are, our moral and ethical compass. That's how you raised us.

You were always the older dad in the group – by far.

An "**old-school**" education of a child who grew up in a **Chaidier** and later in the British education system in Dublin, Ireland.

A struggling family. You learned on your own as a Jew in a Christian environment that you had to work hard to survive, harder to excel, and even harder as a child with dyslexia in a place and time that didn't understand what dyslexia is .

You told us that despite the objective difficulties, you excelled in everything (according to metrics, of course) along with your good Jewish best friend Ralph that kept on with you until last year.

Since you couldn't write while speaking (it just didn't work together - Listening and writing) the learning method you developed was entirely memory-based. Excellence brought scholarships that compensated for financial hardship and allowed you to continue your studies.

That's how you taught us – tough, a high demand on ourselves. To be precise, not to be distracted by the environment – 'Ask your inner voice what is the right thing to do.'

Every day when we came home from school, there was a clear question – 'Did you learn something new?' or 'What did you learn today?' If I answered yes, the response was – 'Then it's a good day.'

Based on scholarships and excellence, you were also accepted into engineering and began academia, An injury to your father – our Zeida, forced you to stop your studies and help earn a living, and to a large extent changed the course of your life. By moving to London and becoming involved in the **Habonim** youth movement, you decided to make Aliya to Israel with a dual ideology—Zionism as a national ideology—and 'to find a better place for your parents to live', as a personal/family mission. Three years ago, on your 90th birthday, I managed to tell you that I envy you for being part of the most significant Jewish generation since Moses. A generation that came out of World War II to the void that existed here and established a society, settlements, and a leading state by countless measures.

You began your personal journey in Israel in **Ammiad** with **Habonim Garin Gimel** and decided that the society there was not welcoming and pluralistic enough for your parents. Therefore, you set out on a journey around the country in search of a suitable place. You did this with Simon, who became your close friend until last year. He is waiting for you. At the end of the journey, you arrived here on **Kfar Hanassi** — you felt that you had found the right community to accommodate your parents, and this is where you truly brought them.

Your life here has always revolved around mission and action for the movement/kibbutz/society/family, quiet endeavors— still waters, deep plowing.

Working for the **Habonim** at a hostel in Jerusalem with youth from abroad (in retrospect, as you confessed in recent years, you were also involved there in extensive activities for the security forces — let's call it 'passport recruitment').

Education in Kaduri boarding school —according to your words, one of the roles in which you failed spectacularly, and therefore, with proper humility, you handed over the field to others. As you said, 'If you're not good at it after truly trying – leave it to those who are.'

You were very proud of taking over the management of the fish ponds and bringing them to economic heights, and later as an operations manager in the factory and establishing the Machining center.

Throughout this time, you never stopped learning – you were a tireless autodidact. History, birdwatching, Mishna, Talmud and Gmara, operations management, and on and on.

For every question that came up in the living room, there was an answer in one of the hundreds of books on the wall. That leap from the armchair in enthusiasm to grab the right book and find an answer – how much degeneration there is in AI...

In third grade, perhaps one of my greatest moments of pride – Yael Shperung taught us Hebrew expressions. She reached 'Renaissance man' – and looked for an example – you were the example she gave.

You were quiet, never the social center, but you were very social. There was always a stream of people who came home, to the living room, to consult, meet, find an answer, connect people, embellish with history, or 'What is a kibbutz?'

There were always "adopted siblings" in the living room – volunteers, Hebrew studio students (**Ulpan**) from all over the world. It was a lesson in giving and I guess for us the kids also a method of exposure to the cultures of the big world for children in a small community. Many of them are still in touch today.

You knew you came from a very small family, from a family that almost no one else remained from – the Yodaikin family. Most of whom were exterminated in the Holocaust;

when you accidentally encountered in the streets of Jerusalem another heavy south African accented person who introduced himself first as Len (your name) and later on, in his impudence as Len Yudaikin, something ignited in

you and sent you to An endless journey of researching our family roots. Like everything else, you did it thoroughly and persistently, achieving incredible results in both depth (tracing back to Rashi) and extent – about 8,000 people whom you connected into a family association with meetings, aid funds, rescuing people from behind the Iron Curtain, research trips, and more – not bad for a kid from a four-person family and from your small Kibbutz apartment.

Even in retirement, you managed to make a living from genealogical research for people who requested it. It was a a combination of your passions – research, mission, doing for the other, history, Judaism and Zionism.

Apparently, in all this dedication to others, you somewhat neglected yourself, and at age 40, you were the "old bachelor" on the Kibbutz. But like everything else once you decided this needed attention, you did this with excellence as well, and you captured the most beautiful volunteer around. What a relationship you grew – there's nothing like it – mutual and blind love that never ended or diminished – mutual respect, working for the benefit of each other, and complementing each other. What luck, that despite your toughness, you found the most accepting, gentle, righteous, and loving person one could find, and together you were – an example of endless partnership.

Somewhere in recent years, before you became foggy-headed, stories of the MOSAD 'The Boys', as you called it, started to emerge. The most important thing among them was that you gave up the chance to open a "station" abroad because two weeks before that, you proposed to Mom, and you agreed that she would come here.

Your love was proven over the past three challenging years Since the stroke. Mom never gave up on you. Not even for a moment. and you, each time, through the haze, even when it was very difficult to speak, what you would say to me was (in many versions and forms) – "Take care of her". It seems to me that you held on so long just because you cared for her. Dad, from here it's up to us, the children and grandchildren, whom you loved so much and were so proud of – be assured, rest in peace.

Perhaps one last point – you constantly sought to observe, learn, and improve yourself. When I was 16, you told me for the first time that you love me – I already said it – OLD School. On that day you also confessed that although you knew your father loved and appreciated you, he never told you that. From that day, you made sure to tell me that you love me more and more often, until it became a habit. the barrier was broken.

Whoever reads this eulogy again will see that in every sentence there is a moral or value – and that lesson was demonstrated to us through your life by

personal example to us - your children, and later to your grandchildren – this is how you educated us: How to treat others, Zionism, take care of the collective before the individual, hard work, study, perseverance, continuous improvement, listening to the inner compass, and much more.

That's it – you went through a lot good and harsh. Never Never complaining.

I know you have a huge family up there that I know you're eager to meet.

Now that you have managed to overcome these stupide technicalities of death barrier and time you can move forward to meeting, interviewing and exploring, all your un reached ancestors.

We won't keep you any longer – enjoy!

You were for us – a father, loving, tough, and a moral and ethical compass.

I try to learn from you as you taught us to do. From the good the better and the lesser.

To my children I say I love them every day, and also to you.

We love you, appreciate you, and honor you – rest in peace, we are taking care of Mom.

Hillel and Binny

