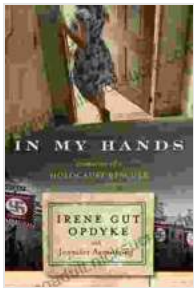


In My Hands: Memories of a Holocaust Rescuer

I was born in Poland in 1920. My family was poor, but we were happy. I had two older brothers and a younger sister. We lived in a small town, and I went to school there. I was a good student, and I loved to learn. I also loved to play soccer.



In My Hands: Memories of a Holocaust Rescuer

by Irene Gut Opdyke

★★★★☆ 4.8 out of 5

Language : English
File size : 4018 KB
Text-to-Speech : Enabled
Screen Reader : Supported
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 302 pages



In 1939, the Nazis invaded Poland. My town was one of the first to be occupied. The Nazis rounded up all the Jews in town and sent them to a ghetto. My family was forced to live in the ghetto for two years. During that time, we were constantly hungry and afraid. We saw people being beaten and killed. We lived in fear of being sent to a concentration camp.

In 1942, the Nazis began to liquidate the ghetto. They rounded up all the Jews and sent them to Auschwitz. My family was among them. We were put in a cattle car and sent to the camp. The journey took three days.

During that time, we were given no food or water. Many people died on the way.

When we arrived at Auschwitz, we were separated. The men were sent to one side, and the women and children were sent to the other. I never saw my father or brothers again.

The women and children were sent to a barracks. We were given thin soup and bread to eat. We slept on wooden bunks. The barracks were overcrowded and unsanitary. Many people died from disease.

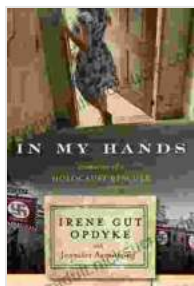
I was assigned to work in the camp kitchen. I peeled potatoes and washed dishes. The work was hard, but I was determined to survive. I knew that if I gave up, I would die. I also knew that I had to help others survive.

I began to smuggle food out of the kitchen and give it to the other prisoners. I also helped to nurse the sick and wounded. I did everything I could to help my fellow prisoners.

In 1945, the Soviet army liberated Auschwitz. I was one of the few survivors. I was weak and sick, but I was alive. I returned to my hometown and found that my mother and sister had survived the war. We were reunited and we began to rebuild our lives.

I have never forgotten the horrors of the Holocaust. I have dedicated my life to helping others. I have spoken to thousands of people about the Holocaust. I have also worked to help Holocaust survivors. I believe that it is important to remember the Holocaust so that we can prevent it from happening again.

I am a Holocaust rescuer. I saved over 2,000 people from the Nazis. This is my story.



In My Hands: Memories of a Holocaust Rescuer

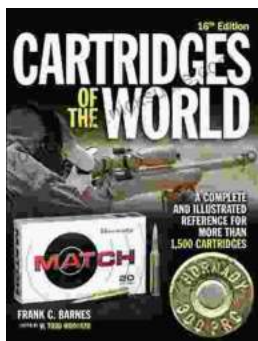
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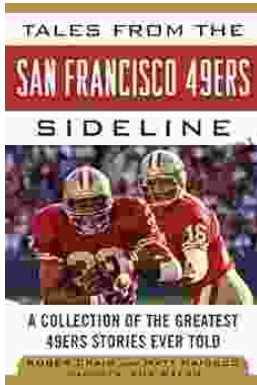
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