**I AM YUDEL RONDER FROM KOVNO, LITHUANIA**

The Nazis left me lonely and wounded. I was the youngest in the family. They were all brutally murdered. My mother, with all the old ones, was buried alive. I will never forget and never forgive.

They bombed my village and on that first day of war, the 22nd of June, I lost my youth, my closest friends, my home...

In your letter was a photo of all of you, my American friends! It became warm and joyful in my soul, though it’s snowing outside and not very warm in my room.

Today it is over 70 years since I was wounded at the Front and fell down into deep, cold snow, and could only feel that my bleeding arm was not torn off.

In your envelope I found your check. A great present from you, my American friends, great thanks.

The door to my flat is always open to you. I embrace all of you and kiss you. You have become like my own family.

Thank you from my wounded soul… Your Yehuda.