

--a survivor on April the 13th, 1983-- Felicia Neufeld, correction. We welcome you and thank you for sharing your story with us. You have something you'd like to tell us first? Please, go ahead.

OK. First of all, there are no thanks to be given. I thank to us. I feel-- how do you say-- at this point very much impelled or even sometimes, as I like to-- well, not as I like to, but as I feel I have to express, condemned to express it. I am here as an imperative, then, to speak.

And before I begin my story, which is that of a child of non-survivors, I wish to record the story of my aunt, who is now dead, who was in Auschwitz and whose relating of the experience after the war when she came to visit us in America is one that has remained engraved in my memory, or in my ears, and represents to me-- and I think can be taken as the essence of the annihilation of the Jewish people.

My aunt, Nina Neufeld Crovetti, was arrested in Italy I believe in '43 and ended up in Auschwitz. And the story she told us when she came was of a woman camp inmate-- I don't know whether it was in her own barracks or not. It really doesn't matter, except that this woman was pregnant.

And when it was time for her to be delivered of the child, my aunt Nina, with her own teeth, had to cut the umbilical cord of that child, which of course, was stillborn. And they hid that woman in the barracks for one day in order for her to recover at great risks. And that's really all I remember about the story.

Now, you have to remember, I was 14-15-- no, a little more than that-- late teens, I suppose, when she came. And coming out of Europe in just a few years before that, in '47, I did not go asking questions. But it has remained to me as that.

The reason why I find it important is because Nina is dead and cannot tell her own story. So for me, it is-- let's put it this way, the only thing I can do is tell the bare facts. That's all most of us can do is tell the bare facts. We all have facts to tell. What distinguishes each of us from the other is our handling and our-- how do you say-- inner landscapes as a result of all these various experiences-- ours individually and ours communally as survivors and as members of a tremendous world graveyard.

Can you take me back to your own personal story?

OK. In the beginning, my story began, I hope, with a gleam in my mother's eye. My mother was from Vilna, Lithuania, my father from Tomaszów Mazowiecki in Poland. They met-- knew each other in Berlin. And I was born there, 1934-- April 1934. In about '37, my father left Berlin. I was born in Berlin.

My father left-- escaped, in a sense, to go find better conditions elsewhere, if at all. Went, I believe, to Italy very briefly and ended up in France. In 1938, I was illegally, well, put on a train as the last child of an underground family to go to my mother's brother's family, who lived in Paris, and whom I only saw that one time, and have lost track of completely ever since. And I'm still looking for them. Their name was Miller. My mother's name is Sarah or Sonja Miller Neufeld.

I remained in Paris with my father without papers, without schooling, without work, without much of anything at all until the 11th of March, Tuesday, 11th of March, 1942, when, at 4:30 in the afternoon of that Tuesday, I was supposed to meet my father. We had each gone our separate way to try to hustle our meals. I was, at the time, a month or so from my eighth birthday.

It is at that point, being left all alone in the streets of Paris, that I began to really join the world-- that is, for the first time, to have a consciousness that I think no child has a right to have. My father had always treated me as an adult. And when the war had broken out in 1935-- in 1939, when I was five, he had made it very plain what it meant war. And of course, the rest of the experiences only emphasized that the Germans and the French were going to fight.

When he was arrested, having no key to the little room which we shared, I was, in a sense, left on the streets of Paris. And I went back. We lived, at the time, in a little room near the Place d'Italie and could not get back in.

How long had you waited for him at the meeting place before you realized something was amiss?

Well, I knew, as a matter of fact, almost immediately because we used to meet somewhere-- I don't know the exact detail, but somewhere on one of the streets, or a cafe, or something. I mean, this was our neighborhood. I used to know the streets of Paris inside out, and particularly our neighborhood. And we must-- I don't know the exact spot, except that there were children with whom I used to play.

And there were apartment buildings. And of course, I didn't go to school so I was always found on the streets. And the children began to tell me stories about my father having been arrested and possibly having fought and having been hurt. And it's-- there was this, of course, child's element of a cop and robber story, or some heroic story, or something or other.

And I didn't know what the heck to make of it, except that I realized, my father wasn't coming back. And it was getting dark. It was still March and it was cold. And it got dark pretty early. And there was really no place for me to go.

And all I remember is just sitting down. Eventually, when I realized there was nothing to be done-- and I knew, of course, what that meant. In other words, if the Germans had picked up my father on the street, I was in bad shape. And the thing was serious. That much I knew.

I sat down at the bottom of the stairs in a hole of an apartment building where there were children with whom I played occasionally and cried my heart out-- that much I do know-- and then fell asleep. And I remember vaguely in this bays of people coming up and down the stairs wondering what the heck I was doing there.

And then eventually, somebody, I think, took me to the concierge, who had children of their own, and therefore, would not have been able to take care of me anyway. But she did one thing. She took me in and fed me and then took me to the police station, the French police. And they, I suppose, have never received my thanks. So I will do so now.

Take your time.

OK. I got to control. The French police did call the Kommandantur that is the German Kommandantur, and called out to find out whether my father had indeed been arrested. And when they received a positive answer, and therefore, I knew my father-- now, I knew, in other words, something more about my father. Where he was or anything else, I didn't know whether he's still alive. I didn't know.

But he-- now, I knew he had been arrested, a reality, another reality had sunk in. And the police kept me there that night. And then I must say that for the first time in my life, five days of my life are the strangest five days I ever spent or will ever remember.

I was taken to some apartment in Paris. There was an old couple. I have no idea what they-- who they are, who they were, their faces, not even the surroundings. It was kind of dark. And five days of my life, I spent in that Paris, in some kind of absolute mute hell.

And then a man came, whom I believe I had seen before, and who frightened me. And a few years ago, when I tried to do some writing to set down my own experience, it seems to me that the reason why he was so frightful to me was probably because my father had pre-- how do you say it, prearranged or had made-- had foreseen some elements of danger, and therefore, had taken me to the Jewish agencies for some reason, of course, which was not within my the grasp of my understanding.

So this man came and took me to an orphanage, a Jewish Orthodox orphanage outside of Paris called La Varenne-Saint-Hilaire, Saint-Maur-des-Fossés. It was nine kilometers from Paris. And it was under the aegis of the Jewish Orthodox community.

By the way, I have a picture of that synagogue. So I will put it in the archives and give it back either here in America or

to France, if it wishes. It has the Ten Commandments. And I'll make a comment on that at one point.

My arrival in the orphanage brings to mind many-- I mean, many facets of a child's experience. One of-- simply, the-- what do you call it, the survival of a child, rescued, in other words, by the French police. They could have just as easily handed me over to the Kommandantur as anything else.

And the-- which now, of course, brings to mind the network that was so crucial and important to our survival and our memories today, of knowing at least a little bit within the limits of the craziness of the Nazi machine that So-and-so was arrested here, such and such person could be picked up, and so on, and so forth. There must have been a fantastic network, that is, the fraternity of the Jewish community to take care of its own. This is something we need to remember. And that's why I'm alive with those who were Jews and even those who were non-Jews, of which I have much to say.

Let me go back a second to Berlin. We are now the 16th of March, 1942 only. I have arrived at the orphanage. To recapitulate very briefly, I have met the world's horror. I have become an adult into a consciousness I can't shake. I have lost a father and I have also learned something else that I, for the first time, at that age, also ran into some unwanted substitute for my father, which was God.

Until then, there was no God in my family. My father was all I had ever needed. And I have crawled with that God until this morning and last night, when I went to the DAR Constitution Hall and heard for the first time, again, a Shabbos song, which I have refused to hear for 36 years. And I will leave that. I will continue my quarrel with God. It is not over. And I thought it was. And I will discuss that at some other time, if not today. I will again.

Let me go back to Berlin then and pick up a thread, a very important thread, which is, of course, a child's mother. My mother and I, of course, were separated when I was four. And it was in the orphanage that I learned of my mother's arrival in Paris that summer, that famous summer when the Germans-- and of course, with the help of the French police, the other aspects of the French police, picked up the children, picked up all the Jews-- or most of them.

I suddenly was told my mother was in Paris. How did she get there? I didn't find out until after the war. So I must explain. My mother was hidden in Berlin under Hitler's nose by a non-Jewish family, a Mrs. Frau Paul and her family, who were old, old friends of many, many years of the family. She hid my mother.

And from what I understood, she dressed her as a man, put her on a milk train, and unfortunately, my mother arrived in Paris and was arrested at the station, I believe. My mother was taken to La Caserne des Tourelles, which was a military barracks.

And word got to me through, I believe, a cousin, which, in other words, could have been then a niece of my mother, my uncle's daughter, possibly. But I don't know that for absolute certainty. It could have been another cousin. But anyway, it was a cousin of the family. She found out.

And I was taken by a young woman of mid-twenties to the prison-- to this prison. Her name was-- this directrice of the orphanage, whose name was Paulette Levy. And she died with 60 children, who have never come back. So let her go into record too. We went there on a Thursday. And what I remember most is simply walking into a door.

And in front of me was a staircase, rather wide, and my mother's name being called. To the left was a door where people-- where we were to gather and meet visiting relatives. And as my mother's name was called, she became hysterical. And she began to run down the stairs.

And the two German soldiers, who were at the bottom of the stairs, took their bayonets, turned around, and pointed those bayonets at my mother's belly in order to hold her from running down. And somehow, all I remember is, I believe, screaming. And that's how I remember my mother. We remained there possibly an hour. And what do I remember? Very little.

Was she aware of your father's?

No. I-- it's at that point that she learned of my father's arrest. And it's also then that she gave me a scarf and a picture of my half-brother, who was older than I was, and whom I found after the war in Israel, who had escaped with, I believe, ORT or the Aliyah of the children, the other group. But he died shortly after I found him again in Israel.

My mother's scarf, I ate. It is a strange thing to say, but I ate my mother's scarf. I chewed it up in a ball. And maybe she has remained with me that way.

The next week, on Thursday, when we went back to the prison, my-- we were told my mother had been sent away. They wouldn't tell us where. And it is not till the '50s that I found out what had happened to both my parents. They died in Auschwitz. My mother was on the convoy of September 23, without a number, and without a date of death.

My father was on the convoy from-- both were from-- in Drancy. And Father was on the convoy of June 22 and died also, I believe, in September sometime. He has a number. As a matter of fact, I have it right here.

And he is-- by the way, both my parents are in the book of Serge Klarsfeld. But I have my father and my mother's number. His number is 41348. And I think perhaps for the record, if I can read it.

Would you like for me to read it for you?

No. I will do it. Just will you give me a minute. If nobody minds my reading in French because I think-- it's not this data, the bare data that hurts.

It's pieces of paper I wish the record could show what it means to leave a child with a piece of paper, which says [FRENCH]. This is, in other words, like an affidavit. I will read it in French. And I can give the basic data. [FRENCH]. I have the same thing for my mother.

Can you translate just for the record?

Yes. The chief of the Bureau of Deported Various Statutes certifies that, according to the information in his possession, Mr. Neufeld Leon, born the 11th of July, 1895 in Tomasz<sup>3</sup>w, Poland has been interned-- was interned the 13th of June, 1942 in the camp of Drancy, and deported the 22nd of June, 1942 in the concentration camp of Auschwitz, where he arrived the 24th of June, 1942, the matricule we know-- that is his number. Mr. Neufeld died 28 of July, 1942 in Auschwitz, signed, estampille. From the 24th of June to the 28th, he didn't last barely a month. They killed very fast in those days, didn't they? We survive a lifetime of pain, and they kill fast.

When did you receive this official notification?

1957.

So from the time he was taken until '57?

I didn't know-- and my mother, the same thing. That's right. And for those years, I used to walk around the streets, still looking into people's faces, searching, maybe they were still alive. But I'm afraid that when I got that, there was no way that I could play fictional games.

The other children in the orphanage were in a similar situation? Or was theirs different?

Some. Yeah, most of us, of course. The thing is-- OK, let me go back now to my mother's. The data, of course, is everywhere. We all know all the datas. The children of the orphanage-- of course, more and more of them were arrested. More of them came to the orphanage. Originally, the orphanage had been a nursery for real deaths-- that is, the natural phenomena, or, let's say, lack of medical, or whatever it was.

But it was nature's work. It wasn't human cruelty and inhumanity that caused, for example, the loss of a parent to such and such a child in-- that is pre-war conditions of that orphanage. It was for infants.

For example, one of the girls I knew, her mother had died in child-- when giving birth to her. OK. And there weren't 60. There weren't six million. And it is that that makes the difference when anybody today tells you, but why continue? Why, for example, drag it out?

Because you cannot compare. No one has the right to compare, as I have heard that after all, millions of other people die. They die in car accidents, they die in earthquakes, and so on, and so forth. The difference cannot be compared. You cannot compare, even though people kill you on the road.

If you really stop those people, most of them would-- are horrified, probably, by what they have done. They will not do it purposefully. The difference is that nature does not go out and say, I'm going to kill you because you don't belong on this world. You have no right to live. You have no right to bear children. You must tear out the guts of somebody else's umbilical cord, and so on, and so forth.

Where are we?

We're with the orphanage.

OK. Yes. Let's go back to the orphanage-- survival. Survival, as has been said 1,000 times, and I suppose I can't-- I don't know what it really means. The word is very strange, as a matter of fact. Physically, we survive. To rest of us, let's not say too much on it right now.

Survival was a matter of luck-- some, perhaps, occasionally, of planning, and in my case, of the good-- no, goodwill will never translate it enough-- of the giving, sharing of other people's lives. And I mean their life at stake, their head on the chopping block if their-- if that was the way they killed.

But that's not the way they did it. The thing is that it is because a woman in the French countryside, in my case, and in the case of 12 of us, and her mother was willing to risk their lives, and that included her two children. She was a widow, Madame Renée Várit is her name. She agreed to risk their lives to take in 12 of us. But at four-- at first, it was four.

So let me explain how we escaped. When things got very bad, of course, as-- after the fame-- the great rafle, the pickup of the Jews of the summer of 1942, it became more and more dangerous for us, of course, to live. Things got worse. And more and more children came into the orphanage with all the resultant scarcities.

We also must say that the Star of David came on to play its role. Therefore, we were the most visible human beings in the world. If you wanted to disappear between the cracks of a sidewalk, there was no point. You couldn't. You were visible, whether you wanted to or not. However, that little star can also play a game with one's fate-- that little yellow star.

And I am digressing, but I think it needs to be said-- and let me be at least one to say it. We, the Jews, when we deal in America with the Black population, should, I believe, remember, when we try to understand their pain, that they cannot, like I could, take off their star to survive. I can erase this Jewishness.

Nobody can tell. The Jews in Israel couldn't tell. Are you a Jew? Are you a Jew? Are you a Jew? You look like a Goy. But a Black cannot erase the color of his skin. And he cannot take off the star like I could. And if any hell broke loose, he could not escape.

So if some of us escaped, whether it was in Warszawa, whether it was anywhere, those of us who looked or who didn't look, but who were lucky, the thing is a star can still be taken off. And what we should have done was all of us to simply refuse to put them on.

Why do you think people didn't refuse to put it away?

Because Jews are law-abiding citizens. Who dare had better more than us know about our laws, about our ethical morals? Regardless of our humanity, the fact that we all-- how do you say-- as a group of people, as a cultural group of people, we have good people, we have lousy people, we are human, we're not superhumans. They don't exist.

But within our culture, we certainly, I think, took a great deal of gray matter, energy, the fibers that brought forth and created all these ethics. And where the heck-- we didn't get it all our own. There are other people who have ethics too. But we certainly have a lot to say about, I think, our share of creating and contributing to the world of ethics.

And therefore, Jews were not supposed to fight. Jews were not supposed to disobey. And besides that, you don't-- if you have ethics, if you believe in the basic goodness of man-- and the Jewish religion or culture, certainly, presents a tremendous amount of the positive. Take the Hasidim. How could-- how can one today think and hear of the rabbis who went to the gas chambers leading in song?

It's with God. It's in the next world. How more positive-- perhaps unrealistic to the daily world, but it is a positive look at life. Look at all of us-- no, excuse me, exclude me.

But look at all the people here or who have survived. They can still laugh, they create, they bring children into this world. One wonders how. And still, they do it in spite, and despite, and everything else. We continue. People continue-- some of them. And they do it for me too.

So that Jewishness is something that you think you can take off. And sometimes, you take it off and you think, well, I'll outsmart fate. But that star, in a sense, played both a positive and a negative role. It's taught me a lesson. I can attempt, and I have fought with our cultural God, our culture, our-- the pain of it all, and you can't. I feel as branded as anybody. So whether I wear the star or not, it doesn't make any difference.

Except that in this time, in 19-- in the winter of 1943, to go back to our narrative of escape, in the-- when the situation finally did get bad, and it was decided that, of course, the non-Jews-- I mean, the non-French, the foreign, the alien, the illegals, as we were, should escape. And the Jewish community made the choice, a hard choice for one to remember, that we, the foreigners, were the first to be saved.

And so therefore, four of us were chosen to-- or designated to go to Paris and go to the country in hiding. Because, of course, foolishly, I'm afraid-- and very painfully, the French Jews thought they were safe from arrest and that it would be only the foreigners who would be arrested. And we went to Paris one night in February, I believe.

And we went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Katz, who became, after the war, the director and his wife of the orphanage. That night, when we got to Paris, and it was late, we were-- we had-- what did we do? Not very much. I mean, we were explained a few things, that we were going to go into hiding, et cetera, not to mention anything.

How old were you?

I was eight. And as a matter of fact, because I was a very worldly eight-year-old, I knew what was happening. Because it was the 15-year-olds who were discussing it in the dorm and who left me listening and speak-- I mean, in other words be awake. I couldn't sleep, anyway, in those years. I had a terrible time. I would not-- I refused to go to sleep.

And went-- how do you say-- I was a member of their group anyway. But so I was one of the few very young people who knew what was happening and understood. When we got to, therefore, to Paris, the--

Give me a minute to--

We're having-- we had dinner, we were ready to get in bed, and suddenly come-- came the knock on the door. And of course, for those who knew a little bit what was going on, or every Jew, I think, who had any awareness of the real situation-- excuse me-- knew that he should expect that knock. And that knock was take a pair of shoes, take a pair of sheets, take a pair of socks, et cetera, et cetera.

And the old people, Monsieur and Madame Katz, were arrested and taken away. Now, I think there is here something to be said about fate, or stupidity, or simply whatever you want to call it. The little girl with me was Ruth. She was thought to be a German girl. Turned out, she was a French-born girl-- and I were in a bed, not far from the entrance to the apartment.

And the thing is that the French police did not go into the apartment, did not search the apartment. And the two boys-- I think his name was Léon and Henri. I think Henri was supposed to be thought-- German, and Léon was Polish-- Eichman, I think, was his name. The two boys were in a back room. And Ruth and I were in the front room. Actually, it had been the living room.

And what do children discuss when they are in such a situation? I was eight. Ruth, I think, was possibly younger. I didn't talk to Léon and Henri because they were in the other room. And we didn't dare move. As a matter of fact, all I remember is when we heard the knock and, of course, we heard the voices. And I knew.

And we must have known what it meant because now that I think of it, I remember the sheet over our heads and this absolute silence and this terror of expectation of their walking over to us at any moment. And it wasn't until the door closed that suddenly, the reality of what was really facing us hit us.

And we didn't know whether to talk, we didn't-- I-- right now, I don't remember. But I know we talked because what I remember of that evening is the most fabulous-- and it is a fabulous-- it's a fable story-- of talking with Ruth and saying, how shall we get out?

I mean, we're alone. We didn't know who was-- I'm not sure whether we-- I don't think we knew who was going to meet us at the-- we weren't told who was going to meet us. We knew we were supposed to escape. We didn't know where. We didn't have any tickets. We didn't have any papers. We didn't know. I mean, we didn't have anything to go on.

And we had decided, in our childish escape daring feelings, I guess, or reactions, that we would tie in knots all the sheets and all the linens we could find and escape out the windows of an eighth-floor French apartment building. And if anybody knows how tall they are, I want you to imagine eight-year-olds and four children trying to escape with all the Germans waiting for you downstairs.

And we were-- as a matter of fact, now that I-- I mean, I remember near the Pantheon, which made-- I-- in retrospect, here we were, these heroic children, picking up the perhaps immemorial heroic souls of humankind, regardless of nationality, regardless of religion, simply people who dare to stand up. Well, as children must do, since nature is kinder to us sometimes than its people, we fell asleep. And thank god.

Or let's let me rephrase that. Because I still mean-- will keep my quarrel with god. Thank somebody, whoever he, she, they are, for not having arrested Monsieur and Madame Katz. The thing is they were there next morning.

How they got back, I have not had the guts, I have not been able to face that aspect of my past. I haven't. I want to know so badly. And I cannot make that crossing to find out. I will, perhaps, before I die. But I cannot do it now. I'm not ready.

We went to the station. This was very early in the morning. We went to the railroad station, we took off our stars, and we met, to our great surprise, Madame Renée Vêrité, who was one of the Christian ladies who worked in the orphanage for us. And then we went to the country in Picardy. Her mother lived in Moyenneville. Now, our little village was 12 kilometers from Abbeville.

And we arrived there in the daytime sometime. And then we ended up in our own little house in Nogent, it was called-- very, very tiny little hamlet of just a few people with a [FRENCH]. And of course, we knew that we weren't supposed to divulge that we were Jews, et cetera, et cetera.

What happened is that shortly after my-- our-- the first four of us-- in other words, our arrival, came eight more children, I believe, because we ended up being 12, who at that time told us-- and that's when I found out that 60 of the children of the orphanage, including the directrice Paulette Levy, who had taken me to see my mother, had been deported.

How did these eight escape that fate? Did they know why?

The same way as we were--

All right.

--in some respects. And then when they came now, you have to remember, I'm eight years old at that time when they're coming. And so that there was no way a child can ask all the questions that I would have loved to now be able to ask. And it's only recently that I have begun to face-- that is, to take a look back and look at it with those eyes open. I've felt it, the pain of it, I have.

But the looking, that is, the intellectual wanting, and also, the, I suppose, the emotional-- opening up, the absorption of more pain as you go along and learn more and more and reopen all of this is-- I've gone through several processes of working this thing out in ways in order not to explode completely. But it's awfully rough, I must say now. You just continue anyway.

So here was, in other words, more to learn about-- what shall we say-- what was now-- let me phrase it in its proper perspective-- my final quarrel with God. Because it was also at that time, I think, that for the first time, man's creation of God came into being.

And we were-- of course, I went. I knew I was a Jew. There was no mistaking it. And I accepted it. And I refused to give it up. No priest was going to convert me, and he knew it. And he didn't try. But I did go to church.

Because, I suppose, there is such a thing as wanting to go. I mean, his-- their God, my God, what difference did it make? What I remember of the concept of God was that the-- he came in the words of the priest when the people around us were dying in the country, for whatever reason, whether it was-- they were hung as partisans by the Germans or by traitors, or it was bombs killing the French citizens, or whatever it was. It was always the priest saying, it was God's will. It is God's will. And I wasn't about to buy that. I refused God's will.

I'll make it quick. So that I found out one thing about the church. And that was that their Jew could forgive sins of their people that I hadn't even begun to absorb. How dare they, in confession, absolve all these sinners of the murders of my people, and of my playmates, and of my parents?

It didn't matter whether I knew that they were in Auschwitz or not. They had stolen my father, who was my God. They had taken my mother, who disappeared from my face, and left me with the two bayonets in my mother's belly. What was this world that was willing to do this to us children?

The Jews had said, and the French said, and the adults said, take example from your elders. And [FRENCH]-- thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not lie, thou shalt not steal. What had they done but kill, and murder, and steal-- steal us, steal our psyche, steal everything we were? And refused to let us be.

So I refused all the Gods-- the human Gods, the Christian God, the Jewish God. I didn't care and still quarrel with the Jewish God, still quarrel with all the Gods.

OK. In-- what shall we say? It's in the country, also, that fear became a real part of my life. And that-- it was the bombs. The whole American Air Force was on my tail, dodging between the whole-- the potholes of-- potholes-- the abbesses and the pits that they left in the fields while I was going, night and day, to pick up either a little half-pound of butter. And thank god there was that to survive with, except that it was at the price of having to learn to kill rabbits, which I loved.

And we made it, thank to fate, whatever you want to call it-- and the people who were willing to sacrifice and give their-- share their food, their life, their everything for us. And shamefully, I must say, I have not been able to go and say thank you. It's something I must yet do sometime.



At the end of the war, as you know, when things calmed down, we went back to the orphanages in various routes. And after the war, my father's mother and one of his sisters who had come to America in '39 and had been saved found me, and took me back, and brought me to America.

How old were you?

13. And I'm afraid to say, probably a most difficult, very, very difficult child. But somehow, there-- and my family and I are still-- I'm talking to them. So in that respect, we are also surviving, trying to survive together, despite it all.

And the fact that my experiences and their experiences do not coincide, and I cannot cross some of their experiences, the threshold of people who know what it's like to live with parents, or without ducking under the table every time you hear a plane, or hearing a song and suddenly seeing 60 children's faces, or looking at a list of people who are data and suddenly take on flesh.

And six million is much more than any child or human being has-- should have to bear. And I think we're all crazy for submitting ourselves to this. And we do it because we have to, because we feel it's a must. And there are so many lessons to be learned from this. And I'm afraid the world has yet to learn not to kill each other.

And since I have-- are we still on-- an opportunity, I would say my president that one of the lessons he hasn't learned that I have is he dares to withhold those F-16s when if it came to the crunch, it was because we didn't have smaller F-16s in 1939, in 1940, in 1943, in Warsaw ghetto, in everywhere-- in Israel.

Why is the Jew not supposed to defend his soul? What right does he have to come and tell us that he can withhold arms from us? He is the accomplice of further destruction of our soul if he doesn't give us the arms to defend ourselves against anybody. We've suffered enough. No more Jews have to die. That's my conclusion.

Perhaps by sharing your story and others being able to hear it, others can reach the same conclusion as you have and be of some help.

I don't know. That's a political aspect of it.

We can hope. Thank you for sharing this with us. Many will hear and many will remember.