**Mishy Harman (narration):** Hey listeners, it's Mishy. So as you know, during these incredibly difficult days, we're trying to bring you voices we're hearing among and around us. These aren't stories, they're just quick conversations, or postcards really, that try to capture slivers of life right now.

45-year-old Ido Rosenthal served in an elite commando unit and was killed on the first day of the war. His wife Noga, a sociology doctoral student at Ben Gurion University, has since been sharing her feelings on Facebook. She gave us permission to translate and record one of her posts—which is read here by Chaya Gilboa.

**Noga Friedman**: I desperately wanted to talk about sex during my eulogy for Ido. But even within the depths of the madness I was experiencing while writing it, I realized it was inappropriate, and that it wouldn't be well received. It's as if I would have chosen to eulogize him with an Arabic accent, or by doing a Shimon Peres impression: simply unreasonable. Even now, it seems unacceptable. But fuck it— it's no secret that our relationship with sexual. We're adults, and we have three kids, so everyone understands that we slept together. Why then can’t I publicly mourn the loss of my sexuality when I lose my lover. I'm talking specifically about the loss of my sex life with Ido. Now my sexuality in general—with all that may or may not happen with it.

Now, I'm not even talking about the fact that I'm posting these thoughts on Facebook: which really is a bit excessive. I feel like it's something I'm not supposed to talk about even in private conversations. But sex was a central and essential part of our relationship, and I feel a sense of tremendous loss, knowing that I'll never get to sleep with him again. Knowing that this specific journey we have been on together, our own private adventure has been cut short. And still, just talking about it with people makes me feel like some kind of horny MILF.

What I'm about to say is more or less the least feminist statement ever, but I deeply regret each and every time Ido wanted to sleep with me, and I wasn't into it. Do not hear what I'm not saying; I will never call upon my sisters: sleep with your fellow whenever he wants to. But, if by any chance, your man is a fighter in the army, and a horrible war breaks out, and he volunteers to serve on the frontlines even though he's too for it, just because that's the kind of guy he is. And then he gets killed in battle, you might feel remorse about all the orgasms you missed out on. That's all I have to say.

Don't worry dear mom and dad and all their friends—I have absolutely no intention of going into the details of what we liked or didn't like to do in bed. But the feelings I'm experiencing right now have taught me two things: the first is how silent sexuality still is, in all kinds of spaces; and the second is that sexuality is a central component of life—through which much of the grief, much of the feelings of loneliness I'm feeling in the last few weeks plays out.

I mean it's impossibly hard that everything that was private, everything that belonged just to the two of us is now something I need to bear by myself: our private jokes, mostly sex related; our semi rituals, also mainly sex related; our private talk, yes, sex related—you get it.

And now I have no one to talk to about it. Both because it's improper and because I don't want to betray our privacy and intimacy. But still I choose to write about it here: part activism, I guess, and part an attempt to push back against the silencing. I feel I might regret this in the future.