**The Yizraelite No. 2100, 31 March 2023**

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**Instead of the…. Edi-torial**

**I would like to thank Biff for helping me out in my time of need. Biff translated this week’s Yizraelite so I could concentrate or the Yizrael March. Thank You Biff**

**EDI-TOR**

**D-E-M-O-C-R-A-C-Y**

**We, together with the people of Israel, are demonstrating around the country.**

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The eighth Yizrael march – Saturday! Eddie Solo worked day and night on the march along with many good people, who helped him so that "the people of Yizrael", us – will get to know and appreciate the place where we live, raise our children, work and celebrate.

(Photo from the Seventh March (2018) at the Yizrael Spring.)

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In the meantime, we are continuing the "march" – a popular demonstration throughout the Land of Israel, regardless of the government's new promises. Many of members Yizrael attended demonstrations in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and at numerous intersections, such as at the Yizrael junction. We will continue to hope for the best.

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We share in the sorrow of the Matalon and Rosenblum families with the passing of their father, husband, and grandfather Moshe Rosenblum -may he rest in peace. The funeral was held on Wednesday at 16:00 at the cemetery in Kibbutz Yizrael. The family is sitting shiva in Moshe and Shoshana's home.

May you know no more sorrow - from the Yizrael Community

**A person smiling for the camera

Description automatically generated with low confidence**

Moshe was born in May 1933 to Yechiel and Rochele Rosenblum in the city of Lukov, Poland. His father was a wealthy timber merchant with a status in the city. Moshe grew up in a traditional Jewish home, and at the age of 4 he began studying with his brother at Heder. The war that broke out when he was 6 years old, ended his happy childhood. His mother died in the ghetto during childbirth. During the “Actions”, he and his family went through difficult days, hiding in the house in fear of the Germans. His father sought refuge for the family, and after several failed attempts, he and his children found refuge with a Polish farmer who had been in trade with him even before the war. His father and the farmer dug a hole under the horse stables, and in this pit Moshe and his three brothers hid together with his father and uncle, for almost two years, in the terrible conditions of the Polish winter cold, of overcrowding, of starvation and almost no sunlight. On the long-awaited day of liberation, when his father returned home, he stepped on a mine, which was buried at the entrance to the house and was killed. Moshe was transferred to a Polish children's home in Lublin, where at the age of 11 he entered the second grade and was an outstanding student. Hashomer Hatzair emissaries, looking for Jewish children, smuggled him to Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, and from there to Germany. Moshe stayed in Germany for three years, where he also studied Hebrew at a Hashomer Hatzair academy. In 1949, he immigrated to Israel with the academy, and lived in Kibbutz Sarid. He was on the kibbutz until the draft age. Moshe enlisted in the first cohort of the Nahal, a nucleus that was intended for Kibbutz "Baram", and volunteered in Kibbutz "Dorot", where he worked in agriculture. After his military service, Moshe left the kibbutz framework and moved with his brother to Ramat Gan. In 1959, he married Shoshana, and they had three children: Rochele, Sarit and Eyal. In 1958 he began working for a water drilling company, and from 1960 he went to work at "Mekorot" – the national water drilling company until his retirement. As part of his work at Mekorot, he worked in all parts of the country, from Metulla to Sinai. He would leave home for work on Sundays and come home on Thursdays. Over the years, he advanced to become a senior drilling manager. His specialty was in depth drilling. He saw his work as a mission, and was proud of his contribution to building the country. Starting with the Sinai War, Moshe participated in most of the wars that befell the country: in the Sinai War he served in the armoured brigade. During the Six-Day War, he served in the same unit as a combat medic and was on the southern front. He served about six months in the reserves. Between the wars, Moshe moved from the armoured corps to the paratroopers. During the Yom Kippur War, he was drafted into the paratrooper unit, and was the driver for the battalion doctor and was stationed on the western side of the canal. As soon as the Lebanon War broke out, he was drafted with the same paratrooper unit to Sidon, where he was at the brigade headquarters. Moshe was only discharged from the army at the age of 56. In 1998, Moshe retired and from then until the corona period, he was active in Mekorot's pensioners' committee. He was engaged in organising social activities for pensioners. In 2000, Moshe and Shoshana, as parents of members, came to the kibbutz. In the early years, due to their activity with Mekorot pensioners, they divided their time between Yizrael and Ramat Gan, and only about eight years ago did they finally leave Ramat Gan, but Moshe still travelled once a week from Yizrael to the Mekorot committee meetings. On Yizrael he joined in with the “parents” group and was in close contact with many members. He was in charge of the aquarium in the clothing warehouse, helped with repairs in Ofra Shapira’s "Worth a Look" secondhand store and was engaged in repairing watches and other things for many members. He was active in Dorot B’Gilboa and in the "Beacon on the Hill" Moadon.

Members of the kibbutz describe Moshe as a treasure. A man who, every time they spoke to him, impressed even more with his personality. He was a man who went through indescribable suffering and hardships, and talked about it, and despite this, his stories were washed away with optimism and love for fellow man. Moshe was a cordial man, generous, happy with his life, contributing, loving, willing to help, a conversationalist, with pure and good intentions, who was happy to help and give and do for others at his own expense, with the utmost generosity. He was a dear man, who in each meeting brought with him something different, special, and knew how to participate in high level, worldly conversations. Moshe loved the country, put down roots and raised a wonderful family. He did not stop talking about how wise he was to make the decision to move to Yizrael. He loved the kibbutz and its people very much and used to say that he arrived to heaven. For Shoshana, Rochele and the whole family, Moshe will be sorely missed in the kibbutz landscape, as an example and model of all that is good in man. May his memory be blessed.



My darling Moshe, the last remnant of your family, the Rosenblum family, who endured the Holocaust. Sixty-three years we have been married, and for two years prior to that we were friends. From the age of 17 I have been with you. Sixty-five happy years that we are together in good days and in those that were less. I no longer remember who I am without you, I often say 'we' instead of 'me', and it's hard for me to think that you're not with me. You were a generous and kind husband and you always made sure I didn't endure difficulties. When you weren't at home because of your work at Mekorot, I was the first in the neighbourhood with a sewing machine and a washing machine at home. The well-being of the family has always been your top priority. The first television in the neighbourhood was in our house, and the whole neighbourhood came to watch it with us. From nothing, with both your hands, through hard work, we built a wonderful home and we lacked nothing. We travelled together in Israel and abroad and I'm glad that overall we had a good and happy life together.

I would like to thank the kibbutz and the dear people who live here, for their help and support throughout the years. You welcomed us with open arms 23 years ago and have been with us for the last few months and in the difficult hours, nothing is taken for granted and I am grateful to you. It will be difficult for me but I am sure that with the support of my family and the community I will continue. You are my love, you have always been and always will be.

Your loving wife, Shoshana

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To my dear and beloved father,

I knew that the day would come when I would have to say goodbye to you and here it is, this bitter day and I still can't digest the reality that you are not here. What a good father you were, and I was always so happy and proud of you, and feeling that I had won the lottery. It is hard to believe today that a child who experienced so many hardships, terrible sights and loss in childhood could become the amazing person and father we had. Until a relatively late age, you did not tell us about what you experienced. You didn't want to upset us, and only when Dor was preparing his “roots” project in his Barmitzvah year, did you begin to open up and tell us, and then to anyone who was willing to listen. In my childhood, due to your work in faraway water drilling, you were a weekend father. You worked hard physically but did not give up on entertainment and travel, and thanks to you we got to know our wonderful country from the Sinai landscapes and more, through getting to know every interesting plot in the country, including meetings with your Arab friends in Jericho and Ramallah. Wherever you worked, you made connections and used to take us to experience and be impressed. Picnics, entertainment on the Sea of Galilee, ping pong games on Saturdays, the sea, the pool and most importantly – close relationships with your family and mother's family. Together with our mother, you travelled a lot around the world and in the years before the corona we travelled a lot together, the whole extended family for trips that none of us will forget. You never studied in an orderly manner, but you were very knowledgeable in every field and were involved in everything that was happening in Israel and around the world until your last moment. From you I have received the values and attitudes in which I believe and educate my children. You were an excellent father and an even more so as a grandfather. How much love and attitude you have given to your grandchildren. You always gave with all your heart; you would come to visit us with heaps of goodies and treats. Giving – it's you. When I chose to live on a kibbutz, you were happy. You and mother always came for visits with joy and when you retired and I suggested that you come as “parents of a member” to the kibbutz, you built here to my delight, your home, which allowed me and my family to enjoy you and my mother more. Always when they asked you how you felt on the kibbutz, you said you lived in paradise. You loved and appreciated what the kibbutz gives and does for you. Back on Sunday this week, when Kobi and Liran visited you at the hospital, you never stopped praising them and the kibbutz. Since learning of your death, I have received many condolences and so many family members, friends, told of the pleasant acquaintance they had with you and what a special person you were. The last few months have been tough. Your serious lung disease has deteriorated your condition and from a person who was completely independent you became disabled, dependent on oxygen, You had numerous hospital stays. In all the difficult days you did not lose your optimism and hoped that it would be better and that the situation would improve. I am comforted that you have finally died peacefully in your bed without further anguish. A month and a half before the age of 90 a day I had so hoped that you reach. Dad – I promise you that I and the whole large and special family you created, will take care of our good mother who took care of you with dedication and love until the last moment. I am so sad and sorry to say goodbye to you, physically, but I know and am sure that you will stay with me forever.

Your ever-loving – Rochele

**Two people standing in a field of flowers

Description automatically generated**

**Saba**

I have so many memories of you, ever since I can remember myself, I was my grandfather's child. I would stay close to you every time we would meet. I remember that when we used to travel from Ramat Gan back to the kibbutz, I would always cry, and I wouldn't want to go back, wanting to stay with you more. When I was 6 years old you moved to our kibbutz, and my dream came true, from seeing you once a week or two we would see each other every week from Tuesday to Saturday. Mostly I remember that we had a tradition, on Thursdays I would come to you, and we would watch Maccabi Tel Aviv's basketball games together, and after that I would go upstairs and sleep in your huge bed. In the army I received a commendation for excellence, and what made it so significant for me, was that you and Safta came to see me receive it and the fact that you were proud of me, was so important for me. About 7 years ago, when I met Ma’ayan, you finally moved to the kibbutz. Maayan and I lived really close to you, and it was the most fun for us in the world. We were really close, we would come every Friday morning to eat delicious toast, you would pamper us endlessly, you would bring us things from Ofra's store, and whatever was we did or didn’t have, you wanted to give us. You loved and cared for Ma’ayan as if she were a granddaughter for you, and she in turn regarded as a grandfather. Because you were like that, you gave with all your heart, and I accepted it wholeheartedly, and I feel blessed and appreciated it all. And it will stay with me forever. Saba, thank you for teaching me what love without limits is, and I promise to continue on your path, to act like that towards those around me.

Love, always, Alon Matalon

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**The Cabbage Search Section...** (temporary name only)

A little break, don't fool yourself... A few days ago, the corrupt man received an order from “Junior” to announce that he was pausing the reform until the summer session. I'm really sorry, but what I heard in his speech was mostly contempt, the continuation of the division, the division and the hatred for the miraculous civil protest that never before took place in Israel, and on the other hand – he praised the battalions of Bibi supporters who packed (not tens of thousands as they tried to portray it, maybe a few hundred...) accompanied by a terrorist group,La Familia, the fascists in the midst of it, and accompanied by Junior's Twitter messages calling on them to take to the streets and physically harm the demonstrators. And look what a wonder – they take to the streets and unlike the exciting demonstrations and nonviolent protests, within seconds they release restraints, beat, injure and even openly threaten murder. Ben-Gvir, who demanded and even received in return for remaining in the Knesset, permission to establish militias "that will bring order to the streets" and arrest the anarchists. I wish he knew the meaning of the words anarchy and fascism, for he is the real anarchist, behind whom a considerable number of indictments and cases in the police he is currently entrusted with. And again to the speech: do not delude yourself for a moment that the legislation will stop. He blinds and fools an entire nation – his voters and those who are not, and deludes everyone that he is stopping something... He just wants some quiet on the streets for the holiday and the possibility of an easy arrival at Ben Gurion Airport for another flight / vacation will be possible for him and Sara .

**Thank you, Netanyahu - Puchu**

Thank you, Netanyahu, a huge thank you.

That thanks to you I know that I have a nation

Who knows how to take to the streets every two or three days

As long as it is not headed by a liar -lustful, shameless

Wrapped in a multitude of people, of deeds

That at the moment of truth they are a bunch of zeros.

So thank you Netanyahu for opening our eyes

To see that for a people like this

Our hope has not yet been lost.

**Farewell to Moshe**

We sadly have lost Moshe Rosenblum, a charming man, a Holocaust survivor who was resurrected in the country he loved so much, to start a beautiful and loving family and spend the last few years in Yizrael, which he called "paradise". I got to talk to Moshe many times and I got to know a pleasant person, with golden hands, who at every opportunity would glue for me objects that were broken, cracked, etc. I will miss the fine Yiddish that he spoke and that at every opportunity he used to converse with my mother and with all the language lovers on the kibbutz. Moshe, may peace be with you and you will be comforted by Yizrael’s soil. And to Shoshana, Rochele and the whole family – my sincerest condolences.

**Teldor**

On Monday, about 30 members of the kibbutz visited the Teldor factory in Ein Dor, with whom we have a partnership, and received an instructive and fascinating tour and under the guidance of a father and son – second and third generations of factory workers, who led us through the various departments and eloquently explained about each coil and wire made by the factory. Thank you to My life partner, (RON COHEN) and Hedva Shaharabani, who organised and led this tour.

**On a Personal Note**:

I learned that there are those who disparage the alon and the writing in it and call it: "mediocre".

I will answer this with a smile – it's a shame, contempt makes wrinkles😊

A peaceful and blessed Shabbat

Yael Epstein Cohen

**Phil-o-sophia**

If Bibi thinks I am coming over for Friday dinner again in the near future, he can forget about it. He has been promising me real New Zealand lamb for dinner for as long as I can remember. I can't believe I'm saying this but I am pretty sure he lied to me, well almost certainly, let's say ninety percent sure. Let's just say this, the lamb has never materialised despite promises going back as long as I can remember.

If we're talking about promises, the ambassadorship to Wellington didn’t happen either. Nor did the Israel prize for literature, the appointment as head of the hevra kadisha or the cleaning job (with a car) in Caesarea. Some people say I am crazy to believe him. The only person who keeps my hopes alive is my tennis partner Dudi Amsalem. He assures me that Bibi will come through. "Look at what he has done for me he told me as yet another tennis ball ricocheted off his head.

The whole lamb business started with Itamar and Bezalel. I was bemoaning the fact that Jericho was closed and that the good old days of buying imported New Zealand lamb from Jordan was just a sad distant memory.

They reckoned that if they could sneak behind Yoav's back, getting a few kilos wouldn’t be a problem – they boasted that some of their best friends in Judea and Samaria were smugglers. "Wonderful people" they said. They added that now was the time to buy before the deportations started.

I asked if the meat not being kosher, was a problem. "Kosher shmosher" laughed Itamar. "You don't believe all that bullshit do you?" Bezalel added that his grandmeizer (a real Palestinian) only ate kosher if someone was watching.

Bibi was a bit unsure about the whole business but seemed happy enough to let them do whatever they liked. He promised me that if things got out of hand, he had both hands on the steering wheel and he would make sure I got my lamb roast despite the court ruling that only kosher meat could be imported into Israel. "What the high court doesn’t know won't hurt them" he told me with a wink.

I knew it wouldn’t be polite to ask about the promised lamb each time we sat down for dinner but once the boys were back in government, I admit I got a little impatient – I figured if you could have a right wing government "Malle Malle" then my stomach could also be "Malle Malle" with some roast lamb and potatoes.

I tried to be patient but there are limits. One day when I was over at Yoav's hut on the moshav I let slip, the whole story. He didn’t seem pleased that Itamar and Bezalel had been going behind his back – not pleased at all. He promised me he'd take care of it and that he would put a stop to their meddling. "They are a bloody disgrace" he told me. He also confided that there had been rumblings among the miluimnikim (reservists) about the kosher meat for some time – some pilots had even threatened to import their own meat on their next trip to the airport at Hallab.

He grumbled that I should have come to see him earlier because he was the only sane MK toiling away under Darth (Bibi) Vader as he called our beloved Prime Minister.

Yoav rang me late on Sunday evening to tell me that he had got hold of an entire sheep and he was planning a big BBQ. He said "Phil while we're enjoying each other's company and some great food Bibi will be eating his heart out.

Phil

** Thank you**

In recent months, our family has been adapting to health changes that required renovation of our small home. We would like to thank all the wonderful people who helped us fine-tune the renovation and get through it quickly and pleasantly. Aviva Beutler, Kobi Levy, Guy Arad, the clinic staff – thank you for the accompaniment during this difficult time.

We wish everyone much health and a happy and kosher Passover.

Zvi, Michal, Oren, Einav, Ayelet and Ilan Sadur

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**Great joy, Great joy, Spring has Come and Pesach is Coming**..."

**Pesach Programme**

Wednesday, April 5, 2023

18:45 – Seder Pesach Yizraeli, in the best tradition in the dining room

Friday, April 7, 2023

After dinner – our "Exodus" stories. A local storytelling evening for the whole family – friends tell their own private "exodus" story – in the Moadon

Monday, April 10, 2023

19:00 – Tent night: for the little ones and the big ones with a movie in the moadon and other surprises.

In each tent, at least one adult must sleep with the children – on the moadon lawn.

Tuesday, April 11, 2023

19:00 – Festive meal – in the dining room

Wednesday, April 12, 2023

18:00 – Mimuna Yizraeli with all the favourite sweets – in the dining room

During the day we will meet in the dining room to prepare the Mimuna sweets, - for exact hours follow the messages in Kehilanet and in the WhatsApp group "Culture Updates".

Happy Spring Holidays

**Reserve Fund and Economic Council** **Meeting and Asefa**

Monday, 3.4.2023 at 20:30 in the Moadon

* Reserve fund meeting – approval of financial statements
* Asefa – recommendation of the Positions Staffing Committee for the position of Chairman of the Economic Council - Uri Gilad
* Economic Council – Community Project Financing Model

Asefa and Council Committee

**Culture updates** – **now also on WhatsApp**

* Do you want to stay up to date with all our cultural events?
* Remember when you saw an event announcement, but not sure where it was posted?
* From now on, everything is in one place, for your convenience also in the new WhatsApp group – Cultural Updates (Closed group for comments)
* How do I join?

Look for the message about the group in the "Tarbut" forum in the Community – there is a link to join, or you can send me a message and I will add you to the group

Tal Wolfson-Darom, Director of Culture

052-3754326

**Google Blooper of the Week**

תודה לאיש שאתי ולחדווה שהרבני, שארגנו והובילו את הסיור הזה.

Thank you to the man with me and to the joy of the Rabbi who organised this tour.



**Activity Schedule from the 2nd to the 6th of April 2023**

Every day: from 8:30 to 12:00 - coffee, cake, conversation and table games activity

Sunday 2.4.23

9:00 Social gathering with coffee, cake, conversation and table games

9:30 Handicrafts with Hamutal

Monday 3.4.23

9:00 Social gathering with coffee, cake, conversation and table games

9:30 Chas Broadhurst – The Art of Painting

8:30 Limor Mualem Pedicure – by appointment only

Tuesday 4.4.23

9:00 Social gathering with coffee, cake, conversation and table games

10:00 Thinking games and trivia for Pesach!!!! - with Galia Shemi

16:00 to 17:45 Ceramics room is open under the guidance of Mickey Tous

Wednesday 5.4.23

Erev Pesach - closed

Thursday 6.4.23

Pesach - closed

Happy holiday!!