

POST CARD



*Hello my dear ones,
How are you feeling? Are you doing well?*

Here in Jerusalem, the situation of the children is awful. I make my rounds in the city hospital and see sick children lying there - they are so sweet, precious and wonderful but so miserable. They don't have a ward of their own. Do you understand? Sick children are lying in beds next to sick grown-ups! It is so unpleasant.

Even worse than that - the doctors here simply don't understand that children need a different kind of treatment. Their bodies are small and their bodies are developing!

Here in Jerusalem they have yet to hear about vaccinations and medication that already help children where you are in Europe.

I have a dream. The children here are so dear to my heart. My dream is to set up a place where mothers will learn to take care of their infants - they will learn what

food to give them and at what age, the babies will receive vaccinations against severe diseases and will then grow up to be flowers that are full of life and laughter in their joyful mothers' hands.

In the meantime, darlings, you won't believe what I've done. Yes, yes - guess what I, Helena, have brought into my backyard?

A cow! I barely believe it myself - a cow in the backyard! I give the sick children fresh milk that is full of vitamins so that they will get healthy, become stronger and grow.

These children are the light of my life.

Before I finish, I want to ask your advice. There are many children here wandering the streets because their mothers are working hard to make ends meet. What can be done so that the children don't remain alone at home?

*I await your reply,
Hugs and kisses to everyone,
Dr. Helena Kagan*





POST CARD



*Hello my beloveds,
we are doing well here in Jerusalem.*

I have happy news for you - my husband and I have opened a private clinic to treat eye diseases in our house, on the bottom floor.

There is a very serious eye disease here in Jerusalem. In almost every hospital there are many patients suffering from it. The disease is severe and prevents people from working and providing income for their families. I try to help my husband as much as I can. I work as a nurse and operating room nurse in the clinic. I prepare the equipment and see to it that the space remains sterile.

Unfortunately, the shortages and poverty lead to illness. People don't have money and there is not enough awareness of the need to wash hands with soap and water.

It pains me, pains me, to see them - men, women, children and babies - all of them suffering. Due to the severe illness, many are losing their sight.

I hope that my devoted care, as well as that of my beloved husband, Avraham Ticho will help do away with this awful illness, as well as make the suffering of those ill with it less severe.

Alongside all the pain, I must point out that our house is bustling with life.

I was honored to host the author Shai Agnon, the artists Marc Chagall, Mordechai Ardon and Joseph Zaritsky.

We had such interesting conversations. I was happy to show them my drawings of Jerusalem. The Jerusalem that I love so much.

Before finishing, I want to ask you - how can we teach the inhabitants of Jerusalem that cleanliness prevents illnesses?

I would be happy to hear creative ideas.

My beloved ones, with this I finish my letter to you.

*In yearning and with love,
Anna Ticho*





POST CARD



*Hello to you, how I have missed you,
I am excited, so excited, we are all excited.*

*Today I received greetings from King Hezekiah.
Yes- from the King himself! It is unbelievable!!!*

*We have been digging for so long in the area of
Temple Mount. Day after day. To many, my work
seems boring, but a day like today is pure joy.*

*Yesterday, we were digging through the boring
dust and ashes as usual. Suddenly, a seal of the
King Hezekiah peeked out from the rubble.*

Do you understand?

*King Hezekiah sent someone a letter and in order
to ensure that no one would open the letter he
sealed it with a kind of seal on material called
silt. The seal essentially closes the letter with a
hard material. It is the same as someone today
sealing a letter with sellotape – it makes it clear
if someone, other than the one receiving it, has
opened it. This was King Hezekiah's way of
making sure that his letter would not be opened.
If someone would dare to open the seal, he would
need to break it and it would be clear that the
letter had been read.*

*The seal bears the name "Hezekiah [son of] Ahaz,
King of Judah" along with the royal emblem.*

*Do you understand? We found a seal that King
Hezekiah, who lived in the time of the First
Temple, applied himself!*

*Wow, to be able to get so close to a character
like Hezekiah!*

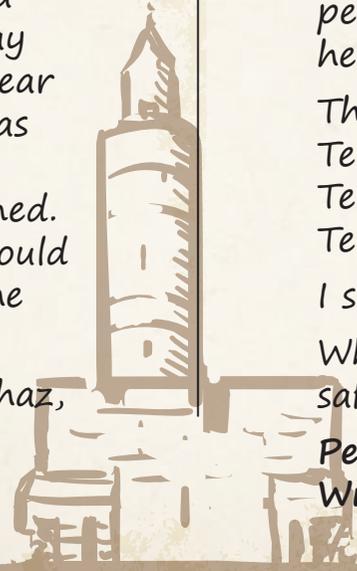
*The President of the State of Israel, Reuven
Rivlin, came today to the City of David in order
to view the seal. He said something powerful
"We merited to view our capital city of Jerusalem
from those days in this time. The history of the
city is made up of discoveries like this one, that
stand up to the test of time, that prove to the
entire world that this was the only place in the
world where we could build our home. This kind
of discovery strengthens the feeling of our
people's belonging- the same people who lived
here so long ago."*

*Throughout the years, I merited to find the
Temple of David, a Jerusalem wall from the First
Temple period, and other walls from the First
Temple period.*

I see the Bible come to life!

*Where do you think the State of Israel should
safeguard the seal?*

*Peace be with you, and come visit me soon,
With love, Dr. Eilat Mazar*



POST CARD



*Hello, how are you?
I am happy that we are corresponding again.*

I sat down today to write to you because I am so excited. As you know, I foster children who don't have who to raise them, and today I am delighted to tell you about Ido.

About four months ago, I met him. A sweet child, oh so sweet, 8 years old.

One evening, we sat down to read a book before bed. I was shocked to discover that he doesn't know how to read!

(His parents were not able to raise him so his grandmother was the one to do so)

Due to the fact that he can't read at his age, they wanted to send him to a school for children with special needs.

For a number of reasons I asked a principal of a regular school to allow him to visit their school for a while. Happily, she agreed.

I took advantage of that time, sitting with him for hours on end and teaching him to read. I believed that he would succeed, and he did!

*Do you hear me? Ido knows how to read!
What a champion! How happy he has made me.*

I am sure he will continue on and succeed in all that he will do, because the world holds open its doors to a person who knows how to read.

Now, I want to ask your advice.

One of the children refuses to listen to what is asked of him. He fools around and makes the kindergarten teacher and all the other children in the kindergarten's lives a misery. It's difficult to play with him and it's such a pity.

I don't know why. Perhaps if I know why he won't listen I will be able to solve the problem?

Perhaps you have some ideas of what I can do in order to persuade him to listen?

If you have suggestions or ideas, I would be happy to hear them.

*Write me back,
Yours, Galila Ron-Feder Amit*



POST CARD



Hello

How are you all?

Remember to hide this postcard as soon as it reaches you

The situation of Jewish people in the Arab world is not good. We must do whatever we can in order to bring them to Palestine.

The problem is that, at the moment, it is very dangerous to enter Baghdad, the capital city of Iraq. Perhaps it is possible to enter Syria and Lebanon and to bring young women to Palestine through those countries?

It is also a question of whether the British, who are in control here, will allow new immigrants into the country? After all, the British greatly limit the immigration.

I also don't know how to persuade the girls to immigrate alone? Without their

parents? Alone, without their siblings?

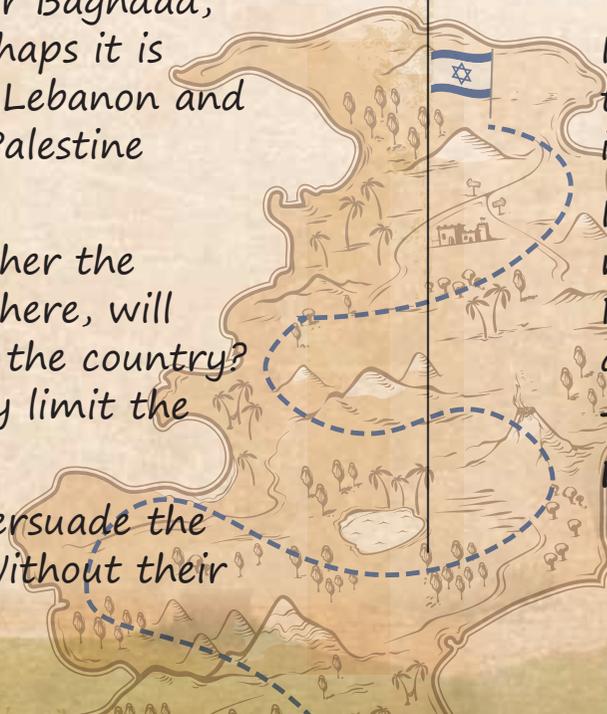
Obviously, I will explain to them that as soon as it will be possible their family members will join them. They will be the ones to lead the way to Israel.

I think that another problem is that, unfortunately, they don't speak the Hebrew language. In Damascus, they are too afraid to allow Hebrew to be spoken on the streets.

I hope that everything will work out for the best and that I will succeed in this important mission.

If you have further ideas of how to help me regarding bringing the girls to Palestine, send me a letter to the cabin as soon as possible.

Thanks,
Rachel Yanait Ben-Zvi



POST CARD



*Hello Beloved Ones,
How are you?*

I feel that time is of the essence. Many immigrants are arriving here from all over the world and are gathering here in the land of Israel.

It is of utmost importance and a unique opportunity to listen to the tunes, sounds, and songs that the Jewish people are bringing with them. Each ethnic group and their special music.

I must record it all! I must!

*But how will I possibly manage to carry the heavy recording machine alone?
The machine is heavier than me.*

The immigrants are spread out - in different transit camps (temporary settlements) immigrant camps and

throughout the country - including remote places. It is a real challenge.

I must bring those voices here to the Sound Archives in the Hebrew University.

I must make copies of these sounds.

If we will not make recordings today of the Yemenites, Kurds, Persians, Hassidim and others, this music will disappear. These cultures will cease to exist.

My dear ones.

Wish me luck and lots of strength, and help me to write a list of anyone you think is important to record.

*With love,
Edith Gerson-Kiwi*

