

## **Terez Mozes, Staying Human Through the Holocaust Chapter 3. The Journey to Auschwitz, page 99-101**

In those critical moments, we thought of those we loved, whom fate had spared from the end that awaited us. In those moments, the idea came to nearly all of us to say farewell, to send a last greeting, a message to those whom until recently we had worried about and who from now on would know nothing more about us. In our pockets, in addition to things necessary for hygiene, we carried postcards, and impelled by a sudden idea, we started to write. Father wrote to my brother Duci and my sister Ibi. Erzsi wrote to her husband-to-be Jozsi, and I to Karcsi Mozes, to whom (and it was then that I realized this) I felt the closest. I wrote those lines cautiously, not mentioning the place from which it was sent. From the postcard one should not be able to discern in what surroundings it was written, as this could jeopardize its delivery. I could not write the entire because the addressee was also in a difficult situation (Hungarian Labor Service in the Ukraine) and he too was in need of strength of mind to be able to cope. Karcsi brought this card home, along with all the other postcards from me and those he received from his parents. This is why I am able to quote those lines word for word:

*Dear Karcsi! I am still in a position to write to you today and I want to use the opportunity to say farewell to you. I hope that we will meet again and that pleasant days will be ours once again. Because until now we have not had many. We will try to send you news about us. I know that now the situation is reversing and it will be you who will worry about us. We will hold together and we will take care of one another. Take care of yourself. May God be with all of you and with us. See you later.*

*Teri, June 4, 1944*

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The postcards were written and the train was slowly preparing to leave. I elbowed my way towards the window and waited for the opportunity to give it to someone. I had already begun to lose all hope when a railway worker appeared who seemed to understand what I wanted. He covered the postcards with his red sig-nalling flag, and in a few moments he disappeared, taking them with him.

How often I thought about those postcards sent from the shadow of death. It preoccupied me. I wanted so much to know what had happened to them. Only after the war did I find the answer to my worries: all postcards had reached their destinations.