

Story based on Personal Diary of the Journey

- The thing that I most loved about the week was Shabbat afternoon when Dad would sit at the entrance to our house and tell us about Jerusalem. How everything there is beautiful, how good people live there and how the buildings and houses are covered in real gold. He would talk for a long time and in the end he would finish by saying that really soon we will travel to Jerusalem and we will merit to see the Temple.
- One day Dad woke me up in the middle of the night and whispered, "Quick! Wake up! We are going to Jerusalem!" I was sure I was dreaming! But in the dream I saw all of the family who had packed things on to a donkey for the journey ahead. I realized that this was no dream. I was excited and even though I was tired I quickly got up and joined them.
- It was so hot and flies and other animals bothered us. We mostly walked during the night so that thieves wouldn't see us. Sometimes we needed to walk in the day too in order to walk as far as we needed. My legs hurt but Dad helped me and promised me that soon we will reach Jerusalem.
- After two weeks of walking we reached the camp and waited nervously. What will happen now? Where will they take us to? One night, in the middle of the night, there was a huge noise and a big bird came down from the heavens and landed next to us. White people came out of the bird, picked us up and put us inside the bird. We sat there crowded together and excited.
- After we arrived in Israel they promised us that they would take us to Jerusalem and finally that day arrived. We were so excited and we got ready for the visit, wearing our most beautiful clothes. We got to the place where the Temple of the Jewish people once stood and found the Western Wall. I saw that Mom and Dad had tears in their eyes. I also wiped away a tear when no one was looking. I was so happy that after years of my grandparents dreaming of coming to Israel, I was finally living the dream!

