

Four comments about my mother:

1. Dina Ophir, Dina'le was born on November 19 1935 in Afula in the Jisraeli Valley. The daughter of Baruch and Genia Goldshmid, two young pioneers that emigrated from the Ukraine to Palestine in 1923. She was the youngest of three children. Dina lived all her life in Kibbutz Ashdot Yaakov Ichud. She left behind a husband, 5 children, 13 grandchildren and one great grandchild. Dina is buried in the Kibbutz cemetery overlooking the Gilad Mountains next to her parents and grandmother.
2. בית (home/house/ childhood- There is a big debate among Dina's children about how to define and describe our בית. We call it Kibbutz house. Due to the ten years difference between the oldest and the youngest child, she raised us in three shifts: my two older brothers, my sister and my younger brother and I. And...we were not the center of the house. So what was the center of the house? Today (after the Shiva) I can say (with love): She was the center of the house. It was a house that was open to everyone. I can count hundreds of people that I met that called my mother בית at one point their בית. During the Shiva, I met two women: one met my mother in 1956 and one met my mother in 2000. Both of them claimed the same story: your mother's house was our first בית in the kibbutz. After she was done raising us, she started raising the grandchildren and what a house it was for them: a place to hide, to eat, to talk and even bring the girl/boyfriends. We, the three children that live outside of Israel, always felt jealous that our kids could not experience it (Abby and Shira, rule number one, never do to your parents what your parents did to their parents). In spite of the above, I feel better knowing that both Shira and Abby had been able to see their Savta recently.
3. Food – My mother loved food. It was the engine that moved our family. Well' in that "less known culinary haven" I call Kibbutz, my mother loved to cook and to eat. She started to cook very late in life but became an expert (at least she and my dad thought so). She cooked everything and her Shabbat dinner was very well known. She also loved to eat. With that in mind, I want to mention a few of her food highlights: French fries with cream, Shnitzel (Israeli chicken fingers), "Kish'ke", "Elza'le" (from the old county), cakes, Chinese food and a lot of chocolate. With you, my American friends, I would like to share that my mother is maybe the only Israeli that loved chocolate with mint and it was that last thing that Shira and I bought her on our last visit.
4. Love and partnership – my mother and my dad were together 60 years. She met my dad during the Army service and against all odds, the daughter of the pioneers that never left the kibbutz, fell in love with the Holocaust survivor. ...And love was there. For 60 years my parents maintained the most amazing partnership and love. For 60 years, they kept each other, gave space to each other and lived together. During the Shiva, we, Dina's children only thought about one thing: to keep our promise to our mother and to take care of our dad.

We love you