

August 30, 2006

Varda, Avinoam, Guy and Noga,

Some people say that time blunts the pain and blurs the memory. If the 30 days that passed since Daniel's death are any indication for the future, we can assume now that the opposite is true. Time only increases the pain and sharpens the memory.

During the 30 days that have passed since Daniel was killed, you've probably heard the words "we are with you" many times from your friends and relatives. The pain over Daniel's death is shared by everyone, but we know that it doesn't ease, not even for a little bit, the pain you're carrying with you. Pain that is beyond measure, up or down or to the sides, a pain that a thousand colors cannot paint and a thousand words will not be enough to describe.

Daniel is your son, and your son only. But on some level, he's the child of all of us as well. A child is born, goes to first grade, graduates high school, goes to the army. In all those milestones of life the parents cry, in their heart and sometimes with real tears. Those tears are a mixture of joy and excitement, but also of worry and fear that are always there, floating around us, noticeable and unnoticeable, touching and not touching, they're with us all the time. Here's the child being photographed together with his friends, looking happy in his friends' party. And we laugh with him, but feel a pinch in the heart, and a thought sneaks into our heart, that we try to suppress quickly - **"Who shall live and who shall die, who shall reach old age and who shall not?"** Which one of the children smiling in the photo, God forbid, will stay forever young? It's no wonder that Daniel's fall hit us all so hard.

When Daniel would return to the army after his short vacations, Varda would always supply him with home-made cakes, for him and his friends. Into the dough she molded her prayers, with the egg yolks she scrambled her worries, and with the warmth of her love she baked the cakes. Varda, even back then, we knew and we realized that they were your prayer for a safe journey for Daniel and his friends, that this was your way of telling

him that you will always be there for him, and in those cakes you concealed your hope that he would always be there too, to accept your love and to ease your worries. But it turned out, that even the cakes could not block the sword.

Avinoam, you talk about all the things that Daniel never got to do in his life, and from your pain, the lyrics of the song come out as if by themselves, as if they were written for Daniel: **“Somewhere there is a record you didn’t yet break ... out there there is life that you didn’t yet live, and there is a switch that no one will ever turn off”**.

It is such a pity. A pity for those who were lost but not forgotten. Because we will never forget Daniel, and will bring up his memory for many years to come. May his soul rest in peace.

The letter of Itzhak Amit, a friend of the family