

A large, stylized hand is shown at the top of the page, holding a small seed. The hand is rendered in a simple, bold line-art style. The background behind the hand consists of several curved, radiating lines that create a sense of light or energy emanating from the seed.

# Forgiveness

THE SEED OF

# PEACE



the Illustrated True Story of a Mengele Twin Survivor

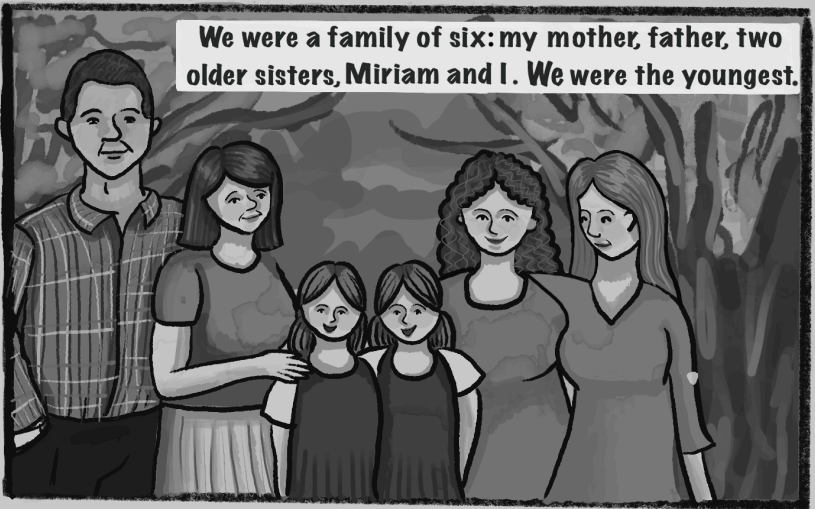
BY **LOUISA WITTY**

**This story is closely based on the true life events of Auschwitz survivor Eva Moses Kor. At the age of 10, Eva and her twin Miriam were separated from their family and subjected to brutal medical experiments lead by Nazi Dr Joseph Mengele.**

Miriam and I were born in 1934. We were identical twins.



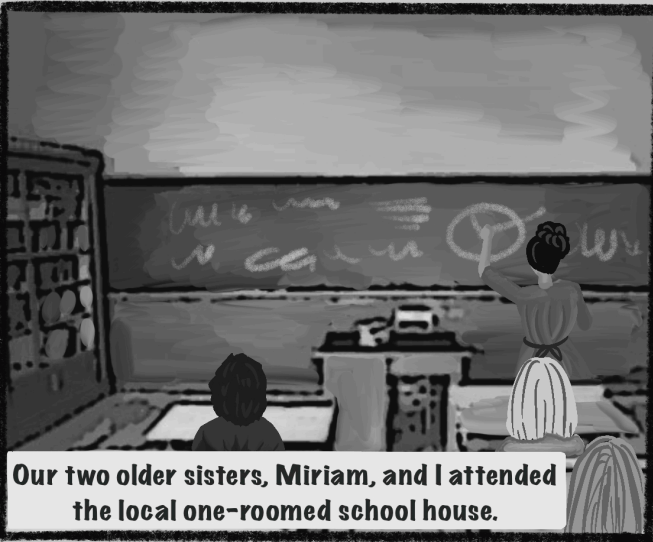
We were a family of six: my mother, father, two older sisters, Miriam and I. We were the youngest.



Our home was a country village in Transylvania, Romania.



My Father was a farmer.



Our two older sisters, Miriam, and I attended the local one-roomed school house.

It wasn't easy being the only Jews in the village.



We were forced into the back of a car leaving all our belongings behind.



One day in 1944 we were arrested by Nazis

I watched through the window as all that I loved and knew shrunk further away into the distance.



We arrived at a crowded platform where a cattle car awaited us.



We were packed in so tightly I couldn't breathe. No food. No water. Bodies everywhere. We were like animals to them.



The passing hours were agonising. Miriam was locked in my grasp.



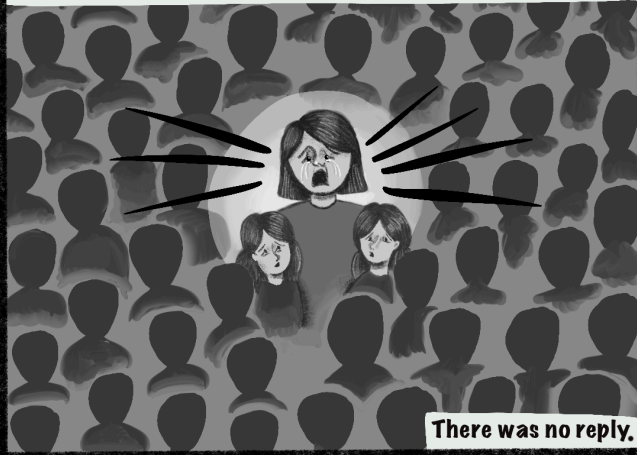
When the journey finally stopped, we jumped down from the carriage. people were shouting and screaming



My mother let out a sudden yell.



In the mass of people, we had been separated from my Father and two sisters. My mother screamed their names.



There was no reply.

I could see the fear in her eyes.



There was no chance of finding them



There was an outburst of commotion amongst the crowd. People were shouting further in the distance.

We were spotted by two men. They pointed out to us.



\*Zwillinge!

\*Twins

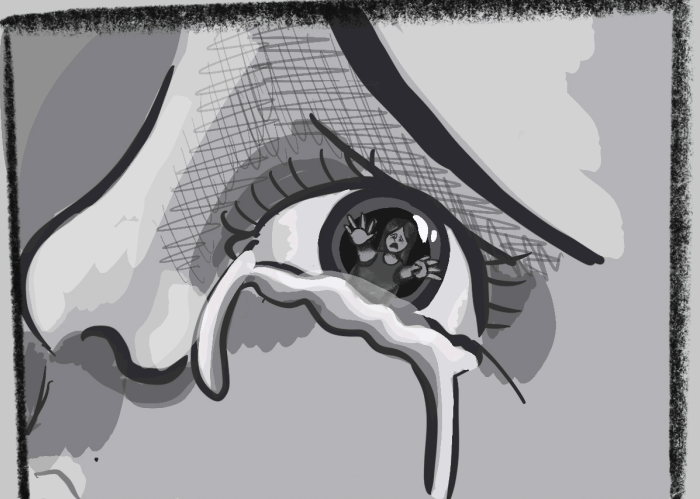
Why! Is that good?



NO. STOP!

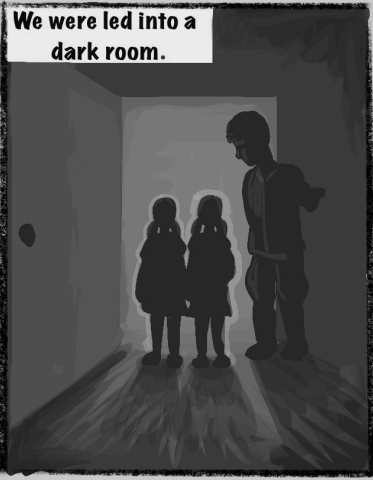


Before I knew it they grabbed hold of Miriam and I, dragging us away from our mother.



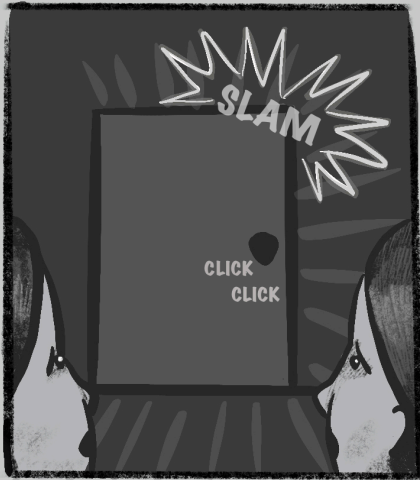
**Within 30 minutes of arriving at Auschwitz, I had been separated from my entire family but Miriam. I didn't know then that it was the last time I would ever see them again.**

We were led into a dark room.



SLAM

CLICK  
CLICK



Soon enough we figured we were not alone...

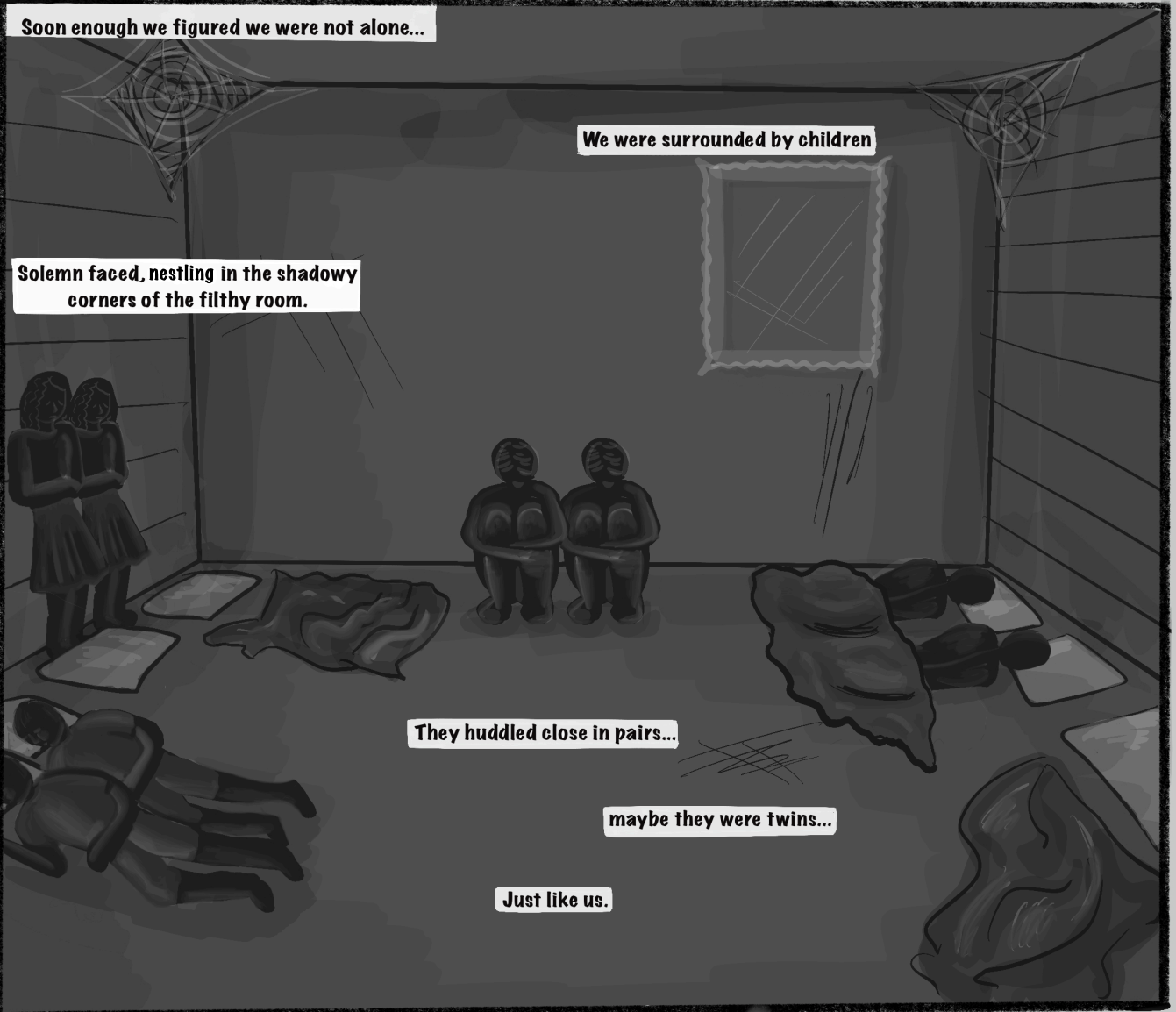
We were surrounded by children

Solemn faced, nestling in the shadowy corners of the filthy room.

They huddled close in pairs...

maybe they were twins...

Just like us.



Miriam tapped me on the shoulder

Eva! That smell...



My eyes drifted to a dark slump in the corner.

Humming flies swarmed it. My senses were hit with the reek of rotting flesh



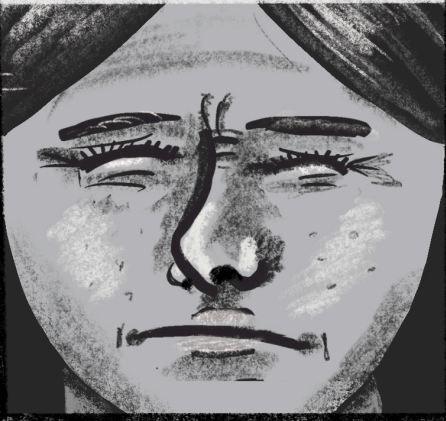
It was naked.

Eyes wide open.

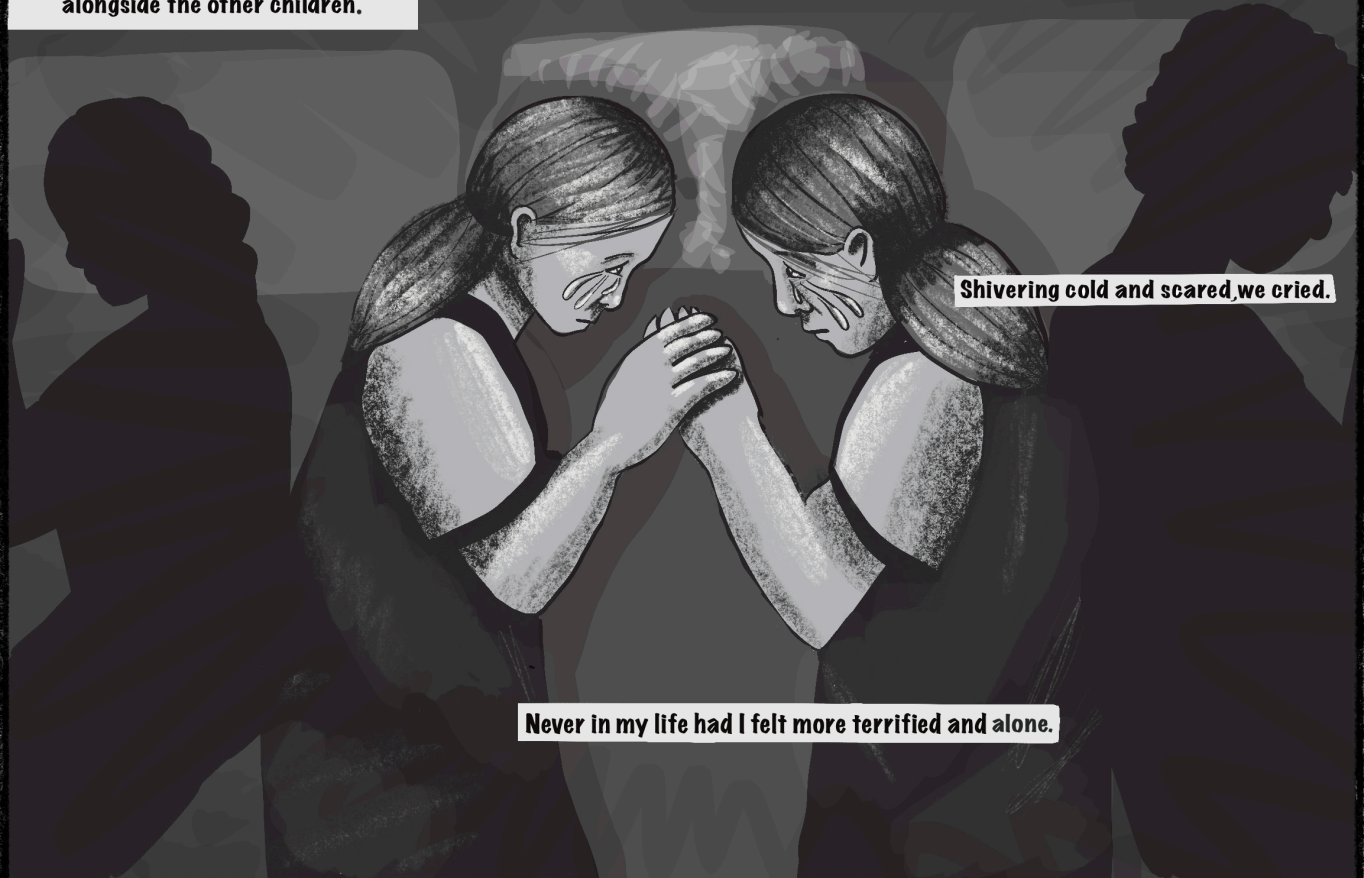




That was the first time I had ever seen a dead body.



The first night we slept on the floor alongside the other children.



Shivering cold and scared, we cried.

Never in my life had I felt more terrified and alone.

That night I made a pledge to myself:



I would not let Miriam and I die in this place. We would walk free.

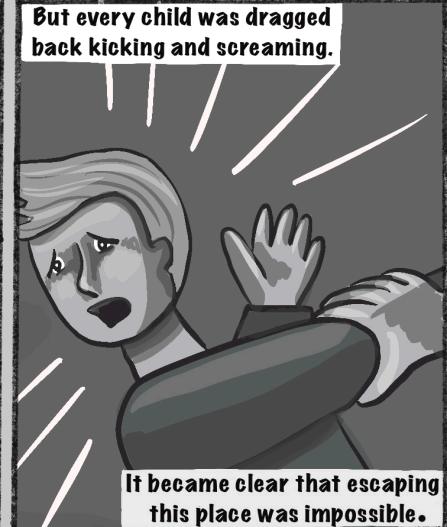
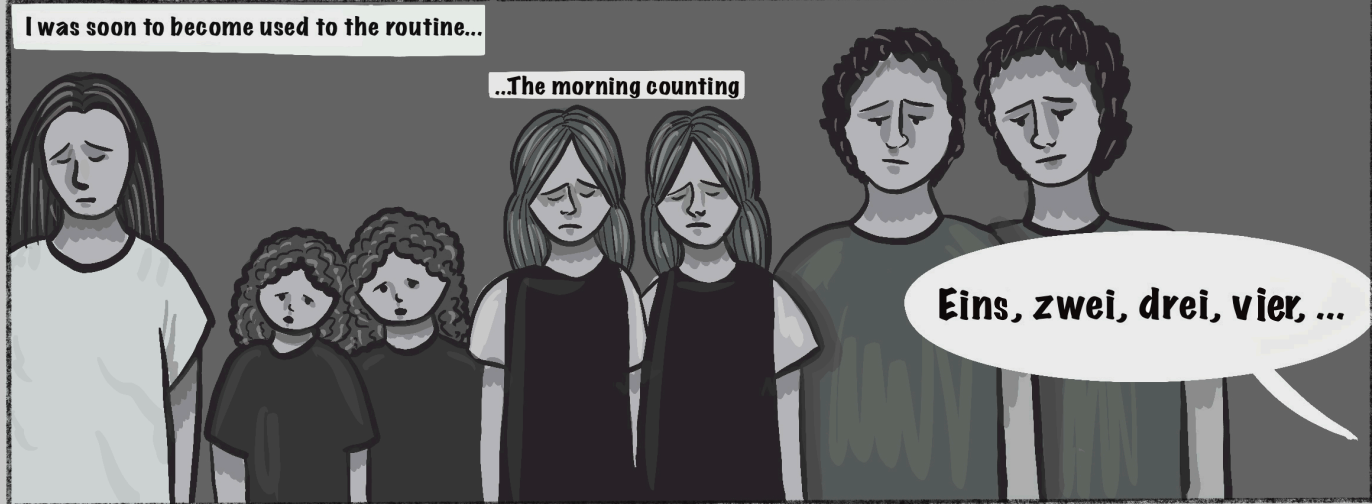
I would do all I could to survive.





**Eva and Miriam were spared  
because they were twins...**

**But were subjected to brutal  
experiments performed by  
Dr Josef Mengele, known as  
the 'Angel of Death'**



Eventually, the day came where Miriam and I were taken away.



We were lead petrified, to a large empty room.



They stripped off our clothes.



It was humiliating.



A tall man approached us.



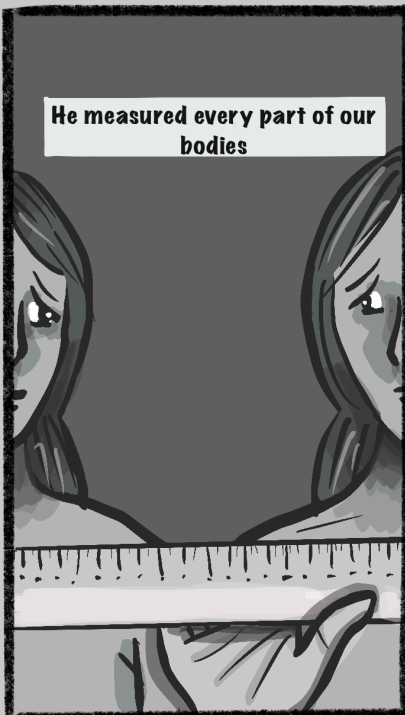
At the time I did not know his name. But I remember his face.

Dr Josef Mengele



The angel of death.

He measured every part of our bodies



The process took ages.

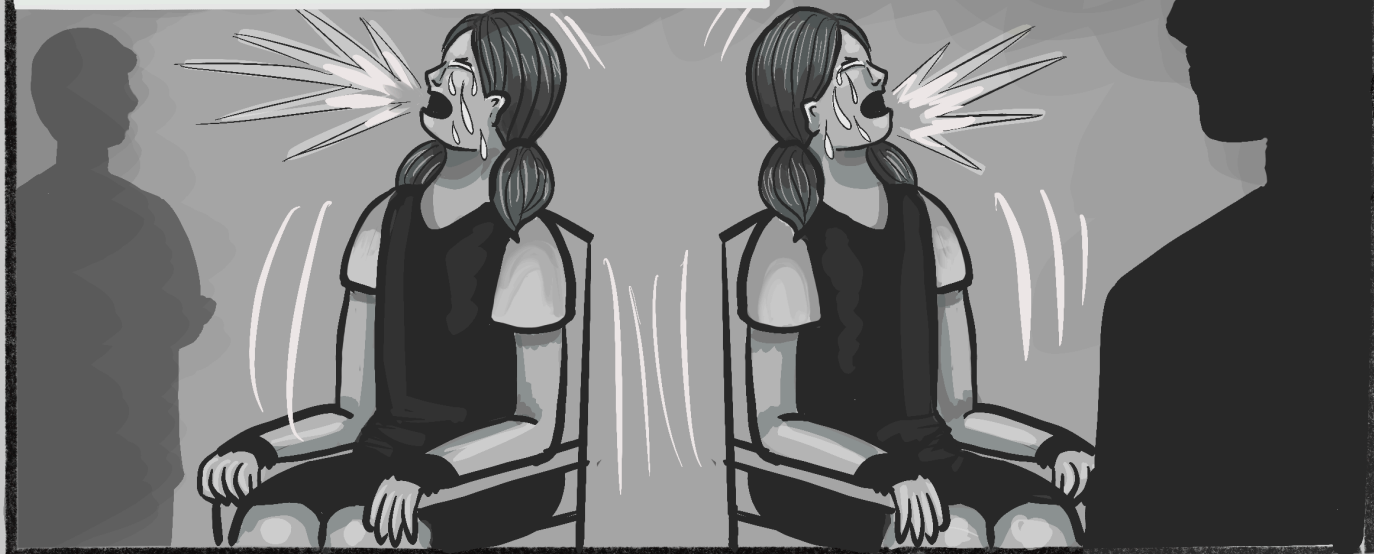
By the end we were frozen cold.



Every measurement taken was recorded on charts.



On other days, Dr Mengele would give us a series of injections.



They took blood from one of our arms, which were bound tightly to restrict blood flow.



..and a syringe was prepared for the other arm.



To this very day, the contents of those injections remains a mystery.



Every day, I anticipated the possibility that they would kill me.

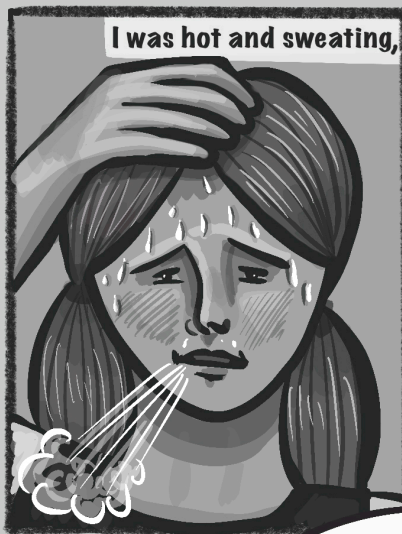


When it was over I was so relieved to hug Miriam.



But I also knew that surviving meant I would have to endure this day yet again...

**One day I was given an injection that made me very sick...**

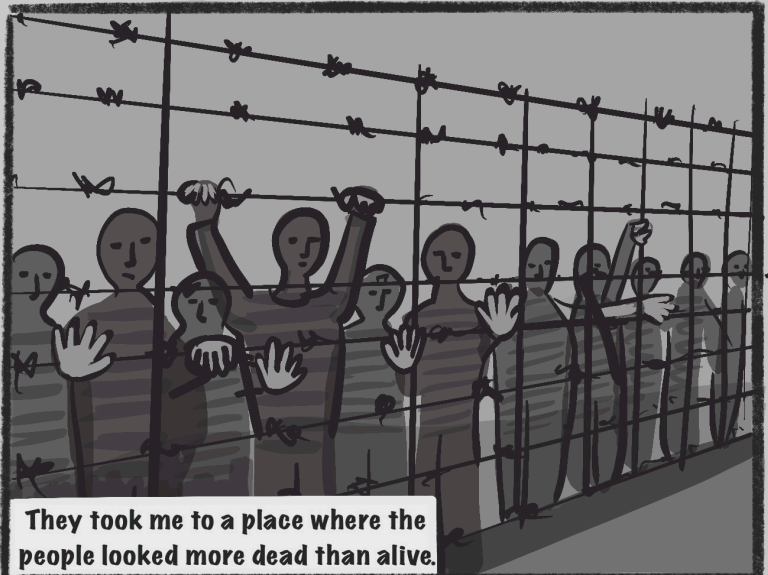


**Mengele and his doctors took me into a room. He examined me and measured my fever before saying...**

**A shame she's so young...she only has two weeks left to live**



**I was forced to leave without saying goodbye to Miriam.**

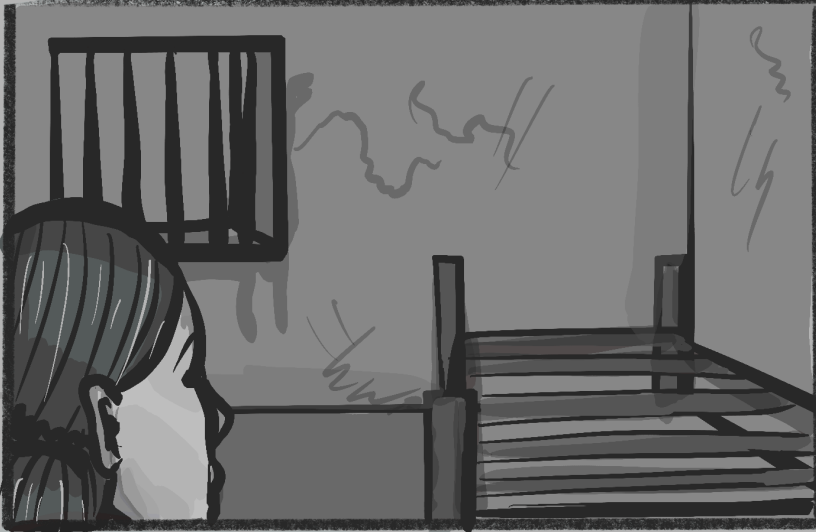


**They took me to a place where the people looked more dead than alive.**

It was meant to be a hospital,



Yet it looked more like a prison.



Without Miriam, I was soon consumed by my loneliness.

As my fever worsened, I entered a dream-like state.

Tormented with visions:

enormous needles,

my arms tied with rope,

Dr Mengele.

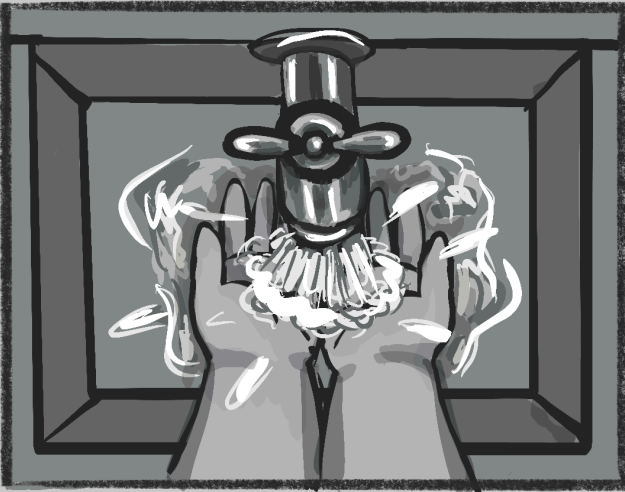


I continued to fade in and out of consciousness.

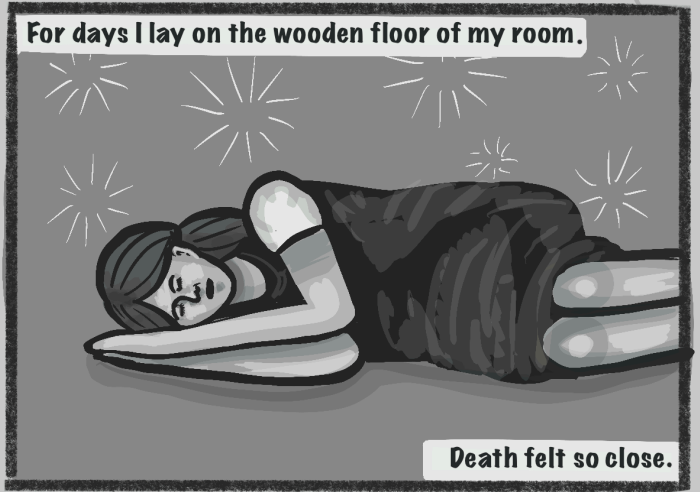


My legs were so swollen I could not walk.

The only time I moved was by crawling on the floor to reach the foyett to drink.



For days I lay on the wooden floor of my room.



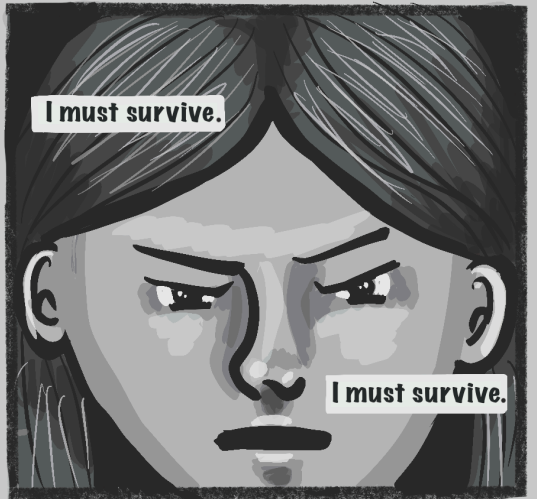
Death felt so close.

If I died, Dr Mengele would give Miriam an injection to kill her,



So that he could use both our bodies for autopsies.

I must survive.



I must survive.

I became so frail.



But eventually my fever subsided,



and I slowly regained my strength.

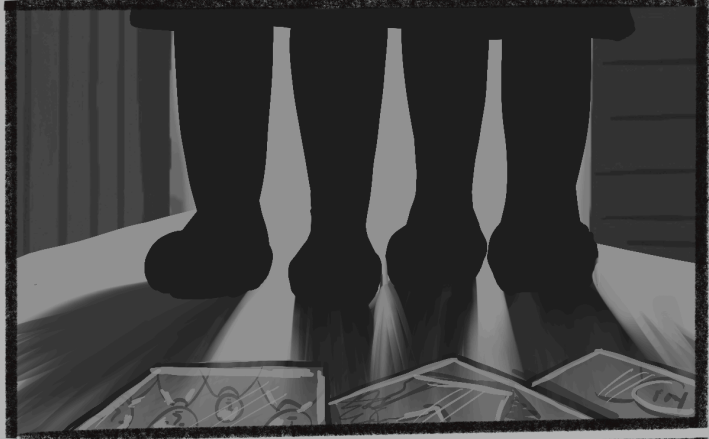
**Fortunately, Eva and  
Miriam did survive...  
In 1945 they were freed  
from Auschwitz**



Miriam and I returned home.



But our house was deserted.

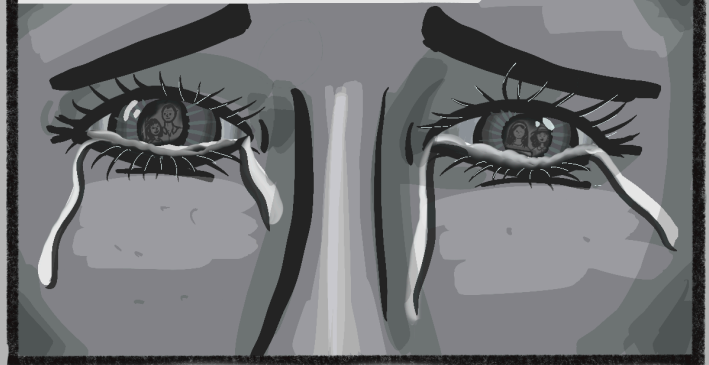


Three small photographs...

...was all that was left of my family



We were the only ones who survived.



**In 1960, Eva married and started a family in the USA. But Miriam's health suffered as a result of the Nazi experiments...**

Miriam got married in Israel and expected her first child,

Yet she developed severe kidney infections and did not respond to any antibiotics.

Every pregnancy was a life crisis.

In 1963 an Israeli doctor discovered that Miriam's kidneys never grew larger than the size of a ten year old child's.

Miriam's kidneys deteriorated and eventually failed.

In 1987 I donated my left kidney. I had two kidneys and one sister, so it was an easy choice.

But a year later, Miriam developed cancerous polyps in her bladder. We knew her illness was due to the Auschwitz experiments, but without knowing what was injected into our bodies, we couldn't save her.

On the 6th of June, 1993, Miriam died.

She was all that I had left.  
And he took her away from me too.

I thought I had left the pain of Auschwitz behind me.

But this was by far the worst.



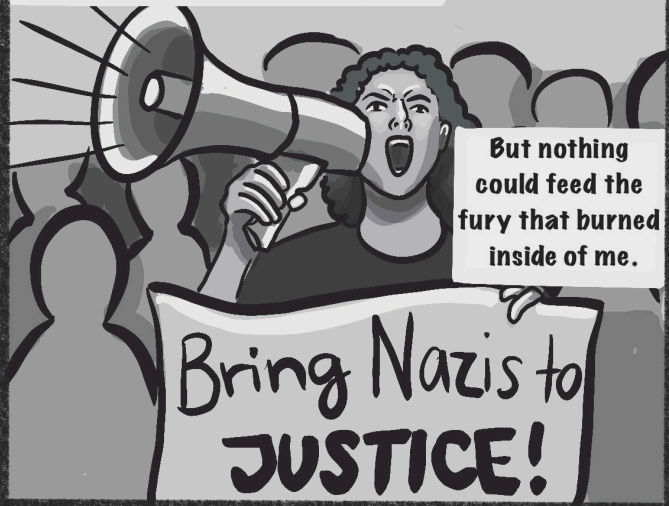
After all this time, I was still a victim.

Why did he have to cause me such pain?



I was suffocated by anger and hate for him.

I tried to make people understand.



But nothing could feed the fury that burned inside of me.

The angrier I became,



the more I lost myself.

One day I received a phone call from a professor inviting me to speak in Boston.

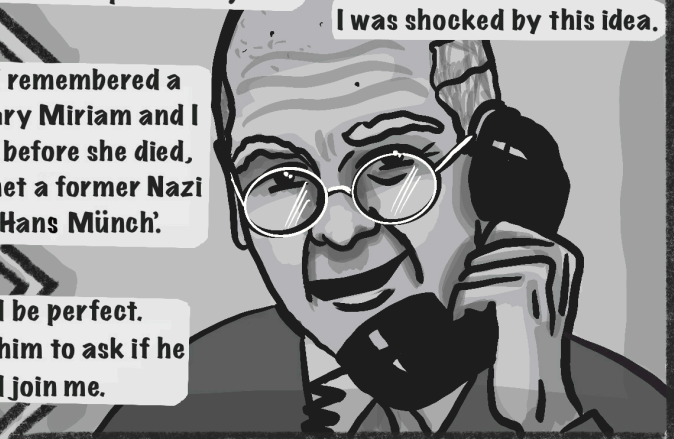
He suggested that I bring a Nazi doctor to speak with,

I was shocked by this idea.



But then I remembered a documentary Miriam and I worked on before she died, where we met a former Nazi doctor 'Hans Münch'.

He would be perfect. I contacted him to ask if he would join me.

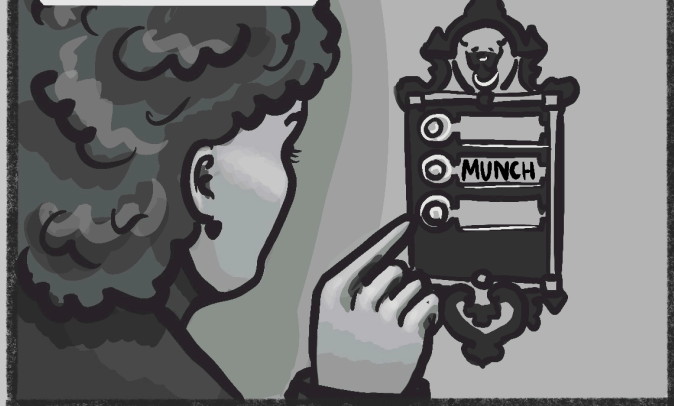


He told me he would not come to speak at Boston.

But said he was willing to meet at his house in Germany.



I was terribly nervous.



I was totally taken back by his kindness.

Never did I expect I would feel so comfortable in the company of a Nazi.



He began to speak of his experiences...

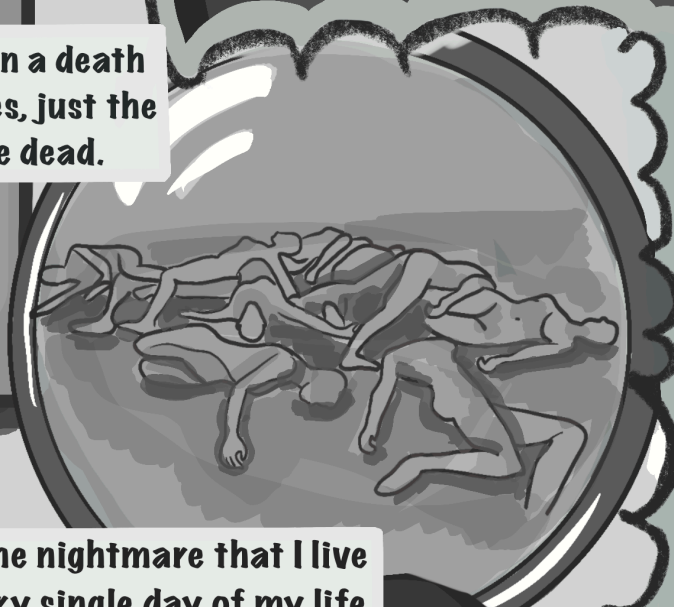
"I was stationed outside the gas chambers looking through a peephole as the gas came down and people were dying."



When nobody moved, I knew that they were all dead.



It was my job to sign a death certificate, no names, just the number of people dead.



This is the nightmare that I live with every single day of my life.



Death Certificate  
 No. of Deaths : 82  
 SIGNED:  
 Muns



After hearing Dr Münch's story, I was struck with a great idea.

I would have an original document signed by a Nazi. This way, if I ever came across a revisionist who denied that the Holocaust ever happened, I could shove that document in their face.

I would document the experiences of Dr Münch and I, and we would sign a declaration at the ruins of the gas chamber in Auschwitz.

Dr Münch agreed immediately



I wanted to thank him for his willingness to help me

I thought for a long time about how I could thank him



I didn't know how to thank a Nazi

I didn't tell anybody, because even to me, it sounded strange.



10 months later the idea came to me...

A letter of forgiveness from me to Dr Münch.

An Auschwitz survivor gives a letter of forgiveness to a Nazi doctor.



I immediately knew that it would be meaningful to him.

But what I discovered for myself, was life changing.

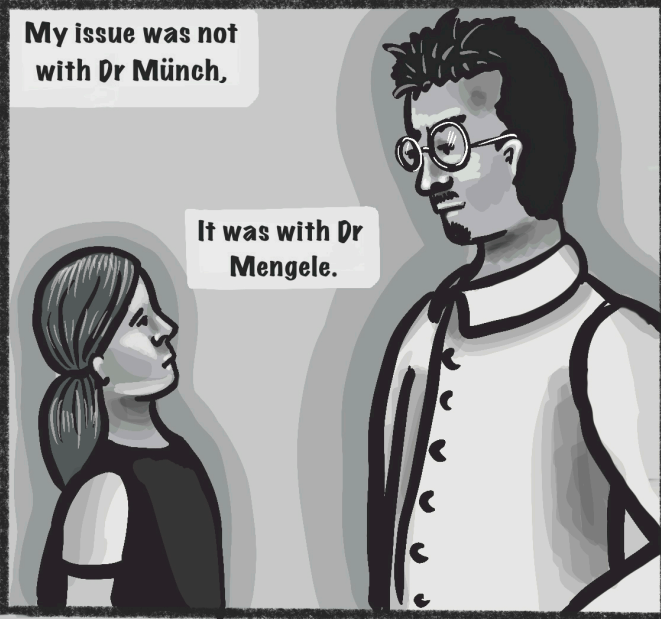
It took me four months to write this letter.

But my forgiveness journey had only just begun...



My issue was not with Dr Münch,

It was with Dr Mengele.



I was not quite ready to forgive Mengele.



How could I forgive a man who caused me nothing but pain?

He took away all that I loved and felt no shame for it.

He deserved to suffer like I did.



But what good could my anger do me now? I can't bring anything back.







I felt incredible.

I, a victim for the past 50 years had power over the Angel of Death of Auschwitz.

I felt free.

Free from Auschwitz.

Free from Mengele.

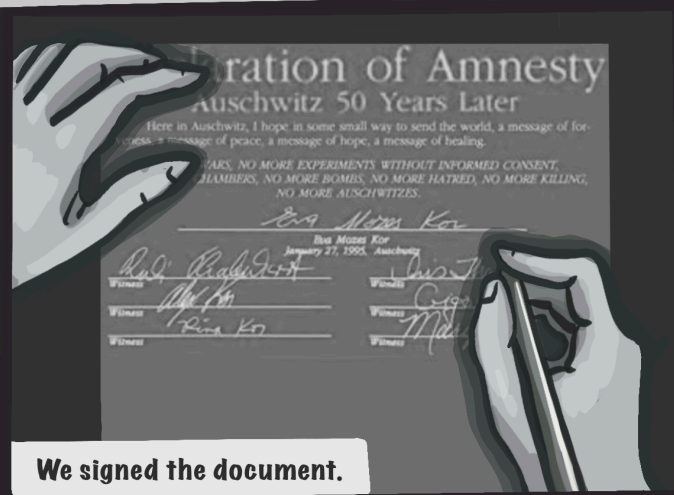




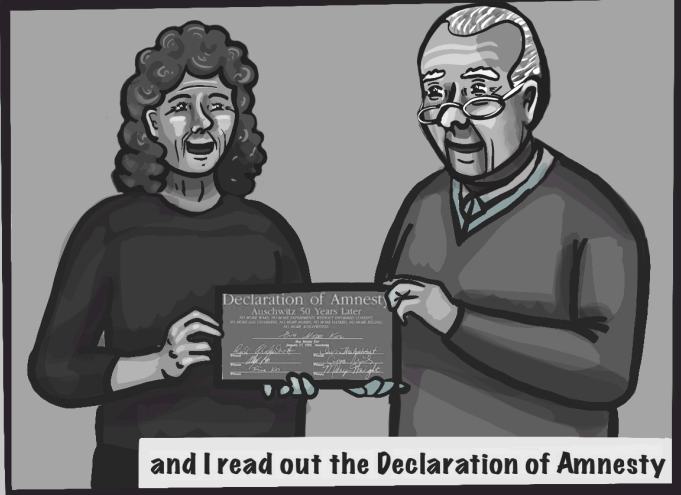
So with this new outlook on my life, and on my past, I arrived at the remains of Auschwitz in 1995, to celebrate 50 years since the liberation of the camp.



Dr Münch arrived with his children and grandchildren.



We signed the document.



and I read out the Declaration of Amnesty

But my forgiveness did not agree with everyone,



Most survivors denounced me, and still continue to do so today.

**But what is in my forgiveness?**

**I like it!**

**It is an act of self healing, self liberation, and self empowerment.**

**All victims feel hurt, feel helpless, hopeless, powerless.**

**We cannot change what happened. That is the tragic part.**

**But we can change how we relate to it.**



# *True Characters*



Image courtesy to the "Eva: A-7063" Documentary  
Premieres 2018

**Eva Moses Kor**



Image courtesy to The Times of Israel

**Eva and Miriam before  
Auschwitz**



Image courtesy to the CANDLES holocaust Museum and Education Centre

**1995: Dr. Hans Münch and  
Eva Kor Documenting the  
Gas Chambers**



Image courtesy to The Observation Post

**Dr. Hans  
Münch during  
WWII**

# *The Real Angel of Death*

## **DR JOSEF MENGELE**

Born in 1911, Mengele was a leading physician among a group of Nazi doctors who conducted inhumane medical experiments on the prisoners of Auschwitz. He became well known as 'the Angel of Death'

## **POST WWII**

Mengele escaped to South America after the war, evading prosecution as a war criminal. He died there in 1979.



Dr. Joseph Mengele. Image courtesy to National Museum of Auschwitz-Birkenau.

## **THE EXPERIMENTS**



Auschwitz-Birkenau in Southern Poland, January 27, 1945. Image courtesy to Galerie Bilderwelt.

Mengele's experiments were justified by extreme Nazi racial theories aiming to prove the superiority of the Aryan Race. His 'test subjects' were mostly twin children, who suffered immense harm and often death due to the experiments, or were killed instantly to facilitate post-mortem autopsies.

Dr. Mengele was fascinated by twins, and prior to WWII he carried out many legitimate twin studies. However, Auschwitz gave him licence to injure and kill his 'test subjects.' His experiments soon became actions of evil.



Child victims of Dr Mengele's experiments. Picture taken in camp photo studio. Image courtesy to National Museum of Auschwitz-Birkenau.

# ***Eva Moses Kor***

**January 31, 1934 - July 4, 2019**

**“Eva Moses Kor died on July 4, 2019, at the age of 85, in Krakow, Poland. Eva spent the last days of her life on her annual summer trip to Auschwitz, with people from around the world, sharing her message and planting her seeds of peace.”**

***- Eva's Obituary***



Image courtesy to Mika Brown

***"Getting even has never healed a single person"***

**Eva Kor, a survivor of the horrific Mengele twin experiments has seen the worst of Auschwitz. When she has lost all that she loved and only rage remains, how can Eva overcome the trauma of her past?**

**A True Story of Survival, Strength, and Healing.**

