

From the Diary of Moshe Flinker on Hardships Regarding Rumours of the Fate of the Jews

Dutch born Moshe Flinker (1926-1944) was from a wealthy, orthodox family. His parents fled with Moshe and his six siblings to Brussels, there they survived most of the war. In his diary, Moshe expresses the pain he feels for the spiritual plight of his brethren.

Moshe and his family were sent to Auschwitz, where he and his parents perished.

December 22, 1942, Morning

Last Friday afternoon, as I was about to finish my Arabic studies, my father came in and told me that he had some bad news. He had heard that many Jews were dying in the East, and that a hundred thousand had already been killed. When I heard this, my heart stood still and I was speechless with pain and shock. I had been fearing this for a long time, but I had hoped against hope that they really had taken the Jews for forced labor and that therefore they would have to feed, clothe and house them enough to keep them alive. Now my last hopes have been dashed.

And, as if my father had wanted to rub salt on my wounds, he added the further bad news that England, America, Russian and eight other countries...^{*} this savagery. They, who regard themselves as privileged, good and superior, are really not a whit better than Germany. It is only through them that such a disaster could have befallen us. Cruel Russia, for instance, has already forgotten the many myriads of Jews murdered under its rule, most of whom lost their lives by Russia's intention. Through this war which is desolating her land she is getting what she deserves. It is as if everyone is laughing at our plight.

My anguish and pain are so great I don't know what to do. I have been quarrelling with everyone. Because of my brothers' torment I, too, wish to die

^{*} Original text unclear at this point.

because I cannot bear to hear of our terrible afflictions. Oh, how great are our troubles, how great, how great! I took up my Bible, the only book I salvaged from my home, to find some consolation. I went through the Pentateuch, through Joshua, through Judges, and further, but not the slightest consolation did I find there. I went further and further until I finally reached.... Lamentations. "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people", - here I found consolation. Not in the Pentateuch with its exalted commandments nor in the books of the Former Prophets nor in Isaiah with his lofty poetic eloquence did I find comfort for the anguish of my people, but in Lamentations, that elegy on the earlier calamity that befell my people, did I find it.

Source: *Young Moshe's Diary*, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem 1971, pp. 48- 49.