

About Yehudit & Orly : The inheritance of the memory of the Holocaust

她和我的故事 猶太大屠殺的記憶傳承

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"Yuhdit, please come up for dinner! It's already six and the food is ready!" I hear my mom, Ilona, calling gently from upstairs, but I can't disconnect from the new book I received for my bat mitzvah from my friend Maria... **(The year is 1935, and I'm 12 years old).**

「耶胡蒂，快上來吃晚餐了！已經六點了，飯菜都準備好了！」我聽見媽媽伊洛娜（Ilona）在樓上溫柔地呼喚我，但我無法從手上的新書中抽離——那是我在成年禮時，朋友瑪麗亞（Maria）送給我的禮物。（那是1935年，我12歲。）

I love reading, mostly in the basement of our house in Békéscsaba. It's clean and full of colorful jars of jam, and large pots of delicious pickled cabbage. "Yuhdit!!! Come now!!! János is already sitting at the table and we are all hungry!" That's my dad, Leopold, and I realize I should go up and join everyone.

我喜歡閱讀，特別是在我們位於Békéscsaba家的地下室裡。那裡乾淨整潔，擺滿了五顏六色的果醬罐，還有幾大鍋美味的醃白菜。「耶胡蒂！！快點上來！！János已經坐在餐桌前了，我們全家都餓了！」那是我爸爸雷奧波德（Leopold）的聲音，聽到這裡我才意識到，是時候上樓跟大家一起吃飯了。

My name is Yuhdit Biksz. I was born in January 1923 in the town of Karcag, in Hungary. When I was 7, we moved to a larger city called Békéscsaba. We were a secular and patriotic family with many non-Jewish friends. We visited the synagogue on our holidays of Yom Kippur and Simchat Torah, and when I turned 12, we celebrated my Bat Mitzvah with a group of girls who were excited to dress very nicely for the festive occasion.

我叫耶胡蒂·畢克斯，1923年1月出生於匈牙利的Karcag。我7歲時，我們全家搬到一座較大的城市——Békéscsaba。我們是一個世俗且愛國的家庭，與許多非猶太人都是朋友。我們會在贖罪日（Yom Kippur）和歡樂妥拉節（Simchat Torah）等節日時到猶太會堂參拜。12歲時，我參加了成年禮，與一群興奮地盛裝打扮的女孩們一起慶祝這個節日。

I always loved to dress up, wear beautiful dresses, paint my nails, and put on red lipstick. I loved swimming in the Körös River in my city; it was a wide river shaded by large, ancient trees, and the chirping of birds could be heard at all hours of the day.

我一直很喜歡打扮，喜歡穿漂亮的洋裝、擦指甲油、塗上紅色口紅。我也愛在家鄉的Körös River 游泳——那是一條寬闊的河流，河岸有成排古老高大的樹木，整天都聽得到鳥兒的鳴叫。

My younger brother, Janos, who was six years younger than me, was a big troublemaker and preferred to play outside with his friends, but during the times we were together, I loved him very much and enjoyed his company.

我有個小我六歲的弟弟雅諾斯，他是個十足的調皮鬼，總喜歡跟朋友們在外面玩，但只要我們在一起的時候，我總是非常疼愛他，也很享受我們相處的時光。

One day in the spring of 1938, I went with my friends to the school office to register for high school majors. **All the friends entered one after the other, and when it was my turn to register for a biology major as I had planned, the secretary told me that this major was closed to Jewish students due to the "Jewish laws"** that had just come into effect, and that I could study in another vocational high school. I was in shock! I went outside to my friends who hugged and encouraged me, saying that surely a solution would be found and we could study together in high school.

1938年春天的一天，我和朋友們一起到學校辦公室登記報名高中主修。朋友們一個接一個進去，輪到我報名時，我按照原本的計劃選擇了生物科，但秘書卻告訴我，根據剛剛生效的「猶太人法令」，猶太學生不得申請此科系，並表示我可以改報另一所職業高中。我當下震驚不已！走出辦公室後，朋友們圍過來擁抱並安慰我，鼓勵我說一定會有辦法，我們還是能一起在高中就讀。

Of course, no such solution was found, and at the advice of my father, Leopold, who owned a leather goods store, I registered for shoe design studies because we planned that after the war was over, I would open a shoe department under my responsibility in his store. But unfortunately, none of this happened...

當然，最終並沒有出現任何「解決辦法」。在我父親雷奧波德（Leopold）的建議下，我改報了製鞋設計課程。父親在家中經營皮件店，原本我們的計劃是：等戰爭結束後，我能在店裡開設一個由我負責的鞋類部門。但遺憾的是，這一切都沒有發生.....

In 1944, we were instructed to sew a yellow star with the word "Juden" on every piece of clothing. The Hungarians sent lists of all the Jews in the city to the Germans, and we were ordered to move to the ghetto. My parents found a way to work in the fields of Gentile, non-Jewish farmers instead of moving to the ghetto, and the whole family moved there to do very hard labor in exchange for food, without modern farming tools, and my parents, who were city dwellers, suffered greatly.

1944年，我們被命令在每一件衣服上縫上印有「Juden（猶太人）」字樣的黃色星星。匈牙利人將全市猶太居民的名單交給德國人，我們隨即被下令遷入猶太區（ghetto）。為了避免進入猶太區，我的父母設法安排我們全家改到一戶非猶太裔農民家裡幫忙務農，以換取食物。那裡的工作非常辛苦，沒有現代化農具可用，而我父母原本是城市居民，對這樣的勞動生活格外難以適應，吃了不少苦。

My brother and I tried to help them so we could get through it together. Scary rumors started coming in, that they were taking all the Jews to the ghetto and from there by train to an unknown destination. **My parents obtained cyanide poison and told us - "You will escape, you are two young people, maybe you will manage to leave Hungary. We don't want to burden you, we will die here, we will commit suicide."**

我和弟弟盡力幫忙父母，希望一家人能一起撐過去。當時，開始傳出一些可怕的傳聞：他們正在把所有猶太人送進猶太區，然後再搭火車運往不明的地點。我的父母取得了氰化物，並對我們說：「你們要逃走，你們還年輕，也許有機會離開匈牙利。我們不想成為你們的負擔，我們會留在這裡結束生命，我們會自殺。」

We disagreed, they were not old, **Mom was 48 and Dad was 50**, and we convinced them that everything would be fine, this is a difficult time that we need to work hard on for the Germans and this time will pass and we will return home together...(to this day I don't know if I was right in convincing them. Maybe I shouldn't have opposed to their suicide? It could be that they were better off... My father lived almost until the liberation, but he died of hunger. My mother was burned in Auschwitz...)

我們無法接受，他們並不老——媽媽 48 歲，爸爸 50 歲。我們努力勸說他們，一切終究會過去，這只是艱難的時期，我們只要努力為德國人工作，熬過這段時間，就能一起回家……（直到今天，我仍不知道當時勸他們留下來是否正確。我是不是不該反對他們的自殺？也許對他們來說，那會是一種解脫……我父親撐到了幾乎接近解放，卻因飢餓而死；而我母親則在奧斯威辛被燒死……）

The parents were convinced, and we arrived with all the Jews from the area at the brick factory in the city of Kaczawa, which was close to the train station. We were there for three weeks, in terrible overcrowding that grew worse as more Jews from the area arrived, and then they started to put us on the trains, **the famous cattle trains**.

父母最後被我們說服了，我們和當地所有猶太人一起被送往Kaczawa城的磚瓦工廠，那裡靠近火車站。整個地區的猶太人都集中到那裡，擁擠不堪，隨著越來越多的人被送進來，情況變得更加惡劣。三週後，他們開始把我們送上火車——那惡名昭彰的「**牲畜運輸列車**」。

I no longer remember what time or date we were gathered on **the cattle trains**, or how many days the journey took. We were never separated for a moment, father, mother, brother and I. **We were closed in, crowded, without windows, with a bucket for-toilet.** Even when the train stopped, the doors did not open, or food was handed out... **I don't remember if we ate at all...** Maybe we managed to take something with us but it was all over. Mother suffered especially, she broke a tooth and she looked terrible, much older than her real age.

我已不記得我們是在哪一天、什麼時候被趕上火車的，也不記得那段旅程持續了幾天。我們一家四口——爸爸、媽媽、弟弟和我——從未被分開過。**列車封閉、擁擠，沒有窗戶，只有一個桶子作為廁所。**即使火車停了，車門也不會打開，也沒有食物分發……我不記得我們有沒有吃過東西……也許我們曾帶了點什麼，但很快就沒有了。媽媽受苦特別深，她在途中牙齒斷了，整個人看起來非常憔悴，顯得比實際年齡老了許多。

The train finally stopped and the doors opened to shouts in German from the soldiers to get off the train quickly, around were crowds of people who looked almost inhuman, bald and dressed in rags, very thin... Screams of gypsies, **a terrible smell, huge chimneys that never stopped emitting black smoke... Is this hell? No. Auschwitz.**

火車終於停了，車門打開，傳來士兵用德語大聲喊叫，命令我們趕快下車。四周是一群看起來幾乎不像人類的人——頭髮被剃光，穿著破爛衣物，瘦得皮包骨……還有吉普賽人的尖叫聲、令人難以忍受的惡臭，以及不斷冒出黑煙的巨大煙囪……這裡是地獄嗎？不，這裡是——奧斯威辛。

We were immediately separated into men and women, my brother went with my father and I with my mother. At the head of the column sat a German officer and without speaking, he pointed with his hand, paused, and gestured left-right with his hand (today I know it was Mengele, may his name and memory be erased forever). He gestured left to my mother and right to me. The last image I remember is **my mother begging him- "Das ist Maine Tochter!" (This is my daughter!). Such things did not touch his heart and that was it, that was the end.**

我們一下車就被立刻分為男性與女性，弟弟被帶去和父親在一起，我則和母親待在一組。隊伍最前面坐著一名德國軍官，他一言不發，只是用手勢示意，停頓片刻後，左右揮手指引方向。（現在我知道，那人正是門格勒——願他的名字與記憶永遠從歷史中抹去。）他指示母親往左走，而我則被指向右邊。我記憶中最後的畫面，是母親哀求他：「**Das ist meine Tochter! (這是我的女兒!)**」但這樣的懇求絲毫未能打動他的心——一切就此結束了。

Somehow, I found my aunt and her daughter and stuck to them, and every day Mengele came to choose girls for him. We had to walk around naked and he sat on a chair and chose as he saw fit. Later I heard what experiments he did with them, but we did not know then. He chose me more than once, but instinctively and thanks to my aunt and cousin, I managed to escape. Now I know what I was saved from. Who knows how I could have told my story if I had gone with one of those groups.

我不知道是怎麼辦到的，總之我找到了我的阿姨和她的女兒，從此緊緊依附著她們。每天，門格勒都會來挑選他要的女孩。我們被迫赤裸地走過他面前，而他則坐在椅子上，依自己的意願挑人。後來我才聽說，他對那些女孩進行了什麼樣的實驗，但當時我們一無所知。他曾不止一次挑選我，但憑著本能，加上阿姨和表妹的幫助，我成功逃脫了。如今我知道，我究竟是從什麼樣的命運中被拯救出來。如果當時我真的被帶走了，誰知道我是否還有機會講述我的故事？

I can tell stories about every hour I spent in Auschwitz.

我在奧斯威辛經歷的每一個小時，都可以說出一個故事。

Very few women remained in the Auschwitz camp after all of Mengele's selections, and those who were left and I'm amongst them, were taken to another camp called Langen Bilau in Silesia. There were several factories there and my aunt, my cousin and I were sent to a bomb parts factory.

在門格勒一次又一次的「挑選」之後，留下的女性寥寥無幾，而我就是那極少數人之一。我們被轉送到另一座位於西里西亞的集中營——朗根比勞（Langen Bilau）。那裡有好幾間工廠，我、阿姨和表妹被指派到一間製造炸彈零件的工廠工作。

We were given all kinds of rags, some we wrapped around our feet to make shoes with wooden soles. The cold was brutal. **One small loaf of bread, soup from vegetable peels and one glass of muddy gray water, divided into three, is all we lived on.** The clothes we received were not enough to keep us warm in the freezing winter.

我們被發了各種破布，有些我們用來包裹腳，再加上木頭做的鞋底，勉強當成鞋穿。天氣冷得令人無法忍受。我們的食物只有一小塊麵包、一碗用菜皮煮成的湯，以及一杯混濁的灰色水，三個人分著吃。所發的衣物根本不足以禦寒，在冰冷的冬天裡無比艱難。

Next to the "factory" where we worked, there were all kinds of factories, and we were able to barter. If you could hide anything and sell it, you would.

我們工作的「工廠」旁邊還有各種其他工廠，我們有機會偷偷進行物物交換。如果你能藏下一點什麼拿去賣，就會去換點東西——只要能多換點食物來多撐一天，什麼都值得。

Anything for a little extra food to help survive another day. Unlike everyone, I traded the other way around, and since I had nothing to sell from the factory where I worked, because in my position all I had were unused iron wires, I traded portions of bread for fabric threads. Slowly I started piling up orange wool threads, and used every spare moment to knit with improvised knitting needles made out of "my" iron wires. One row, and another and one more.

但我和其他人不太一樣，我反而「反向交易」——因為我在工廠裡沒什麼可以偷拿出來賣的，當時我能取得的只有未使用的鐵絲。於是，我用麵包換來了布料的線。慢慢地，我開始收集橘色的毛線，用我能偷來的「鐵絲針」當作棒針，一點一點地編織。織一排、再一排、然後再一排。

When I knitted, I would forget everything, the touch of the threads calmed me, the color made me happy. Slowly, it became a vest! When it was finally ready, the sweater kept me warm and its colors brought an optimistic color to my very gloomy surroundings. I kept it and never took it off.

當我在編織時，我會忘記一切。線的觸感讓我平靜，顏色讓我快樂。慢慢地，它變成了一件背心。等它終於織好了，那件毛衣不只給我溫暖，也為我灰暗的生活環境帶來一抹樂觀的色彩。我一直穿著它，從沒脫下過。

It was on me when I met my husband Shmuel two years later, sailed with me on the difficult voyage on the illegal immigrant ship, warmed me up during the time I was pregnant with my son Aryeh at the refugee camp in Cyprus, and was on me when I finally immigrated to Israel. And, it is here with me today.

兩年後，我遇見了我後來的丈夫施穆爾（Shmuel）時，我身上穿的就是這件毛衣；搭乘非法移民船經歷艱難旅程時，它也陪著我；當我在賽普勒斯難民營懷著兒子 Aryeh 時，它給我溫暖；最終，我移民到以色列，它也和我一起踏上那片土地。直到今天，它還在我身邊。

The Germans began to realize that the Russian army was approaching, and that they would not be able to carry out all their plans... They stole everything that could be stolen, and one morning we woke up - there were no Germans.

德國人開始意識到蘇聯紅軍正在逼近，他們知道自己無法完成原本所有的計劃……於是他們把能偷的東西全都偷光。某天早上我們醒來——德國人已經不見了。

The Ukrainians liberated our camp in May 1945, and they also shouted at us with hatred - "Until now you have done nothing, if you want to live, you have to work!" We didn't know what to do, they didn't give us food or food stamps, and we started going from house to house asking for work.

1945年5月，烏克蘭部隊解放了我們的集中營。但他們對我們也充滿敵意，大聲對我們吼叫：「到現在你們什麼事都沒做！如果想活下去，就必須工作！」我們完全不知道該怎麼辦，他們沒有提供食物，也沒有糧票。我們只好一家一戶地敲門，尋找能做的工作。

We always wanted to go home but we were afraid, because they didn't give us any documents and there were rumors that those who get caught at the checkpoint without documents were taken to Siberia, and after Auschwitz and the camp we didn't want to go back to any horrible place. After a few months of working, we received a document and started wandering towards home, to Hungary.

我們一直想回家，但又害怕，因為他們沒有給我們任何身分證明文件，而那時有傳聞說，如果在檢查站被發現沒有證件，就會被送往西伯利亞。經歷了奧斯威辛和集中營之後，我們再也不想回到任何一個可怕的地方。過了幾個月，我們靠打零工勉強維生，後來終於拿到了一份證明文件，於是我們開始踏上回家的旅程——回到匈牙利。

June 1945, I am 22 years old and want to return home to Hungary after being released from the labor camp.

1945年6月，我22歲。從勞改營被釋放後，我想回家——回到匈牙利。

My friends and I managed to reach the border of Slovakia. we arrived at a train station crowded with Hungarian soldiers from the Russian army, who were trying to return home, alongside war prisoners. Notably, there were no Jews present. The station was chaotic and packed, and in this tense atmosphere, our appearance stood out starkly – we were dressed in rags, covered in wounds, bald, thin, and dirty. The guards at the station entrance prevented us from entering.

我和幾位朋友設法抵達斯洛伐克邊界的一個火車站。那裡擠滿了來自蘇聯紅軍的匈牙利士兵，以及一同返鄉的戰俘——明顯的是，幾乎沒有猶太人。火車站一片混亂、人滿為患。在這樣緊張的氣氛中，我們的外貌格外顯眼：穿著破爛衣物、遍體鱗傷、頭髮剃光、消瘦又骯髒。車站入口的守衛不讓我們進去，我們只好在外頭等待。

We waited outside, where we encountered Christian horse traders who were moving freely across Europe. I asked them, 'Is anyone traveling to Bekescsaba, whom I could join?' One of the traders mentioned meeting a Hungarian soldier from the Russian army who wished to return to my city. I searched for him and, amidst the chaos, miraculously found him! I asked if he could help me get home, offering to repay him in any way I could, perhaps with new shoes, as I had learned shoemaking before the war and knew how to make beautiful shoes. He agreed, saying, 'Alright! You will be my bride.'

這時，我們遇到一些基督徒馬商，他們能在歐洲各地自由來去。我問他們：「有沒有人要去貝凱什喬包（Békéscsaba）？我可以跟著一起走嗎？」其中一位馬商說，他遇到一位紅軍中的匈牙利士兵，也正打算回到我住的城市。我開始尋找那位士兵，在混亂中，我奇蹟般地真的找到了他！我問他能不能幫我回家，並答應會以任何方式回報他——也許是為他做一雙鞋，因為我在戰前學過製鞋，我知道怎麼做出漂亮的鞋。他同意了，笑著說：「好吧！那你就當我新娘吧。火車來的時候，你拿我的一個行李箱，坐在上面，就當作是我老婆！」

When the train arrives, take one of my suitcases and sit on it as my wife!' And so it happened. I was on the train, sitting on the large, stuffed suitcase, imagining it was mine, filled with beautiful things and, perhaps, food, as I was so hungry... and Meanwhile, the soldier disappeared! As the train started moving, I panicked. Where was he? What if they accused me of theft or boarding without documents or a ticket? A friend of the soldier, who was in the same carriage, reassured me, 'Don't worry, I'll be your groom, and we'll manage!'

事情就這樣發生了。我坐在那個大大的、鼓鼓的行李箱上，假裝那是屬於我的——裡面裝滿了美麗的東西，或許還有食物，因為我當時非常飢餓……就在這時，士兵卻突然消失了！當火車啟動時，我慌了。我不知道他在哪，如果有人說我偷了行李、或者沒證件就上車怎麼辦？幸好，他的一位朋友剛好也在同一節車廂，對我說：「別擔心，我當你的新郎，我們會應付得來的！」

I calmed down, and we traveled to the next station, where the train stopped for a long time. There, my 'original' husband arrived, running after the train, afraid his luggage would be lost.

我稍微冷靜下來了。我們就這樣前往下一個車站。那裡火車停了很久，而就在那裡，我的「原配老公」終於跑了回來，氣喘吁吁地追著火車，生怕他的行李丟了。

The journey was long, not because of the distance, but because the train often stopped for nights and long hours. Russian soldiers got drunk and raped women who were alone—terrible things happened. I felt I was saved again. The soldier took me under his wing, declaring I was his wife. 這趟旅程其實並不遠，但卻非常漫長，因為火車經常停下來，甚至整晚不動。很多俄軍士兵喝醉後會侵犯獨自的女性——可怕的事情時有發生。我再次覺得，自己是幸運的，那位士兵保護我，宣稱我是他的妻子。

When we arrived in Bacău, the soldier disappeared. If he is still alive, and I knew his name, and...by some miracle, there was a connection between us...he didn't know my name, I don't know his name, I would send him...the most beautiful pair of shoes...

我們到達巴克烏（Bacău）後，士兵便離開了。至今我不知道他的名字，他也不知道我叫什麼。若他還在人世，如果有奇蹟讓我們重新聯繫上……我會送給他——一雙我做過最漂亮的鞋子。

The most important thing—I came home.
最重要的是——我回家了。

When I reached my city, I was afraid to approach our house, unsure of what awaited me. I gathered my courage and walked. On the main street, shouted at me, 'Here's another Jew returned! They said they killed everyone, but more are coming back than left!'

當我抵達家鄉時，我其實不敢走近我們的房子，我不知道會迎接我的是什麼。我鼓起勇氣往前走。走在主要街道上時，有人對我大喊：「又有一個猶太人回來了！他們說都被殺光了，結果回來的比走的還多！」

Our house had been taken by another family, but a neighbor told me my brother was there and had left for Romania to stay with our uncle. I went there immediately and met my brother, Yanosh. We hugged, I think, for a whole day.

我們的房子已經被另一戶人家占據，一位鄰居告訴我，我的弟弟雅諾什（Yanosh）曾經回來過，但後來去了羅馬尼亞投靠我們的舅舅。我立刻趕往那裡，終於與弟弟重逢。我記得我們抱著對方，幾乎整整一天。

He told me about our dear father, who didn't survive. We decided to go to the only place for us—Israel.

他告訴我，我們親愛的父親沒有熬過來。我們決定前往唯一屬於我們的地方——以色列。

I arrived at a training camp for Aliyah immigration to Israel in Eschwege, Germany. There, I met Shmuel Klein, who came from the Czech Republic after being transported between Auschwitz and other labor camps, losing his entire family except for one brother. We got married there and learned agriculture, it was just like a kibbutz. From there, we went to France to wait for a ship to take us to Israel, and I became pregnant.

我來到位於德國Eschwege的一處阿里亞訓練營，準備移民以色列。在那裡，我遇見了施穆爾·克萊因（Shmuel Klein），他來自捷克，曾被送往奧斯威辛與其他勞改營，在戰爭中失去了整個家庭，只剩下一個兄弟倖存。我們在那裡結婚，也開始學習農業生活，感覺就像住在一個基布茲（集體農場）。後來，我們前往法國，等待船班將我們帶往以色列。就在那時，我懷孕了。

One day, 600 people were taken to the port in Marseille to board a boat we thought would take us to a larger ship bound for Israel. It turned out to be the ship "Lanegev," meant for a several-day voyage to Israel. We were packed like sardines, without water or food. Due to the terrible conditions, I miscarried.

有一天，我們六百人被帶到馬賽港（Marseille），原以為會先搭上一艘小船，再轉乘前往以色列的大船。結果我們被直接帶上了一艘名為Lanegev的小船，準備經歷幾天的航行前往以色列。我們被擠得像沙丁魚一樣，船上沒有水，也沒有食物。由於環境過於惡劣，我不幸流產了。

The sea was rough, and we only arrived in Haifa, Israel, after a month. British soldiers with firearms awaited us on the dock. We had no chance; we were immediately sent to Cyprus.

海象非常惡劣，我們整整一個月後才抵達以色列的海法港。碼頭上，英國士兵已經端著槍在等我們，我們毫無機會，立刻被送往賽普勒斯拘留營。

We were there for a year, and I became pregnant again. With close care from a doctor friend, I managed to carry the pregnancy to term. Despite "advice" from friends to have an abortion, because starting a new life in Israel with a baby would be doubly difficult, I insisted. Luckily, because I wasn't able to get pregnant again.

我們在那裡待了一年，那時我再度懷孕。在一位醫生朋友的細心照料下，我終於順利將孩子平安懷到足月。當時身邊有不少人「建議」我墮胎，因為在以色列開始新生活已經很艱

難，如果還帶著一個嬰兒，將更加困苦。但我堅持留下這個孩子——幸運的是，我日後再也沒有懷孕。

We received special permission to immigrate because of the pregnancy, and in 1948, we arrived safely to Israel.

正因為這次懷孕，我們獲得了特別許可，得以前往以色列。1948年，我們終於平安抵達以色列。

We were looking for a community, a new family, and arrived at Moledet, a moshav in Izraeel Valley, established by German immigrants. 我們當時在尋找一個社群，一個新的家庭，最後來到了摩勒德（**Moledet**）——這是一個位於以色列耶斯雷爾山谷（Izraeel Valley）的合作農場（Moshav），由德國移民建立。

Over the years, I studied and worked as a pedicure and manicure specialist. Aryeh grew up and married Rina, who is from a very large family in Moledet. They had three wonderful daughters, and **now I am proud and excited about my beloved family, who are always around me!**

這些年來，我一邊學習、一邊工作，成為一名足部與手部護理專業技師。我的兒子 Aryeh 長大後，娶了來自摩勒德一個大家庭的女孩——Rina。他們育有三個非常可愛的女兒。現在，我為我摯愛的家人感到無比驕傲與喜悅——他們一直都在我身邊，陪伴著我！

"My name is Orly Sela, and I am the eldest granddaughter of Yuhdit Klein.

我的名字是奧莉·瑟拉，我是耶胡蒂最大的孫女。

When I was 11 months old, I moved in with her and my grandfather for 4 months, because my little sister was born prematurely and my parents were busy taking care of her. This turned Grandma Yuhdit into my confidante, my number one fan, and one of the most beloved women in my world.

我還不到一歲時，就因為我妹妹早產、父母忙於照顧她，而搬去與祖母與祖父同住了四個月。從那時起，祖母猶迪特就成了我最親密的知己、我最忠實的支持者，也成了我生命中最摯愛的女性之一。

I was by her side alone when she took her last breath. I cut a lock of her shiny hair, covered her beautiful face with a sheet, and put her now peaceful body into the ambulance.

當她最後一口氣離開人世時，是我陪在她身邊。我剪下一縷她閃亮的頭髮，為她蓋上白布，親手將她平靜安詳的身體送上救護車。

I am here to tell her story."

我在這裡，是為了講述她的故事。