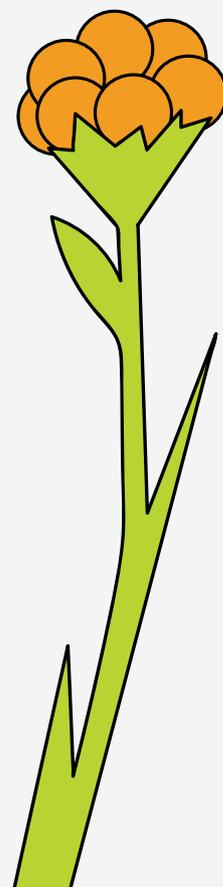


Yom HaZikaron

"For These Things
I Weep" –

Assembling the
Fragments

to Build a World
(Personal Sphere)



"For These Things I Weep" – Assembling the Fragments to Build a World

(Personal Sphere)

Goals:

1. To understand the meaning of the concept of halal ("void") in Israeli society (where the term comes from and why it is used to denote a fallen soldier), and to discuss how Israeli culture addresses loss.
2. To introduce participants to a number of personal narratives that promote an understanding of the sense of missed opportunities and of the concept of the halal.
3. To foster discussion not only of heroism as a channel for national identification, but also of the sense of missed opportunities, loss and the halal, and of those who share and participate in those feelings (relatives, spouses, friends ...).

The Activity

+ **For the activity leader**

- o The facilitator who leads this activity should know whether anyone in the group has ties to Israel's bereavement community, and should display sensitivity/make changes to the activity, depending on the relevant participant[s] personal needs.
- o The activity includes short films that deal with mourning for fallen Israeli soldiers and victims of terrorism. Explain the difference between the two, as well as the way they are connected in Israel (see Appendix A).

Opening – Statistics Puzzle

- o In every corner of a room, hang a letter and ask the group questions that are necessarily linked, in a "dry"/"statistical" way with Memorial Day for the Fallen

Soldiers of Israel and Victims of Terrorism. Each question has four optional answers; the activity leader assigns a letter to each option, and only one answer is the correct one. The participant group that stood next to the letter for the correct answer receives a piece of the puzzle.¹ The answers:

a. As we enter Memorial Day for the Fallen Soldiers of Israel and Victims of Terrorism, the number of those who have fallen in the line of duty is _____ (from 1948 to the present).

1. A. 2550
2. B. 130
3. C. 45,559
4. **D. 23,645**

b. In 2018, _____ (what goes here) the number of fallen IDF soldiers increased by _____

1. 5
2. 25
3. 64
4. **71**

c. In 2018, the number of civilians murdered in acts of terrorism increased by _____

1. 0
2. **12**
3. 64
4. 23

d. The number of Israel's fallen whose burial places are unknown is ____

1. 48
2. **176**
3. 10,000
4. Not able to be determined

e. On Yom HaZikaron, _____ people visit Israel's military cemeteries.

1. **Over a million and a half people**
2. 20 thousand people

3. 120 people – the number of Knesset members

4. It is not customary to visit cemeteries on Yom HaZikaron.

f. For the ceremonies, _____ "Blood of the Maccabees" stickers are printed for distribution at cemetery and school entrances.

1. A million
2. 24,000 – the number of the fallen
3. **4,100,000**
4. 7,000,000 – the number of Israeli citizens

- o Once all of the pieces have been given out, the group gathers again to assemble the puzzle (see Appendix B). The puzzle is the text on the meaning of the word halal (<https://www.haaretz.com/premium-word-of-the-day-halal-1.524727>), and one of the participants is asked to read the text aloud (preferably twice):

Halal: Into the Void on Memorial Day/Shoshana Cordova

(Ha'aretz magazine, 5 May 2014)

I am hardly the first to note that Memorial Day in Israel is nothing like Memorial Day in the United States. In a country in which military service is mandatory and just about every family knows someone who died in uniform, the day is not seen as a signal that you can wear white shoes, or as a time to shop or barbecue (that comes a day later, on Independence Day), but as a time to acknowledge the loss that is reflected in the full Hebrew name for the day.

The full name of Memorial Day is quite a mouthful: "Day of Remembrance for the Fallen Soldiers of Israel and Victims of Terrorism" is one of the multiple ways it is translated on official government websites. The Hebrew for "fallen soldiers" is halalei ma'arkhot Yisrael, the halalim of Israel's wars and military campaigns.

Halal, to use the singular, may be more familiar to English speakers as a term used in Islam to refer to things permissible under Islamic law, including approved meat and other foods. In Hebrew though, the meaning of halal that is most directly related to Memorial Day is “a person pierced, a person totally wounded, a person slain.”

The word is used in the Bible to refer to a dead person or someone who has been killed, as in Deuteronomy: “If one be found slain [halal] in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee to possess it” (21:1) and, perhaps most reminiscent of modern-day use, in I Samuel: “Now the Philistines fought against Israel, and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain [vayiplu halalim] in mount Gilboa” (31:1). But halal doesn’t just refer to the dead; it also means outer space, and that’s no coincidence.

Halal in the sense of “slain” or “pierced” (like the halelei-herev, those killed by the sword, described in Jeremiah 14:18) derives from the meaning of space in the sense of something missing on the inside – “to be hollow, to hollow out, bore, pierce.” This gives rise to halil, the hollowed-out cylinder known as a flute or recorder, and is related to similar words in several other Semitic languages, including Aramaic (halila, or “pipe”) and Syriac (halala, or “cave”).

In modern Hebrew, halal means a hollow or a space as well as the cosmos. Israel’s miniature NASA is called the Israel Space [Halal] Agency, while halal reik, literally “empty space,” refers to a vacuum.

Those who have the most intimate of reasons to mourn on Israel’s Memorial Day know firsthand that having a halal Tzahal, a fallen Israel Defense Forces soldier, in their family leaves a cavernous halal in their lives. The object of mourning, after all, is not the life that was but the life that is no more: the hollow space, the constantly present absence, that remains. But then, this sentiment was captured long ago; whether halal is used in Psalms 109:22 to mean “wounded,” “dead” or “hollow,” the underlying pain is clear: “For I am poor and needy, and my heart is halal within me.”

- The following activity is based on A Face. The Day. A Memorial – an online commemorative project, initiated by Beit Avi Chai in Jerusalem in which animation artists create unique memorial stories of Israeli soldiers and victims of terror.

Fragments of Moments

- o Recognizing the importance of Yom Hazikaron in Israeli society, Beit Avi Chai identified the need to create a meaningful project that could impart personal messages and tributes in a way that speaks to all Israelis and Jews, connecting with thousands of people through the internet. For more information, go to: <https://www.bac.org.il/specials/project/pnym-yvm-zykrvn?language=en>
- o Distribute laptop computers around the room, with earphones (if possible, get outlet splitters, so that two people can watch and listen to the films together at each station); the number of computers should be equal to half the number of participants so they can all be active at all times (e.g., if there are 10 participants in the group, bring and distribute 5 computers).
- o On each computer, load one of the suggested short films, hang a sign above the computer with the name of the film, and next to each computer place a kit (see Appendix C) containing:
 - Information on the event (war, terror attack) in which the person fell
 - A biography of the fallen person
 - A blank page for thoughts, feelings, questions.

Every 15 minutes – ask them to go to the next film. We recommend 4 such rounds.

- o Films and questions (the films appear in

the kit as files with subtitles):

- Hessed ("Lovingkindness" – David and Nava Applebaum; the terrorist attack at Café Hillel in Jerusalem) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-j2ZG7gA8lo>
- Yom Kippur Is Cancelled (Reuven Gavriyahu; Yom Kippur War) https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M_cQg938S_M
- Chords (Yaron Blum; terrorist attack at Beit Lid) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2Qi7B33lrsk>
- Guard Duty (Arieh Aloni; Yom Kippur War) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z0ak9WvtLgY>
- A Thousand Kisses (Michal Zohar, car-ramping, Akko) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3vBMJz4JnEg>
- Umbilical Cord (Eitan Nachman) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9IWjdnJAGTc>
- Shimaleh – Tiroayent Takala (Beersheba bus bombing) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T-bZTBlx0A>
- Uri (Uri Grossman; Second Lebanon War) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tePDryAfr48>

Discussion (full group)

- o Was there a film you found especially moving? Why? What touched you about the story as a whole, and what aspect of memory itself as it was reflected in the film?
- o Each director took a different approach to naming his or her film – how do you think the title choices can be understood? Did the directors relate only to the person's past, or also to his/her loss?
- o What feelings/thoughts/ideas were raised in the films? What did the various narrators

(mother, father, sister, spouse, stranger) try to "hold onto" while thinking about the fallen person? What did they (consciously or unconsciously) seek to remember?

- o In your opinion, can a single conversation or moment clarify or refine memory? Why?
- o When people are memorialized, they can be seen against the big picture or, as these films show – the focus can be on something small (a single sentence or experience ...). What is the value of each approach? What does each of them emphasize?
- o Do the films you viewed resonate with the text read at the beginning, on the meaning of the word halal? In what way?
- o The theme of this year's Yom HaZikaron ceremony, led and produced by Masa, will be "Fragments." What, in your view, lies behind the choice of this theme? How does it relate to the films you have viewed?

Group moment:

The activity may be concluded with a joint reading of the texts on missed opportunities (see Appendix D); a single text may be chosen, with each participant reading a paragraph aloud. Another recommendation: Ask the participants to share a memory of someone they knew who fell (in one of Israel's wars, in a terrorist attack in Israel or abroad), or of someone dear to them who was killed in other circumstances, and to light a memorial candle.

Two Readings for Yom HaZikaron – by Yair Lapid

(The following column appeared in the Israeli newspaper Ma'ariv on August 22, 1993, 5 Elul, 5753 during a week in which 9 Israeli soldiers were killed in action.

The Missed Chance

They'll never make it to the big concert – that concert of love – for which they learned all the lyrics and melodies, listening to worn-out tapes played over and over again on weary cassette players. When the band takes the stage and they hit the lights, and the young girls with their soft hair and slender necks raise their heads like white doves, they won't be there.

They'll never tell her, "I love you" – words practiced over and over under night's immunity, against the broken mirrors of military showers reeking of Lysol. They'll have picked out the right shirt, dusted off their jeans, placed her yearbook photo under their pillow. But someone else will have to say those words to her. They won't be there.

They'll never marry. They'll never have children. When the cries of a baby's new life are first heard, they won't be there.

They'll never set off on that long trek to the yellow desert. Their rappelling ropes, supple as snakes, will never unravel in the baggage compartment. The campfire won't be lit. The acoustic guitar, its case adorned by stickers, won't be taken out and no one will forget the second verse. And when a flash flood winds its way through a narrow desert gully, they won't be there.

They'll never "work over" a payphone, and never call to announce that they're coming home or that they won't be able to make it. They'll never lie that everything's fine, that they don't need a thing, that they have enough cash, thanks Mom. On the weekends, out of habit, the car keys will be left out for them. But they won't be there. They won't be discharged from the army. They'll forever wear their stone, square uniforms. They'll forever remain Sergeant Assaf, Sergeant Nir,

Sergeant Golan, Lieutenant Eyal, Sergeant Tzachi, Sergeant Avni, Sergeant Ari, Sergeant-Major Rakh'l, and Lieutenant Avi.

Their battalion will return to base, return their equipment, get their release papers and a pat on the back. They won't be there.

They'll never study. Not in the school of Life, nor in the yeshiva, nor in the university. One Hundred Years of Solitude will forever remain opened to page 120. Beitar Jerusalem will forever remain champions of the soccer league. Yehuda Polliker's next record won't be released until the end of all generations. There are so many things that they still need to learn, chiefly about themselves, but they won't be there.

When they die, we always write about who they were.

But the pain, the real pain

is because of who they'll never be.

Life Does Not Go On

It's not true that life goes on.

They always throw that phrase around and it's never, ever true. When you lose someone that close, your life – as you've known it – has ended. Your family may still be yours, but it's a different family. Your parents are different, the way you sit around the table, the way you remember that vacation to Greece and that album of ridiculous photos that has since become a tome of memory.

It's not true that life goes on.

People ask you simple questions, like "How are you?" but you understand what they really mean is, "We know" or "We're here for you." Anytime you're feeling sad everyone runs to your side, and you just don't have the wherewithal to tell them that you don't want a support group, just an hour of quiet under the covers.

It's not true that life goes on.

Even you can't remain the same person you were. Now you're a bereaved person. You're the person who

watches The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly on TV and all you can think of is who you saw it with the first time, back in the old Esther Cinema before it was torn down. You're the person who, when you laugh, people will say you're getting over it. If you keep busy, they'll say you're recovering. If you go away for more than two weeks, they'll say you're escaping.

It's not true that life goes on.

Even your past undergoes rewrites. Each time you tell the story of how you took the bus together to Bloomfield Stadium to catch the big soccer derby, you debate whether to call him "my brother" or "my departed brother" or "my brother of blessed memory." Sometimes you leave him out of the story entirely in order to spare everyone the moment of silent embarrassment. Every now and then you run into somebody who's been abroad a long time, and they ask you how your brother is, and you answer that he isn't, at least — he isn't here with us anymore. And you end up having to console them, to settle them down, and you'll remark that life goes on. Except it doesn't.

It's not true that life goes on. It ends, and it begins again. Differently.

For These Do I Weep— Gathering the Fragments to Create an Entire World

Appendix A: The History of the Shaping of Yom Hazikaron

- The State of Israel initially commemorated the fallen soldiers of the War of Independence on Yom Ha'atzmaut itself. Following requests of bereaved families, the government decided, starting on the third Yom Ha'atzmaut, in 1951, to instigate the "General Memorial Day for the Heroes of the War of Independence" on the previous day, the 4th of Iyar.
- In 1963 the Knesset passed the "Memorial Day for the Fallen Soldiers of the War of Independence and the Fallen of Israel's Wars Law," and anchored its customs in law. In 1980 the Knesset again changed the law's name, which from then on was called the "Memorial Day for the Fallen of Israel's Wars Law," and added reading the Yizkor memorial prayer for the fallen of the underground movements, the Mossad and the General Security Service.
- At the beginning of the 21st century, after a long process of discussions and difficulties in making a decision, the Knesset decided to commemorate the victims of terrorism in the framework of the Memorial Day events. The line "and all those murdered inside or outside Israel by the murderers of the terror organizations" was added to the Yizkor prayer.
- Apart from the Memorial Day for the Fallen Soldiers of Israel and Victims of Terrorism, the State of Israel also has a memorial day for the fallen whose burial place is unknown, on the 7th of Adar – according to Jewish tradition the day of the birth and death of Moses, whose burial place is unknown. The day is marked by a ceremony at the Memorial Wall on Mount Herzl.
- The decision to have a joint memorial day for fallen soldiers and the victims of terror was the subject of dispute among bereaved families in the past decade. Those in favor of the decision think that those who lost their lives for life in the State of Israel share a common lot. Those opposed to it maintain that it is not possible to relate to those who knowingly and bravely risked their lives in the same way as people who did not plan to die.

Appendix B: The Statistics Puzzle

Halal: Into the Void on Memorial Day/Shoshana Cordova

(Ha'aretz magazine, 5 May 2014)

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The word is used in the Bible to refer to a dead person or someone who has been killed, as in Deuteronomy: "If one be found slain [halal] in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee to possess it" (21:1) and, perhaps most reminiscent of modern-day use, in I Samuel: "Now the Philistines fought against Israel, and the men of

Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain [vayiplu halalim] in mount Gilboa" (31:1).

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Appendix C: Kit for "Fragments of Moments"

Chessed [Lovingkindness] (David and Nava Applebaum; the terror attack at Café Hillel, Jerusalem, 2003)



About the victims

David Applebaum was born in the United States to a very religious and very Zionist family. In 1972 he completed his bachelor's degree in psychology, and two years later he completed his master's degree in biology. He continued to medical studies, and in 1978 he qualified as a doctor of medicine at Ohio University. After his studies David did an internship in internal medicine in Mount Sinai Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, and qualified as a specialist in emergency medicine. In 1977 David married Debra and in 1981 they made aliyah and settled in Jerusalem.

David was someone who acted creatively and led changes in the field of emergency medicine. He was able to attain achievements due to good interpersonal relations with the staff and he coped with every challenge he encountered (from a puddle in the office that no one had mopped up, to a patient with a five percent chance of survival).

When David made aliyah, he operated an emergency ambulance in Jerusalem and made use of a drug to reduce the formation of blood clots, in the patient's home before arriving at hospital. During his work in the emergency room at Shaarei Zedek Hospital he realized that there were many patients who should not be there, and this realization brought him to found Terem – a medical emergency center where patients can receive quick medical treatment before going to

the hospital emergency room. The Terem centers became very popular. Dr. Applebaum maintained that if the medical team manages to raise the patient's spirits, his chances of recovery are better. He spoke words of Torah to some of the patients in order to distract them from the pain.

On September 9, 2003, a suicide attacker blew up the explosives that he carried inside Café Hillel on Emek Refaim in the German Colony, Jerusalem. Seven people were murdered in the attack, including David and his daughter Nava, who was due to marry the next day. Dr. David Applebaum was 50 years old when he died. He was survived by his wife, two sons, three daughters (Natan, Yitzhak, Shira, Shayna and Toby-Bella) and a sister. He was laid to rest in the Har Hamenuhot cemetery in Jerusalem, next to his daughter.

Nava Applebaum was born in 1983 in Cleveland, Ohio. She made aliyah with her parents David and Debra Applebaum and her siblings, and the family settled in Jerusalem. Nava was kind-hearted and worked to help others. When she finished her studies at Horev School in Jerusalem, she volunteered in Sherut Leumi in Hadera and for another year in Zikron Menahem, a support center for children with cancer. Nava would entertain the children by dressing up. She wanted to share her happiness with the children she cared for, and she invited those children who were in a good enough condition to attend her wedding with their parents. On the morning of her wedding she planned a party in the ward, for the children who were unable to leave the hospital. They waited for her in the morning, excited, but she did not arrive.

About the attack

The Café Hillel attack was a suicide attack that took place on September 9, 2003. In the café located on Emek Refaim in the German Colony, Jerusalem, a Palestinian terrorist, a Hamas member, murdered seven Israelis and wounded 57. The terror attack

was perpetrated by Ramez Abu Salim; he first tried to enter the branch of Pizza Meter but was prevented from doing so, escaped, and entered the cafe. He exploded a bomb weighing 3–4 kg that he carried.

Yom Kippur Is Cancelled (Reuven Gavriyahu, Yom Kippur War, 1973)



About the fallen soldier

When you read the many memoirs written about Reuven Gavriyahu, you discover that an exceptional, warm-hearted, generous and above all, modest, young man, studied and worked and fought here. Reuven was so modest that you can even recognize the surprise in the eulogy that his father wrote about him. "We, the parents of our sons the heroes, are average, simple Jews. And behold, from the stories that reach us from the soldiers, their comrades, our sons arise and stand as figures of fearless warriors. There are parents among us who wonder: who gave birth to these sons, who surpassed themselves by carrying out wonderful acts of heroism and dedication... The truth is that our sons too, like us, like all of us, are simple, ordinary Jews. However, our sons love the State of Israel, our homeland, the land of our forefathers, and as they feel that their country, the land of their heritage, is in danger, they rise to the highest level of fighting ability, resourcefulness and bravery. This is the strong foundation on which the defense force is based and the foundation of the existence

of the State of Israel."

Reuven, son of Leah and Hemi Gavriyahu, was born on Iyar 20, 5707 (April 22, 1947) in Jerusalem. He attended Maaleh elementary school and Kol Torah yeshiva in the city and completed his studies at Ayanot agricultural high school. He was a good, hardworking student and succeeded in his studies. Reuven was also an outstanding athlete and took part in many contests at school, and was known to be very sociable and active among his friends and acquaintances, for whom he was a leader. He was tall and good-looking, and although he was modest, he was confident, had a serious attitude to life and was vivacious and always ready to help others.

Reuven enlisted at the beginning of August 1967 and volunteered to serve in the Armored Corps. After he finished his basic training, he completed a series of courses, a parachuting course, sappers' course, scouts' course and armored corps radio operators' course. His commanders valued his skills and sent him to an infantry officers' course and after he completed this and a reconnaissance officers' course, he was stationed in an armored reconnaissance patrol in the position of operations officer and deputy reconnaissance company officer, and was awarded the rank of

first lieutenant. He was an excellent soldier and an admired commander, who never had to impose his authority and his opinion, as he had natural leadership skills and authority that was derived from morals and friendship. In the War of Attrition, he served as the commander of a reconnaissance unit, and once held a Passover Seder for his men in the open field, during a march.

After he was demobilized from mandatory service, he married in a ceremony that took place in the Old City of Jerusalem: in this way he wanted to demonstrate his family's strong connection with the united Jerusalem, as his parents had married in the same place. Reuven always made an effort not to worry his family: he wrote or called home at every opportunity so they would not worry, and when he set out for war, he did his best to reassure them.

About the incident

On Hoshana Raba 5734 (October 17, 1973) after twelve days of fighting selflessly to hold back and stave off the enemy's advance, Reuven fought in the area of the "Chinese Farm," in preparation

for the breakthrough of the bridgehead. This was a determined attempt to stop the tanks of the Second Army from penetrating and to prevent them from crossing the Suez Canal. Reuven, who was then acting as the operations officer of the reconnaissance unit, stood on the extreme point in the brigade's zone, halting the enemy's advance at the cost of his own life. His APC was hit and he was killed. He was brought to rest in the military cemetery on Mount Herzl. He was survived by his wife, daughter, parents, brother and sisters and was promoted to the rank of captain posthumously.

His commanders and comrades told of the courageous battle in which he fell: "During all the days of the severe, cruel battles his confident voice was heard over the wireless, directing the armored unit under his command. Even in combat, he tried with all his might to defend the lives of the soldiers under his command and to instill confidence in them. When the battles abated and the soldiers found time to sleep, he remained to guard his men. He did amazing work, with skill and resourcefulness, and he proved his readiness to fulfill any difficult and complicated task."

Chords

(Yaron Blum, Beit Lid Junction suicide bombing)



About the fallen soldier

Tishrei 10, 5735
(September 25, 1974) –
Shvat 21, 5755 (January
22, 1995)

Yaron Blum's great love
was the computer.
From the age of 9,

when he received his first Sinclair computer, Yaron dedicated most of his time and talents to it. He learned and progressed through his own efforts, and during his studies in Grade 12 he even started working in a software company. At first, he was employed to crack viruses and, when his employers discovered his ability, they employed him in advanced programming work.

Over the years Yaron took an interest in many and varied fields: from chemistry, aerodynamics and

electronics to photography and drawing comics. He liked playing music with a group of good friends, who were also addicted to computers and liked music and science fiction. His friends said that "still waters run deep" and even in a meeting where hardly anything was said you felt that you were sitting next to a rare soulmate.

In November 1994, Yaron enlisted, and at the end of his basic training he was deployed in the Maintenance Corps. He was sent to a course for maintenance NCOs, received the rank of corporal and was placed in the position of maintenance NCO in the Paratroopers Brigade base in the West Bank. He was very disappointed by this placement, as he wanted to serve in a position that would express his ability in the field of computers and contribute his talents to the system. Nevertheless, he devoted himself to his job in the base's armory, and digitized it at his initiative.

According to his commander, Yaron was a disciplined soldier, who gave much of himself. During his military service, he continued his studies in the Open University, and planned to work after his military service in the Hebrew University's supercomputer project, while completing his studies. Yaron was killed in the terror attack at the Sharon Junction (Beit Lid), together with 21 soldiers and one civilian. He was brought to rest in the Mount Herzl military cemetery in Jerusalem. He

was survived by his parents, his sister Efrat and his brother Noam. He was 20 years old when he was killed. After his death he was promoted to the rank of first sergeant.

About the attack

This was one of the most severe terror attacks in Israel in the wave of attacks of the 1990s. On Sunday, January 22, 1995, two suicide bombers blew themselves up a few minutes apart at the bus stop at Beit Lid Junction, east of Netanya; 21 soldiers and one civilian were murdered in the attack.

Like every Sunday morning, hundreds of soldiers were waiting at Beit Lid Junction for shuttles to the east to their bases in the Samaria area. At 9:20 a loud blast shook the place. The terrible screams of the wounded echoed in the air. Soldiers from the guarding unit and civilians who were there ran to the site of the blast to help the wounded. In the ensuing chaos, no one noticed the second terrorist moving towards the kiosk with the second bomb attached to his body.

A minute and a half after the first blast, the second one followed, which was more lethal than the first because of the crowd of many soldiers and civilians, who hurried to the assistance of the people wounded by the first blast.



Guard Duty (Arieh Aloni, Yom Kippur War, 1973)

About the soldier and his death

Heshvan 22, 5713
(November 10, 1952) –
Tishrei 13, 5734 (October
8, 1973)

Arieh Aloni was born in Kibbutz Dan, great-grandson of Yoseph Feinberg, one of the leaders of the First Aliyah and one of the founders of the city of Rishon LeZion. His father, Yoseph Aloni, was jailed in Egypt during the War of Independence. Arieh went to Tze'elim elementary school in Be'er Sheba, and later to the Boyar high school in Jerusalem. Arieh loved poetry, and wrote many poems himself. He loved traveling around Israel, always made new friends, and was considered the leader of his class.

Arieh was drafted into the Israel Defense Forces in November 1970, and joined the Nahal. He

disliked army life and had a hard time adjusting to military discipline, but gave his all to missions he considered important. He was stationed at the "Village" outpost, on the shores of the Suez Canal. In battles during the 1973 War, he helped rescue casualties, and carried on fighting despite sustaining a head injury. He was killed in combat at the outpost gate. At first, he was considered missing, and in April 1975, the Egyptians handed over his body. He was buried in the military section of the Be'er Sheba cemetery. He was awarded the Medal of Distinguished Service for his bravery.

After his death, his parents received, among other things, the following letter of condolence: "I was Arieh's math teacher in Grades 9, 10 and 11. I have no way of consoling you, and the only purpose of this letter is to let you know that one of his teachers remembers him with special affection, for being a wonderful person, and with special admiration, for being the brightest of my students."



A Thousand Kisses (Michal Zohar, run over in the Akko train station, 2010)

About the fallen

Michal Zohar, the daughter of Bina and Udi, and younger sister

of Tal, Itai and Yael, grew up and was educated in Gilon, a community in the Galilee in the Misgav region, where she lived during her childhood and adolescence and when she became an adult who was all about love and giving to others. In the framework of her studies and leisure time, Michal

took part in dance groups and in the Misgav dance troupe. She even took an advanced matriculation exam in dance that included a theoretical paper and a practical exam in classical ballet and modern dance and presentation of a composition she wrote. Thanks to her great talent and her untiring efforts, Michal grew up to be an outstanding dancer in the field.

When she finished her studies, she (temporarily) left the world of dance hoping to return to it after fulfilling her military commitment.

Michal chose a designated track to becoming an officer in the Adjutant Corps. Beginning with the basic course, followed by the officers' course and ending with the corps supplementary course, Michal stood out in her internal leadership ability, values and firm opinions, and was selected for additional training as a continuation program to complete her position on the ground as a liaison officer.

About the incident

On Thursday, November 11, 2010, Michal was on her way home from her military service, hoping to reach Misgav and return to dancing after a year's break, when a truck driver deliberately crashed into the bus stop near the Akko train station, where many people were standing. Michal, who was waiting at the stop, was critically wounded. The doctors fought for her life for many long hours, until at midnight she died of her wounds.

Context for the film

Just before Eitan celebrated his 20th birthday, his girlfriend Michal asked him what he wanted for a present. "Nothing," he replied, "I don't

need anything; I have you, and that's enough." "Nevertheless," his girlfriend did not give up, "there must be something, think hard." "Alright," he gave in with a smile, "I want a thousand kisses. But really, OK? Don't try to cheat."

"When I heard Michal had been wounded, I left the army. It was already late, and it was a long way," Eitan says, "By the time I arrived she was no longer alive. I didn't even manage to see her in hospital." Eitan went straight to the home of the mourning, crying family. "I saw broken people, and I didn't know what to do," he remembers, "I sat next to Michal's mother and hugged her, and she told me that Michal had prepared something for my birthday. 'I think you're mistaken,' I said to her, 'I will never receive what I wanted,' but she went away and came back with a pretty, decorated box. I didn't know what could be in it. I opened it and saw it was full of candy 'kisses.' That was actually the moment when I realized that that was it. It suddenly hit me and I cried."

Umbilical Cord (Eitan Nachman, fell during his service, 1974)



About the fallen soldier and his death

Tammuz 1, 5715 (June 21, 1955) – Tevet 8, 5735 (December 19, 1974)

When he was five years old, Eitan and his twin brother Benny spoke a secret language that only they could understand.

Their mother Esther would look at them and try in vain to understand the conversation. At school they were sometimes like a single being: if the teacher called Benny to write on the board in a subject he wasn't good at, Eitan would step forward, and vice versa. When the two discovered girls, they couldn't bear the fact that the experience was separate; that they couldn't share girls. They made up for it with the stories told each other when they exchanged whispered secrets at night. Sometimes, when they could not restrain themselves, one of

them would turn up for the other one's romantic meeting, to see at first hand and express a genuine opinion. Of course, in the end the girlfriend would discover the deception. In the army each of them kept a notebook in his shirt pocket to write down thoughts and experiences that he would later tell his brother in his letters. There was no experience that was not recorded, minute by minute. It was important to them that what one of them underwent, the other would also experience.

Eitan was an athlete. He took part in all the sports activities at school, played soccer in Hapoel Tel Aviv and trained in gymnastics in Hapoel Ramat Gan. In his last years at elementary school, his outstanding tendencies towards manual work were revealed and he registered for Ort Melton vocational high school in Bat Yam. He chose mechanics as his main field of specialization. When the day came,

these two loves – sport and his love of mechanics – prepared Eitan to become an excellent soldier in the IDF.

At the end of July 1973, he enlisted for mandatory service. Eitan remembered his father's stories well and decided to follow in his footsteps, to the Artillery Corps. He got what he wanted. On Tevet 8, 5735 (December 19, 1974), Eitan fell on active duty, at the age of only 19 and a half. He was brought to rest in the military cemetery in Kiryat Shaul. He was survived by his parents and his brother and sister. In a letter of consolation to the bereaved parents, his commander wrote: "Eitan, the team commander, was a quiet, modest commander who was loved and accepted by the soldiers under his command and by his commanders. He was the first to volunteer, and an example to soldiers and commanders."

Shimaleh

(Tiroayent Takala, the terrorist attack in Beersheba)



About the murder victim

Tiroayent was born in 1971 in Ethiopia to Demlau and Mula Gobze. When she grew up, she married Tespia Takala and four children were

born to the couple, Geshau, Abif, Degito and Adiso who happily joined their sister Tarik. Tiroayent and her family always dreamed of going on aliyah to Jerusalem, but when the family managed to make aliyah, Takala had to leave her children in Ethiopia. Only after a long period of a determined struggle the exciting news arrived that she could make aliyah and join her family. Tiroayent was a devoted and pleasantly mannered woman, who came to

Israel with much hope in her heart and a strong desire to build and advance in her new life in Israel.

The family was again torn when Takala was murdered in a terror attack, less than a year after she made aliyah.

About the attack

On Tuesday, Elul 14, 5764 (August 31, 2004), Tiroayent left home in the morning and went to the market on her way home. At about 15:00, two suicide bombers blew up the explosives they were carrying one after the other in two buses in the center of Beersheba, no. 6 and no. 12. About a hundred people were injured in the two explosions. 16 people were murdered, and Tiroayent was among them.

Uri

(Uri Grossman, Second Lebanon War, 2006)



About the fallen soldier

Elul 10, 5741 (August 27, 1985) – Av 18m 5766 (August 12, 2006)

Uri was born on Yom Kippur in Jerusalem, the son of Michal and David, younger brother of

Yonatan and older brother of Ruti. Like his name, Uri brought light to those around him, a thin baby with a mane of blond hair and a wise, adult, inquisitive look in his gray-blue eyes. A gentle baby who was delicate-looking, but strong and determined.

From kindergarten until he finished high school, Uri attended the experimental school in Jerusalem. He liked the school's atmosphere of freedom and openness, and enjoyed the educational approach that enabled him to speak to the teachers and principals at eye level. It suited him – to value others and to be valued, not because of their age or the authority that accompanies an official position, but because of their personality and actions.

In adolescence, one summer, the thin, delicate child suddenly turned into a solid, wide-shouldered boy. He began fitness training, and learned yoga and Tai chi. Then his girlfriend, Ayelet, joined his life. "I think," Ayelet eulogized him, "that it was impossible to be your girlfriend, Uri, without feeling that something unique is happening here, that can't be reconstructed, special and different from anything I will ever know. Uri, you gave me an experience – of being in your presence and enjoying your love, and the warmth that you give to people near to you."

When the date of his enlistment approached, Uri

dreamed of being a combatant and a commander in the Armored Corps, like his brother Yonatan before him who also served as a tank commander in Battalion 46 of Brigade 401. How happy he was when he was told he would be enlisting in the Armored Corps. How proud he was to be a gunner in a Merkava 4 tank, one of the first to operate this tank.

After training, Uri had a difficult service, mostly in the territories, standing exhausted at barricades and on reconnaissance along the separation barrier. "Uri always was a real left-winger, a humanist," says Yonatan. "A man of peace who opposed violence, and he maintained these opinions throughout difficult, tiring active service in the territories. At the same time, Uri was a fighter, a brave, tough combatant, who always insisted on being at the front, a real Zionist who was prepared to give everything for the state."

Uri sought a way to behave humanely also in the framework of his role at the barricades. When he approached a Palestinian car to check it, he did everything he could so that the forced, unpleasant meeting would take place in a tolerable way. If there were children in the car, he tried very hard not to frighten them or hurt their parents.

Again and again, Uri was disappointed in his wish to become a tank commander, but he knew his abilities, did not give in, and struggled for his right to go on a commanders' course. In his determined struggle he reached the chief Armored Corps officer, and eventually was accepted and greatly succeeded in the course.

Uri wanted to return as a commander to the company in which he had served as a soldier, but he well understood the complicated challenge

that would face him. He returned, coped with the difficulties, and became a good and liked commander: he did not cut corners, did not give in to himself or to his soldiers, was not burned out.

In July 2006, four months before he was due to be demobilized, Uri was supposed to go with his family on a trip to Guatemala to meet his brother Yonatan, who was already at the end of his long trip in South America. But then the Second Lebanon War broke out, and Uri went north with his company, to the Golan Heights.

About the incident

On July 30, 2006, Uri's tank entered Lebanon for the first time, and for two weeks the team was active in Lebanon. On Saturday night, August 12, 2006, in the last hours of the war, when he was in a rescue campaign in Khirbet Kasif in the eastern sector, the tank was hit by an anti-tank missile, fired by the Hezbollah, and all its men were killed: Major Benaya Rein, First Sergeant Adam Goren and Sergeant Alex (Sasha) Bonimovich were killed together with Uri.

Yonatan, his older brother, said then: "Uri was a charming, wonderful person with a pure heart. He was always surrounded with friends. He supported Maccabi Haifa and Manchester United, and he liked eating hummus – the first thing he would do when he came home from the army was to drive to Abu Gosh, and order hummus at Abu Shukri... No one ever managed to make me laugh like he did with our crazy private humor, which now no one will understand."

His father, the writer David Grossman eulogized him: "This boy, with his ironic viewpoint and his terrific sense of humor, will be no more. The young man with an understanding that was so much deeper than his years will be no more. The warm smile and the healthy appetite will be no more, the rare combination of determination and gentleness, will no longer exist, his commonsense and wisdom will be no more. Uri's endless tenderness will be no more, and nor will the internal peace with which he calmed every storm. We'll no longer watch 'The Simpsons' together, or Seinfeld, we won't listen to Johnny Cash together with you, and we won't feel your strong, calming embrace..."

Appendix D: Two Readings for Yom HaZikaron – by Yair Lapid

The following column appeared in the Israeli newspaper Ma'ariv on August 22, 1993, 5 Elul, 5753 during a week in which 9 Israeli soldiers were killed in action.

The Missed Chance

They'll never make it to the big concert – that concert of love – for which they learned all the lyrics and melodies, listening to worn-out tapes played over and over again on weary cassette players. When the band takes the stage and they hit the lights, and the young girls with their soft hair and slender necks raise their heads like white doves, they won't be there.

They'll never tell her, "I love you" – words practiced over and over under night's immunity, against the broken mirrors of military showers reeking of Lysol. They'll have picked out the right shirt, dusted off their jeans, placed her yearbook photo under their pillow. But someone else will have to say those words to her. They won't be there.

They'll never marry. They'll never have children. When the cries of a baby's new life are first heard, they won't be there.

They'll never set off on that long trek to the yellow desert. Their rappelling ropes, supple as snakes, will never unravel in the baggage compartment. The campfire won't be lit. The acoustic guitar, it's case adorned by stickers, won't be taken out and no one will forget the second verse. And when a flash flood winds its way through a narrow desert gully, they won't be there.

They'll never "work over" a payphone, and never

call to announce that they're coming home or that they won't be able to make it. They'll never lie that everything's fine, that they don't need a thing, that they have enough cash, thanks Mom. On the weekends, out of habit, the car keys will be left out for them. But they won't be there. They won't be discharged from the army. They'll forever wear their stone, square uniforms. They'll forever remain Sergeant Assaf, Sergeant Nir, Sergeant Golan, Lieutenant Eyal, Sergeant Tzachi, Sergeant Avni, Sergeant Ari, Sergeant-Major Rakh'l, and Lieutenant Avi.

Their battalion will return to base, return their equipment, get their release papers and a pat on the back. They won't be there.

They'll never study. Not in the school of Life, nor in the yeshiva, nor in the university. One Hundred Years of Solitude will forever remain opened to page 120. Beitar Jerusalem will forever remain champions of the soccer league. Yehuda Polliker's next record won't be released until the end of all generations. There are so many things that they still need to learn, chiefly about themselves, but they won't be there.

When they die, we always write about who they were.

But the pain, the real pain is because of who they'll never be.

Life Does Not Go On

It's not true that life goes on.

They always throw that phrase around and it's never, ever true. When you lose someone that close, your life – as you've known it – has ended. Your family may still be yours, but it's a different family. Your parents are different, the way you sit around the table, the way you remember that vacation to Greece and that album of ridiculous photos that has since become a tome of memory.

It's not true that life goes on.

People ask you simple questions, like "How are you?" but you understand what they really mean is, "We know" or "We're here for you." Anytime you're feeling sad everyone runs to your side, and you just don't have the wherewithal to tell them that you don't want a support group, just an hour of quiet under the covers.

It's not true that life goes on.

Even you can't remain the same person you were. Now you're a bereaved person. You're the person who watches *The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly* on TV and all you can think of is who you saw it with

the first time, back in the old Esther Cinema before it was torn down. You're the person who, when you laugh, people will say you're getting over it. If you keep busy, they'll say you're recovering. If you go away for more than two weeks, they'll say you're escaping.

It's not true that life goes on.

Even your past undergoes rewrites. Each time you tell the story of how you took the bus together to Bloomfield Stadium to catch the big soccer derby, you debate whether to call him "my brother" or "my departed brother" or "my brother of blessed memory." Sometimes you leave him out of the story entirely in order to spare everyone the moment of silent embarrassment. Every now and then you run into somebody who's been abroad a long time, and they ask you how your brother is, and you answer that he isn't, at least – he isn't here with us anymore. And you end up having to console them, to settle them down, and you'll remark that life goes on. Except it doesn't.

It's not true that life goes on. It ends, and it begins again. Differently.