**I AM ARON BITTER FROM POPELNIKI, UKRAINE.**

My dear friends,

With great joy I received your letter. We have a saying, “Don’t have a hundred rubles, have a hundred friends.” This saying is very true especially in our time, when there is so little goodness.

The money you have sent to my address – this for me is life. For I am a seriously ill person, and although I am 88 years old, I want to live! Your money is used exclusively for medicine.

My entire family, brother Abram, and sister Rakhil, perished in German death camps in 1941. My father Kalman, mother Etta died anguished deaths in Auschwitz.

I was young and good at sports so I had the good fortune of saving myself. I jumped from the train carrying me to Auschwitz. I broke two ribs, but managed to run.

I had to hide and live under a false name. It was not easy being hunted. At every step I was hanging by a hair from the “sword of Damocles.”

I have the honor to count you in the cohort of my life-savers, who merit the exclusively important role in saving me from death – on a par with those who saved me from the Nazis, and those who helped me during my eight years in a Stalinist death-camp. There are no words to express our thanks to you for your unselfish help.

 With deep esteem, your ward, Aron