**CHAPTER 21, PAGES 134 & 135**

“We have orders for deportation,” the soldier holding the paper snapped. He examined the list in his hand and then said, “Jacob Waldman. Gather what you need on your person and come with us.”

I didn’t hear anything else. A loud ringing had filled my ears. I felt like I was falling. *No no no no no no no no* – the word echoed in my head – *no no no no no*.

Then I became aware of screaming.

My mother had flung herself at the feet of the two Nazis. She was prostrate, her arms held out beseechingly. She was crying, lamenting. When she could utter words, she pleaded, “Not my Jacob. No! Not my Jacob! You don’t need him. Not him! No! Take me!”

“Get up!” The other soldier barked. He kicked out at her, but she turned to him and began clawing at his boots.

“My son!” She cried. “Please don’t take my son!”

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After Jacob left, his absence was palpable. We lived in total silence, except for my mother’s sobs. She held his violin to her chest, wrapping her arms around it, rocking it like a baby. It was never out of her grasp. She would run her fingers along the grain of wood and the fine strands of wire. It was a poor substitute for Jacob. The instrument was silent along with the rest of us.