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Humanities - 3/4

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**A Family Of Hirschy Bars**

“Hitler has risen to power!” Was the headline for every newspaper in Germany. My great grandparents were becoming worried as more and more Jews were beginning to vanish. Being Jews themselves, they knew they had to get out of Germany. But how? The only option was to take the overcrowded boat. But to where? The trouble with America, is that they don’t want all of us fleeing there. They aren’t trying to let us die, but, they only want the strong. The young.

It took many months, to be granted a visa to America. But the struggle wasn’t even close to over. My great great grandparents were becoming old. It was hard for them to move around. But what broke my great grandmother’s heart was when her parents said “We don’t want to leave Germany.” She felt like someone had just ripped her heart in half. My great grandmother boarded the boat to England with her husband. The boat on which she cried, and cried, and cried. Filling the boat with her sadness.

My great grandmother and great grandfather arrived in England several days later. It was a pleasant place, that smelled of freshly mowed grass and mildew. And the men and woman looked happy. The country was so close to Germany, but seemed unaffected by the chaos there. My great grandmother loved it. She would have stayed there forever if she hadn’t become pregnant with my grandma. Now you may ask, why would having a child mean you have to leave England? The answer; it was my great grandmother’s choice. She wanted her daughter to be born an American citizen. To be an American citizen, meant you were free. So that’s what they did.

My great grandparents took another overcrowded boat to New York. They made their way through Ellis Island, and even had to change their last name to Hirsch. Finally, they settled in New Jersey where my grandmother was born in 1940.