



From the jacket of *All Rivers Run to the Sea*

Elie Wiesel says his anger at injustice "rises up within faith and not outside it."

Faith kept and lost in Holocaust

ALL RIVERS RUN TO THE SEA
Memoirs
By Elie Wiesel
Alfred A. Knopf, 480 pp. \$30

SHATTERED FAITH
A Holocaust Legacy
By Leon Weisaker Wella
The University Press of Kentucky,
175 pp. \$18.95

Reviewed by David Lee Preston

'All rivers run to the sea," Solomni write in Ecclesiastes, "yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."
The verdant, mysterious Carpathian Mountains, source of many rivers that fed the flowering of Hasidism in Eastern Europe, never seemed so high, so impenetrable, as they did on Sunday, March 19, 1944.
By that date, in the northern foothills near the Stryj — which flows into the mighty Dniester — no Jews were left in Turka, my mother's once-Hasidic town; my mother already had been hiding in a sewer in Lwow for almost 10 months.
And yet, just over the mountains on the southern side near the Tisza — which empties into the Danube — young Elie Wiesel spent that Sunday at holiday services in Sighet, then part of Hungary. "We had just joyfully celebrated Purim," he writes in his extraordinary, gut-wrenching memoir, *All Rivers Run to the Sea*. "At the house of Study we were still talking about the traditional play the children had put on at the home of the Borscher Rebbe. We paid no attention to the vagabond who stood near the door and refused to laugh. The Rebbe of Krechnov played the **See HOLocaust on 16**

David Lee Preston is an Inquirer staff writer. His account of his Yom Kippur visit to his mother's hometown in the Carpathian Mountains appeared in Inquirer Magazine on *Mother's Day*.

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