



My name is Gila Cohen. I didn't always live here in Israel. I used to live in a big city in the United States, with tall buildings, lots of people, and very busy streets. This is the story of how I came to live in Israel.

EL AL
08/09/06
Passenger: Gil
GATE C121 FLIGHT LY0020
JFK > TL

בשפחה
Cohen

גולה חדשה



One day in the fall, my parents called a family meeting.

“We have something important to tell all of you,” my mother said.

“Mommy and I thought this would be a great time for our family to make Aliyah,” my father said.

Mommy continued, “In a few months, we will be leaving this house and this country, and making Aliyah, moving to Israel!”



Moshe looked upset.

“What about my baseball team?” he asked.

Moshe loved baseball. He was the star catcher.

“They have baseball in Israel,” Abba explained.

“You can join a team there!”

“But what about my Bat Mitzvah this fall?” Shani asked. “I was so excited about inviting all my friends!”

“We’ll celebrate your Bat Mitzvah in Israel,” Mommy explained, “and our closest friends and family will come. It will be extra-special if we visit the Kotel that day!”



My little brother, Levi, looked worried.

“What about my toys?”

“We will take all of your toys on a lift,” Abba explained.

“A lift is a big container packed with all of our belongings and shipped to our new home in Israel.”

