On the one year *Azkara* of my son-in-law

David Schwartz z"l, HY"d, כ"ז טבת

I hope my words will be lichvod Meital, Sara and Yair, David’s sisters and brothers, and most of all David.

More than a year has passed, both on the secular and Hebrew calendar. We measure time in years. We measure progress or change in years. On chagim, birthdays, anniversaries, we look back and think about what we accomplished from one year to the next. So…..how *have* we changed or moved forward, since you’ve been gone David?

In my mind, this past year is divided into two categories ‒ change which occurred that you knew about, were part of, dreamed about and foresaw, *haroeh et hanolad*, and change that you could never have foreseen or imagined or know about in your lifetime.

There are events and milestones that you and Meital anticipated and looked forward to. Shira had a baby girl, Kineret had a baby boy, Ariel and Noa got married, Ayelet and Elazar got married, Max and Yotal and Ellian and Yonatan got engaged and are soon to be wed. Ziv grew even bigger and taller. Yudi graduated high school and is studying in Yeshiva ‒ making your childhood home quieter than usual. Your Mom’s book אלה תולדות יצחק was published and her career took a new turn as you advocated for her. Meital finished her first degree in Food Science at the Faculta with great success. This all happened, as you might have imagined and dreamed, and even though you wouldn’t see these accomplishments with your own eyes, you had a part in them because you shared in the joy of the anticipation of these events and milestones.

Then there were the things you couldn’t have known about and would never have imagined would occur. All the hostages are not yet home. 1000’s of *mefunim* are still not back home in the north or south. The list of fallen soldiers grew and alongside that, the number of broken families. The war’s true end is yet to be known. In order to comfort us the first three months of the war, you promised your parents and Meital that the war would end soon. As fast as it started it will end, just like that. You’ll see. *Yihiyeh beseder, hakol bidei shamayim*. And now we are left wondering and approximating what you would have said and thought and done and felt.

On a more personal and private level, but with no less heartache and sorrow, are the things that would NEVER have happened if you were alive, the things which should not have happened, the things for which we shake our heads in disbelief and say “Why am I even doing this? How did we get here?”

Meital moved out of your cozy first apartment in Rechovot to an apartment in Tel Aviv close to university, so she could continue her second degree there. With this move your cousins and friends also found themselves leaving Rechovot, a place you planned to build your family and community for at least several more years. Joseph has delivered your weekly divrei Torah on the parasha to 1000’s of readers in English, Hebrew and French! We always thought you had a bit of French in you anyhow. Your name is inscribed on a Leket truck, a bomb shelter, a Yad Sarah יחידת אירוח , on bumper stickers and bracelets and *Meilim* of *Sifrei Torah*. But instead of your name’s engraving being a dedication ‒ lichvod David ‒ they are le’zecher David.

These things would have NEVER happened. Or they would have happened on different terms. They happened against our will ‒ so to speak ‒ and without your guidance, input and enthusiasm. And even though they aren’t bad things – they were NOT supposed to be.

Against our will, our lives have changed in so many ways. And I guess, I’ve been told, or have heard from countless other bereaved families, that what we do from here on forward is in our hands. How we react, how we respond to what happened to you David, is up to us. In fact, you gave us the framework and perspective on how to respond ‒ from your oft quoted *maamar chazal* ‒ *hakol bidei shamayim chutz meyir'at shamayim*, which appears in many of your *divrei Torah* and was one of the *psukim* posted above your bed. I never fully grasped what this *pasuk* means, but one explanation found in the Rambam is that while our nature or DNA is prescribed by God, we still have the free will and free choice to decide whether or not to be a *tzadik* or *rasha*, or to do mitzvot and good deeds or not. And so it is indeed up to us to figure out what to do now.

Your *pasuk*, as I call it, is a call for action. Some people figure out right away what must be done. Others at a slower pace and in their own time. So I hope you will be forgiving with the progress some of us – I for one ‒ have been making.

Rabban ben Gamliel said:

"אין עושין נפשות לצדיקים דבריהם הם הם זכרונם"

"One does not make memorials for the righteous; their words are their remembrance."

*Tzaddikim* leave an enduring legacy through the wisdom, values, and deeds they impart, rather than through physical monuments or memorials.

David unintentionally at that specific point in his life, while he was in his early twenties at Yeshiva, managed to memorialize himself through the *divrei Torah* he wrote on the parasha. The book, published by his family in honor of his wedding to Meital, gives us a glimpse into his heart of hearts. He left us a treasure trove of how to live fuller and richer lives as Jews and human beings, and as Yair beautifully said, we can bring David into our lives by reading his *divrei Torah* and striving to emulate his *midot tovot*.

During the course of the year Joseph and I would receive letters from members of the Parasha whatsapp groups sharing how profoundly relevant David’s words were to this moment in history. I quote: “having just read this week’s parasha post, with all that’s going on David’s words call out.” And “It’s hard not to read it as an autobiographical piece”.

David worked to embody and live by the lessons he wrote about: How to live a life of *Torah im derech eretz*, with *yir'at shamayim, bitachon BaHashem, anava* and *ahavat adam lechaveiro*. How to balance *Chadshanut* with *Shomranut*. How to be active and creative partners with Hashem to build a better world. How to be a *kiddush Hashem*.

This past shabbat Meital’s aunts, uncles and cousins sat around the table debating which one of David’s *psukim* posted above his bed: הכל בידי שמים חוץ מיראת שמי*ם ,* or הבוטח בה' חסד יסובבנו *,* or ואני בחסדך בטחתי יגל ליבי בישועתך – resonated most with them. It was clear to us that David’s *emunah and bitachon Bashem* far surpassed our own, yet I couldn’t help but think that David would be proud and deeply moved seeing us gathered round reflecting on the values and ideas that meant so much to him.

Thinking and writing about my *divrei preida* to you, David, is something I’ve been avoiding all year. I was not sure, I am not sure ‒ that I can find the right words, and the right number of words to speak about you. As Joseph said at your shloshim ‒ *ein maspik milim*. It’s easy to write facts and memories ‒ and there are so many ‒ but putting words to your emotions is impossible. Whatever I express won’t come close to what I feel.

And moreover, writing down words seems limiting ‒ summarizing someone’s life and your feelings towards them seems as if you are containing them while they are so much larger and greater than the words you speak or write. It’s especially painful when the person you are writing about was so young and full of potential, someone who should have had many more years to continue writing his book of life and adding many new chapters to it. A story that was meant to be, but wasn’t. I am not willing to accept that, that is it.

Looking back at my whatsapps to you David, I remembered all the times I asked you to translate and interpret Israeli folk songs for me for my *tiyulim* ‒ like *Shir Haemek*, and *Chalom Shel Yosef*. You were my resident Hebrew scholar with deep insight and understanding ‒ and if you didn’t understand something you asked your Mom for help and got back to me in no time. And so now, with you in mind, I would like to revisit a well-known Hebrew song ‒ which was a part of my Zionist upbringing and appears in the back of our family *birkonim* among the *Shirei Eretz Yisrael*. By far one of the saddest songs ever written, I now realize just how poignant and relevant it is to you.

**מָה אֲבָרֵךְ לו, בַּמֶּה יְבֹרַּךְ**

is a song written by Rachel Shapira after the 6 Day War for her childhood friend Eldad Krok who was killed in battle.

**מָה אֲבָרֵךְ לו, בַּמֶּה יְבֹרַּךְ**

**זֶּה הַּיֶּלֶּד – שָאַּל הַּמַּלְאָךְ**

“What blessings can I give this child, what can he be blessed with?” Asked the angel

**וּבֵרַּךְ לו חִיוּךְ שֶּכָמוהוּ כָאור**

**וּבֵרַּךְ לו עֵינַּיִם גְדולות וְרואות**

**לִתְפֹשׂ בָן כָל פֶּרַּח וְחַּי וְצִפור**

**וְלֵב לְהַּרְגִיש בו אֶּת כָל הַּמַּרְאות**

Indeed, David came into this world with all these gifts and blessings bestowed upon him by Hashem and his parents Sarah and Yair.

**חִיוּךְ שֶּכָמוהוּ כָאור** (And he was blessed with a smile as radiant as light), In every hesped about you David, your friends, family and rabbis begin with words of admiration for your warm smile that lit up every room you walked into. As Rabbi Moshe Taragin wrote: “David had an incandescent smile which never left his face, radiated instant happiness, and literally climbed into your heart.”

**עֵינַּיִם גְדולות וְרואות** (And he was blessed with big, seeing eyes), Literally and physically – you had big beautiful eyes and enviable long lashes which brushed against the lenses of your glasses ‒

**לִתְפֹשׂ בָן כָל פֶּרַּח וְחַּי וְצִפור** (To grasp within them every flower, living being, and bird) And You used your eyes to embrace all the beauty, natural wonders, and fine things in life.

As Shira said ‒

דוד היה נער חפץ חיים, שאהב לחיות ולמצוא את כל מה שהעולם יכול היה להציע לו

In particular, you loved flowers. You and Meital have many pictures together in fields of sunflowers and on Givat Haturmusim among the purple lupines. You tended to the plant box your friend Jordan built for you in Rechovot and found great joy in choosing flowers for shabbat and chag to bring to your parents in Elazar. You loved *tiyulim* in and out of the country ‒ but as your siblings all teased you ‒ especially OUT of the country. They were never sure where they would find you ‒ Toronto, Miami, Los Angeles, Iceland, Mexico. We cherished all our family trips with you ‒ and marveled at the excitement you exuded whenever you did something fun and daring ‒ like jumping off cliffs into deep cold water in Colorado, or walking among the alligators in the Everglades. We laughed at the way you relished the taste of yummy shwarma or pizza or pastry. You appreciated and were grateful for all the wonderful gifts this world had to offer. And you never missed an opportunity to say thank you for even the small gifts ‒ like a rental car from Izzie: "איזי היה מצויין תודה רבה

Izzie was awed by your message. He wrote:

זה נראה פשוט ומובן אבל מי נזכר אחרי כמה ימים להגיד תודה על רכב שהחזיר??? זה נדיר

Joseph and I have so many messages from you thanking us ‒ sometimes for something we bought you: “Thank you so much for the watch, it’s perfect.

מדהים ממש בדיוק מה שראיתי ואהבתי מאוד. אין לי מילים תודה רבה.

Other times just stam ‒ “Rosh Hashana is a good הזדמנות to thank you for everything you are doing for us during the year and always.”

The last verse of the stanza adds:

**וְלֵב לְהַּרְגִיש בו אֶּת כָל הַּמַּרְאות** And a heart to feel all the sights within it.

Most importantly, behind everything you saw with your big beautiful eyes, lay your feeling heart. Your greatest *midda* was your **לב טוב**. It was a heart which deeply felt the pain or simple needs of others and led you to help them.

At the *shloshim*, Yair shared the last *dvar Torah* he discussed with you on Erev Shabbat, parashat Shemot, about the greatness of leaders like Yosef and Moshe, which lies in their ability to not just see, but actively seek out injustice or suffering, and take action to intervene and right the wrong.

As Yair said:

איני יכול שלא לחוש בקווי הדמיון בין האמור לעיל לְהִתְנַהֲגוּתוֹ וְהַנְהָגוֹתָיו של דוד. תמיד היו אזניו, עיניו ולבו כרויים ופתוחים לעזרת הזולת בסבר פנים יפות ובצניעות .

When you recognized a need, you jumped at the opportunity to help: Volunteering in the law clinic at Reichman University to give legal help to those who couldn’t afford a lawyer, or fixing up the apartment of an elderly man in your community in Rechovot. Your Mom describes how you even arranged a meeting for her with the President of Reichman University. You saw an issue and you did what you could to fix it. As your friend Ran said:

תמיד הייתי צוחק עלייך שאתה ה”הנדימן“ של כל משפחת שורץ, לא היה לך יום בלימודים שלא דאגת לסדר את החשבון חשמל של סבא, לבדוק משהו קטן )שהוא בעצם גדול( לאמא, לסדר בכמה דק׳ את הבעיה שהייתה לסבתא אתמול… כי זה דוד, הוא הראשון שפונים אליו, הראשון שיעזור, בלי שאלות רק בעיה ופתרון.

[One of many occasions I asked if you could compose a thank you letter from me to Ziv’s teacher in Hebrew. You wrote back: “I’ll send it soon, I have a few עבודות that I need to write. I’m starting מבחנים 9 days from now (nervous face emoji)” but 20 minutes later you already sent a complete reply.]

Your friend Natan, a “chaver laneshek” recalled how after a long night of walking, everyone collapsed, huddled together under the shade with all their gear, with no strength in them to move. But when you saw Natan out in the sun, you jumped up and sprang into action:

**כשראית אותי ככה , פשוט זינקת , למרות העייפות וסידרת את כל הציוד, הזזת אנשים, כדי שיהיה לי גם מקום בתוך הצל**.

These are but a few examples of your *lev tov* and willingness to put others' needs before your own.

In the next stanza of the song, the boy has grown.

**מה אברך לו, במה יבורך? זה הנער? שאל המלאך**

He is no longer a child. He is a נער , an adolescent, and the *mal'ach* continues with the task of blessing him as he moves into the next phase of his life.

**וּבֵרַּךְ לו רַּגְלַּיִם לִרְקֹד עַּד אֵין סוף**

**וְנֶּפֶּש לִזְכֹר בָהּ אֶּת כָל הַּלְחָנִים**

And he was blessed with legs to dance endlessly, And a soul to remember all the melodies,

David, you never liked to miss a *tish* with the Boyaner or Gerer Chassidim or pilgrimage to Har Meron on Lag Baomer. Chassidut in particular was a spring of inspiration for you. You shared a love for chassidishe niggunim with your father and brother Yisrael ‒ Shulam Lemer, niggunei Berdichev and Motti Steinmetz, Lippa Shmeltzer. Your love for music and concerts also veered into some secular artists, perhaps because of Meital’s influence ‒ Bruno Mars, Maroon 5, Shawn Mendes. The louder the better Meital would say.

**וְיָד הָאוסֶּפֶּת צְדָפִים עֲלֵי חוף** And a hand to gather seashells on the shore

So many metaphors come to mind here. First off are the tangible images on my camera roll or framed in our home, of you on the *chof hayam* – I especially love the one of you wearing Meital’s big brimmed hat with the setting sun in the background.

Next is the image of your hand collecting sea shells… Last month Joseph, Meital and I went on a *tiyul* to Chof Dor, and I found myself sitting on a beach made entirely of sea shells, just sorting out and hand picking the prettiest and most unique ones to display in our home. This made me think about the way you David, handpicked and gathered all the best of what Jewish culture and wisdom had to offer ‒ from various *batei midrash*, different groups of friends and places you traveled. Your *divrei Torah* in your weekly parasha show a harmony and balance between your Yeshivat Har Etzion education alongside your *chassidishe neshama* ‒ the Sfat Emet, Chiddushei HaRim, Kli Yakar and Minchat Asher. You valued diverse perspectives and believed there was something positive and inspiring to learn from various ways of thinking. Meital explained to me that in particular you admired the way in which Chassidim find true joy in performing a mitzva or celebrating a chag ‒not out of routine or habit, but with genuine simcha and enthusiasm. Even the way you dressed reflected how you bridged worlds. Always a suit, white dress shirt and leather shoes on shabbat, but on other occasions you went Gitler style with a bright green Ziv kippa and hot pink shirt.

You befriended and sought out the value and uniqueness of people everywhere you went, particularly seeking out the wisdom of rabbis. A typical David-Rabbi encounter went something like this: David sees Rabbi Robinson from the Lincoln Square synagogue eating lunch in the Gush cafeteria and unabashedly approaches him to ask if he could sit next to him and practice his English. They continue to be in touch by Whatsapp even up to a week before David fell.

When I think about your **יָד הָאוסֶּפֶּת צְדָפִים עֲלֵי חוף,** the other image which comes to mind is how you had your hand in everything. When you first started dating Meital and your parents were still in Riverdale on sabbatical, you asked Meital’s opinion on the color of wood to choose for new doors in your house in Elazar. I was astounded that your parents left this most important decision to a 22 year old! And a Boy for that matter.

The Gitler family also learned to rely on you for so many things – fixing printers, dealing with Elitzur’s parking tickets, translations, building Ziv’s meat smoker, and making stovetop popcorn on erev Shabbat. Only once you burned my pot. But ***only you*** – had the patience at 10:30 at night, after 60 plus texts back and forth, to find and organize a driver with a bullet proof car to take me and Debbie Ziering to Hevron.

You set up your whole apartment in Rechovot and were very proud of it – hanging the bookshelves and long-armed tv, and constructing a covering for the outside dryer and an awning for your car to protect it from birds. During your last week at home you hung new cabinets and mirrors. I always found comfort in knowing that Meital was in good reliable hands!

The last line of the stanza states:

**וְאֹזֶּן קַּשּׁוּבָה לִגְדולִים וּקְטַּנִים**

You had an ability to truly listen and value everyone’s opinions, big or small.

Yakira shared this with her school:

דוד תמיד נתן לי את ההרגשה שהייתי חשובה, שהדעות שלי היו חשובות, הוא היה מוכן

לדבר על כל נושא, בכל זמן, ונתן את דעותיו הכנות והאמיתיות תמיד

And your brother Josie said

**וידעת להעריך אנשים. יש הרבה דברים שלא הסכמנו עליהם. אבל תמיד הקשבת לי, תמיד הגעת להקשיב. כ"כ הרבה פעמים הפנת אלי שאלות כאילו אני אחיך הגדול**...**אין עוד בן אדם אחד בעולם שהרגשתי שמקשיב לדעות שלי ולוקח אותן ברצינות כמוך** .

Your *ahavat Yisrael* was extraordinary. You had a rare ability to listen, learn, and connect with everyone, regardless of background or beliefs.

But that didn’t mean that you shied away from being true to yourself and maintaining your opinions steadfastly. I recall a number of lively and heated debates around politics and religion that David engaged in with members of our family. None-the-less, everyone appreciated and learned from his clear and grounded perspective, and it didn’t get in the way of their close relationship and bonds. Everyone wanted to know David’s opinion about the matter – to quote David’s friend Amit,

תמיד רציתי ללמוד ממנו. וביקשתי שילמד אותי משהו. תורה, משנה, גמרא, לא משנה מה

In the third stanza of the song, the *mal'ach* continues to bless the child and adolescent as he moves into adulthood.

**מה אברך לו, במה יבורך? זה העלם? שאל המלאך**

Now the child is an Elem – a young man, perhaps 20 years old already. The *Mal'ach* bestows upon him many more special gifts and powers, but this time, the gifts are used to help the young man navigate a more complicated life, one full of challenges.

**וּבֵרַךְ כִי יָדָיו הַלְמוּדוֹת בִפְרָחִים**

**יִצְלְחוּ גַם לִלְמֹד אֶת עָצְמַת הַפְלָדָה,**

**וְרַגְלָיו הָרוֹקְדוֹת – אֶת מַסַע הַדְרָכִים**

**וּשְפָתָיו הַשָרוֹת – אֶת מִקְצַב הַפְקֻדָה**

You were blessed that your hands, gentle with flowers,

Could also understand the strength, might, power, force of steel.

Your dancing feet would learn to weather the long journeys

Your singing lips would also learn the gravity of command.

David who loved the good life – flowers, food, traveling, adventure –

had the fortitude to rise up to hardships and challenges and take upon himself responsibilities, especially when he knew that his country and nation needed him most. He excelled as a soldier in the *Handassa Kravit* unit, advanced to קורס מ"כים , and later volunteered for the elite 551 Commando *miluim* unit, committing to weeks of intense training throughout university and married life.

Rav Bazak aptly compared David to one of David Hamelech’s greatest warriors עדינו העצני Adino Haetzani – who a midrash Chazal said, would “make himself soft like a worm” and act with gentleness and humility while studying Torah, but would “harden and strengthen himself like a tree” when he went out to war.

כשהתגייסת, התברר עד כמה מדרש זה רלוונטי לגביך, דוד. עם כל עֲדִינוּתְךָ, היית חייל מצטיין בהנדסה קרבית, יצאת לקורס מ"כים, והתלבטת עד כמה להאריך את שירותך הצבאי

Your *mefaked* in *miluim* Ron praised your strength and determination, your toughness as nails ‒ “*ozmat haplada*” when he explained how you took on more than the required load.

אתה בחיים לא הראית שקשה לך או ביקשת עזרה. כשהייתי אומר לך שצריך לקחת המון חבלה כדי שלא יחסר, למרות שלא הסכמת איתי אתה אף פעם לא רצית להעיק עלי ובגלל זה אמרת לי תמיד: "אל תדאג, עלי.

לקח לי כמה שבועות להבין שכשאתה אומר "עלי" אתה מתכוון לזה ולוקח את כל המשקל הזה בתיק שלך כדי לא להכביד על החברים בצוות, שגם התיקים שלהם היו כבדים, אפילו שהתיק שלך היה כבד יותר מההתחלה.

The song moves along in time…The *yeled, naar, elem*, is now a *gever*-a grown man. **מָה אֲבָרֵךְ לו, בַּמֶּה יְבֹרַּךְ**

**זֶּה הַּגֶּבֶּר – שָאַּל הַּמַּלְאָךְ**

David categorized people into "gever" or "not gever. " If he liked you ‒ you were a *gever*. *Eizeh gever*. David ‒*You* were the ultimate *gever*. As David Shwerdt said: you were “כבן 70 שנה”. Young, strong, fun and adventurous, but very mature, wise and capable beyond your years.

It is now that I’d like to reflect on something that Sarah said in her speech at Reichman University. Sarah explained:

**דוד ניחן מלידה בכשרונות רבים: חכמה, כריזמה, חוש הומור, יכולת ביטוי, ונְטִיָה אמָנוּתִית. אַּךְ לְאַּמיתו שֶּל דָבָר אישיותו המרשימה נבנתה בזכות עבודה קשה ומתמשכת**

In other words, for David, the blessings of the *mal'ach* were just a foundation — a starting point. He grew into an exceptional young man by cultivating the natural talents and abilities he was given. From an early age, David dedicated himself to developing his character and refining his *midot* with unwavering persistence and effort.

And David, you reached the height of this manliness – “gever”ness last year when you heroically chose without hesitation to leave your good life, your blessings, your bright future, to go and fight for your “am” and “Aretz”. Shira summed this up beautifully when she wrote:

הוא עזב אישה יקרה, משפחה חמה ומלוכדת, בית נוח ועתיד מקצועי מבטיח והצטרף לחטיבה 551, יחידת הקומנדו.

לא היו לו ספקות לרגע: הוא האמין באמונה שלמה במה שעשה, וחרף דאגתם התהומית של אשתו והוריי, ושלנו האחים, לא פָרַשׁ ולא חשב לשניה לעזוב את חבריו ליחידה במשימה המסוכנת שהוטלה עליהם

David, you were blessed with the perfect blend of material and spiritual midot. The *mal'ach* says:

**נָתַּתִי לו כָל שֶּאֶּפְשָר לִי לָתֵת**

**שִיר וְחִיוּךְ וְרַּגְלַּיִם לִרְקֹד**

**וְיָד מְעֻדֶּנֶּת וְלֵב מְרַּטֵט,**

**וּמָה אֲבָרֵךְ לו עוד?**

You were blessed with a good life, a wonderful family, wife and friends who you loved and loved you back. A blessed life.

Your *aynayim, raglayim, yadayim* , your *lev* ‒ your whole body operated in-sync to help others and to do *ratzon Hashem*.

Even on the same evening, before we received the unthinkable *besorah raah*, Meital and I spoke about how lucky she was to have found you. How lucky she chose you and how silly she was for wanting to break up with you. Which never happened thank God. How lucky she was that God gave her the wisdom to choose you. And how she hoped her friends and family would be blessed with the same clarity.

And so God gave you all the blessings, all the *ma'alot a*nd *midot tovot*: Wisdom, happiness, humbleness, generosity, *lev tov*.

What more could a parent wish for his child? What more could a mother want for in a son-in-law, and for her daughter to have as her life’s partner to build a future with?!!

**What more could be bestowed upon this wholesome exemplary human being?**

There is one more thing… perhaps we never asked for it? Perhaps it wasn’t obvious?

**מָה אֲבָרֵךְ לו, בַּמֶּה יְבֹרַּךְ**

**זֶּה הַּיֶּלֶּד הָעֶּלֶּם הָרַּךְ ?**

**הַּנַּעַּר הַּזֶּה – עַּכְשָו הוּא מַּלְאָךְ**

**לאֹ עוד יְבָרְכוּהוּ, לאֹ עוד יְבֹרַּךְ**

**אֱלֹהִים אֱלֹהִים- אֱלֹהִים ,**

**לוּ אַּךְ בֵרַּכְתָ לו – חַּיִים .**

God… if only you had blessed him with long life.

**לוּ אַּךְ בֵרַּכְתָ לו – חַּיִים**

If only….

David, my love for you stems from the deep love and dedication you showed to Meital, which she wholeheartedly returned. Seeing your children happy and settled is both a great comfort and a *zechut*. But I also love you for being the exceptional person you were beyond any role you played in our family. David, I miss you every day 10 times a day. You left an indelible mark on our hearts which we are proud to carry with us for the rest of our lives.