

## REMEMBERING JDA MEMBER EVA MANSELL

Anna Revivo, Eva's daughter, wrote this beautiful tribute to her mum:

*"Life isn't the same without our dear mum. The ache of her absence is deep, and we find ourselves holding onto photos and the precious memories she left behind. She is always in our hearts, guiding us with love, even from afar."*

My beautiful, glamorous mummy has gone to join her beloved brother Zvi, whom she always spoke of so highly.

Eva was born in the small village of Afula, Israel, to parents who had emigrated from Germany in search of a new life.

As a child she was diagnosed as deaf, prompting the family to move to Tel Aviv so she could receive the right education. She was only around four when brother Zvi tragically passed away aged 15, but she cherished his memory, always keeping a photo of him close.

Later, she lost her father Leo, leaving just her and her mother, who was an over protective mum, perhaps hardened by surviving the horrors of the Holocaust. Communication between them was limited, and mum often turned to her deaf friends for connection, developing an independent spirit.

Dad met Mum in Tel Aviv and he was a true gentleman, winning her heart and bringing her to London. She was welcomed warmly by dad's parents, who spoiled her with shopping trips to Harrods and Selfridges. She fondly remembered this time, learning new customs, dressing elegantly, and embracing a different way of life.

They married in Marble Arch synagogue and honeymooned on a cruise — a passion that stayed with them throughout their lives.

Together, they built a family, raising two deaf children, Leo and me. Her upbringing made sure she always knew what was right and wrong, and I wouldn't be who I am without her.

Mum adored her six grandchildren — Shahaf, Shai, Shalev, Shailyn, Bellissa, and Galileo — proudly showing off their photos to staff at John Lewis and Marks & Spencer in Brent Cross. She loved chatting with everyone, a trait I seem to have inherited. Even now, when I take dad to Brent Cross, people still ask how she is. She truly was special.

Mum had many passions— learning new recipes, cooking, bingo, JDA social events, and, of course, shopping. Always elegant, always in high heels. She fought bravely when cancer struck, managing well with treatment, until a cruel stroke left her bedridden for nearly two years. Those were heartbreaking times, but she remained strong until after her 83rd birthday, when she slowly faded.

In the end, the silent exchanges between us said everything — no more signing "I love you," no more forced smiles. I realised I had to let her go, even though it broke me. She was in so much pain in the last few days, and she was tired. She managed to smile to me, too. So precious.

Mummy, I love you. I promise to take care of dad, just as you wished. Please send me signs that you are still with me — I don't know how to carry on without you. Say hello to Zvi and my dear grandmother Pinto. These last two years, though painful, were a gift — extra time with you. But now, it's time for you to rest.

I promise to wear more makeup and dress well — just as you always told me to.

***I love you so much, Ema.  
Shalom, Mum.***



▲ *Eva on holiday with husband Ross and children Leo and Anna*



▲ *Eva and Ross*



▲ *Glamorous young Eva*



▲ *Ruth Lawrence visits her good friend Eva*