Barry Bruk showed me that the printed words can never compete with an eyewitness account. When you look into his eyes and listen to the inflections in his voice you begin to sense the pain and horror he endured. His father said, “We must survive Hitler.” How right he was! Like a giant puzzle, all those who survived give eyewitness accounts for all those who did not, so the world can see more clearly what books try to tell: the reality and horror of the Holocaust. Now my memory has become a piece of the spaces of memory.