

From the Diary of Moshe Flinker on Hardships of the Inhabitants of Brussels

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.

January 7, 1943

Last night my parents and I were sitting around the table. It was almost midnight. Suddenly we heard the bell: we all shuddered. We thought that the moment had come for us to be deported. The fear arose mostly because a couple of days ago the inhabitants of Brussels were forbidden to go out after nine o'clock. The reason for this is that on December 31 three German soldiers were killed. Had it not been for this curfew it could have been some man who was lost and was ringing at our door. My mother had already put her shoes on to go to the door, but my father said to wait until they ring once more. But the bell did not ring again. Thank heaven it all passed quietly. Only the fear remained, and all day long my parents have been very nervous. They can't stand the slightest noise, and the smallest thing bothers them.

This small event showed me how much we fear deportation. Although so far everything has passed peacefully, that little ring of the bell was able to disturb our lives profoundly and fill our hearts with fear.

As I have noted, the inhabitants of Brussels are forced to be off the streets by nine o'clock. But that is not the only punishment the Germans have inflicted on them. They must also give the Germans ten thousand bicycles, and all the bars and places of entertainment, such as cinemas, etc., must be closed until their proprietors get permission to reopen them.

Source: *Young Moshe's Diary*, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem 1971, pp. 58- 59.