

JA2

My name is _____ and I am a Grade 9 pupil at _____ School in Cape Town, South Africa. For the White Rose Project I decided to write a poem on my grandfather's story. My grandfather, Giacomo Hasson was a Holocaust survivor and this is his story of how he survived the Holocaust. He loved life and lived it to the fullest, he taught us to enjoy each day as if it is our last and he lived a happy life surrounded by family and friends. Even though my grandfather no longer lives today, we hope that his story will never be forgotten. He, like so many others, should be remembered by their story and not by their number. I would like to end off with a quote from my Grandfather, Giacomo Hasson. "Life is the most precious commodity – Live it to the fullest of your ability. It was only my will to live that kept me going."



Pappou

B7364 just a number to you and me
but to my grandfather a second ID

it was given to him from the nazis you see
not from his parents like you and me

this is his story a part of our lives
this is all that's left besides the archives

he was born in rhodes island, in the old city
where he lost his house and more to the nazi party

he was taken by boat on a long journey
and finally landed up in Haydari concentration camp in germany

they went via Bulgaria, Zagreb then Yugoslavia on a cattle cart
when a terrible incident happened that broke his heart

his grandmother, Behora had died
but only when the train stopped could they bury her on the side

On August 16 1944, he was tattooed with a number, he was not to forget
as if he did his life would be at threat

it itched and itched but the more he scratched,
the more of a chance he had of his life being snatched

later that year, he was still alive
and got the opportunity to work in the Charlottegrube coal mine

in january 1945, they were forced to leave the mine
which they presumed to be a sign

it soon turned out that it was not that at all
but rather the death march, where your life could be over if you miss a step and fall

later that month, they arrived at a place
which they soon found out was another nazi base

Matthausen was its name,
A place known not for bringing good but rather for causing pain

on the 4th may 1945, he was liberated by the americans, where he waited for his
family hoping they had survived,
but that was not the case, the rest had already died

he weighed a total of 27 kilograms, suffering from typhoid at just age eighteen,
and was weak, ill and particularly lean

that is my grandfathers story of the holocaust
i will keep his memory alive as in 2008 he sadly passed

For forever and always he will be in my heart
and even though he is not with me today, we will never be apart