**I AM DOBKE JONAS FROM VILNIUS, LITHUANIA**

An unforgettable day happened today. I traveled back to my town of Zezmar where I was born.

But how painful it is. I lost everything there. I didn’t recognize the streets; not one building remained. Everything was wiped out; every trace that once was. What remains are only the dark graves there in the back of the town, in the valley.

I get a shivers in every part of my body.It hurts my weak heart.The murderers converted the happy town into a mass grave. Everything stood before my eyes as if it happened yesterday. Our neighbors were happy to kill all of us. I am the only one who survives today. On me lays the duty to remember everyone.

But I am old and weak. How much longer will I live? It will soon be 75 years since everyone was killed. I knew them all. I can’t forget, for even one minute.

Soon we will all be gone. Who will mourn? I feel I am not in condition to travel there again. My heart is too weak for the experience.

I curse the day I was born into such an era of sorrow.

There should be peace in our land.

Your wishful friend, Dobke.