00:00:00 SPK_1
Let me present and you'll let me know. Someone will tell me at some point. Make sure that you can see and hear everything that I'm presenting. I love that I have a little musical accompaniment to start. It's great. Okay, so. How's this visible? Yeah. Okay, cool. Thanks.

00:00:38 SPK_2
Can everyone mute while Roy's talking? So we don't have a lot of background noise?

00:00:42 SPK_3
I'll mute everyone. Okay.

00:00:49 SPK_1
Okay. I'm just setting things up so I can see different things at once and. Okay, perfect. Thanks. This is, first of all, just amazing for me, not. Not only because I haven't seen all of you in so long and it's beautiful to see your faces, but also because I rarely have gotten a chance to participate in these kind of events. Ironically, one of the weird sort of fringe benefits of COVID is that we're doing more stuff virtually. And so I feel really grateful and blessed to be able to share this with you and to mark this incredibly important day with you that usually I'm kind of doing a little bit by myself at school. And so I want to start just by saying that this comes from a very organic place of this incredibly close connection I felt like I had with Sonia, which is, I think, rare and not to be taken for granted, a really beautiful relationship. The photo you're seeing here is from my Bamitza. And I think most of you know that I spent several years writing Sonia's memoir and started that process about 10 years ago. And over the last year, I've been thinking about her so much. You know, the last time I visited Israel was for her funeral. And she's just kind of been in my mind talking to me and guiding me, I think, especially in the early, really difficult months of COVID last March, which is hard to believe was now over a year ago. But I kind of found myself doing two things in that experience. One was thinking a lot about Sonia's story, and the other was reading this really beautiful book that maybe some of you know by Vasily Grossman, not David Grossman, the famous Israeli author, but a Russian Jewish author named Vasily Grossman, wrote this gorgeous epic of World War II called Life and Fate. And I was reading it all year in a virtual reading group with one of my best friends, Max, who's a journalist, and his father. And you might think it would be strange to, you know, in a difficult time, read a. Voluntarily sort of read a book about another difficult time. It wasn't exactly beach reading, but like Sonja's stories, I found that I was really drawn to, you know, the message of strength and optimism and hope and resilience that came out of that, came out of that book and came out of thinking about Sonia. And so I felt like, I feel like especially this year, it's really powerful for me to reflect on that inheritance that I'm, you know, that I'm so grateful

to have. On those kind of lessons of resilience. I decided this fall to write a little bit about my experience over the last year. And so I want to read you just a small excerpt from a journal that I wrote about sort of my, my year with. My year with COVID this last year.

00:04:24 SPK_3
Can you just move to full screen?

00:04:26 SPK_1
Yeah, sure. How's that? Okay, so I'm just going to read you a little. I'm going to read you a little excerpt from this. My grandmother Sonia, a Holocaust survivor, passed away just days before the start of this tempestuous year. Sonia lived to be 98, much of her post war life spent in a Proustian state of recumbency, telling stories and drinking soup in all seasons as though she were still home in Poland. She knew how to conserve her energy for when it counted. And I can't help but feel that she somehow glimpsed a preview of this year and decided that it was the right time to take a bow. Around 10 years ago, she came to live with my parents. Just as I moved back to New York to study philosophy and I started recording our conversations. I found myself returning to those conversations for comfort almost daily over the last six months. I think of her welling with pride as she told me of Marechko, my grandfather, emerging from his hiding place when the Russians came to take her to the Gulag, declaring that he was her fiance and he would have to be taken too. I thought of the pages of Schopenhauer she committed to memory when it was the only thing she had to read. After grueling days of felling trees, her stories had a way of distorting time. They had a magical ability to shrink the distance between us, the distance of mindset and context and values that spanned three generations. Thankfully, our own experience never came close to the trauma of the war years. But there was an emotional state that I discovered over the last month that felt really familiar from her stories, especially of the last days just before her life was upended. Living in Poland as an 18 year old girl in the summer of 1939. Looking back at the few photos that she managed to save, what she described to me was a coexistence of anticipation and anxiety and fitfulness but also somehow a sense of openness and clarity and courage. She was facing down a kind of not knowing, far more unsettling than my own. And what she experienced and what she ultimately wanted to convey to me in her story, which she revised again and again tirelessly, like a practice writer, was this sense of resilience. And so to that, I'm so grateful for her. I want to talk just a moment also, before I really start her story about her relationship with Ohale, with my mom. Because it's so essential to how this all came about. It was really because of my mom's iron will and insistence that Sonia come to live in New York for a few months in the fall of 2009 and again in 2011. That allowed me to have this once in a lifetime opportunity to really just sit with her, just me and her, in the beautiful backyard that you all remember at 44 Bayview, and just. And just hear her stories. And so I wanted you to hear a little bit of Sonia talking about that relationship and what was so special to her about it. So give me a second as I load this. Let's see. Okay. Recently realized that all the. Here we go. So there was never a time in your life where you thought, maybe I wish I had a sister or a daughter.

00:07:52 SPK_4
Yes. But I can't miss my daughter, your master, I adopted.

00:08:03 SPK_1
How so?

00:08:03 SPK_4
She's an extraordinary. But she's actually my mother, too.

00:08:14 SPK_1
How do you mean?

00:08:15 SPK_4
No, because in some ways she gives me advice. So she's the other one, the more experienced. And in some ways she's wonderful. She also learns small things from essence.

00:08:42 SPK_1
So, you know, I just wanted to note how special and unique that relationship was in bringing about this whole project during that visit in which I learned about her life and got to write her story. It was an incredibly special time. Here, let me go back to presenting. This is a photo that's one of my favorite memories of that time together, in which we got to go together to a Leonard Cohen concert. So that's a Leonard Cohen concert at Madison Square Garden with Sonja and Lauren and my mom, something we would later, for those of you who were there and can remember, recreated for her at her 90th birthday when we performed some of those same songs. So I want to just take you through a little bit the incredible travels, give you a little bit of sort of a sense of what this amazing journey was that Sonia underwent From September of 1939 through February of 43, when they arrived in Atlit, when they arrived in Israel. And I Want to just show you first to give you sort of a sense of the scope of it. Just a geographic kind of a map view of the whole journey. So take a look at this and bear with me as I sort of switch between screens. Can you guys see that map? So that represents the. The journey starting from Bielsko, the town in which he was born, or starting really from Drovic, which I'll explain more about in a little bit. And sort of making her way across to what we. Our best approximation is of the location of Posefolk 45 of the. Of the Gulag, near a town called Chelyabinsk, making her way eventually around through the year in Tashkent to Tehran and part of Theran or Children of Tehran movement. And then from Karachi sailing through the Suez Canal to Israel. So just the kind of sheer physical scope and geography of these years has always been astounding to me. And so I wanted to share with you just that sense. And I'll come back to the map as we talk about it. The story, I think is kind of divided into a few chapters. Her childhood, her time in Lvov, her time in the labor camp, their life in Tashkent, and then the leading to living in Israel. And so I'm just going to have a. I've decided to do sort of a short anecdote from each of those periods of her life. Give you a little bit of sort of a sense of the overall story and then also a little bit of a flavor of what her life was like at each of those times. And so. We start

from. Let's see, which screen am I sharing? Okay, so. Okay, so we start from Biasco, the town of her birth. And if you look at an ethnic map of the Austro Hungarian Empire, which of course was sort of where all that territory was until just before her birth. She was born in 1921, a few years after the fall of the Empire. You can actually see the really small section right here where my cursor is. If you can see my cursor, it's a little red dot just southwest of Krakow. And that indicates that that area was sort of an ethnic German, German speaking area. Which explains why even though Sonia, sort of from Poland, right. Her family was a. Was a German speaking, a German speaking family. And sort of, as she describes it in her childhood, not just German speaking, but also sort of, you know, felt culturally German, which is why in part the experiences of war proved such a rude shock to their, you know, to their feeling of that belonging. Okay, so switching over to this. The first thing I want to. I want to talk about is the incredible significance that Sonia's kind of birth order played in her in her early life, and the really significant relationship that she had to her two older brothers. You'll excuse me, by the way, that the picture of Munjo is actually from after the war. That's a slight historical inaccuracy. I just didn't have one immediately on hand. But I want to tell you a little bit about, you know, how she talked about and how she thought about her brothers, because it was such a significant part of her early life. And the way that she spoke about it really felt in some ways like I was reading a Chekhov play and I was, you know, experiencing these characters. She had a remarkable recollection for detail, as you all know. And so just sort of before we get to the brothers, right. Her father, Leon, is born in 1881 in a town called Junkev, part of the Austro Hungarian Empire. He grows up poor, lived in a shtetl. His parents pass away when he's pretty young. His story is remarkable. I won't go through all of it, but he meets her mother, Frida, who was born in 1885 in a small rural estate near the town of Bodi. And their early experience is challenging. They try to start a restaurant together. It fails after a year or so. And so by the time they move to Bielsko, where Sonia is born, they're kind of in the wake of that experience in sort of an interesting preview of the itinerant nature of this story. Each of the Gutmann children is born in a different city. Right. It's always sort of a family that's on the move before the war, too. So Izu was born in Lvov in 1911, Munzo in Dlovic in 1913. Even though he said it was Bielsko. Felipe can tell you much more about that, but I actually discovered that by uncovering his birth certificate about 10 years ago, which listed Durovich and then Sonia in sort of the properly bourgeois town of. Of Bielsko in 1921. And I want to read you directly from the story a little bit about how she talks about the two brothers. So here we go. I'm going to read you a little excerpt from the way she tells it in the first person. Okay, Here I am. Yiju worked at home as an artist and bookbinder. He would create leather bindings and sew the individual pages. I can still remember the smell of the glue in our home. Tischle lime. It was called. When time came to return the books, Izu would hold onto them a little longer so that he could read them too. Munjo, the outgoing one, would often get his information from the bookish Izu. When he wanted to study up on something. Their relationship was sometimes frayed, often brotherly. The disagreements were not dramatic. Munzu appreciated his older brother, but Yiju had a kind of jealousy to him that Munzu garnered an audience with knowledge that he had summarized from Izu's careful readings. My book recommendations, interestingly enough, came mostly from Munzhou, not from Izhu. I knew that all of his books

were good. He had an extraordinary gift for finding the important, classical, modern, any kind of books, and he would somehow only select the best. He didn't have help from a professor. He just had a great instinct. He would read about a certain period, or he would learn parts of plays which he didn't know if he would ever appear in. But it was important for him to immerse himself in the nature of the character, to understand it completely, to play the part authentically. So it wasn't an attempt to impress anyone, to be paid for it or complimented for it. But he did it because he liked it and in a appealed to him. Izu had two friends who would come by the house and argue philosophy late into the night. While Munz thought getting published was important, Izu considered such concern superficial. It seemed to me that Izu was often in the position of having to justify his solitary existence to his mother or those who would ask him why he wasn't spending more time outside and with other people. Even as I grew older, we didn't speak much, though I recall that whenever my brothers would argue, Izu would be interested in what I thought even as a a young girl much younger than them, which was so meaningful to me. Despite their disagreements. There were so many times when my brothers got along well. On the day of my mother's birthday, When Izu was 16 and Munzu was 14, the two put on a play at home. And although I was only six years old, I remember it so clearly. Munjo translated a Yiddish play by Sharo Aleichem into German. For this special occasion, Iju built a curtain that could be pulled up at the start of each act. They devised a little scheme together where Munja told my mother that her sister Emma needed to speak with her about something important. When she left, the two set about turning the bedroom into a theater, stowing the furniture away in the yard. By that night, the Room was packed with people. The neighbors had all come over and paid for proper tickets, which the brothers made. There was even a standing room for the help. I was in the introduction to the play, the prologue, with my cousin Polvi, and I wore a very nice velvet dress with a spitzen collar. I recited a few lines, gave my mother flowers, took a little bow, and the curtain came up. Later on in the play, one of the characters died and got dragged off the stage. Our neighbor, Mrs. Goldstein, was furious at this sacrilegious depiction. She got up and started yelling at us in Yiddish that it was an abomination. But the play went on. She had all kinds of beautiful stories like that of her brothers and the antics that they got into to. So, Moving on to how Maek enters the story, I wanted you to hear it a little bit, first from his perspective and then from her perspective.

00:19:32 SPK_4
And Alishti. As.

00:20:11 SPK_1
So that's the short version of the story. That's Malik's version. And to translate for those of you who don't speak Hebrew. Her family had a spare room in their home because Munza was off studying theater in Vienna, and so he just happened to to rent the room. So here's the same story from Sonia's perspective. I met Marek at the Zionist Youth Movement before he ever came to live with us. The first time we met, he came up to me in a meeting and asked me a very big philosophical question. He said, how would you define history? It was such an awkward and serious question that I didn't even bother answering at first. Honestly, I think

he was just kind of interested in me and looking for something to say. One day he showed up at our house on his way back from a skiing trip. Oh, you live here? He acted surprised. He claimed he had just come by to look for a room to rent. And to this day, I still don't know if he was completely being honest. My mother liked him immediately and was surprised to hear me referring to him with the for, with the informal do, rather than calling him sir. I explained to her that we knew each other from the Youth Movement. He lived in modest quarters. The apartment was small, but we all lived well and no one complained. He taught me math and we discussed books. He was an excellent math teacher. My performance was always perfect the next day, as though he had hypnotized me. I would ace the exams, and then the next day I would forget it all. We read books together and discussed them in the evenings. I recall discussing Sholem Asch, his story Cherries in the Snow. We read Asch's commentary on communism, a popular topic for debate at the time. We both had many friends who were communist sympathizers. Ash spoke out against it, saying that in theory it's nice, but in practice it can't succeed. We both thought that, especially as Jews, we couldn't think so globally about the world, since there's always going to be some antisemitism and Jews have to think more locally to secure our own futures first. As a people, Jews tended to think more globally, more so than other nations. But it turned out tragically that the world saw us differently. My Aunt Emma had said that Marek was a good fit for me, but I didn't bother to think about it at the time. I was only 14 when he came to live there, and Marek was 19. So I didn't imagine a more serious connection at a young age. And so Marek lives with the family for a couple of years. And really the next significant event, in many ways, in Sonia's life and, you know, something that she spoke about in a lot of ways, more with a. With a. Oh, yeah. Here are my pictures of Malik. I didn't skip to the right thing that she spoke about with a lot more of a heavy heart in some ways than. I love this picture of them skiing, by the way. Then she spoke about other things. Was really the death of her mother. Sonia's mother died, Frida, when she was 16. And she had a really hard time with it. And she spoke about it very tenderly till the end of her life. And the reason I include this part is not only because it was so significant to Sonia's life, but also this particular clip that I'm gonna play you of her talking about. It was such an interesting point for me in understanding and telling her story. She has this very significant revelation when she first tells the story, which is that she was actually really upset with her family about the way that it happened and the way that she was asked to care for her mother at the time, which was very, very difficult for her. And in later iterations of the story, she really wanted to take back the fact that she had said this. There were a very long process, a heavy process, of sort of editing the story for a number of years with me, with her, with her volunteers. And I found that so interesting because to me, it was this such a psychologically significant moment in which someone who had experienced a kind of trauma in their youth and wasn't able to process it at the time was coming to terms with their feelings about it. And she really spoke about it you know, from the emotional perspective of a child. But it's also significant that Sonia wanted her story to be a positive story and an optimistic story and a story that was ultimately one which spoke of love and empathy and optimism. And so I thought it was particularly interesting just to hear her talking about this directly, which she'll swear to you she never did.

00:24:47 SPK_4
Has. Sugar, Hayam, shaniya, mama.

00:27:50 SPK_1
So to kind of summarize and translate for some of you, she's talking about sort of not having the words at the time to describe her experience, or not knowing how to say how hard that was for her, but feeling like there was just something that she couldn't quite sort of get over about the challenge of that experience. And, you know, her mother said that it was good that she was passing before the. Before the war because she had seen enough troubles in her life. And for Sonia, it was really something that stayed with her. She really talked about it until the end. At the same time, it was also an amazing moment and opportunity for her connection with Marek. She says Marek showed up to visit soon after my mother died, and it was the first time that I was truly impressed by his personality. I like the way that he carried himself without much talk or showiness. I felt that he was the only person who really understood how hard it was for me to be left without my mother, with three men at home who expected me in some way to replace my mother. And so, at the same time, as it was a challenging moment for her, it was also a moment that connected her to Marek and brought out his beautiful empathy that we all knew so well. I want to take you a little bit into the second part of the story, into the travel to Lvov, and kind of, this is the part where suddenly, from one minute to the next, her story turns from feeling like a Chekhov play into seeming like an action movie. It was a very dramatic time, and the trip to Lwow was incredibly dramatic. And so I'm going to read to you a small part from that, from that chapter. A year before the war started, we heard quite a lot about Hitler in the news. People began to sense that a war would happen. It was frightening. But we also had a fundamental belief in the German culture and people. We'd all read a lot of German literature and knew about German culture. It's fair to say I grew up in a more German culture than a Polish one. We simply didn't believe that Hitler, even if he became a dictator, would be able to convince the German people to endure him as a leader. And do terrible things. How could the Germans believe in a person so vile? He was almost cartoonish, a nobody. We had no telephones or radio in our house to listen to the news. But Muncho had friends who had a radio and I would pick up bits and pieces from conversations among the adult men. I was very interested in their conversation. Not so much the details, but just getting a general sense of what was going to happen. The war was already in the air and tensions were growing. When war finally broke out, I had a strange feeling of relief rather than fear. There had been a great building up feeling of pressure in the preceding year. We all had this deep sense of dread, knowing that war was inevitable and just waiting for it. So when it finally happened, in a very strange way, I felt relieved. Up until that point, my fate in life was basically waiting for a change. Not knowing the first thing about war, I thought, okay, at least I'll be independent and responsible for my own fate. It was, in a way, an opportunity to start a new adult life. I almost thought of it, though it seems hard to understand now. I thought of it as an adventure in some way. And I can truly say that I experienced no fear of the unknown throughout the war years. People later said I was brave. I certainly didn't feel very brave. I

just wasn't scared of what would happen, that's all. I remember once I met Marek when he left Bielsko and he said, the war is starting, what are you going to do? I was a little childish and I said, I'm going to go visit my friend Oti Hauptman in Varsha. I thought, I'll go there and be with her because she's my favorite person and together we'll decide what to do. Marek sternly replied, sonia, the war is starting. And when a war starts, you don't go to visit your friends, you stick with your family. That was smart of him. He was five years older than me and he understood the gravity of the situation better than I did. It was Munza who decided we should all leave Bielsko immediately. He told me to come with him to hear Hitler's speech at our neighbors, the Gulski's house. On the last day of August in 1939, we heard Hitler give that order to attack Poland on September 1st at 4:45am The Gulskis were German Gentiles and didn't seem perturbed by the announcement. They thought of the invasion as kind of a benign event. They weren't afraid of the Germans. To them it meant just maybe More German speakers around. They were Volksdeutsche themselves. After the speech, Moonja announced that we must leave the next morning and that we should leave everything as it is and take just the necessary provisions with us. It was then I finally internalized that something very serious was going to happen. We came to our father and told him that we must all leave at once. Munjo tried to convince him we should tie up our affairs that night and head for Lvov together. Our Aunt Clara lived there, and Emma, with her children, had already left Bielsko. Jewish citizens of Bielsko felt a sense that they'd be in immediate danger in the event of an attack. And many men had already chosen to send their wives and kids as far from the Germans border as possible. Munjo's fiance, Kitty, had already gone to a small village with her parents. He was to immediately contact Uncle Isido and take me to our Aunt Emma's home, after which he'd meet Kitty and return with her to the Bow. But my father wasn't convinced. He told us not to worry too much. These weren't decisions to be made from one moment to the next. He said in order to leave, we needed to sell things to collect money people owed to him. He needed to think about how to sell the house. He didn't have any cash, but he didn't try to convince us to stay. Instead of coming with us, his plan was to stay behind and make sure everything was in order. He wanted Izu to leave with us too. But Izu refused to leave our father alone. We packed so little. With a small suitcase in my hand, I took a few photos along with some clothes. We were under the impression we'd be leaving for a short time, maybe just two or three weeks. Our train left Rovov the next morning. There was little emotion in our parting from our father and Izu, as we were sure we would see them again. Shortly we were joined by our uncle Isidor on what turned out to be the very last train leaving from Biesko. The train ride was hard to describe. It took us a week to travel a distance that normally took only a few hours. All of a sudden, from one minute to the next, we were fugitives. Bombs fell on the train, near the train on the railroad tracks. People were injured and some died. On the train, we saw people being taken out on stretchers from other cars. The conductors had to stop periodically and disconnect the cars that had been badly damaged, leaving them behind. Nearly all the people on the train were Jews, and there was an aura of tremendous stress. People had no idea what to do and they ended up behaving stupidly. Some jumped off the car and would try to camouflage themselves so German planes wouldn't shoot them. I wasn't particularly brave, just calm and reflective about the situation. I figured the attackers didn't want to kill us, just to ruin

the track so the army wouldn't be able to pass. I thought they wanted to destroy the Polish infrastructure and communication, not hurt civilians. So I never left the train and neither did Munjo. Villagers came from the towns and brought us sandwiches when they heard the trains were under the attack. There was one man in our car who left his wife and two children behind. He promised he'd come back with horses or wagons. He was just going to search for a safer route. I couldn't believe that he left them behind. He just picked up a suitcase and left. He said they couldn't all leave because of the heavy luggage. I was so infuriated by this man. I could have killed him. Here's what Lvov looked like when they arrived. It was already a war zone. The battle was happening and the Germans were bombing daily. In September 1939. We arrived after a week silenced by the events we'd witnessed. Upon our arrival, we were shocked to see the formerly Grand Lvov train station reduced to rubble. Emma was waiting for us there. It was hard to recognize her. We later found out that the previous day she'd gone to the store to buy food and a bomb had flooded fallen on the grocery store she was entering. All the people in the shop were killed, except for her. She survived only because someone had fallen on top of her. She lay there for hours upon hours before finally feeling secure enough to return home. And from this she fell into a terrible depression. She looked around her. There was not a single other person alive in the shop. So many bombs were falling above that nobody even came to check on her. Luckily, she was completely uninjured, miraculously, except for her shock when Munjo laid eyes on Emma. He immediately decided that he shouldn't continue on to meet Kitty just yet. He knew how hard I had taken our mother's death, and he didn't want to leave me to care for our shell shock aunt by myself. So she ended up at Aunt Schleisel. Those of you who have heard Sonja tell stories know that that was a grave mistake. Munjoo suggested that instead of living with Emma, I live with his aunt, assuming she'd be happy to see us and and grateful to My mother for having helped her around the house when she was younger. So he left me there and continued on to find Kitty. He was worried that he'd be drafted into the Polish army before long. My aunt opened the doors to us gladly because she needed someone to help at home and in the office. I think she assumed because my mother was such a diligent worker, I'd be one too. I was a little afraid of her, but my mother used to sugarcoat her stories and gloss over the bad parts. So I didn't quite have a full picture yet. Aunt Schleisse was a large and impressive looking woman. I wish I had a picture of her to show you, but just picture in your mind. She was extremely miserly despite her wealth. She was known to borrow money from neighbors, even though she had quite a bit in the bank, because in borrowing from the bank she would have to pay interest. The men in our family used to joke that she would deny her own children the milk from her breasts. When I was done working, she would tell me to get myself a glass of tea and she would specify exactly how much milk and sugar I was allowed. Meanwhile, I discovered she had sacks of sugar in the basement that were being eaten by rats. All throughout September, the Germans were bombing Lvov. Not every day, but rather frequently. It was dangerous living in this house because there was a large gas container nearby. My aunt kept a big dog in the house for which I was responsible in the event of an air raid. When the sirens went off, my aunt would run down to the basement bomb shelter while I was instructed to take care of things slowly before coming down after her. I was to take her bag of jewels out of the closet and then find the dog

and only then join her in the shelter. Neighbors would arrive at her house during air raids to hide in the shelter. Once a man had come to who had come to hide fainted, and I was worried sick that by helping him I wouldn't be able to bring the jewelry and the dog down quickly enough. After the bombings, we'd climb onto the roof to see where the damage was done. I wasn't able to visit my family because I was working constantly. Uncle Isido came to visit me once, though he lived quite far away by foot. Aunt Schleiser told him I wasn't home, even though I was, because she wanted to keep me working. Only much later did I hear from Isidol that he had tried to visit. So I'm going to fast forward a little bit into when she's joined by her father. In that story, this is Leon, and Leon with Izhu in the left picture, who she, of course, tragically, never sees again. Within a few weeks, my father joined us in Lvov. He was quite sick at the time. The Germans had captured Ijou and my father was waiting to hear word of his fate. Once he was told that Izu had been killed, he gathered his things in a small bag and headed for Lvov. My brother had stayed because he didn't want to leave my father alone. And my father was the same. He always protected his loved ones. But he saw it as entirely natural that my brother stayed, even though he did tell us all to leave. By the time my father decided to leave, there were no trains. He had to find some way to cross the river or the Seine on his own. He feared for his life, as he didn't know how to swim. There was supposed to be a boat that took refugees across at night for a fee. This he was prepared for. But when he arrived, there was no boat and he had no choice but to try to swim across. He tried walking across, but almost immediately it became clear that the river was quite deep and he was going to drown. Two young Soviet soldiers on the other side, drunk and on their way back from a restaurant, saw this old man drowning with his suitcase. They both jumped into the water and carried him safely to the Soviet side. Afraid of being seen helping a fugitive, they took off before he could thank them. He was alive, but he had lost all of his money and possessions downstream. He lost everything besides the clothes on his back, including his ID card. Almost immediately he was spotted by a soldier and taken to jail. The soldier thought he was trying to escape from the Soviet side to the German side, so he was mistakenly jailed for desertion. He sat in jail. I'm not sure exactly how long, but long enough to contract an inflammation of the lungs. He was eventually able to prove his identity and negotiate his release to travel to Lwow. So that's how he joined them there. I'm going to jump fast forward again to this next part here in which they get taken from Lvov. One day I heard that the Russians were deporting all Polish bachelors, Jewish or not. By the way, just to stop and give you sort of a historical clarification, right? So in 1940, the year before the Nazis start deporting Jews to death camps, Stalin orders the deportation of something like 200,000 Polish Jews from Russian occupied eastern Poland to the Gulags to force labor settlements in the Soviet interior, which we always called Sibir or Siberia, but it's actually the sort of Ural mountains. And the kind of irony of this part of the story is that as cruel as Stalin's deportations were, they largely saved Polish Jewish lives. And those deportees who went to the gulags, they constitute an overwhelming percentage of the Polish Jews who ended up escaping the death camps. So labor camp was the better of those two options. So back to Sonia's telling of the story. One day I heard the Russians were deporting all Polish bachelors, Jewish or not. They were especially concerned about bachelors because they were the most likely to risk becoming spies. Not having much to lose when I heard this, I

immediately found Marek and told him he must come to our house that night and remember it was unusual before the war. She reminded me for a woman to invite a man over in this way. My father and I lived on the second floor of a house that had access to an attic storage room. So I told Malik to hide in our attic. No one would look for him there. It was a perfect hiding place. He could live there with us, I thought, while I cooked and prepared things for him. So he agreed to my plan immediately. There was no time to spare. The Russians could come for him at any moment. As it turned out, the Russians weren't coming for just for the bachelors. Once, only hours after Malik arrived, we heard a knock on the door in the middle of the night. I thought of the woman downstairs, our concierge. Had she seen us sneaking Marek in and told the authorities? I suspected she was an anti Semite. But to our great surprise, they knocked on the door and yelled, utman, Leon and Sonia. They came for us. We were told to get our things together as quickly as possible. I asked the soldiers what was going on. They said only that we were being taken to the police station. They just wanted to ask us some questions. Supposedly, one of the soldiers was very kind to us. He saw that I had a simple straw mattress, so he cut it up and gave me the sack without the straw. Take it, you'll need it, he said later I was the only person in the labor camp who had something to sleep on. As they were apprehending us, Malek popped out of his room and said, I live here too. I'm Sonia's fiance and I don't want her to be sent away without me. The soldiers told him that meant that they'd have to take him away too. And he said, wherever she goes, I go too. Suddenly I had a fiance. Malek had nothing to Take with him just a pajama and a toothbrush. And we didn't have much either. They walked us out of our apartment around 2 in the morning, and before we knew what was happening, we were being boarded on a train. No police station after all. We sat for a very long time on this train before going anywhere. In the morning, Malek asked one of the commanders if he could return home to collect some things. He told him he'd been at his fiance's and he had nothing with him. Surprisingly, they let him disembark with two rifled soldiers accompanying home. But before he had a chance to leave, we heard the strangest thing. A woman yelling, gutman, Gutman. Running along the length of the train. It turned out that she was the housekeeper of the woman Leon had worked for. My father was such a reliable employee that his employer knew something was wrong the moment that he didn't show up for work. That morning. She heard about the deportations and dispatched her housekeeper to the train with a wash basin full of 30 or so hard boiled eggs perched on top of her head. She was running with the wash basin on her head. The housekeeper ran along the length of the train, yelling, gutman, Gutman. Until she found us 30 eggs and a wash basin. It was as close as we could get to a miracle. Mike left and came back with salami and bread. We were on this squalid train, but we were overjoyed to have something to eat. Of course, we couldn't keep the food to ourselves when the people around us had nothing. So we shared what we had. We tried to save a bit for ourselves. We didn't know how long the ride would be or exactly where we were going. On another one of those stops, Naik met a friend of his from school who had been sitting in another train car. We agreed that when we finally got out, we tried to live near each other. We tried to find each other. We were so grateful that fate had thrown us together. The train continued this way for about a week or so. They gave us a very small amount of food. Every day they would send someone around, usually when it was dark,

carrying dirty buckets full of soup. We didn't have any silverware plates. I'm not sure where we found a spoon or if we just ate it straight from the bowls. Marek had something called a menashka, not a thermos, but a little water bottle with a strap that soldiers got in the army. So we tried storing that little food we had in the menashka. The salami and eggs were gone. By the second day, I remember one of my friends had brought with her a sugar cube and she held it between her teeth. We were all so jealous of this sugar cube and this picture. I remember so clearly to this day. Gerta Loeffler, a beautiful woman standing there with her mouth open, holding a sugar cube between her teeth and sucking it as slowly as possible. After a week or so they let us off on the train in the Northern Ouens. It was already quite cold. The soldiers headed off somewhere with the young men told the rest of us to wait there. We arrived dead tired. We entered a small house that had been chosen for us. There was nothing but mosquitoes, but we were so glad to have a warm house with a roof, so we figured we'd make it work. On the whole, our attitude was positive. Mamek and I really fell in love on the way to the Gulag. We were ready to give our lives for each other and this was a beautiful feeling. We had my father along, who was so good hearted. And we were tremendously lucky to live with a few of my ex friends that we had found on the train. All this despite having no idea what was going to happen to us. We fell asleep on the first day with all of our clothes on on the floor like stones. When we woke up, someone was going around briefing people on what they'd be doing. We started asking around, trying to figure out how we could get by without basic provisions. There were those among us who learned enough Russian to translate, but we knew it wasn't worth asking a lot of questions. The next day we were divided up into groups to start working. We had one day to prepare. My first job was collecting wheat. We had sides and we had to meet a collection quota. Every day the Russians asked around to see if anyone knew what they were doing so he could appoint leaders. We were divided into groups of 10 people with one leader per group. They searched for anyone with medical training. Among the laborers there were no doctors, but there was a woman who had been a dentist in her hometown. So they made her the village doctor. One of the men was appointed a chef. They told us if we worked hard, we'd get soup and bread every day. There was only one commandant overseeing the entire group of over 100 laborers. He appointed some of us laborers to oversee each other. The other Russian was a man who had murdered his wife and now ran a shop up there. But there was no reason or way for us to rebel. We had nothing. There was no way for us to survive independently. The appointed chef Russler, who became very popular among us, came around with a huge pot and ladled out the soup. At the end of each workday, we all stood in line, hoping to be last. Since the soup was thicker at the bottom, if we were further up in line, we'd ask him to mix it a little bit more before serving. Okay. I'm realizing that reading the story out loud is taking more time than I thought, so I'm going to jump ahead a little bit. Okay. In the winter, we were sent to work in logging. They sent us to work in vast forests of humongous trees. We had to cut down these trees with nothing but hand saws. It was extremely hard, but it worked. And all of a sudden, I developed muscles. Who knew, after weeks of this work, we were turning into animals and worried we'd completely lose our minds. So every day after work, we agreed to get together for just 15 minutes to talk, just to introduce ourselves to each other, say where we were from, what we used to do. Sometimes

we met people who lived in this remote region their whole lives. Women had children there. The babies would just hang in a hammock over the stove. It was their home. The winter of 40, 41 was a long and cold one, and the camp was so far north that we had white nights where you could read a book. Outside in the middle of the night, it dropped to minus 50 degrees. We had to be vigilant about frostbite. Marek almost lost a limb a few times. I would rub him with snow to prevent frostbite from taking over. A piece of advice Sonia later imparted to me when I, for some reason, decided to move to Milwaukee. He didn't like. Mike didn't like bathing in the snow. So he waited for the opportunity each week when we could pump water out of the well near our home and use our little wash basin from the eggs. Once, when I was walking back home on my own, I saw a house in the middle of nowhere. A woman was working in her garden outside, pulling carrots from the ground. I asked her to sell me some as I had some money with me. She said, I have no use for money. So I kept walking. But she must have taken pity, because she looked at my hands and said, you look like you've been doing hard labor. Here are some carrots for free. These little moments were tremendous breaks in the monotony. I can't even remember eating the carrots, but I remember so clearly this moment of kindness when she handed them to me. We rarely ate anything but soup, and that was it. Okay, I'm going to jump ahead a little bit. This photo is in some ways the most iconic and my favorite of the photos from this time. And it exemplifies to me this tremendous sense of love and optimism that, you know, that kept them. Yeah. Lauren is showing that we have that photo framed in our. In our house. And when I tell people that this photo is from a Soviet labor camp, it's hard to fathom the smiles on their. On their faces. So I'll tell a short story about the time around this photo and then. And then jump ahead. Okay. So this is the story of their wedding. Okay. So this is getting to the point where they're starting to think about how they're going to get out. Munjo wrote to us that he knew someone in the Communist office, a sympathetic man and loyal citizen of Russia, talented and trustworthy man who was willing to help us, but help us by submitting a request for being released. But Malek was not included in this request since we were not yet officially a family. Malek had no problems with this. He thought I should leave if I could. And he was so good hearted, he said if I was freed, I could help him after the war. I told him I would never leave without him. He was in this whole fatal situation because of me, after all. And now he expected me to leave him there. It wasn't going to happen. I'll never forget how I stamped my foot on the ground like a pouting young girl and my foot sank deep in the snow. And I said, no way we're getting married. I decided on the spot that if he was so good to me that he wanted me to go without him, we had to get married immediately. He was shocked. What do you mean? He said. How can someone get married in a place like this? I resolved to tell the commander we were married and that he should write my name officially as Sonia Blumenfeld. I told the others about it on Sunday at our home. A neighbor of Leon's knew someone with a cow. So she offered to get us a glass of milk and save a week's worth of bread to create a cake. The neighbor with a cow lived very far, but she went all the way out there to get a glass. The wedding was on 10 May, but there was still snow outside. I liked the weather. We didn't ask anyone to come, but the commander insisted that we have two witnesses. The commander's hut was on the main road where once an hour or so, a vehicle passed by. So we stood there. We saw two people pass and we asked if they'd

be our witnesses. I can't remember what exactly it looked like or how we ate the cake, but it was a real wedding cake, with cream from the milk bottle and red berries on top that had ripened in the snow. The marriage didn't really change our lives practically, but still it gave us a good feeling, and it made me courageous. Okay, so jumping ahead to their life in Tashkent. And I'll just tell one or two more stories. When we were finally released from the Gulag, the Russians told us we were being freed so that we can join the new Polish Army. As if. Suddenly, the responsibility for fighting the Germans fell on the Polish. There were two armies that conscripted Poles at the time, the Russian army and the Anders army, created by the Polish government in exile, which we were now allowed to join. When we first heard there were rumors we'd be released, we knew it was serious. No one wanted to consider leaving at first, because there were rumors that hunger was rampant. We thought if we leave, we'd starve to death. Whereas, at least at our work camp, we were guaranteed the daily suit until the war was over. It could easily seem like the most secure place. But we heard word that we'd been able to see Munjo. We got a telegram that he had reached Shashken from Kiev. And we decided that was worth taking the risk. So while it required courage to leave the place, because we had bread and a roof over our heads, we decided to meet Munjo. We arrived in the train station to the site of hundreds of refugees laying on the ground, looking tired and weary, with nowhere to go. There's a well known novel called Tashkent, City of Bread. But clearly the bread people came to find was not here. Had it been called Tashkent, City of Books, no one would have arrived. The refugees arrived to do whatever work was needed to earn bread. They all had done hard labor in the Gulags. They were ready for any anything hopping off the train. No officials could expect our documents because there were too many people crowding the train station. We had Munjo's address and we set out for his apartment. When we arrived, it was the middle of the night. I was with my friend Greta Schaf, and when we arrived at his apartment, Munjo saw Greta and hugged her, saying, sonia, Sonia, open my eyes, you fool. She replied, I'm not Sonia. Then he turned and saw me standing next to her. He had never seen me with muscles, so he didn't recognize me. But it was a joyous reunion. We had a small little place. Moonja was staying with the woman who was happy to have him around. We shared a little courtyard with four neighbors. I'm going to jump ahead and just tell one anecdote from the time in Tashkent. This is a story of Munj al Nalek being jailed and Sonia breaking them out. Munja and Marek were jailed twice in Tashkent. When Marek had left his house in Poland, his mother gave him a gold watch and told him if he didn't have any money, he could sell it to get by. Or if he found a woman, he could give it to her as an engagement present. We decided to sell this watch for food, but I worried that if we sold it at the bazaar, the Russians would suspect us of being capitalist. So Maek's plan was to meet a woman at the bazaar who was interested in the watch. While I stood across the street to see that the coast was clear. It turned out that this woman was actually in collaboration with the police and the whole transaction was a setup. She arrived for the deal with the policeman, and he arrested Malek on the spot. I saw it all happening from the other side of the street. So when he was arrested, I followed them to see which jail he was being sent to. At the jail, he was asked a few questions and was accused of lying and being a capitalist. I arrived again the next day at a time when I knew the jailmates would be allowed to take a walk in the yard, Maik left a note where I could

reach it from across the fence and point it to its location. Before he was sent back in, the note said to bring a silk shirt of his that a guard liked. This guard had asked Marek, do you have a lot of these shirts? Marek was naive at first. He didn't realize that this was an invitation for a bribe. I arrived the next day with a shirt and asked the warden where I could find the guard. Once he got the shirt, he let Marek go. This wasn't even considered a bribe. Such transactions were so commonplace that they seemed perfectly normal. So they live in Tashkent for a while. They sell pierogies out of a bag. Life goes on. They find a way to make it work. And then I'm going to tell you a sort of a brief part of the story of Avile de Teon and Sonia's journey to there. Okay? So, Okay, one quick anecdote about the train ride there and the danger that they were in. From Vlawska. There was a train that would take us to Koznovoz, a town on the Caspian Sea. It was difficult for Jews to gain entry into the Polish Army. At the time, the Polish army decided they didn't need any Jewish officers. They wanted to build a new Poland without Jews. This seemed like the right time to do it. So they just made up excuses. Perfectly healthy Jews would come to volunteer. They turned them away because they were supposedly sick. Marek told the Poles, you may not want us, but who's going to build you a textile industry? His tremendous stroke of luck was that he had a diploma from a very well known business school. So it allowed him to take his family to leave Soviet territory. The Soviet agreed. The soldier agreed to take him. But when Marek told him he'd bring along his wife and father, the soldier demanded to see the father. Leon came, started talking to him. Sure enough, within minutes they discovered they had some common friend from Bielsko, some doctor they'd both known. The soldier must have had some fond memories of this old Jewish doctor, because when he started talking with Leon, he agreed to sign the papers for all of us. So at this point we had all of our things, but we came to get our IDs, and the Polish soldier said the papers had been lost. So here's what I think. I think they knew a Jewish family wouldn't leave with a member behind. So if they said the father's papers were lost, that they expected us to stay behind with them. None of these other people had heard Malik's story about his business background. They just didn't want to see us leaving on this train. At this point, we already sold all of our things. We had very little money left. So we decided that when they called Munjo's name, when they called Karl's name, Leon was going to get on. And if they let Karl on later, when he's not on the list, he'll raise a fuss and he'll force his way on. Better that he try to make a fuss than Leon. Munjo didn't really know Russian either, but he knew enough to get by in key situations. Munjo said, show me the list. What you're doing here is illegal. The Soviet soldier could tell that Leon had been on the list, but someone erased him. So. Okay, Dvai da vai. He said, get in here. And we relented. The name had been erased. So we kept facing problems along the journey. There weren't enough meals for all of us. There were Polish Gentiles on the train. We were worried they would rat us out. So we told Leon, you lie down as though you're sick and can't speak. If they start asking you questions, it might give us away. So that way they were able to all get on the train. Sonia goes to the Soviets had spread word that they were picking up Polish orphans among towns. They would scoop them up and ship them out on trains where they boarded boats to Iran. This was a very smart thing for them to have done. Polish orphans were singled out because the Soviets were all hoping they would leave after the war. And Jewish groups were of course very interested in bringing Jews to Palestine. At

the time it was full of Jewish pioneers but no children. To hold their land, they had to draw more citizens. So Jews were all naturally self interested at this point we were trying to help ourselves. I would not have described myself as a Zionist before. I never thought of going to Israel before the war. I couldn't imagine it only because of the heat, my body not suited for tropical weather. But I felt that there was no place for us where we had grown up. And I was assigned a small group of 10 year old children, all of whom had been sleeping on the floor of a school building under some rough army blankets. In the morning we cleaned their beds, we washed the children, we helped them, we tended to them. And we received word that we would have to travel because the Arab states wouldn't allow us to go through Karachi, 3,000 kilometers away. And there we learned for sure that we would make our way to Eret Israel. Okay, thanks for bearing with me. There were a lot of other little anecdotes that I was hoping to tell, but I want to make sure not to go too long before I end. I just want to, I want to say that, you know, at the end of this journey of hearing the story from Sonia, you know, really the message that she wanted to impart was the love and dedication and empathy and passing down a legacy of, of empathy and taking action. And so I want to end by showing you another little clip here of Sonia talking about sharing her story.

01:01:15 SPK_4
It was, when I now read it, I think I did not, how do you say, Stress enough the moment of love in our family because I really, really think that there is much more love and even when there was not the importance that love has fallen, love between people and hating wars and wanting to change something. And I, for example, I have some bad conscience that I did not do anything to change small things which I would like now my sons to do. And I understand the same as I am busy with my everyday life and I don't have. You mean change things in the world? Yes, yes. Because every big thing begins from a small thing.

01:02:53 SPK_1
So, you know, at the end of the day, despite the challenging things that Sonia experienced, she wanted to pass down to us a sense of optimism and action and a lightheartedness about life despite it all, which she displayed in a beautiful and surprising way. With my children. She wasn't always. She didn't always have an easy time relating to young children. She often thought they were kind of scared of her in some way, or she was like a dinosaur to them. But.

01:03:25 SPK_2
We can't see the pictures. Can you show us the pictures?

01:03:27 SPK_1
Oh, yeah. What are you seeing? Oh, here we go. Files. Box. Sorry. Here we go. Can you see it now? Yes. Okay. So there she is with Gabriel in her playfulness, and with Benjamin. I remember this afternoon as being one of the most special with her. She really. She was so delighted that Benjamin wanted to be in her lap and she played with him for. For a while.

01:04:03 SPK_2
They really hit it off, those two. It was so sweet that day.

01:04:06 SPK_1
They really did. And I feel like through the very end, we were able to, you know, we were able to stay connected in a beautiful way and singing Leonard Cohen songs until the end and telling stories and really, really honoring her life and her and her connection to all of us. So I wanted to just end by sharing a small poem with you that I wrote a few years ago. I was part of an educator's conference on sharing personal narratives as a teaching tool. And we were asked to introduce ourselves by writing a poem titled I am From. This is how we were supposed to introduce ourselves to each other. And so this was my contribution. I am from Suitcases Lost to the river, from Regina and Sonia, but also Iju Benico from Great Neck, but also give a Time from Bielsko, but also Drohovic from Saloniki, but also Spain, from the Girus, the Inquisition from before. I am from lists of names and lists of names. Thanks, everyone. Thanks for listening.

01:05:25 SPK_5
Amazing. Thank you. Amazing. Thank you so much. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you. Amazing.

01:05:52 SPK_6
We miss you here. And give a time.

01:05:55 SPK_1
Thanks.

01:06:28 SPK_6
Okay.

01:06:36 SPK_1
Thank you so much. Roy. Thank you.

01:06:51 SPK_3
Thank you so much.

01:06:58 SPK_6
We're coming to Israel. Miriam, your tickets. What's that? Who is coming to Israel? Nancy and Gary. I'm starting to wash the floor. Nancy. Thank you, Constantine, for being with us.

01:07:26 SPK_7
No, I'm so thankful for being allowed to be with you. It was great to hear the story. And a lot of things came back to. To my mind when I heard the Stories that boy told told us. It was very great to hear that. Thank you very much.

01:07:43 SPK_6
Okay. You will always stay with Sonia story.

01:07:49 SPK_7
Yeah. I'm actually thinking about writing my bachelor thesis now about the children of Terra. So I really have to connect with Roy about the sources and also the pictures.

01:08:00 SPK_6
Yeah.

01:08:01 SPK_5
Amazing. Wow. Amazing.

01:08:03 SPK_6
Amazing.

01:08:04 SPK_8
I just. I would like to add.

01:08:07 SPK_3
That.

01:08:08 SPK_8
To the people that don't do not know. Konstantin Constantine.

01:08:16 SPK_7
Was a.

01:08:18 SPK_8
Volunteer, worked.

01:08:20 SPK_7
With Emma for a year. And I want to say.

01:08:27 SPK_8
That very often Emma told me how meaningful her meetings with Konstantin are. So I want to share this with you all.

01:08:41 SPK_5
Thank you.

01:08:44 SPK_3

Thanks.

01:08:46 SPK_4
I want to say something.

01:08:49 SPK_3
Go ahead.

01:09:03 SPK_4
Today is erev Y. So I want to remind you that Sonia's brother, issue was killed because he was. Because he left. He was left in Poland. In Poland. And. Yeah. No. Yes.

01:09:55 SPK_6
What?

01:09:59 SPK_4
And Marek's entire family was killed by the Germans in Auschwitz. Is there a way we can kind of replicate some of that work you guys did on the third? Like, go down. What are the Deltas?

01:10:15 SPK_3
I'm muting everybody.

01:10:18 SPK_4
And then just look at them. I bet some of them are like. Just for historical reason. Some of them have good reason on some of them. The parody exercise in the other direction.

01:10:39 SPK_3
Now I can't unmute. Hold on.

01:10:47 SPK_4
Unmute. Also, Mark's family, his mother, his father and the two sisters were killed in Auschwitz.

01:11:10 SPK_6
Yeah.

01:11:13 SPK_4
Okay.

01:11:19 SPK_6
You know, why don't we remember now? Can you hear us? Yes.

01:11:26 SPK_8
Yes. Yes, we can.

01:11:31 SPK_6
Yes, you can. Okay. Danny wanted us to remember today all the other family members who perished in Auschwitz, including Regina and Peppo and all their families. So we light the candle today for them and we remember them. And next year we will tell their story. Okay? Okay. Thank you, everyone. Thank you. Rachel, what did you want to say?

01:12:09 SPK_3
Nothing. Just that it was really special to hear the stories told that way. Because I. I didn't know the details of a lot of things,.

01:12:18 SPK_4
Even though I had spoken to.

01:12:21 SPK_6
Yeah.

01:12:23 SPK_3
The depth of which you know, of the details that he has especially. And touching and moving. So. Thanks.

01:12:37 SPK_6
Okay. You know, if I have the one more moment with everyone. I just found today, what I quoted on Sonia's funeral. I quoted a poem. I will read it in Hebrew. And Roy not can translate. Adam met Uchai Achremoto. So the. The poem is by Didi Menusi, who wrote about the fact that a person does not die when he dies, because his deeds and his. His children and legacy speaks for him. And that's what Rui did. Now he told us Sonia legacy and she is within each one of her children and grandchildren, and we want to thank for that. So I just wanted to quote this for you guys. Thank you, Rachel. You're welcome. Miss you, too.

01:14:25 SPK_2
I don't.

01:14:29 SPK_9
Roy, I want to say thank you. It was.

01:14:32 SPK_6
Amazing. And you made.

01:14:34 SPK_9
Me go.

01:14:34 SPK_6
Back to the kitchen and.

01:14:35 SPK_7
Bring.

01:14:36 SPK_9
Two cups.

01:14:38 SPK_6
This is Tonya's kitchen,.

01:14:40 SPK_9
And this is Tonya's.

01:14:42 SPK_7
And.

01:14:42 SPK_6
I.

01:14:44 SPK_7
I meet.

01:14:44 SPK_9
Tonya.

01:14:45 SPK_7
Every day with my.

01:14:46 SPK_9
Tea,.

01:14:47 SPK_7
And.

01:14:47 SPK_9
Sometimes my coffee is with Regina's cup. So part of the story. Thank you very,.

01:14:54 SPK_6
Very much.

01:14:56 SPK_1
So cool.

01:15:04 SPK_6
Nikki's mother is also from Jielsko, and her family also had a very similar history. Yeah. Okay. Amit. Hi. Hamoud. Okay. Constantine, Keep in touch.