

In honor of the Supreme Court

My name is I. [REDACTED] Ambash, and I'm 16.5 years old.
My ID number is: [REDACTED]

I would like to recount to you all the wrongs done to me for three and half years by the police, the welfare department, my boarding school and more.

In the honoring of Rabbi Nachman Horodankr, which we call Hillula, we went to his grave in Tiberius to pray. Coming out from the cemetery and into the car we suddenly heard a loud noise from behind the vehicle – the police men hit it.

They arrested my father, shackled his hands and put him in the patrol car. They held us up next to the car he was sitting in until late at night. We were worried for his safety, and afraid we would never see him again. Even when they tried to stop me I rounded them up and knocked on the window to wave him goodbye. He waved back. We, all the brothers, sang a prayer for the wellbeing and peace of him, and the rest of us. Not all of us were there, but the police took out of the house everyone, even the others. It turned out that the arrest was planned. The Tiberius station cops were

waiting for the cops from Jerusalem to come and pick us up. Once there, they took us to the police station at the Russian Compound.

We arrived to the Russian Compound around three-thirty in the morning. My dad was brought into custody and I didn't see him afterwards. We were questioned and then my brother [REDACTED] and I were taken into an emergency center "Mivtakh Oz" in Ramat Shlomo, where I met with my mother in this center, once every two weeks or so, under supervision.

The counselors there were holding me strongly for hours. They used to hold on to my hands, for two hours on the floor, until I calmed down. It was violent, and one of the guides- Mr. Moti Malka - kicked me to the floor and grabbed me. They also gave us destructive conversations and destructive treatment. From the police came a Children Interrogator called Micha Haran, who investigated us using lies, telling us "you were all hurt, right? Your father was so and so... right?". He tried to make me confirm lies, while threatening me that if I did not cooperate with him I will be investigated by the police with beatings.

After four months of suffering and concern for the whole family which was broken after the dissolution of the house, they took me away to 'Beit Chaggay'.

I thought it might be a better place for me, somewhere, and I hoped I could finally be in touch with my family and get out to see my mom. But once I was accepted in school, I realized I was wrong, they just shut me more and after some time they took my cell phone and denied me any way to connect to my mother and family.

The staff also hurt me and the other boys were beating me up. I suffered humiliation and extortion of money. On one occasion when we went out, me and the guide Moshe Hussein and another boy, we parked at the Biblical Zoo to pick up another guide. Than the guide beat me up in the car. There were several times he hit me in boarding school too, struck objects at me, pushed me and more, and when I was in the shower he hugged me from behind. The money for which I worked in the petting zoo for a very long time they did not pay me. Only when I threatened to complaint to the police and to make a mess did they pay me. But even then, they stole money from me : the boys and the staff.

They treated me in a destructive way which caused me a lot of pain and destruction; which ruined all my inner world. Dr. Weinstein, the psychiatrist of 'Beit Chaggay', just played with the psychiatrist pills and paid no attention to me. He only listened to Sarit Ward, the welfare officer, who told only lies about me. And two days after the testimony, he cut off the

pills. And there are other sufferings I went through at the boarding school of 'Beit Chaggay'. But the most difficult thing I went through was that they forced me with threats to testify against my father and gave me psychiatrist pills, despite promising me that after the investigations with children

When we were still at home with the family, the last five months before my father's arrest I was 13 and I celebrated a Bar Mitzvah. A Friend of my father's, who said he was a scribe, made me the Tefilin. His daughter was seven and we were friends. When my father found out the father was a missionary priest pretending to be Jewish they fought and their relation was cut. Since then I could not see her anymore. The relationship I started with her, of kisses and hugs, I missed very much when she left. Then I was also browsing the Internet, what then developed into the sexual preoccupation with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], my brothers who were 10 and 9 years old. Later I mastered them and gave them orders to fulfill my personal needs and do jobs and I gave them a beating. But I did not rape them. No one in

On the hillula of Rabbi Yonatan Ben Uziel, K'v Sivan 28/06/11 I felt great remorse for what I did to my brothers and I talked to my family. Five days later the family got dismantled, the police wanted

me to testify lies against my father and I refused it

Sagi Offir and Lizo Wolfus, the prosecutors against my father told me before the evidence: "Tell you raped, we won't take you to court for it. What do you care, even if it's a lie ?". They also said that my testimony will be proved unreliable if the defense proves I raped. They added that "your brother Benjamin said he raped your sister [REDACTED] and we did nothing to him", because they wanted me to lie in order to put my father in jail and get their good

Only about one thing I didn't agree to lie : I refused

Lizo Wolfus encouraged me that I can be the best

To remove the pressure of Sagi Offir and Lizo Wolfus on me and still not have to lie and say I raped, I told a different story. I said dad was in charge of everything, of all the things I did to my two brothers and the rest of it - I lied. Sarit Ward, the welfare officer would tell me: "You have to save your family from suffering" and she and everyone made me realize that maybe someone died or will die if I won't cooperate with the prosecution. And I collaborated. And to prove my testimony credibility

against dad, since I was so hurt and my mind messed up from what they said - Sagi Offir and Lizo Wolfus and Micha Haran and boarding school, I had to hurt myself before the medical examination [REDACTED] [REDACTED] to prove the allegations against my father and make the judges

They also used the same things I said and took my mother to prison Neve Tirza for a year because I lied saying my mother was a victim and encouraged my father to harm us. But it did not matter to me anymore. They destroyed me and made me destroy myself with my own hands; I no longer cared to testify against her. So well they used me, the police and welfare and through boarding school...

There were people who supported me in boarding school and helped me but they were only a minority. In general I was depressed mainly because of the testimony they wanted me to give against my father

I cut my arms and chest. I was bleeding and they barely cared for it. Because when I cut myself, the boarding staff was afraid to hurt their connections with the police around my testimony against my father. They did not seek for my personal interest in their considerations and made sure that I would be

allowed to testify even if I was sent to a psychiatric examination. In the hospital I heard the boarding school dormitory manager, Kobbi Eyal, convinces Dr. Bush to release me and that it was a one-time event. So I went through a psychiatric examination at the hospital in Beer-Sheva and after the test they

After the period of testimony and after testifying lies against my father and the other defendants I

I was too depressed to overcome the mental pain, and I felt no physical pain. I put out cigarettes on my bare hands and asked the boys at boarding school,

Again I threatened to kill myself, because I suffered greatly in boarding school, but this time it didn't matter to them. I had already testified and the testimony stages were over so it couldn't hurt the evidence. They sent me for review and I was admitted by consent. I was happy that at last I managed to get out of the boarding school because I just wanted to get out from there in any way and so I was glad I could, but I fell into a new hell. There, they gave me pills and put me in "relaxing room" and when I objected against a pill, once they brought it to me as an injection in the

buttocks in a violent way. They pushed me, grabbed my hands and feet by force and knocked my head in the iron bed which they threw me on. At the same time they also lied to me from my boarding school, mostly the welfare officer Sarit Ward, and she said to me that my mother wanted to hurt me. They also convinced me not to meet my mother, what they managed to do through the lies and manipulations all the years I was in there! In addition from boarding school, the counselors and Sarit, the welfare officer, came to visit me, in order to strengthen my suicidal thoughts : they preferred me in a grave, that's was I really felt. Because they were afraid I'd complain about them, particularly when they heard from the hospital that I had a lot of charges against them and I didn't want to go back

Only at the end, after coming and convincing me with a lot of lies and sweets and more, I put my confidence in them and went back to boarding school. They abused me again, and even when they knew how much I suffered in the hospital- because I told them - they used it to threaten me. They said they will sent me back there, and once they tried. I ran away. I went back to boarding school the same day hoping to be done with the psychiatric hospital, because I thought that by coming back I actually solved the problem they feared: me running away. And they did leave me

alone. In particular because they knew they could not get me in there when Dr. Marina gave me a good recommendation.

Then, on the day of the sentence of my father and Asa, they wouldn't let me go to court. Their refusal showed me that they didn't care about me and lied to me all along. I was present on the testimony against my father and for the other accusations, so what happened this time? why did they not let me go?

And I was curious about the verdict. I had mixed feelings : on one hand it was important for me to know what's going on and what will happen with my father and I was concerned. On the other hand it was important for me to know I managed to save my family with him being in jail, as they explained to

I ran away at night. I left with nothing but money for the bus. I was waiting for the bus at central station and then went away. Because it was cold outside I had an idea to go to the Western Wall and there I prayed it would all be good. On the next day I went to the District Court and met my mother and sister [REDACTED] outside, for the first time after a long period. Outside the court I also met Sagi Offir and Lizo Wolfus and they told me to ignore my mother and

My father was wrongly sentenced 26 years and Asa 6 years, and I went and talked nonsense about my

That day, after the verdict, I met with my sister [REDACTED] and she started telling me about all the pain she suffered in those years from the police and welfare and told me about the other brothers who also suffered. And she gave me some kind of a different perspective, a true and eyes-opening perspective. At boarding school, when I came back after the escape they did not punish me for escaping and did not call the police on that day I escaped, as to my knowledge. However when I asked the manager Haim Cohen why they did not agree for me to go to the sentencing, he did not know what to respond.

I met my stepbrother, B. for the first time just before the testimony against father as Sagi Offir, the prosecutor, invited the two of us to his office and let us go together outside because B. wanted to smoke. The second time I saw him was after the sentencing, during one of my escapes. B. told me he suffered and was threatened by the investigators cost of things, like perfume and more so that he will cooperate with them. He told me about the same means the officers used against S-M, his sister. And that up to this day the investigator Asher Lizmi gives them special treatment. I found out more about the

corruption I had to deal with. So I started to run away and come back a lot. This was repeated and later on I tried to leave the boarding school through the new welfare officer they replaced for me - Sarit Hashuri. She did not help me, she would just tell me that I should "eat frogs and swallow saliva". She then became a part of everything; they hurt me. So I

After the Passover Seder in 2013 I called the prosecutor Lizo Wolfus and shared with her the bad conscience I had about lying in my testimony in the Jerusalem District Court. She told me I should start a new page and leave all this behind me. And, about the parts of me feeling guilty for what I did to my brothers, she said it's not my fault that I was led to do this and she also said more lies about my dad forcing me to do things and behave like that. I know she knew she was lying, because she told me to lie in the testimony. Also in the refreshes before the testimony she came to 'Beit Chaggay' to remind me of the lies the prosecution wanted me to tell and gave me candy. After all in Passover, because of the conversation with her on the phone, I had a relief, to finally take out the truth and get clean from

Escapes from the dormitory were repeated and caused a chain of events which made the Hebron Police step in and threaten me. A policeman called

Avi threatened me that he will “tear off my balls and give me a beating if I run again, and put a chip on

After many times I ran away and went back and then again and again the Police put up a picture of me - which I didn't want - and wrote that a boy was missing and in danger of death, because they wanted people to turn me in. Maybe if I die, they thought, I should die inside the boarding school, with all their abuse which was organized and arranged by the police and welfare all along.

The welfare officer Sarit Hashuri did not mind when I told her they were hurting me, and just encouraged them to keep attacking me, using more manipulative ways, so I will suffer and not run away. She was new at the time, and kept on making promises to help but there is no liar like her, or at least I have not met any. So, she lied all the time, and in general just played me. On one of the times I got arrested by Boris, an interrogator of the Hebron police, whom would not let me file a complaint for all they did to me. So after I slept the night in custody, and agreed to my request to stay in a hostel until

I moved to the hostel, "Mevaser Tov". They took me in for questioning for one of the brake-ins from one of my escapes: When I walked on the street, I missed my mother a lot and tried to meet with her. I

called her and arranged a meeting with her, but she did not come. When it happened for the second time and she did not come, after I missed her so much, I went to the house in Givat-Shaul and there

At the time I was in touch with B. who came to visit me in the hostel. B. tried on his own, and with others, to convince me to come with him to the house in Givat-Shaul, to steal everything. Even when I went to visit my brother N. and his wife

R-L, there was also her mother ,E., who left my dad after the verdict. They tried to influence me and convinced me that all the women had stolen her money and sold her household items, to encourage me to steal back from them. I believed her, because when I came with B. to Givat-Shaul we saw people I did not know taking out the air conditioners from the house. B. and I fought with them. I did not know that the year the women spent in prison, E. lived in the house and left them large debts of electricity, and therefore they had to sell their air conditioners, because when she left they got cut off of electricity and water. The next day, when there was no one there, we burst into the house in Givat- Shaul and did some damage. Mom came home and got scared and called the police. When the police arrived at one of the times we came in with them, and they helped us to steal because they heard

In short, I opposed the investigation and told them I was in a hostel. The magistrate asked what hostel I'm staying in. I said "Go fetch"... and so again I had to go back and forth because I believed and trusted them and went back to 'Beit Chaggay'. From 'Mevaser Tov', I went to 'Atnachta', which is also a hostel. And after a period of peace from the police, I ran away because of a foolish fight which came to

When I ran away, I was sleeping in the 'Liberty Bell Park' and my bag with my ID and money was stolen from me. On the next morning, I asked the person in charge there what should I do. He told me that he'd look for it but he did not find it. So he explained to me that I can check the cameras on Jaffa street. He helped me by giving me the money for the bus ride. When I got to Jaffa st. they told me that in order to see the camera's tape, I must have a cop. So I went to the Russian Compound and there when I filed a complaint they arrested me and took me to 'Morya' station and interrogated me about the break-ins and my escapes and other things they added on it. I kept silent during the investigation. They asked me questions and I didn't answer. Then the officer who interrogated me said things like: "We will show you! We will file you for every little thing because you do not cooperate,". I did not

want to sign the investigation so they made me do it violently. The officer shouted at me and pushed me against the wall and the table. Three policemen came in and bent my hands and fingers and took my fingerprint with force while cursing and treating me very badly, like in Hebron. I think the officer's name is Isaac. At night they sent me to the Russian Compound and on the next day those 'Nachshonim' lied to me that I won't be released if I don't speak to Sarit Hashuri, the welfare officer, and after two hours they released me. I believe the criminal judge

From 'Atnachta' I went to "Nirim", after the manager of 'Atnachta'- Yaron, and Sarit Hashuri recommend on them. But they did not tell me that there I would be in such an intense psychotherapy that I did not want, and I do not want a therapeutic boarding school, but this was the best option and it's after all a good place with high level education. When I was accepted to 'Nirim' at first it was very good and after a short period internal problems started, and that is why I wanted to run away. I did not know the way to get to the train station because I was new in this area, and did not want to waste money on a taxi or a bus so I'd have enough for the train. Then I thought of the idea of just going by the railway line to the Acre station. I left on foot and one instructor – Yael - went after me on bikes and talked to me and tried to get me to go back. She came with me on

foot on the road, and then also near the train tracks until she got a flat tire and she tried to get me to go back to the boarding school, until I agreed and went back with her and with the manager Amnon in a police car. When I came back I tried again to run away and then they locked me in the office and did not let me leave, so I got out through the window. Then they talked to me again and again I returned. On the next day they insisted I will be checked in a psychiatric hospital and sent me to a psychiatric hospital for examination- 'Ma'Alee HaCarmel'. They told the doctor many lies about me- said I got on the train tracks and wanted to scratch myself; in general they gave her the usual preparation they gave to doctors and everyone else. At first I ran away, not wanting to be hospitalized and I thought that if I ran they won't take me back, like it was in 'Beit Chaggay'. But I was wrong, I ran away and the on next day, they gave me their word that this is only an examination. Again I believed them and then they threatened that if I did not cooperate they will throw me out from the boarding school. They lied to me and I went into one week examination at the mental hospital. Then Dr. Daniel, who was my doctor, wrote me a recommendation saying I have no mental illness and released me from the

After a long period of four or five months on which I had learned and done well matriculation, the

welfare officer Sarit Hashuri came back, in an attempt to get me into a mental hospital because of a false claim of hers - my mother badly influencing me when we meet and talk without supervision. She took advantage of the situation, coming again with these false claims about my past and incited Yael, the mentor, against me, and caused her to incite others in school against me, which led me, at last, to escape. But within minutes the manager of the youth village found me, talked to me; I went back

I was given one meeting with my mother, which was also monitored, after two and half years we have not met, and because they suspected I was talking with her without supervision, they accused me of old accusations that were not true. When I threw a stone as a game in the direction of one of concrete pillars in the yard, without intention to harm anyone, and without it hitting anyone, the instructor Yael was in a conversation with one of the boys in the yard and even though no stone hit her, she took advantage of the situation and alongside the welfare officer Sarit Hashuri organized a big mess.

I was on the 'bench' which is a hut used for punishment by : thinking about the acts we did through questions in a notebook. They asked me almost entirely on the subject of the conversation I had with my mom. They wanted to sew around this

a case – both for me and for my mother - they claimed she incited me and took my sanity. They also used psychological methods to convince me that they are right and I am insane. Boaz, the staff manager, said with full confidence, that I must have escaped from the boarding school because I'm afraid of the dark night on the bench and because I see demons and have hallucinations. On the day when I came back from the bench to my room I suddenly saw in my closet there was laying **a new single lanyard** in a plastic. It was strange. When I asked my friends there: "Who put it there and whose is it?" No one knew. I was worried that someone was trying to make it seem like I have intentions of suicide, and there were other similar things that happened and made me worried. Then they decided that I should see a psychiatrist. I wanted a week to think about it, since you don't just send someone out for review, so I asked maybe I could do it next week, especially because I heard they planned to put me in a mental hospital again. In the end they actually decided that I'll go to be

Before they took me to the hospital, 'Ma'Alee HaCarmel', I went to the manager of the boarding school to see if I had any other option, because there was a car already waiting for me, but I did not agree to go with Yael. Then they gave me the

option of going to the office of the director. And Boaz, the manager, spoke to me with anger, and told me I was insane and that if I did not cooperate. I will have two hours to leave the boarding school and if I'll not go they will throw out all my stuff from my closet. So I took the case of one of them, which I thought was the case of the manager, and I ran, but it turned out that it was the social worker's, Yehuda. He ran after me and told me that he had confidential material about the other boys in there, so I gave it to him. Then, they told me to go back to the office and when I did it, in a good way, they didn't let me out. After several hours on which I tried to run and they did not let me, at last when I tried to get away from the window they ambushed me. I held a social worker's glasses in my hand, as an attempt to stop them from holding my hands and let me go out, but it did not bother them- they tried to take the glasses from my hand with force and so I twisted them a bit.

First thing in the morning they tried to call the police but had to wait for the order of a welfare officer. In the time being the boarding school staff told the police about a few small incidents I had with them that same week, especially around their forced effort of getting me to a mental hospital. They lied saying I did vandalism, saying I was insane and that I was a danger and more lies, in short- just lied to the police. Then five policemen came to take me. I

cursed them so a policeman named Rafi twisted my wrist and almost broke it, and in the car I cursed him and he cursed me back, held my one hand in one of his hands, and with his second hit me with his elbows on my chest. The policeman sitting on the other side of mine, named Jacob, caught my second hand and cursed me. On the way they stopped at the police station in Acre and manacled my hands and feet and asked if I'd rather they put handcuffs behind my back. Two policeman left and the instructor Yael came on and took me to the mental institution 'MaAlee Carmel'.

Yael gave the preparation to the physician, Dr. Tziber, as they did in the rest of times before I went to the hospital and other institutions, and then he hospitalized me. In a conversation with him I told him the welfare and police are working together to hurt me and he said I have a disease of 'paranoia'. I met with Dr. Yanco, a private psychiatrist, who diagnosed me as healthy and said that I have no disease, and there's no need to hospitalize me, that I was not suicidal or psychotic and in no need of medication.

When I was given anti-psychotic pills in 'MaAlee HaCarmel' they refused to give me the name of the pills, in short- they were corrupted. The treatment there was very bad, and even when I complained that I had a headache and heart pain because of

the pills they wouldn't replace them. I was hospitalized there in a closed ward for two weeks and it was very sad to celebrate Rosh Ha'Shana in there. Then Dr. Tziber decided to send me to the hospital 'Eitanim', because he diagnosed that I had a disease and almost convinced me and begged me to cooperate with Dr. Miguel from 'Eitanim' and talk to him, because they are good friends. In reality it was just because he wanted, using lies and deceit, to get another doctor from another hospital to diagnose the same disease he did - paranoia.

I was transferred to 'Eitanim'. I was pleased that on Yom Kippur I didn't have to be in 'MaAlee HaCarmel', because I knew that in 'MaAlee HaCarmel' I was not allowed to fast or to go out to the yard and in general 'Eitanim' hospital is more open. In Sukkot was hard for me to be without my family. I was happy when my mother came to visit me . There, too, they played me and messed with my pills, and did not reduce them even when I complained that I have heart pains and headaches and other bad feelings from the pills. Instead of reducing the dose as they said, they gave me another five milligrams!

In the hearing in Jerusalem Magistrate's Court I asked the Judge Shimon Leibo to release me from the forced hospitalization. I told him I do not think I need therapy and that I feel the pills harm me. He

threatened me that if I refused to take my pills they will prolong my hospitalization and we will return to the 'Beit Chaggay' time and intended the time I suffered. At the same hearing the guardian Leah Eliav yelled at my mother in court: "Satan Mother".

In the next court hearing I got to court hoping that Judge Shimon Leibo will free me from my hospitalization. When I realized he was already convinced by the welfare officer who wanted to extend the forced hospitalization, I went out from the hall of the court and started to run away. The court guards grabbed me by my hands and took me back to the hall. The judge asked me sarcastically: "What was that for?". So I got upset and threw a plastic bag on him, in particular when I saw my mom crying and that the situation is not good. I felt we were helpless, so that what I did.

My brother Naftali came to visit me in 'Eitanim' and told me the guardian Leah Eliav told him that day, that the whole thing around the psychiatric hospital would not have happened if I cooperated with them and not with the defense of my father.

I understood they wanted to sew a psychiatric case for me, so I could not withdraw my testimony against my father, and so they tried to say I was paranoid, that I have psychotic delusion, posttraumatic stress disorder and Poliado with my mother ...

That's why I didn't want to do the hospital's deductive psychologists diagnostics. When Dr. Tanya called me to make the diagnosis, I asked her: "Why do I have to"?

She replied, "That's what the court decided"

I told her: "Maybe a youth court, but now we appeal to the District Court"

Dr. Tania said angrily: "I am writing to the court that you do not agree to take the test! You are delaying all the things I want to do! When there won't be any available diagnostics here you'll just be here for much longer time. It is less likely that you will get a positive appeal, don't you get it?!"

I was afraid of her and then replied: "Well, OK, I'll do the diagnosis"

So she replied, "You don't do me any favors"

I consulted a lawyer and he told me that I should ask for a lawyer to be present during my diagnosis. When I asked them to bring me this kind of lawyer, the diagnostician informed Dr. Tanya about it. Then Dr. Tanya asked me:

"Israel, a lawyer told you that? Which lawyer? "

I replied: "A lawyer."

Then she threatened me: "Now he signed off your future here, that's a waste of time... I'm done!"

I asked her: "Why? ... What? ..."

She replied, sarcastically: "A lawyer also told me I shouldn't talk to you ..."

I said, "No ... he said I will do the diagnosis, but with the presence of a lawyer,"

She answered: "With a lawyer we don't do anything!"

I asked, "Why not?"

She said: "You are in a hospital. And here there are only doctors, not lawyers."

I replied, "So we can't do it" and she said: "Yes, too bad we can't do it." And added afterwards: "I will not let you be in touch with him, he is harmful to you and tomorrow we will take your cellphone," all because I wouldn't give her his phone number.

I called the lawyer again and he told me I should ask to do the diagnostics only after two days of no pills, because otherwise the results are real bad and very low when you are fuzzy because of the pills. The next morning when I saw Dr. Tanya and told her what the lawyer said, she was angry and said she will not get instructions from a child and that my lawyer is Satan.

For over two months now I am closed in 'Eitanim', hospital against my will. And my story is not over yet, it continues up to this day -2.12.14 - because

I'm still locked in the youth department of the psychiatric hospital 'Eitanim'.