

# MARTYROLOGY

YOM KIPPUR 5785



## INTRODUCTION

Given the reality of life in Israel over the last year, every day feels nearly like an eternity. And if not every day, every week.

The change of the news, of the situation, of the politics, of the death toll, of the tragedies:

The months actually are staggeringly long.

And somehow fast.

Today, we will remember five fallen Israelis — though we might be inclined to remember the entirety of our people, of foreign nationals, of visitors to Israel who have perished as a result of a year-long war that continues to this day. The war exploded following the horrors of the radical Islamist terrorists who violated the border with Gaza and entered sovereign Israel on October 7th to commit the most heinous of war crimes against our humanity. In addition, we take note of the strength and courage of one Israeli mother who demonstrates courage and wisdom.

These five represent so many more, and I've chosen to highlight these five not because they are exceptions, but because they are reflections of the larger whole and thus significant reminders of how very much has been lost over these many months.

But — in an effort to acknowledge that alongside death, there is life — there are five living people whose stories we will acknowledge as well.

— *Rabbi Amy S. Walk*

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### Arnon Zamora z"l

Of difficult days — and God knows there have been far too many — the 8th of June is a day that endures in the memory of many Israelis.

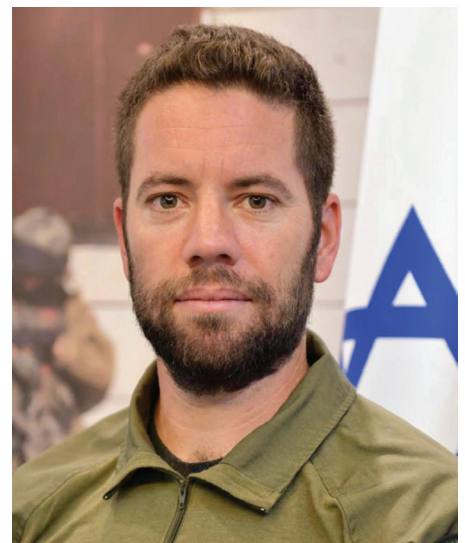
What was described as a miracle operation, resulted in the rescue of four hostages: **Noa Argamani**, **Shlomo Ziv**, **Almog Meir**, and **Andrey Kozlov**, who had been held in captivity in Gaza for eight brutal months. It was a day that actually lifted our spirits some ... and yet, amid the relief was mourning.

The incredible operation was made possible by the extraordinary courage of the elite fighters in the Shin Bet and elite units of the Israel Defense Forces. Arnon Zamora fell that day. He was a Commander and Tactical Operator in the Yamam (the National Police Counter-Terrorism Unit). His unit had been charged with hostage recovery. Arnon was shot and killed by Hamas terrorists in Gaza while leading this daring operation.

His death is one of more than 700 Israeli soldiers who have fallen on or since October 7th.

Arnon is one of roughly 2,000 souls who, as a result of October 7th, are not with their families on this Yom Kippur despite having been alive last year before the horror that struck southern Israel. These are men, women, children, Israeli, Palestinian, Jew, Muslim, Christian, Druze, Thai, Nepalese, American, Canadian, and more.

The death of Arnon Zamora is one which reminds us that the



*Arnon Zamora*

cost of this war is enormous and one which will be borne principally by Israel — but by our entire people as well — for years to come.

Memory and recalling is but one thing we can do as a way not to alleviate the pain but to share in carrying the grief of a nation.

This morning we pause for a moment to honor the precious memory of this young man who was willing to sacrifice his life for his people and for his state.

Arnon Zamora was born in Israel in 1987. From the time Arnon was a little boy, he wanted to do great things for his country. According to his mother Ruti, Arnon looked up to Yoni Netanyahu, the iconic Israeli hero who sacrificed his life in the Entebbe Operation. Arnon used to say he wanted to be like Yoni Netanyahu — he wanted to do his part to ensure that the Jewish people are safe and strong. When drafted into the Israeli Army, he chose to enlist in Yamam. Arnon knew this was a dangerous unit — but he didn't allow that to stop him. Arnon wanted to make a difference.

On October 7th, Arnon recognized the profound dangers — and he rose to the occasion. He joined fellow reservists before being called up. It is reported that he led a battle against Hamas near the border community of Yad Mordechai, killing dozens of terrorists and preventing them from infiltrating the kibbutz and entering deeper into Israel.

After that battle, he was also involved in fighting terrorists at the Nahal Oz base and at Kibbutz Be'eri. Arnon recognized the magnitude of the hour and he rose to the occasion.

At Arnon's funeral, his widow Michal was the last to speak. Michal asked to speak last because the commanders spoke about her husband as a hero — but she wanted Arnon to be remembered as more than a hero. She wanted him to be remembered as a sweet man, full of laughter, sensitivity, and compassion. Michal and Arnon were married for 12 years, and together they had two children.

Michal asks that we remember Arnon as a hero and also a loving husband, a devoted son, a magnificent father, and a dedicated family man.

This morning, we recognize Arnon's deep sense of duty, his understanding that he had no choice but to step forward and meet the horrific moment with courage, strength and determination, and his humanity and life-affirming love.

*Thousands of mourners lined the route of the funeral procession for fallen IDF Yamam officer Arnon Zamora.*



Words by Rachel Shapira; music by Yair Rosenblum

“What blessings can I give this child,  
what can he be blessed with?” Asked  
the angel. (2x)  
And he blessed him with a smile,  
bright as light  
And he blessed him with big  
observing eyes  
With them to catch every flower,  
Every living creature or bird  
And with a heart to feel what he  
sees.

*Ma avarech lo bameh yevorach?  
Ze hayeled? sha'al hamal'ach  
Ma avarech lo bameh yevorach?  
Ze hayeled? sha'al hamal'ach  
Uverach lo chiyuch shekamohu  
ka'or  
Uverach lo einayim g'dolot vero'ot  
Litpos ban kol perach vechai  
vetzipor  
Velev lehargish bo et kol hamar'ot*

“What blessings can I give this  
youth?  
What can he be blessed with?”  
Asked the angel. (2x)  
And he blessed him with legs to  
dance forever  
And a soul to remember all tunes  
And a hand to collect shells on the  
beach  
And an ear attentive to old and  
young.

*Ma avarech lo bameh yevorach?  
Ze ha'na'ar? sha'al hamal'ach  
Ma avarech lo bameh yevorach?  
Ze ha'na'ar? sha'al hamal'ach  
Uverach lo raglayim lirkod ad ein  
sof  
Venefesh lizkor ba et kol  
halchanim  
Veyad ha'osefet tz'dafim alei chof  
Ve'ozen k'shuval lig'dolim  
uk'tanim*

“What blessings can I give this young  
adult? What can he be blessed  
with?” Asked the angel. (2x)  
And he blessed that his hands, which  
are used to flowers,  
Will succeed in learning the might of  
the steel  
And his legs to dance the road's  
journey  
And lips to sing the command pace.

*Ma avarech lo bameh yevorach?  
Ze hagever? sha'al hamal'ach  
Ma avarech lo bameh yevorach?  
Ze hagever? sha'al hamal'ach  
Natati lo kol she'efshar li latet  
Shir vechiyuch veraglayim lirkod  
Veyad me'udenet velev meratet  
Uma avarech lecha od?*

What blessings can I give this man,  
what can he be blessed with? Asked  
the angel. (2x)  
I gave him all I could give  
A song a smile and legs to dance  
And a delicate hand and a trembling  
heart  
What else can I bless you with?

*Ma avarech lo bameh yevorach?  
Ze hayeled? ha'elem harach  
Ma avarech lo bameh yevorach?  
Ze hayeled? ha'elem harach  
Hana'ar hazeh achshav hu  
mal'ach  
Lo od yevarchuhu lo od yevurach  
Elohim Elohim Elohim  
Lu ach berachta lo Chayim*

What blessings can I give this child,  
the gentle young man? (2x)  
This boy is now an angel  
No one will bless him, he will never  
be blessed  
God God God  
If only You blessed him with Life.

מה אברך לו, במה יבורך?  
זה הילד? שאל המלאך.  
מה אברך לו, במה יבורך?  
זה הילד? שאל המלאך.  
וברך לו חיוך שכמוהו כאור  
וברך לו עיניים גדולות ורואות  
לתפוס בן כל פרח וחי וציפור  
ולב להרגיש בו את כל המראות.

מה אברך לו, במה יבורך?  
זה הנער? שאל המלאך.  
מה אברך לו, במה יבורך?  
זה הנער? שאל המלאך.  
וברך לו רגליים לרקוד עד אין סוף  
ונפש לזכור בה את כל הלחנים  
ויד האוספת צדפים עלי חוף  
ואוזן קשובה לגדולים וקטנים.

מה אברך לו, במה יבורך?  
זה הגבר? שאל המלאך.  
מה אברך לו, במה יבורך?  
זה הגבר? שאל המלאך.  
נתתי לו כל שאפשר לי לתת  
שיר, וחיוך, ורגליים לרקוד  
ויד מעודנת, ולב מרטט  
ומה אברך לך עוד?

מה אברך לו, במה יבורך?  
זה הילד? העלם הרך.  
מה אברך לו, במה יבורך?  
זה הילד? העלם הרך.  
הנער הזה - עכשיו הוא מלאך.  
לא עוד יברכהו, לא עוד יבורך.  
אלוהים, אלוהים, אלוהים  
לו אך ברכת לו - חיים.

## Awad Darawshe ז"ל

When we use the expression, *zichrono/zichronah livracha* — may his or her memory be for a blessing — it is used to instill the idea that the act of remembering can lead us to perform deeds that bring blessing as we are inspired by the person who has died. It could even be said that in recalling the life — or aspects of that life — of the deceased, we remember the blessings they brought about.

The next person whom we will remember led a life of blessing. His name was Awad Darawshe. An Israeli Arab, he came from a family whose roots in the land we call Israel — but which we and they knew as Palestine pre-1948 — date back 27 generations in the area of Nazareth. For those keeping track, that puts the family in the Galilee region no less than a thousand years. On our congregational trip to Israel this past spring, we met Awad's uncle, who told us the story of this brave young man who became a hero on October 7th — and died as a result.



**Awad Darawshe**

At times, we may feel alone as a people — but that is not the case. Awad's uncle Mohammed is a reminder that we sit in mourning with friends who look and experience life very differently than we do — but sadly, we connect in the brotherhood of death. Would that we could unite more frequently in the brotherhood of life.

Awad Darawshe was 23: single, handsome, a medic who worked for an ambulance company called "Yossi's Ambulances." Awad was at the Nova festival with a team of paramedics who were assigned to work the festival in a tent. Awad had texted with some of his family in his opening hours of the festival — he was handling the usual fare for such an event: cuts, simple wounds, some attendees who had too much of whatever intoxicant they were enjoying.

Shortly after dawn on October 7th, rockets pierced the skies. We know the stories of how people took shelter. Some panicked. Many just assumed this was an air assault that would pass, and so they stayed in place. But then everything changed — there were terrorists reported on-site. The sound of gunfire began and grenades went off. Suddenly, there was live ammunition and gunfire ricocheted everywhere. Injured, bleeding attendees of the festival raced to the paramedics' station. Naturally, the chaos quickly escalated. As the scope of the Hamas attack became clear, the station's leader ordered the paramedics to evacuate. Awad's other colleagues, including another Arab paramedic, fled as they saw the armed terrorists approaching. They all survived.

Awad Darawshe refused to leave. We know his story because the surviving paramedics told Awad's family. Awad insisted the others leave to save themselves, saying, "No I am not leaving. I speak Arabic. I will manage." Who knows what his final thoughts were — to save those he could, to mediate with the terrorists, to attend to the wounded?

As his colleagues fled away, the terrorists overtook Awad within minutes. When he was eventually found, as his uncle told us, the Hamas terrorists

sent a clear message in their execution. Awad was shot twice: once to the heart and once to the head.

Was Awad naive and foolish? Or was he a hero who was prepared to risk his life to save someone even during this horrific terrorist attack? Awad felt it was wrong to leave wounded people. He sought to fulfill the very oath of medicine to which he had sworn.

This fine young man had initially wanted to become a doctor and had begun medical studies abroad. Covid cut his studies short, and he returned home to Israel, thinking he would continue when the pandemic was finally over. But in the meantime, as was his nature, he decided to do something with his time. Already a volunteer with Magen David Adom since the age of 16, he began advanced paramedic studies in Israel and found his true calling, remaining even after the pandemic to serve as a paramedic, with plans to own his own ambulance company.

Awad, a gentle and giving soul, was one who was always first to volunteer in the village for whatever task was needed. This young man was buried in his home village of Iksal on October 12th, with a full motorcade of 20 rescue motorcycles and 10 ambulances from Yossi Ambulances with their sirens sounding, winding through the entire village to the cemetery to his final resting place. Some 20,000 attendees flocked to the funeral. His full life was yet to be lived, and it was cut horribly short. He brought pride and blessing to his family and his village ... what could have been the future for this young man, we will now never know. The costs of this war and this reality have been devastating for Jews, Arabs, Palestinians, Israelis. No one has a monopoly on these tears that well up for our common humanity. In the death of Awad, we see the conflicts of the generations but the promise and the people who have managed to rise above it in order to make Israel a shared land of two peoples.

I ask you to take in, once again: Awad's family has lived in the village of Iksal for 27 generations. They are part of Israel's Palestinian Arab minority that makes up about 20 percent of the population. They are descendants of Palestinians who stayed in the country after 1948, who have a history of supporting the Jewish population prior to 1948, and whom the Jewish population supported after 1948. Unlike Palestinians who live in the West Bank or Gaza, they are full citizens of Israel. And yet, of course, because of family trees and longevity in the land, they have family in the West Bank and Gaza who are immediately affected by this war and have lost numerous loved ones. Awad's uncle acknowledged the challenges of living as a Palestinian in Israel, but he also spoke to the opportunities and possibilities, the shared desires and, regardless of anything: destiny.

It seems that there are three mosques in Iksal. No doubt the Muslim community faces the same things as we Jews: multiple opinions and feelings about the best places to worship and assemble. We learned that all three imams from those local mosques spoke at Awad's funeral. They were united in expressing the reality that Awad was a pure soul — a man who has ascended to heaven because of his many good deeds.

To which I would add: He was a man who was able to infuse those last minutes of his life with blessing for others in giving them the chance to escape — and giving us the charge to make the world a better and more blessed place.

Words by Zelda; music by Chanan Yovel

|  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| Everyone has a name<br>given to him by God<br>and by his father and mother                                 | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatan lo Elohim<br/>venatnu lo aviv ve'imo</i>                  | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתן לו אלוהים<br>ונתנו לו אביו ואימו          |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to her by her stature<br>and by the manner of her smile<br>and by her clothes | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatnu lo komato<br/>ve'ofen chiyucho<br/>venatan lo ha'arig</i> | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתנו לו קומתו<br>ואופן חיוכו<br>ונתן לו האריג |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to him by the mountains<br>and by the walls of his house                      | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatnu lo heharim<br/>venatnu lo k'talav</i>                     | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתנו לו ההרים<br>ונתנו לו כתליו               |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to her by the zodiac<br>and by her neighbors                                  | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatnu lo hamazalot<br/>venatnu lo sh'chenav</i>                 | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתנו לו המזלות<br>ונתנו לו שכניו              |
| Everyone has a name (2x)   | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem (2x)</i>   | לכל איש יש שם<br>לכל איש יש שם                                  |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to him by his sins<br>and by his yearnings                                    | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatnu lo chat'av<br/>venatna lo k'mihato</i>                    | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתנו לו חטאיו<br>ונתנה לו כמיהתו              |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to her by her enemies<br>and by her love                                      | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatnu lo son'av<br/>venatna lo ahavato</i>                      | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתנו לו שונאיו<br>ונתנה לו אהבתו              |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to him by his holidays<br>and by his profession                               | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatnu lo chagav<br/>venatna lo melachto</i>                     | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתנו לו חגיו<br>ונתנה לו מלאכתו               |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to her by the seasons<br>and by her blindness                                 | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatnu lo t'kufot hashanah<br/>venatan lo ivrono</i>             | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתנו לו תקופות השנה<br>ונתן לו עיוורונו       |
| Everyone has a name (2x)   | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem (2x)</i>   | לכל איש יש שם<br>לכל איש יש שם                                  |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to her by God<br>and by her father and mother                                 | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatan lo Elohim<br/>venatnu lo aviv ve'imo</i>                  | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתן לו אלוהים<br>ונתנו לו אביו ואימו          |
| Everyone has a name<br>given to him by the sea<br>and by his death.  | <i>Lechol ish yesh shem<br/>shenatan lo hayam<br/>venatan lo moto</i>                          | לכל איש יש שם<br>שנתן לו הים<br>ונתן לו מותו.                   |

## Iris Haim

In our remembering the dead and the **awful** that has flowed from October 7th, I want to highlight an exceptional woman who may stand as a source of inspiration and guidance for all of us.

On December 15th, three Israeli hostages — **Yotam Haim**, **Alon Shamriz**, and **Samer Fouad Talalka** — dared to escape from their captors in Gaza. What could have been a day of light became a day of horrid darkness. Tragically, those three men were misidentified by the IDF soldiers and were shot and killed. Making the situation even worse: The three men were unarmed and waving a white flag. They had been abducted by Hamas from Kibbutz Kfar Aza on October 7th.

May their memory be for a blessing.

Yotam was 28 years old. He was a drummer in a heavy-metal band, admired and loved by his family.

Alon was 26 years old. He was studying computer engineering, was accomplished at logistics, and was a fan of comedy and game playing.

Samer was 22 years old. He was a Bedouin who worked in the kibbutz's hatchery. He loved motorcycles and was a friend to all. It was later reported that he served as a translator between the captors and the Israelis — a sign, according to his family, of how he always wanted to help people and make things better.

May the memory of these fine young men — Jewish and Muslim, Israeli Jews and Israeli Bedouin — be for a blessing.

But I want to highlight as well those who have to live with the reality of life in the aftermath — and particularly life after such a compounded tragedy.

Yotam Haim's mother, Iris Haim, is a hero whose story must be told. During the week of *shiva*, Iris shared the following in a recorded statement aimed primarily at the IDF soldiers who inadvertently killed the three hostages who were within feet of being saved: "I am Yotam's mother. I wanted to tell you that I love you very much, and I hug you here from afar. I know that everything that happened is absolutely not your fault, and nobody's fault except that of Hamas, may their name be wiped out and their memory erased from the earth."

She continued: "I want you to look after yourselves and to think all the time that you are doing the best thing in the world...Nobody's going to judge you or be angry. Not me, and not my husband Raviv. Not my daughter Noya. And not Yotam, may his memory be for a blessing. And not Tuval, Yotam's brother. We love you very much. And that is all."



*Iris Haim*



According to news reports, once Iris spoke, the news cycle ended and there was no more finger-pointing.

I have no idea where Iris Haim found the strength, or how she had the heart to speak as she did. What I know is that Iris Haim has become a national icon in Israel. She has been featured regularly by Israeli news outlets, she lit a torch for the Independence Day ceremony on Mount Herzl in Jerusalem, and she has traveled to North America to share her story.

There are many aspects of Haim's story which inspire me. Her ability to reframe her son's tragic death is extraordinary. But Haim also said the following: "It's hard to explain, but after what happened, it became clear to me how much I love Israel. Before October 7, I was entrenched in my own camp; I knew only people like me, who think like me, who talk like me, who look like me. I didn't know most Israelis. ... Then my boy was kidnapped into Gaza and all Israel stood up to help us. Something has opened up inside me. I can see the humanity in everyone — the good intentions of every person. I'm done with generalizations like 'The Orthodox Jews are taking my money, their religious seminaries are pointless.' I used to talk like that, but not anymore. Now I see everyone's contribution."

It's been a long year. There have been heroes and there have been horrors. There have been moments of light and salvation in which we invoke the Divine's hand. And there have been moments of despair and anger in which we decry the evil of humanity.

Memory can be a blessing — although some memories can bring remarkable pain and disquiet.

In our remembering today, may we hold the memory of those who have died in this long and horrible year with blessing. May we be reminded of how much good there is in the world and how we can learn from these lives and find the sources within ourselves to bring about blessing *al kiddush hashem* — for the sanctification of God's name, and to bring about holiness in our lives— *b'shem zichronam*, in their memory.



***Alon Shamriz z"l***



***Yotam Haim z"l***



***Samer Talalka z"l***

Words by Shaul Tchernichovsky; music by Tuvia Shlonsky

Among the songs that young people in Treblinka sang to support their faith and hope for survival and liberation were Hebrew songs they had learned in Poland before the war, presumably as part of the *Tarbut* (“Culture”) — the interwar-period Polish-Zionist educational system. After the State of Israel came into existence, *Sachki, Sachki* became one of the Israeli popular-song staples. The poem was written by Shaul Tchernichovsky in 1894 in Odessa. These two verses are excerpted from the original poem.

|  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| Laugh, laugh at these dreams –<br>This is me, the dreamer, speaking<br>Laugh because I still believe in<br>humanity,<br>Because I still believe in you.            | <i>Sachki, sachki al hachalomot<br/>Zu ani hacholem sach<br/>Sachki ki va'adam a'amin<br/>Ki odeni ma'amin bach</i>     | שִׁחְקִי, שִׁחְקִי עַל הַחֲלוֹמוֹת,<br>זוֹ אֲנִי הַחֹלֵם שָׁח.<br>שִׁחְקִי כִּי בְּאָדָם אֲאָמִין,<br>כִּי עוֹדֵנִי מֵאֲמִין בְּךָ.      |
| Because my soul still longs for<br>freedom,<br>I have not sold it for a golden calf.<br>Because I still believe in humanity<br>And in its spirit, a strong spirit. | <i>Ki od nafshi d'ror sho'efet<br/>Lo m'chartiha l'egel paz<br/>Ki od a'amin gam ba'adam<br/>Gam b'rucho, ruach oz.</i> | כִּי עוֹד נַפְשִׁי דְרוֹר שׁוֹאֶפֶת<br>לֹא מְכַרְתִּיהָ לְעֵגֶל-פָּז,<br>כִּי עוֹד אֲאָמִין גַּם בְּאָדָם,<br>גַּם בְּרוּחוֹ, רוּחַ עֵז. |

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering presence, among the holy and the pure whose radiance is like the heavens to the souls of all of those who perished, citizens of Israel and citizens of countries around the world, Am Yisrael, and all who dwell on earth, who were killed, who were murdered, who were strangled, and bombed, who were tortured and who were raped, beaten and tormented, and were cruelly slaughtered on that fateful Simḥat Torah day. And the souls of the defense personnel, the Israeli police, the defense forces, the emergency squads, the observers, and the IDF, who gave their lives as Heroes of Israel.

May their memories be a blessing and may they rest in paradise.

Master of mercy, may they find eternal shelter beneath Your sheltering wings, and may their souls be bound up in the bond of life. Adonai is their portion. May they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

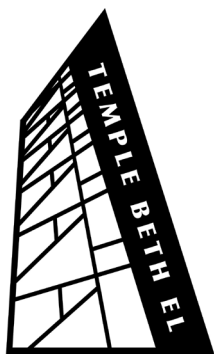
Hebrew from Isaiah 40:1-3; music and English text by Elana Arian

נַחֲמוּ נַחֲמוּ עַמִּי יֹאמַר אֱלֹהֵיכֶם:

*Nachamu nachamu ami, yomar Eloheichem*

Comfort us, comfort us in our wilderness  
Comfort us as we struggle to take care of one another  
Comfort us, comfort us in our wilderness  
Comfort us as we struggle with this world.





**Temple Beth El**  
**979 Dickinson St.**  
**Springfield, MA 01108**