**I AM GALINA ISSAKOVNA OLHA, FROM BREST, BELARUS**

I received your letter and all the contents, thank you very much. I won't be able to repay you, the only thing I can do is pray for you. Relatives, would not do what you are doing, you are helping complete strangers, and with so many warm words as well! May G-d give you health and all blessings.

Your attention and help make it easier for me to bear my grief. My husband has been lying here already for the last 11 years from a stroke. He is 93. He cannot move, it is terrible for me, I am in a wheelchair and it is hard for me to get him up, to feed him, and wash him... he doesn’t realize, he is capricious.

I cry at night, I have high blood pressure and stenocardia, may G-d not let me die, what would happen to him?”! My nerves can hardly stand it; your letters are for me like medicine. Everyday and hour I pray for you! May God protect you!

During the war, I was a bomber pilot and a mechanic of fighter planes. The plane was the "Boston 26". We received it from the United States on Lend Lease. I was wounded fighting. I was only 22 years old.

About my past, I was born October 25, 1922. In the winter, when I was 3 months old, mama was bathing me in a small tub*.* Suddenly there was a pogrom happening, horsemen came from Poland. Mama and the children hid between the stove and the kindling wood, and they put me in my tub under the bed. The bandits cut up the feather pillows with bayonets searching for babies to kill. Mama prayed that I would not cry. When they left, Mama found me sleeping peacefully in the water. She called the Rabbi and he gave me a second name, Chai (to live) and here I am, Chai Ginda, already 84 years old!

I am infinitely indebted to you. For the rest of my life I will never forget this. I embrace and kiss you with my whole heart. What a pity that I cannot get about. I would give my life to see you!

Your Ginda.