



Case Report

My early years: Towards becoming a researcher and counselor of gifted children and their families

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Abstract

This case study describes the family background, early and later childhood, and the period up to the age of 18 of a counselor and researcher of giftedness. The reader is invited to walk with the author through her multi-cultural and multi-lingual background and is exposed to her path towards her professional and personal goal and call. This case study illustrates the impact of being open to diverse ways of life, encompassing various countries, cultures, and three generations of family members and non-family members, primarily educators. The reader learns how a combined knowledge of literature, science, and human relations and connections serves as milestones to build a future as a researcher and counselor of the gifted. The writer describes in detail her Israeli ultra-orthodox background, in a Holocaust survivor's family, her special relationship with her grandmother and her older brother; the adults who helped her build her emotional spine in addition to her large base of general and linguistic knowledge, and her persistence despite many difficulties. She also gives us a glimpse of her family and work experiences since her early teens, which led her to become an expert on giftedness. This work demonstrates how strong personality and willpower, in addition to curiosity and intelligence, can help materialize one's talent and how it is possible to successfully combine various abilities and skills across multiple scientific and creative areas into a cohesive whole, shaping a professional who can not only understand gifted children but also help them.

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Introduction

I was born on August 11, 1952, seven years after my mother was freed from Auschwitz by the American army and started her long walk back home. Home was the small Slovak village of Velký Kamenec in the Trebišov District of the Košice Region in south-eastern Slovakia, known by its Hungarian name, Nagykövesd, where she had been living with her family before. Most of its residents were, and still are, Hungarians. I came into the world seven years after my mother discovered that her parents, her older sister Anna, and her brother Zoltan did not make it. I was also born five years after my mother was finally allowed to leave the Cyprus camp, where the good British had imprisoned her for 18 months [1, 2]. However, in this detainee camp my mother did more than “just” surviving: she also improved her Hebrew to such a level that she could start learning in first Ultra-Orthodox Teachers’ Seminaries in Palestine [3], along with only Palestine-born girls – in the first class that opened in 1949, a few months after the state of Israel was established [4].

My father was born in Baden bei-Wien, a suburb of Vienna, in 1923. Ten years later, when the Nazi Party took control of the German state, most German or Austrian Jews did not think they had to leave immediately [5]. However,

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after the March 1938 Anschluss, when Austria became a part of Nazi Germany, it was clear to my grandparents that they had to go. While my grandmother's sister, Rosi, sent her son to England, believing that the comparatively short trip with the Kindertransport was safer than the longer one to Palestine, my father, barely 16, and his 14-year-old brother, Harry, were boarded on the first ship that had vacancies after obtaining the rare certificates, limiter by White Paper of 1939 [6]. Of the three cousins, only one survived: my father. The vessel of Antie Rosi's son was bombed and sunk by the Germans after leaving England for the New World [7]; Harry was killed in 1948 during the Israeli Independence War; just like his uncle Harry, the brave soldier who gave his life 30 years earlier in the name of Franz Josef, as did his brother's grandson 60 years later.

In 1940, my grandparents boarded the *Patria*, the last ship to leave Europe after the war started. The boat did not make it to shore; it sank a few kilometers from the coast [8]. My grandpa and grandma were good swimmers; my Opa even saved a woman who was swimming with him on his back until they reached the shore. That is why everybody in my family is a good swimmer. My ultra-orthodox sister worked as a lifeguard in an all-women's pool for many years. I participate in the Galilee swim, in the waters where Jesus walked over 2000 years ago, every autumn. Every year, at least one new child or adolescent from my clinic experiences it for the first time; they are always disappointed when I tell them that there are almost no prospects of meeting someone there, among a crowd of around 10,000 people. Each of these children – even those who run the short, 1-mile track - is proud and happy after proving to themselves that they have accomplished it.

Zoltan, my mother's older brother, died in one of the last 1944 Todesmärsche [9, 10], though he was young and fit. Anna, my mother's already-married sister, the only Jewess in her even-smaller Hungarian village, was turned in to the Nazis by her loving neighbors, and sent to Auschwitz in a separate transport from her sisters, and did not make it either. David, Anna's husband, who had been sent to Siberia much earlier, did not know what had happened to his wife. After he returned, he went to his wife's parents' home, hoping to find her. He met three of the sisters there, heard, for the first time, that his wife was not going to return, and married Blanka, or Babi, the oldest sister who came back. Though both of them had loved Anna, they did not call their daughter after her; when I was born, I got her name: we were all named after the dead [11] because there were many more deaths than babies.

My mother knew Hebrew long before Cyprus. Her father, Rabbi Shmuel Klein, who made a decent living for his eight-child family by selling to the villagers everything they wanted and could afford in his grocery store, had been hiring a Yeshiva student as a live-in Hebrew and religious teacher for many years [12]. This young man's sole responsibility was to teach reading and writing in Hebrew to all children – both girls and boys – before they entered the first grade in the village school. The more talented ones, those who were literate by the age of 4 or 5, began learning the Torah, sometimes even the Mishnah, with him. Babi was one of these precocious children: for her, the three years of home teaching with the young man were sufficient for learning and memorizing both the daily and special holiday prayers. So, in the high holidays of 1944, after living in Auschwitz for months, she took upon herself to be the Hazzan, the cantor of the death camp. She had been standing near the fence that separated the men's camp from the women is during the two days of the Jewish New Year (Rosh Hashanah, literally: "head [of] the year") and the Day of Atonement [Yom Kippur], chanting the prayers repeatedly for all men and women who could spare some moments during their working day, while her sisters coverer for her at work. My mother, though not exceptionally gifted, was smart enough and extremely persistent; she challenged herself and continually improved her Hebrew language skills, as well as her knowledge of the Bible, Jewish literature, and history in Cyprus. She reached the level that enabled her to obtain a kindergarten certificate from a reputable institute barely two years after arriving in her new country.

Many years later, when I studied for my Master's degree at the Jewish Theological Seminary, after being disappointed by orthodox Judaism that not only canceled women's voice from the public arena but also canceled their presence, I found that even at the world center of conservative Judaism, women were neither allowed to study for a Rabbinical or cantorial certificate. This fact drove me even further from my religious background, even though I was still considered an orthodox Jewess. The only noticeable change in me was that at age 22, I finally started wearing pants.

My parents were very different from each other. While my mother was friendly, open, and easygoing, my father was

the opposite. They met by mistake: my grandmother wanted to see her only living son married, and more critically, producing grandchildren, preferably girls. My mother, who had just left the kibbutz, wanted to complete her education, but the kibbutz could not afford to pay for her tuition. Thus, she moved to her uncle's tiny apartment in Tel Aviv, while her older sister, Heinal, cleaned houses to support her financially. As Heinal [Dawn] was ready to start a family, she said "yes" when János bácsi, a survivor from the large town of Sátoraljaújhely, whose mission was to raise the demographics of the Jewish people after suffering such a significant loss, suggested that she meet my father. Nevertheless, the matchmaker forgot to ensure that the couple shared a common language. To avoid insulting my father's parents, my aunt persuaded my mother to attend instead of her, as my parents shared a common language: Hebrew.

My mother and father communicated in Hebrew. This was not the case with any other family I knew. Only at the age of 23, when I started working as the style editor of "The Field" – the Israeli Journal of Agriculture [13] – did I meet the late Yossi Margalit, the legendary linguist [14], whose day job was editing this journal, a man who was my father's age and whose mother tongue was Hebrew. Until then, everybody I knew was either an immigrant or the child of an immigrant, whose Hebrew was not fluent, or had an accent, or both. Even my head teacher in grade 8 had a heavy accent, as did my biology teacher in high school and the headmaster. Though my mother had a Hungarian accent and my father a German one, I had a huge advantage right from the beginning over all my friends and neighbors: my parents' Hebrew was excellent. They were both fluent in it, had an extensive vocabulary, and were able to follow our learning track, correct our mistakes, recommend books they thought we should read, and were active readers of Hebrew prose, in addition to their daily reading of the most popular Hebrew newspaper.

Appreciating the advantage of this excellent foundation in Hebrew, along with learning two more languages, took me several decades. At that time, German was considered a forbidden language. Though it was spoken in many houses of Israelis – both those who arrived at Palestine before the war and the refugees – mainly survivors of the holocaust – hatred because of "what the Germans did" was at such a level, that even several German composers were banned from the Israeli Philharmonic, all radio stations, and even in private concerts. My grandparents' mother tongue was German, and although my grandma learned Hebrew, my grandfather never did, so I had to know German. On top of it was Hungarian – my mother's mother tongue, which she spoke with many close and not-so-close family members. At that time, every survivor who knew your language was called "bácsi" (uncle in Hungarian, the shortened form of nagybácsi) and was treated as part of your family. So, when two people discovered that he could speak Hungarian, this often served as a basis for friendship... I am very grateful for this background. My joy in learning more about languages, as well as the studies I have published in linguistics and those involving knowledge of multiple languages, has sustained me to this day (see, for example, [15, 16]).

When my brother was 25 months old, he began attending the local nursery school with nine other 2-year-old boys. I refused to accept that he was old enough to go out every morning with a small bag to a place I assumed was more interesting than home. At the same time, I was left behind without my playmate. Thus, every morning, when he left, I cried as loudly as I could for as long as I had enough air in my little lungs. Soon enough, my parents and grandparents, who could stand neither my crying nor the shame – everybody in the street heard my crying – were begging the nursery owner to accept me as well, despite my being younger than the other children. This was my first instance of resisting rules I did not like, of getting what I wanted despite apparent obstacles, and persisting by all possible means until there was no way but to let me have my way.

When I was 4, we finally moved to our new home in Bnei Brak, and Oma started visiting us at least twice a week. She used to come shortly after noon and stay till it was dark. We talked a lot and went to the movies together, but she couldn't read for me because her Hebrew wasn't good enough. I solved this problem by learning to read alongside my brother.

My first memory is from just a few weeks after we moved: on July 7th, three days after my mother disappeared, she returned in a taxi with a parcel wrapped in a blanket, from which only one golden curl was visible. Inside the parcel was my baby sister, almost bald, except for one red ring – the beginning of her sunny forest of shining hair that made me jealous until I was 50, and I realized that I could dye my almost-black hair to goldish brown if I wanted to.

Nevertheless, the month of July passed, and so did that of August. On the first day of September, my 5-year-old brother started school, while I was doomed to spend two more years in kindergarten. I resisted getting dressed, and I resisted talking to my mother about kindergarten. I let everybody think I wanted to stay home with my mother so that she would not pay so much attention to my sister. The truth was that I could not bear the thought of parting from my brother, and when it became clear that I would not be going to school with him, I decided to stay at home. Lucky for me, compulsory education started at the age of 5 back then, so I did not expose my parents to any legal problems...

There was, of course, the question of social skills that could not be developed without the presence of peers. My mother did not have to worry for too long. Sharing his friends with me was not a big deal for my brother. I did not have any friends of my own at 4: I considered girls my age as dull. They could not even express themselves fluently and clearly, as did my brother and his friends. In addition to my grandmother, I played almost every day with my brother's two best friends, who were our neighbors' sons – Baruch, a 6-year-old who was in my brother's grade 1 class, and his brother Tzali [Bezael], a 7-year-old who was already in grade 2. I was never lonely or bored.

The first time Oma took me to the public pool in Kiryat Ono was in July 1956, a few days after we moved to Bnei Brak. We loved the cool water, and Oma told me stories about her childhood back home, with her two brothers, all her sisters, and her parents. She told me that her mother, who had 11 children, was also the chief manager of the family leather factory and was hardly at home during weekdays. Until then, I had never met children whose mother was not at home all the time, taking care of the little ones and welcoming the older ones when they came back at noon, so these stories sounded to me like legends. The stories about my great-grandmother, who was doing a "man's job" while raising such a large family, aroused my imagination. As early as age 10, I understood that a woman can do everything, as long as she can afford to pay for other women – a cleaning lady, a cook, a nanny, and a tutor – who will do her unpaid "home-keeper/mother" jobs. Oma never saw her mother do any of these female things. As a result, she could not cook, bake, clean the floor, or even change my baby brother's diaper, born when I was already 11. However, from Oma, not my mother, the licensed kindergarten teacher, I learned to listen to children and encourage them to follow their dreams and aspirations. Most important of all, Oma taught me to love children.

At the age of 5, I had to attend school, as compulsory education began at that age in 1957. Lucky for me, my kindergarten teacher was great at knitting, embroidering, cutting dolls' garments, sewing, and decorating them, and was an excellent teacher who taught me all these things and many more. She also had a rare quality which I have no name for but "good taste": she knew how to match the most appropriate button for each piece of a doll's dress, the right color for the bandana which would suit the hair color of any child or doll, and how to cover a torn piece of garment with a nice patch. Every day, I learnt something new while improving my fine motor skills. This precious time, when my teacher dedicated 10 or even 15 minutes to teaching me something that nobody else would, was the pick of my day. I worked long hours to improve the precision of my stitches, making the exact buttonhole needed for a button or finishing a perfect skirt's hem. Nobody had to tell me when I did a good job; I developed an objective sense of quality and knew precisely when I was good and when I was only quite good.

During the entire year of "preparation for grade 1", we were not allowed to "learn", namely, to memorize letters, numbers, geometrical shapes, and, indeed, words. We learned many stories, as telling the Torah portion of the week was not considered formal learning. Through a lot of singing and dancing, many of us were able to memorize hundreds of songs by the end of the year. This was allowed – belonging to the "rhythmics" classes that were not perceived as "interfering with grade 1 learning materials". However, there was one thing we were all obliged to achieve before starting school: growing up, which meant weighing at least 20 kg (~44 pounds) by September 1 of the following year. This was the one thing I failed to achieve. Despite being quite tall, I only weighed 19 kg, and up to the very last day of the summer vacation, I was afraid "they" would decide I was too small for school and should remain in kindergarten for an extra year.

At age six, the two years of waiting for school came to an end. I was thrilled to start learning, hoping to finally understand what my brother, with whom I had been growing up as a pair of tweens, had been awarded, which I had been deprived of. On the first day of September 1958, I got up very early and drank my usual cup of milk. I had hardly

finished drinking when I rushed to the toilet and threw up both the milk and the dinner of the previous day. However, school was a colossal disappointment: no stories, no games, and no embroidering, sewing, cutting, or knitting. Moreover, nothing to learn – I could already read, so recognizing letters and words was boring; simple arithmetics was something I did since age 3, I had already figured out the first two basic operations, and was curious about multiplication and division, not knowing it "belonged" to grade 4 "material". After two miserable weeks, during which I vomited every morning and then had to sit silently in my chair for 4 hours doing nothing, an unexpected salvation reached me: my mother was asked to meet the headmistress.

The headmistress was a severe-looking lady with a heavy German accent, whom we all – students, teachers, and parents – were frightened of. My mother did not dare ask why she had been summoned. So, when Fofolina – that was the headmistress's nickname – started yelling at her, saying, "Parents are not allowed to teach their daughters how to read; how dare you do that?" my mother was too overwhelmed even to respond. She did not tell Fofolina that she had not taught me to read; she left the room, and when I returned from school, she informed me that I would stay at home for the next week.

The following day, my mother took me to Dr. Kagan's clinic early. I will always be grateful to Dr. Hanna Kagan, my pediatrician, the first woman doctor I met, and the only woman in Bnei Brak who, back then, not only had a driver's license but also a car. Dr. Kagan looked deep into my throat and said that I had to drink a lot of hot tea with fresh lemon. She also gave me a note stating that I was unable to attend school for two weeks. I visited Dr. Kagan every other week, and each time, she gave me a new oral prescription of hot tea with lemon, along with a note that excused me from school until my next visit. Dr. Kagan also asked me about the last book I had just finished. Only after the Passover vacation, when winter was over, did my mother think that "maybe your classmates can already read," and I went back to school.

When I was 11, my baby brother was born. The first years of his life blessed me with a solid foundation in knowledge about giftedness. However, until I was 12, I was not mature enough to take care of him by myself. I enjoyed pushing his crab and showing him off – he was a big, easy-going, and smiling baby who spoke very early and cried only when he was hungry or wet. At this age, I also became friends with Rachel, my first female friend, who would later become my best friend. We became friends because for the first time in my life I felt lonely: my brother, who was just 12, was studying in school until 5 pm and hardly had time for me, while his friends, who were older than him, refused to be seen outside with "a girl", as it was unacceptable in our ultra-orthodox community. I was expelled from the heaven of childhood.

Oma continued her frequent visits for eight years until we moved to Kiryat Ono just before I turned 12. Our new home was closer to Givat Shmuel, but there was no public transportation connecting our homes, so I would sometimes walk to her home, and sometimes she would come to us. Since then, walking a few kilometers no longer frightens me; actually, I enjoy it. Half a century later, I gave up and installed a stepper into my mobile phone. When I was both happy and surprised, I realized that I had reached the highest possible level due to the ~50km a week I used to walk.

The second thing I accomplished during that summer was long-distance swimming. As I was already almost Bat-Mitzvah [17], I was no longer allowed to swim in the Kiryat Ono mixed-sex public pool. Instead, I started taking the 5:40 am bus from Ganei Tikva, where the nearest bus station was located, to our central city of Petah Tikvah, which allocated its municipal pool to females on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, from 6:30 to 9:00 am. That summer taught me that swimming was a pleasure, and to this day, some of my best days start at the beach early in the morning, when I slowly walk into the water, swim happily, and get out after 2-3 hours.

During that summer, I also advanced my Hebrew reading skills and took my first steps towards becoming a writer. The late Mr. Rahmani was my reading mentor, to whom I am grateful to this day. Mr. Rahmani, who moved with his family to our apartment house a week after we did, was an educator who had just retired after a 40-year career, half of which was spent as the headmaster of a well-known school in Tel Aviv. He kindly suggested to my mother, who told him how much I missed my old library, that he would be my librarian. He asked her to tell me to stop by and borrow any book from his extensive library that I chose. When I finally found the courage to knock on his door, I was invited to the living room. To my surprise, I was first offered a glass of cold lemonade – as if I had walked a long way rather

than down the stairs to the first floor. A delicious slice of homemade pumpkin cake was also there; I tried to eat while Mr. Rahmani – nobody was ever calling him by his first name – was talking about “the rules of the Rahmani library.” Still, I felt my hand was shaking, and my stomach was churning. I grasped the essence of Rahmani’s rules: I could borrow just one book at a time, and I had to be prepared to answer Rahmani’s questions about every book I returned before I could take another one. The first book I chose was Agnon’s *The Bridal Canopy* (1931) [in Hebrew: Hakhnāsat kallāh]. Agnon, S. Y. [18]. Mr. Rahmanin smiled and said, “Good taste, good taste.” Neither of us could have known that two years later, Shai Agnon would be awarded the Nobel Prize – I did not even know at that time that there was a Nobel Prize in literature; in fact, I never thought of myself as a writer. From the age of 8 to 12, my enduring fantasy was to be the next Marie Curie, but unlike her, I was content with “only” one Nobel Prize in physics.

At the age of 12, I realized that the English we learned in school was not enough. My father, who was not considered a new immigrant, although he never lost his German accent, volunteered to enlist in the military and was drafted into the British Army early enough to serve during the war (see, for example, [19]). Thus, understanding the value of English and the ability to learn this language were two of the main assets I inherited from him. During the summer holiday, I chose Irwin Shaw’s 689-page novel, *The Young Lions* [20], from among the dozens of war literature books my father had been collecting for years, and I read two hours of it each day. After my grandma took me to the cinema to watch *Exodus*, I fell in love with Leon Uris. As a result, my next English book was *Mila 18* [21] – “only” 539 pages long (Uris, 1961). Thirty years later, when I published my first article on giftedness, “Five gifted children in one classroom: A case study” [22], one of these children was the grand-nephew of Leon Uris, who shared the same first and family name – a translation to Hebrew.

At age 13, I was exposed, for the first time in my life, to written material about intelligence. My 18-year-old neighbor, who has just given birth to a baby girl, asked if I could babysit her for an hour or two. As I was already an experienced child nanny, Leah was quite impressed while watching me take care of my baby brother; I said, “Yes.” In addition to earning money, which I needed badly, I learned a lot about the differences between babies – Sarah was almost the opposite of my brother in every single aspect: eating, sleeping, need for stimulation, friendliness, and intelligence. I also had access – for the first time in my life – to the *Encyclopaedia Hebraica* (1949-1980) [23]. Lucky for me, “intelligence” in Hebrew starts with Alef, the first letter in the alphabet, so it appeared in the second volume of the encyclopedia, which was already published in 1965. I had no idea who Caim Ormian was, the psychologist who wrote this entry [24]. Only in 1971, when he received the Israel Prize in Education, I thanked him in my heart: when Sarah fell asleep in the first time I babysat her, I discovered Prof. Ormian’s 4-column entry contribution which gave a name to my interest, curiosity, intensity, wish to know more, to learn new things and understand that every single person is unique from day one of their lives.

In grade 8, when the homeroom teacher discovered that I had registered for the girls’ ultra-orthodox high school rather than for the local teachers’ seminary, she blamed me in front of the whole class for joining the “Christian mission”. The aim of muddying my reputation so mercilessly was to prevent me from attending a school whose graduates received a matriculation certificate, which would have opened the university gates to me. At this age, I started working to afford clothes like my peers.

At the age of 14, I had to bridge the educational gaps between what I had been taught at the elementary Beit Ya’akov, an ultra-orthodox school, and the requirements of the new school. Unlike many of my peers, who came from the same educational background, my parents could not afford private tutoring. Nevertheless, I turned the lemon into lemonade: tutoring and babysitting have served me far more than financially; they both widened my horizons, taught me, and made me understand that everything was possible.

Mr. Rahmani’s literature “sessions” were essentially lessons in literature until my BA studies. When I started high school, my literature teacher let me skip the required literature classes. When my peers rehearsed books I had read a long time before, I had free time for three enjoyable activities that turned out to be essential to my future life. 1. I took the ~120 stairs from my school to the “monkey garden” [25], where I had carefully been observing the apes. I would have loved to observe human behavior, especially that of babies and children, but had to settle for observing apes, as doing so was not considered impolite or intrusive. 2. When my headmaster had free time, he invited me to conversations about

philosophical issues, a skill I had never before had any opportunity to practice, over a cup of tea. 3. I went to the main street of Ramat Gan, Bialik Avenue, for some window shopping. This expertise has served me during my entire life: I know how to buy any outfit for the lowest price.

The first time I heard about IQ was in the winter of 1966/7, when my grade 9 physics teacher, an American immigrant, said, after returning our first examination in which about half of the students failed: "I did not expect such poor results from 48 girls whose average IQ is 130". As soon as I discovered the meaning of "IQ of 130," I was sure the teacher had made a huge mistake; it could not be true that we were so intelligent. Thirty years later, I met one of my ex-class peers at the Talpiot Teachers College in Tel Aviv, where I began teaching. She was considered a highly valued didactic instructor. Still, from 1966 until 1970, she was considered one of the weakest students who had to take summer classes every year to pass the examinations in all three main subjects: Mathematics, English, and science. Only then did I realize that the physics teacher had probably been right.

At the age of 18, upon graduating, I was the only girl from my class who chose to attend the Hebrew University. This decision was far from home and made it impossible for me to continue living with my family. All the other girls chose either Bar Ilan University, a secular institution at the center of Israel, or the girls' college in Jerusalem, where the environment was very similar to the one they were accustomed to in high school.

Learning mathematics and physics was considered a particularly unusual choice; there were hardly any Israeli-born girls learning in this double-major track. Among the 110 first-year physics students, only 10 were girls: 3 were non-Israeli students who returned to Iran, Uruguay, and France after that year, respectively, and 3 were new immigrants from Poland, Romania, and Czechoslovakia. Only four of us were Israeli-born. We all had "high potential", but we all possessed a strong personality and the solid willpower needed to overcome the social obstacles that interfered with our choice of the "masculine" profession, considered one of the most challenging even for men.

I have not become the Israeli Marie Curie. This interview is about the life of a professional who is also a mother, a grandmother, a writer, a Pilates instructor, a Yoga trainee, a mathematics teacher, a literature researcher, and an editor – who found her true calling in helping gifted children, adolescents, and young adults. To achieve this, I have been utilizing the knowledge I have acquired, combined with my experience and empathy. When writing my first-published book on "giftedness," *There is Another Way: Girls and Women – Achievements and Challenges* [26], I ensured it was purely academic. To make it more readable, appealing, and engaging, I interviewed several remarkable women who shared their life experiences with me and, subsequently, with the readers. Now, 30 years after writing the first chapter of that book and 25 years after its publication, I confront my old "me" with the present one. At my advanced age, I am no longer afraid of being perceived as "non-serious" or "unprofessional" for sharing untold parts of my life.

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Hanna David received her PhD, "magna cum laude", from Ludwig Maximilians Universität, München and was a college lecturer in Psychology and literature. Dr. David's undergraduate studies started at the Hebrew university of Jerusalem where she majored in Physics and mathematics, and also graduated in Hebrew Literature. She received her Master's degree from the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York at age 22. She is currently a counselor for gifted students and their families; a well-known lecturer in national and international conferences of psychology, education, and giftedness, and an expert evaluator of research proposals for the European Commission. David has published widely in English, Hebrew, French and German, she has authored 18 books and 200+ papers. Dr. David is a licensed Pilates instructor and practices yoga. **Research interests:** Mathematical education, giftedness, educational psychology, creativity, counseling, feminism **Affiliation:** Tel Aviv University, (Emerita), Israel. **E-mail:** hannadav@tauex.tau.ac.il **ORCID:** 0000-0002-7917-3152 [AcademicEdu](#) [ResearchGate](#) [GoogleScholar](#)

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