

PASSOVER & YOM HASHOAH



The Survivor Mitzvah Project™

To our compassionate donors,

The Survivor Mitzvah Project corresponds with hundreds of survivors who are the recipients of your kindness. We like to share their letters with you, so that you can read their stories in their own words, and also their heartfelt words of thanks to you. This letter is about Passover after the war.



"... And now we are home. The burned ruins of our home. One stone from the stove, like a gravestone, is all that remains of our nest... and five, small children, thrown out of this nest by the war. And lying on the ground is Mama, who from grief had lost the strength to stay on her feet. She pressed her hands, filled with ashes, to her face. She lay there a long time. Then she summoned the strength to stand. For her children stood there encircling her. She had to find food. But we did not find food soon. We walked in single file to the stable where they had chased the Jewish old people and the children - there too were ashes. That was all that remained of my grandmother and grandfather and five relatives. Not even a little bone. Perhaps dogs had dragged them away. Raising trembling hands to the sky, Mama shouted in Yiddish: 'Why? Who arranged Judgment Day on earth for old people and angelic children? Who turned this mad world upside down?'

And we cried out in voices not our own...



It is Passover... we are living in ruins... In the palm of a hand lays something very thin, not thicker than a sheet of paper. Mother said she will give everyone a piece.

Mother gets us in a circle and tells us that once we were Jewish slaves. Forgetting about our present hunger, Mother continues to tell us that in the desert there was no bread. We looked at the piece of Matzoh in our hands: can we really eat this sliver and make our stomachs stop growling? For a long time we listened to our mother's dear, tranquil voice. And then the hunger was gone. We ate this little piece and we were full. And mother hid a tiny piece, like a talisman (that is how she said it), and believed, that every time, taken out on Pesach, it would fill us with knowledge that if they survived then, so will we.

And so I survived and am writing to you. Happiness to you, my dears, so far away, but so close to me, friends.

I want to wish all of you, my American friends, great individual happiness, always, everywhere, and in everything. Happiness and freedom - to everyone personally and to all of you together. Thank you for being in my life.

Your Manya"

On Passover, we remember that we were once slaves in ancient times, and on Yom Hashoah we remember we were slaves in modern times by honoring those that fought and those who perished in the Holocaust.

But what of those that by some miracle survived the horror? What about the people who lived through the darkest days of human history but still struggle everyday, alone and forgotten? These are the people *The Survivor Mitzvah Project* helps. These are the husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, children and grandchildren, nieces and nephews of those we remember and honor on Yom Hashoah and everyday.

We were once strangers in a strange land. Make a special donation at Passover/Yom Hashoah in honor of those that survived, and show them loving-kindness and compassion. They are strangers, but they are members of our family.

See where your dollars are going! Watch your donations in action:

<http://www.survivormitzvah.org/humanitarian-efforts/>

Donate online at: www.survivormitzvah.org

Or send a check to:

The Survivor Mitzvah Project
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