I, Noam Safir, am the granddaughter of Shlomo Mantzur, the oldest hostage held in Gaza, and the only one from Kibbutz Kissufim.

Shlomo was born in Iraq in 1938 and he is recognized as a Holocaust survivor. During his time in his hometown, he experienced the Farhud Massacre of 1941. In Arabic, Farhud means "violent dispossession" or "pogrom". The following is taken from Shlomo's diary, in which he describes his memories from the Farhud:

"The Muslims broke into our house, hit my parents hard and killed our dog who tried to protect us. They wrecked the house and took all the valuables. I cried and ran to the roof. From the roof I saw a horrifying sight that I still remember and causes me nightmares, especially when the terror organizations ISIS and Hamas, who live beside us, come to mind. When I went to the roof, I heard horrible screams. I saw a Jewish woman begging for her life and pleading for her baby back, but they kept playing with him like a ball. Then, one of the monsters took a knife, skewered the baby, and handed him to the mother."

The Farhud Massacre was the Iraqi Jews' holocaust. Hundreds of Jews were killed, and thousands were injured - but the world remained silent.

This was the first holocaust my grandfather went through.

On October 7th, Hamas kidnapped elderly, women and children from their homes, including a 9-month-old baby. They tortured innocent civilians, causing great harm and suffering, raped and assaulted many young women and men, murdered and beheaded people and seriously injured thousands.

On that day, Hamas terrorists shot my grandparents' house's door and walls, before brutally entering their home. Shlomo, my grandfather, was handcuffed, beaten, and kidnapped in his own car from his home in his sleepwear, in front of his wife, Mazal - my grandmother, who managed to bravely escape to their neighbor's safe room. Since then, there has been no information about his physical and mental state.

Since October 7th, my grandfather is going through a second holocaust. Everything he escaped from in Iraq is happening all over again.

Shlomo made Aliyah at the age of 13 in 1951 and moved to Kibbutz Kissufim at 16, where he met his wife, Mazal, and settled down. He is the oldest of six siblings, the father of five, and the grandfather of twelve. He is a well-known carpenter at the kibbutz and a very welcoming and loving person.

My grandfather is the happiest person I know, and he never let his past experiences define his life. When I look at his picture, I see nothing but innocence and happiness spreading through his smile, reaching his eyes.

Look at his picture! Do you see anything else?

How can someone do this to an old man who has done nothing wrong in his life?

Every time my family visited my grandparents at the Kibbutz, my grandpa welcomed us with the widest smile and the biggest hug. He always wandered around the Kibbutz with us, excited just to be with us and show us around. He would buy us ice cream, play with us, and make toys and games with us.

But now, everything is gone. The home, which held so many memories, was destroyed. My grandfather is still in captivity, and the longer he stays there, the more dangerous it becomes, especially since he weighed only 57 kilograms when he was kidnapped.

My grandfather turned 86 and marked his 60th wedding anniversary in March, but instead of celebrating, he was, and still is, in Hamas tunnels.

It's been exactly a year since October 7th. Can you imagine? An entire year - of torture, of starvation, of darkness and of no air. You've all seen the horrific video from the tunnel where six hostages – Hersh, Eden, Ori, Carmel, Almog, and Alex – managed to survive for 11 months before being brutally executed.

The last time I saw my grandfather was a year ago.

I'm still stuck in October 7th. Nothing has changed since then. I haven't learned anything new. I have no new information about him. I don't know where he is, what his physical or mental state are. Is he alive?

My mission has been to be his voice, while he can't speak. It's been a year, and I can't believe I still need to be his voice.

I cry out Shlomo's cry, who's going through this hell. I am begging - he should live the rest of his life surrounded by his loved ones. All I wish is for him and all the other hostages to return home safely.

Grandpa - Saba - we are fighting for you. We will never stop fighting for you. Please stay strong and have hope.

I thank you for having me here and letting me tell the story of my grandfather. I am asking you - please, do not keep silent this time. Don't forget my grandpa and the other 100 hostages in captivity. Do everything in your power. Do everything you can to advance a deal – pressure whoever you can, use any connection you have. A deal is the only chance we have to get them all back, the only chance for me to see my grandfather again. Before it’s too late.