To Yael

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Preface

End of Days is an Israeli story. It is also a Jewish story. In some ways it is an Israeli story that struggles to find its Jewish story. A story of power that struggles with ethics. A story of homeland that struggles with Diaspora. A story of survival that struggles with compassion.

For many Diaspora Jews, the story may seem incongruous. It begins with an experience in the IDF where a young idealistic soldier is horrified by humiliating an elderly Palestinian woman. It is a story that many American Jews, who largely valorize and romanticize the IDF, would find odd or even dissonant, but for most Israeli Jews it is all too commonplace.

How can one born into the Zionist story, born into the story of the *novum* of Jewish history, question its legitimacy? In some ways, Manekin's life and memoir weave together the multiple layers of that very historical moment. He is born of an Israeli mother and an American father, both of whom are academics in an American university and shuttle between Israel and the US. A centerpiece of his story is the maternal grandfather he never met but after whom he is named, a simple Jew who survived the war and immigrated to Palestine, and then Israel, who embodied for Manekin the ethics of the Diaspora, that is, Judaism, in the new untested project of Jewish sovereignty and power.

Manekin inherits that struggle in a different era. His life is not fighting for survival against the Nazi genocide, but making sense of power that humiliates those he rules over. From victim to hegemon, from Diaspora to homeland, from a reader of classical Jewish texts to one who holds a gun and threatens civilians under his command. So many Jews in the Diaspora, and Israel, celebrate that newly found power, are even inebriated by it. Manekin is not one of them. He lives in it and he is wounded and terrified by it. This is a story full of contrasts and contradictions. His story embodies an Israeli generation, some of whom can seriously ask the question, "Was Zionism worth it?"

In the 1970s and 1980s, especially after the election of Menachem Begin and the Likud party in 1977, Jewish thinkers began to seriously ponder the question of Jewish power. The challenge, they suggested, after the exuberance of survival and statehood, was how Jews would navigate power after being powerless for so long. Figures such as Irving (Yitz) Greenberg, David Hartman, Emil Fackenheim, and many others wrote about power as the true challenge of

the Zionist project. In a rare interview sometime in the 1960s, Rav Soloveitchik asked the same question. The iconoclastic Israeli scientist Yeshayahu Leibowitz warned his listeners that there is nothing stopping Israel from becoming a modern-day Pharaoh. Few listened. Negotiating power was not a foregone conclusion, and in those heady days in the '70s and '80s it became the *sine qua non* of many Zionists, especially but not exclusively religious Zionists, raised in the triumphalism of Rav Kook's ideology and the sustained belief that the victory in 1967 was an act of divine intervention. A certainty set into the Israel narrative post-'67 that was enthusiastic, and dangerous. In the beginning, the former pervaded over the latter and sadly that remains true for many today. For people like Manekin, it is reversed. The power that was once celebrated as a divine gift is now the power that threatens to destroy the Zionist story.

A friend reminded me during a conversation about why we are still reading Greenberg and Hartman's essays on Jewish power that, when they wrote their essays in the late 1970s, they were closer to Auschwitz then they are to us today. It was, for me, an illuminating moment. And yet, as we know, certainly in America, some of those essays are read as if they are still relevant today, over forty years later, after half a century of brutal occupation. *End of Days* comes to tell us that battle about Jewish power has been lost. We have not risen to the occasion of maintaining a sense of ethics in light of power. The world of Manekin's grandfather, who came to Palestine expecting to build an ethical nation, failed. We have become, as the Zionist adage goes, "like all the nations," but not in a good way.

In a way, Manekin's *End of Days* comes to tell a story after the failure of the project of power; after the optimism of the Greenbergs and Hartmans and Fackenheims produced the brutality of a chauvinism with a level of force that terrifies those like Manekin, who hold to a memory of a generation he did not know but sought to emulate nonetheless, even if that generation was somewhat mythologized. Opposing an apologetics of the necessity of such brutality and refusing to simply conclude that Zionism, in effect, was not worth that price, *End of Days* offers a deep immanent critique of a religious Zionism, and liberal Zionism, that Manekin cannot abandon but cannot justify. His choice to remain inside the world whose veil he rips off in anger, shame, and honesty both makes the story compelling and frustrating at the same time. And thus, worth reading.

End of Days is not a work of ideology or political theology. It does not offer solutions to a dilemma that may have no solution. It is the story of a deeply committed Jew with both feet in his homeland and a commitment to the tradition, who simply can no longer tolerate outdated excuses and justifications for the brutality of the state. And he cannot extricate himself from the specter of

his grandfather, the Diaspora Zionist who came as a refugee and then became a kind of stranger in the land that saved him. The "48 Generation," as they are called, fought for survival and to be liberated from foreign power. They gained their freedom, which then led to an idealistic young man like Manekin finding himself fully armed and in the position of humiliating a Palestinian woman on her property.

In an essay right before the founding of the state, Hannah Arendt argued against its immediate establishment, because she felt that taking traumatized people and arming them to rule over others who view them as an enemy would never work. But the Zionists scoffed at her pessimism and the world needed to solve a refugee crisis. The state was formed. But Arendt was right. And in Manekin's generation, two generations removed from that horrific genocide, the reality of victimhood has become so embedded in the collective psyche that questioning it brings the accusation of treason. Antisemitism has become Israel's foreign policy and even raison d'etre, and thus ethics has slowly disappeared and viewed as a luxury for the comfortable Tel Aviv "liberals." Certainly not for all, and not for Manekin; but telling that story as personally and as brilliantly as he does comes at a price. If you do not justify or advocate for domination, you are a traitor to the cause.

Manekin's grandfather was a "simple Jew," but Manekin's inheritance is far more complex. His mother is a historian and his father a philosopher, and so Manekin must think his way through this morass called contemporary Israel with a historian's sensibility and care for detail and a philosopher's eye for contradiction. The ideological world that surrounds Manekin's generation is a complex swirl of romanticism, mysticism, pragmatism, hubris, and anger. Sadly, it does not produce a society that can see their own victimhood through the eyes of those who are victimized by them. Rather, too often Zionism constructs a series of justifications that enable survivalism to overshadow political responsibility.

To an extent, *End of Days* tells the story of a lost cause, but in that story lies a belief that somehow Israelis and Jews, Israelis *as* Jews, can move past the survivalism that poisons the well of creating an ethical society, not just *for* Jews, but *of* Jews and others, for all who live under the aegis of the state. Manekin's choice to remain a part of the Israeli project, although he may have moved beyond the Zionist project, is not built on ideological foundations, but is closer to the simplicity of his grandfather. It is an existential posture: "this is where I live, this is my homeland, this is where I am raising my children." In the noise, rancor, and righteous indignation of a people caught in the net of often clever and sometimes banal justification, Manekin walks through the world looking for his

grandfather and what he represented. But his grandfather's world and dream are long gone, in part because they were born in the Diaspora. They embodied the Diaspora. This country was created, in part, so his grandfather could live, but what his grandfather stood for seems to have disappeared.

To be clear, this is no romantic pollyannish project of nostalgia. *End of Days* is not a nostalgic book, but it is a hopeful book. Manekin continues to believe, even against his better judgement, in the possibility of a different Israel, and therefore he remains in a world that seems to consistently disappoint him. The question now is not "What will Jews do with power?" That was a question for the 1980s, and sadly that question has been answered. The question now is "What will Jews do with their *abuse* of power?" *End of Days* does not give us the answer. But it forcefully and passionately, and without apology, compels us to ask the question.

Shaul Magid
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Introduction

When I was growing up, if I fought with a kid at school and came home angry, my father would remind me of the Talmudic maxim as cited by medieval Jewish philosopher Maimonides (*Mishneh Torah*, *Laws of Ethical Behavior* 5:13): "better to be of the offended and not the offender."[1] You don't always have to respond, and you don't have to be aggressive. My father loves this saying, and I would hear it often. One time he joked, "this saying will make you a great Jew but a poor Israeli."

This contradiction—that the virtues supposed to guide the "good" Jew are considered vices for the "good" Israeli is at the center of this book. I wanted to examine our traditional Jewish virtues and their relation to civic virtues, and particularly those virtues expected from Israeli citizens.

Discussion regarding the inability to reconcile religious and secular virtues is not new. It is undoubtedly not unique to Israel. In the past, religious Jewish Israelis wrote about this issue extensively. Yet examinations of this topic from a spiritual perspective become few in recent decades. The results are tragic, both for the state and for religion. Without serious contemplation, religious and secular virtues are confused with each other. As a result, many believe that a religious Jew must be a hyper-nationalist Jew. Nothing could be further from the truth.

My entrance into this conversation is not academic. I have had the incredible good fortune of being able to devote myself to anti-occupation activism for most of my adult life. My ethical worldview, which frames my activism, is rooted in my spiritual education. The duty of asking myself, "What good do I need to do?," always brings me back to my religious roots. Yet the kippa on my head raises questions among fellow activists: "How do you reconcile your religious and political worldviews?" Sadly, this question is asked not only by secular but also by religious friends. Again and again, I need to explain that the gap is nonexistent and that Jewish ethics inform my politics. If anything, the gap lies elsewhere—between the Israeli understanding of legitimate force and my Jewish upbringing. This book is an attempt to engage with this gap.

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1 Moses Maimonides, *Mishneh Torah* (Jerusalem: Vaghsal Publishing, 1990), 95. Hebrew.

A note to my English-speaking readers: naturally, conversations about politics happen in specific contexts. The American, and particularly the American Jewish conversation, is contextualized differently for various social, political, and historical reasons. The American discussion often focuses on ideologies, viewing Israel as a fight between multiple coherent values. From an internal perspective, things are much messier.

Let me state the point as clearly as possible: this book is not a "Zionist" book, nor is it "anti-Zionist" or "post-Zionist." I am not interested in presenting a perfect moral structure for state behavior, nor am I conversely interested in arguing that Jewish nationalist systems are automatically and inherently corrupt. That ideological conversation is important, but it sometimes doesn't allow for other no less critical conversations—such as how an individual or community should create and engage politically within a broken national framework. Those who believe that the national political context, because it is either pure good or pure evil, negates personal and communal questions might have a challenging time reading this book. I do, however, invite readers to understand the complexities and challenges of reconciling (and sometimes separating) the individual and the national. Not only does that separation allow us to understand our political contexts deeply, but they also help us act in troubled times.

Acknowledgments

I am, first and foremost, a grassroots activist. The patience needed to write is completely foreign to my temperament and training. To compensate, many friends and partners came to my assistance. First, I want to thank Oded Naaman, who wrote this book with me to a great extent. He challenged and added to every argument, and I thank him greatly. Second, I thank Jason Rogoff, who studied all the religious sources with me to enable me to be fair with those I chose to debate. Third, I thank my Hebrew editor, Motty Fogel, who reviewed every argument, looked for inconsistencies in my logic, and helped me be precise. In addition to their professional work, all three are close friends and even closer after the writing process. For their patience, I thank them sincerely.

I've been very fortunate to be surrounded by friends who read, contributed their ideas, argued, and helped me focus: Maya Rosen for her translation, Shai Agmon, Gabriel Ebenzur, Nasreen Hadad Haj Yahya, Brit Yaakobi, Efrat Yerday, Hallel Baitner, Sharon Shahaf, Aviad Huminer, Eli Bitan, Lital Kaplan, Fkade Ababeh, Daniel May, Amir Engel, and of course Samer Swaid, who agreed to be interviewed for the book. I would also like to thank Shaul Magid for all of his help with the English version of this book. Thank you.

My parents, Charles and Rachel, played a significant role in this book. The phrase in Proverbs, "Hear, my son, the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the teaching of thy mother," was written about them. My mother agreed to tell stories of her childhood and her father, and to pass her teachings to me. She read drafts to make sure I am exact as possible. I owe the coherence of this book to my father's education and instruction. We sometimes perceive a lack of compromise and a strong moral compass as contradictory to warmth and kindness, but my father proves the opposite.

To my wife, Yael: to thank you for reading every thought in and draft of the book, for revising and refining, for erasing and expanding, and for translating my grandfather's Yiddish letters to Hebrew would be far too little. This is, of course, true, but it minimizes my thanks for a series of actions. I have molded my life and identity over almost two decades jointly with you. For your continued willingness to be my partner, I am endlessly grateful.

Lastly, to our children—Ruth, Sarai, and Noach: your curiosity, excitement, and love for our family and community fill us with joy daily. Your presence in

our life helps us distinguish between what is important and what isn't, what is right and what is wrong. While it might take some years until you read this, I want to end with a direct thought for you:

> We try to create a home protecting you from the world's hardships. Yet we realize that it is an increasing challenge to bridge the gap between the ethics of our home and those of Israel. The ever-growing contradictions and confusions sometimes take a toll and make you pay a price. Our insistence on raising you similarly to how we were raised does not stem from a desire to strengthen you, but rather from a great love for you and the spiritual world to which we belong. I believe that when you are old enough, this book will help you better understand yourselves. You are and always have been our primary audience.

Your grandfather, my father, likes to say that the problem with Religious Zionists is that they read Maimonides's Mishneh Torah from the back to the front; they start with the chapters on the politics of kings and redemption instead of starting the beginning, with the ethics of the individual Jew. Please see this book as a tool to help you read our tradition in the right order.

1

Remembering

"God said to Moses: Write this in a document as a reminder and instill it in Joshua's ears." The Holy Blessed One admonished Moses, who was the rabbi of Israel, to write because writing greatly benefits memory. And if the Holy Blessed One admonished Moses, our teacher, to write, how much more must other people constantly ponder and examine their actions, lest they sin. Therefore, people should write down their sins so that they have a reminder by which they can correct their wrongs, or if they find in a book a way to repent for their sins, they should write it down on a piece of paper immediately, so that they can correct it, without delay, to the extent possible.

—Tzvi Hirsch Kaidenover, *Kav HaYashar* (Poland, seventeenth century)[1]

Prologue

It happened in the year 2000, though I don't remember the exact date. I remember that it was around the time of the holiday of Purim, and I remember the equipment that I was wearing and that I carried with me. I wore layers of clothing, either against the cold or for my protection: boots, a shirt, and pants, a battle vest, a padded coverall, thermal socks, gloves, and a helmet. I carried with me at all times an M16 equipped with devices for night vision, a small walkie-talkie that would always fall out of my vest pocket, cartridges, two military water bottles, and some candy that I kept in my vest to pass the time and with which to console myself about my homesickness.

I served as an infantry officer in the Golani Brigade, and we were stationed in the village of Salim in the West Bank. Before we arrived in Salim, the area commander had warned us that it was "a hornet's nest of terrorists." Salim

1 Tzvi Hirsch Kaidenover, *Kav Hayashar* (Jerusalem: Ktav Institute, 1982), 130. All references are to Hebrew sources, unless otherwise noted, although titles of articles and chapters in books have been translated into English.

is located right under Mount Ebal—the same mythic mountain on which Joshua wrote a copy of the Torah after conquering the Land of Israel. The area commander compared Mount Ebal to the Beaufort in Lebanon, a mountain in Southern Lebanon, which we knew from Israel's occupation of the area that had ended months earlier. The comparison to Beaufort was meant to demonstrate the danger to us—combatants who had not long ago fought in the remote north. Mount Ebal was always on the horizon above us, a reminder that we were in a threatening war zone, loaded with traditional symbols that had been emptied of their meanings so that there would be room for daily threats: "Snipers at a record high," "IEDs on the side of the road," "Terrorist cells." "In this village," the area commander explained, "if you're not careful, you die. It looks like a typical village, but there are snipers everywhere." Our assignment was to guard the road that led to the nearby Jewish settlement of Elon Moreh—constructed on the land where Jews believe Abraham built an altar on his travels after leaving Haran according to God's directive.

Our role was largely mundane: ensuring that Palestinian farmers did not cross the road which was meant for Jewish settlers only. The fear was that Palestinian terrorists would leave mines along the route. But the road separated the village from its surrounding agricultural land, and so Salim's villagers would try daily to cross the road with their flocks of sheep. We were at the beginning of a violent intifada that we did not understand and which was, at the time, characterized by roadside bombs. Explosive devices and shootings were common here, whether against us or against those Israeli citizens who had come to fulfill God's promise to Abraham.

To monitor the road, we took over a Palestinian house on the outskirts of the village and stationed soldiers at the windows. An additional force was on radio standby, ready to approach any shepherd or terrorist who got too close to the road. The house belonged to a Palestinian family which was unlucky enough to have a home in a position that suited our assignment. Their building became our new temporary base. The family moved out to live in the house next door, a few meters from us. I remember several generations living together—a grandmother, parents, and children—but I don't know how many people or how old they were. The experience was new to me, and I tried to make sense of this military reality, searching for ad hoc justifications. I remember a conversation with my father about the halakhic question of whether one may forcibly remove people from their homes for the sake of protecting lives. I indeed lived in "a dangerous hornet's nest," but I was a young officer, tired and confused. I knew that I probably would not be a heroic commander like Erez Gerstein, the legendary Golani Brigade commander who had been killed a year

before in Southern Lebanon and who we all idealized; I had to do my job well and hoped that the time passed quickly.

During this time, I was pretty burned out, as far as I can remember. I didn't read much, and I didn't think much. It had only been a year since I had left my religious seminary, my yeshiva, but that life felt very distant. I sometimes spoke with rabbis from the yeshiva, especially during difficult times. Still, the conversations generally revolved around me, the military reality around me, and about how long I could survive there before requesting to be transferred to a different unit. We did not speak about Torah. Most of my focus was pursuing my daily tasks, and I used the little energy I had to ensure that my soldiers carried out their tasks and did not themselves go AWOL. Once, one of my soldiers, exhausted from patrols and guard duty, left the base, boarded a bus, and headed for his home. I got on the bus after him, trying to convince him to return, until we got to the nearby settlement of Ariel. I slowly convinced him to stay and we returned, both of us feeling defeated, to the house.

Our routine did not last long, maybe a few months, but I remember it as an eternity. I barely recognized myself during those months; I was always tired. We lived in the house for a few consecutive weeks. I stank all the time—from indifference and constantly being on alert. I slept in an unzipped sleeping bag without taking off my boots, in case I was awakened to deal with terrorists on the "route"—which is what we called the road. Usually, I was woken up to manage the daily struggle against the Palestinian farmers trying to reach their land.

To those around me, everything seemed fine. I was a good soldier, even if pensive. I successfully fulfilled my responsibilities. I tried to act humanely and assertively. These were violent days. Five platoon commanders from my officer training course were killed during the Second Intifada, serving all over the West Bank and Gaza. There were attacks close to my home in Jerusalem and other cities in Israel. We used our guns often, controlling many Palestinians' lives and movements. I didn't speak up often, neither to the Palestinians under my control nor the soldiers under my orders. I felt that I was doing my job. I assume that there were thousands of soldiers and officers like me at that same time in different areas. The situation I was in, just like my mood and my behavior, was in no way exceptional.

One day, I stepped outside the house serving as our makeshift base. I had to pee, and with all due respect to the "hornet's nest" that was this village, there was no functional bathroom in the house in which we slept. Every soldier knows that routine overcomes any fear or sense of danger. I had to urinate, and the grass outside was more inviting than the broken bathroom inside. I pulled down my pants, and when I glanced up, I saw the older woman whose home

we had taken and who was now living in the house next door. I saw her, and I saw that she saw me. There were maybe fifteen feet between us—no more than that. Suddenly, she was in front of me; she existed, and I was naked. I had not intentionally pulled my pants down in front of her; I just did not seen her.

She looked at me. Her gaze was not one of embarrassment but rather of contempt and disgust. My coarse behavior did not embarrass her. Why would it? I lived in her home against her will. I had taken her home by force. Now, standing exposed before her, I was a savage. I disgusted her. I always wear a kippa, and I was wearing one then. The woman couldn't see it—my helmet concealed it—but I knew the kippa was there. I understood that I transgressed. I had not transgressed intentionally, but I should have seen the woman and paid attention to her presence before lowering my pants. If there was one moment in my life at which I knew in a single instance, as clear as day, that I was desecrating God's name, it then. Although I served in the army for about another year and a half afterward, and I was frequently numb, at that particular moment—when I was revealed in my baseness, focused only on myself in sight of the woman whom I had expelled from her home—I knew with certainty that I had desecrated God's name. I would not have understood the significance of this moment without my traditional Jewish upbringing. But my memory was too weak, and understanding came only after the deed.

The Letter, Part 1

Haifa Immigrant Camp, end of 1949

Simcha,

. . . Night. The ship slowly glides across the water's surface towards the Land of Israel. Everything is too slow. It becomes clear that the captain is delaying bringing the ship, which carries 1,700 Jews, into port until daylight. Here—the sun starts to rise. "And there was light." Before our eyes, the hope of seventy-two generations reveals itself in all of its glory—the mountains of Zion. I stand as if bound to the ship's railing as it approaches the port—the tension peaks. The eyes, the heart, one's entire essence is bound up in this great revelation. My whole being is shaking. My heart is beating quickly. I stare at the great, naked hills in front of us. They are the first to welcome us.

Miraculously, I see an old, gray man with a long cane walking with his elderly wife. They stroll at the top of the hill, talking with each other about a worldly matter. Who could it possibly be? I look carefully. Oy! It is our old grandfather

Abraham with Sarah. They are walking to Gerar, the home of Avimelech, king of the Philistines. Abraham asks of his wife Sarah, "Please say that you are my sister, so that it will go well for me because of you, and that I will live because of you." The story from the Torah took place on the land which my eyes see.

I strain my eyes and see a second image, even more extraordinary. A small group of children leading a flock of sheep and goats "streaked, speckled, and mottled." A great herd led by slaves and maidservants, our ancient father, leading them. I push myself hard against the railing of the ship to see.

[. . .]

Here you are, dear mother of Zion! The mother of our past, the mother of our present, and the mother of our future. You see, you are our beloved mother. Not a skyscraper of a young woman like in America, but a sort of sweet, elderly grandmother with thin, wrinkled hands, dried out from two thousand years of longing for the children whom the evil Titus banished. This is how you look now, as your children gather like birds from the four corners of the earth. You stand, mother, thin, maternal hands with the strength and vivaciousness of youth. Every boat and every airplane brings your children to you, and you embrace them in your arms and cry out in great joy, "My children, my children, every one of you. You see once again the nation and your liberated land."

My dreams reached their highest heights. I was moved to tears. I could not stop the tears in my eyes, and I let them flow into the sea. There were many reasons for these tears, primarily the joy of "the children shall return to their land," but also the sadness of the burnt ashes of my father, my mother, and our brothers and sisters. Their ashes were carried by the wind, lost in the world perhaps not far from the ship, somewhere, who knows where.

[. . .]

At about 6:00 am, the ship reached the Haifa port. We were surrounded by noise and commotion from all sorts of boats—big and small, and even bigger, like giant blocks. The ships are run by Jewish captains, like the mighty Samson. I stand with groggy eyes and look at these big people, how everything is happening so quickly. A miracle happened for us in such a short period, after Treblinka, after Auschwitz, and after Exodus, when the British guard ships would surround the boats and not let them pass, and now . . . now, we finally arrive.

(Written by my grandfather, Yehiel Mikhael Becher, upon his arrival in the Land of Israel in 1949, translated from Yiddish by Yael Levi)

How to Be a Jew in the State of Israel

In recent years, I have been consumed by the question of how to be a Jew in Israel. This is an ostensibly strange question with an easy answer. Israel is the "State of the Jews," and according to many, it is also the "Jewish State." To be a Jew in Israel, one must simply be a Jew who lives here, in Israel. Most citizens here are Jews. Public life is full of Jewish symbols, Jewish public figures, and different public displays of Jewish ethics. The state is so "Jewish" that there have been fierce debates in recent years regarding "excessive" Jewishness in the public sphere and about the religious coercion of nonreligious people. It often feels that Judaism chases you down in Israel, even when you attempt to evade it.

But even so, I am overwhelmed and ashamed. I don't want Judaism to be an automatic extension of my being here. I want to live my Judaism actively and with intention. So I close my eyes and try to imagine the Jew I aspire to be. I see a person committed to divine truth, a gentle person, reflective and compassionate, who recoils from violence and loves other people. I imagine a learned person, attentive and curious, someone who is critical. I imagine a person who believes.

Yet the believing Jew of my imagination is an idealized version from a different time and place and lives in a completely different political context than my own. My imagined Jewish model is from a pre-Israel past, a Jew for whom Jewish identity is not rooted in national pride or sovereignty but rather in humility and compassion. I feel my confusion creeping in: What is the connection between Jewish belief and Jewish ethics, on the one hand, and political power, on the other? Is my imagined Jew a compassionate person and a lover of justice because of religious belief or a lack of power? Does the very fact of my being Israeli mean that I will never be like that Jew, that I am destined to be a different kind of Jew?

My confusion is replaced by a deep sadness when I open my eyes. There are many Jews around me who are proud of their Jewishness, but I have no desire to be like them. They are entirely different from the Jew of my imagination. They pursue power and hesitate for not even a moment in their attempts to achieve it. Instead, they love and are excited by the battlefield.

I live in Israel, love living in Israel, and feel responsible for my surroundings. I do not want to negate my existence here, the presence of other Jews here,