I was born in a precious family where love was abundant. All my family, parents, sisters and grandparents were murdered in the Concentration Camp. I was the only survivor. For me, it was extremely hard to find myself alone in this world, in the horror and hell that was lived in Auschwitz, and alone thirteen years old.

Many youth like myself lost all hope of survival, and many jumped into the high voltage barbed wires to commit suicide. I never lost hope of finding someone among the immense mass of people who would have known my parents, a friend, a neighbor, so that I wouldn’t feel so alone.

This is how Father Kolbe found me, to put it in simple terms, while I was looking for someone with whom I could make a connection. He was like an angel for me. Just like a mother hen takes in her chicks, that’s how he took me into his arms. He would clean my tears. I believe more in the existence of God ever since then. Ever since the death of my parents, I would ask myself, Where is God? I had lost all faith. Father Kolbe gave me back my faith.

Father Kolbe knew I was a young Jew, but his love would embrace everyone. He gave us lots of love. To be charitable in times of peace is easy, but to be charitable the way Father Kolbe was in that place of horror is heroic. I not only loved Father Kolbe a lot in the Concentration Camp, but I will love him until the last day of my life.

‘Do not allow yourselves to break down morally’ he would say to us.

Risking his own life or at least a good beating, between the months of June and July, he secretly met with us, almost every day, to instruct us. His words meant a lot to us. He would speak to us with such great faith about the saints who were celebrated each day, and how much they had to suffer. He would speak to us with great ardor about the martyrs who had totally sacrificed their lives for God’s cause. On Pentecost, he exhorted us to persevere, not to lose hope. Even if we don’t all survive, he said, we will all for sure triumph.

Father gave me a quarter of his bread portion. I didn’t want to take it, because I noticed he had been brutally beaten and he was exhausted. Besides, he would not receive anything else until the night. Father Kolbe embraced me and said: You should take it. You are going to be doing hard labour and you are hungry.

If I was able to leave that place alive, keep my faith and not despair, I owe it to Father Kolbe. When I was close to desperation and just about to jump on the electrical voltage barbed wires, he gave me strength and told me I would come out of there alive. Just lean on the intercession of the Mother of God. He instilled in me a strong faith and a living hope, especially in her Maternal protection.

According to surviving prisoners they were thinking about suicide before Maximillian came.

10 prisoners were to be killed by starvation because 1 prisoner escaped, as Auschwitz obviously felt as though his power was being compromised by the escape of a prisoner, and to show the Nazi power he decreed execution to 10 people.