.setVisible

תערוכת צילום
"in-out"
tש"ע ט
Presenting Artists

Ora Orit Mizrahi
Orna David
Avital Aliza Ben Sasson
Liat Haas
Naama ShenHAV Cohen
Rachel Feldman Davis
Granit Yaniv
Shirli Cohen z”l
Inbal Sa’id z”l
Oranit is Ezer Mizion's cancer patient guest home and support services center for cancer patients and their families. It was established in 1995 by Ezer Mizion and the Bracha and Motti Zisser Foundation.

The center offers a wide variety of activities, including support and accompaniment for cancer patients and their families at the hospital and in the community, workshops and support groups, a therapeutic petting zoo, art and music therapy, Gymboree, Pilates activities and plenty of social activities.

Ezer Mizion's bone marrow registry is also located at Oranit. The registry includes more than 990,668 potential donors, through which nearly 3,294 life-saving stem cell transplants were facilitated.

The photography therapy workshop, led by Uri Feiner, is one of our many therapy activities. The process that the participants undergo, individually and as a group, is unique and has a profound impact during the period of their treatments and the recovery that follows. The photos displayed at the exhibition were all taken by workshop participants as part of this therapy process and relay a portion of the patient's personal story. You have the privilege to see inside the participants' world and to observe the insights and perspectives that the photography workshop has allowed them to share.

When we take pictures, we direct the camera outward, to the world around us. We see a path, a flower, a beach, strangers or our families. We aim the camera and press the button, capturing the moment in a photo. The photographer compels the viewer to adopt his perspective, the unique manner in which he views the world. The viewer thereby gets a chance to look inward, at the photographer. An inside-outside perspective.

This exhibition completes this dual process, enabling both the photographers and the viewers to look inward and outward.

This is not an exhibition by a group but rather a group of exhibitions. Each photographer presents her own body of work, her personal view of the world. Concurrently, it provides a group perspective of women brought together by destiny who, together, studied the language of photography. And so, like any group, the exhibition can be viewed as a whole or view each of its elements individually.
Flexibility is important in life since things don't always work out as planned. It is important to be together and not alone, but not at all costs. Love must motivate us in this world and joy must always be sought and cherished in our hearts and souls. Do not be ashamed to ask others for help; try to help others, but only within the limits of your capabilities. We must follow our heart, our dreams are as far as we are willing to travel for them. We must live each day, while thinking of the future and knowing the past. Let's not scorn other people's lack of knowledge, but rather fill in the gaps for them. No one knows everything. We must embrace innocence, because it will always remind us of our childhood and banish worry from our hearts. The bond with our children is the most significant, but in order to bond with others, we must first be connected to ourselves. Our children are the realization of our dreams; they are our future and the embodiment of our enhanced self. They are the ones who give us hope and a reason to live. In closing, when life gives us ingredients for baking a cake, it's time to pull out the mixer and heat up the oven.
An imprint is an impression, a mark, an influence, or a trace – as in the phrase, “He left his mark.” Many people are asked what they would consider an achievement in life. Most respond that they want to leave an imprint behind them. Apparently, we all reach that goal. From the moment we are born until our last day, we impress our invisible identity wherever we are.

To me, the hand is a kind of imprint, as it holds the fingerprints that are unique to each individual. No hand resembles another.

With the hand, we build, destroy, sign, communicate, undo, and, all the while, leave our imprint.
Avital Aliza Ben Sasson

SH
Shira, your face faces the horizon;
Trying to learn from the pain of the past;
Being joyful is a great mitzvah.
This is the given situation, this is where I start.
That’s what you said to me so naturally
When I asked you, is there any continuity?

I
You’ve known hardship, pain, and bereavement.
But you rose from the depths of Hell
And you are a ray of light to your younger siblings
Focused and illuminating, like a lighthouse in a storm.

R
Your mother, Rachel, was taken three years ago,
But the disease is still trying to touch the family

A
He who dwells on high sends the strength
To stand guard relentlessly and never let go
With a family like ours, we will win every war
To you, Shira daughter of Rachel (a”h), thanks to you, I will win.
Indeed I suffered great pain.
Cancer penetrated my body.
The disease drained my body and soul
And I choose
To set out and seek the light...
I dare to look directly at the sun
Demanding that it light up my heart. My soul.
I return to my childhood landscape.
Megiddo, The Ruler Road, The Tanach settlements...
On the way to Beit She'an...
The Gilboa Mountains stand before me. Familiar and embracing.
The Jezreel Valley caresses my heart.
The burial site of my beloved father.
Shielding, illuminating, and protecting...
And then, I discover that within my personal darkness
I can find what to be thankful for...
I can feel lucky...
I can remember here that nothing is self-understood
And that I have what to be thankful for...
Every day anew,
Each morning, to light the spark
The Divine spark.
The strength that lies within me,
Within us,
Illuminating and dimming the darkness.
Naama Shenhav Cohen
A Year of Nighttime

Last year, the illness that was always something that happened to others, came in - or, more accurately, barged into - my life and home, without even knocking.

Since then, every minute, every day, every week brought with it a flood of feelings and emotions, and, although my daily routine did not change, the way I looked at those mundane moments did.

So why is it a year of nighttime?
Not just because of the dark, although there was darkness, but because that darkness illuminated sides and strengths in me that I didn’t know I had; not just because of the nightmares, and there were nightmares, but because of the dreams that one day... very soon... everything would go back to what it was one year ago.

Even though I myself have long since changed.
Rachel Feldman - Davies

I was walking along the beach alone. I came across the cactus growing in the sand. I felt connected to the contrast of colour. The picture for me represents the life. The sea is calm. The cactus grows freely but is obstructed by the fence. An eyesore. But an eyesore which is now blurred.

The sea represents life, the normal everyday life, waves of repetition. The fence, my diagnosis, the chemotherapy – the fear of not being able to go on. Then in the foreground the cactus, representing life that continues growing wildly and freely. A change in my thought process, the fence becomes blurred and fades away but will always be there.
I got sick!
My entire life, I designed routes that would be convenient for me to follow.
During the last three years, I was forced to recalculate my life path time and time again.
Where do I go?
With whom?
Till when?
Who decides where I’m going?

The new routes scarred my body, but these scars only remind me of the paths that I’ve already walked that do not pave my future.

Excerpted from "To the End of the Path" by Esther Shamir:
"People I did not bring close to me
Fell from my hands
Moments that I ignored
Happened without me
I bear no resentment
Just long days, when something within
With all its strength cries out afar."
in-out perspective
Photography Exhibit
2019