

3rd Conference “Ani Ma’amin” on June 17th, 2023 at Kibbutz Netzer Sereni

Good morning and hello everyone,

Many thanks to Yoav Gad for planning and organizing and executing another successful, exciting and special conference with new program components, and doing that in spite of a medical treatment in the days leading up to the conference, and thanks to his wife Nava, the graceful daughter Zohar and other family members who helped with the preparations and dismantling and packing of the parts of the exhibition, etc.

I am convinced that I express both on behalf of Yoav and on behalf of all those present:

Thanks to all those who came and went, starting with Hilda Simcha and Eli Heiman, the tribe's youth and their families, as well as the speakers and speakers, especially Arie Barnea of the B'nai B'rith Committee for his lecture on the background and development of the Jewish Rescuer Award Project, and for his arrival at the conference of Dr. Avraham Huli, Vice President of B'nai B'rith International, active in the selection and awarding of the Jewish Saving Jewish Award;

To Micky Ohnhaus (whose wonderful words about his father, which he formulated to the surprise of us all with a captivating humor that was so appropriate to express his love for his father and mother),

To Shoshi Havkin who told about her father Isi Phillip and about an amazing visit and reception and ceremonies in Germany in her father's hometown, and about the wonderful assistance and hospitality by Dr. Franz-Josef Wittstamm, the cardiologist from Bochum (originally from Recklinghausen) and thanks to her sister Pnina who was so moved to be together with her at the conference,

Yossi Giora, who enriched the event with hundreds of pictures of and about Irit Luft's father and his father, Peter Giora (Gurau) a sequence that he cleverly projected on a huge television screen that he kindly brought from his home and on a fascinating presentation in which he told us about chapters in the life of their own father and Irit;

And special thanks to Marvin Stern, the son of Paula and Klaus Stern, who came with his wife from distant Seattle to take part in the meeting, and also to his friend who translated the speakers' words into English;

And to the patient and accommodating listeners. Thanks to Yoav Margalit for the logistics in the field of audiovisuals,

Uri was happy about all the coordination of the hall and the arrival of his mother Hilda, and to Uri's wife, Idit, who organized and decorated the hall and welcomed everyone with a graceful welcome, and Lior Simcha, the girl's grandson, and Amnon Simcha, Uri's brother, for their faithful arrival at the conference once again to express the family continuity, and to photograph Eyal and to film Itamar, whose pleasant professional cover Yoav organized, including the traditional group photo near the monument.

Another thank you to Yoav for awarding a variety of certificates of appreciation are:

To Hilda and Eli for their life's achievement who are an example to all of us

and to the various participants who generously contributed to the operation of the organization in various ways.

Thanks to all the families who brought cakes and fruits and to Uri and Idit who took care of soft drinks.

And again many thanks to everyone.

It was exciting, interesting, instructive and broadening of horizons.

We wish us all good health and see you at the next conference.

Best regards Ari Lipinski of course also on behalf of Yoav Gad.

Here are Micky Ohnhaus' remarks at the conference, you are invited to read and enjoy pearls of humor:

My father, as you know, I guess, was crazy about sports and especially crazy about football. In his youth he played for Schalke's German youth team, which, later, completely different, became for a moment even European champions.

Here he played for Hapoel Be'er Yaakov, Bar Yakov, for the well-traveled, which the oldest among us remember as the most violent football team in Israel, perhaps also in the entire universe. This is important information, because my father, to my mother's chagrin, used to take me, a five-year-old Yanuka, to every game, on the gray Ferguson, sit me down on the field and hope, out of his endless and clearly irresponsible optimism, that we would both somehow return home safely.

This whole introduction was for background and backdrop to what would happen a few years later.

The person who was closest to celeb status on the kibbutz was, you wouldn't believe it, Emanuel, the center of the fellah, Shmulevitz. He earned this honor thanks to being a relative of Maccabi Haifa and the Israeli national team player at the time, Danny, Shmilo, Shmulevitz, later Danny Rom z"l.

The legends of Seles that ran in our house about the ability and exploits of this Shmilo on the field do not have enough Hebrew words. Israeli Messi, Maradona of the Middle East. Just like that.

It's no wonder that one winter Saturday Oni came to the living room and told us that the genius from Haifa was coming to the game against Lod, and I was taking the boy to see the wonder. As the song goes, there was an outcry in the house. My mother announced that he wouldn't get up and wouldn't be. The boy does not go to any lod, it is dangerous there. Dad tried to convince her that the boy was already alive in slightly more dangerous places, wandering ambushes along the Suez Canal, for example. It didn't help. She decided and he, like a man, folded.

But then Emmanuel came riding the B. Um. Dee the Red, the pinnacle of technology in the field of tractorism, and Dad, who didn't want to disappoint Shmilo's uncle and ruin his feast day, took advantage of Mom's nap, and Haida, we rolled into Lod.

Confession. I don't remember anything about the game. What I do remember is that we didn't see anything special from Milo Danan, an ostrich, he didn't play at all, he sat on the bench on the side and waited, quite like us, I guess, for him to finish already and go home.

And here's something else I'll never forget. Oni walked up to a frustrated Emmanuel, hugged him and said: Nothing, the main thing is that we saw him life-size. Next time we come he'll probably be the best, and maybe he'll even be on the pitch.

My father. The most optimistic and kind man I have ever known