

# שלום בוסטון ~ SHALOM BOSTON



למודעות פירסום ב泝 זה  
בגמגנון הקשר, אן להתקשרות  
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כתבות, אירועים, ומודעות  
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נפתחה בחארץ 22/03/2011

"הហוים של נחרגו בשלבי לוויו וכדי שנלך בגאותה"

שם רקם:

הקייטני אריאל וגיאת'

שחתה אהנו בו יום שני- 28 למץ, בפיורה ובוירון שי בייה  
שחפה אהנו עם נחמה צחיב נמי והרנו בהנה על מדינת ישראל.



ארון יריד ה"ז באזרה" (שאורו

או יירים מיל'תון) היה חלוצת חירות ישראל וזה  
הយידי שמודד תפקודם מצא סביר להאמין כי  
חויה מהשומם והולך

בליטורי על רוחנית ישראל, בפרט, שב-בריטניה.  
הយידי היה כה אושע להזכיר נושא השכינה מיל'תון  
יעקבו דוד הילל השוכן שבח'ריה

בליטורי השכינה מיל'תון, נבור בלבון  
שבשותחה ישלה, נבור בלבון  
ששותחה ישלה, נbor בלבון

בדי' רומי רובי :



Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen... I come here tonight to share with you a personal story of darkness and light, of faith and hope, of sorrow and joy. This story does not belong to me alone. It is the story of the People of Israel.

A year ago, on the eve of Passover, three "angels" knocked on my door. No, they didn't bring with them the prophet Elijah; rather, they were the bearers of terrible news: My second son, Eliraz – thirty-two years old and a Deputy Commander of Golani Battalion Twelve – was killed fighting terrorists in the Gaza Strip.

As soon as I saw who was outside my home, I slammed the door and shut the blinds so that no one could enter. When they finally did come in, I grabbed their hands and begged them, "Don't say a word! Don't deliver the news! Just let me have my son for one more minute. Because as long as you don't say those horrible, final words, my Eliraz still lives."

"This has to be a mistake," I explained. For I had already paid the ultimate price for our country's survival a dozen years earlier. Uriel, my beloved firstborn was killed in battle in Lebanon at the tender age of twenty-one. And, as if that was not painful enough, my dear son, Eliezer – unable to bale the loss of Uriel – died five years ago of a "broken heart".

And, so it was. Eliraz was born for the Seder without Eliezer, without Uriel, and now, without Eliraz. We cried as we heard from the Head of State: "Berach der vider, emdim alein laleidaynu" – "In every generation, they rise up to destroy us." In Uriel's generation, it was Hezbollah in Lebanon. In Eliraz's, it was Hamas in Gaza. Every generation has its enemies. And, every generation has its heroes, Uriel and Eliraz were as close in life as they are now in death. Both were born in Sharm el-Sheikh. In 1982, following the peace treaty with Egypt, our family was evacuated. As we drove away, I told my children not to look back to the home that we were leaving behind, but to look forward to the future – to the new life that we were going to build.

I planted in them the seeds of hope, optimism, and confidence because that is what mothers do. For every parent dreams of raising their children in peace, celebrating joyous occasions, seeing them settled and starting families of their own. My sons were sensitive, modest, and observant. They were content with life and thankful to G-d for what they had. They did not wish for war, nor did they relish the combat of but, when called upon to defend their people, they did not hesitate. They simply said, "Eema, it is our turn." They were always first in line, always leading the way to do what needed to be done.

In Eliraz's home, you will find no toy wars. There are no toy tanks and no toy guns. His children were raised in an environment of purity, innocence, and joy of life. These are the same values that he carried with him to the battlefield. His soldiers told me that, once, during Operation Cast Lead (CONFIRM), Eliraz saw a young Palestinian girl crossing the street. He ordered his troops to lower their weapons so as not to frighten her. "We are not fighting children," he told his men.

As siblings of a fallen soldier, Eliraz and his younger brothers – Avichai and Elasaf – were exempt from combat service. But they personnel combat service in the IDF as a mitzvah – a Divine calling. As their mother, I signed the special papers allowing them to become fighters. I signed with fear and trembling, but I was grateful for the privilege of being able to do my part to support the Jewish homeland.

You see, unlike my sons, I was not lucky enough to have been born in Israel. I was born in Morocco. In 1964, in the dead of night the Jewish Agency gathered us from the alleys of the Jewish Ghetto and transported us to a place whose name we only dared to whisper with reverence and longing – Eretz Yisrael. I remember arriving in Haifa and my father, wearing the white Galabia that he wore to the day he died, kneeling down and kissing the ground as he said the shehechyanah.

This scene echoed in my mind each time as I watched my sons' coffins being lowered into the ground at Mount Herzl, except now, I was the one who was kneeling and kissing the soil of Eretz Yisrael as it covered their bodies.

It is not natural, not right, not fair for a mother to have to bury two of her sons. A mother should have to decide which son to hug first, not which grave to visit first – that of my first-born gone so many years, or that of my younger son, whose grave is still so fresh, and for whom we finished saying Kaddish only this past Friday. These are not choices a mother should be forced to make.

Yet, though death has dealt me more than one painful blow, I want you to know that I do not despair! In Morocco, I had to walk with my head always bent in fear. In Eretz Yisrael, I can stand tall, proud, and unafraid.

I pray to G-d give me strength and to allow me to see my grandchildren grow up so that I can tell them, as I tell you now, about their noble father Eliraz and their wonderful Uncle Uriel...and about all the brave and heroic freedom fighters who defend our special nation.

And, when my time does come to leave this world, I will face the Almighty and tell Him proudly, "I did my share." And, then I will say, "Dai Kvar...Enough!" Do not force us to sacrifice any more of our precious children. Instead, please God, send peace and tranquility to Israel and to the world.

Tonight, my dear friends, I am here to tell you with perfect faith that even if the road ahead is long and hard, our people do not fear the journey. In the name of my fallen sons, I pledge to you that "Am Yisrael Chai" – The People of Israel will live on!

Thank you!

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