

### **' MY UNCLE THE HERO'**

What follows is one of the more moving communications relating to the Holocaust entitled "My Uncle The Hero". It was submitted by J. Philip Rosen, President of the American Friends of Likud and Vice Chairman of the Board of Directors of Yeshiva College.

**"It was spring, 1947. The scrawny 25 year old Polish refugee had just arrived in his dreamland, Palestine, after stints in camps in Siberia and Cyprus. He spoke no Hebrew. He found out that his father, his mother, his sister, two brothers and many other close relatives were gassed and burned (in which order, who knows) at Auschwitz. His two other brothers were missing, lost in Russia, perhaps; sent to camps, more likely, dead, most likely. What should he do next?**

**"How could he go on? What was left of life?**

**'His dreams, only his dreams. His dream of living in a Jewish land, his dream of fighting for his people, his dream of rebuilding that which evil had destroyed.**

**"May, 1948 - a State is declared; and Israel is attacked from all directions. No, he was told, you cannot fight - you are the only survivor of your family, you cannot serve. No, he responded; I must fight. And fight he did, rising to the top ranks of the northern command. He fought and he fought hard. And he lived that part of his dream. But the rest of his dream remained unfulfilled. On the last week of the war, Pinchas Rozen was gunned down in Mishmar Hayarden. He was buried holding his gun, his last words, "A Jewish soldier never leaves his weapon".**

**"Pinchas Rozen never felt the special warmth of the Shabbos candles being lit by a wife, he never witnessed the miracle of the birth of his child, he never kicked a ball with a son, or had a daughter's arms wrapped around his neck. He never had a chance to pray at the Kotel; or cheer as the jets flew overhead on Yom Haatzmaut. Pinchas Rozen never had a chance.**

**"But his brothers did. By pure miracle, Yitzhak and Chaim Rozen survived the war in Shanghai. They built up wonderful families; they had children and grandchildren and, soon, great-grandchildren. They've both passed on and are now buried a stone's throw from their younger brother Pinchas in the ancient cemetery in Tzfat. And not a year goes by in which one of the nieces or nephews or grand-nieces or grand-nephews doesn't visit their Uncle Pinchas' grave. And his picture hangs prominently on the wall in each of their homes. Their Uncle Pinchas they never knew. Their hero, Uncle Pinchas.**

**"He never had a chance. His dream lives on".**