



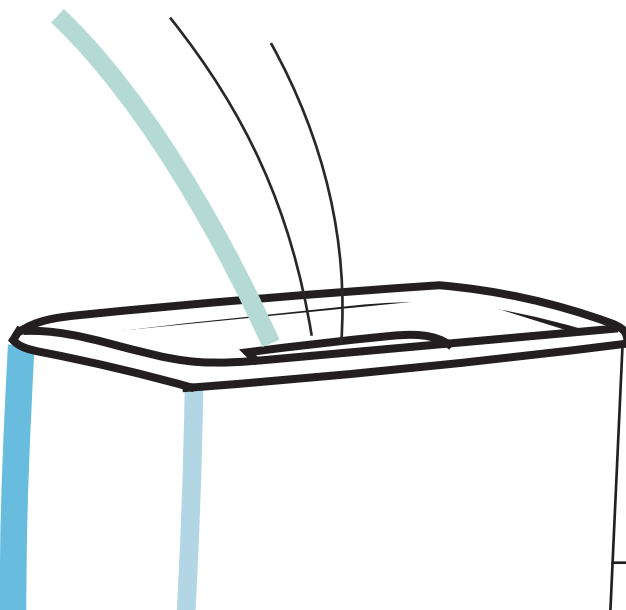
On that same Friday, immediately after father put a coin in the box, I ran to my room, I touched the coins, and when no one saw I ran to the lounge and happily put my coins in the box.

"This is the time to make dreams come true" echoed father's words.

What bigger dream could there be than establishing a home for the Jewish people?

I knew that my money was a small amount and that it couldn't build anything by itself. But it could go towards buying a small piece of land in the land of Israel. And on that small piece of land, Jewish life could thrive – in our beloved homeland. In my heart I felt that I was a partner in the two thousand-year-old dream of the Jewish people. I felt that with my hands I was contributing towards the downfall of the wicked Hitler and contributing to the building of a home for the Jewish people.

I remember that I put my hands in my pockets and felt the coins shaking there, feeling a part of something big, partners in realizing a dream of an entire people.



1938, It's my 7th birthday, and I am a Jewish boy in Warsaw, who receives a sum of money from my grandpa and grandma in honor of my birthday. It's not every day that I receive money, especially not from my grandparents. How exciting! I thought a lot about what to do with the money. I spoke to my older sister, who was nine at the time, and she suggested that I buy toys with the money. "Matityahu, do something that you really want to do with this money. Don't listen to anyone, it is your time to make your dreams come true!" I remember well how father said this sentence to me. When my father calls me Matityahu, I know that he is being serious - usually everyone calls me Matty. So, I looked at the money and began to write a list of the things that I could buy with it. There are many toys that I dreamed about owning, then again, perhaps it would be best to buy lots of candy, or even books. I thought about it for a few days, and each time I could hear father's words. What is my dream? What could be the dream of a 7-year-old?

On that Friday, like every Friday, the whole family gathered for our usual ceremony. All of the family gathers in the lounge, next to the Blue Box. Father takes a coin and all of the family stands and watches in silence as father says loudly:

"To the downfall of the enemy Hitler, and to the establishment of a home for the Jewish people!"

We all answered Amen and father closed his eyes for a moment, dropped the coin in the box and got back to whatever he was doing. I always waited for that moment, as I tried to imagine what father could see as he closed his eyes. What is he dreaming about? What is he thinking?

