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I was only 11 years old when Yitzhak Rabin was killed, so the memory is hazy. But what I do remember is my sadness and confusion. Sadness over the death of the leader of Israel, which I had only recently come to understand was a Jewish state — something that seemed fascinating and incomprehensible to me as a child. Confusion over how he had been murdered by another Jew, a baffling notion that I couldn't possibly understand. As I grew older and learned more about Israel, its history, and its conflict with the Palestinians, my sadness over Rabin's death only grew. But

my confusion went away. Today, I understand the battle for Israel's soul that claimed Rabin as a casualty. I understand all too well why his death and its timing were so tragic. But I also understand why Rabin took the risks he did in order to preserve the dream of a secure, Jewish, democratic Israel. I'm proud to be one of the many who are still working to fulfill his dream.