

Zoom Ukraine-Israel 16/03/26

We are going through stormy days

Artem: I feel anxious

Левчук Ірина

Artem: new people

Левчук Ірина

What words describe how you feel?

Maya: tired

מיה אשכנזי

Alex: suppressed

Левчук Ірина

Nir: good, tired, fine, hungry

מיה אשכנזי

Egor: tired but motivated to learn

Левчук Ірина

Maria: normal, optimistically

Левчук Ірина

Taras: exited

Левчук Ірина

What gets you through the day?

Taras: meet interesting people

Левчук Ірина

Alex: get supprt

Левчук Ірина

Maya: talking with friends

מיה אשכנזי

Nir: actually, I don't feel like I need something to get me through the day, but I'm happy amd thankful to be with my family

מיה אשכנזי

Maria: learn more about Israel

Левчук Ірина

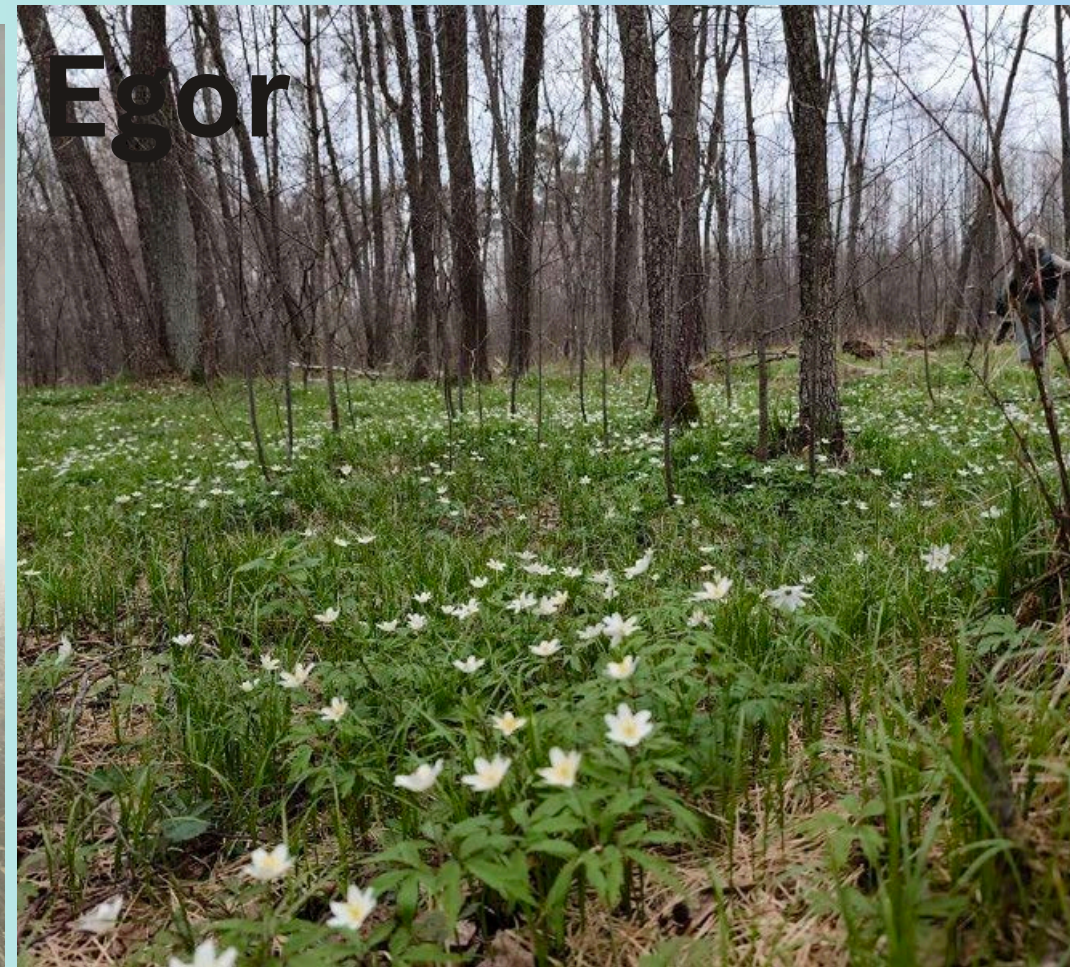
Egor: to know something new

Левчук Ірина



SPRING Matan

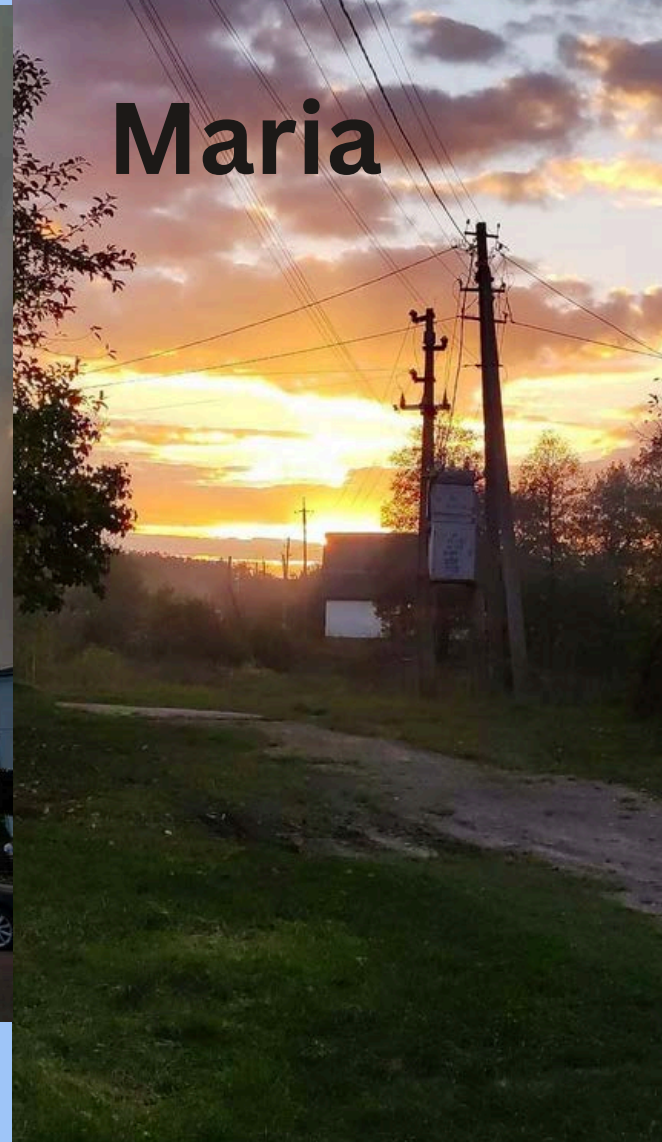
Maya



Egor



Artem



Maria



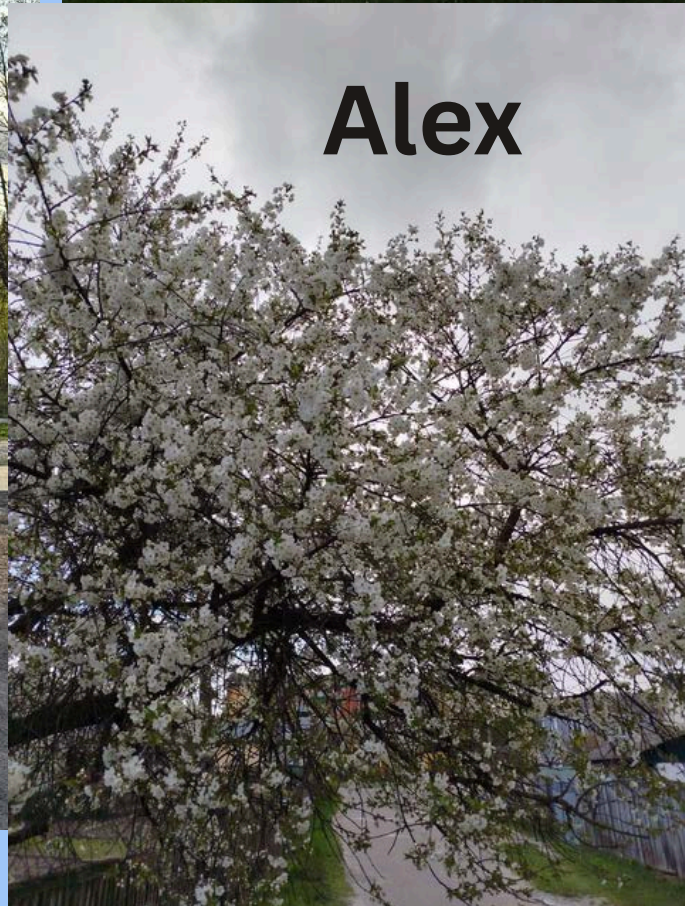
Shahar



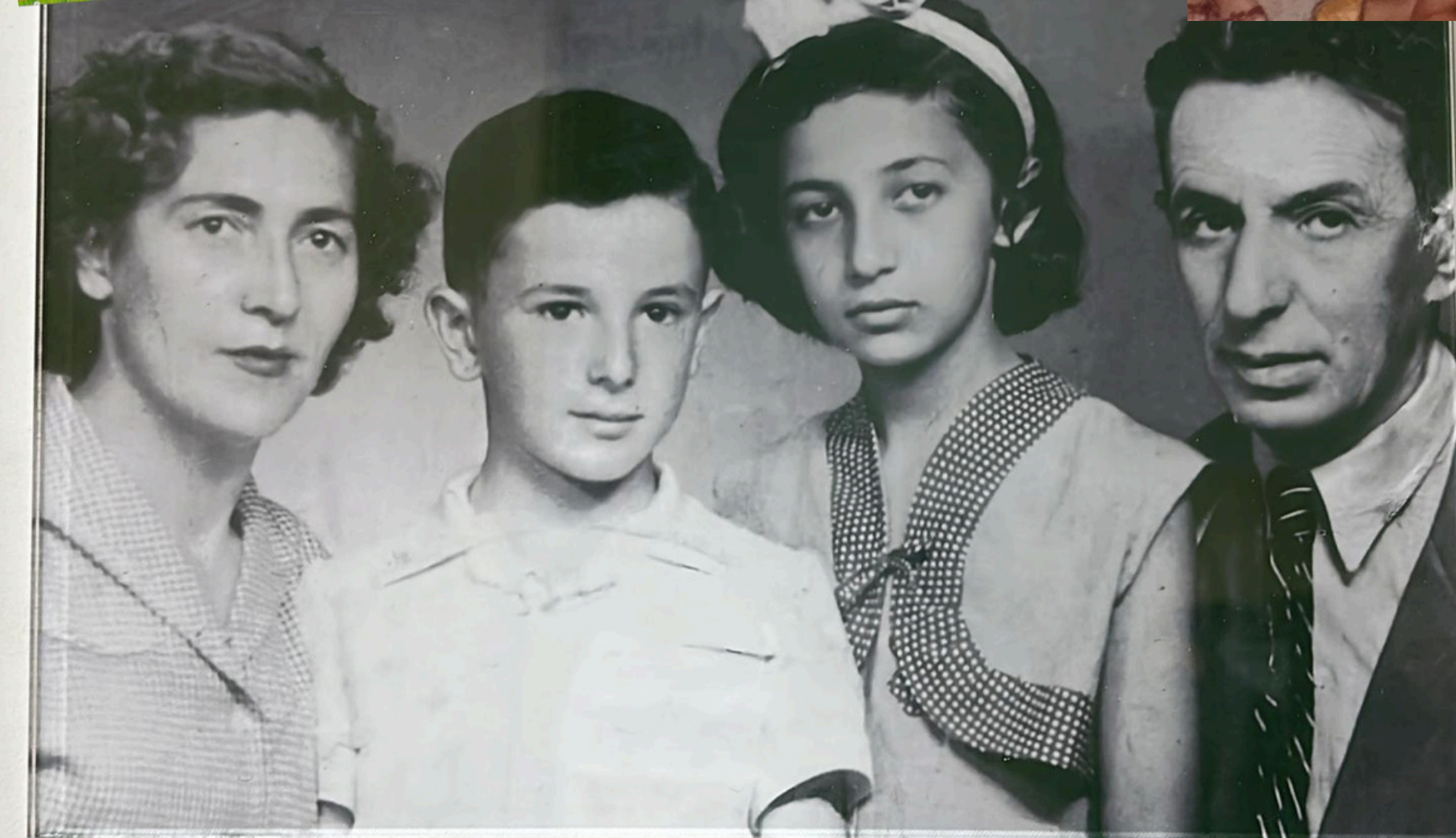
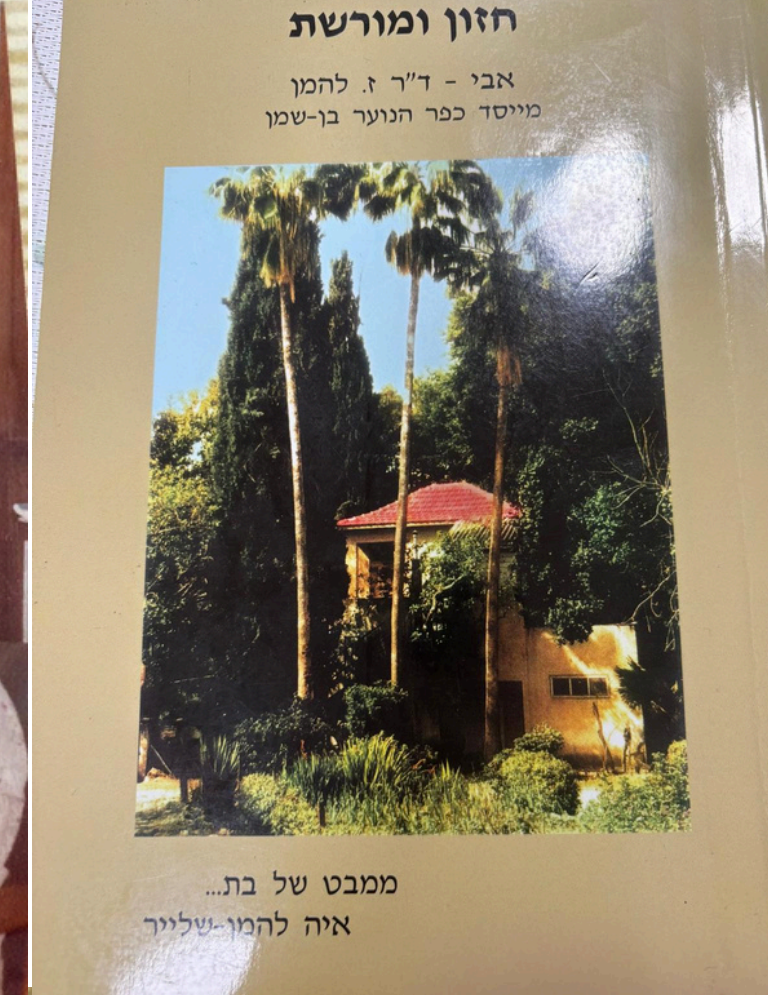
Taras



Zlata



Alex



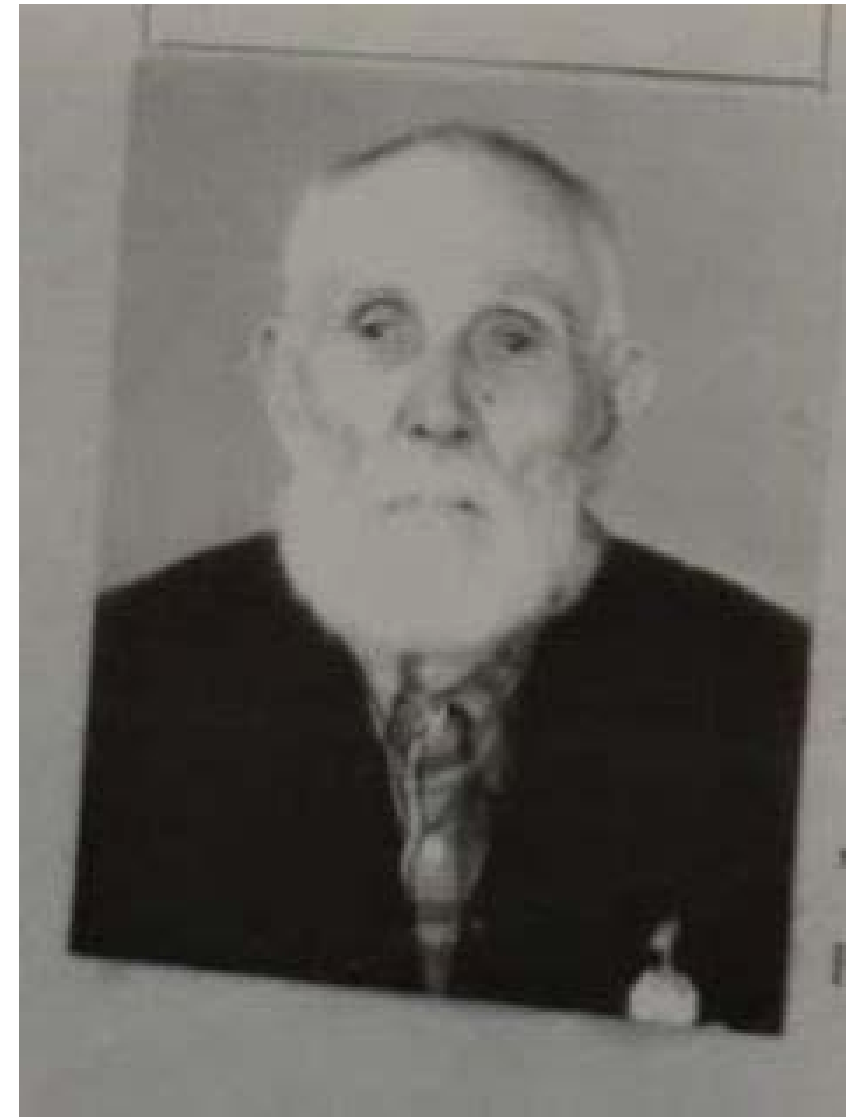
FAMILY STORY

INTERVIEW WITH GRANDPA

These are my grandparents. They got married when grandma Natalia was 18 and grandpa William was 23.



**Hi, my name is Maria
and I
am 14 years old.
I love
dancing,
playing musical
instruments
and cooking. I also like
reading books and hanging
out with
my friends.**



**This is my great-
grandfather
Johann, here he is
86 years old**



ISRAEL

**The power
of meaningful images**



What do you see?

What are you feeling?

What do you think?

What makes you say that?

What more would you want to know?



Little crushed yellow hope

This picture was taken on Saturday, February 28, 2026 at 11:00, at the side of a highway, on my way from the Negev desert in the South of Israel to my home in Rishon Letzion. It was a sunny day, at the beginning of Spring. The sky was blue, the landscape was green and blooming.

The war with Iran had just broke out on that same morning at 07:00. I was on a trip to the south with a group of friends at that time , preparing for a hike near Mitzpe Ramon when the sirens went off. We immediately packed our things, rushed to our cars and headed back home as quickly as we could.

While we were traveling back, the sirens went off every few minutes, indicating missile attacks nearby. So every once in a while we had to pull over, get out of the car and lie down flat on the ground. It was scary. I was shaking with fear. I was worrying for my family who stayed at home, and for myself. I felt insecure and frightened. I was also a bit mad that another war had started, when the previous war had not yet ended. I felt exhausted.

In one of these times we had to pull over, I looked at the crushed green grass and the flowers around me. The beautiful serene nature was in such contrast to the stormy atmosphere of the war. Nature didn't care about the war. It was peaceful. I took this picture of the yellow flower to help me focus on the beautiful things in life. This small yellow flower gave me hope and helped me get through that scary moment.

Maya



In this picture, that was taken around the 1930's in Kalisz, Poland, we can see **the Binke Family**.

The Binke family was (and still is) a Jewish religious (Hasidic) family, that belonged to the Ger Hasidim. It was a big, rich and important family: it descended from the famous Rabbis Rabbi Abraham Abele Gombiner ("Magen Avraham") and rabbi Jacob Joshua Falk ("Pnei Yehoshua"), and one of this family members, Rabbi Yehoshua Noah Binke, was the Gabbai of the Ger Rebbe, Yisrael Alter ("Beit Yisrael").

In 1935, the Beit Yisrael told Yehoshua Noah to make an Aliyah with his family (his wife, Etta Leah, and his 5 children, including my great-grandmother, Freide Aliza). This picture was probably taken right before Yehoshua Noah and his family came to Israel on april 14, 1935. The rest of the family, who stayed in Kalisz, were all murdered in the Holocaust.

Because most of the people were murdered in the Holocaust, I don't know most of the names, and sadly, I don't really have someone to ask. I'm thankful for being able to live in a Jewish country where we have a strong army and brave soldiers, and I truly believe this is a miracle that the people in the picture could only dream about. I wish I could meet them, and I never forget them.

May their memory be blessed.

Nir



Beautiful Tears

My picture is a picture I created

I took a picture of myself, removed the background and made it empty

, and so I essentially created a template in which I designed a picture

and created a background for it,

then I took a drawing of eyes and placed it in the position of human eyes on the picture,

then I created a text box and wrote inside it: Beautiful Tears

The reason I created the picture is that I often feel like I am made of tears - a patchwork of thoughts and desires

, of decisions and actions

Don't get me wrong - I love who I am, but sometimes it's hard for me to remember that all of my parts make me (make who I

am) , not just the ones I prefer

This picture is meant to remind me that all of the "tears" that make me are me and they are all beautiful

Yam

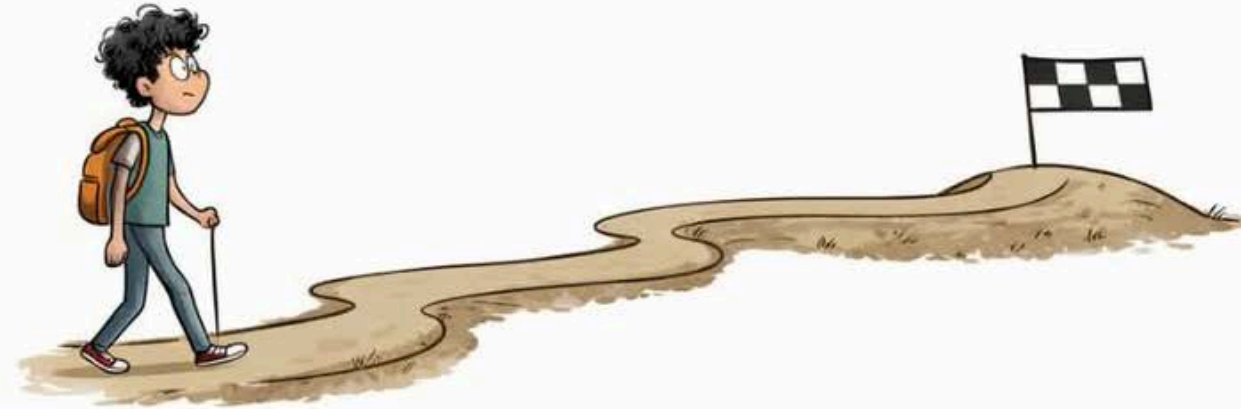
**I work at a kindergarten and I took this
picture in one of their classes**

This picture was filmed in the middle of
the last war right after they allowed the
kindergarten to open. I love how you can
see the children having so much fun with
innocence and no knowledge of what
happened

**The power
of meaningful images
cont.**

My visual response to a story

What I imagined:



What actually happened:



Linear progress is an assumption.

Actual progress is non-linear.

Interruptions, setbacks, and detours
are not exceptions — they *are the structure*.

Zoom Israel-USA

18/05/26



**What is one dream you have for your life
5 years from now?**

