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My great grandparents' childhood was lost, their families were killed, their life as they knew it was destroyed. Never again! Never again means what happened to my two Holocaust survivor great grandparents and so many others should never happen to anyone again, no matter your race, your culture, your religion, or what you believe in. It also means that we need to be accepting of each other because no matter our differences, we are all humans. My great grandfather was a teenager when he was taken away and he is 95 now. It is imperative that we hear all their stories and listen and learn from them now more than ever because they won't be with us for much longer. My job is to ensure the phrase never again becomes a reality. By telling their stories, we can serve as dutiful upstanders. To be an upstander, we have the duty to teach people about what happened to the Jews so that everyone will be able to act together to prevent it from happening again. To be an upstander, we have a responsibility to help people learn not to make fun of other people or say mean things to each other just because they may look or sound different or have a different religion or race. We need to stop hateful acts before they become acceptable. When you see someone doing something wrong, you should not be silent and you should act.

My great grandfather was kidnapped on the side of the road as a kid in 1940 by Nazi soldiers. He was then brought to a room where he waved his last goodbye to his dad as they took him to various death camps including Auschwitz. Upon his arrival, he was put

in the gas chambers line, but his dad's friend who worked there moved him to the other line and saved his life. In the camp, his dad's friend helped him and got him more jobs which got him more food, so he was lucky enough to survive such harsh adversities. Toward the end of the War, they were forced to march for months but then the Russians came and saved them. My great grandfather went back to his hometown where he could find no one. He then went to a displaced persons camp where he met his future wife. Once they had their first baby, they went on a boat to the USA where they settled in New York. I have been sharing their stories with other people to ensure they know why it is important to stop hate. The hardships, adversities, and ordeals the Holocaust Survivors endured must be told and retold so no one has to go through them ever again.