

10th May 2009

Dear Heidi and Tony,

I am Caitlin's mother and I am writing to you to share the background behind her picture story book. Caitlin is a Year 9 student who attended the Courage to Care Exhibition in Beacon Hills as a school excursion.

For English this semester a major task set for her was to design and write a picture story book on any topic. Caitlin was very moved by the Courage to Care exhibition and decided to write her picture story book based on this.

She is a young lady with a well-developed social conscience, who loves sport and mathematics at school, but who often finds subjects like English challenging. When she handed me this text she had written I was moved to tears by both her sensitivity, and by the simple yet powerful way she was able to convey her message.

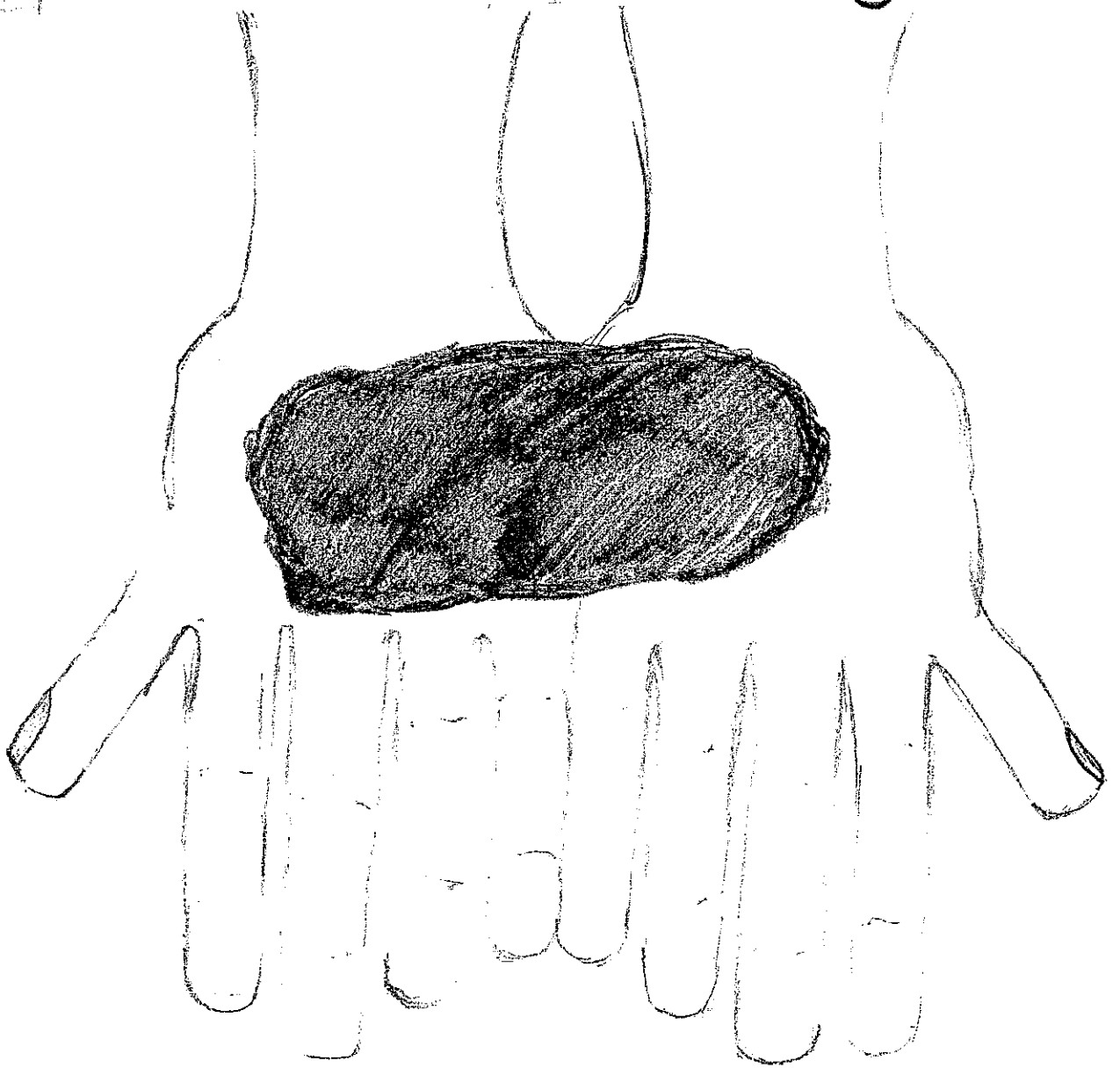
Caitlin was very careful to research pictures using references and the internet, as she wanted to be respectful by being accurate. She spent many hours trying to reflect this in her illustrations. She was also very moved by Harry's talk, and shared many recollections of this with me.

I felt I wanted to share this with you to thank you for putting together this exhibition. As we go through life's journey sometimes milestones or happenings have a profound effect on us, and I believe this is what happened for Caitlin after seeing the exhibition and hearing Harry's story. She was inspired to write a story I, and more importantly she is both proud of and reflects her understandings developed through the Courage to Care exhibition.

Yours Sincerely,

Kay

SOAP.

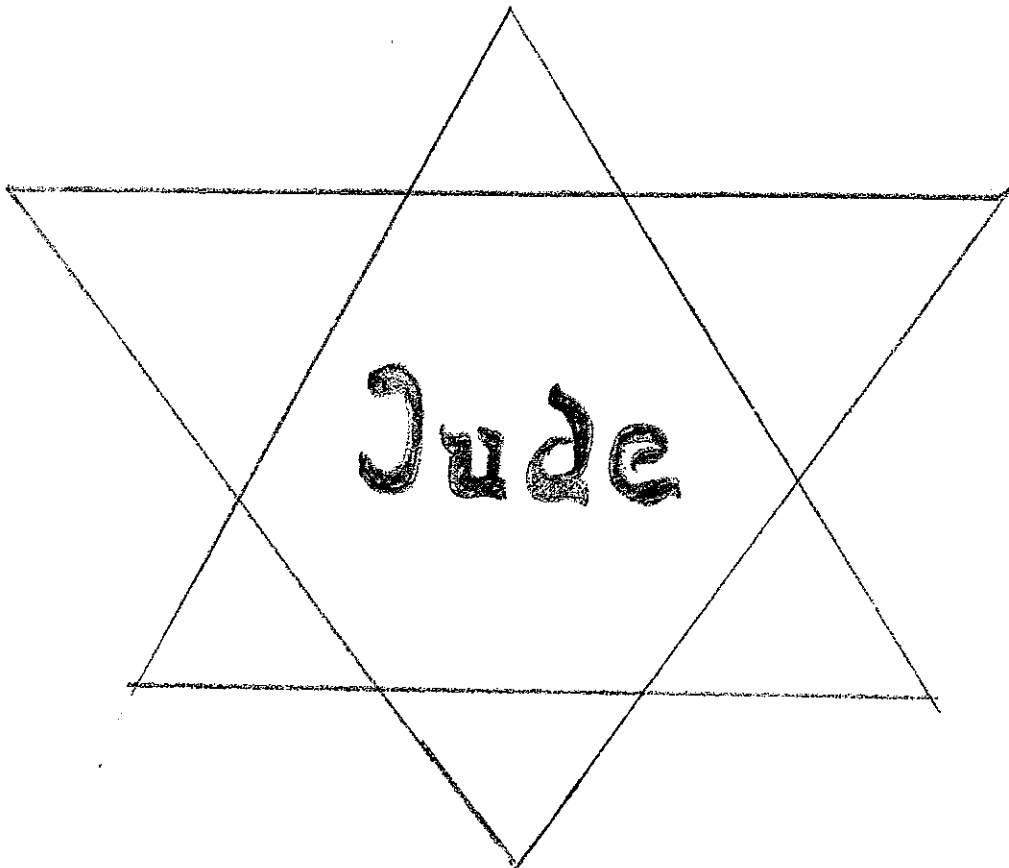


By CAITLIN



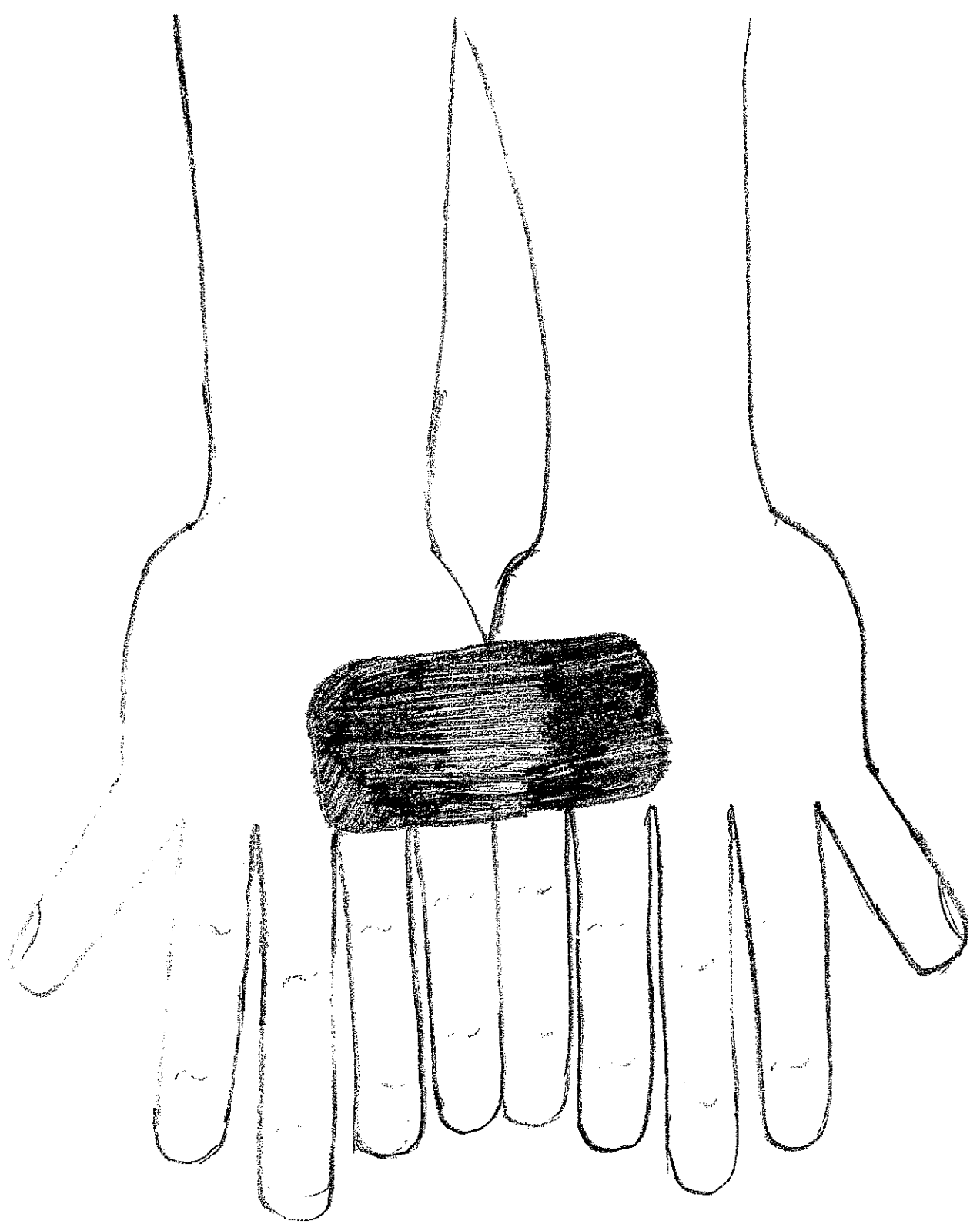
I am Naomi. I am 8.

I am Jewish.

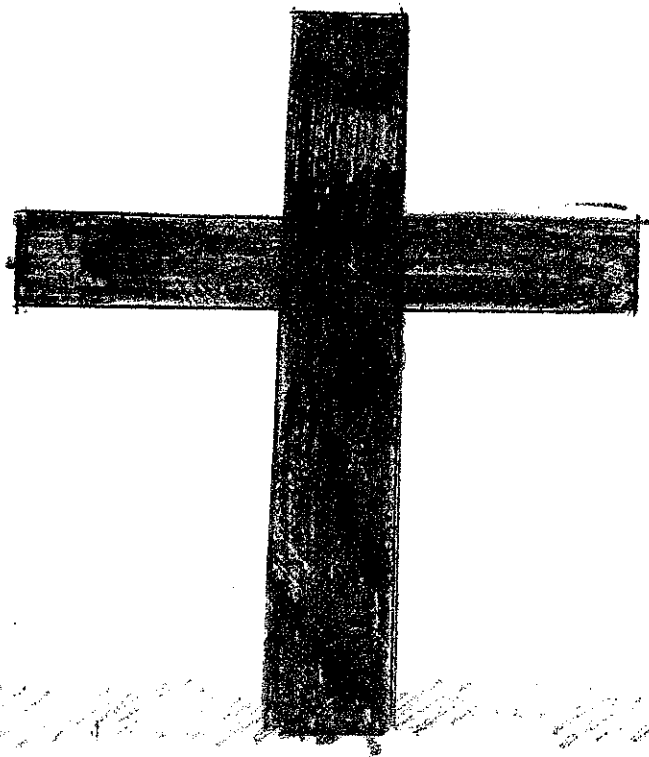


I Live behind barbed wire.





Last night my mum was given a cake of soap and told that she was going to have a shower. She looked at me with tears in her eyes and told me 'Never give up trying.'

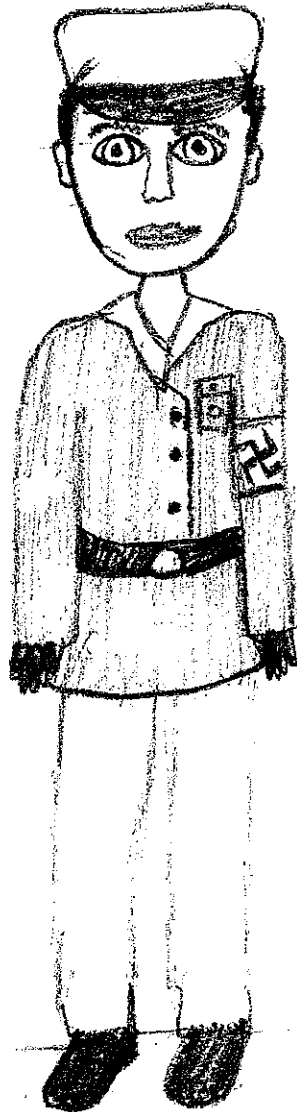


Mum will never get to say goodnight to
me again.

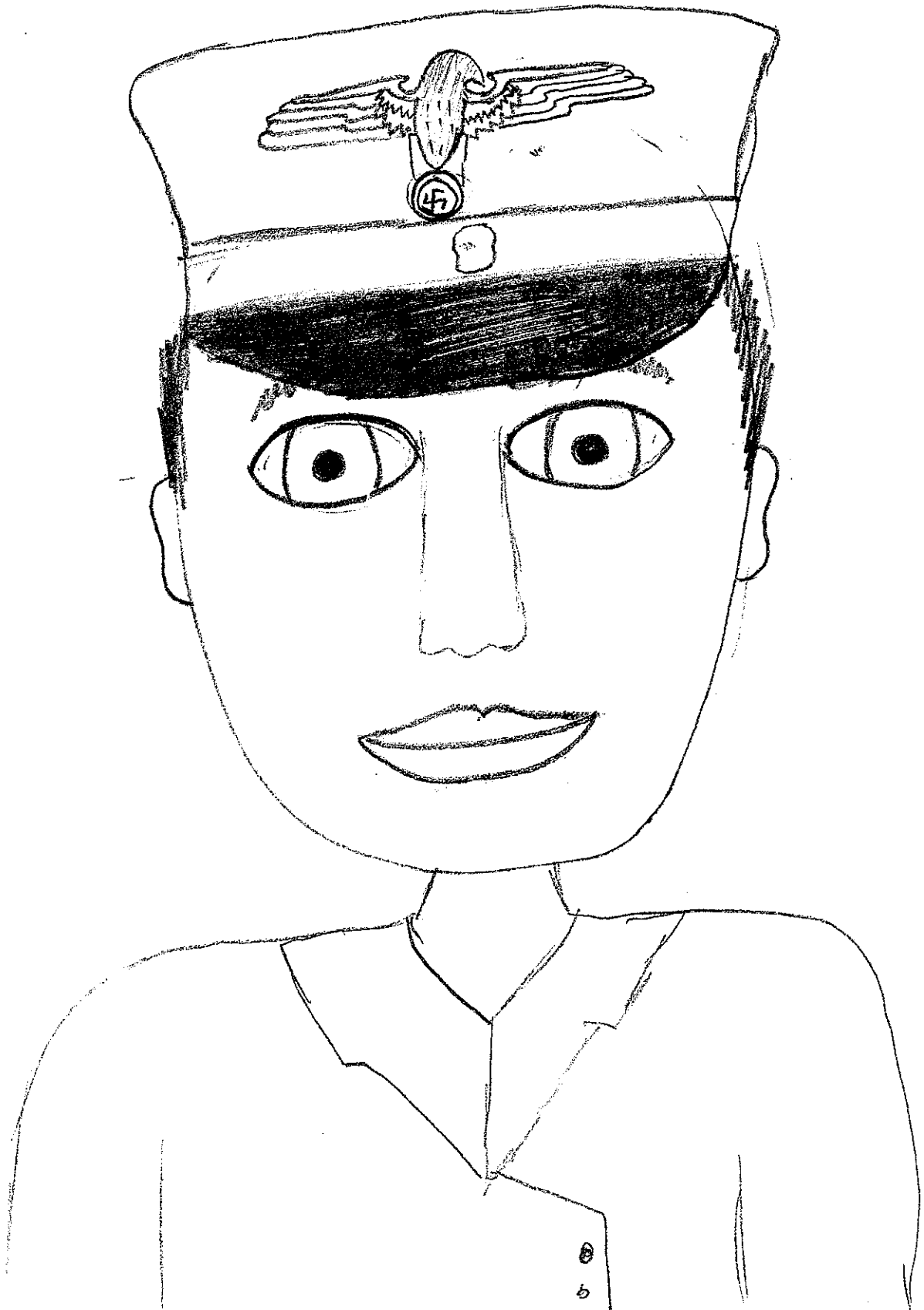


Now I live in fear and sadness.

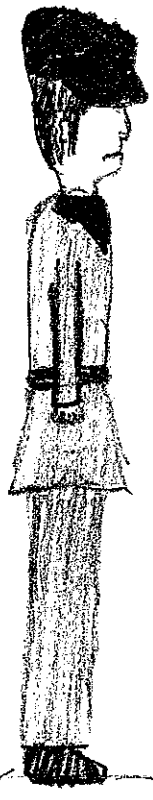
A new soldier came to camp.

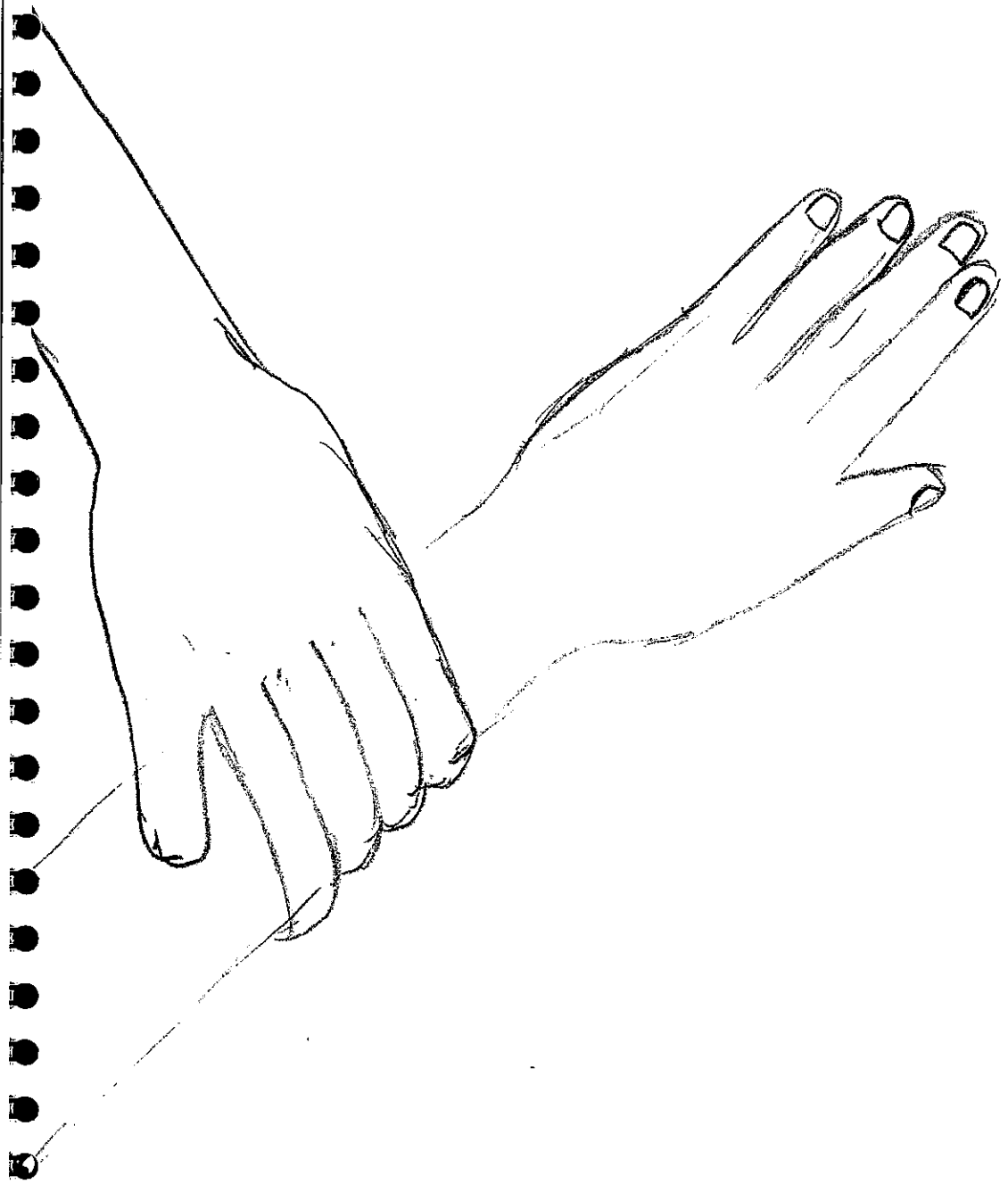


He was young, but his eyes had seen
too much suffering.



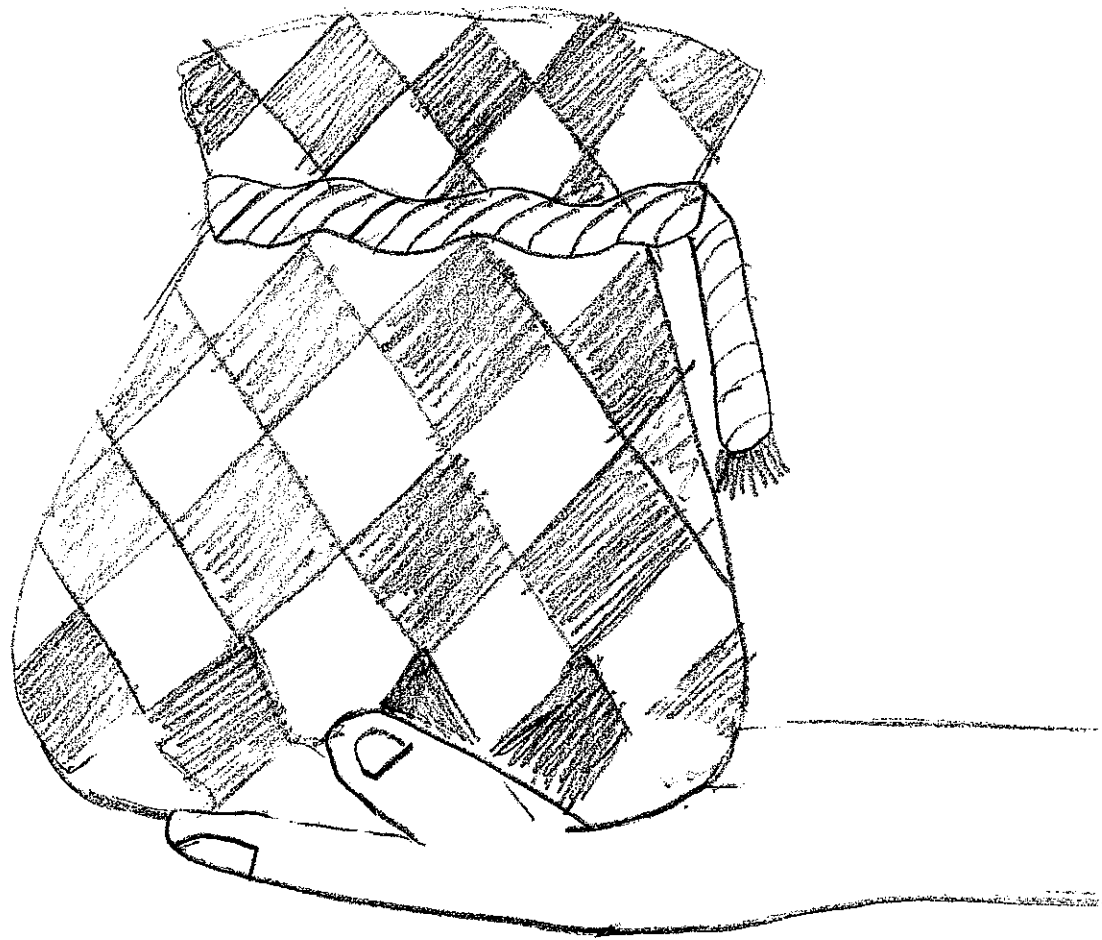
● He always seems to look at me.
● I pray to God that he doesn't give
● me a cake of soap.





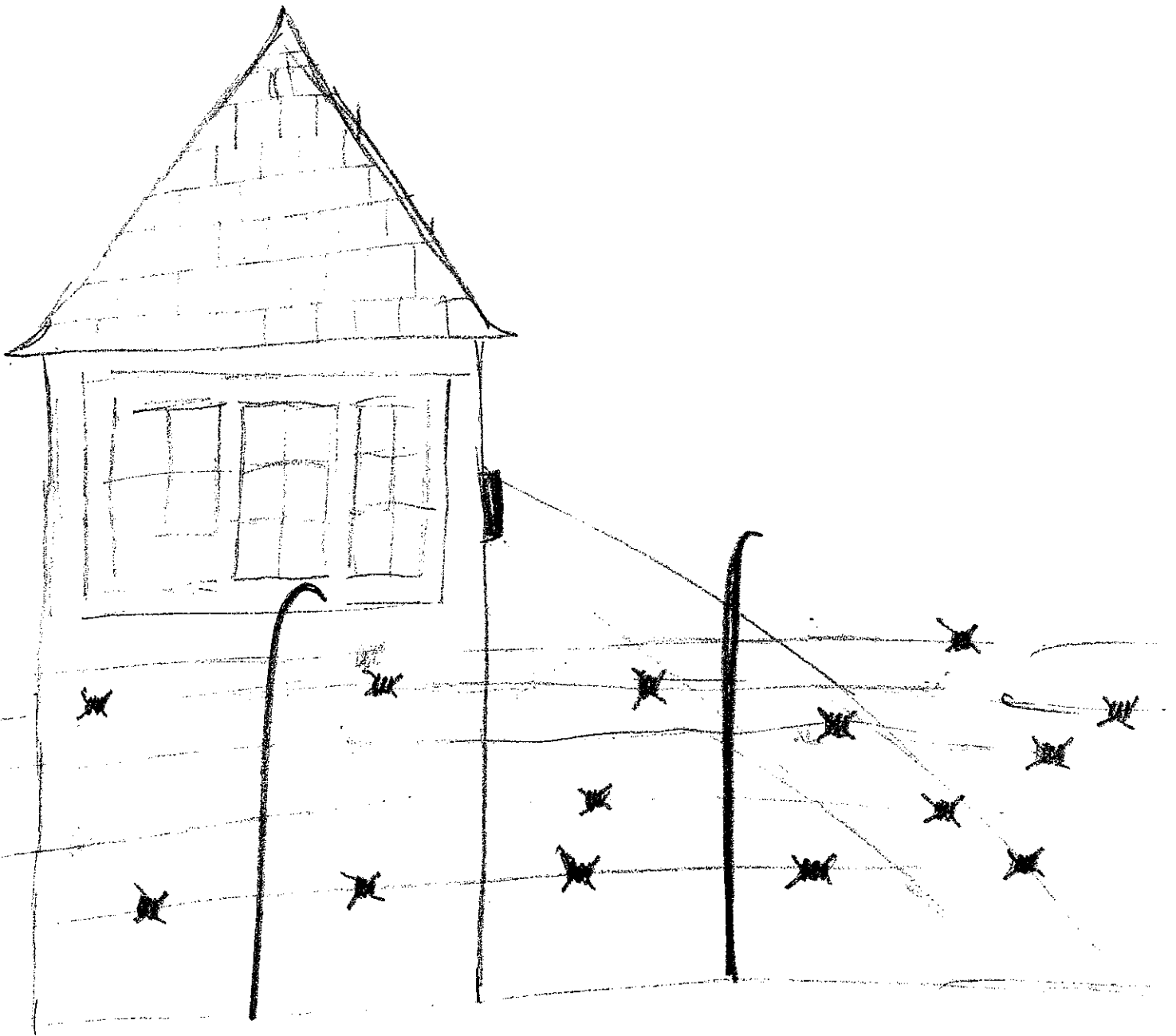
He grabs me by the arm and my heart fills with fear.

He pushes a bundle into my hands
and says 'meet me after dark at
the gates.'



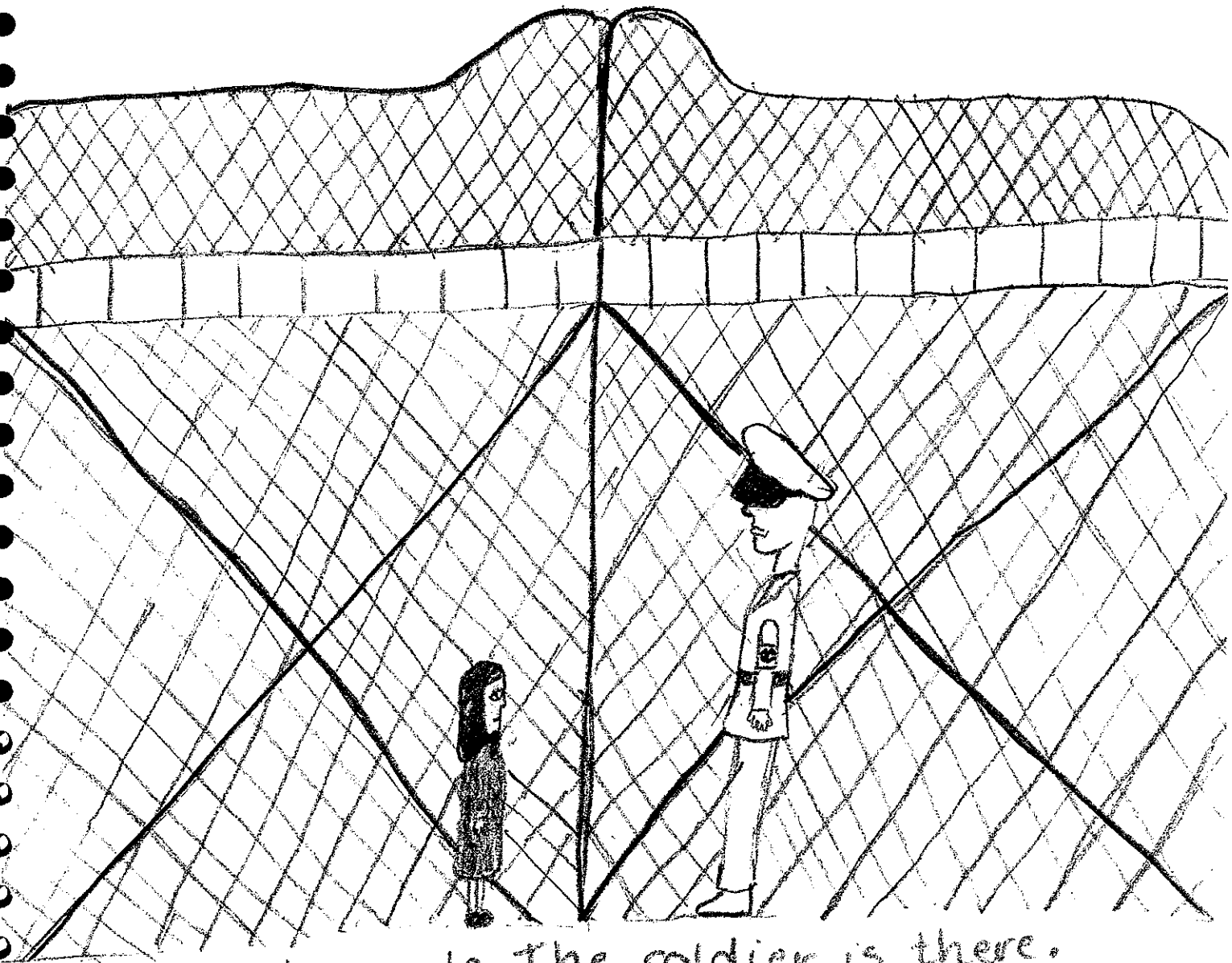
I sit on the cold concrete floor of my hut, holding the only photo I have of my mum.





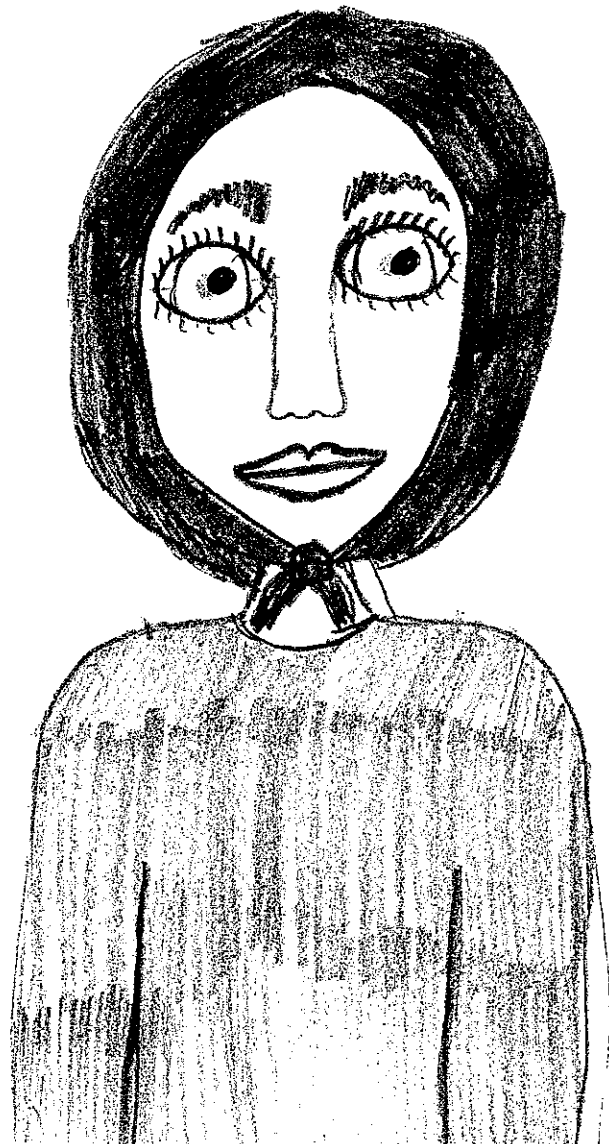
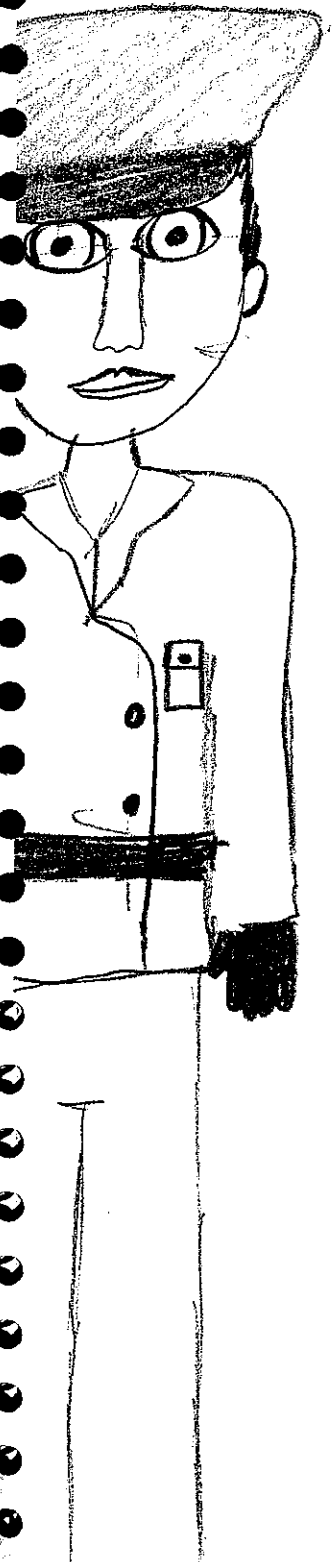
I slip out, trying to avoid the all-seeing
all-knowing spotlights.

REFUGEE CAMP

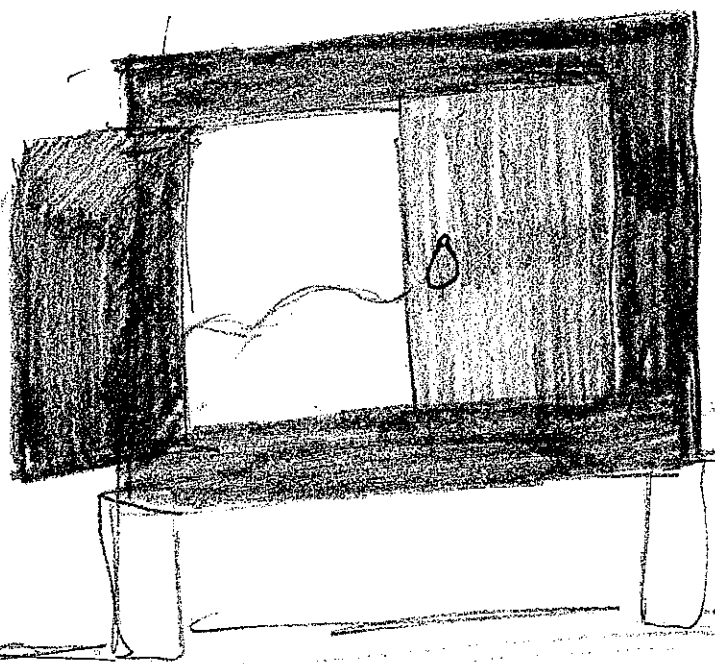


I get to the gate. The soldier is there.

He says 'Don't look at me but listen carefully for what I say will save your life. I know what it's like to have nothing and some one had the courage to care for me.'



ARBEITERSKAMPE



The laundry truck is coming in 1 minute. It will stop for the gates. Get in. The laundry man is a resistance worker named 'Gustave'. He will take you to a safe house.'



I am Naomi. I am 18 years old.
I have tried and I have survived.