



Paws for a photograph . . . members of the Israel Guide Dog Center all set for the March of the Living

same way; we thought it must be a smoke house.

That evening in Krakow we enjoyed a festive Shabbat dinner starting with Kiddush, which cemented our feeling of being one family even more. Afterwards we sat and shared our feelings.

Shabbat was a real "rest day". A few of us took ourselves off in a taxi, leaving the youngsters and the dogs to tour Krakow by foot.

The dogs were also given the chance for a free run in a park which they greatly deserved.

First we went to a beautiful synagogue, then to the Ghetto with its large square dotted with chairs made of metal: a memorial to all the Jewish furniture thrown from the windows by the Nazis, then on to the Schindler factory.

My late husband was born in Krakow, so it was very special for me to be there.

In the evening we had a wonderful 'heimishe' meal in the Ghetto, complete with Klezmer music and Israeli wine.

Sunday morning was a visit to Auschwitz, not easy to see in reality, all rather unreal.

We met a young American couple with their baby who were Mormons; they were interested to learn about the Holocaust and said they wanted to pass it on to their children. It was a most memorable encounter.

On then to Birkenau, where Noach placed a wreath in the name of the Center.

Monday began with a visit to a military cemetery where there are two Jewish graves – a contrast to all we'd seen till then, with grass, flowers and a few snowdrops, all beautifully cared for.

From there we returned to Auschwitz to assemble for the March. What an

uplifting feeling – so many groups from all over the world, including Polish and German Gentiles who came to identify with us.

Our group with the dogs was a great attraction. We eventually moved off for the three-kilometer walk, proudly holding our placard and flag high in the air, and the sun shone as the seemingly endless line of blue and white marched to Birkenau, remembering the six million.

That night we flew back home together with hundreds of others all exhausted by the trip, which had nevertheless been worth every minute of it.

Even more so when I spoke to my eight-year old grandson who said "Savta Jane, I'm proud of you".

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