

# מיכל הנכדה נפרדת מסבתא

דברים בהלוויה

Safta sheli, I'm not here today to mourn you, even though I've already missed you for so many years. I'm here today to celebrate you. My safta ctana, my little chipmunk, my adorable strong loving safta! You are finally free, you are finally with my Saba, you are finally YOU again .

I have so many memories with you and Saba, spending every summer with you on the kibbutz, alone for 6 weeks without mommy and Aba, you spoiling us every chance you could. And then when I was in Tel Aviv University, getting to spend time with you on weekends, calling you every day just to say hi, just to hear your voice .

I miss your voice, the way you would say Michal Chamuda. I miss how I would walk in the door, straight into your arms, and you always smelled like YOU. Paris perfume and your special mix of lotions. Never changing .

I miss walking with you, ALWAYS holding your little hand .

I miss aruchat arba and your special fruit cake, how you made it even though it was hard, just because I loved it...sitting on your patio surrounded by that gorgeous garden with flowers taller than me .How you and Saba worked in it every day. Those pictures are so clear in my mind .

I miss sitting around on Shabbat eating your amazing snitzel and chips, talking for hours at the table, you laughing so hard that your entire body would shake .

I miss beach days, you and Saba spending half the time lotioning each other up, the glida and bira we would steal from Saba when he went to pay .

I miss how much you loved putting your clothes together so beautifully. How you would pick the perfect outfit, always with heels for you my little safta...even your sneakers had heels! I would always pick my own clothes out so carefully when I came to visit, knowing how much you loved to go through them, how much you loved seeing us dressed up for you .

The memories with you and Saba are some of the strongest in my entire life.

Because that time together, those summers, those years, they meant everything to me. You were my second parents, you spoiled the little girl, disciplined the wild teenager, you were there when I graduated college, you walked down the aisle at my wedding. You met all three of my babies, because even though I knew the disease was slowly taking you, I had to have my girls meet my safta .

You were strength, you were love, and you will always be a clear and lasting memory in my heart.

I'll miss you forever safta sheli

