



“THE LETTER”

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I held the envelope in my hands. The paper was the color of my wife's matzo balls but had the feel of autumn leaves, crisp and delicate. The handwriting on the front was neat and clear, the postmark from Paris. The familiar red cross adorned the left corner. The envelope was thin, and I knew the contents would be a single sheet of paper. I also knew that paper would say one of two things. Several members of my synagogue once received letters much like this one and it had been three years since I received mine with word on my brother. Some envelopes held words of joy but so many envelopes held words of death. Death of a loved one – a mother, a father, a child, a family.

Now I found myself holding another envelope but this time the envelope wasn't addressed to me, rather it was addressed to my older brother, Dov.

I held down my strong urge to rip the envelope open to read the letter. It was the same reaction I had when I received my own letter in August of '45 and read through tears that Dov was alive and would be coming to America. He had

been the only member of my family who had stayed in Germany that survived the camps alive.

At 17, I was sent to live with my father's sister in Haddonfield. It was 1938 and my father, the honorable Rabbi Nachman, made the decision to send his family away after witnessing *Kristallnacht*. Although he did not want to think of his family separated, he made the decision to send us to America and live with our Tante Dodi. My two sisters and I escaped to America while my father, mother, and Dov, then 20 and engaged, stayed behind. I remembered clearly the night of the decision and the arguing that ensued when it came to Dov.

The cold November mist engulfed our home the night my father gave Dov his own choice in the matter but Magda, his fiancé, did not want to leave her own family who refused to believe things could get much worse in their beloved Germany. After all, her family had lived in the country for over a hundred years and fought for the country in World War I. Because of her decision, Dov stayed. Our mother, always nervous but loving, broke down in tears and begged for her

eldest to leave but Dov said that if Magda stayed, he would stay and their wedding would go on as planned. The day after the somber wedding, I said goodbye to my brother and parents and left Hamburg and my native country that had changed so much because of a single, terrible man. It was the last time I saw my parents.

It was also the last time that I saw Dov truly smile. The hardships of the camps stole his spirit and when I saw him for the first time in seven years, I saw only the shell of the young man he once was. Thin and sullen, Dov crumpled in my arms when we were reunited in New York City. There were tears but no words from the former student of literature and there would be no words for almost two years after. When he did choose to speak again, his voice was so different than from what I remembered. Once a boisterous young man, Dov barely broke a whisper and he spoke only when necessary. At first it was hard for me to grow accustomed to my brother, my 'new' brother as I would sometimes refer to him as when I spoke to Joy, my wife, about him.

So Dov and I began the slow task of getting acquainted with each other all over again, or at least tried. When he first arrived, Dov seldom did more than rise in the morning, go to his job at the synagogue as the handyman, and then return in the evening where he graciously took the food Joy fixed and excused himself to his room. I was unsuccessful at drawing Dov out of his shell, but it was Joy and her kind heart that brought Dov out bit by bit. The first breakthrough came when Joy purchased an old Victrola and fixed it up, then moved it into Dov's room while he was at work. When he returned that evening and heard "Moonlight Sonata," he was moved to tears. He spoke his first two words – a heavily accented *thank you* – and two weeks later, Joy began teaching Dov English. Only within the last few months had he begun to eat dinner with us.

I envied the time Joy spent with my brother. When we were growing up, we were inseparable despite our three-year age difference. During the war, I feared what was happening to Dov and almost had a nervous breakdown when I learned that in addition to my parents, Dov, Magda, and their two small

children were sent away to Neuengamme, just outside of Hamburg. It would be the first camp Dov, Magda and my parents would be sent to and the only one Dov's children would see.

I wanted to grow close again but Dov was so impenetrable. When he wasn't at the synagogue, he would steal away to his room to read, to write his thoughts down in a journal he'd kept since coming to America, and to stare at two pictures. They were the only two pictures Dov had of his wife and two children, the rest of them were destroyed by the Nazis. The first was of Dov and Magda on their wedding day, which I took to remember my brother and new sister-in-law. The other was of Chanah and Leo, Dov's children, which he sent me just weeks before they were forced from their home and marched to Neuengamme. That was 1940. Leo was just shy of two years and Chanah just one.

I had yet to ask Dov about his ordeals, just the look in his eyes told quite a story. When we returned from picking up Dov in New York City, we offered him a spacious room in our home but Dov declined and wrote in his cramped and shaky

handwriting that he'd prefer the room over the garage. I couldn't figure that out but a few weeks later, Joy and I were enjoying the sweet, early autumn air in the backyard when we heard screaming coming from Dov's darkened room. I found my brother soaked with sweat and in the tight grips of a nightmare. When I managed to wake him up, he broke down in my arms and cried. I held him until he calmed. The next morning, he mentioned nothing of the incident and I didn't ask. I now knew why he wanted a room away from us, so as not to awaken us with his nightmares. I would stir many a night, sneak up to Dov's room, and listen. Some nights I would hear his even breathing but occasionally would hear him weeping over the two pictures, uttering the names of his wife and children. He would then speak in Hebrew – *Sh'ma Yis'ra'eil Adonai Eloheinu Adonai echad*. I was confused as to why he would pray the *Sh'ma Yisrael* over the pictures but I was too much of a coward to ask him.

Now I held an envelope that could change things for all of us. Dov was due back within the hour and Joy was on

her way home from Tante Dodi's. I sat on the porch swing and waited while delicately holding the envelope. It was early October and the leaves were just beginning to turn. The neighborhood was quiet as the children were still in school. I saw Joy turn the corner of the block and start towards the house in her spry step. Her curls bounced in rhythm with her steps and she smiled when she saw me.

“Well, hello there,” she said in surprise. “You’re usually the last to come home.”

“I was late for lunch and caught the postman. He brought this.” I handed the letter to her as she sat next to me. Her smile faded as she read.

“This is from the Red Cross. From Paris. Like the one you got about Dov but this one... This one is for Dov.” Her observations were short and brief, her voice heavy with disbelief. “Have you opened it?”

“Of course not. It’s for Dov.”

“I wonder what if it says.”

“Maybe it says that Magda is alive?” I questioned and took the envelope from her. I stared hard at it.

“That would be a miracle.” Joy took my hand and gave it a squeeze. “It’s been three years since the camps were liberated. Don’t you think that most of the survivors have been reunited?”

“But families were so torn apart. This letter could say that Magda is alive,” I explained. I wanted it to be true for Dov. My heart ached when I saw the emptiness inside of him. “On occasion, someone from the synagogue will hear of a family member being found even though so much time has passed. Maybe this is one of those cases.”

“I’d love for that also but Elias, we must also think that it confirms that Magda perished at Auschwitz.”

“But some survived,” I insisted.

“But so many didn’t. Dov is just now starting to be comfortable in his new life, having to read the words that his wife could completely break him... again.” Joy said in a sad voice. “I almost wish this letter had not been delivered.”

“I completely agree with you.” I turned the envelope over and over in my hands, almost hoping the words inside would burn through the envelope. We sat in silence for several minutes, then Joy sat up and pointed. Dov was making his way slowly down the sidewalk across the street. I folded the envelope and stuck it in my shirt pocket. “What are you going to do, Elias?”

“I need to think about this more.” I walked to the porch stairs and watched my brother. His gait was slow and smooth. Although he’d gained more weight since moving in with us, he was still thin, and his dark suit hung on his body. His felt cap shaded his pained eyes for which I was thankful. I was ashamed that I could barely look into my own brother’s eyes. Although just thirty, he walked as if he was sixty.

Dov held a small package under his arm. Looking carefully both ways to cross the empty street, he walked across and up our front walk. He stopped and looked at the mums that lined the sidewalk. He’d been like a little boy this past weekend when he asked in his broken English if he could plant

them. Joy and I both said yes, hoping it would take his mind off other things. He'd spent the weekend planning the project and then working with the flowers in autumn hues of orange, gold, and purple. I caught a brief smile on his face when he'd stepped back to gaze at his work when he was done but the smile quickly faded.

“How was work today, Dov?” Joy asked. Dov jumped at her words as he did often.

“Work was good,” he replied in his quiet and thick accented voice. I lost my accent quickly when I'd come to America as I learned the hard way that a German accent wasn't accepted by the neighborhood boys. I had started to learn English while I was still in Germany and it was easy for me to assimilate when I arrived. English seemed harder for Dov to learn but Joy was patient with him. When he did start speaking just a year ago, he acquired a stutter that burdened his speech, a stutter that I didn't remember him having before his hell began. On the days that English frustrated him, the stutter was worse even in German or Yiddish.

“What’s in your package?” Joy asked. As he always did, Dov took off his cap and slightly bowed to her. Despite the hell he experienced, his manners were still impeccable. He took the package and held it in both hands.

“It is something I buy,” he began and carefully unwrapped the brown paper revealing two carved wooden frames.

“They’re beautiful, Dov,” Joy remarked and ran her thin finger over the carved designs. “Where did you get them?”

“Frau Levy, her husband make them.” Dov explained as he smiled. *Smiled*. It was the very first time I saw a full smile out of my brother in three years. A glimmer of hope popped into my mind that maybe Dov was on the fast track to returning to his old self. It was such an incredible experience for me that I made the decision then and there to open the letter that night and read what it said. If it was good news, I would show it to Dov. If it just confirmed what I thought, that Magda was indeed dead, I would incinerate the letter.

“They’re for your pictures, aren’t they?” Joy asked.

“Yes, I look for only the right frames. Frau Levy. She tell me what they look like. I say ‘Yes’. I paint her kitchen for them. During lunch.” That was the most he’d spoken at one time in a year when I was in his presence. He carefully wrapped up his frames and shuffled around the corner of his house to his room.

“My goodness,” was all Joy said and I hugged her.

“He’s coming back,” I proclaimed proudly and smiled. She stood back and took the envelope from my shirt pocket.

“And what about this?”

“I’m going to open it up tonight. If it’s good news, I’ll give it him.”

“And if it’s not?” Joy asked.

“I won’t.”

During a meal of brisket and potatoes, I examined my brother as he slowly ate. Dov’s hands trembled, as they had since his arrival and what I’d assumed was an effect of what he’d been through in the camps. He wore the comfortable

cardigan that Tante Dodi knitted for him for his first birthday in America. His brown hair was cut short with more gray than a thirty year old should have. His face was still thin, and his glasses were perched on the Nachman nose. An avid reader, I took him to see Joy's father for new glasses when I noticed him reading a book only inches from his face. It was his first visit to the eye doctor in over seven years and he explained to Joy that his favorite doctor in Germany had been a gentile who could no longer treat Dov because he was a Jew. My brother expressed such gratitude for the glasses that he insisted on paying for them even though Joy's father wanted to give them to him for no charge. When we returned home, Joy presented him with a complete set of Shakespeare's works, in German, that she'd found in Philadelphia.

Guilt rose in me. I was jealous of Joy and Dov's relationship. She treated him almost as the child that we would never have but respected him as the man he was. He opened up to her some but towards me, we were still strangers even though we were once so close. I wanted to ask him why we

were so different now but couldn't bring myself to do it. I ventured the thought to Joy, who knew him better than me.

"I barely know him," she differed with me. "I may help him with his English, we may share a few words about gardening, I may buy him a book, but I barely know him. Only on a rare occasion has he shared something with me about the camps or Magda and those couple of occasions, I have shared with you." The one story that stayed with me was a brief description of the days after Buchenwald, the last camp Dov was in, was liberated.

Dov, suffering from pneumonia and malnutrition, had been selected for the next transport out of the camp out of fear of the Allies liberating the prisoners. For days he and the others who had been selected spent the first week of April without shelter or food waiting for their transport. Rumors were coming and going that the Third Reich was collapsing, and their liberation was only days or hours away. The guards killed any Jew who was caught spreading the rumors. Scared themselves of their fate, they took their anxiety out on those

waiting for the transport. Taunting them with stories of what would happen to the “rotten Jews.” “Only a matter of time, little Jews,” the most sadistic guard would sing-song to them.

It began to rain after five days and nights of waiting. Those waiting opened their mouths wide for the rain, their first drops of water in days. Dov, weak from fever, would cup his hands to catch the rain to drink. The guards, afraid the nourishing rain might bring resistance, began to beat those who were trying to drink the rain. Dov was one that was cuffed repeatedly with the sadistic guard’s stick. When it was clear that even the simplest thing as rain would bring possible death, those waiting for the transport resigned to just sit and wait for the inevitable. There was no talking, barely any movement. Dov and the others sat in the rain, wet and cold, and waited. They began to drop, succumb to the illnesses that they had. Many children died in caring arms; the elderly died in each other’s arms. Shmuel, a ten-year-old that befriended Dov, lay still in Dov’s arms. He had wrapped his own coat around the boy whose eyes were glazed over.

“Dov, the transport is here,” he said, his words weak.

“No, Shmuli, it’s not.”

“Yes, and it’s going to take us somewhere beautiful.”

He then realized that the boy was dying. Dov held on to him until Shmuli took his last breath. He smoothed his short curls away from his forehead and closed his eyes. When the dead were collected later that afternoon, Dov counted twenty-three Jews who died waiting and considered them lucky.

He was now alone. Leaning against a brick wall, he was so weak he could barely move. He suppressed a nagging cough for anyone who showed signs of sickness were dragged from the huddled masses and shot. The rain was now a fine mist but that still did not help those who were wet and tired. For two more days they waited. On the morning of the third, Dov awoke and found no guards watching them. The mist was gone, the sun was shining. It was warm. He presumed he died and was now in a better place.

The next time he awoke, he found himself in a bed. He was still in Buchenwald, but it was now different. There were

beds with blankets. A man in the bed next to him was eating and for the first time in many, many months, Dov smelled coffee. A man in a white coat noticed him awake and began talking to him. Dov couldn't understand him and the man in the bed next to him translated. "You are under the care of the International Red Cross. I am a doctor, from America. I will help you get better."

That was the most detailed story that Dov shared of his ordeal. I wanted to know more, to understand, but was afraid that if I asked my brother questions, it would set him off somehow. I'd heard of some of the soldiers who fought in the war dealing with shell shock and assumed that Dov might also experience something of the same sort. I didn't know him anymore and although he was never a violent man, he was so different now that I was afraid of what his reaction would be.

After dinner, Dov helped Joy with the dishes. I continued to watch him, to gage his mood. As usual, it was impossible to read him.

“Dov, would you care to join me in a game of checkers?” It was the one and only activity that we did together. The enjoyment of a game of checkers was one of the few things that survived over the last ten years.

“Elias, yes. That would be nice,” he replied.

As Dov and Joy dried the dishes, I set the board up on the kitchen table. I then cut us thick slices of apple cake and poured us some tea. The recipe for the cake was our mother’s that had been passed down to Joy from Tante Dodi. I would use the cake to try and draw something, anything, out of Dov.

He sat and held the mug of tea in his hands as he always did. He explained, to Joy, that his hands were always cold. During the first game, he did not touch the cake while I had no trouble downing my piece thanks to my sweet tooth. I let him win that first game, then sliced myself another piece. Joy eyed me from her knitting. “Joy, you’ve outdone yourself with the cake. It’s good, Dov, isn’t it?”

Dov stared at the cake, then picked up his fork and cut a small piece. His hand trembled as he brought the fork to his

mouth and ate. “Yes, Joy. Very good. Just like Mother’s.” I waited, didn’t move. Neither did Joy. The grandfather clock in the hall bonged seven o’clock. Dov took another bite, then a sip of tea. He said nothing regarding our mother, the cake, or life in the concentration camps. “Elias, your move.”

I moved, ate two more pieces of cake, and was whipped by Dov in nine more games of checkers. At ten, Dov excused himself to his room above the garage.

“You went nowhere with that cake angle,” Joy announced as she cleaned up. “What are you going to do next? Bring out your parent’s menorah two months early?”

“That was uncalled for,” I replied dryly and left the kitchen to sit on the front porch. The evening was cool. Good thinking weather.

I felt my breast pocket and the envelope, then took it out. It hadn’t changed in the last eight hours. I flipped it over to open it.

“Don’t you dare,” Joy ordered in her calm voice. “That is for Dov. I should have told you this afternoon that is not right for you to read that. It’s Dov’s.”

“He isn’t ready for what’s inside this.”

“Elias, he’s a thirty-year-old man. Yes, he’s been through hell but how do we know what’s really going on inside his pained mind? I know he’s not made of crystal because if he was, he would have never made it out of Buchenwald or any of the other camps he was sent to. Let him open it up. Let him read what it says. Let him react the way he’s going to react. Hiding anything from him is not going to help,” Joy pleaded. She had tears in her eyes. “Go to his room. Give him the letter and let him open it.”

I looked into her eyes and realized that it was only right for Dov to read it. I dragged my feet to the steps up to his room. The light was on and I could hear “Moonlight Sonata” drift from the open window. Inside, I found Dov sitting in the rocking chair with Masha, a stray kitten that befriended Dov

over the summer, curled on his lap. He was looking out the window and at something I would never be able to see.

“Dov?” I called his name softly so as not to startle him. He looked at me and carefully waved me in so as not to disturb the sleeping Masha.

“Please, sit.” I sat across from him in an old wingback chair that Dov had reupholstered in deep midnight blue brocade.

We sat for a few moments in silence, listening to Beethoven. It was peaceful and my heart pounded. I feared that what was going to happen next would shatter the moment. I looked down at the envelope and took a deep breath.

“Dov, this came today for you. A letter.” I handed it over to my brother and he took it. He looked over the front of it, then gently turned it over to open it. His movements were smooth. The light rip of the paper woke Masha and she jumped off Dov’s lap and onto his bed.

“The Red Cross,” he told me what I already knew. He took the letter out and opened it. He held it close to his eyes,

and then looked at me. “Elias, please. Could you read for me?” I didn’t want to do this. “Please, reading English is still hard for me.” He held the letter out to me, but I didn’t move. “Please?” I looked into his eyes. There was something in them that I remembered. I took the letter and began reading.

“Dear Mr. Nachman, it is with regret that we must inform you of the death of your wife, Magda Berman Nachman, on September 16, 1948 in Paris, France. She died of complications from pneumonia.” I stopped reading. Magda had been alive the last three years? I looked at Dov. He showed no emotion.

“Please, is there more, Elias?”

I continued. “Before she passed, Mrs. Nachman insisted that we share her story with you. It was her dying wish that you know of her last three years.” Again, I looked to Dov for direction. He leaned forward in the rocker and I continued.

“After spending a few months in Neuengamme, Magda was transported to Theresienstadt where she was forced to take part in the propaganda film the Nazis made

about the Jews' 'new and good' life in Theresienstadt. Once the film was completed, those who were participants were sent to Auschwitz. When they arrived, the selection occurred. Children were taken from their mothers and then the mothers were divided – those who were strong and those we were not. The Nazi in charge of the selection branded Magda strong and she was taken with several other women to the baths. She spent the next year working in Monowitz, a slave labor camp in Auschwitz. When it was evident that Germany was going to lose the war, several women were forced out of the camp onto a death march away from Auschwitz. Magda was one of them. Four days into the march, the women were told to line up with their backs to the guards and not to turn around. Nothing happened, no shots were fired. When Magda dare turn, she found that the guards were gone. Feeling this was her chance, she escaped into the woods. For three days she walked without food or water. On the day she thought she would for sure die, she came to a small farmhouse. A Polish woman stood in the

yard and beckoned Magda towards the house. There, she found kindness from the young woman and her husband.

“The wife knew some German and said that Magda could stay with them until she was well. Grateful, she accepted their kindness and stayed with them for the rest of the year, helping as best she could around the little farm and with their young children. The pneumonia that she’d come down with during the last weeks in Auschwitz would not go away. Finally, in the spring of the following year Magda felt well enough to try and search for her family. The family she stayed with tried to help her but news was slow. She sent several letters to the displaced persons organizations in Warsaw and Paris. Finally, at the end of the second year she received two responses. The first said that her own mother and father had perished in Dachau, that their name was on a list. The second said that no man named Dov Nachman was on any of the lists of surviving Jews. Disheartened, she believed that you had died. At the end of her third year, she fell ill again. Then at the end of August, a letter came, this one from Paris. The letter confirmed that

you were alive and in America. Elated yet still afraid there was a mistake, Magda insisted on going to Paris to speak with the Red Cross personally and to confirm, through pictures, that it was indeed you. The trip to Paris wore on her and when she arrived, we checked her into the hospital where, on September 16 before word could be sent to you that she was alive, she passed. Please accept our condolences.”

My heart ached with the words that I read. I wiped tears from my eyes and looked at Dov. He did not cry, did not look upset. He looked very much at peace. “Dov?”

“Now, I know,” he said and leaned back in the rocking chair. “Now, I am happy.”

“Happy that you just got confirmation that Magda is dead?” My voice was raw. I just didn’t understand my brother anymore.

“Perhaps happy is not the correct word,” he said and closed his eyes for a moment. “Let me tell you story and maybe you help with the word I not know. My story is of what happened after the liberation.” Masha jumped in his lap and he

began to pet her as he spoke in his broken English. “After the American doctor release me from Buchenwald, I went to Paris. I was told that because I have family in America, I could go but I could not go until I know news of my family. The organization that helped displaced persons gave me a bed and food in a boarding house while I look at the lists and wait for new names. Weeks go by and then a month, two months. The organization finally say I need to leave on a boat in a week. They gave me American dollars. I had seven days to find out about Magda.

“I heard some news in Buchenwald from Auschwitz, but one never knew how good that news was. After Magda was deported, I heard that she had not perished. Then the next day I heard differently. So, at that time, I do not know what become of Magda. So, in Paris I talk with man who say he had connections. I pay him five American dollars. I was *shmendrik* for trusting him, I never saw him again. At the boarding house, I met a man who found out that his wife was still alive. I asked him where he find this news and he tells me of another man, a

good man with better connections. I find him, talk to him. He asks me all questions, I tell him what she look like and what I heard about her. And then I wait. I had three days until I needed to leave on train to take me to the boat. I walk around Paris, see things that Magda and I dream of. Paris is very beautiful.

“On seventh day, I not hear from the man. Another five dollars it cost me and again I felt like *shmendrik*. Then, as I was to board the train, he find me and tells me what he knows. I trust this man, he had kind look to him. He tell me that my Magda had been marched out but that he had heard that she had died on the march. Then he heard that she had not. Both from good sources. I did not know what to do so I thank him and board the train. On the way to the boat, I talk with young woman. She was from Auschwitz and escaped during a march. I tell her of Magda and she say she knew her. I ask if she was alive and she say no, that she was too sick, that she die soon into the march.

“On the boat to America, I need make a decision. Who to believe? The kind man, the young woman? Or do I follow my heart. My heart tell me that she is not dead. I decide to listen to my heart. I know that if she was alive, she would look for me. I left it at that and try to get along here, with you and Joy. Every day, I pray that she is okay and I will hear about her. After two years, I give up. For first time ever, I give up. So many survivors come to America and then none. No one hears of family, the Red Cross letters and such stop. I believe that Magda die. That was a year ago. I decide to start new even though I was not ready. I ask Joy to help me with English.” He stopped and took the letter from me. “But I know for sure now.”

“But why are you happy, Dov?”

“Happy still not right word, Elias,” he said with a touch of anger to his voice. “But now my heart knows, I know. I do not like being in middle anymore.” Dov’s voice was passionate. It was the voice I remembered.

“The middle?” I asked.

“In middle, between old life and new life. I see your frustration because I chose not to speak. I hear you and Joy speak in not so kind words to each other because of me. I feel my heart hurt when I look at my pictures. I do not like where I am in my life. Now, with this letter, I know. I know you believe I have been away since coming to America. I have been. Now, I start to come back. Become person again. I will never forget Magda, Chanah or Leo.” He sat back in his chair. He was unreadable again, however.

“Why do you pray the *Sh'ma Yisrael* over the pictures of Magda and the children?” I asked.

“It is my way of thanking Him for allowing me the few years I had with them,” he answered. His face was sad. We sat in the quiet for many minutes. The room was dim; the sun having gone down as I ascended the steps earlier. I thought about what Dov said to me and I turned on another lamp in the room so I could see him again.

“Peace,” I said. Dov looked at me and nodded.

“Yes, peace is the word I did not know. I have peace now. With letter, my heart has peace. There will always be pain, anger but peace is what I have now to move forward. I try but it will be hard.” He closed his eyes again. “I see so many terrible things. Still, even though I have nice new home with you. I sleep on soft mattress and not on hay and hard wood with too many others. I fight with no one over food. But I see things.” He paused and his voice shook with his hellacious memories. “I smell death still. I know you want your old brother back. I see the pain I cause you in your eyes.”

“I want to help you, Dov. I can’t erase what you went through. I can’t ease the pain your heart has been left with after your children and Magda were murdered but I can try and help you move forward with the peace this letter brought you. Will you let me help you?”

“Of course. We are brothers but it may not be easy for you. With this letter I maybe talk better of what I go through, but it may not be easy for you to hear my words.”

“No, it may not,” I said and leaned back in my chair. What happened to so many innocent people could never be forgotten, however, no matter how hard it may be to listen. “I need to hear those words. Many people need to hear those words.”

“Yes, I agree,” Dov said and sat up in his chair. “The night they came for us, Magda just finished lighting the Shabbat candles...”