

YONI

Yoni... a ball of fire, joy, action, life itself!

Yoni... sweet, curious, impetuous, inquisitive, engaged, friendly...

He was everyone's friend, big kids, little kids... I remember him playing basketball or soccer on the field... he was everywhere! and he was fast! weaving in and out of their legs... six-year olds looking bewildered, "who **is** this kid, anyway??"
He eventually brought his own ball to school because he couldn't stand losing it to others. . .

Yoni **loved** the snack table! He always squeezed in some time for eating in the middle of his morning work. Eating was serious business for him. He used **both** hands, **and** managed to talk and laugh at the same time!

"Yoni!" chimed in his friends, "you're taking a **loong** turn!" He would laugh, shove one more in for the road, and spring up to wash his plate.

Yoni made music with everything. He was always the first to get up and dance to the sound of a tune, energetically leading the children like a little pied piper, rhythm sticks high above his head, a huge grin on his face...

I remember how he enjoyed science experiments, repeating them again and again for the sheer thrill of the final discoveries... volcanoes erupting, pumps pumping, colors mixing, rainbows appearing, what a mess it was!

Or, when he would seriously focus on books, impatiently turning the pages back and forth, trying to show us something that had caught his attention, always calling out for his pals to come over and share in the excitement!

Friends were everything for Yoni. He couldn't do without them and they couldn't do without him. His boisterous personality attracted them like a magnet, and they would go on a wild ride of playing, laughing, bumping, pushing, crying, reconciling, hugging and starting all over again... your pals are missing you Yoni... and so do we...

Carla and I remember how generous and kind-hearted Yoni was. We still see him bringing over to us someone hurt, with his little arm tenderly draped around the child's shoulders, barely making it across. With concern on his face, he would stay until he was sure the child was safe, and only then would he dash off back to his games.

Yoni's last gift to our classroom was a big Dinosaur book, dinosaurs being one of his great loves. We will cherish it forever... In it he thanked us for teaching him, we thank you, Yoni, for two years of joy, love and tenderness...

For those of us who believe in a Heaven, we each have our own little fantasies of what it will be like... I have this vision of Yoni running around, with a big smile, chatting up a storm with everybody and tugging at their gowns to get their attention...

I close my eyes and suddenly it hits me: this child, our little Yoni, **is** in the presence of God **!**
He has **seen** the Glory of the Lord, may God bless this child, our child, until we meet again **,**

With our love,
Carla and Denise

9/14/05