

ELI ELIAV Z"L

Eli was born on September 30, 1936 to his parents Hela and Gedalia Eliav and was educated at the "Shahaf" group – this is the second educational group in Ein HaHoresh, and the first class to complete his law studies at the local educational institution. While a small child, he accompanied on three trips with his parents, who set out on a family visit to Cairo, Egypt; And as an adult boy – on the verge of twelfth grade – he made an independent visit to his relatives in France. After graduating from the educational institution, he enlisted in the IDF, where he served in the Air Force – partly in a pilot course. As a soldier, he also participated in Operation Sinai.

In the farm, he worked in the dairy industry and in the electrical profession. Following the call of the movement, he joined a group of boys who came to the aid of the young kibbutzim Ga'aton and Horshim. While plowing in Horshim, he perished in a fatal tractor accident on September 1, 1960.

Y. K.

My Eli is no more...

The son has disappeared, and I will not see him again. We'll never see him again.

I will no longer hear his young voice, when he was coming home: Mother, hello, how are you, mother? I will not even get to see him smile, his beautiful smile, as he spoke to me, revealing his rows of white teeth: "I do not want to wander around anymore. I do not want to wander around anymore. I do not want to be like a gypsy. I want



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to return home, to the kibbutz." Still, when they decided to send the group of boys to Kibbutz Horshim, he went with them. And Eli also went, and who could foresee the terrible disaster, for Eli would not return from there alive; that Eli would be brought back, that Eli's body would be returned in a closed coffin from there.

My Eli, my son. In my heart you live, I carry your image with me everywhere. Everything that surrounds us, every plant in the garden, every tree that blooms is tied to you. Remember the walnut tree we planted? You then joked at our expense and said: At least ten years will pass before the walnut tree will bear fruit. And to this I replied: I will not benefit from it but you, Eli, you and your little ones will surely play under the ancient walnut tree, climb on it, pick and eat its fruits.

And who would have thought in those moments that a cruel hand would pluck our son from us! In your prime youth, in your spring, at the beginning of your path in life, the tree of your life is picked and cut down! And you were only twenty-four years old. Twenty-four years we lived together, my son. On the green grass, around our new home, it was so good for us, our little family, when we gathered together – and in the evening it was so pleasant to just sit, chat, laugh and talk.

I miss you, my son. I would so much like to see you again. How precious to me is your voice that resonates in my ears, your beautiful laughter. I love you Eli, with all my heart. With every fiber of my soul, I am bound to you, to your memory! I had a terrible nightmare. Help me wake up my son. But the cruel reality hits me on the head. I will not see Eli again. He will never return. The tractor killed him. Yes, you could have jumped out of it and be saved, but you were holding the wheel. You intended to save the tractor...

Why was I not at your side, my son, at that bitter and hurried moment? Why did I not keep you? Why did I not call you with all my might: Eli, save your young life. It is so precious to us.

And you, you never wanted us to worry about you, my son, I remember you on the eve of your enlistment in the Air Force. You came with a determined decision in your heart. No mother would want to risk her son's life – you answered my objections. But there must also be pilots, and they are sons of mothers like me.

Remember Eli, Operation Sinai, at the time when anxiety for our son's safety made us bite our fingernails and you said: Mom, don't expect regular letters from me, because it is possible that one of them happens not to arrive on time. Do not worry Mom, I am no longer a small child.

No, Eli, you were no longer a small child, you were a young man, handsome and intelligent. Life was ahead of you, and you were at your best. Your deep eyes are turned to the future, and in your heart is hidden the secret of life. Eli! Has the burial stone be put on all that?...

A letter you started writing, a sketch for a sculpture you drew, a final article that you did not finish, a room where you did not live long enough, a life in which you longed – we say aloud: it is a lie. And I, my son, my eyes will seek you in vain, and in vain I shall wait for you, my son.

Mother