

Lambarsky, Yosef (Yoske) RIP
Born in 1924 in Kfar Yechezkel
Joined the British Army in 1944
Joined Ha'Chavura ("The Gang") in 1945
Died in Haifa 24 February 1999
Written by: Shlomit Lambarsky

This is the Way it Was

Yoske was born in Kfar Yechezkel in the Jezreel Valley. His parents were Zionists who came to Palestine during the 3rd wave of Aliya from the Ukraine, and were among the founders of the Moshav. His boyhood and youth were typical of those of his age at that time, and were divided between studies and helping his parents on their farm. He was outstanding in sports and a handsome youth who was devoted to his parents. When he was 18 years old he volunteered for service in the police force of the Valley.

In 1944, unlike many sons of the Moshav who preferred to stay and work on their parents' farms, he volunteered for the Jewish Brigade after hearing what had happened to the Jews of Europe. While in the Brigade he helped smuggle/move Jewish refugees across borders of countries so that they could get to Palestine. In the course of his work he met Shlomit, who had survived the Holocaust but whose parents and most of her sisters and brothers were killed in the Shoah. They fell in love and in February, 1947, returned to Kfar Yechezkel and were married in September.

In 1948, when the War of Independence began, Yoske was mobilized and served in the 13th Battalion of the Golani Brigade. He participated in many battles until he was severely injured in the battle for Hill 86 in the Negev. He was retrieved from the battlefield with great difficulty and hospitalized for eight months at Tel Hashomer Hospital. He returned to Kfar Yechezkel after he was released from the Hospital, but because of his physical disability, was unable to work on his farm. He was assigned to the Beit Shaan Transport Cooperative as work manager.

In 1960 he and his wife decided to leave the Moshav with their two children, and moved to Haifa, where he found a position as traffic manager with the Israel Shipyards. In the course of the years, as he was recognized as a serious employee, he was given more and greater responsibilities. In 1984, after 24 years of work in the Shipyards, he retired and devoted a great deal of his time to his beloved grandchildren. In 1996, he was diagnosed as having an advanced stage of cancer and was given but a few months to live. He did not bow to his fate but fought for his life and lived as energetically as possible for three more years. He even traveled abroad with his wife while undergoing difficult treatment. They visited the places where he had met his wife and where he had been active in the Brigade.

Several days before his demise he participated in the Bat Mitzvah of his granddaughter. After that he asked to be driven to a point that overlooked the Jezreel Valley, where he had spent his youth. He passed away at his home on the 24th of February, 1999, exactly 52 years to the day that he and his wife had returned to Palestine. He had had a rich, full, and active life and died without complaint and without self-pity.