

Frieda Soury's story led me to think about all the little boys and girls who didn't deserve such trauma. All the little boys and girls, and even all the adults and elders, that were put through this misery just because of power hungry Nazis. People were living a content life, and then Nazi soldiers barged into their hometowns. I can't even begin to imagine what that must have felt like. To the Nazis, the Jews were faceless masses. But when I look at the Jews, I see individuals that still had a lifetime to live.

Reading all these stories has helped me think about all the people that weren't as lucky as Frieda Soury. In fact, most of those individuals died. Most in concentration camps, but some didn't even make it before the Nazis decided that they were worthless and killed them without another thought. In the concentration camps, they died because they were doing backbreaking labor, or because they were stealing food in order to prevent starving to death. Some even died in gas chambers where they were locked up and poisoned to death. And all this happened because of their religion, and just because they were different than others.

This has impacted me in a big way. Before today, when I looked around at my Hebrew School classmates, I was thinking, "These people are so rude for not listening to Morah Andi." Now, as I read these stories, I think about how lucky I am to even be able to say that. If I was in Frieda's class I would have been thinking, "Are we all safe? I hope my classmates live through this tragedy." From now on, I will probably look at my classmates in a whole new light.