

My Tribute to Andrea

Andy, my sister

I can hardly believe that I am standing here close to our Mummy's grave talking about you at your funeral. I look out at the hundreds and hundreds of people who are here to show their love and respect for you and I know that if *you* were the one organising today every one here would have a beautifully printed brochure explaining in Hebrew and English everything taking place with annotated footnotes in French in case of linguistic anomalies that you loved so much.

But you are not here and so I will talk about you and the unconditional love which we had and have for each other.

Let me start at the beginning. Andrea Fernande Karat was born on 18th December, 1948 just four years after her Daddy, Rene had landed on Gold Beach and then been wounded in the battle of the Falaise Gap. A kind, sweet and gentle girl the first couple of years of your life were idyllic but just 2 ½ years later disaster struck because I your brother was born and for the next 14 years you could not walk past me without getting your bottom pinched or being at the end of a flying headbutt (a particularly spectacular wrestling move) . [The zenith of this tortured childhood was a treatment called "dubboning your nose" ; dubbon being the waterproofing gel which I would initially rub into my rugby boots but then turn on you] .

And then quite suddenly when I was about 14 we fell in love with each other and the bond was never broken. From that moment on I protected you and looked out for you and we never had a cross word again...and you, you supported me in everything that I did with an unconditional wonderful love.

In 1969, I had secured my place at University for the following year and decided to come to Israel for a year. Mayan Tzvi quickly became my home and Mummy and Daddy soon began to worry that I would not come home. Certain in the knowledge that if they came to visit me I would **definitely** not go home they sent you to collect me and bring me home. I was so excited that my beautiful sister was coming that I lined up all the Sabras on the kibbutz to meet you. However, fate and love are stronger pulls than even a brother's plan and I had of course not included my best friend and kibbutz brother in the line up!! At first, I was a bit mystified why you and Jacky were spending so much time together but gradually I realised that between you and Jacques it had been love at first sight and this was a love that only grew stronger over more than the 35 years you were together.

Many of us here will remember the wonderful school which you had here on the Kibbutz and in tribute to you many of your former pupils and their parents (who you also taught) are here today.

You always had a quiet and unassuming way about you and I wonder how many people really knew about your courage and your determination. You gave infinite love and support to your three children who gained a mother and a life which is a gift they treasure; you made a home and a refuge for Jacques during those long years when he was away and when he came home you fought as hard as any soldier for the

next stage of your life together. You will not see your dream house that you and Jacky put so much hope and energy into designing but I hope that your dream will be realised as the fulfilment of your dreams together.

We all have so much to thank you for; it was you and Jacky who gave Mummy back her dignity and her quality of life with the move to Beit Protea and now Dad has a full life thanks to you.

Adonai natan Adonai lakach but I have to take him to task because he has taken from us our hub and our rock. You were the hub of our family, never missing a birthday, keeping everyone in touch making sure we remained a Family. You were a rock, giving us the emotional strength in difficult times.

We have cried for you but right now I am not shedding tears, there will be too much time for that. I remember your suffering over the last six months, your courage, your optimism and the perfect love which Jacky showed you.

Rest in Peace my sister