

## He Came to Her in a Vision by Ruth Chevion

Marcus Hausknecht had been dead for fifteen years when he came to his daughter Herta in a vision.

"He told me we should all hide," Herta announced urgently to the assembled family "he told me they are already on their way. He said we should all hide."

It was early morning, just past dawn. *Aktionen* never took place this early. Besides, where were they supposed to hide? They had a tiny hovel in the smaller of the two Lvov ghettos.

"They are coming. You will see. It was not a dream. I was not sleeping. He spoke to me. It was just a few minutes ago. I saw him. My father spoke to me."

"Go hide if you want. We are having a quiet moment here together, and nothing is going to happen for at least several hours. We know their schedule."

"I'm going to hide in the cellar. I'm going to hide." She pushed the trap door aside and lowered herself down into the cellar and hid.

Not five minutes later, they were there: three uniformed Gestapo searching the place for people to grab. They grabbed one aunt who had no work papers. Then one of the Gestapos pointed to the trap door. "What's down there?" He barked.

Everyone froze.

At that moment, Herta's mother, Susha Hausknecht, got a huge projectile nosebleed. Blood spurted out of her nose halfway across the room. Did some blood get on a uniform?

The trap door was forgotten.

Herta was saved. Herta was my mother. She did not have work papers.

Why do I tell you this unbelievable story anyway? What's the point? I know it's interesting that things like this happened, but the entertainment value is not enough.

If you truly believe that this really happened, unembellished, just as my mother told it, then isn't it some proof of a sixth or even a seventh sense? That can give us a lifesaving message? And that the challenge is to believe it when it kicks in? And then to act on it as my mother did in this incident? As to the other people in this story, the aunt was later released. She said she would never speak of what she saw there, and she never did.

Marcus Hausknecht, for all I know, gathered up his entire life's store of merit to make that brief appearance to warn his daughter of impending danger and tell her what to do. He never appeared a second time, not before and not after.

Susha's projectile nosebleed speaks to me of the power of love. Her love mixed with fear to make a kind of power cocktail that blew up and out of her nose. Isn't that actually what happened? We all know at some level that love can make miracles. It's just rare to see it so graphically illustrated as what happened in the ghetto that day.



Marcus Hausknecht