



I was 16 days old when the Nazis raided the Dutch house where my parents had been hiding for 3 years. One of the sisters who owned the home stalled as my parents hastened to the



space behind the wainscoted-wall in the upstairs room. Then she opened the door and the Gestapo and their dog hurried in. As they entered one of the officers stared at the dark newborn in a basket. She's my child, Tris, our Dutch savior, said. There was an Italian soldier.

Later the Nazis entered the room where my parents stood behind the paneling. Their dog sniffed the wall a few times. Then it turned and pulled its Nazi handler out of the room. My parents were German Jews who fled an increasingly oppressive Germany in 1938, and had lived in Velp, Netherlands for 4 years. Then the Nazis began rounding up the country's Jews. Rather than going to a "camp" they contacted the Dutch underground and were sent to the home of two sisters who had been missionaries in the Indies before the war. The sisters had heeded their minister's plea and had decided God wanted them to risk their lives and conceal the Jewish fugitives. I was 6 weeks old when Canadian soldiers liberated Apeldoorn. After they were freed my parents learned that their parents and many friends and family had perished in the camps. Some of my father's siblings were murdered and a few had survived.

