



Just Us



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Commemorating the 23rd Annual Holocaust
Remembrance Program

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Introduction by **Hon. Martin Shulman**

JUDGE SHULMAN: Distinguished Members of the Bench
and Bar, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My name is Marty Shulman, my co-chair Supreme Court
Justice Deborah Kaplan and I welcome you to this afternoon's
Holocaust Remembrance Program sponsored by the Jewish
Lawyers Guild and the Gender Fairness Committee of the Civil
Branch of the Supreme Court, New York County and the New
York County Clerk's Office.

Before the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum
was built, the late Elie Wiesel was asked what his hopes
would be for its impact. He said, "Anyone entering it, I
said, should not be leave it unchanged. Here children and
adult learn that good and evil are part of the human

Program Co-chairs: Hon. Martin Shulman and Hon. Deborah Kaplan

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condition and they can be infinite. Here we learn that the loneliness of victims, their sense of abandonment, their silent despair as they walked, in nocturnal procession toward the flames, are not to be forgotten; they must leave a trace, a burning scar on man's history, upon its memory, and God's as well."

In speaking to survivors, in that audience, Mr. Wiesel cried out:

"Surrounded by your children and grandchildren, fellow survivors, do you feel joy in your hearts? If so, it is not void of sadness; it cannot be. And yet, close your eyes and see the invisible faces of those we have left behind, or have left us behind as witnesses."

Our presence here today is our answer to their silent question:

We have kept our promise. We have not forgotten.

Now, all of us here will remember the candle lighting program. Survivors and members of their families will light six candles to honor the memory of loved ones as well as the six million souls who perished.

We are privileged to have the Honorable Peter Moulton, our Administrative Judge of the Supreme Court, New

York County, Civil Term to official this candle lighting program.

Justice Moulton is an extraordinary human being and an extraordinary judge.

Ladies and gentlemen, Justice Peter Moulton.



High-school friends of keynote speaker Michael Bornstein, eager to hear him speak, were some of the first to arrive at the Remembrance Ceremony.

Candle Lighter: Menachem Rosensaft in Honor of his parents Dr. Hadassah Rosensaft and Josef Rosensaft, and his parents-in-law, Lilly Bloch Czaban and Sam Block

Menachem Rosensaft is general counsel of the World Jewish Congress, adjunct professor of law at Cornell Law School, and lecturer-in-law at Columbia Law School. He received his J.D. degree from Columbia Law School in 1979, after receiving an M.A. degree from the Writing Seminars of Johns Hopkins University and a second M.A. in modern European history from Columbia University. Born on May 1, 1948 in the Displaced Persons, or DP, camp of Bergen-Belsen in Germany, he has long been prominent in Holocaust remembrance activities. He is the founding chairman of the International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors, and was appointed to the United States Holocaust Memorial Council by Presidents Bill Clinton and Barack Obama. He is the editor of *The World Jewish Congress, 1936-2016* (WJC, April 2017); *God, Faith & Identity from the Ashes: Reflections of Children and Grandchildren of Holocaust Survivors*; and, most recently, *The World Jewish Congress, 1936-2016*.



Menachim Rosensaft at Bergen Belsen

Menachem's mother, Dr. Hadassah Rosensaft, was a heroine of the Holocaust. A dentist in her hometown of Sosnowiec (Sos-no-viets), Poland, she was deported to Auschwitz in August of 1943 together with approximately 5,000 Jews from that city. Upon their arrival at the death camp, her parents, husband and five-and-a-half year old son were immediately sent to their death in the gas chambers.

In October 1943, she was assigned by the notorious SS Dr. Josef Mengele to work in Birkenau's Jewish infirmary, where she saved the lives of numerous Jewish women by performing rudimentary surgery, camouflaging their wounds, and sending them out of the barrack on work detail in advance of selections. On November 14, 1944, Mengele sent her, together with eight other Jewish women, as a "medical team" to the concentration camp of Bergen-Belsen in Germany. Beginning in December 1944, she organized a virtual children's home in one of the barracks for around 150 Jewish children ranging in age from infants to teenagers, all but one of whom survived.

"At that time," one of my mother's fellow inmates later recalled, "Bergen-Belsen started to be like [Auschwitz]. Transports came from all over, bringing thousands of people. Ada [which is how Menachem's

mother was known] walked from block to block, found the children, took them, lived with them, cared for them. . . . The children were very small and sick, and we had to wash them, clothe them, calm them and feed them. . . . Most of them were sick with terrible indigestion, dysentery and diarrhea, and just lay on the bunks. . . . There was little food, but somehow Ada managed to get some special food and white bread from the Germans . . . Later, there was typhus . . . Ada was the one who could get injections, chocolate, pills and vitamins. I don't know how she did it. Although most of the children were sick, thanks to Ada nearly all of them survived.”

Upon the liberation of Bergen-Belsen by British troops on April 15, 1945, Brigadier H. L. Glyn Hughes, the deputy director of medical services of the British Army of the Rhine, appointed Menachem's mother to organize and head a group of doctors and nurses to help care for the camp's thousands of critically ill inmates. For weeks on end, she and her team of twenty-eight doctors and 620 other female and male volunteers, only a few of whom were trained nurses, worked round the clock with the British military medical personnel to try to save as many of the survivors as possible. Despite their desperate efforts, the Holocaust claimed 13,944 additional victims at Bergen-Belsen during the two months after the liberation. Years later, she recalled the grim reality of her first days of freedom. “For the greater part of the liberated Jews of Bergen-Belsen, there was no ecstasy, no joy at our liberation. We had lost our families, our homes. We had no place to go, nobody to hug. Nobody was waiting for us anywhere. We had been liberated from the fear of death, but we were not free from the fear of life.”

Menachem's father, Josef Rosensaft, was deported to Auschwitz for the first time from his hometown of Bedzin Poland, on June 22, 1943, but escaped by diving out of a train window into the Vistula River. Although wounded by three German bullets, he managed to return to the Ghetto of Bedzin. On August 1, 1943, during the liquidation of the Bedzin Ghetto, he escaped to the nearby city of Zawiercie (Za-vier-tche). On August 27, 1943, he was deported from there to Auschwitz.

Several months later, he was transferred to the labor camp of Lagisza, near Bedzin. In March 1944, he escaped again and was hidden for about six weeks by a Polish friend in his hometown. Recaptured at the end of April 1944, he was returned to Auschwitz where he was imprisoned and tortured for more than six months in the notorious Block 11, known as the Death Block. On December 1, 1945 he was sent to the forced labor camp of Langensalza (Luhn-ghen-saltza) in east-central Germany, and then to Dora-Mittelbau (Mittle-bow), a sub-camp of Buchenwald, where the V-2 rockets were manufactured. In early April 1945 he arrived at Bergen-Belsen where he was liberated by British troops on April 15, 1945.

From 1945 until 1950, Josef Rosensaft served as chairman of both the Jewish Committee that administered the Displaced Persons camp of Bergen-Belsen and the Central Committee of Liberated Jews in the British Zone of Germany. He successfully represented interests of the Jewish DPs in a succession of confronta-

tions with the British military authorities, and repeatedly and publicly criticized the British Government's anti-Zionist policies. In August 1945, the director of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee in the Bergen-Belsen DP camp described him as "a veritable Jewish Lincoln [who] is a national leader but is always incurring the wrath of the Army officials here. He is always threatened with arrest. . . . He thinks nothing of flaunting military regulations repeatedly and has made my task of interpreting the committee to the military an exceedingly difficult one."

Testifying before the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine in early 1946, Menachem's father told its members that if the survivors would not be allowed to go to Palestine, "We shall go back to Belsen, Dachau, Buchenwald, and Auschwitz, and you will bear the moral responsibility for it."

Menachem is married to Jean Bloch Rosensaft, also the daughter of two survivors. Jeanie's mother, Lilly Bloch Czaban was hidden as a young girl by a Ukrainian farmer in his grain-cellar for two-and-a-half years together with her parents and her aunt. When they were liberated by the Red Army, Lilly could neither walk nor speak aloud.

As a seventeen-year old, Jeanie's father, Sam Bloch, saved the lives of his mother and six-year-old brother by leading their escape out of the ghetto of the Belarusian town of Ivie across the hazardous open countryside, into the dense Naliboki forest where they joined the Bielski Brigade, a Jewish partisan group whose primary mission was to rescue as many Jews as possible – including the most helpless ones: the elderly, women, and young children. At the end of the war, Jean's father, grandmother, and uncle were among only 30 survivors of a once flourishing community that had numbered 5,000 Jews before the Holocaust.



Commemorating the Liberation of Bergen Belsen

Candle Lighter: Ida Budashewitz, nee Fishman, who Survived with her Mother, Dvora, her older sister, Rachel, and her younger brother Abraham Fishman

Ida Budashewitz was born Chaya Fishman on February 3, 1937 in the small Polish village of Dlugosiodlo located in East-Central Poland, approximately 50 miles north of Warsaw. She lived with her mother Dvora, father Gershon and siblings Samuel (15 years old) Rachel (11 years old) and Abraham (7 years old).

In September of 1939 (as she is told by her sister) on Rosh Hashanah, the Germans entered her town and announced “All Jews have two hours to vacate their homes and leave town!”

They grabbed as much as they could carry and were fortunate enough to get a ride in a neighbor’s horse and buggy, traveling 130 km east to Russian controlled Bialystock. There they took up residence in the stable of a vacant farm.

Shortly thereafter, the family, along with other Polish residents, were offered Soviet citizenship in return for their sworn allegiance to the Communist Party. Her family refused and were dubbed enemies of the people.

The family, along with thousands of Poles, Belarusians and Jews were forcibly deported to Siberia by the NKVD (Soviet secret police). They were crammed into cattle cars and transported by freight train for a journey of one week. Upon arrival they were carted into barracks. With temperatures dropping to 50 degrees below zero, they huddled together for heat and warmth. Those strong enough worked for food. Shortly after arrival, her father and eldest brother Samuel came down with pneumonia and died. Her mother and sister cut down trees and rationed bread and potatoes, including the peels.



Ida Budashewitz in Israel

They survived.

Not welcome at home, they settled in a displaced peoples camp in Poland where they lived in barrack-like housing until 1951. Then they joined her brother Abraham who had smuggled his way into Israel.

In 1955, Chaya married Nathan Budashewitz (her late husband) who was a Holocaust survivor, losing his parents and seven siblings at the hands of the Nazis. He had entered Israel through Persia with a group called the “Boys of Tehran” during WW 2 and joined Palmach fighting the War of Independence.

They remained in Israel until 1963 when they immigrated to the United States (with a nickel in their pockets) and reunited with Nathan’s only surviving sibling, his brother Yiddle (Joseph) in Brooklyn, New York. They struggled but pieced together a living. Nathan worked for years at the Jewish Daily Forward and Chaya worked as a nurse’s aide and they ultimately saved enough to purchase a two-family home in Canarsie, Brooklyn and a small coffee shop.

Chaya’s children Lea, Francine and Elliot, along with her grandchildren, Michael, Dana, Adam, Nathan, Marcus and Ezra, are her pride and joy. The tradition of gathering during the Jewish holidays remains her happiest times.

Since the passing of her husband Nathan twenty-five years ago, Chaya has since remarried Jerry Stybel (a Holocaust survivor). Chaya and Jerry share a full and resounding bond living in Monroe, NJ and Boca Raton, FL in the winter months.



Ida with her husband, Jerry Stybel, and her grandchildren

Chaya prides herself in having instilled in her children the importance of family and Tzedakah. This has been passed down to her grandchildren as well. Tzedakah she has taught has come in many forms. A helping hand, a kind word; it is not just money.

Despite the tragic life she has endured, Chaya lives life to the fullest. She loves to dance and make her grandchildren laugh and her laughter is infectious.

Through all the darkness, she lights this candle with her son Elliot Budashewitz to signify that there is always light, and always hope.

Candle Lighter: Jeffrey M. Eilender

My father Kasriel Eilender was born on March 11, 1923, in Konigsberg, Germany, on the border between Poland and Lithuania and grew up in Suwalki, Poland. The timing of this ceremony is particularly appropriate for our family as my father passed away only this past January 24, 2017.

His father Josel Mordechai Ejlender was born in 1895 in Sztabin, Poland. (name is pronounced “yosel”). Kasriel’s paternal grandparents Elkona and Cypora (Tzipora) immigrated to the United States in the early 1900’s. His paternal uncles, Arthur and George, immigrated to the United States in the 1920’s.

Josel sold lumber to the German Army in World War I. He was involved in local politics and was well respected in the community. Kasriel’s mother, Sara Balacharski, was born in Augustow, Poland, in 1904 to Bentzion and Eiga who lived with the family in Suwalki.

Kasriel had two younger siblings, Gershon and Esther. It was a traditional Jewish household and Kasriel attended religious school. When Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1931, the family moved to the Soviet controlled Augustow. Kasriel’s maternal grandparents did not want to travel and stayed behind. Eiga was deported by the Germans and killed in the forest near Lomzy, Poland. Bentzion moved to Augustow in 1940 but died shortly after of natural causes.

The family moved to Slonim in June 1941. On June 22, just as he had graduated from high school, Kasriel was in the main square with Josel when the public address system announced that Germany had at-

tacked the Soviet Union. The city was bombed and then occupied by the Germans. Anti-Jewish regulations were enacted, Jews could not walk on the sidewalks and had to wear a Star of David badge on the front and back of their clothing. The Jews were ordered into a ghetto. In order to barter for food, Josel and Kasriel made soap at night from animal fat that they obtained illegally. (Josel's teaching Kasriel how to make soap would later save his life). In November 1941, the Germans ordered all Jewish males, ages 15 - 60, to register for forced labor. At one point, Kasriel was taken to a forest for 36 hours and forced to dig a large ditch with a ramp which he discovered later was a mass grave. Gershon was deported to a work camp in Slonim and put in charge of supplying food, a position that allowed him to move people in and out of the ghetto. Kasriel was smuggled to the same work camp and Gershon smuggled him into the Ghetto, saving his life.

In May 1942, there was a roundup of Jewish men and Kasriel hid in the attic of the metal shop where he worked. A young boy saw him look out a window and ran to the attic. Two soldiers followed and ordered Kasriel to go with them. The first soldier left with the boy, and as the second soldier went down the stairs, Kasriel hit him over the head with a piece of iron and killed him. Kasriel then fled and hid. He was ultimately arrested on May 26, 1942, and deported to German occupied Mogiliev. He worked first as a soapmaker and then chopping wood. In September 1943, Kasriel was deported to Magdanek concentration camp. During processing, he said that he was a leathermaker, knowing that skilled workers were less likely to be killed. He was sent to Blizyn labor camp. The Jewish prisoner in charge of the leather shop Mendel Fuks, knew that Kasriel lied, but he did not report him and taught Kasriel how to repair leather backpacks.

In May 1944, Kasriel was deported to Plaszow concentration camp (the subject of the movie Schindler's List) where he dug up buried bodies and burnt them. In September 1944, he was deported to Gross-Rossen concentration camp and then sent to a satellite camp where he dug trenches for the German army. In February, he was ordered to push sick prisoners on lorries to the main railroad station, for shipment to Dachau. The Soviet army liberated the camp in spring 1945 and he became the translator for a Soviet officer, Lieutenant Colonel Soloncev (a Jewish Soviet officer who had liberated him). In the picture accompanying this biography Kasriel is shown in a black suit shortly after he was liberated with Colonel Soloncev and a Jewish NKVD officer who also participated in his liberation.

Kasriel worked with the Dutch military and a Dutch colonel helped him travel to Prague. He then moved to Foehrenwald a displaced persons camp, near Munich. The camp was run by the United Nations Re-

lief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) and Kasriel was part of a council that worked with UNRRA and other rescue organizations. Kasriel began medical school in Munich because the Germans provided free education to Holocaust survivors. In the 1950's he finished his studies at New York Medical College, opened a private practice on the Upper East Side of New York and taught at the Medical College. He met his wife Teresa (also a survivor) in 1964 and married her that year. They had two children.

After the war, he learned that his brother Gershon had been slaughtered with a group of Jews and buried in the very trench that Kasriel had dug. His mother, father and sister had escaped the final selection of the Slonim ghetto and hid in the woods with the Russian partisan underground army. However, they died of exposure and hunger.

Kasriel named his son Jeffrey after his father Josel, his daughter Elizabeth after his little sister Esther. Jeffrey Eilender named his own son George after Gershon and his daughter Alexandra Sara after Kasriel's mother Sara. In this way, Kasriel's original family continues to live.

Kasriel practiced medicine as an internist on East 86th Street in Manhattan for over 35 years where he catered to elderly shut-ins and made house calls long after virtually every other doctor had stopped doing them. He passed away on January 24, 2017.

Kasriel's son, Jeffrey M. Eilender, a partner at Schlam Stone & Dolan LLP, accompanied by his mother and Kasriel's widow, Teresa Eilender, will light the next candle.



Survivor Kasriel K. Eilender (wearing a suit taken from a German) with two of the Jewish Russian soldiers who liberated him just days before, in Lay 1945.

Candle Lighter: Margaret Rapaport-Retter in Honor of her Parents, Susan Pasztor-Rapaport and Leo Rapaport

My mother, Susan Pasztor-Rapaport who came from Ujhel, Hungary/Czek was roused from her home by the *gendarmes* on Friday night, April 14, 1944, the last night of Passover, together with her father and brother and imprisoned in the Synagogue together with a few thousand residents of the town. For one month, they were confined with the food that they had, very little water, and no sanitary facilities. In May, they were thrown into cattle cars and told that they were “going to work” for the “war effort”. Hundreds of people were shoved into a cattle car made for 15-20. There was no light, no food, no water, and one pot for “sanitation” for everyone. It was night when they arrived at Auschwitz and greeting them were barking dogs and Nazis soldiers, yelling at them that they “had arrived at their final destination”. Emaciated men in striped uniforms pulled them off the trains and took their belongings. It was the last time that my mother saw her father and brother. She appeared before Mengele for the first of many “selections” and was given a “thumbs up”...to life. After surviving six weeks in “horse barracks”, she was finally “fit” to work. (she was also given postcards to write “home” that she was happy working). She was sent to the showers, all body hair shaved, given a shift and wooden shoes and tattooed. No more was she a person. She was #6684, the number that she requested to be carved on her headstone.



Susan Pasztor Rapaport and Leo Rapaport

She was assigned to Block 13, and slept on a plank with five other women. She told me. "...The worst was the loneliness...others had a sister, mother, relative, I had no one... and I didn't know what had happened to my family. The rumors were that they had gone up in smoke. ...but I found out." Ironically, she was "rewarded" by being assigned to the *Kanada* detail where workers were assigned to remove the clothes from the crematoria, sort them, and deliver them to the Nazis. She found her grandmother's and aunt's clothing. Now she knew. She learned that her father and brother had been sent to the gas chamber upon arrival at Auschwitz.

When I had the nerve, I asked her "How can you still believe in G? How can you believe in Sabbath, not turning on/off lights, not driving, and observing all the Holidays? After all that you went through, why is it still so important for you to be so devout in your religion?" In a second, she answered, "...There were so many miracles, if was no G, I would not be here. One day, there was a "selection" where the women had to stand naked and hold up their arms; I had a terrible sore under my right arm. I was sure that I am 'done' When Mengele passed, that day he only looked at my left arm, and went on to the next woman. The women on both sides of me were sent to death. In the winter months, I became very ill. I knew that Mengele would give orders to "empty" anyone in the infirmary and send them to be gassed. A female doctor took a liking to me, and told me that the next day, Mengele would be giving the order. She quickly hid me between two boards of the building and when they came to remove the sick I was saved. After the War, I searched and found the Doctor in Israel. She was not well and I found her an apartment, and made sure she had good medical care. I helped her for the rest of her life."

In January 1945, the Nazis evacuated and marched the Jews out of the camp in the freezing cold. They didn't know where they were going. Through the snow, this march would later be called the "Death March" to Bergen Belsen. People who could not keep up were shot. Two days later, my mother was beginning to fall, when suddenly a Nazi on a tank called out to her, asking, "When is your birthday?" She answered truthfully, "January 3".. While lifting her onto the tank, he said, "This is your birthday present, it is January 3". At Bergen Belsen he took her to the camp kitchen and ordered that she remain there as she was a "good cook". He saved her life. Now she had food and warmth and a roof over her head until the liberation by the Russians. After liberation, the gates of Belsen were open. She was free! But she did not have a penny, a stitch of clothing or shoes, and, she was afraid of the Russian soldiers, so she hopped on the roof of a train to return home to see if anyone

had come back. When she knocked on the door of her house, she was pelted by rocks, eggs and curses and told GO AWAY. ” It was not her house anymore. Devastated, but fighter that she was, she went to the synagogue to help. She cooked for, took care of, and gave moral support to the returning Jews of Ujhel. There were only 555 left of the 18,500. My father, a distant relative, also seeking family came to the shul.

My father, Leo Rapaport, a deeply religious man, and a businessman, came from Satmar. He had survived many of the concentration camps, but was liberated from Dachau by the Americans. He had stayed in the DP camp with the famous Rabbi of Klausenberg with whom he shared a “plank/bed helping the survivors who were dying of typhus and had given up spiritually.” As prisoners, he and the Rabbi had been sent to Warsaw, to pull apart the stones of the Warsaw ghetto to search for valuables that may have been hidden by Jews before the uprising. My father spoke very little about the War. He wanted me be joyful. The little I heard about his time came mainly from others who were with him when he delivered by heart the prayers for the Holidays when he was beaten and thrown into a pit with the dead, and then waited for the Nazi soldiers’ departure to climb out, and from the woman to whom he had given the tiny bit of chocolate he found who fainted on a march. All he told me was that after the War, he returned home to find “family” but all he found was the Torah that he wrapped in his father’s *talis* (prayer shawl) and his grandmother’s candlesticks, which he had thrown into a well before being “taken.”

My parents, Suzie and “Rapi” married on May 2, 1946 and came to the US in January 1947. My father, whose family had been in the business of “wheat bartering” with many European countries before the War, received letters from the various embassies in Europe, inviting him to be the liaison between Europe and the US “doing business as they had before the war.” He became successful again, and both of my parents were extremely generous. They built many of the religious institutions in New York, Miami, and Israel, schools, synagogues, ritual baths, and gave scholarships to many children whose parents could not afford tuition. Our home was open 24/7 to returning Survivors who had nowhere else to go. Many slept in our home, for months, were taken to hospitals to recover, given therapy, and given funds to start businesses and make a new beginning; but most most important, all who needed, had the ear of my father at all hours of the day and night. He listened to their suffering, soothed their soul, invested with them in new businesses, and showed them that it was possible to have a happy family life, and to trust in G. once again.

In July of 2005, my mother, son, granddaughter and I spent 11 hours in Birkenau, (as she said Ausch-

witz was a museum and refused to go even for coffee). We received a last “personal” tour from her and visited the “graves” of the family.



“Suzi” and Leo, or “Rapi”

Candle Lighter: Rosa Cymberknopf Plawner

Rosa Cymberknopf Plawner was born in 1922 in Bedzin, a small town in southwestern Poland. Bedzin was an important industrial and cultural center where Jews had lived and prospered since the 12th century and comprised more than half of the town’s population.

Rosa came from a family of seven children – five brothers and one sister. By the time the war broke out, the family lived in comfort in a spacious apartment overlooking the city’s park. As the youngest in her family, Rosa enjoyed opportunities that her older siblings did not have. She attended a private Jewish high school for girls

where she pursued business courses, took violin and mandolin lessons and enjoyed ice skating and social activities with her friends from school and Zionist youth groups.

Life as they knew it changed when the Germans marched into Poland and occupied Bedzin on September 1, 1939. The Nazis took over her family's apartment and possessions and seized the clothing manufacturing business her brothers had worked so hard to establish. The family was forced to move to the Kamionka Ghetto on the outskirts of town. They were only allowed to take a few personal belongings with them. Two families shared one room, separated in the middle by a curtain. They had to subsist under very harsh conditions and were given ration cards for food. All Jews were forced to wear the yellow armband, their movements were severely restricted and curfews were strictly enforced.



Rosa and her husband, Felix Plawner

Because of her business skills, Rosa was sent to work for the new German owners of their family clothing business. She worked in their office and had to return to the Ghetto each evening. This lasted until 1942 when all able-bodied young Jews were forced into slave labor. As the war intensified and the German war machine needed workers, the Nazis set up Organization Schmelt, a vast network of over 160 forced labor camps throughout Upper Silesia that manufactured vital war materials. The head of the Jewish community in Bedzin was given a mandate to have each family turn over one young adult to the Nazis for forced labor. At the age of 20, Rosa was the first in her family to be forced into slave labor. She was sent to Bobrek Labor Camp, a subcamp of Auschwitz, where many Dutch Jews were imprisoned.

Although conditions for her there were better than for many other prisoners, her life changed forever. She lost her family, her freedom, her dignity and her humanity. In August 1943, the Kamionka Ghetto was liquidated

and Bedzin became Judenrein (cleansed of Jews). Rosa's parents and family members, along with all remaining Jews of Bedzin, were rounded up, herded into cattle cars and deported to Auschwitz. Rosa never saw her parents and sister again. They were exterminated upon arrival.

By September, all labor camps had been converted to concentration and death camps. Rosa was deported to Blechhammer. Immediately upon arrival, all prisoners were assigned a number that was tattooed on their left arm. Names no longer existed. Everyone became a number, completing the dehumanization. Rosa's number was 79016. But she also had a second number tattooed on her arm that was crossed out. She discovered only recently the significance of the dual Auschwitz numbers on her left arm. There were only 50 young women in the world who received this second number, and it saved her life. The Nazis had put together a list of numbers identifying the next 50 victims slated for extermination. In an effort to save these young women, the Juden-Alteste of Blechhammer (the designated Jewish camp leader) had a second false set of numbers tattooed on their arm, crossing out the original numbers, and was thus able to convince camp officials that the numbers they had requested did not match any of the prisoners there. The scheme worked and these 50 young women were saved from extermination.

At the camp, Rosa's job was to maintain logs of newly arrived prisoner transports and daily food rations. This is how she managed to smuggle extra food to her brother, who was also held prisoner there. Once, when she was caught waving to him from a distance, they were each given 25 lashes. Every morning, the prisoners had to line up at dawn in the bitter cold to be counted and watch fellow prisoners being tortured and hanged for the most minor offenses.

Only after the war did Rosa learn that two of her brothers were forced to work in the Sonderkommando in Auschwitz. They had to dispose of the bodies in the gas chamber and burn them in the crematoria. Because the Nazis did not want to leave behind any witnesses, all prisoners who worked in the Sonderkommando were murdered after four weeks.

On January 27, 1945, the Red Army liberated Auschwitz. As the Russians approached, the Nazis set fire to the barracks and forced all remaining prisoners to evacuate the camp on a death march. Rosa and several other prisoners stayed behind and hid in the barracks. She was rescued from the burning barracks in the Blechhammer concentration camp by her future brother-in-law. She met her husband, Felix Plawner, of blessed memory,

right after the war, as she and a group of fellow survivors tried to find their way back to their hometown of Bedzin in search of surviving family members. After walking for three days, in the bitter cold, with no warm clothes or food, they arrived in Bedzin and found no one alive and everything gone. They made their way to the town of Katowice and began working for the NKVD, a precursor of the KGB, helping the Soviet army arrest Polish collaborators to bring them to justice. Of the seven siblings in her family, only Rosa and one brother survived the death camps. One older brother had emigrated to Palestine before the war.

Rosa and Felix Plawner were married in Poland in December 1945 and left for Germany to escape the Communist regime and apply for exit visas to Palestine. In Germany, they received assistance from the American Joint Distribution Committee. While waiting for their visas, Felix started a business trading food for household goods and toys. He attended trade shows, became fascinated with the plastics industry, and ultimately established a successful toy manufacturing business in Nuremberg, the toy center of Germany.

Despite the unimaginable losses they both suffered and the unspeakable horrors they endured, Rosa and Felix were determined to create a new life for themselves and establish a family. They had two daughters, Hanna and Ruth, who were both born in Germany. The family remained there until 1962 when they immigrated to the United States. They settled in Englewood Cliffs, NJ, and Felix established another toy factory in New Jersey. He passed away in 2011.



Rosa celebrated her 95th birthday in March surrounded by her three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Her remarkable resilience, courage, determination, and her devotion to her family are an inspiration to all who know and love her.

Candle Lighter and Keynote Speaker: Michael Bornstein

Michael Bornstein is a retired pharmaceutical research scientist who spent more than 40 years helping to develop life saving and life-changing treatments for Dow Chemical, Eli Lilly and Johnson and Johnson. He is a father of four and a grandfather of eleven and as of just eight weeks ago – he is also a published author. Alongside his daughter, Michael co-wrote *Survivors Club: The True Story of a Very Young Prisoner of Auschwitz*. It is HIS story... one he never planned to share publicly.

For 70 years Michael preferred to stay silent about what happened to him and to his family during and after World War II. Over the years, he spotted photos of himself on museum walls and book covers. He saw himself in famous footage filmed at liberation. But he never wanted to step forward and identify himself publicly as a “survivor”, until now. With help from his children and his wife, Judy, the family has uncovered documents and writings that reveal the stunning set of miracles that led to his survival. In a death camp where the average lifespan of a child was two weeks, Michael survived there for six months. His father and older brother were murdered in the gas chambers at Auschwitz, but he evaded death with help from his mother and grandmother who risked their lives to keep him safe. After the war, Michael, malnourished and sick, was taken to Munich for medical care. There, he waited six long years to emigrate to America and begin a second life here in New York. Michael arrived as a “DP” or displaced person – but he studied and worked hard and eventually earned a scholarship to Fordham University where he earned a degree in pharmacy. He continued his studies receiving a PhD in pharmaceuticals and analytical chemistry at the University of Iowa where he also met his wife, Judy.

Decades later, and armed with new information, Michael is looking back for the first time - speaking out about his experiences during the Holocaust. Against a backdrop of rising anti-semitism and a seemingly new tolerance for discrimination of all kinds – Michael has just proudly released *Survivors Club*, a book for

middle school readers to adults. He regularly speaks at schools, synagogues and to the media – to ensure his family’s story is remembered and that the Holocaust is never forgotten.

He will light a candle with his daughter Deborah Bornstein Holinstat.



SAR High School choir performed at the end of the ceremony.

Keynote Presentation by Dr. Michael Bornstein and his daughter, Debbie Bornstein Holinstat, Co-Authors of New York Times Best-Seller "The Survivors Club."



MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: Thank you, so much.

For the better part of my life, I asked my dad to talk about the Holocaust. I wanted to know what he knew, what he remembered. I wanted to know if I could dig for more answers, and I asked if we could make a book together. I have been asking for a very long time.

My dad just wasn't ready. Then he became a grandpa and his first grandchild became a teenager and asked his Papa to talk. And guess who started talking? Can't say no to his grandchildren. That was in 2013.

And now, we have a best selling book together, *Survivors Club*. I've got my answers, and that guy who kept his sleeves rolled down for much of his life to try and hide his tattoo is eagerly and confidently standing in the New

York State Supreme Court Rotunda ready to talk to this large crowd.

For so many years it wasn't just my dad who stayed silent. When he got here, one of the court reporters said, My mom is a survivor of Auschwitz too, and I asked her for some information. She said, "She Never really said anything."

The time for silence is over. If people like my dad don't stand up and talk now, if people like you don't show up to listen, or people like Justice Shulman and John Werner and everyone who helped organize this don't hold events like this, then when a top government official either mistakenly or intentionally refers to death camps like Auschwitz as "Holocaust Center" or say the Holocaust never happened or say Hitler never against his own people, that becomes history. That's what people start to remember.

We can't let that happen. We cannot afford to let one more Holocaust story slip away.

So here are the facts:

My Dad was born into a ghetto in Poland, moved to a labor camp, a death camp. After the war he battled the effects of malnutrition and homelessness.

He waited six years for permission to board a transport ship to America where he arrived penniless, spoke little English, mostly invisible to everyone around him.

He got a job after school in an Upper East Side pharmacy washing floors, and he came home every night to finish his homework. He earned a scholarship, a pharmacy degree, a Ph.D., met an incredible wife, built a life, raised four kids, dotes on 11 grand kids, and along the way he has never once complained about the horrors he faced.

In fact, for seventy years he barely mentioned those obstacles at all. I used to wonder why did he wait so long to talk.

Now I see the timing of this book release was, perhaps, as fated as his own survival. There has never been a better time in modern history to remind people what happens when any kind of discrimination is ignored.

So, it is with great pride that I stand here in the Supreme Court rotunda in a hall where critical and ethical decisions are made every day to introduce my dad, Michael Bornstein.

MR. BORNSTEIN: Thanks, Debela.

I want to thank Justice Shulman for inviting us to speak and for organizing this event. And I want to thank my former grade school classmate from P.S. 6, John Werner, who first thought of me for this program.

John could tell you when I arrived as an 11 year old immigrant the teachers never told anyone about my past. No one even spoke a word about the Holocaust. And I

certainly did not.

I never planned to do this. I never thought I would stand in front of a room full of people and talk about what happened to me as a child in Auschwitz. For seventy years it was just easier to forget.

I live a very happy life now. I have an incredible wife, Judy, we're going to be celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary in July.

(Applause.)

MR. BORNSTEIN: I have four wonderful kids including Debbie, four great spouses, Steven Holinstat is here, and I have 11 grand kids.

I worked hard to earn money and make a nice life and I never planned to look back. But here I am ready to roll up my sleeve and tell you about my experiences in the Holocaust.

(Mr. Bornstein rolls up left shirt sleeve and displays his tatoo.)

MR. BORNSTEIN: I was prisoner B1148. I don't know I don't know if you could see that.

At four years old, I wore a prisoner uniform. I was starving, I was too malnourished to grow hair and I was ripped away from my mother, my father, and my older brother Shlomo.

After the war, I was sick, bullied, and sexually

assaulted. People asked me what I remember. It is hard to be sure what I remember and what stories families or relatives told me.

I do seem to remember the smell of burning flesh in Auschwitz. When I close my eyes, sometimes I hear the sound of boots marching. And after the war, I remember being ruthlessly teased for being a Jew.

As an adult, I know I get nervous in crowded New York City subways thinking about a crammed cattle car ride to Auschwitz.

So why would I want to go back and talk about it?

Because now, I realized that I must. Most older survivors aren't here to tell their stories. There has been a surge in Anti-Semitic crimes across the country and it is not just discrimination against Jews, Muslims, African-Americans, Mexicans, it has to stop.

The world can never forget what happens when discrimination is ignored.

As lawyers, and judges, you have to make important decisions. When do you take a stand, when do you set a new precedent, when do you advocate for those who can't do for themselves.

I hope that hearing my story makes some of these decisions easier for you.

Now, we will go on to a PowerPoint presentation.

Before the war, my family was made up of my father, Israel Bornstein, who was a successful accountant.

My mother, Sophie, loved to sing and dance, and we had a tight-knit Orthodox family.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: My Grandma Sophie had six brothers and sisters. There were seven siblings. They were all very, very close. They lived a pretty happy, successful life considering the amount of Anti-Semitism there was in Poland even before the war.

One of the things we learned about in our research is that Zarki was one of the first towns invaded when the war started, and within just a few days of the invasion, it was the day that is remembered as Bloody Monday.

Among the atrocities committed on Bloody Monday whole families were made to line up against a wall. It was almost like a game, and people stood around and clapped and cheered.

They had people hold their hands up in the air for a very long time and they said, You get tired and you lower your hand, you'll be shot. And many people were killed in Bloody Monday on that way.

Something else happened at that time as well. My grandmother was was going to see my grandparents, was going to see her parents, check up on her parents. She took a shortcut through the cemetery.

MR. BORNSTEIN: Yes, my mother walked and saw in the back of the cemetery there was a Nazi guard. He asked the family to undress. He asked the man to take -- the husband to dig a pit. He asked them to huddle, shot them all, and threw them into the grave, and my mother just couldn't stop talking about that.

There is a picture of my mother and I. I was about a year old.

And my father -- well, I was born May 2, 1940, as I said. I had an older brother, Samuel.

And Zarki is an open ghetto.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: There were forced curfews in the ghetto. There wasn't any barbed wire around the community, but there were checks points, and there were really, really tough regulations, and one of the rules was you had to, if you were Jewish, you had to make regular contributions to the Germany military. In other words, they came and and they stole from you.

Seeing what was coming, my Dad's family, like every family probably across all of Poland, they made a make-shift vault for as many things as they could. In our case, it was a backyard.

They dug a pit and reinforced it and they dropped in jewels, money and family heirlooms precious to them, hoping the war would end soon and have their belongings on a

regular basis.

On a regular basis you did have to donate to the German government furs and whatever they were taking on that particular day.

MR. BORNSTEIN: My father was selected to be president of the Judenrat. That wasn't necessarily a coveted position. What you do is work between the Jewish people and the Nazis to enforce the Nazi rules.

But, you want to talk about it?

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTADT: We did research, and this part I was really nervous as I was digging because some Jews and committee members were seen as traitors, as Jewish people looking out for themselves. They worked for Nazis.

What we found, and I'll never forget because I had to go tell my father this, through some translated essays from survivors, we heard that my grandfather had a bribery scheme, and he was bribing a particular guard named Schmitt, and he was bribing this guard to make conditions more bearable for everyone in town. There were a particularly brutal group of guards, and, suddenly, because of the bribery scheme, the guards were reassigned somewhere else.

The rules were enforced. Butchers were making kosher food for people, that was not allowed either. Butchers other times were killed, but not in Zarki. They used the money to set up a soup kitchen, and even helped

free some of the people alive today. One person he saved was Marvin Zborowski.

Marvin and Elie Zborowski found American & International Yad Vashem, a group you may be familiar with, but Marvin shared with us a story we never heard before.

MR. BORNSTEIN: Marvin was about 15 years old. He was forced into labor. One day he was very sick, he probably had a fever, couldn't get out of bed. Nazis came in, put a pillow over his head and took him to jail and was sentenced was death, and he was being taken to die. My father stepped in, bribed the Nazis and saved his life, and again Marvin is still alive to tell the story.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: That bribery scheme kept Zarki an open ghetto for a very long time. There were people in Zarki until 1943, but eventually even that bribery scheme couldn't stop orders from higher up. And Zarki was made, at the time I heard Peter's remarks earlier, Zarki was made Judenrein, clean of the Jews, German meaning, clean of Jews.

So the family was first taken to the a labor camp. We had some incredible information on why the family was kept pretty healthy. My dad, his brothers, his brother and father and his grandmother all went to Pionki, and actually lived a pretty okay life for about a year and a half in Pionki. There was a really amazing German civilian

in the town.

But, eventually Pionki was made Judenrein, clean of Jews. And, the family was moved to Auschwitz in July of 1944.

MR. BORNSTEIN: And this is a picture of the cattle cars, and Jews were herded in these cars.

There was hardly any air to breathe. We understand that my grandfather actually suffocated going to a concentration camp in one of these cars.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: After they went to the camp, my father miraculously survived the selection.

I won't go into all the details here, but that German civilian might have had something to do with that from Pionki. We don't know for sure.

But there is incredible details that we've learned along the way.

Initially, my father was taken to live in a kinder camp, in a kinder house or a children's home, and his mom and grandmother were taken to the women's bunks, separate women's bunk.

And his brother and father, his brother was four years older than him, they were taken to the men's site camp, and they said good-bye. The selection made and hoped they would see each other soon.

And, my father survived in the children's bunk and

part of that is because my grandmother.

MR. BORNSTEIN: Yes, my mother would come into the bunk and share some of the bread and smelly cold soup with me because, again, I was four years old. The other children were older. They were starving too, and they would take my bread away, so that is one of the miracles probably that saved me.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: But eventually my grandmother felt if my father stayed in the children's bunk much longer, he would die. Children were taken from it regularly. She couldn't always give to him, so she smuggled him into the women's bunk.

She risked her own life to do it and risked the lives of all the women in the bunk because, quite frankly, while breaking the rules, they found a child in there, they all would have been killed.

Once she did this, she wanted to know how was Samuel and Israel surviving on the other side of camp. Electrified fences separated the men and woman, she was able to go near the fence one day and talk to a group of men, Please, can you find out Israel and Samuel Bornstein, how are they doing?

And she learned by the end of the day that they had been killed in the gas chambers. She said she decided she wanted to just give up and throw herself against the

electrified fence. But she knew she had a four year old boy to keep safe. So she talked herself out of that.

Knee-jerk plan, went back and fortunately in Auschwitz sometimes, you know, they kept watch of who was healthy and who had skills. And my grandmother at that juncture had been very skilled. She had experience. And she was selected to be moved to an Austrian labor camp in ammunitions, which would have been great news to get out of Auschwitz, except she had to leave a four year old boy in a death camp. She said good-bye and she would never leave my father again. She left him with Grandma Dora.

That's my father right there.

MR. BORNSTEIN: Actually, we saw that picture. We saw that picture during a movie that we were watching in Indianapolis when I was working for Eli Lilly & Company, and I was really surprised to find it with my tattoo.

I called the producer. He said, What do you want? I said, I want to star in your next picture. I didn't give you permission to show that.

He thought I was serious, but he wouldn't talk to me again, so I had a movie camera, and I went to the theater, and they let me videotape the picture. This is before DVDs.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: So, one interesting word about this image.

By the way, this little girl her name is Sarah Ludwig, we just found out lives ten minutes from us.

This boy up here, Renee Slotkin lives on the Upper West Side. He reached out to us.

This little girl, Tova Friedman, lives about 30 minutes from us, and they have all miraculously seen my father on the news recently, and all of them pretty much within the same week reached out, and said we're having a brunch

Next one.

It was a bit of problem to have because it was so many people to coordinate a date for brunch.

I thought -- what a miracle that there are so many survivors from the photo still living -- that it's tough to gather them all for brunch.

Another miracle we learned about, was the mystery surrounding how my dad missed the death march at Auschwitz. My father's paperwork revealed miracles surrounding that time.

I know we don't have a lot of time. It's all in the book.

MR. BORNSTEIN: Okay. There is my mother and my cousin Ruth. You want to tell the story about Ruth.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: I'll tell it really quickly.

My father went to back Zarki with his grandmother, and shockingly not long afterwards, his grandmother came back. She was pretty surprised at where he was living. He wasn't living at home. He had -- his Grandmother Dora came home, and like I heard in other people's stories today, their house had been taken over by other people. And, so my Grandmother Dora needed somewhere to take my father to live. So she found an abandoned farm with a chicken coop, and they were staying in a chicken coop.

My grandmother was less than happy about that, but what she did find, she didn't just find my father, he was there, little, he was very small, malnourished, he had trouble growing hair for a while, but she also found that those six brothers and sisters, all seven siblings survived.

In the middle is my Aunt Hilda. She was in Majdanek, Skarzykso and the Buchwald death camps and survived.

The top, my Uncle Sam and Aunt Cecia, they went into hiding and they survived.

My Aunt Ola escaped to Japan.

One by one everybody came home.

And little Ruth, this is, she is just a couple of months older than my Dad.

The little girl here Sam and Cecia's daughter, they were giving her into hiding, the person hiding them said, I

can't take a little girl because if she cries, we're all going to be caught. And Sam and Cecia knew she was right, so they had to come up with another plan.

So they made arrangements to hand Ruth off to a former maid of theirs. They were going to pay her a large sum of money, and she was going to raise Ruth as her own. In the handoff, something felt funny, they decided to follow the maid. They followed her and they watched. When she thought she was out of sight, she plunked Ruth down on the snow bank on the side of the road. They scooped Ruth up and brought her back to the farmhouse.

There were ten people hiding in that farmhouse. If I had spoken to or read diaries, pretty much everybody all said the same thing, they were haunted the rest of their lives by Ruth screaming and crying, Please don't take me from my mommy. She knew she was going to be taken away again and she was.

They made arrangements to hand her off to a shoemaker who had five boys and always wanted a little girl. He and his wife took Ruth and loved her very much, named her Kristina, a nice Catholic name, and when the war ended -- well, actually, they had to make payments to him, to the shoemaker, and they found once they got there, the shoemaker said, Ruth's not here. She's not here. We just got scared. We left her outside a convent in Czestochowa. I'm sure

she's fine, the nuns took her.

Well, when Zarki is liberated January 18th, 1945, Sam and Cecia run literally to Czestochowa to get their little girl back. When they got there, the Mother Superior said -- there were several relatives in attendance -- You cannot all go in. You will scare her. One at a time. She might not even remember you.

Sam said, I'm her father, I'm going in.

Sam went in, a bearded man who had been in hiding for years, hasn't seen his little girl, she was two and a half and almost three, she's now five and Ruth started screaming, You are not my father. She was screaming hysterically.

So the Mother Superior got Cecia, and Cecia started singing, Aleph, Bet, Vet, Aleph, Bet, Vet, the Hebrew alphabet song. It is a song that Cecia had sung to Ruth when she was a little girl, and Ruth remembered it, and she remembered that was her mom, and she knew she wasn't an orphan any more.

She now lives in Florida and has three kids of her own, and my father and her have always been very, very, close.

MR. BORNSTEIN: So, in February of 1951, we came to the U.S. on the transport ship, my mother and I. And it took seven days and seven nights, and I managed to throw up

seven days and seven nights because I was seasick. And, so my mother had to do a lot of talking to the immigration people that it was seasickness and I wasn't sick because they didn't really want to allow sick people into the United States.

And then in 1957, one the proudest moments of my life, I became a U.S. citizen. And we've been to many countries, and I could tell you that I can't think of a better place than the United States, and we are very lucky to be here.

So, I went to Fordham University. I just want to mention to you, my mother's sister Hilda couldn't get into the U.S. She lived in Cuba, and Hilda introduced my mother to someone she married, and she moved to Cuba.

I was starting Fordham University, a Jesuit school. They were absolutely wonderful. I had a scholarship from Fordham, a scholarship from New York State.

And again, Fordham didn't have a dormitory, so they put me up in the infirmary with an eight-foot cross in front of my bed, and they were just wonderful.

And then, moved to Iowa, and got an Ph.D.

I also got a wife, at the same time. Judy graduated in special education from Iowa, and we started a family.

And so now as we said, we have a good family, a

good sized family.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: Good size, we're 21.
Our immediate family is 21.

And I look at this picture. Sometimes, I look at it two different ways. I think, you know, for one survivor our immediate family is 21 people. What would have been, there were six million people murdered, from each one, you know, I think what would have been.

But, then sometimes I look at this and I feel that optimism my own father is always talking about, and I just think, we're from one survivor, our Pesach table, our Hanukah family gatherings, we're 21 people, we are celebrating our faith and we enjoy family, and my father has gone on to teach us all of the traditions.

Hitler is responsible for the murder of six million people, but he did not win.

One thing we wanted to share with you too hopefully is that I mentioned that makeshift vault that was in the backyard. My grandmother, when she returned to Zarki, although the house was taken, but my grandma was getting her stuff back. So, she snuck in the backyard one night, she dug and she dug and she found the makeshift vault. She found that everything had been stolen, except for one thing, and that thing is this Kiddish cup, which is, as many of you know, is a cup that is used for a blessing, and is a cup

that has been used for our wedding, our children's weddings, Bar Mitzvahs, Bat Mitzvahs and many other celebrations. So it is very, very precious to us.

The other thing my mother gave me was this watch, and on the back it has Hebrew letters gimmel and zayin, and it stands for Gam zeh ya'avov, This too shall pass.

So when we speak at schools and so on, and a lot of kids get impressed, and I try to impress on them, Gam zeh ya'avov, This too shall pass.

So remember if things are bad, look to the future, and things will get better.

MS. BORNSTEIN-HOLINSTAT: Last line I just want to share with you because I'm super excited about this. It is kind of new to us, and you won't find this in the book, although you will find it in the future printing of the book.

I wanted so badly in all my research something tangible to give my father, some tangible memory of his brother. I looked really hard to find his birth certificate so that we could maybe even mark his birthday. We never thought to ask my grandmother what was his birthday.

We found something better. That is Samuel. My father would remember his face, and now he knows exactly what he looked like. He looked exactly like my father.

This was taken before the war started and before my



Five-year-old Michael Bornstein, bottom right, liberated with other prisoners of Auschwitz

father was born.

And that is Samuel and my Grandma Sophie.

MR. BORNSTEIN: And that is about it.

I hope you have a chance to read *Survivors Club*.

And we are very, very lucky, it has made *The New York Times Best Seller List*. It is in its fourth printing.

And that's about it. And thank you so much for coming.

(Applause).



Michael Borstein and Hon. Peter Moulton, Administrative Judge, after the ceremony

Photos and artifacts from the Ahud Aish Memorial Museum's collection made up "Children and the Holocaust," a small but moving exhibit on view in the Rotunda of 60 Centre Street during the week of the ceremony.



Jewish child Anita Kirschner, in hiding with a Christian family (Photo courtesy of Mrs. Anita Hochstein)

Anita Kirchner, a Jewish child in hiding with a Christian family, holding her stuffed animal, a link to home. Anita later hid with her family, and all survived the war. (Photo courtesy of Mrs. Anita Kirchner)



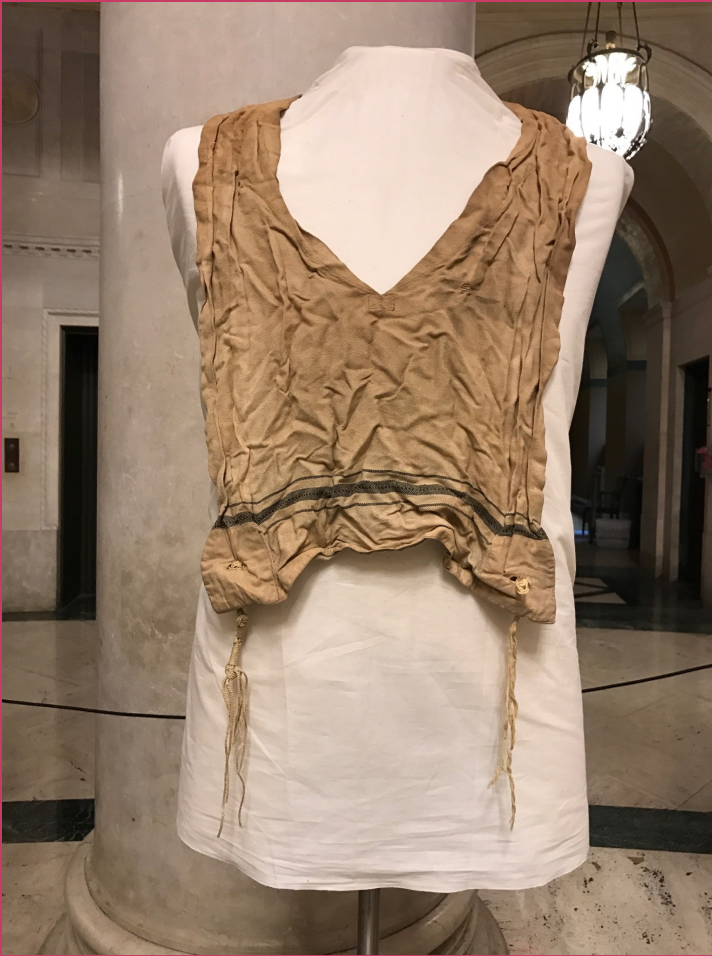
Maurice (Manfred) Krolik, 1943
(Photo courtesy of Yad Vashem)

Maurice Krolik, 1943. In 1938, when he and his sister were seven, they were sent to Brussels for safety, but no one picked them up at the train station. Maurice's sister went to an orphanage for Jewish children, and Maurice was rescued by Jonas Tiefenbrunner, who kept an orphanage for religious children in Brussels. (Photo courtesy of Yad Vashem)

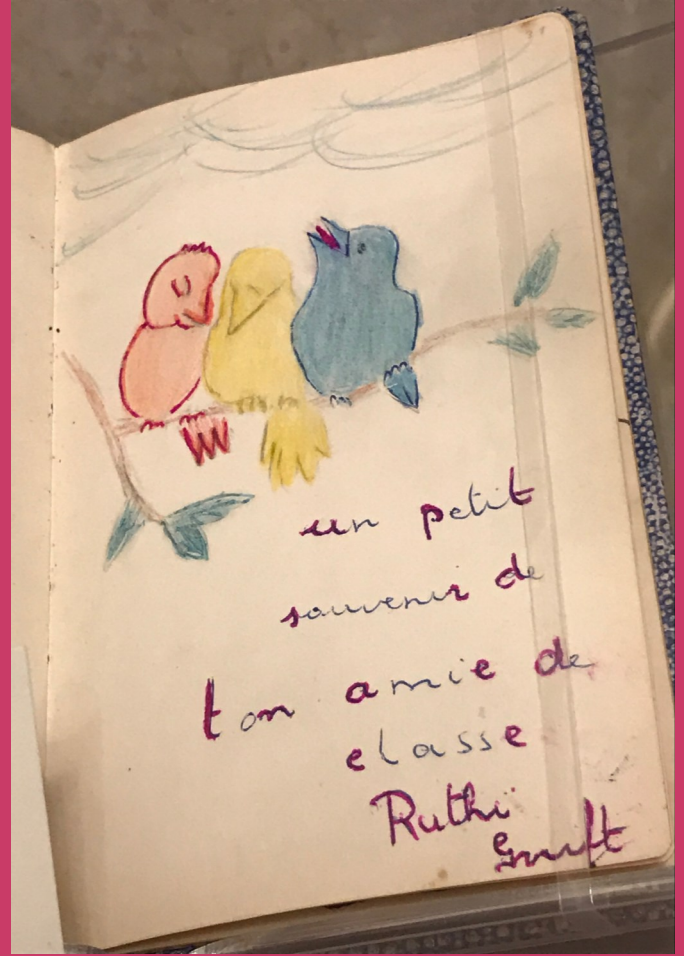


Moshe Shulevitz (top right) with his siblings, 1934
(Photo courtesy of the Shulevitz family)

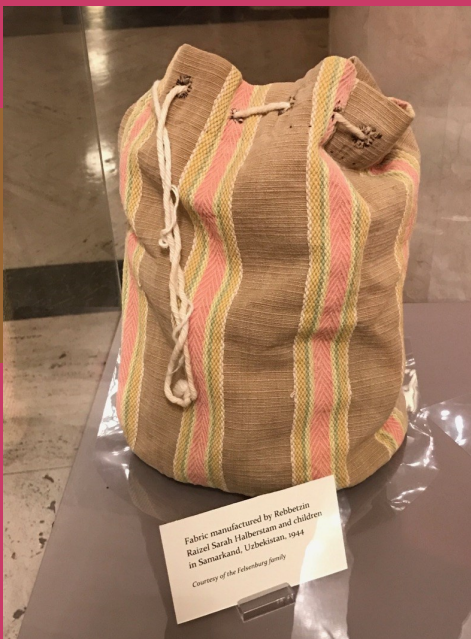
Between 1938 and 1940, Kindertransport (children's transport) carried thousands of children in Nazi-occupied lands to safety in Great Britain and, to a lesser extent, other countries. Moshe Shulevitz (top right) with his siblings in 1934, rode Kindertransport out of Germany, carrying a navy blue *tallis* bag his father had made for him. (Photo courtesy of Shulevitz family)



Tzitzis worn by the Bobover Chasid Reb Mendel Landau a"h in Auschwitz, 1944. Reb Mendel carried the tzitzis on a death march, and kept it in Dachau until his liberation. *Courtesy of the Landau family*



Artistic autograph book used by former hidden child, Goldine Ehrenfeld. The book originally belonged to her cousin, Jenny Feldman, who was murdered in Auschwitz in 1942. *Courtesy of Mrs. Goldine*



In September of 1939, when Germany invaded Poland, Rebbetzin Raizel Sarah Halberstam and her children escaped to Russia. To survive, they built a loom and wove fabrics they sold at market. Weaving on their own loom allowed them not to work on the Sabbath. Left, a bag fashioned of cloth made on the loom.

Fabric manufactured by Rebbetzin Raizel Sarah Halberstam and children in Samarkand, Uzbekistan, 1944
Courtesy of the Halberstam family