

Diamant ,Leah (Barad) (of blessed memory)
 Born 30 November 1925 in Sosnovitch Poland
 Made Aliya in 1946 on the Hagana ship "Wedgwood"
 Joined HaChavura ("The Gang") in Italy in 1945
 Died in Haifa in November 1953
 Written by Aviva Maimon

This is the Way it Was

A few words about Leah :

We went on a mission together for the movement in 1943, and our roads never parted until her death. Leah Diamant was born in Sosnovitch. Poland on November 30, 1925. From the age of 16 she belonged to the youth movement, Hanoar Hatzioni. She was active in the underground during the Holocaust, and was sent by the underground to Germany as a Christian, and given false documents to do so.

When WW II was over she reached Italy with the aid of the "Bricha" in June 1945. She worked at the training farm near Mastra and was enlisted to work for HaChavura ("The Gang"), for Aliya Bet, at Magenta. She was active in various positions at Magenta and Milan. (I wrote about her activities in my account of Magenta.) In 1946 we both made Aliya on the Hagana ship, "Wedgwood".

Leah died in 1953, when she was only 28 years old. She loved Israel, was a devoted Zionist, and her efforts to make Aliya were witness to her noble character.

Meir Davidson's words at the grave of Leah Diamant; 31. 10. 68

Destiny has ordained that our generation live in times of darkness, terror and bereavement. Loss and heroism, the fight and the redemption, war and hope are entwined eternally with no possibility of separating them.

The fight against bereavement, the blackness of terror, the war against loss.-
 Somewhere on the distant horizon, unbelievably, is a sign of rebirth, hope rises.

We declare: Struggle, War, No surrender.
 Not many have gone in the path of terror without surrendering.
 Not many have quarried the blackness like steel and pride!
 A handful out of a whole city, a few from a whole tribe.

That is how it was in the Diaspora: Kharkov, Czestochowa, Bialistok, Vilna, Warsaw, Paris and Saloniki...

They say: Jerusalem also, Tel Aviv and Haifa..
 A handful out of a whole city, a few from a whole tribe.

From the handful of our fighters we have lost a jewel. She was our Leah..

Her eyes were clear and frank, imbued with the purity of youth. She had the energy of action and a modest devotion. Her laughter bubbled with the joy of life and her seriousness was saintly in her daily activities.

That is how we admired her, we Israelis who knew her.

And she came from "there", from "what we did not understand", from the "hard to believe".. .. WE LOVED HER!

From the handful of our fighters we have lost a jewel, she was our Leah.. We shall talk about her amongst ourselves. She shall be in our hearts forever. Excuse me, my friends, for my poetic outburst. Her image is a song to me.