



BY ROSALLY SALTSMAN

A Man Of High Rank

There are those who gain their *Olam Habah* in one hour in this world. And there are those who spend every hour in this world infusing it with *Olam Habah*. Such a man was Uri Shlomei whose sojourn in this world was brief but who filled every waking moment with working for the *klal*.

Uri Shlomei left this world a few days shy of his 49th birthday after a 9-month battle with cancer. He left a grieving father, a heartbroken wife, a devastated son and three daughters and two distraught sisters. But more than that, he left a legacy of a life devoted to the nation and country of Israel.

Born to two Hebrew teachers who spent many years of *shlichut* in Canada, Uri served as a lone soldier while his family was in Montreal. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in Intelligence and had a

long and distinguished army career.

After the army, in keeping with the practice of stationing an honor guard near the flag for Yom HaZikaron, he instituted a rotation of at least two people learning *mishnayot* every half hour near the flag on the main street of the Petach Tikvah neighborhood where he lived.

Uri volunteered for Magen David Adom and was part of an army contingent that was sent on a rescue mission to Nepal by Israel after an earthquake there in 2015.

With his high energy and com-



mitment to contributing to the *klal*, Uri looked for gaps to fill. Even while in the throes of his illness he launched a *Parshat Hashavua* initiative.

Uri personified the ideal of the Mizrahi philosophy which has given Israel the cream of its society:

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people with dedication to hearth, home and community, an impeccable army service record and Torah learning.

After the army, Uri, who had a Master's Degree in organizational consulting and strategic development as well as being a licensed life coach, sought to teach mastery of life both to individuals and companies. He not only believed in giving everyone

the opportunity to live up to his or her potential, he insisted on it, but without being pushy or intrusive.

He was a devoted and loving father to his four children and a wonderful husband to his wife Rinatya who also serves the *klal* in her job as an occupational therapist and matchmaker.

Despite the late hour, the heat and the humidity of August, and the short notice, hundreds of people came to say goodbye to this young man who had accom-

plished so much and died so young. It was a very long and difficult goodbye as he was eulogized by rabbis, his father and his children.

A few days before he died, Uri's 11-year-old daughter Tamar, somehow instinctively knowing that to wait till his birthday would

be too late, gave him a small painting she made for him depicting all the things he was best at. She called it "To the Best Father in the World." It showed him giving her a big hug, his service to the country as a soldier, his volunteer work in MADA, and his hobbies, windsurfing and cooking. It was like she had prepared the canvas of his life to present in *Beit Din shel Maalah*. But she needn't have worried. They have a record of his deeds there – an impeccable record for a soldier in Hashem's army, one who received an early discharge with distinction.

Lillui nishmat Uri ben Asher Anshel, z"l.



In Nepal courtesy of ZAKA spokesperson