

לסבתא נעמי באהבה מהנכד גיא, בנם של אורית וקן

Guys words for Savta Naomi

My Savta was one of a kind. Her, and Saba, since I was a little boy, were figures that were like superheroes to me.

My family and I live in Australia, so I wasn't able to see my Sabim as much as I would have liked compared to if I lived in Israel. But. On our trips to Israel (typically once per year before COVID-19) seeing Sabim was filled with child-like wonder and excitement that I still experience and is difficult it put into words.

My Savta has passed, and it has broken my heart tremendously. Honestly I never really thought I would lose her, rather that she'd outlive us all, always being right there, on the other side of the world. But now she lives on in me, in my heart and mind, in my thoughts and memories. I love my Savta so much.

Through her death I realised I love her more than I consciously knew. It was only when I lost her did I truly come to understand the depths of my love for her. Gosh Savta, you are really one of a kind. You are so unintentionally funny with your honest to god manner.

I will cherish memories of you laughing as I'm patting your head, imitating you as I call "Itzik" through the halls, and the unbelievable food you cook (the last one will be incredibly difficult to overcome but thankfully you have passed on the cooking gene to your daughter, my mother, Orit).

I will miss you forever, but you remain immortal through the stories we tell of you.

I love you so much my Savta, Guy.

