

Sweet Danielush,

Thirty days have passed and I still do not completely understand what we are doing here. Thirty days of a nightmare which is the reality, with flashes of hallucinations that we may awake from this nightmare.

Endless sorrow and pain that we didn't know could exist. Everything was erased in a moment, and now we need to understand how it is that the world hasn't simply stopped turning.

I miss you so much, I miss hugging you, doing your laundry, cooking for you, telling you things. I miss seeing you hugging Guy, being pampered with Noga.

Every day is so hard, but even more so on Fridays, when we can no longer expect you, and you won't be coming through the door. And dad sets the table for four and says that it's just awful that he will not be setting it for five anymore.

And we received your equipment from the army, with the laundry bag that I always loved to empty, to wash, dry and fold, and now it's there with your last laundry.

Over the past weeks we met dozens, maybe hundreds, of people who knew you. Your friends from Nesher, friends and commanders from the army, friends from school, and many others.

They told us amazing things about you.

You were so closed up and quiet, hardly talked and rarely told us things. We always had to guess what to ask in order to get even short answers from you.

We were always aware of your unique and amazing abilities, of your deep wisdom, your analytical abilities, your sensitivity and modesty, responsibility, courage and self-discipline.

You kept everything inside – closed up and modest.

Your friends told us a lot – how they trusted you the most when driving, and of the crazy dives into the water in Eilat and in Ayia Napa in Cyprus that you led, but only after you checked to make sure it was safe.

And how on your trip to Mount Hermon you met friends from the army and made sure to provide them with goodies. And how you loved going out, and also on Saturday nights, before returning to the army, you always wanted to go out even though everybody else was already tired. You told them that “tiredness is for the weak”, and you would all go to the pub.

And your friends and commanders from the army spoke of your total seriousness, responsibility, and professionalism.

You were really in a different phase, a unique type of soldier. You understood 100% the meaning of what you were doing in the army.

It took them a while to figure you out because you were so quiet, but they always saw that everything that you did was the most correct and professional thing to do. During military maneuvers, when one of the heaviest soldiers would be “wounded” and no one knew what to do, you would run to him and lift him on your back, and evacuate him. In the sniper course you diligently internalized all the techniques and when you received the “Negev” machine-gun you studied it professionally, took care of it, and kept it 100% fit – after every shooting you cleaned it and re-assembled it appropriately.

And in the “Gil” course you were cited for excellence.

In guarding, patrols, and ambushes you were the only one who kept his eyes open all the time. You never fell asleep in an ambush or while guarding even when your commanders couldn't help themselves and fell asleep. That is why they always took you with them, in the vanguard.

"Big shot", that is what they called you – everyone who spoke about you said you were a “big shot”. We understood that they meant you were the best. But really The Best.

And we also heard how you got along with everyone. And certainly the army is a mix of all of Israel’s people and you managed to be friends with everyone, and to help, to advise, to calm the over-excited, to share what you had, and to cook for your friends when guarding in small groups, and always to be the best possible.

And your friends from school told of your mischievousness, your amazing intellectual abilities – how you could sit in the back of the classroom, read the sports section underneath the table, play cards, shoot paper bullets, and at the end of the lesson you would summarize it all in three sentences, so that even those who took down three full pages of notes would copy your summary.

And everyone spoke about your special smile that they couldn’t resist.

Perhaps you are really an angel? For how can it be that such a marvelous existence as you would have no continuance?

Until now I didn’t delve into the meaning of life beyond our daily existence. Over the last few weeks I can’t stop thinking of it. For the world is infinite in so many ways, and also the dimensions we know are endless, but how much do we really know? It does not stand to reason that there are only three dimensions, or four, if we count the dimension of time in which we know how to proceed in only one direction. Maybe it is possible also to move in the opposite direction?

Perhaps there are other dimensions, endless like these, and in one, or more than one, you now exist? And maybe you see us from there, because what you see from there may not necessarily be seen from here?

I don't know what we did to deserve you, a wonderful gift such as you, but why only for 20 years?

Our thoughts as to how you would have continued to grow will never leave us. I hope there is really a wonderful and good world of angels, and that it is good for you there, because you deserve it the most.

Mom



Varda's words, Daniel's mother, on the occasion of the 30th day since his untimely death