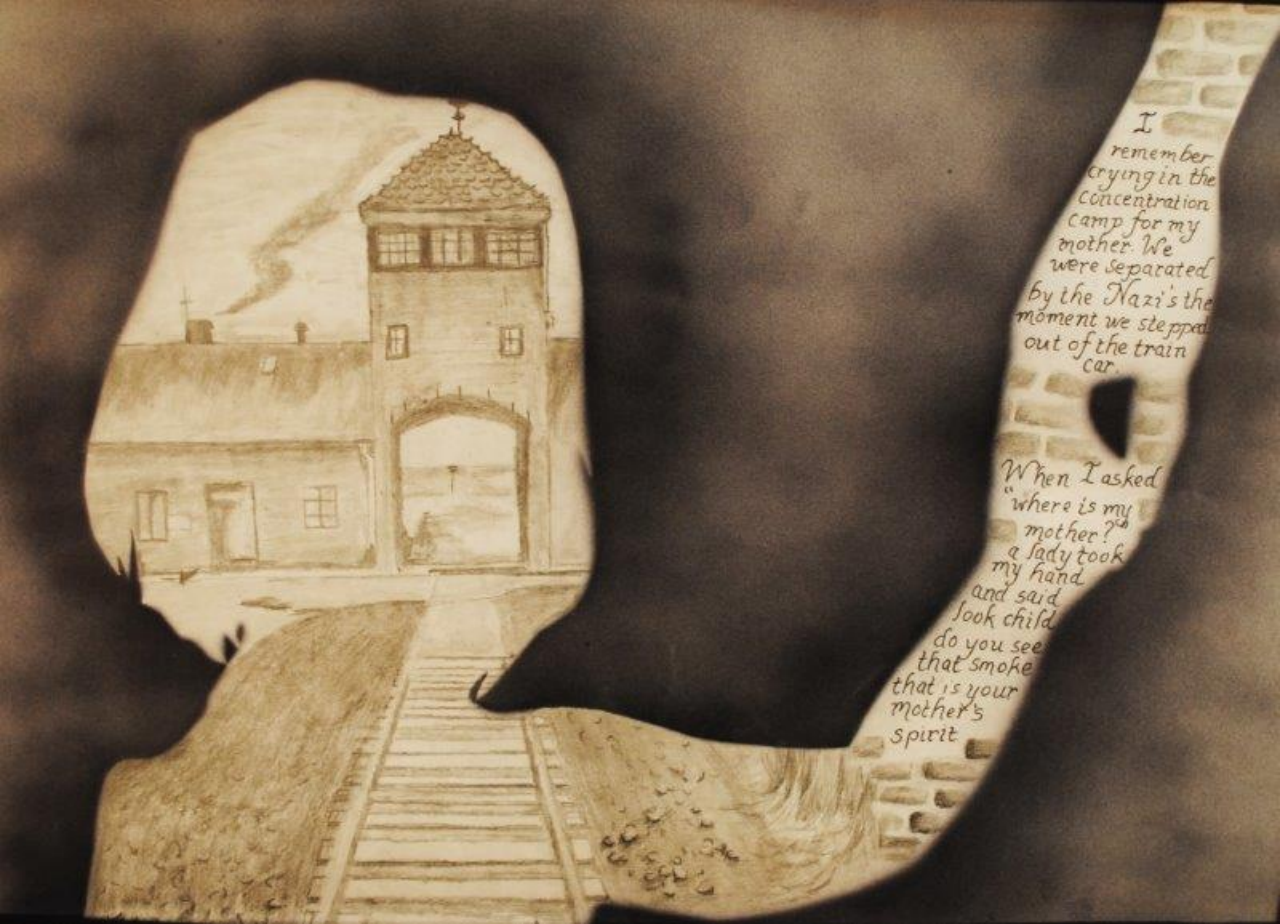
I remember crying in the concentration camp for my mother. We were separated by the Nazi's the moment we stepped out of the train car.
When I asked "where is my mother?" a lady took my hand and said look child do you see that smoke that is your mother's spirit