

"Praise be to the name of God for ever and ever; wisdom and power are his.

*I thank and praise you,
O God of my fathers!"*

Daniel 2:20+23



Chana with Pavel

Beate (Asher) with Sachar

PRAYER REQUESTS

Our dear friends, I really want to ask you to pray for the elderly. Ner Yaakov always helped sick survivors, but right now, so many of them are seriously ill, are very weak or suffer from cancer. In the last half year we have even lost a few of our close friends. Of course, I always knew it would come - however it is not easy to say: „Goodbye!“ Please do pray for these wonderful elderly people, but also for us, to receive clear guidance and blessing from God when we take on new people and start to build new relationships with them. Thanks for praying for strength and endurance for myself and the volunteers, as the deep wish of Ner Yaakov is, to be of the most help and truly effective in assisting these survivors in these last few years to come. Thanks!

ARIE SUPOSNIK SHARES WITH US

We are very grateful that Arie has shared a part of his story. I have known him for about 17 years, and only now was he able to share more about his past with me - still with tears running down his face. He is a very kind and gentle man, always in the background, but always ready to help and serve everyone around him, as he has done for many years with Sima, his companion for many years, never thinking of himself, - but others!

Arie was born in Warsaw in October 1932. Until today he is unsure about his exact birthdate. His brother, who was six years older, was not with them when the war started in 1939. He had two younger sisters and together with their parents they were kept in the Warsaw Ghetto. One day Arie—then only nine years old—was standing in line to get bread for the family, when he saw bombings and was terribly frightened. Arie described how he saw body parts laying all over and he started to run back as fast as he could to his parents—to safety. But when he came to the house his family was gone. With a deep, deep feeling of abandonment and sadness he started to look everywhere for his family, but with no success. „Why, why, did they not wait for me?“, was the question that plagued Arie the most, all his life— even until today! He has never found the answer to this most important question. „I felt totally abandoned by my family and had no one to ask what happened,“ he shared, still in pain.

A Polish guard of the Ghetto-gate, who knew Arie's father, started to help this 9-year-old boy to survive. Beside his inner struggles he remembers the terrible hunger and cold and his wounded leg, from shrapnel—not all of the slivers could be removed even until today.

Arie was blonde and „looked more Polish than Jewish“, so later this guard took him—he believes it was the end of 1942—to his own family in a village and there Arie could hide, watching over the pigs. „They did not know my real name“, he shared.

After the war Jewish organizations looked for children who survived and he, then 13 years old, was brought to an orphanage and later transported to another orphanage near Darmstadt, Germany. There they treated his wounded leg, removing most of the shrapnel.

The Jewish Agency tried to bring these children over from France on a boat to, what was then, Palestine. They changed the ages of the kids and „made them younger“, in hopes the British would let them into the country. But the British Mandate sent a few thousand of these children back to Hamburg-Germany. Finally in 1948 Arie could come home to Israel and stayed in Kibbutz 'Gan Shmuel'. Everybody looked for family and so did Arie, writing in a newspaper that he was searching for family. While still living in the Kibbutz an army Jeep drove up to him and a man got out asking if somebody knows Arie Suposnik? Arie recognized this man and started to cry: It was his older brother, who had already been in Israel for a while and active in the „Etzel underground movement.“ Today his brother lives in Berlin. Arie then found out, that both sisters survived in a monastery and his parents also survived. The Red Cross found them in Poland and they also came to Israel in 1951. He is not sure how they survived and he never asked them, his most important question: „Why?“



Arie

*"Heal me, O Lord and I will be healed;
save me and I will be saved, for you are the one I praise."*

Jeremiah 17:14