



The
Survivor
Mitzvah
Project

The Letter

Victory in Europe Day - May 8, 1945! Our world has seen many challenging times throughout history, but we have always been able to overcome them by working together. I recently shared this letter with our survivors. My father (pictured at right) wrote this in 1943 during WWII when he was a 19-year-old Air Force pilot and flight instructor. It was a difficult, turbulent, and uncertain time. He was writing to his newborn niece Arleen, whom he had not yet met and wouldn't meet until the War ended.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Thursday
October 28, 1943

Dearest Arleen:

You are so very tiny yet and I know you cannot read this, but as the years shall pass you will grow to be a wonderful young lady and then must read this and think back to the world as I see it.

When that day comes the world and its peoples will have lived through many peaceful years. I know the people will not appreciate peace, somehow they never do. The Earth does not appreciate, nor does it forget or remember. But, Arleen, I want you to know and to appreciate!

When you read this there will be no bloodshed; no tears - except those of happiness and those aren't really tears. They are small droplets of happiness and when they roll down the cheek and fall to the earth if you listen closely you will hear the laughing voices of children, the wind in the trees, and the crescendo of a thousand joys.

I want you to know that the peace you are living in was paid for - so very dearly, so very dearly.

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If you should ever run in a field of yellow wild flowers think of this: As many flowers as you see there were many times that many men who wanted you to be happy and breathe the air of a free world. Men had to give their lives - their very lives, for in each grave there lies not only a man but the heart and life of some woman.

Was my generation fortunate or unfortunate? Someday I will know. We were born just in time to see the peace I speak of leave the earth. Ever since I can remember there has been a shadow on our lives. There has been that constant propelling force to make some one fight and balance our lives again. Because of this we had to learn to live. We had to learn to grow up ahead of our years. We had to learn to put aside our loves.

We had to learn to fight.

You are yet so very small and I have never been blessed to see you yet I know you so well. I have seen your eyes because I have seen the brilliant sun flash through the vast clear blue sky.

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I know what your tiny fingers feel like because I have held a fluffy tiny kitten in my hands. I know the color of your cheeks because I have smelled the delicate pink of roses.

I know what your skin feels like to the touch because I have kissed my love so tenderly.

I know your happiness because I have seen animals and their young.

I know you Arleen.

We will meet somehow and there will be some one at my side. Why deny that she is my path to love and my eyes to beauty?

I cannot deny that you are the essence of God to some one.

Arleen, some would say that you are the product of the human union but I know differently.

Only God could have made you

Arleen



In response to this letter, many survivors wrote us that they were moved to tears. They know only too well how high the cost of peace can be. For them it is as if the War happened yesterday. **Survivor Benya Isaakovna, whose family knows how precious and often fragile peaceful times are, wrote: “Zane! With great interest I read the letter from your father to his niece Arleen, it is wonderful—unparalleled! It is a dream come true. He uses such comparisons! His letter was written in 1943, but is still relevant today, when bastions around the planet break out in war, including here in Ukraine. Our young generation needs to learn from letters like this. They must learn to live and fight for a happy future. Most importantly, we must keep and value peace—peace which has a very high price! We often fail to remember this, but it must never be forgotten!”**

Pictured at left: Four generations of the Morozovsky Family, 1927

“In the summer of 1942, our family evacuated to Central Asia, Uzbekistan. But my father’s parents and his two youngest sisters stayed in Pyryatyn where they were shot by the Nazis. My cousin was buried alive in a grave, dug in the market square in the town of Pyryatyn. At the bottom right of this photo is my father, Isaak. At top right is my mother Beyla. In my father’s arms is my older brother, Fima. In the center is my great-grandmother, and at her sides are Grandfather Genakh-Moshkovich and Grandmother Rivka, who were all killed in Pyryatyn. Second-to-left at top and bottom are Grandfather’s sisters who were also shot and killed there. In 1943 my brother Fima turned 18 and was drafted. We never saw him again. He vanished without a trace. I often think about how scared and lonely he must have been.

Peace was won at the cost of millions of lives. The past should not be forgotten. Those who forget the past have no present and no future. All the stories and memories of the older generation should be available for the current, younger generation, so that the horrors of war on planet Earth will never happen again. That is why, Zane, you and your organization are doing important work by creating your Holocaust Archive. It is impossible to forget the fear, starvation, freezing cold, and train bombings during evacuation, or the difficulties of returning home to a shattered and mangled Cherkassy. Can we forget those who left for the Front and never came home? This should be preserved in people’s collective memory. Your work is priceless. And receiving your help now, during this very difficult time, is extremely important.”

Now the Holocaust Survivors in Ukraine are experiencing war again. It’s terrifying for all of them.

“We faced war in childhood and now the unthinkable is being repeated! We pray this horrible, cruel, ferocious war will end soon. Age and illness prevent us from evacuating. We are worried and depressed. We hope we will survive. There is nowhere to run.” – Fania Isaakovna

“They are bombarding Ukraine day and night! We are in a constant state of stress and fear.” – Yakov Ruvinovich

“Who would’ve thought the way we started life could be the way our lives end. But we are SURVIVORS. We hope for the best.” Tamara & Valentina Lvovna

Please help Benya, Fania, Yakov, Tamara, Valentina others receive lifesaving aid while trapped in war-torn Ukraine.

Thank you for your ongoing compassionate support of the last survivors of the Holocaust in the East! You have saved many lives. - Zane Buzby

If you know of a Jewish family in Ukraine who wishes to evacuate to Israel, please call or email SMP.

SMP delivers aid to survivors in Ukraine daily. Donate online or send a check to:

The Survivor Mitzvah Project

2658 Griffith Park Blvd. #299 Los Angeles, CA 90039

100% of donations for survivors go directly into the hands of a Holocaust Survivor in need.

\$150 supports a survivor for one month • \$1800 supports a survivor for one year. Donations in any amount save lives.

The Survivor Mitzvah Project is a 501c3 non-profit public charity. All donations are tax deductible to the full extent of the law.

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