

Esti, our friend of so many years, Joe since the formation of Garin Amit. You are friend to so many in Australia, who enveloped you with love on your visits home, and are so sad not to be able to be here with you today.

The first time I heard of you was while still living in England. You were the Maskira of Garin Amit, and had one of your ideas for the members of the 2 garinim to write to each other. That was you: creativity and projects.

We both came on Aliya in 1973, you before me. Your room was the local moadon, everyone welcome. And that was true throughout the years. It was always "boi".

Working for years in the Machsas Begadim, with Rozi "haKoveset", you taught me how to iron a shirt, endlessly and usually unsuccessfully!!

We shared sad and joyous times. You added such a wonderful tradition to Mevo Hama, with productions of "Shirela" at weddings, even managing to get me up on the stage at Eytan and Tali's wedding. Raising beautiful and loving children. You were always so proud of Liron, Nimrod and Gil. The most important thing to you was their loving each other and being there for each other. You certainly achieved that. They brought light into your home with every visit. Your grandchildren were the icing on the cake. How many clothes and toys can one grandmother buy!!?

After Gadi died, you were so brave, carrying on with life, and building the wonderful new home that you both had planned, with room for all your extended family. You had endless energy: Maskirat Kibbutz, rebuilding our library, and an amazing Meracezet Tarbut, touching so many lives around you and giving us a wonderful year for 50 years Mevo Hama.

The daughter of Holocaust survivors, you rarely wanted to talk or read or watch anything to do with the Shoah. I was very moved when you showed me a beautifully framed photo brought from your mother's home, of your mother's sister (who didn't survive).

Your smile and sense of humour are eternal. Even recently, when house bound, I would write to ask if you were at home to visit, and you would laugh and write "haha". You would laugh at me, for going on about tomatoes I was trying to grow.

I will miss our times together, breakfasts out (even once in the Scots Hotel), films in Bet Gavriel (usually recommended by Gil), the murder stories we both read, sitting on your mirpeset talking, as we watched the birds visiting your garden. Even the weather today is considerate. As you would say "no bloody sharkia"

I love you darling Esti, and will miss you and our friendship.