



אלימות במחאת העו"סיות

I arrived as the protest was starting carrying my sign which has a close-up photo of me kissing my daughter as a newborn baby. The caption reads, "I need Daddy . . . not a visitor." Since I speak broken Hebrew, I stood quietly near the speakers and journalists and simply made eye contact with everyone who looked my way.

Almost immediately two women in their 50's confronted me and identified themselves as social workers. They asked me what I meant by the sign. I simply replied, "this girl needs her father." They pressed me further whether I was on their side or against them. I told them that I am on the side of children. "He's against us," they concluded.



The fatter of the two women shoved me and tried knocking me over. She yelled, "That's why your children were taken away from you!" I asked her why she was so offended by my sign.

She responded that I was bothering the social workers. Her friend pulled her away. I had hoped that would be the end. It wasn't.

A couple in their mid 40's came to either side of me and raised their sign to block me and smashed my nose in the process. The husband ordered me to get out of the way. I turned to the wife and asked whether she was a social worker. "We both are," she replied. "Is this how social workers should behave?" I asked. After a few minutes of trying to move around them and getting blocked, I asked them to stop being so childish. They finally let me stand in a spot without further hassle.

A keynote speaker was a gentleman named “Jihad”. The crowd loved him and I tried understanding what he was saying. However, a group of women in their 30’s wearing red T-Shirts surrounded me and started blowing whistles in my ears. Somebody snuck behind me and yanked down on my backpack, trying to knock me off balance. More protestors tried tangling me in paper signs, which I shooed away.



Two times they snatched my sign away from me and I had to grab it back.

I felt like I was trapped in a sorority house cat-fight – and I was their mouse. Just as I thought they would take me down, other men in the crowd caught their attention. Apparently the other men were photographing their assault on me and the protestors mobbed the other two men. They tried snatching the

cameras. While I felt sorry for the other two, I was relieved that I could finally stand in peace.

I saw one of the organizers whisper into the ear of the Channel 2 cameraman. She pointed at me and he nodded. At first I didn’t think much of it until he whacked me in the head with his camera. The first time he did it, I brushed it off as an honest mistake. The second time he did it, I noticed that I was the only person in the crowd getting whacked in the head. The third time, I blocked his camera and told him to leave me alone.

Just then I felt another whack on the back of my head. Two social workers in their late 30’s were carrying a large banner and started hitting me with the poles. They tried wrapping me in the banner and I struggled my way out of their grasp. I was so overwhelmed that I could only speak in English at that point. I turned to one of the social workers who hit me in the head with her pole and explained how I am an immigrant from the USA who has gone on numerous Israel Solidarity marches – even in the face of pro-Palestinian counter-demonstrators. She ignored me and tried tangling me in her banner again. I broke free and turned to a nearby college student who understood me in English. “I’ve been more violently attacked here today by these social workers than I ever was by those Palestinians,” I exclaimed.

The college student rallied her friends and pulled the social workers off me. Those kids surrounded me and made sure no more social workers could lay their hands on me. Those college kids really demonstrated maturity and professionalism. Wherever they are, I owe them my thanks.