

קן, חתנה של נעמי, נפרד ממנה



My name is Ken Guiney, I am the son-in-law of the late Naomi Peleg, Orit's husband.

Orit, myself, our 3 sons (Guy, Ben, and Tom), as well as Itzik, Hadar, Sharon and all the other many family members and friends, were utterly shocked and stunned at Naomi's sudden passing last Thursday morning 25-Jun-26.

For those of us unable to attend the funeral, it has been challenging to support from a far, that said - we have sent All our Love and Positive Energy at this most difficult of times.

I met Naomi and Itzik some 30 years ago they came to London where Orit moved to after we met in South America - I felt the acceptance and love from the very first day.

It is something I have wondered upon, and thought about often over the last 30 years that this is not something that was a 'given' - a foreign lad and a Sabra.

And then, as Orit and my relationship cemented, I was welcomed into the Peleg Family, and indeed warmly, into the Kibbutz.

There are many stories I could share between Naomi and I, but most of the funny times were over dinner at Ein Hashofet, at home here in Sydney, Australia (last 18 years), (or in London 12 years prior).

I would like to share one such time I remember fondly. We were having dinner at Naomi and Itzik's. Naomi cooked a roast chicken (she was a vegetarian), it tasted really tangy and quite delicious. I complemented Naomi on the gourmet chicken delight – the complement was well received. It was a celebration, so we all had a small glass of red wine, and at the first Lechaim (toast), whereas all the other dinner guests sipped at their small glass of wine, I downed mine in one (as the Scottish / Kiwi culture/tradition).

Occhhh Nooo !

I knew I was going to be sick straight away. I dashed to the bathroom and was indeed rather noisily sick. I came out rather sheepishly, and Naomi was falling off her chair with laughter Literally falling about with laughter. It turned out that the red wine was from some time before and it was 'corked' – it had spoiled. Naomi basted the gourmet chicken with this wine – this accounted for the tangy taste.

2 things came from this attempted poisoning:

It made Naomi laugh so much she literally had tears rolling down her face, and

It gave me a lot of ammunition over the following decades to make delightful fun of her – which I know she always laughed.

Naomi invariable always laughed when I would tease her, or try to make her laugh – I am very thankful for that.

It is with a great heavy heart I write this farewell note, ... but always I remember Naomi's :

laughter, light, love and acceptance of this stray kiwi lad who married her daughter.

I will be ever grateful for the privilege of knowing her.

Rest in Peace Naomi – May your Memory be a Blessing.

All our Love,

Ken & Family

