

*In loving memory of all my relatives,  
who did not return to us,  
because they were brutally killed in the Holocaust*

*Remembered by Carla Peperzak*

Before the war and even during the first year of the war we were close to many of my relatives. We often visited each other for birthdays, anniversaries and Holy Days. Some summer vacations were spent together but Sunday lunch was a favorite time. Even as a young child I loved those get-togethers. My father's youngest sister was a concert pianist and she always entertained us by playing the piano. My Uncle Eli was a wonderful story teller and his jokes often made us cry from laughing so hard.

Eli and his brother, Lo, had their birthdays a day apart, one on December 31 and the other on January 1. Consequently, New Year's Eve was quite a special affair. My father was the oldest and he was always very concerned about his siblings and he was always ready to help those who needed it.

For many years I tried not to think too much about them and to forget the awful atrocities which happened to them. Life had to go on and the memories were so painful. I could not and would not talk about what happened. I really tried to forget. It turned out to be impossible.



I realize now after so many years that it is a mistake to be silent and that it is important not to forget. The opposite, the remembrance, is in fact very important. People must know what took place during the Holocaust and that it is up to me to tell my story. I need to make as many people as possible aware of what happened. How unbelievably bad and cruel one human being can be towards another human being is beyond understanding! How a cultural and literate nation has people without any conscience who commit such serious crimes toward innocent human beings seems unimaginable!

By talking about it I feel that I honor my relatives and that I show them that I remember their blessed memories. I did not forget them.

Also, I hope and pray that the people who hear the story will understand and take the responsibility to let this never happen again.