



## **Noa Buchris-**

Sister of Hadar Buchris

murdered in a stabbing attack on November 22, 2015

**Hadar Buchris z'l**

**5.8.1994 – 22.11.2015**

Hello everyone.

I am Noa Bucharis,

About two and a half years ago I entered a new life. A life in which there was a great storm, full of turmoil.

About two and a half years ago, my sister, Hadar, was murdered in a stabbing attack at the Gush Etzion junction.

Memorial Day for me is a day of unexpected emotions. I just sit silently waiting for what will come. Waiting to see which emotions will flow, sometimes waiting with quiet patience and nothing comes, waiting in vain.

About two and half years ago, I woke up on regular Sunday morning with a good feeling. I woke up appreciating this beautiful world.

To a world where we were five siblings.

That day though, I woke up to a day when my life simply changed shape into something new and much more complex.

Sunday November 22, 2015

I heard an alert on my cell phone tell me there was a stabbing at the Gush Etzion junction. And I was angry.

I said to myself, enough! I do not have the strength to hear about these attacks every day and I put the phone aside.

The alert though, was not just a warning.

It was about my sister.

Hadar was murdered. So suddenly, I felt like my heart exploded.

Without a hospital, without a final word.

Without one last hug.

No last hug.

I felt something fall on top of me. All the strength from my throat to my stomach hit me like a heavy rock that made it difficult to walk. It grabs the whole place in my stomach and in a moment took over my whole self.

And the next morning I got up, and we were only four siblings.

I found myself standing by the ATM and the newsstand.

And I stood there, watching people around me. I stood unable to move. Rooted to the ground.

And I wanted to scream. Screaming so hard that the earth beneath everyone's feet will turn upside down, that everyone's stomach will contract in pain.

The printed announcement of Hadar's death was piercing.

That sentence stuck in me and I felt it stab me from deep inside, cutting my life in two and altering my perspective.

A sharp sentence and a sharp knife, and so often, they seem parallel to me. Because like the knife, the sentence stabs and hurts.

Like the knife, they both divide and cut us.

And like the knife, they both kill something. He took your life and the sentence took my old life. Only memory remains.

With that sentence a painful rock was thrown at me and all I wanted was to get it out of me.

It came for short visits and left. Most of the time it must have been staying with others and I would sit and wait for that rock to hit me. I would sit and wait for the realization that my sister has gone.

Hadar,

I preferred to feel in every part of my body the pain that you are gone rather than to imagine that you will return.

Rather than imagine you were away on a trip again to India and then you would come back for a short visit

(Three breaths)

This evening, on the Remembrance Day for fallen IDF soldiers and victims of terror.

Here, at OneFamily, we remember.

We remember who we were. What we were.

And we give space to what we miss, and share our stories in our hearts, one by one, each of us.

This evening, we want to be together.

One family.



## **Mazal Gidoni-**

Mother of Liel Gidoni,

Killed in combat on August 1, 2014

**Liel Gidoni z"l**

**5.11.1993 – 1.8.2014**

One family, bereaved family

Just a few minutes ago, throughout the country the siren was sounded that opened the ceremonies of the eve of Yom HaZikaron, Israel's Memorial Day, and as every year, the sound caused millions of hearts in Israel to tremble.

On this holy day, Memorial Day for Israel's Fallen Soldiers and Victims of Terror, everyone stops for one full day to remember and pay respects to our loved ones.

To our sorrow, this year too, the struggle claimed from the life of our country a dear price, the list of the fallen became longer and the family of the bereaved became larger. And for us, the bereaved families, every new announcement opens the wounds – The wounds of pain and lack, of missed opportunities and of missing our loved ones – wounds that refuse to form a scab.

Wounds that are opened again and again practically with every breath, with every thought, with every song that plays, with every visit to the grave of our loved one. For us, Memorial Day does not begin with the siren and does not end when the flag is raised to open the celebrations of Israel's Independence Day.

For us, every day is Memorial Day.

Eli and I, born in Jerusalem, are parents to four boys; they all served as combat soldiers at the forefront of the IDF. From 1999, when our eldest son enlisted, we worried and

experienced innumerable nights without sleep, during routine times and emergencies, when they were in their compulsory service and in reserves.

On what was to be the last day of Operation Protective Edge, Friday, August 1, 2014, what was later called "Black Friday" – at noon, the terrible knock at the door was heard!

Our youngest son – Liel – was killed in an encounter with terrorists in Rafah, after the ceasefire went into effect, and at a time when he and his comrades in arms were looking for an attack tunnel leading into Israeli territory.

Liel was the operations officer of the reconnaissance company and served as the communications officer for the patrol commander, Major Benaya Sarel of blessed memory who fell together with him. And in the same event, Lieutenant Hadar Goldin of blessed memory was killed and captured.

Liel was 21 years old when he fell.

When I built my family, at their births, my children were drawn into my heart as if with a magic wand, each one received his own room. I devoted and invested my whole life to building this house.

On the day Liel was taken from us, the walls of the rooms collapsed and the whole house collapsed.

The house was full of sadness, pain and longing sharp and shattering, our lives stopped in one blow.

I, who know so well the secret of the wet pillow, and who lick my wounds in secret, battle bereavement and loss and know that the routine of our lives will never be what it was.

There is life before and life after.

Liel, I live you and carry you with me to every place and at every moment, but the burden is heavy, dark and painful.

I live and breathe but something inside me is dead.

My dear son, I so miss your huge, beautiful smile, your jokes in every situation, the positive and happy atmosphere that imbued every place you were,

The smile and happiness did not depart from you for a moment (Alon, your friend, wrote, "My brother it cannot be that you are dead, for when you are dead, the muscles slacken and the smile is erased, and nothing could ever erase your smile")

I miss the Friday night and holiday evening meals, the discussions, the jokes, the comedy sketches and films that you knew by heart, staying up until the Shabbat clock turned off the light, only then would we disperse, or continue in the dark.

When I see Or playing and horsing around with Ori and Shai, I imagine you happy, smiling in your way, and joining in the game and the horseplay. How you would love them and they love you.

In one of my conversations with Ori about you – Ori asked me, "Grandma, Liel was an uncle like Or?" I answered her, "yes" and her response was, "Then I lost a good uncle like Or. "You loved speaking with us so much, sharing, telling us stories, asking questions, taking an interest and seeking advice on every topic.

Only today do we learn that you gave advice to everyone you encountered.

I would be so happy to listen to your advice today – how do we go on??

We need you – for you to smile on us and to rebalance us but you are not here to tell me as you would every time I worried – "Mom, enough with the nonsense."

A few days ago while I was looking for a document – I found the letter that we wrote you, Liel, on your journey to Poland.

The letter opens this way: "Here at home everything is as usual, nothing special except that the house is empty (you are not here) and the refrigerator is full (yet again....you are not here)" – and this is how the house looks since you are not here.

There are many mornings when I ask to not wake up, to close my eyes and to be drawn into a deep, infinite abyss.

But despite this every morning I get up and start the daily war of survival.

I am learning, truly like a baby, to put my feet on the floor, to get out of bed, to shower, to get dressed, to go to work, to see everyone going on with their lives – while for me time has stopped.

I try to get through another Shabbat (Sabbath), holiday, birthdays, Memorial Day remembrance ceremonies.

Thus I find myself every day hurrying to conclude the visit at Mt. Herzl and to return to the corner on the sofa in the living room of my home.

Liel, as a person, a friend, a combat soldier and a commander, stood out in his positive, optimistic approach, his generous spirit, respecting each person as they are, speaking politely and pleasantly, supportive and caring, helping others, his spirit of giving, his love of people and the land, and a radiant and true smile were first among his virtues – and all this with modesty and humility.

Liel so loved life and people, he aspired to study medicine and to use his intelligence to help others while fulfilling himself.

Sometimes it seems that the cliché that the best are the ones who leave us is coming true.

We will continue to pray that there shall be no more notifications about the best of our children who have fallen and that the vision of peace will come true, speedily in our time. And we will all pray for the return of Hadar Goldin and Oron Shaul for burial in Israel.

At this opportunity, I wish to express our admiration and sincere thanks from the bottom of our hearts to Mark and Chantal Belzberg and the entire staff of One Family. You and those like you – the ones who translate theory into action, who demonstrate what all that is beautiful about being Israeli, and who serve for us as support and



reinforcement we can lean on.

As difficult as the reality of our lives is, we stand present to tell the story of our children who went and did not return.

And we promise life that together – we will remember and respect the fallen.  
May their memories be a blessing.





**Roi Arbel z'l**

**24.11.74-13.1.2004**

## **Odaya Arbel**

Father Roi Arbel,

Killed in a shooting attack on January 13, 2004

Hello everyone,

My name is Odaya

I am 18 years old and I don't have a father.

My father was murdered 14 and a half years ago in a terrorist attack on his way home, when I was three years and ten months old.

His name was Roi. He was 29 years, one month, ten days old, and a father to five children.

They say he was an amazing person. He was a good father. I heard many stories and I remember all of them. They are with me every day. I know exactly who he was, what he would say if he were here today. I know who his friends were, what he was like when he was my age, what his grades were on his bagrut, how happy he was when all of us were born and learned to crawl and say "Abba". I know everything, and yet every passing day I add a new piece of information to what I already know.

So I am Odaya, and I have a father.

I mean, I had a father.

I understood that he wouldn't come back when I was ten and a half and my mother got remarried. That was about 8 years ago, but who's counting? Suddenly, I heard less about my father, and every word was worth gold in my eyes. I secretly collected pieces of information every time I heard someone say something. If it was a story my mother told my brothers, or someone mentioned something in passing, or my aunt remembered him during a holiday, or a picture that was always there that I hadn't noticed before. I took a book with stories about my father and I read it forwards and backwards, and I took a picture of him and put it under my pillow, so it would always be with me. So he would always be with me.

At some point I started to speak with him at every opportunity, especially when I needed help. And he would always be there to help, with something that sounded like a cliché. When I would tell him something, he would always listen, and it was like he sent me the right answer when I was wondering what to do.

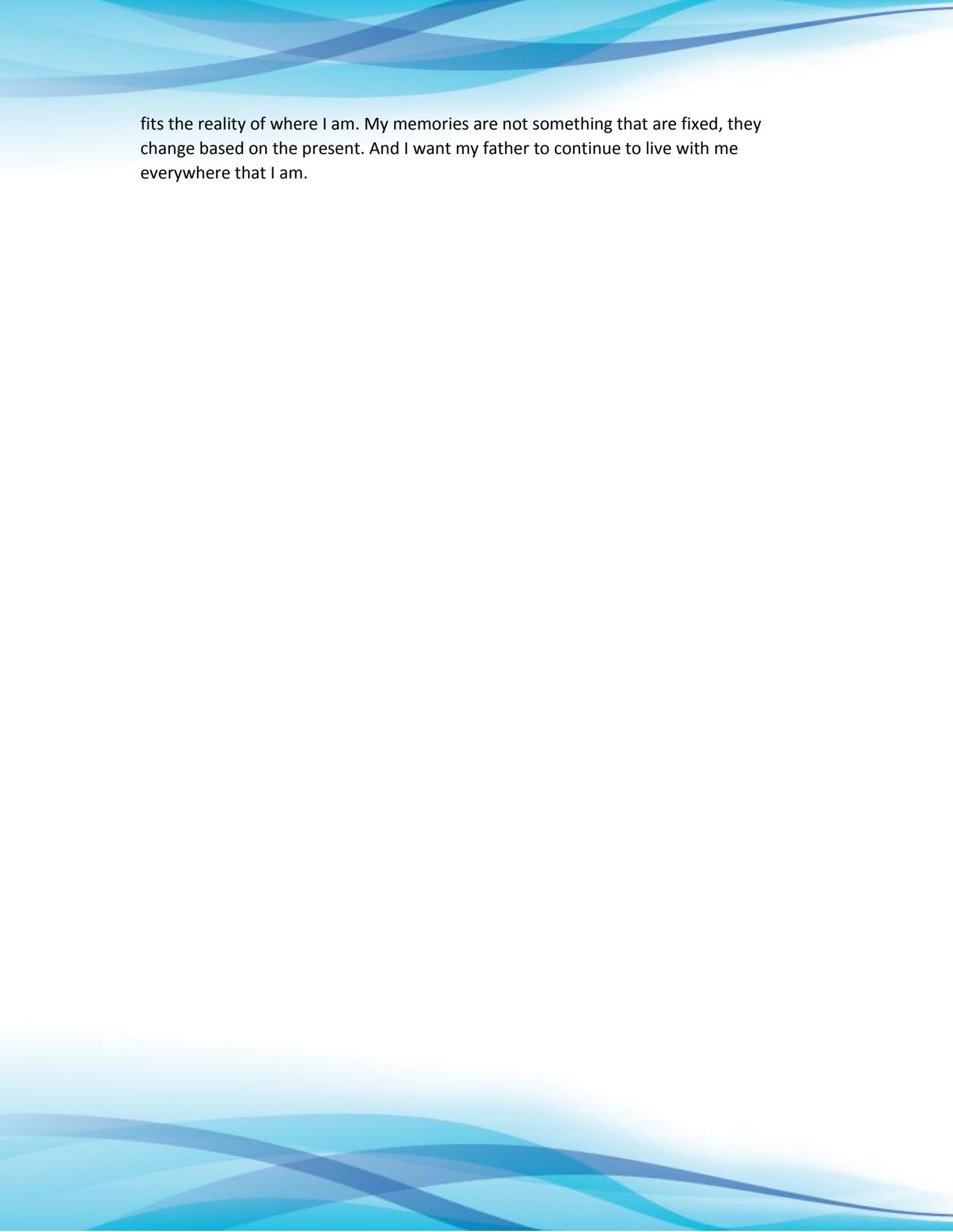
A year ago my mother began a divorce with her new husband. I felt this was an opportunity to go back, to connect with my father, and to investigate him more. In the last half year I discovered a lot about my father, and more than that – I discovered who we were. Two of us together. Father and Daughter.

I heard many more stories from everyone who knew him, but what surprised me was that suddenly something opened up inside of me, and the stories began to reach me within. It came from me. Things that I didn't know about him, about us, suddenly became clear.

I don't know if it was always like that, or if something changed in the first few years after my father was murdered, but I had no memories of my father. No concrete memories of anything. Not of something that happened, not his picture, and not his voice. Today I only have one memory like that, that is only my own, that surfaced a few months ago.

I discovered that I also had a special connection with my father, even as a child of three and a half years old. My father had a special way to my heart that was open exclusively to him and not to anyone else.

Through these discoveries I created a new picture of my father, bigger and nicer, that



fits the reality of where I am. My memories are not something that are fixed, they change based on the present. And I want my father to continue to live with me everywhere that I am.



**Hadar Buchris z"l**

**5.8.1994 – 22.11.2015**

## **Noa Buchris-**

Sister of Hadar Buchris

murdered in a stabbing attack on November 22, 2015

Good memories

They keep you with me

From the time that fades

From this painful and never ending path.

Hadar lived 21 years.

Hadar had just returned from a two-and-a-half-month trip to India and planned to begin her studies at the Midrasha in Bat-Ayin.

Hadar was an actress. She was incredibly funny and was excellent at doing impressions of people and characters. She loved to imitate her teachers so well that our mother identified the teachers at parent meetings by the impressions she had done.

She was a leader everywhere she came and had a wonderful ability to be to the end.

She was complex. She contained many contradictions. Or at least that's how I saw her.

In my eyes she was a whole world.

She filled a place of warmth, a big sister's place.

And we had a complex relationship that was dynamic and never stayed the same. And we also had our hard times.

Hadar and I had a close but complex relationship.

And it was not always simple.

During the shiva I discovered a new side of her. Splendor I did not really know existed. Hadar had a simple way about her I never knew.

She touched everyone in a deep and powerful way even people she barely knew.

I remember for a long time I was angry. I felt that I did not get to know that side of her, and I missed it.

Hadar's death brought me into another life.

Heavier, darker, yet with more shades and depths of color.

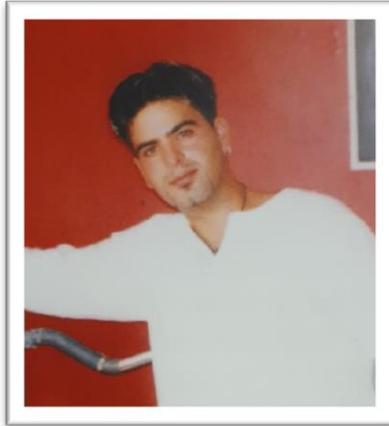
I have had so many more feelings and insights. I have had so many more reflections and inner struggles.

And in the two and a half years that have passed, I am still learning that this is how I cope.

And I am not just learning about Hadar (but also myself)

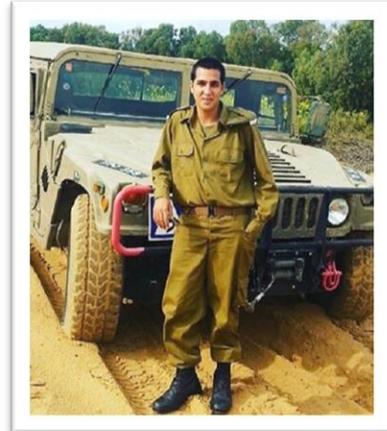
And the memories?

Memories are really better than the time that fades. But they are also part of this endless and difficult path.



**Alon Mizrachi z'l**

**1.7.1981 – 9.9.2003**



**Ziv Mizrachi z'l**

**15.2.1997-23.11.2015**

### **Doron Mizrachi-**

Father of Ziv Mizrachi,  
killed in a stabbing attack in 2015  
Brother of Alon Mizrachi,  
killed in a suicide bombing at Café Hillel in 2003

Father, mother, my brothers and sisters, my dear family, honored families, the staff of OneFamily, honored guests.

On this eve of Memorial Day for the fallen soldiers of Israel and victims of terror and together with the state of Israel we wrap ourselves in sadness and bow our heads to bereaved families in commemoration of the fallen soldiers of Israel.

We are the bereaved families and we are not alone.

They stand behind us in our bereavement and the whole country's bereavement. Those who

know the path of bereavement know that bereavement strikes suddenly, breaks down the walls of the house, penetrates the door, makes no distinction between mother and father, sister and brother, leaves us all in pain, grieving, lonely. It does not let up and has no mercy.

My name is Doron Mizrahi and I am a bereaved brother and a bereaved father.

My brother Alon Mizrahi was murdered on September 9, 2003 in a terror attack in Café Hillel here in Jerusalem, and 2 and a half years ago I lost my youngest son, a soldier in the IDF, Ziv Mizrahi.

Alon my brother was 22 years old when he died. He was a handsome young man, filled with the joy of life, pleasant to be around. That's also how he was described where he worked as a security guard in Café Hillel on Emek Refaim in Jerusalem. On the night of the attack, there was a lot of tension in Jerusalem. At around 10:30, the terrorist came with the bomb strapped to his back. One of the owners of the café noticed this and shouted "Alon! Alon! Terrorist!" Alon jumped from where he was standing directly on the terrorist.

Alon defended them with his body and prevented the terrorist from entering the packed restaurant and saved dozens of lives in a place that was filled to capacity.

Seven people who were standing on the sidewalk were killed along with Alon.

When Alon was killed, my son Ziv was five years old and knew and loved his uncle very much.

My son Ziv was murdered on Nov 23, 2015 in a stabbing attack at the Dor Alon gas station on Route 443 when he was only 18 years old. Ziv had only served in the IDF for three months in the intelligence corps. That was when a terrorist came and took him with one stab in the heart. Ziv, with his last strength, managed to force his weapon and shoot the horrible terrorist, saving the life of his commanding officer who was with him.

Dear families, this ceremony is different than all other ceremonies. Here everyone knows bereavement intimately, experiences it every day, shares the pain and understands one another.

I want to tell you something this evening about my brother Alon and about my son Ziv.  
About who we were... and who I am today without them.

Alon and I were soulmates. Everyone always told us we were similar.

There were 16 years between us, and our relationship was like that of a father and son.

I remember coming back home from the army, and Alon, a small boy would greet me with hugs and kisses. As he grew up, he would join me on my way to work. The whole way there he would ask me questions, and wouldn't let me listen to the radio. I taught him a lot and as he grew up sometimes we would go out together.

I have one picture burned into my head. The picture was taken at my sister Shlomit's wedding and to me it tells the story of my life.

Ziv, my son, Alon my brother, and me.

Ziv.

When you got your driver's license you became my partner in the car.

We had a set parking space in the parking lot of the Central Bus Station so that whoever took the car wouldn't have to look for it.

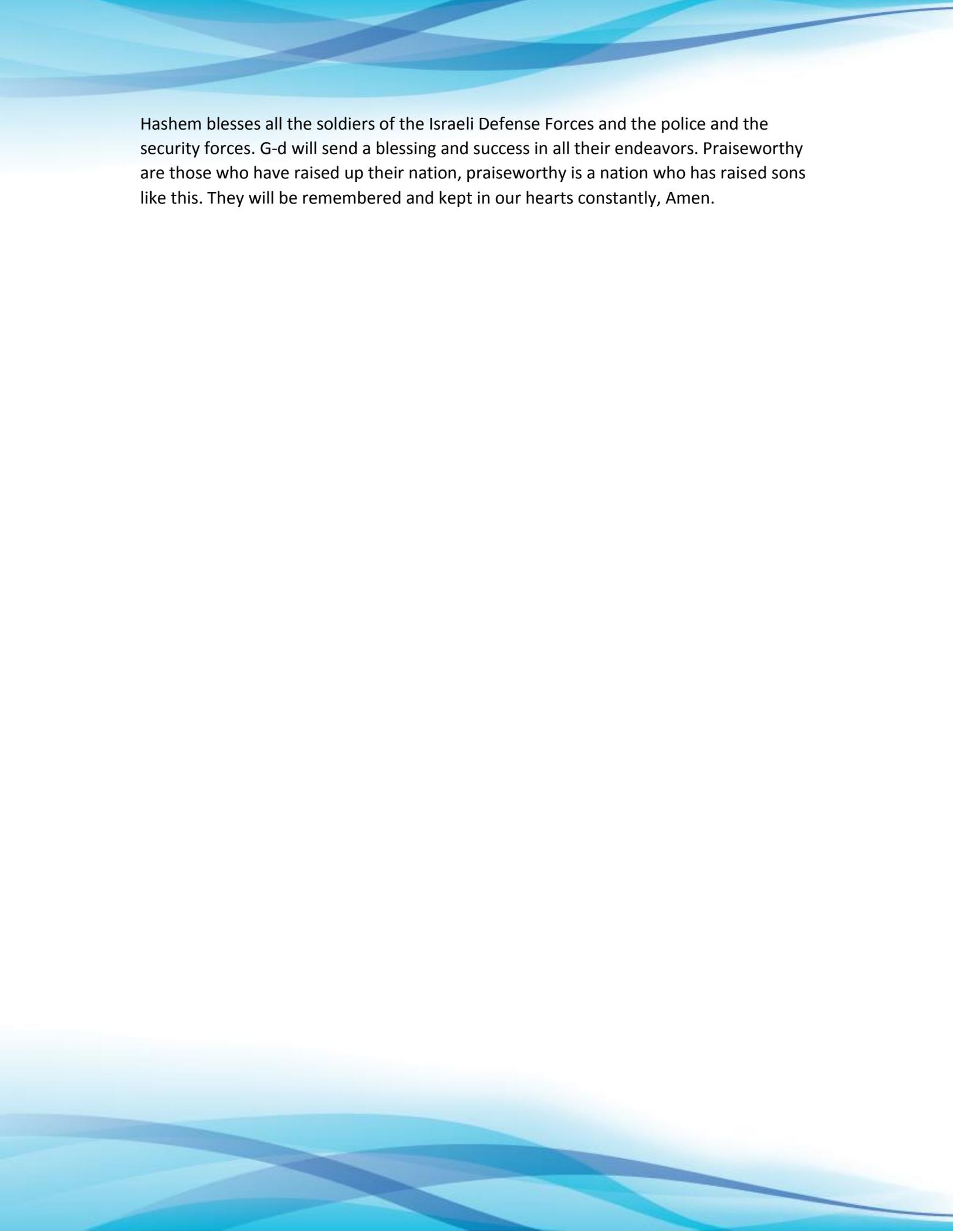
Know that to this day I still park in the same place.

A powerful memory that I have of you Ziv, a picture of you engraved in my memory from right before you enlisted, you stood at the top of the steps of our apartment and smiled, wearing your favorite outfit: bleached jeans with a green t-shirt and Blundstones.

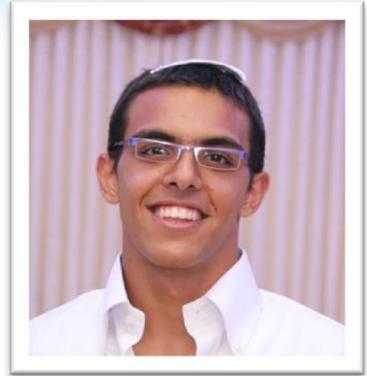
Thinking the words "who we were" overwhelms me with great pain and longing. I feel a sense of great frustration and a sense of what's missing and immediately feel like crying. I remember on Friday afternoons at the bus station in Giv'on. I would pick you up and you would take me home and take the car for Shabbat.

I long for our family meals in the Steak House Sima in the shuk, and we wouldn't forget to order a Jerusalem Meal with chips and without salad.

Since Ziv's death I have changed both positively and negatively. I have become a more moderate person with a different outlook on life and less preoccupation with nonsense but also a person whose inner strength has been damaged.



Hashem blesses all the soldiers of the Israeli Defense Forces and the police and the security forces. G-d will send a blessing and success in all their endeavors. Praiseworthy are those who have raised up their nation, praiseworthy is a nation who has raised sons like this. They will be remembered and kept in our hearts constantly, Amen.



**17.7.1995-12.6.2014**

## **Iris Yifrach**

Mother of Eyal Yifrach,

kidnapped and killed on June 12, 2014

Dearest Families

Four years ago on the 15<sup>th</sup> of Sivan 5714 Eyal left his yeshiva in Hebron where he studied and headed home for Shabbat.

At the Alon Shvut Junction, he got into a car together with Naftali Frenkel and Gilad Shaer. They were kidnapped and murdered by terrorists.

For the next 18 (chai) days the whole country searched for our sons.  
An entire nation joined together on this mission.

And I also searched for my son.

My Eyali

For 4 years you have been gone and the memories burn inside my heart  
I remember how, when you entered the house, it was like the sun coming out.  
Remember how your little sisters used to hang on to you, when your big backpack was on your back?

And I was in the corner of the kitchen waiting patiently for my turn, waiting for your warmth, your greatness.

In the great light you brought, you would ask - without words - "Mommy, I'm home. How are you?"

And in the precious moments during candle lighting on Shabbat, you would come out of your room dressed in white, and I was already imagining your father and I walking you down the aisle on the happiest day of your life.

Four years, and the memories keep striking me without letting up. I am still looking for you (like it was just yesterday that you disappeared.)

I see you walking among your friends, smiling and full of joy.  
I see you sitting in the garden playing guitar and your eyes are closed.  
I see your image at our Shabbat table and I hear you singing  
I can almost feel the touch of your warm hands  
I can see the corners of your mouth curving into a smile  
And my longing goes on...  
And only the grave stone reminds me of my constant pain

He is back  
So what are you still looking for?!  
And on Yom Hazikaron I am standing still, bleeding  
Perhaps I am searching for myself?  
For Iris who was once happy and joyful  
For the family that was once whole  
For the endless strength of a mother  
For my faith that the sun will rise again  
And on Yom Hazikaron, in front of your gravestone, eyes blurring the letters of your name Aleph-yud-lamed, it means strength.  
And what am I looking for?

You live inside of me  
You are a part of me  
You will never disappear

Like you wrote in your diary on your last Yom Hazikaron "Go outside and breath in the air, overcome, fall! Get up! Fall another 1,000 times! But know that if you fall 1,000 times it shows that you got up after every one of those times, is a sign that you have the strength to get up"



And just like in the good old days

When I could hold your hand and draw strength from you, without words

Thank you my son for who you are

Thank you for who I am

May your memory be a blessing.





**Shalom Yochai Shirki**

**3.3.1989 – 15.4.2015**

## **Amitai Sherki**

Brother of Shalom Sherki,

Murdered in a car-ramming attack on April 15, 2015

Hi, my name is Amitai Sherki I am 20 years old and I live in Karnei Shomron

Three years ago my big brother Shalom, was murdered in a car ramming attack in Jerusalem at Pesel Halevan (White Sculpture) Junction.

Shalom and I were brothers like all brothers, fighting, loving, making up, and fighting again.

My childhood memories of Shalom are of a strong big brother who has already lived a full life. As we grew, our relationship became more complicated and it deteriorated. Shalom and I did not get along and fought a lot.

It began with small fights and evolved into more substantial issues. During this time Shalom and I almost stopped speaking and cut each other off.

We would blow up at each other and fight often.

I remember one time during a fight Shalom stopped and said to me: "I know right now we are fighting, and maybe it doesn't look like it, but I love you." I didn't know how to take this, so I closed my heart to him. And from then I didn't speak to him for half a year.

On Passover 3 years ago, a week before he was murdered, we met again.

It was a stilted and embarrassing meeting, essentially without words. I didn't know how to turn to him or speak after all this time.

Shalom, from his side tried to open up and speak freely, and tried to make up.

Even then, I did let my true feelings show and remained indifferent.

Three days after that, Shalom was murdered.

(On the night of the murder we went to the hospital and we were with him in his last hours. At the time of his death I asked him for forgiveness. But it felt too late to me.)

For two years after the murder I walked around with a sense of guilt and a terrible missed opportunity. The thought that my brother left the world when we were not on good terms with each other, that I didn't stop to ask forgiveness, to say hello, and hug him.

The sense of missing the experience with him as my older, loving brother, the way he felt towards me and I wouldn't accept it.

All this time I could not properly grieve for Shalom or let myself experience the loss. This caused me to distance and detach myself from the memories of Shalom, and from the life we shared.

I felt guilt over how we ended, about my behavior towards him. I felt no connection to mourning or to Shalom himself.

I couldn't go on like this, feeling helpless.

I decided to write him a letter, to ask forgiveness, forgiveness that we couldn't experience each other as brothers who know and love one another, to continue our relationship.

To feel him with me, miss him, and cry for him.

I wrote a letter. For a long time I did not feel comfortable going to read it to him. A year



ago I felt better about going and opening up about everything. I felt I could not go on living with myself feeling like this.

I went to his grave and read the letter.

I found myself crying a cry of liberation, and felt a real connection with shalom. After this I felt that I succeeded in freeing myself, and that I was able to experience Shalom anew.

To share with him, to cry over him and to remember him without feelings of guilt. Shalom forgive me.

Today Shalom and I have found our way, and a connection with each other. Without any mediators and masks between us.

Today I can live with the loss and allow myself to grieve and miss my brother.

Today I feel like a new period started and I can gain strength from this story. I want and hope to continue to gain strength and empowerment from Shalom, from his way of life, from missing him, from all the hardships and happy times we experienced together. Today I stand and feel with a full heart that I can look Shalom in the eyes and say "I love you."





**Yehonatan Netanel z"l**

**5.1.2009 - 8.6.1982**

## **Tziona Netanel**

Wife of Yonatan Netanel,

killed in combat in the Gaza Strip on January 6, 2009

Good Evening.

My name is Tziona Netanel, wife of Capt. Yonatan Netanel.

Yoni was the deputy company commander in a paratroopers unit and fell in Operation Cast Lead.

We were able to birth together to Maayan, who was, at the time, three months and a little bit, with an emphasis on a little bit.

With a heavy emphasis on the word small. A small amount of time.

We were two.

Two is a lot.

Two is more than one.

And when we planted a flower,

We were already three- father, mother, and child

We were beginning to be a family

Yoni went to war and promised "We will celebrate our wedding anniversary together and we will travel far."

Yoni traveled far. Without me.

Too far.

With one hand I held onto Maayan. Maayan, our life source. A soft baby with beautiful

eyes like her father's. And in my second hand, I hugged those who came to comfort me.

What comfort?

What is more comforting than a hug from Yoni?

I wanted Yoni himself to come and hug me.

I wanted to tell Yoni that he died.

So I dialed Yoni to tell him.

Yoni. I heard a knock on the door.

The message was given to the family.

Yoni. He didn't answer

And who is Yoni who died but is still alive?

And who is more alive -

Me? Or him?

Will Yoni ever truly die?

Inside of me Yoni goes on.

Sometimes he goes further.

Gets closer, stronger.

I try to wake something up inside of me

To resuscitate him

To revive him,

His features and a memory of his senses

How his eyes spoke

The touch of his hand  
And how it used to be  
And what we were.

When Yoni and I married, I was 23 years old. I became the wife of a man and I was happy that I found love, that I found my place in the world. Already nine years have passed, our Maayan is 9 years old.

And who am I today?

Walking alone in the path called life.

And living with Maayan in a building called home.

And on the door

There is no sign.

But Yoni lives here

Yoni will eternally live on in my heart and soul.

We were a small journal.

And many empty and bleeding lines begin to form.

And maybe if we knew there would be no more time, we would have done things differently.

Maybe we would have glared at each other less.

Missing moments.

Missing time together.

Maybe we would have held back.



Maybe if we would have known we wouldn't be any more, we just would have been  
who we were.

And for who do I cry – for you or for me?

Maybe for us.

And how we built a life for who we were.

And the truth is

Most of the time I say

How good you were,

Or at least it's good that We were.





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Sister of Hadar Buchris

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**Hadar Buchris z"l**

**5.8.1994 – 22.11.2015**

"In a red dress and two braids, stood a lone, innocent child and asked why?"

Sometimes I feel like that girl.

Standing in a red dress and two braids and not pausing to question - why?

Why are we, in every generation, destined to have our enemies want to destroy us?

Why can we not be a free people in our country?

Hadar's murder was so unnecessary that he did not change the world. He (the terrorist) only changed the world of the person she (Hadar) touched.

### **So why?**

Hadar's death is my own personal loss but also represents a loss for the whole nation.

And as I face them both, the personal and the national, I stand helpless.

**I stand opposite my personal innocence, opposite the purest evil in the world.**

**Standing opposite so much anger.**

Hadar's death is present. And it is not something I can change or control. It is not like I have the power or ability to change this act.

It is just here, present. And it does what it wants. It comes, leaves, overwhelms me, drives me. It does what it wants.

Therefore the death is always there. It always comes, uninvited.

I remember that one day I sat in my classroom in the dark and did not stop crying. It burst out of me like a river and it hurt in my stomach so much. I just missed her. And there was nothing I could do. It just hurt me so much.

The longing was burning and attacking me, requiring its place. It is that rock, with all its weight.

Dearest OneFamily,

I chose to come here tonight because I have so much pain in my stomach right now.

And something inside me is sensitive and this is the only place I can put the pain.

It is possible as I stand here tonight, before you, just as I am, to feel and experience what Hadar's death brought to my life.

To ask who were we before? And who are we today?

And I stand there tonight, Noa comes to share, tells about my private rock and knows that you are also carrying heavy loads.

And I want to wish for all of you, that just for a moment we will not be "you and me."

For a moment we will not be alone.

For a moment, we will be We.

We, who have a heavy load, which is deeply personal and cannot be transferred.

But also we stand here together, side by side.