Working on this project has been eye opening on a personal level; there are endless emotions attendant to such an undertaking. Those emotions, part and parcel of any book project, were accompanied by significant life events that, no doubt, affected my approach to the issues at hand.

Sadly, one person who never had a chance to make the journey was my younger brother, Rami. I was three years old when he was born. We never met; I have never seen a picture of him. Rami died a few days after his birth in December 1960.

Because he was not circumcised, the Rabbinate in the city of our birth—Rehovot, Israel—refused to share with my grieving parents the location of Rami’s grave. To this day, we do not know where Rami was buried. While I was writing this book, my mother mentioned this brutally painful fact to me for the first time. That discussion led me to do something I should have done long ago.

I dedicate this book to my late brother, Rami: although we never met, although we never exchanged a word with each other, as my brother, you too are a part of this journey.