

Children in the Holocaust

Like with adults, life in the ghetto developed in children a special sense for the perils waylaying them at each and every step [they took]. All smiles, all laughter, were suddenly switched off, when the footsteps of the Germans were heard. Once, kindergarten children were preparing — in blatant defiance of destiny - a play on the theme of *Fraternity between Nations*. The festive day came, which also happened to be Lilka's birthday. She wore her blue velvet dress. She danced, laughed, sang and was delighted.

Lilka's Death

And then, in the afternoon - the shock! The command was given to go to the square outside the ghetto, with the ruse that certificates for emigration to Palestine had arrived. The people, in their naivety, went out to the square and Lilka was among them. From there, they were taken to the cemetery, where they were shot one after the other. On the orders of the Germans, the parents were shot first and then the children. After witnessing the death of her parents and siblings, Lilka begged the Gestapo officer, "Let me live anyway!" — but in vain. The Gestapo officer, who committed this hideous murder, told of this detail himself. Not many days later, the rest of the kindergarten children were also taken, in trucks, to the "Valley of Slaughter" [an expression from Jeremiah 7:32].