

APRIL

I celebrated Passover in Jerusalem with a friend and her family. The seder was very different of course. After Passover I went back to ashalim for the building days.

There was a building training day—there was a 3 day building festival during chol hamoed and because I did the training I was able to be a building leaders. With the help of over 500 people, 19 new houses in the village were built by the end of Pesach!

On the third day of building with friends the president of the country shows up. I ran over to him to shake his hand. I started to speak in Hebrew but had nothing to say...its harder to have nothing to say in Hebrew than in English ...so i switched to English...I said hello and thanked him i then walked away because you know many people wanted to touch him. but he called me back! SP called me to take a picture with him!!

The first day I built with a bunch of new people I hadn't met before. It was fun and dirty, muddy and wet, warm and sunny. Good shower and good people. I also spent some time with new friends and old friends. That night there was a big dance music party in one of the mud hut tents.

I had a wonderful shabbat with Yaels family in the kfar- filled with laughter and family energy that I miss so much—and lone desert exploration (with snoopy). While sitting on the hammocks I expressed to Shai the sudden craving for camping. That night as we all sat by a warm bonfire with 90s music and well rested energy, Shai let me know that we were going to the Golan...

The next morning he came in to wake me up. He came in to make sure I was packing. He came in to make sure I was packed. Even if I decided not to go I would be going. So I went 😊

We loaded the car picked up some last minute food and headed 5 hours up north. The drive was long but smooth. Comfortable and productive. He led us to ein feet (no feet??? joke joke, no it doesn't mean that) which is about 20 minutes from kiryat shmonah (not kiryat arbah—its twice the size! Avishais joke, it's not true but it is twice as north). It is a deserted druze village from the 1967 war. It was really neat seeing the battleground of a war I had spent the whole morning reading about in benny morris book "righteous victims."

The flowers danced with me as a prayed in the morning and waved with my motions. They were every color. Purple. Red. Green. Yellow. White. Pink. Blue. The sunset also had every color almost reflecting what it helped us see throughout the day.



We made fish- it was our first time all making fresh fish with heads. The miraculous Passover fire continued burning. It was all in the spirit of chag it really was. I slept so well. We brushed our teeth and washed up by the maayan. I felt clean and fresh. We then made matza brai and said Kiddush and rested and smoked nargilla. I read as I lay in the windy sun with liz. Then we went to the maayan. I put my head under the rushing cold fresh

clean water as it crashed down onto the rocks beneath the green bushes. It felt cold and silverly. I felt the cleanest I had ever been. We then went back to our perfect spot and started the fire again for dinner.

It was so wonderful being with people who appreciated. We noticed details together and appreciated everything around us and within us— together. The little red ants and the legs of spiders. The colors of the flowers inside the flowers. The facts that the hundreds of daises close at night when the sun goes away and open up wide during the day when the sun is shining happily on them.

After our feast of fresh vegetables and fish and meat and wine we loaded the car and began our drive home. Best part of the drive? I arrived home to Ashalim feeling exhausted and satisfied.

The week was short. Wed night was pub night and Thursday morning I packed my bags once again...I was on a bus going back to the Golan!

The next morning I loaded the buses to head towards ketzrin. Caught some shut eye and was fully energized for our tiyul at nachal el al. the water falls swooshed down, I dove in, flowed through, immersed within feeling each drop of the cool freshness.

The colors JUMPED out — I had never seen so many shades of green before. After nachal el al we made our way to the hostel. Showered and prepared for dinner. I was tired. We played paddle ball and shesh besh and cards and banana grams. A few of us went for a nice long Shabbat walk to a memorial over a half hour away. Fun wet informative colorful. When we returned we had a large shabbat lunch and many games and then sunset watching with friends and the conclusion of a wonderful tiyul.



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