

When we joined the partisan group, they were very much surprised to see us there, and I remember explaining to them what happened to us, as we were in a moment of despair, not knowing where to go any further.

We decided to go back to the city, and I saw this vision. I saw a white army as clear as I can see you. What it meant is-- I remember, as a child, eavesdropping, hearing. The parents would say that the white Poles are worse than the Germans. When they catch a Jew, they cut him up in pieces. And I couldn't understand that. Instead of ask a question, who are the white Poles, it just remained in my mind as a child that these must be soldiers dressed in white uniforms.

And all of a sudden, as we are walking in the woods, not knowing where to go, and saw a white army, and I really saw it. And when I told it to my mother, she believed me. Her eyes were so red from crying, and she couldn't see an inch in front of her. But she knew one thing-- she cannot just walk into their hands with these two children. So she turned around our direction.

So this was like a mirage?

It was a miracle. I call it my miracle. There was no such thing existing. There was no such thing as a white army. I saw this vision.

And later on, when we dwelled on it, she couldn't believe that-- she took my word for it, but nevertheless, this brought us out of death. This is the only way I can interpret it because we would have gone back to the city, and we would have been caught. And the trains were still there. We would have been put on the trains, and nobody came back from there.

And we were telling the people how we met this partisan that noticed us as we were running very, very fast away from this sort of white army, and he brought us into the group. There was a group of people sitting in front of a fire during the day, and everybody was crying because everybody had a loss. Everybody lost a child, a parent, a sister, a brother, and the worst part of it was that they did not know where to go from there.

Every day, we had to change our location not to be caught. Again, the food was scarce, whatever they managed to get from the neighboring farms under a gun. Nobody wanted to give food willingly. They shared among the group, and it consisted of a slice of bread a day, sometimes if they were lucky enough to get some vegetation together or some vegetables and cook up a big soup, which consisted mostly of water. You were lucky if you found a grain there or a vegetable. And this is how we were going from day to day.

One morning, I remember waking up, and I couldn't wait to run to the fire to warm up. It started to get cold already. It approached the fall weather. I remember getting up in the morning and find myself on the ground like a carbon copy of the body that kept the ground warm. And we would rush to this fire to warm up, and I always leaned on my mother's lap. And she never stopped crying for as many days as it was going on.

And I felt so comfortable and so warm, and I raised my head. And I just looked into the woods, and I thought I saw my sister. And this is already months later after we escaped from the attic, from the brewery. And then I say to myself, oh, here goes another miracle. I see, already, things.

And I look closer, and she appeared real. And she noticed us, and she started to run towards us and toward the group. And she saw my mother, and she the first words out of her mouth were, Papa and [? Mike ?] are alive. And they were not there, but she just said it. We just couldn't believe it's real. This was, again, coming from the [? death ?] because my mother said already Kaddish, the prayer after the death, for them.

Your brother was with them?

Nobody was with her. She was all alone, but she just mentioned that Papa and Mike are alive. She was all alone. And she told us a story, that as they were put on the trains to be sent to Majdanek-- the remaining Jews from Lida were sent to Majdanek. They were told that they were going to work there.

And they knew already that this is not going to be good. My brother was about-- this was the beginning of 1943. How old was he? Maybe 15 years old. And he was very petite for his age. We did not develop during the war years normally. He was a little boy for a 15-year-old.

They were put into cattle trains, and each wagon had a tiny, little window from the top. And nobody could get through that window except somebody who is small, and they got an idea-- maybe my brother could take a chance to climb through this little window. The doors from the wagons were closed from the outside. Inside, nobody had control over the door. And if he'll be lucky, maybe can open up the doors, and he'll try to jump, take a chance.

And they asked my father permission if he would allow his son to take the chance. The trains were going in full speed, and my brother said, yes, I feel capable. I know I'll do it. I can do it. And he climbed through this little window at the top of the train and lowered himself somehow and opened the door.

The door opened up, and they heard shooting. And they told my brother is shot. Somebody must have seen it. And when he heard a shooting, he went back into the wagon. Instead of the jump, he went back. The train stopped, and there was this investigation, suddenly, from wagon to wagon. And they saw the door of their train was open.

They asked, how did the door open? Nobody said the word. They counted heads. Each wagon was supposed to have 50 people, and there was nobody missing. They closed the door. They thought it was an accident. The door opened by itself. Maybe it wasn't locked properly. And the train started to go again, and nobody could figure out where the shooting was.

But nevertheless, my brother took another chance, and he went again through the window, opened the door. And this time, he said to my father, I'll jump right from the top of the roof, and you follow me. And that's what happened. My brother jumped. My father jumped. My sister jumped. And eight more people jumped after them, and the rest froze. They were just afraid to take the chance. They figured they will be killed this way, or that way. What is the difference?

And they made up that my brother will stay in place, and whoever will follow to jump after him will wait. The first one will wait for whoever will follow. 12 people gathered. They were waiting there for a couple of hours-- and my sister is telling us the story-- and nobody else came. So they understood that the rest did not want to jump.

And they were in Germany already. They started to find their way back to our area by the signs of the moon. It was a journey that took months. Being that she was the only woman in the group, they would send her out during the day to get some information, to try to get some food. And they moved only at night.

When she was telling the story to the group, nobody could believe it. I think my brother is a real hero. You know what we say in our Jewish religion. If you save one life--

--you save the world.

--you save the world. He never got any recognition for it. He's not waiting for it. But I know and I'm sure he knows that it's a very good feeling to know that you did such a good deed.

It took, again, weeks until we were able to get together with my father and brother. My sister left them in the group, and she thought she knew where they are. In the meantime, weeks went by, and they didn't hear a word from her. So they thought she probably got killed in the course of looking for survivors, looking for us. She didn't even dream that my mother, and I, and my little cousin would make it. My mother was always known to be the sick woman, and two children-- how could they possibly manage to escape?

But she also heard from the partisans, and she knew that this is where she has to go back to, find the area and perhaps some information. Maybe somebody else will survive. It took months. The war was going on. We changed places daily in different woods, different locations, different bunkers. Many times, we had to live in a bunker that was dug a hole under the ground, and it was covered like with a Christmas tree over it, that if you would pass the location, you would never, never know that there are people underground.

We had to find such hiding places that nobody should even dare to think that somebody is hiding. And the bombings and the war was going on. We heard the shootings over our head. We had to be in these bunkers, in different places, different locations. We could not get together with them.

And we found out later on that they started to look for my sister, and we were looking for them. And we would always miss each other. We would meet people in hiding on the road, and they would say to us, oh my God, we saw your father yesterday. He was looking for you. He didn't even know that you are alive. And we would tell them that we are looking for them.

Finally-- I guess we have to refer to it as miracles-- we finally united as a family. We heard of this group by the name of Bielski, Tuvia Bielski's group, that had the foresight to gather 1,100 people from all the area of Lida and smaller towns. Whoever escaped found shelter with his group.

He organized this group for young children, for elderly, four young boys and girls that had the foresight to resist, to try to fight, not to let themselves-- it was like a regular army. They managed to get ammunition. They would go out to mine trains to interfere with the war process. They would explode-- how would you say it-- prisons and let out all the prisoners that were arrested because they rebelled the Germans. They did a lot of damage, and this is how they--

Sabotage.

Sabotage-- that would be, probably, the right word. This group was formed in-- Nalibotskaya Pushcha, it was called. It was already almost Russia, on the borderline. And from there, we did not change places anymore because it was a forest that the Germans were afraid to enter. That's how thick it was.

We built a little city in that forest for 1,100 people. We cut down trees to make a roof over our heads in the form of a tent with a little-- ground was dug underneath. There were 20 people to a little bunker like this.

We lived for almost two years in the woods, where we had to dig for water-- that was our source of getting water-- looked out daily for a piece of bread that was no thicker than a newspaper. And the soap that we stood in line for consisted, again, of mainly water.

In normal circumstances, you would never believe that a person can survive in such conditions. We did not have a change of clothes. We did not have any humane conditions to go on, except a will to survive. It didn't matter anymore what's going on.

Were you ever discovered by Germans or the [INAUDIBLE], or any of the other groups?

No, not in this particular group. While we were going from place to place, before we entered this permanent group, a lot of our friends were discovered in hiding, and they were just shot right there in the bunkers where they were found.

Our very dear friends, who were in hiding, in particular, a distant relative of ours who hid with her entire family-- and the Germans somehow, through the lead of the homes in the area, the farmers, took them out from the hiding, shot an entire family. And our friend fell from shock, and she was sure she's dead.

And after things quieted down, she got up, and she started to touch herself. And she felt alive. And she looked at her, and her husband and her children-- she was splashed with their blood-- were dead. And she got the courage to get up and walk away, and she survived.

And after the war, the lucky part was that she found two sons that ran away during the war with the Russian army, and they survived the war in Russia. And she was always referring to her courage, that she found the strength to go ahead because she knew somehow maybe the sons will make it, and she will at least have two children.

Yes, I was exposed to such horror stories many, many times. It's very difficult to explain every incident. It's very

painful. But we learned through the hard times to go on and to hope, and that's what pulled us through the years in the woods.

We got a group of young children, my age, some younger, some older. What did we do a whole day? We were singing. We were dancing. We were dreaming. We were hoping. I personally have no friends left from the city of Lida that I went to school with, that was raised on my block, through my school. All our friends that we acquired are during the years of the war.

Many times, I ask myself, how come they were not as fortunate? But nobody has answers to my questions. But I do have very good friends who went through very hard times together. One friend in particular-- after we came to the United States, she walked into our house-- I was married already-- and the first thing she looked for was a chandelier. I said, [PERSONAL NAME], of all the things, why are you looking for a chandelier?

So she says, you forgot already? You forgot when we were sitting in the woods, daydreaming, and you always kept our spirit up. And you would sing to us and laugh and make believe that we are not in the world, that we're sitting in a beautiful home, and the little light that we saw through the woods was a chandelier hanging that let about brightness and light, and the fire was not a real fire. It was a fireplace, that we were burning marshmallows.

And I look at her like she completely went off her mine. I say, when did I ever say this? I did not remember. She says, yes, yes, I remember a lot of things you told us, and that's why I thought the first thing you will want to have was a chandelier.

And I said to her, oh my goodness, how you forgot. You don't remember what we were wishing over this fire? Each and every one made a wish if God will help us to survive. I have one wish-- to have enough bread, as much as I want, not to be [? mentioning ?] and I'll never ask for anything else. That's what I was wishing for. She says, yes, yes, this was also one of our wishes.

Did you remember a lot of this later?

I remembered this from the minute it was over, but we never talked about it. I started to talk about the Holocaust to my children when I felt they were young enough to understand. Before then-- you have to understand that we came to a free country. We were so fortunate to come and make a new start.

Many people could not understand what it meant to survive and how much we went through. It's like, my mother couldn't believe this man that came to knock at our door. That's how people, in normal circumstances, cannot understand that you can make it under such conditions.

We were disappointed by hearing comparisons. When we started to complain a little bit, people would say, well, we didn't have it so good either. We couldn't get steaks during the war times. We had to eat chicken. And other comparisons that we felt-- it's just no use to talk. You can't blame anybody. You just can't blame.

It's like if the Poles were afraid to take a chance on their life to save us, who knows how we would react if our life would be put on the line? Unless you live through it yourself, you don't know the meaning of a lot of things, and sometimes experience could teach you more than any school in the world.

How were you liberated?

We were liberated by the Russian army, but we couldn't believe our luck. All of a sudden, these soldiers came through with artillery, with machine guns, with all kinds of equipment. And they knew we were partisans, and they said, the war is over. You're free.

Oh my God. That feeling, I'll never forget. We've touched ourselves to make sure we're alive. We didn't believe it. But unfortunately, it ended with a very sad episode. After the Russian army passed by and we were just about ready to pull ourselves together-- we had nothing to take with ourselves because we had no change of clothes. We had nothing,

absolutely nothing, just us and covered with lice from head to toe.

And we are just about ready to go, and we hear this terrible shooting all over again. And we couldn't believe what's going on. 250 German soldiers on horses, by mistake, ran through our base. They knew already the defeat, and they tried to save their own lives. They were returning from the front.

And they didn't realize that they fell into a partisan base, and they started to shoot. They didn't know who we were. They opened up fire. Our partisans opened up fire back. And oh God, they took one hour, a battle in front of our eyes. The partisans managed to get all the soldiers, the Germans, done. Unfortunately, we lost 55 young boys and girls.

But an hour later, we left the premises to freedom. We had to bury them in the woods, in this partisan group. It was already too much. It took away the whole joy from knowing that you lived through the war.

But life went on. We went, everybody, back to their own city, where they come from. We came back to the city of Lida, for instance, and my parents knew that there was nothing for them except mass graves. At home was burned. They saw no future for the children there.

A handful of people survived. We were so fortunate we survived as a family. It's practically unheard of. My father started to inquire. He had all his family in the Lodz ghetto. Nobody, nobody, not even one child made it. Six sisters and brothers with families, a mother-- everybody was killed.

My father went back to his original dream, Palestine. We have to find a way to get to Palestine. We thought, people will make a big deal about us. We survived. Nobody cared. We want to go to Palestine. How can you go there? There were no means. There were no ways. We had no money. We started to smuggle through borders.

Excuse me, Ann. When you say nobody cared, do you mean other Jews or--

The world.

The world.

Other Jews were in the same position as we were. Everybody wanted to leave Europe. The survivors knew that Europe cannot offer them anything but grief. But no country in the world cared to open up ways to let the survivors in without a quota, let's say, without a passport, without [INAUDIBLE], just try to give them a start in life again.

We went through so many different countries, and we wound up all over again in camps, in DP camps, for four more years. I was young. I was waiting to start school again. I missed so much of my life.

My parents were desperate. They had nothing to offer the children. Nothing was in their power, and my father was not allowed to go to work. For four years, we lived in a deep camp in Linz, Austria, again, in one room. The only thing we had is our freedom that we cherished. We kissed the ground of the room that we lived in.

Palestine was under the British. We were dying. We would give anything to be able to go there, no matter under what conditions. The only way you could go is to smuggle, to go to [INAUDIBLE]. And then we heard stories that people got stopped in Cyprus. They were put back on ships and sent back.

And we were so tired. We just didn't know what to do. My mother found relatives through the newspaper in the United States. My grandmother had two sisters who had the foresight to leave Europe after the First World War, and my grandmother chose to remain in Lida. And her choice was not the best, but nevertheless, when her sisters, which meant to my mother her aunts, found out that one niece survived with her children, they made out an affidavit for us.

And they wanted us very much to come to the United States. And you think, somebody cared, we should come here in a hurry. No. We had to wait four years for that. That meant four more wasted years in camp under normal conditions, but no schooling, no work for my father. We weren't allowed to do anything, just wait, and nobody knew how long that wait

will be.

In 1949, in November, our quota was called in, and we arrived in the United States, to Boston, on a boat that-- I thought I will not ever see the United States. It was such a difficult ride. I remember being so sick.

My mother was hospitalized in the infirmary on the boat. They took her off on a wheelchair. If that trip would last a few more days, we probably wouldn't make it. And right there and then, I said to myself, never again will I get in a boat. Until today, all of our friends take cruises. They go on different islands, and they want us to join them. And I said, no thank you. One place you will not see me is on a boat.

We came to Boston. Our family was waiting for us, and I did not know what to expect, what the United States looks like. Nobody could put it in words what I expected coming back from a tiny, little town in Europe, primitive. Some roofs were made from straw.

You come in, and you see these big buildings. And the freedom you could smell in the street. It was such a good feeling. I did not know one word of English. My aunt was so anxious to give us a tour of the city.

And we arrived in November. It was cold. I had to get dressed to go into their car. A car was a big, big luxury, a private car, especially. I was looking for my coat to put on, and my auntie, who was in the United States, at that time, probably 35 years or 40, longer than I'm in this country-- she goes over to me quietly. She says, [PERSONAL NAME], in America, [NON-ENGLISH SPEECH]. In the United States, you don't say [NON-ENGLISH] which means a coat. You say a coat.

And I didn't know any better. From now on, a [NON-ENGLISH] is a coat. She gave me my first English lesson. We took a tour of the city, and I'll tell you, I was like-- you let out an animal from a cage. Everything was, oh, ah, my God. I just couldn't believe my eyes.

We tried to make a start for ourselves. It wasn't easy. Our family was not really in the position to give us a financial help, neither did we expect it. My father was looking for work, and he couldn't find any.

My father was 49 years old when he came to this country, and he was told all over that he's too old. And I started to believe that these old from the way he looked. When I think now that I'm almost 60 and he was only 49 years old, I can't believe it, what the world did to him.

My brother was taken to the Korean War, did not know how to speak English, was not a citizen of this country, but they had to go to serve. My mother was very sick. She was taken off the back in a wheelchair, and the doctor said that she will have to be bedridden for a year. Her circulation in the legs completely stopped. And I was the only one to go to work instead of to go to school and try to catch up a bit.

How about your sister?

My sister got married in the camps at the age of 18, and not knowing who she married-- she married a survivor, only survivor from a family that's lived through a concentration camp. And when they were about to come to the United States, they found out that he has TB. They would not permit him to come here.

He was sent a sanitarium in Italy, and he was fortunate to be cured there. And they finally came here. In the meantime, she had given birth to a little son, and they started a family of their own. My brother-in-law did not make it to his son's wedding. He bought some years, but the sickness caught up with him. And he died at a very young age, 53 years old, lung cancer.

So I was the only breadwinner at the time. I found work because I was handy, I guess. I was given a job in a millinery place. A cousin of mine knew the boss, and he said he would train me. And I caught up in no time, and I was doing very, very nice. As a matter of fact, when my husband and I got married, I was making more money than him.

How did you meet?

In 1951, I was very fortunate to meet my husband, and it's a long story. My husband came to Italy to save a sister of his that died at a very young age through the beatings and suffering of the war years. They were in the underground. Unfortunately, my husband was not lucky to save his sister. She died at the age of 26 in Italy, buried there.

My sister came with her husband to Italy, and they met in the sanitarium. And my husband liked my sister very much as a person. He didn't even know at the time when he met her whether she's married or single. When they got to know each other a little better, he found out she's married, so he said, oh, that's a shame.

So my sister said, well, don't worry. If you like me, I have a single sister. And he showed her my picture. I lived, at the time, in Austria. He was in Italy, and we somehow could not get together. And to be very honest with you, I was not interested at the time.

I was very young, and I guess the war years made me more mature than my age was. However, when my husband came to this country in 1951, he came to visit my sister. We all lived together in one apartment, and he claims that he came to visit my sister.

But, he said, the truth was that I really wanted to meet you. And we met, and we liked each other very much from the start. He took me right away to meet his family, and I said to him, if he is serious about me, I don't want to mislead you. I have dreams to go to Israel. I will not remain in the United States. Because I had a boyfriend that I met in the camps, and he went to Israel with his family. And I had to go to the United States, not out of choice. I had to go because of my mother.

See, European kids have a different upbringing. I could have been selfish and say to my parents, I have a boyfriend. I want to go to Israel with him. We were not allowed to go legally to Israel. My father would have been happy to go with the whole family, but Israel was not a country yet. And when our affidavit came to go to the United States, we did not want to pass up the opportunity to finally go to a free country and make a new start for ourselves.

So when I told him this, he said he understands. He also would have been very, very happy to go to Israel, and through other circumstances, he came to the United States also not out of choice. And he said we can be friends. I said, of course, no problem.

We had a lot of friends. We had friends that had no parents. We were such a fortunate family. I don't know of any other friends that I have that survived as a family or even had parents. The boys and the girls used to come up to our apartment, and everybody would call my Ma. And there was always something on the table to eat. The first question she would ask-- you're hungry? You want to eat something, right? This is how she would greet them all.

And when my brother was taken to the army, everybody was so sad, and they did not come as frequent because my mother was going to pieces. She just did not know how she will survive this tragedy. To her, it meant like there's no end. There's just no end to human suffering. We went through such a terrible war. Why, again, does he have to serve for a Korean War? She didn't understand the impact of it.

But my husband kept them coming. He was very loyal. I'll never forget-- my brother once came home for furlough. Like he had a couple of days off. And he couldn't understand that the house-- some of the boys and girls were not there.

So my husband answered him. Paul, he said, well, when they all realized that I mean business, they stopped coming. What he meant is that they were all coming to me, not to the house. And when they saw that he's serious, they didn't want to interfere.

As time went on and I did not see the possibility how I can ever really even go to Israel, he finally proposed to me. And I accepted with great joy, and we got married April 6, 1952. It was a very small wedding in the apartment that we lived. My parents could not afford anything elaborate, and neither did we both care.

We were married under a huppah, and we had the Rabbi [PERSONAL NAME] that was the rabbi at the time from the Ocean Parkway Jewish Center, very, very prominent known rabbi. And when he heard two young kids, survivors, he will marry off. He said the most beautiful words and wished us all the luck in the world one can get. And he said, you deserve it so.

My maiden name is Monka. My-- excuse me-- married name is Monka. Manka, in Poland, means flour, flour that you bake bread. And when we got married, my mother-- may she rest in peace. Paul was also fortunate to have his mother-- said, I have a feeling, and I know from this flour will come out very good bread. And as she said, we are so fortunate to build ourselves, with our own two hands, a future that we started from scratch.

I gave birth to three beautiful children who bring us so much joy because, from a very young age, they shared with us our suffering, and they were so understanding and so cooperative that we have to be so grateful. In a world of turmoil, it's not easy for young people to grow up these days.

I always talked about going straight and take an example from my suffering, that God gave me the courage not to turn to bad channels and not to follow the wrong examples. And they tried their best.

We stressed very much education for our children because this is something that was denied to us, and this is something one can never take away from you. No matter what suffering you go through, no matter what personal possessions you lose, if you have education, this is something that is yours.

What do your children do now?

Our oldest daughter, Rosalyn, is an educator. She has a degree in education with a master in higher education from Columbia University. She's basically a teacher and a very fine one, and I know this from the parents of the children that she teaches, that they all feel fortunate to have her as a teacher. They come to tell me, what your daughter does for our kids-- knowing you, we can understand that this is from a different [? cut. ?]

I'll never forget when she started college, [? Hartford ?] University in Connecticut. She had to share a room with three girls because the first year they don't give you a room for two. And she called us up quite desperate, and she was in tears, shook up. Mom, Dad, you have to come over. What happened? She couldn't even talk.

She was placed with two girls in her room that were smoking pot to such a point where they would get violently ill, and she would have to take care of them. That was not the worst part of it. Ma, they insist I must get started with them, and I refuse. And they're giving me a very hard time.

Oh my God, when we heard this, I said, all right, we'll go to talk to the dean of the college. She says, no, we're not allowed to complain. We just have to work out the best conditions we know how. This other girl invites her boyfriend for the night, and she has no respect that she has to share the room with the other two. And when I tell her that I live here, too, in the room, she says, you have one choice-- you can turn around.

And she did not know how to cope with it. And we had to give our support, and we had to talk to her and try to explain to her she should talk to the girls and, after they get sick, show them that you are the one who is helping them, that they are not accomplishing anything. And after a while, they begin to realize that she's the lucky one that she doesn't join them, and little by little, somehow, this whole stopped-- or it got better. And she was able to cope with it.

And I said to her, Ros, I really have respect for you. It's very difficult to be an only one. She says, yes, Ma. It's not easy for me. I'm not as popular as them. But somehow, she says, no matter what happens, if it comes the situation to do something wrong, I think of you. She couldn't help it. This girl will not cross the street if she sees a red light or it says "Don't Walk," only the straight way and the right way.

We have a son, a doctor, that I guess every mother would wish to have, and when we ask him, how come you chose to become a doctor, he says, Ma, it's because of you. My suffering did not come to an end with just living through the war. Before my doctor son's bar mitzvah at the age-- he was 12. I was 38 years old.



I was stricken with cancer, and they did not know which way it's going to go. Nobody promised me anything, and I did not ask for much. And I didn't ask why. . I just, very quietly, said, dear God, let me live to my son's bar mitzvah, which is only one year away-- we had made the plans at the time-- and I'll be very happy. And God helped me to be to his bar mitzvah, and God helped me to see him married and be to his son's bris.

Through my suffering, my husband took very sick with a heart attack. The kids were little, and we had the big struggle on our hands. And the kids grew up at a very young age, very cooperative, my daughter at the age--

About three minutes.

My daughter, at the age of 11, took care of her younger brothers, cooked for them, put them to sleep, and admits today that she was frightened herself to sleep with these two kids alone. My husband was in the hospital. I was at his bedside.

And so much sickness in the family, he said, oh God, if you help me to become a doctor and able to help people-- this is my reason. He became a doctor. He's a family doctor with a very fine reputation, also, of having a heart, of understanding the sick.

And our youngest son went into business with my husband that we built from scratch ourselves, work until 12:00 at night every day. At night, we used to come to the business with supper for him because he could not manage to come home and eat, and I worked at his side, hand by hand. Today, I'm the secretary of the corporation, and our younger son took over.

Are there any last words you want to say? Because you're nearing the end.

Yes, I would like to say-- I have so many last words, but to make it short, I'm very grateful to God that he spared us. And I'm very grateful for our accomplishments, and I see that we serve a purpose in this world because we do not live for ourselves.

We are involved in every organization, in the community that could help humanity, and we're trying our best to go out, to talk to young people, to whoever wants to listen for one reason only. These atrocities should not repeat themselves for any human being, no matter of color, race, or whatever.

Ann, thank you very much.