

*IN THE MIDST OF DARKNESS,
LIGHT PERSISTS.*



Elizabeth Sarembock

A courageous woman with a courageous story

BY Milla Wolman

TOPIC: The Twentieth Century has been one of the most eventful periods of Jewish History. Many of your parents or other members of your family have lived through and experienced this period. Write a researched essay on the life of ONE member of your family, intricately interweaving their experiences with feminist ideals and poignant reflections on the Holocaust's horrors, to demonstrate how that person's life relates to the overall history of this significant period.

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“There is no medicine for your morals. If your morals are gone, you go”
- Eddie Jaku.

There was once a time when the world had lost its moral compass. A time when morals were on the verge of extinction. A time where darkness prevailed. But within every soul, there's a light that shines. Even in the atrocity that was the Shoah. My paternal great-great grandmother Elizabeth 'Betsy' Sarembock was an enlightened soul, who used her inner strength to survive the Shoah.

The life of Betsy encapsulates the resilience of all Jewish women. Women who hold their heads up high when the world around wants them to fall. Their passion combined with their inner fire; women of valour – exploring the depth of an ‘Eshet Chayil’; and lastly compassion that reflects the light of a glowing Neshama. Resilience, valour, compassion, and passion form the four pillars that underpin the story of Betsy’s incredible life.

Betsy was born on the 11th of October 1892, in Rotterdam, Netherlands. Her father's name was Israel de Winter and her mother's name was Jeanette de Winter. Betsy had two brothers, Willie, and Jakob and one sister Selma.



Israel and Jeanette de Winter, Betsy's parents



Map of the Netherlands depicting Elizabeth's place of birth.

Betsy experienced growing up in many different towns in South Holland, including a town known as Breda. There she went to lessons where she learnt the values of Judaism and Jewish life. Life for Jews in South Holland during the 1900s was influenced by several factors, including political, social, and economic dynamics. The early 1900s marked a period of significant changes and challenges for Jews in South Holland, as well as in the wider Netherlands. During this time, the Jewish population in South Holland, particularly in cities like Rotterdam, where the de Winters lived, and The Hague, experienced both integration and growing anti-Semitism.

At the beginning of the century, the Jewish community was well-integrated into Dutch society. The Jewish community strengthened due to their remarkable contributions to the economic and cultural development of South Holland.

Jews were also immersed in the labour movement, advocating for workers' rights and social justice. Society opposed the uniqueness of religion, discouraging anything that was different to European Christianity.

In the early 1900s, antisemitism for Jews in South Holland became emotionally taxing and continuously infected Jews with its venomous hatred throughout the Netherlands. Despite participating in Dutch society, Jews were often faced with the trauma of social exclusion from certain social circles, clubs, and organisations. They were sometimes seen as outsiders and faced barriers to full acceptance. Some social clubs explicitly excluded Jewish members, isolating them, and reinforcing the notion of their "otherness."

Within political and intellectual circles, Anti-Semitism was ever-present. With the propagated anti-Semitic stereotypes and conspiracy theories, politicians and other high-power individuals portrayed Jews as a threat to society. In particular, far-right and nationalist movements shared messages of anti-Semitism and these groups grew rapidly. Additionally, while some Jewish individuals achieved success in professions such as banking, others faced obstacles such as discrimination when seeking employment or establishing businesses as well as limited opportunities due to being Jewish. Some industries and organisations were known for practicing anti-Semitic hiring policies or refusing to do business with Jews.

Religious discrimination also existed and meant that Jewish religious practices and traditions were sometimes met with prejudice or disdain. This was noticeable regarding Jewish customs, such as keeping Kosher, and keeping Shabbat, which were not always understood or respected by the wider society. This lack of insight often led to misunderstandings and further perpetuated stereotypes.

The early century witnessed the rise of Jews as scapegoats, blaming them for economic hardships or promoting ideologies about Jewish control and influence. Whilst not all individuals in South Holland held anti-Semitic views, and there were individuals and organisations that actively fought against discrimination, they were few and far between. Nevertheless, the overall climate of the time saw discrimination against Jews persisting in various forms.

The non-stop discrimination faced by Jews in South Holland during the 1900s set the stage for the persecution they would endure during the Nazi occupation in World War II. The Nazi regime exploited and intensified existing anti-Semitic sentiments, leading to the deportation and extermination of the vast majority of

Dutch Jews, including those in South Holland.

SOUTH AFRICA:

In 1906, the Netherlands had approximately 105,000 Jews, making up less than 1% of the total population. The number of Jews in the Netherlands was slowly decreasing as boundaries between Gentiles and Jews were becoming more distinct. Whilst the Netherlands stayed neutral during the four-year period of WW1, it was surrounded by war states with army troops constantly passing through the Netherlands.

It was in this year that 14-year-old Betsy and her family decided that Holland was no longer safe.

The de Winters then made the right decision to immigrate to South Africa. Betsy's life in South Africa was bliss. At this time South Africa was at peace.



Young Betsy full of joy

Eight years later, in 1914, the First World War broke out between the Allies (USA, France, Japan, Great Britain, Australia, Russia, Italy and South Africa) and the Central Powers (Austria-Hungary together with Germany). WWI was sparked by the murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and chaos ensued soon afterwards. As South Africa already has a close allyship with the British Empire, they patently joined forces with Great Britain and their allies against the German Empire. WWI lasted until 1918 with the Central Powers finally admitting defeat to the Allies.

After WWI, South Africa experienced an influx of Jewish immigrants fleeing persecution and seeking better opportunities. Jewish women who immigrated to South Africa brought with them their own experiences of oppression and discrimination. This gave them a purpose and a thirst to engage with feminist and social justice movements. Feminism was flourishing and activists like Charlotte Maxeke were advocating for African women's rights in society. She was the first black South African woman to graduate with a university degree when she earned her Bachelor of Science degree from Wilberforce University in Ohio, United States, in 1901.

Throughout her life, Maxeke worked tirelessly to promote gender equality and fight for the rights of African women. She became a prominent voice in the struggle for social justice in South Africa during the early 20th century. She co-founded the African National Congress (ANC) Women's League in 1918, making it one of the earliest women's organizations in the country. The league played a crucial role in advocating for the rights of black women, supporting suffrage, and challenging discriminatory laws. Like Maxeke, Jewish women at that time also stood out as having noteworthy struggles and triumphs.

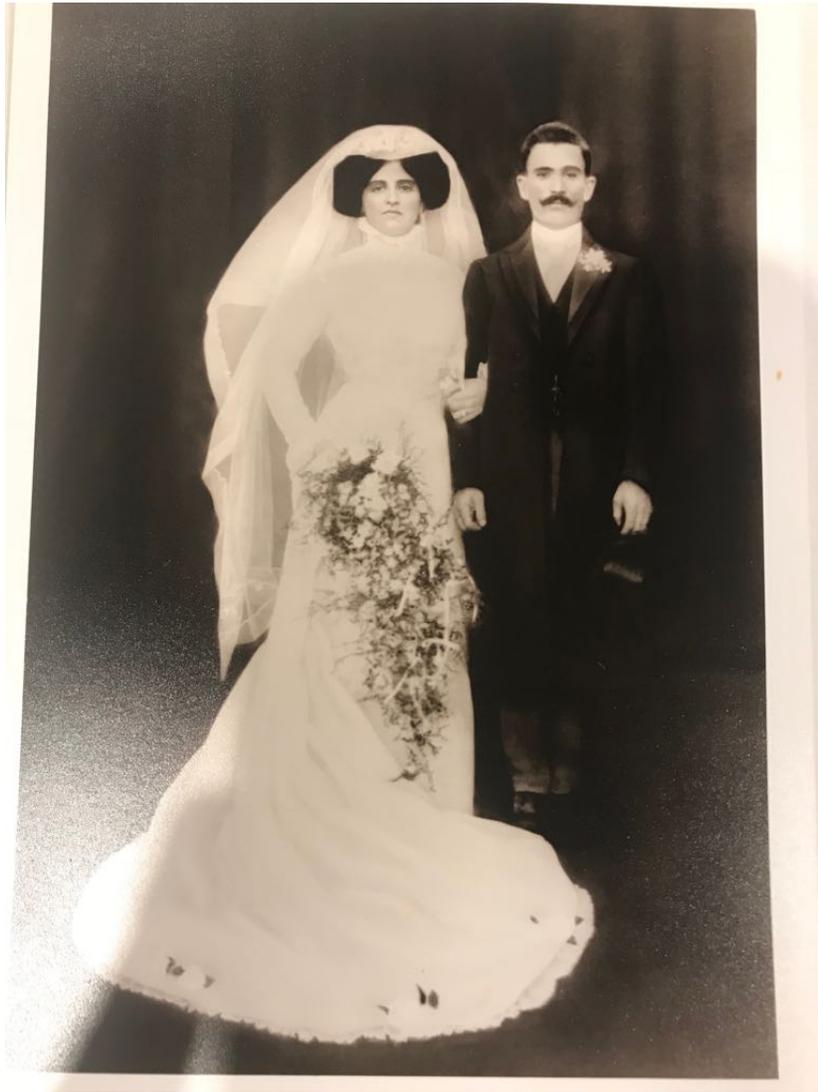
In 1921, the South African Jewish Women's League (SAJWL) was established. It was founded by Bertha Solomon, a passionate social activist. She played a significant role in advancing the position of Jewish women in South African society. It strived to improve the welfare of Jewish women and children, educate them, and address social and cultural issues within the Jewish community and beyond. Life was tough and there were many dark, difficult days. The SAJWL played a crucial role in empowering Jewish women and advocating for their rights during this period. When the dark eats away your soul the feeling of empowerment can change everything. That, belief in oneself and the promise of hope, creates the sliver of light.

As I search deeper into my roots and the empowered people that fought and struggled yet NEVER GAVE UP, I reflect on MY own grit and the tenacious South African Jewish spirit that runs in my veins. I too don't give up on my daily obstacles and continue to advocate for change.

At the time, the economy in South Africa was depressed. Yet, Betsy's father Israel managed to carry the family economically with his wholesale linen business. Israel had a strong business mind and a very intellectual way of thinking, because of his determination and strong business skills, Betsy and her family could live a life they would only have dreamed about in Holland.

The de Winter family would often explore the unique and picturesque countryside of Southern Africa and travelled around by horse and cart selling their goods. When she had a chance to breathe, Betsy enjoyed visiting Joubert Park or Johannesburg Zoo on the weekends with her older cousin. They both enjoyed their time together and time absorbing nature's beauty. Betsy had such an observant nature, inhaling the beautiful atmosphere, providing new perspectives to country life.

It was in this very Joubert Park, where, at age 17 in 1909, Betsy met a handsome farmer by the name of Louis Sarembock. Louis was born in Kovno, (now known as Kaunas) Russia in 1882. As she gazed into his eyes, eyes full of love and hope, she knew he was the one, he was the one for her. Whilst Betsy had been living her life to the fullest, Louis was 10 years older than her and ready to settle down. With love electrifying through their blood, Louis proposed that year and without a doubt she said yes.



Elizabeth de Winter and Louis Sarembock pictured on their wedding day.

They found their home in the magnificent Western Cape Province of Ceres, a country town surrounded by majestic mountains; and is known for its top-quality fruits and invested in a fruit farm. She had three beautiful daughters, Amanda, Fay, and Jeanette, and one son Harold and loved them with all her heart. Fay was my paternal great grandmother. The story of how Betsy found Louis is truly one of passion and beauty. Betsy's husband also owned a food wholesale business which provided well for the family. By the time Harold, her youngest, was born in 1918, Betsy was 26 years old.

Betsy's new life was no longer geographically tied to her father and siblings. Her father travelled around to different countries for his work and Betsy's sister Selma was living a wealthy life in Durban, quite far away from the western Cape. Louis' life, one filled with happiness and great love, devastatingly came to an end in 1929 due to a complication during surgery for a ruptured spleen. In that

moment her perfect world faded, the news shocked her to her core. By this stage all her children were grown up, her father was never around, her sister lived far away, and both her brothers had already emigrated to Australia in 1922. It did not seem as if anything was left for her and eventually her heart was consumed by an irresistible yearning to return to Holland.

HOLLAND

Despite the protests from her family not to return to Holland due to the impending war, she decided that she had to go. Betsy arrived in Holland in the early 1930s and soon after fell in love again with Leo Meijers. Their commitment to each other grew stronger and Betsy and Leo eventually got married. Leo worked in the metal industry in Haarlem and had a daughter from his previous marriage named Hanneltjie.



Betsy in Holland

My great-great grandfather Louis was truly a wonderful man. It took much courage for Betsy to move forward from his death. He lived forever in her heart but the strength of the love she now shared with Leo slowly began stitching her fragile heart back together.

Again, with war clouds looming her family begged her to return to South Africa but her husband, Leo, assured her that the Germans would never invade Holland. By this stage Betsy was also feeling unsafe and pleaded with Leo to move back to South Africa, but he refused, and she remained by his side. Betsy's intuition to leave was right and Germany invaded Holland in 1940. Leo's doubt in Betsy ignited a newfound flame in her that would later prove to burn brighter. She refused to give up and this stubbornness would later spare her life.

On the 30th of January 1933, the president of Germany, Paul Von Hindenburg appointed Adolf Hitler as chancellor. Hindenburg's presidential responsibilities were fraught with political instability and an economic depression. Hindenburg feared Hitler, his fear corrupted him, becoming brainwashed by Hitler and his manipulative ways.

A chancellor in Western Europe is the head figure of the main political party of Germany. They hold a legal and political responsibility to serve and protect the people of their country. This was ultimately not the case for Adolf Hitler.

Hitler and the nazi Party had little intention to seize power, they were forced to work their way up through Germany's legal political system. Even though when the nazi movement first began in the early 1920s, it was small, ineffective, and marginal. It was in the 1930s that the nazis truly became known for their extremist ideals.

Hitler did not immediately become a dictator. When he became chancellor, Germany's democratic constitution was still in effect. However, Hitler transformed Germany by manipulating the democratic political system. Hitler and other nazi leaders used existing laws to destroy German democracy and create a dictatorship.

In August 1934, President Hindenburg died, and Hitler proclaimed himself Führer (leader) of Germany. Hitler slowly started depriving the country the truth of what it means to be a leader. From that point forward, Hitler was the dictator of Germany.

The nazi regime was an evil and cunning force. Young people became indoctrinated into the nazi mindset by attending nazi Youth Groups. This is where they were taught that Jews, Gypsies, Gay people, and other minority groups needed to be erased. There were 2 main groups- the Hitler Youth for boys and the League of German Girls for females. These children grew up to be SS

officers and other army generals. Many Dutch citizens, including young people, actively opposed the occupation and participated in resistance movements.

As the night fell on November 9, 1938, destruction in Germany rose. Herschel Grynszpan, a 17-year-old Jewish Polish boy assaulted a German diplomat. This initiated a wave of anger amongst the Nazi party. The Nazis retaliated by breaking the glass windows of Jewish owned shops and other places of significance to Jews, e.g. Synagogues and community centres. Flames erupted in the homes of many Jewish individuals as Germans lit their houses of fire and looted their belongings. Because of all the broken glass on streets, this event came to be known as Kristallnacht, Night of Broken Glass.

On the 10th of May 1940 a 4-day battle ensued between German and Dutch forces. The Germans won and the Dutch people were now controlled by the Nazi regime.



On 10 May 1940, German paratroopers land in the Netherlands.

In the early morning of 10 May 1940, bombers from the German Luftwaffe were unexpectedly flying in the direction of the North Sea. The Dutch assumed that they were passing by on their way to England. Once they thought the bombers

had passed, the planes then made a 180-degree turn and flew back to attack the Netherlands. The Netherlands was at war.¹

In 1939, shortly before the war began, Betsy and Leo went to a party. Their friends were adamant that Holland would remain neutral, should there be a war, as they did in WW1. However, Betsy was sceptical, saying “you don’t know the Germans”. Later that night when they arrived home, the sound of guns shooting trebled throughout the skies. Shooting and aeroplanes began the next day. The inhumane terror that weighed heavily against her was so unbearable. The constant burden that anxiety brought on her was debilitating, to her and the Meijers. Betsy reprimanded Leo for not believing her initial thoughts that the Germans would invade. As the war escalated, the quality of life for Jews disintegrated. The Germans began brainwashing the Jews, telling them they have nothing to fear. It was after then when the Jews were persecuted and arrested. Betsy herself was ordered to wear the yellow star of Jude. Betsy watched as the world around her deteriorated into a place that was not safe for Jews. Every person that did not live up to the ideals of the nazi’s, experienced a level of abuse that no soul should ever have to endure. The persecution of the Jews was never enough. The nazis always wanted more. The scars this atrocity burnt into her memory ensured that Betsy would always struggle to describe the horror of this vivid bloodshed, recalling, “I even saw them shoot Christian people down like dogs.”

Betsy was gradually buying lots of groceries to protect herself. The gift of food and water was truly a sanctity. The luxurious house they lived in had no longer provided enough safety when one day Betsy had received an unprecedented letter she will never forget... a letter instructing them to go to Auschwitz. Betsy and Leo knew what Auschwitz truly meant for the Jews. Leo had expectations that this day would arise and was in touch with a local Gentile family who would later be the reason they made it out of the war alive.

Immediately after this, a traumatised Betsy and her family abruptly left their house in the middle of the night, leaving all their belongings behind; But managed to take all her precious jewellery with her as she knew this may be used to save her life later. Betsy was scared and feared for their safety. She felt a rush

¹ <https://www.annefrank.org/en/anne-frank/go-in-depth/german-invasion-netherlands/>

of adrenaline that rather than lifting her up, pulled her down, recalling the joyous memories that had once been created in her house.



Photo of Betsy and Leo walking side by side.

Life in Hiding (1942-1945)

Betsy got to know Mr and Mrs Wessels, a kind and charming couple that her husband had made arrangements with. The Wessels found compassion in their hearts and helped her, Leo, and her stepdaughter by taking them into hiding. They gave her Mrs Wessels bedroom and Mr Wessels showed the Meijers a cupboard hidden behind a double door which he had made in case of emergencies.

Life in hiding settled into an uncertain rhythm, and Betsy was later not able to recall the exact order in which events occurred. That however does not weaken the significance of the darkness that possessed her spirit during this time. What she does recall is that in the flat underneath where Betsy was hiding, lived a supporter of Vidkun Quisling, a Norwegian fascist and nazi collaborator, along with a German Officer. They were unaware of the 'fugitives' living above them.

Scarcity of food

Not long after they had settled in, their rations had dried up. There were increased and strengthened restrictions in which the Jews were barred from accessing food, and now, as a result, Betsy and her family were not entitled to any more rations. It was at that point when her jewellery prevailed its true worth as she has previously predicted. Betsy sold some of her treasured jewellery to the Wessels in exchange for food - providing them with just enough substantial nourishment to survive. "... *and it took a slice of my life. I got as thin as a stick and there was so much I went through that I can't tell you*".

At one point, there was word that the nazis were coming to look for people in hiding. Betsy, her husband and stepdaughter went to stay at her husband's bookkeeper's apartment for a few days seeking refuge. They then returned to the Wessels in the middle of the deep, dark night.

It would have taken so much willpower for her not to crumble when the world around her was crumbling. Her bones wanted to crumble, her legs pleaded to fall but somehow, she found gratitude in what she did have, and this sustained her yet another night. "*For my birthday one year, our friends gave me a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk as a gift. We thought it was the most wonderful present in the world*".²

² Elizabeth talking about her experience of the scarcity of food during the holocaust to the "S.A Jewish Times" newspaper.

An isolated escape

The Wessels went to a family function at the Hague, leaving Betsy and her family alone in the house. The Meijers were instructed not to open the door at all. If they did, and a German officer or any supporter of the Nazi ideology found out that the Wessels were hiding Jews, both the Wessels and the Meijers' could face deportation to a concentration camp for their own demise.

With these instructions imprinted in their mind, it was a 'normal' day and Betsy was in the kitchen making lunch for her family, using ingredients that had been procured from the sale of her jewellery.



Betsy trying to make life seem normal under extreme conditions of occupation.

The doorbell rang and Leo thought it was a friend of the Wessels who were an ally of the Jews and were well aware of the Wessels' dangerous act of kindness, so he opened the door. However it was not who he expected. It was not the friend that he had now hoped but instead it was a woman who lived around the corner who they did not know. She came into the house and Leo quickly pulled Betsy aside to

tell her what had happened. Betsy debated on how she should best handle this predicament as she knew the consequences of talking to and engaging with strangers. Betsy took charge, saying "you go in the kitchen and leave me alone. I'll do the talking!" This empowered Betsy as a woman of valour who could take charge of a situation. The visitor asked to use the telephone, which, despite the confusion and abruptness, Betsy allowed.

The visitor thought she recognised Betsy as the wife of a local Captain. Betsy played with this and said that she was indeed the wife of this Captain. The visitor continued to make extended conversation, delaying her leave. Eventually, a quick minded Betsy told the visitor she had to run out to make errands. Ironically, Betsy was clearly banned from the outside world and was forced to be stuck in hiding for over 3 years. The visitor then proceeded to leave. The next day, when the Wessels returned, the visitor commented to Mrs Wessels that she was the Captain's wife in her house the previous day. Mrs Wessels also played along with this ruse, demonstrating a sense of compassion for Betsy, and staying loyal to the sisterhood.

A sickening act

Invasion.... famine... sickening voids.... playing their cards, gambling their life... the constant unknown. On one occasion, Betsy heard forceful knocking on the door, followed by the sound of shoes up the wooden staircase. Those shoes belonged to the feet of nazi's. Betsy began to panic, knowing time was not her friend in this instance. She wanted Leo, his daughter and herself to hide in the room behind the cupboard with the fake backing but didn't think there was enough time for them all to squeeze into the tight space.

In an act of valour and kindness, Betsy chose to put her life on the line to protect Leo and his daughter. She let them hide in the cupboard and did all she could to assure they're safe but did not hide herself. Even after this her tenacity did not allow her to shield her quick thinking.

Betsy then sprinted to the guest room and climbed into the bed, hoping to help steer the attention away from the cupboard. The nazis were "Poking under the bed, behind the curtains and they couldn't find anything."

Frozen and paralysed in fear, Betsy lay there motionless, awaiting the nazis to enter the room. It took all of Betsy's strength to mask her immense fear, yet the fear drained all the colour from her face, leaving her looking extremely pale and sick. Her nose started pouring out blood and when the nazi's entered the room they were stunned in horror by this sick looking woman. This was a case of divine intervention- Betsy's nosebleeds had helped her out of many scarring situations previously. Betsy said, "the time they were in there was an unending agony."³ "The agony was such that I must have looked as ill as I felt". The nazis were so afraid of disease and did not want to risk getting sick, so they left the Wessels house extremely fast and did not ask any questions.

Close call

The bell rang, followed by a man banging on the door. A maid opened the door only to hear two men run upstairs to the bedroom. Whilst this was happening, Betsy threw her bag full of jewellery under the carpet in the bathroom.

She didn't know where her husband was, but the officers knew that her husband was in business and knew of his wealth. They forced Betsy to call her husband and tell him to come home immediately. The officer threatened to shoot Betsy with a revolver if she revealed that anything was amiss to her husband on the phone. Betsy followed the officer's instructions and called her husband, speaking in an extra slow and cautious tone to try and convey that something was off. *"I spoke with a very weak accent, a very weak voice, [so] that my husband should understand it [that something was wrong]. "Leo, you have to come home because someone wants to see you"*. Betsy then even managed to slip in the phrase 'not good' in French, so her husband further understood she was in trouble. Her quivers echoed into the phone. The daily stressors of living in hiding were so great that Betsy was living in such extreme fear. She was willing to kill herself and considered killing herself would be saving herself from the never-ending situations like these.

Meanwhile, while Leo was processing this information, the officers were rifling through the house, looking for valuable items, only to discover tefillin moments later. This was evidence of their Jewish religion and when Leo arrived home, the German officers arrested him, telling Betsy "You will never see him again!". Leo

³ Elizabeth talking about her illness to the "S.A Jewish Times" newspaper.

also had several articles published in the local newspaper opposing Hitler's ways, which was further grounds for arrest. With confidence, Betsy uttered "Yes I will", mirroring her tenacious nature. Yet the shock silenced Betsy for over a week.

The officers took Leo to a café to interrogate him. "My husband was a very intelligent person" and he saw another German officer sitting in the café. He asked this officer if he could take him under his care, as the other officers were asking Leo for money. The officer said yes. Leo had the anti-Hitler letters in his pocket and quickly threw them into an open fireplace, telling the officer they were love letters to his wife and he didn't want anyone else to see them. The officer took Leo to the police station which was "the worst of all, [with] the most dangerous Germans". Miraculously he was released and returned home safely to Betsy.

In the night, let there be light.

When the night fell, Betsy tried to warn other people about the Germans, urging them to send their children away into hiding. She was the only one who would dare to go from house to house in the evenings, undercover in the dark. *"I've done the most wonderful things in life that people wouldn't dare to do in Holland. I was the one to go out at night and occasionally, to try to do things, to warn people..."* One night she went to the end of her street to warn a Jewish family that she was friends with. She had a long conversation with the family and eventually when she had finished warning the family "send your children away and go into hiding," she left to go home.

By the time Betsy began to walk home, it was pitch black, there were no lights and Betsy truly couldn't see anything. Betsy was almost home when she suddenly tripped on an uneven bump in the pavement and fell. The pain of the bone that had snapped slowly sprawled and evolved into an excruciating pain. Betsy knew that if she had just lay there, fighting for a moment to numb her agony, she was endangering herself, so she took a deep breath and used all her strength to stand up. She was in so much pain and was trying to limp home when a German officer discovered her. The officer came along with another SS guard. Betsy lay there so uncertain that her quivering breath could be one of her last. The world around her stood still and silent. Fear and pain consumed her body. The officer finally spoke and simply asked Betsy *"can I help you?"*. She said yes thank you and that she was fine. But the German officers insisted on walking Betsy home. It was this initial reaction to her – an offering of compassion - that dispelled the darkness and eased her excruciating pain.

Betsy finally made it home to the Wessels', but the German officers violently barged in and began to walk around the house. As they were searching for evidence to see if she was a Jew, Betsy began to panic and feared for her life she would compromise the safety of her family as well as the Wessels. Due to her panic, Betsy's nose began to bleed again. This worked in her favour as the officers were afraid of infection and they asked if she was sick, too which Betsy replied confirming that was 'very ill'. This scared the officers away and Betsy felt immense relief, forgetting about her painful ankle until she calmed down and the pain erupted again.

The pain Betsy endured in this instance was a physical suffering that did not measure up to the emotional scars weaved into her being. The Meijers never got the gift of feeling safe, be it within their home or their community. This put a strain on their mental health and slowly deprived their hearts of joy and their faces of a smile. There are so many Jews who lost their faith in their Jewish faith and lost the belief in Hashem. These trauma-filled moments were a complete destruction of their identity.

Overtime their mental well-being began to fade. The stresses of nazi's constantly invading their home pressured them immensely to protect themselves by any means possible. Leo especially struggled being in hiding. He was worried about his daughter not being able to be outside or interact with other children. They were alive but they were not living. Betsy encouraged Leo to verbalize his feelings however this did not appeal to him. Betsy then suggested he write down his feelings and express his emotions. Slowly he began to feel happiness again.

He finally found a way to express the unending mental health ramifications he had suffered from and published a book in Amsterdam. This book was a documentation of the psychological trauma the Shoah imparted on his shoulders. "Oorlong en Judan" or "War and Jews" encapsulates the uniqueness of an individual's struggle in coping with pain and the harsh effects of how hiding changed him and his family.

Their emotional suffering never ended but neither did their resilience and that is what kept their light burning.

Similarly, Eddie Jaku was an inspiring man with a poignant story, which was mirrored in Betsy's essence. Eddie grew up considering himself a German first and Jew second. He had a deep sense of pride for his country. However, Eddie's mindset was quick to change on the night of Kristallnacht when he got to witness right before his eyes a soulless Germany rise from the ashes of his burnt down house.

His comfortable life altered in an instant when he was eventually deported to Auschwitz along with his family, where they were tortured and treated inhumanly. Eddie witnessed the atrocities of the Holocaust firsthand. Even in his darkest hours Eddie found hope and courage to face unimaginable horrors, even when dealing with the oppressive regime. An example of this is when Eddie contracted a severe case of typhus. He was sent to the hospital in Auschwitz. In an act of defiance, a German doctor helped Eddie recover by providing him with stronger medication than what was allowed. This doctor's compassion and courage saved Eddie's life.

Both Eddie and Betsy made sure they saw the good in every person, which is extraordinary. They saw light amidst the darkness that gave them the ability to keep on shining their own light. Eddie and Betsy are the epitome of what it means to be compassionate, their resilience and gratitude when overcoming adversity was a beacon of hope; that holds a torch inside each one of us. Generations later, our nation still burns bright from their flame.

LIBERATION AND REPATRIATION BACK TO SOUTH AFRICA

The 5th of May 1945 was an auspicious day, for Betsy and the Jews. The nephew of the Wessels came to advise them that the war was coming to an end. The joy Betsy should've been feeling after hearing this miraculous news did not arise quite as much as she had hoped. Despite all she had been through, all the agony she had endured, she still did not feel that gratitude for the life she had now been re-gifted. Betsy was unable to reach her children in South Africa and tell them she was alive. She was alive but she could not live with the thought that her children did not know she had survived.

In a cruel twist of fate, the same day they were liberated, Betsy found out that her son, who had enlisted and fought in North Africa with the South African forces, was wounded and killed. The ambulance he was travelling in was bombed by the Germans.



Gravestone of Harold Aron Sarembock who was buried in Halfaya Sollum War Cemetery



Photograph of Harold (Betsy's son) taken when in the army. Presumably taken in Egypt.

She walked out, greeting the outside world for the first time and saw the English people giving food. When she got hold of an English officer, she pleaded with him when he was writing a letter to his wife living in London, to ask the manager of the Bank of NSW London branch to tell her brother, Jack, in Australia that she was alive. Coincidentally, Jack travelled to London and was with the bank Manager when he received the message. He then travelled to South Africa to inform the rest of the family of the good news.

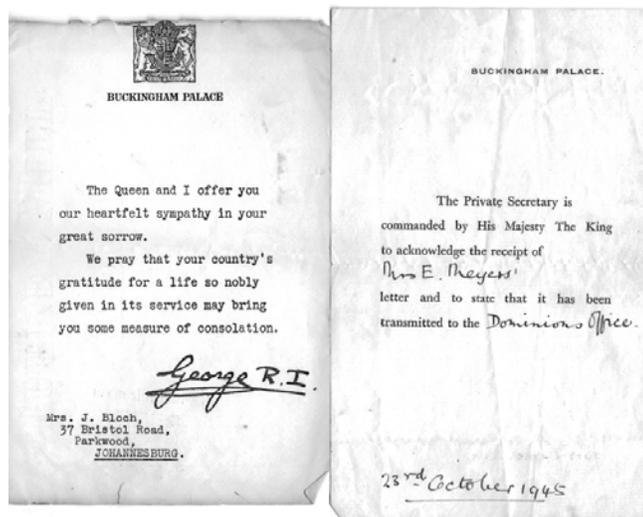
Betsy and Leo were lucky to be able to return to their family home in Haarlem, which was in good condition and unharmed by nazi destruction. Many other survivors returned to their hometowns to find them in ruins. Post-war, Leo's business was thriving. He found his passion again and greeted it like an old friend. During the complexities of the war, Leo spent his days in complete boredom without the stimulation of work. He was a clever man who deeply loved his family,

but he missed using his intellect in the business world. He so badly wanted to make the most of his opportunities now that he could return to regular life.

Betsy shared Leo's returned zest for life and wanted to make the most of each day. However, the war put a strain on their marriage and for reasons unknown, they decided to divorce. After their divorce, Betsy returned to South Africa to be with her extended family while Leo remained in Europe. They remained good friends until the day he died on 24 May 1971 in Germany, aged 73.

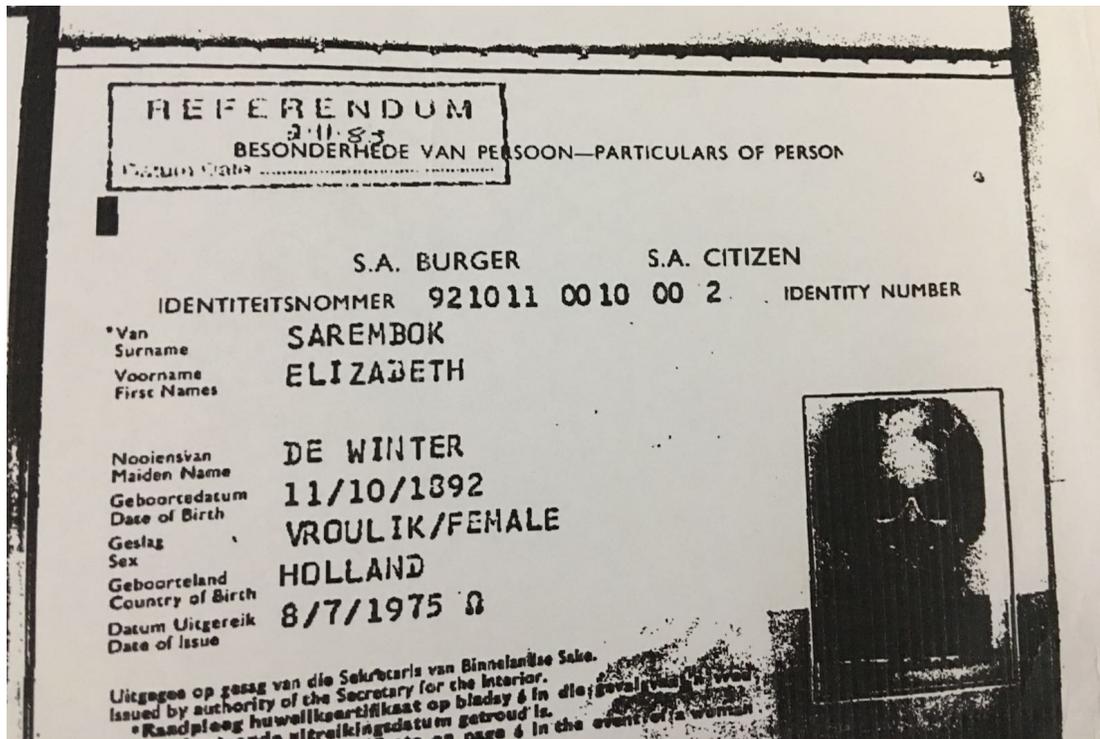
Betsy had endless gratitude for Mr and Mrs Wessels and knew that the reason she was still breathing and full of life was thanks to them. She stayed in touch with them, and they had a close friendship.

During the Second World War, soldiers from Britain, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand served as integral components of the British Empire, with King George IV as their sovereign. Like many wives or mothers of soldiers who made the ultimate sacrifice while engaging in combat during the war, Betsy received a letter from King George IV expressing his condolences on the loss of her son Harold, who made the ultimate sacrifice.



Copy of the letter from King George VI to Elizabeth originally acquired from my grandfather.

Betsy arrived in Johannesburg, South Africa - The City of Gold, now known as Gauteng. The city had a distinct atmosphere that made her feel at home once again. For a while Betsy lived with her daughter, Jeanette, who was 35 at the time. Her beloved family then arranged a small apartment for her where she lived alone, but always had her daughters to rely on for support.



Shown above is Elizabeth De Winter's passport. Date of issue 1975.

Around the time Betsy moved back to South Africa, there was a rise in resilient and inspirational female activists who fought against gender inequality, racial discrimination, and political exclusion. The struggle for women's rights in South Africa was intertwined with the fight against racial discrimination and segregation imposed by the power-corrupted government. Under apartheid, the government classified people into different racial groups and enforced strict laws and policies that separated these groups from one another. The black people in South Africa were heavily affected by this system, as they were considered inferior to the white minority. They were marginalized and denied basic human rights, such as restricted access to education, limited job opportunities, and the right to own land or vote. Black communities were forcibly removed from their homes and were forced to live in designated areas called townships.

Additionally, they faced constant discrimination and violence from the government, leading to widespread poverty and unrest. However, despite these hardships, the black

people of South Africa fought tirelessly for their freedom and eventually Nelson Mandela succeeded in dismantling apartheid through peaceful protests and international pressure.

The rise of the ANC (African National Congress) gave women, black South Africans, and many Jewish individuals opportunities to advocate against apartheid and encourage social equality. The courage expanded just as the initiatives did and two female-led movements, the Women's Enfranchisement League (WEL) and the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU), were born. They campaigned for women's suffrage and equal rights, drawing inspiration from the suffrage movements in other parts of the world. However, the WEL's focus was limited to the concerns of privileged white women and did not address the struggles of women from other racial and socioeconomic backgrounds.

BETSY'S LEGACY

Her treasured and traumatic experiences have now been passed down. Her daughter Fay married a generous man named Lionel Wolman. They then had two beautiful children. Heather Ann, who was born on the 4th of July 1943 and sadly took her life on the 17th of May 1977. Then Allan Lewis, my Zaida, the most inspirational and incredible man I know, was born on the 27th of December 1945, soon after the war has ended. Fay was 33 years old when he was born.

As Allan grew older, he would often discuss the war years during rich and insightful conversations with Betsy. After some time, Betsy moved from Johannesburg to Durban, approximately 6 hours away; most likely due to the cold winters in Johannesburg.

The Wolman's would visit her almost every week and in her younger days she would come to stay with Allan and his sister when their parents went away on holiday. They had a wonderful time together.

After some years Betsy moved back to Johannesburg and lived in a residential hotel where many elderly Jewish folk lived. There were always activities for elderly people such as film shows and cards.

In 1959 Betsy was invited to attend the film premiere of "The Diary of Anne Frank". The movie explores Anne Frank's life in hiding and is based on the book of the same name, which was published by Anne's father, Otto Frank. Interestingly, Betsy knew Otto on a personal level. Among the many challenges Betsy and her family faced in hiding, many were similar to those faced by the Frank family. It was only by a miracle that the Meijers family survived the ordeal and were able to resume "normal" lives.

On the 2nd of August 1987 Betsy was interviewed by Jewish students at the University of the Witwatersrand (SAUJS) who were doing research on holocaust survivors. The testimony was handed in to Yad Vashem (the most famous Holocaust Museum in the world) in Jerusalem and housed there in the department of relics of the holocaust. I am very grateful to have had access to these rare and precious audio recordings, which have informed most of my Hans Kimmel and ensured my core knowledge of Betsy was “from the horse’s mouth”.

On 27 June 1970, Betsy’s grandson Allan married Jocelyn Lipschitz. Their wedding was phenomenally beautiful. It brought Betsy great joy that Allan became a father to his third and final child on 30 June 1978, when Jonathan, my father, was born in Johannesburg. Jonathan attended King David Victory Park High School where he enjoyed “being surrounded by a warm and lovely Jewish community”.

Jonathan recalls spending time with Betsy “I used to go to her flat in Hillbrow and visit her often. We would pick Betsy up and bring her back to our home in Forest Town and park at the end of our long driveway. We needed an accessible driveway because she was in a wheelchair at that point. We’d need to wheel her up to the garden. We would simply sit by the pool, talk and eat lunch.”

Jonathan married Romy-Lee Gishen, daughter of Martin and Laureen Gishen on 18 April 2007 in Johannesburg. Shortly after, on the 26th of August 2007, I was born. “It was an extremely difficult birth and Milla was born with no heartbeat. She was resuscitated back to life for 10 minutes after which we were told she would never walk or talk” recalls my mom. “It just so happened that the nurse in the NICU had done an advanced course in pediatric resuscitation that week and she took it upon herself to bring Milla back to life. I’ve never perceived Milla or her birth to be a burden, but always was and still remains a huge blessing.”

After the first 9 months of my life, my parents and I immigrated to Sydney, Australia. Later, my siblings Lola and Judah were born in 2011 and 2017 respectively.

In summary, the darkness Betsy was faced with could have shattered her tenacious spirit but instead this darkness shaped her. At the early age of 35, Betsy devastatingly said goodbye to her loving husband Louis, who died due to a complication during surgery for a ruptured spleen. This left Betsy in utter sadness however as a woman of strength she gathered herself together to raise her 4 children. Her valour carried her, her children, and the farm. Her independent nature became a magnetic force to all those around her, including her dear new husband, Leo Meijers.

It was with Leo where Betsy saw the unkind nature of the nazis, the most cunning force witnessed in humanity. When they were forced out of their home, their hope was on the verge of vanishing. Thereafter Betsy saw a glimpse of light within two compassionate Gentiles - Mr and Mrs Wessels. It was these two people who saved their faith and their lives. During their three traumatic years in hiding, Betsy was subjected to severe lack of food which was a cause for her consistent illness. She experienced a level of fear she had never felt before and Leo's mental health was also impacted. There were several close calls with nazi officers visiting the Wessels' apartment but each time (perhaps with divine intervention), Betsy and Leo managed to escape deportation to the concentration camps.

On the day they were liberated, Betsy could not be overjoyed the way many Jews were. It was on this day she found out her only son, Harold, had endured a painful and tragic death fighting in the war. This news was something no mother should ever have to hear.

In the years after the war, Betsy reflected that for "2000 years we've been hurt but we came out on top. We have Israel now and a Jew is a Jew".

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger. This is true for Betsy's life. At the age of 96, Betsy died on 19 May 1989. She lived an extraordinary life full of resilience, valour, compassion, and passion.

It is important to mourn and remember the 6 million jews that died however it is just as imperative to celebrate the souls that lived and shone their light. It is up to us.

Each shade of grey represents the contrast of struggles juxtaposed by the Jews determination throughout life. I cannot understand the struggles of a Jewish woman living through the atrocities of WWII; however, I can now bear witness to her light that she has passed to five generations of Jewish continuity.

In every shade of grey there is a touch of white.

There were many times where Betsy got knocked down, but she always got back up. She never gave up. Having cerebral palsy and living with it, I have gradually embraced the motto and gained a deeper understanding of the importance behind "fall seven times, stand up eight."

The Talmud teaches us that women were created with an extra dose of wisdom and understanding, called *binah yeteirah*. This is deeper than "women's intuition"; it is the ability to beckon the potential from within. Betsy was a true 'אִשָּׁת חַיִּיל' who embodied a deeper sense of wisdom.



yehi zichra baruch, - may her memory be a blessing.

HANS KIMMEL REFLECTION

I've always lived believing that everything happens for a reason. That every event that has ever happened shaped the future. There is a hidden metaphor in every challenge that teaches us something about ourselves. However, the reason why the Holocaust happened may be too profound and complex for human understanding.

I've always struggled to connect with the Shoah. I've gotten lost on how a plain figure of 'six million' can give voice to the individual struggles these Jewish people faced. Learning about Betsy's resilience, tenacious nature and compassion humanized the figure of six million. By learning about one individual's story, I gained a deeper understanding of the depths and complexities each of the six million Jews faced. Listening to Betsy's words on how the Jewish nation has never given up the fight for freedom made me feel a deep sense of gratitude for her resilience. This resilience lives on within me, in my very blood force.

It is hard to describe the past 6 months of the effort, thought process and most importantly the emotional processing that was put into my Hans Kimmel. There were many times where I felt the need to always have someone next to me to "validate" my writing. Despite this I have learnt to trust my thoughts a bit more and validate myself and my own capacity.

Betsy's testimony was not very well recorded, and the audio was difficult to interpret. In addition, Betsy's thick accent was at times challenging to understand. The audio testimony was only 60 minutes in total, compared to other survivors who had their stories recorded in more detail. Betsy was also very aged at the time of recording and could not recall her experience thoroughly. This made it extra challenging to fully immerse myself in her perspective.

In my Hans Kimmel, I chose to explore Betsy's story through a feminist lens because this highlights the oppression of females and the isolation of Jews from society. In our ever-evolving world, prevailing stereotypes persist, hindering the embrace of the uniqueness of a religion or the steadfast nature of a woman. By adopting a feminist lens, I hoped to unveil how these inter-connected realms grapple with societal norms and prejudices.

In a world fraught with scepticism, Betsy underscores the resilience of the individual against a backdrop of collective prejudice.

Betsy's poignant story did not make me feel the sad atrocity of the Shoah encapsulated. Instead, it brought me an overwhelming sense of anger which later saddened me. I cannot analyse this feeling, however what I can say is that there is no universe where millions of people, proud enough to call themselves Jewish, deserved to die such

horrifying deaths. At the hands of the nazis no less. But.... this universe in particular encompasses the most spontaneous miracles.

There must've been so many times when the Jewish people wondered, where is Hashem in all of this? Where is our God to protect us?

What I have found in learning about Betsy's story is that hashem existed in the tiny details, exposing his glory in the miracles. These miracles were everywhere. Hashem appears as the red of her nose bleed, which came twice at the right times to save her from being captured by German officers and nazis. Hashem is the silver lining in the clouds that rained throughout the cold seasons Betsy was isolated in hiding. The beacon of hope that appears when darkness prevails. Hashem is the white of the milk Betsy drank on her birthday. One might say just her positive outlook in itself is a miracle-her entire story a miracle of the human mind.

These may seem minor or insignificant, yet this story holds the greatest miracle.

That G-d is all the colours that shine through the black. Because G-d is omnipresent. The diverse force that lived within Betsy and lives in every other Jew.

The Holocaust challenged my preconceptions of what 'inhumane' is. It seems as if acts of kindness and Tikkun Olam are declining, and it is more common to witness acts of destruction. Man has created wars and hate throughout history that it seems like its become less 'human' that people actually perform mitzvot from the bottom of their hearts. Is this truly 'human nature'?

Every time I have mentioned the word 'nazi' in my essay, I got an instinctual feeling to not capitalise the word. Small, diminished, evil - nazis. I didn't want to give them any power, not even a capital letter- not even a pronoun.

I would like to pay great acknowledgment to my grandfather. To my Zaida. This Hans Kimmel reflects my inspiration and admiration for him. It is because of this man I had access to a whole new world of my past. It is because of him I now can connect with my past, and with my Jewish history. Over this process my Zaida and I have had many rich and insightful conversations about his grandmother, my great-great grandmother, Betsy. No one has ever believed in me as much as he has and I'm so thankful for that.

Today I stand here prouder than ever to be a young Jewish woman with a voice to share a story like Betsy's, which is now forever ingrained in my heart and soul. I now have the power to shed the light that has ALWAYS persisted in the midst of the darkness.

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All photos and audio testimonial acquired from my grandfather, Allan Wolman.

**Three Years in Hiding from
the Nazis**

*South African Woman's Grim Ordeal
in Holland*

The nerve-racking experience of a South African woman who spent three years in Holland hiding from the Nazis was told to a representative of the "S.A. Jewish Times" this week by Mrs. Leo Meyers, who has just returned to the Union from Holland to see her family. Mrs. Meyers was formerly Mrs. Sarembock, and was well known in Johannesburg and the Cape.

She left the Union in 1938 to settle in Holland, where her husband was in business as a wholesale merchant. When the Nazis invaded Holland, his business, his home and all he had were taken from him. The Jews were forced to live under the Nuremberg Laws and wear the Yellow Badge. Many were clapped into concentration camps, and as time wore on, mass deportations to Poland began. All Mr. Meyers' family were deported in this way. Eventually came the dreaded news that they were to be deported, too. They were arrested and taken to the local Gestapo headquarters. While waiting there, an attempt was made to blackmail them; the scheme was exposed, and they were temporarily released. Soon, however, came a summons for them to report for deportation again; but with the help of Gentile friends they were able to evade the Nazis and go into hiding.

They remained in hiding from 1942 until the liberation of Holland in 1945. It was, said Mrs. Myers, a terrible and nerve-racking experience.

They were hidden in the flat of Gentile friends, in an upper floor of a building. In the flat underneath, Germans and Quislings were living; yet such was the secrecy maintained that during the whole three years they never got to know that there were fugitives above them!

A couple of times Nazis came to



MRS. MEYERS

food of any kind was almost un-

again; but with the help of Gentile friends they were able to evade the Nazis and go into hiding.

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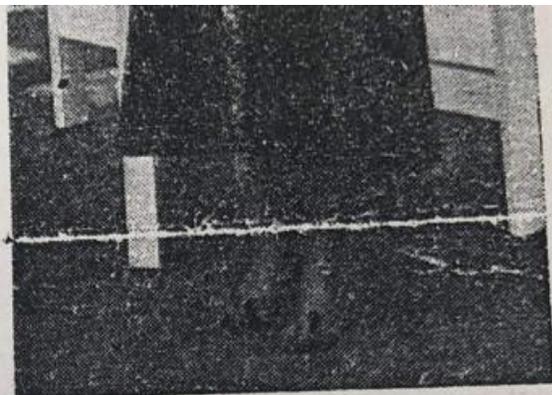
They were hidden in the flat of Gentile friends, in an upper floor of a building. In the flat underneath, Germans and Quislings were living; yet such was the secrecy maintained that during the whole three years they never got to know that there were fugitives above them!

A couple of times Nazis came to search the house. Once they received prior notification of the search, from friends. In the dark of night they were smuggled out of the flat and taken to the home of another Gentile friend where, for a week, they were hidden in a loft. On the second occasion they had no chance to leave, and Mr. Meyers hid in a secret closet built into the wall, while Mrs. Meyers shammed illness. The Nazis looked into the room and saw her in bed.

"The time they were there was an unending agony," said Mrs. Meyers. "If they had searched the room, they must inevitably have found the place where my husband was hidden, and that would have meant death for all of us—our friends as well. The agony was such that I must have looked as ill as I felt. Anyway, the Nazis were convinced: they didn't search the room and left the house."

HUNGER

Conditions became more and more difficult as time went on. The country suffered under a terrible food shortage. There were times when



MRS. MEYERS

food of any kind was almost unobtainable. Furniture, clothes, etc., were traded in for a little food.

"For my birthday one year our friends gave me a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk as a gift. We thought it the most wonderful present in the world."

The scarcity of food was such that each person would watch the other to see that nobody ate a piece of bread or a potato in excess of his share. Thousands died of hunger. Many people fell dead in the streets. During those terrible, unending days in hiding, Mr. Meyers spent his time in writing a book "Oorlog en Joden," which has now been published in Amsterdam. The book tells of the terrible time spent in hiding, all the anguished thoughts that seize the mind.

Eventually, with the victorious advance of the Allied armies, came the liberation of Holland. But the occasion was fated to bring Mrs. Meyers a further meed of sorrow: on the very day of their liberation, she received the sad news that her son, Bdr. H. Sarenbock, who had been serving with the South African Forces, had been killed in action.

Zionist Socialist Hebraic Hebrew Unity

Article published by the South African Jewish Times Newspaper describing her time in holland during the war.

Dit Was Jare Van Stilte, Vrees En Hongersnood

(DEUR MAXIE PIENAAR)

TOE ek THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK gaan sien het, het dit alles teruggekom. Ek was weer daar. Ek het weer die marsjerende voete gehoor, gesien hoe jong seuns in die straat doodgeskiet word, gehoor hoe die soldaat in bevel die voetgangers vra om te wag totdat die skietery verby is voordat hulle oor die straat stap, gesien hoe mense in vragmotors gelaai word.

„Ek het weer die vrou hoor kerm, die kindertjies sien hull en soebat. Ek het weer die mense gesien . . . mense van wie niemand ooit weer sou hoor nie.

„Dit alles het ek deurleef. Dit, en meer. Ek het weer die gevreesde stilte aangevoel. Die stilte wat jou mal maak. Die stilte waarvan jou lewe afhang.

„Naas die stilte is daar vrees. Vrees wat naderhand so diep in jou hart gewortel is, dat dit van verfynde mense monsters maak, van 'n beskaafde vrou 'n ondiër maak. Vrees wat in die dag by jou is, saans saam met jou op jou komberse gaan sit, en jou in die vroeë oggendure wakker maak.

Altyd Daar

„Daarna kom die hongery. Altyd is dit daar, die knaende hongery. Eers is dit in jou maag, maar later dawer dit in jou kop, dit pols in jou hande — dit voel asof die hongery jou hele wese verteer.

„Ja THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK het my teruggeneem. . .”

Mev. Elizabeth Sarembock — sy was Betsy de Winter van Haarlem — is 'n Hollander wat in Suid-Afrika kom woon het. Hier is sy met 'n plaasboer uit 'n gesiene Ceres-familie getroud. Na sy dood is sy weer getroud en het haar in Holland gaan vestig. En daar het hierdie vrou vir drie jaar op 'n solder geskull — drie onbegryplike jare van ontbering, swaarkry en kommer.

„Ek was onrustig, maar die mense het gesê dat Holland enduit neutraal sou bly. Een aand by vriende aan huis het ons geluister na die geknars van die bomme — en toe het dit gebeur. Holland is deur die Duitsers binnegeval. Waar daar eers sekerheid, vriendskap en liefde was, was daar toe bloedvergieting, haat en nyd.

„Mense wat vir geslagte hulle self as Hollanders beskou het, is gesê dat hulle nou Jode is en dat dit die grootste ewel is waaraan 'n mens skuldig kan wees. Ons is aangesê om nie op treine of busse te ry nie, ons kinders nie skool toe te stuur nie en geen plekke van vermaaklikheid by te woon nie. Ons is geel lap-sterre gegee. Daaron het die woord



Newspaper article written about Betsy's time in hiding by Maxie Pienaar. The phrase "Dit was jare van stilte, vrees en hongersnood" is Afrikaans for "These were years of silence, fear, and famine". Date 23rd of August 1959.

of busse te ry nie, ons kinders nie skooi toe te stuur nie en geen plekke van vermaaklikheid by te woon nie. Ons is geel lap-sterre gegee. Daarop het die woord **JOOD** gestaan, en ons moes die sterre aan ons kiere vaswerk.

Christen-vriende

„Watter Jood kan ooit hulle wonderlike Christenvriende in Holland vergeet? Was dit nie vir hulle nie, was daar nog meer marteling en bloedvergieting.

„Talle mense, onder meer die Franks, het skuiling gesoek. Ons was in lewensgevaar. My man en ek en sy een dogtertjie uit 'n vorige huwelik het ook skuiling gekry op die boonste verdieping van Christen-vriende se huis. In die woonstel reg onderkant ons solder het Duitsers en Quislings gewoon, en die polisiestatie was langsaan. Vir drie jaar het ons daar gewoon — sewe volwassenes en een kindjie — en tog het niemand geweet dat ons daar was nie.

„Ek het ernstig siek geword, en Christenvriende het teen 12s. 6d. vir my 'n eier gekoop. Die eier het ek aan drie dele gedeel — een deel vir my man, een vir die dogtertjie en een vir my. Nog nooit het kos so lekker gesmaak soos my deeltjie van die eier nie.

„Ek het een aand probeer selfmoord pleeg. Net my man se waarskuwing dat die Gestapo, sodra hulle die liggaam op die sypaadjie vind, sal weet dat die Christene ons herberg gegee het, het my van hierdie wandaad weerhou.

„Vir drie jaar het ek nie gebad nie. Ons het vir agt mense in 'n leë vrugteblikke gekook. Ons vuurmaakgoed was stukkies papier en flentertjies hout.

Lewe Gewaag

„In hierdie tyd het Hollandse Jode kennis gemaak met die wonderlikste Christen wat ons ooit ontmoet het, 'n Dominee Luther. As hy hoor waar Jode wegkruip, het hy sy lewe in gevaar gestel en hulle gaan opsoek, vir hulle gebid en die hande opgelé.

Hierdie man se gebede het krag gebring in ons donkerste dae.”

Na die oorlog is mev. Sarembock eers Londen toe, en daarna Suid-Afrika toe — huis toe.”

Vir drie jaar het haar kinders getreur oor hulle moeder wat in Holland tydens die besetting „gesterf” het. Maar haar vermoed was te vol, en sy kon ons nie vertel hoe dit voel om na drie angs en smartvolle jare weer jou kinders se arms om jou te voel nie. In haar afwesigheid het sy ouma geword.

Maar haar grootste ondervinding was haar eerste blik op Tafelberg daar in die verte.

„Vriende, hoe kan ek vir julle beskryf hoe ek gevoel het toe ek Tafelberg sien naderkom? Ek het nie woorde nie. Die trane het oor my wange gerol. „Dag Suid-Afrika,” het ek gefluister. „Goeiedag, lieflike, veilige land. Dankie Here, vir Suid-Afrika.”

Tuis het 'n groot skok op mev. Sarembock gewag. Haar seun het in die oorlog in die Noorde gesneuwel.

„Ek het nie eers geweet hy is oorlog toe nie,” het sy gesê.

(Om persoonlike redes gebruik mev. Sarembock haar eerste man se van).

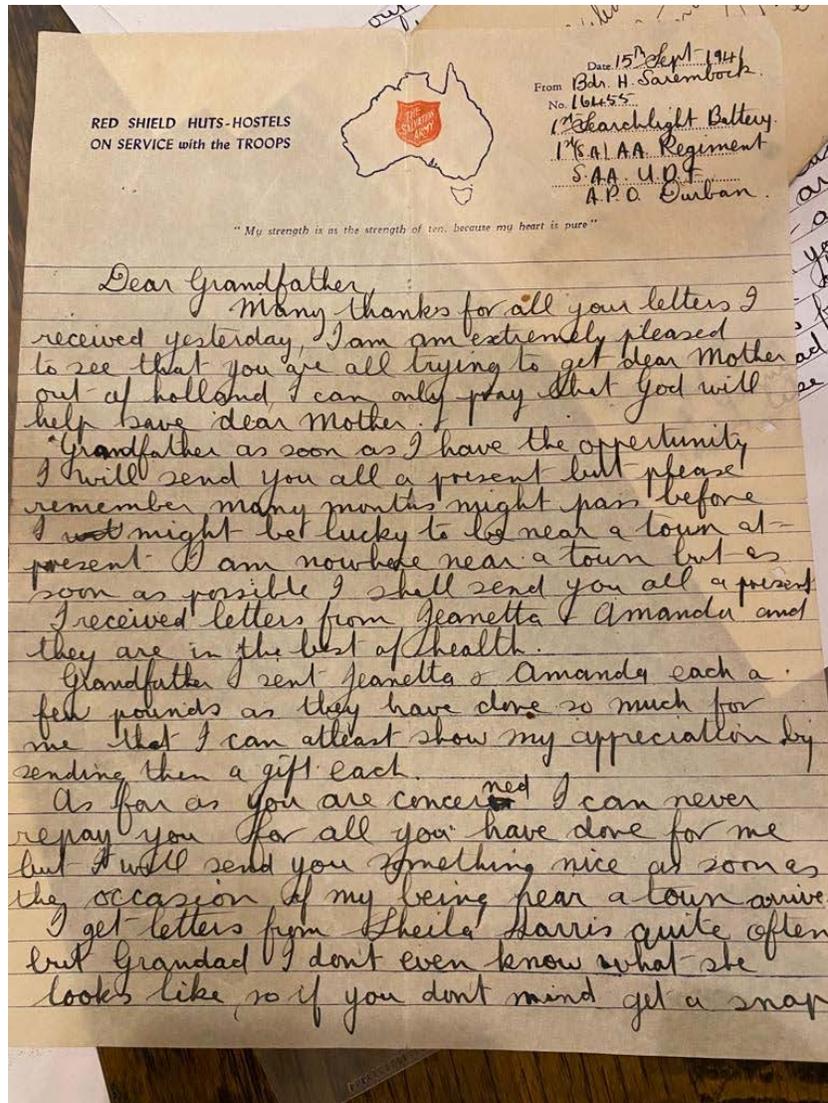
ELIZABETH SAREMBOCK—

haar skuilplek was naby die van die gesin-Frank wat ons leer ken in 20th Century-Fox se meesterstuk, **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**. Was **THE DIARY** net vyftien minute korter, was dit beslis een van die grootste skeppings van die silwerdoek. Elkeen wat die rolprent sien sal aangegryp word deur die een gedagte: Ons mag nie toelaat dat daar ooit weer 'n Anne Frank sal wees nie.

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This is a letter written by Harold Sarembock to his grandfather who was in Australia at the time. Written whilst in Durban, South Africa with the S.A. Artillery Regiment en route to North Africa where he was eventually killed.