

FROM THE EDITOR

WWW.JEWISHLIFE.CO.ZA



This is not the editorial that I had planned for this issue.

Last year, I wrote about my first ever visit to Israel and what that experience was like. During my two-week stay in Israel, I was very kindly hosted by Maish and Hadasa Lapidot, ex-pat South Africans who are no strangers to these pages, having appeared just a few years ago in an article on the Zomet Institute, where Maish was, at one time, the Chief Engineer (see *Lighting the Way*, February 2016, Issue 92, Pages 38-39). The Lapidots and I had never met before my visit, with the arrangements having been made by a mutual friend.

As I sat down to write what I had originally planned, I was devastated and shocked to hear of Maish's, a"h, sudden passing. I can still vividly picture Maish sitting with me at the kitchen table each night after I had arrived back late to Efrat following a full day of touring around Israel, gently and lovingly prodding me with his sweet and infectious smile, like the male version of a Jewish mother, to have something to eat and then, prodding me again, to eat some more because I hadn't had enough. He was more concerned about what I had eaten that day while I had been out of the house than where I had been and what I had seen. If he would have found out that I hadn't packed a lunch before I'd left in the morning, I would have been in real trouble! Shortly after arriving, Maish took me to the supermarket under the guise of showing me what one was like in Israel, but I have no doubt that his real plan was to stock up on food that I liked, fearing that I might otherwise go hungry during my stay.

I can honestly say that I have never witnessed anyone perform the mitzvah of kibud av v'eim (honouring one's father and mother) with the incredible selflessness and devotion that Maish displayed, only too happy to do whatever he could for his elderly parents, they should live and be well, no matter where he was or what time of day or night it was. Maish would stop by their home multiple times a day, including in the early morning and in the late evening. He would often say to me after shul that he would meet me at home in a bit because he just wanted to stop by his parents on the way home. On Shabbos, he would walk them back and forth from his house so they could be together for the meals.

What the Lapidots could not have foreseen when they so graciously agreed to host me was that they would face not one, but two serious health crises during my visit, with two close relatives hospitalised at Shaarei Tzedek on the very same day! In fact, that very day was the first time I drove in Israel – in order to bring Maish his car to the hospital (thank G-d for GPS and Waze). I turned to Maish and told him that, under the circumstances, I felt it best that I should go so that he and Hadasa would have one less ball to juggle, explaining that I could easily find other accommodations. Maish simply would not hear of it and with tears in his eyes asked that I please not leave.

With everything going on, Maish still found, or, more precisely, made the time to drive me to my friends in Ramat Beit Shemesh for Shabbos and to call me each evening when he was leaving the hospital to see if I wanted to catch a ride back with him from Yerushalayim to Efrat, which managed to work out more than once. Just to give you some idea of what a mensch Maish was – in case it isn't perfectly clear already – my friend and I arrived into Ben Gurion from Addis Ababa at around 3:30 am just hours before the start of Taanis Esther. Knowing that this was likely my only chance, I desperately wanted to go straight to the Lederman Shul in Bnei Brak and daven at Rav Chaim Kanievsky's vasikin (sunrise) minyan. What I did not know was that Maish, who was only too happy to make this wish come true for me despite the fact that we would likely have to wait at least 45 minutes for the minyan to start, had just arrived back himself shortly before us at 2:00 am from Germany and caught a ride from Ben Gurion to Efrat, where he immediately turned around and came back in his car to fetch us!

He was a ba'al chesed (master of kindness) through and through.

May Hashem comfort Maish's wife Hadasa, their children and grandchildren, and Maish's parents and brother, may they know no more sorrows, and may we share good tidings.

ROBERT SUSSMAN, EDITOR



Hadasa and Maish Lapidot

CREDITS

PUBLISHER & MANAGING DIRECTOR

Martyn Samuels
martyn@jewishlife.co.za

EDITOR

Robert Sussman
robert@jewishlife.co.za

ART DIRECTOR

Rizelle Hartmeier
studio26@telkomsa.net

FEATURES WRITER

Chandrea Serebro

COPY EDITOR/PROOFREADER

Dovid Samuels

DIGITAL MANAGER

David Blumenau
david@jewishlife.co.za

CONTRIBUTORS

Rabbi Dr David Fox, Dean Furman, Bev Goldman,
Rabbi Yossy Goldman, Wendy Kahn, Serenne Kaplan,
Paula Levin, Ilan Preskovsky, Liz Samuels,
Chandrea Serebro, Rabbi Ari Shishler, Gabriella Tobias,
Michelle Vinokur

Printers Paarlmedia kzn

Distribution

Merle Jacobson
Marc Levitt

JEWISH LIFE is published by Total Publishing
(Pty) Ltd ©2008.

If you live within the boundaries of the
eruv, feel free to take this publication
home with you.

**THIS PUBLICATION CONTAINS WORDS
OF TORAH. PLEASE TREAT IT WITH
THE RESPECT IT DESERVES.**

ISSN 1994-8670

Total Publishing (Pty) Ltd
PO Box 52339, Saxonwold 2132

The views expressed in this issue of
Jewish Life are not necessarily those
of the Publisher or Editor.



Certified for the period
July - December 2018: 12 423



ON THE COVER:
IN HONOUR OF
OUR ISRAEL-
THEMED ISSUE AND
THE MANY ARTICLES
DEVOTED TO
TECHNOLOGY AND
INNOVATION, OUR COVER FEATURES A
3D MAP OF ISRAEL SUPERIMPOSED OVER
A BACKGROUND OF HEX CODE.