

Heroism and resistance: 80 years since the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising

Fear has dominated the world for an extremely long time, destroying hope, understanding, empathy. It became human education and was the birthplace of the terror that led to genocide. Was it the horror of the unknown, of one's own people, of the Jews, that caused the second war of the whole world, or was it the inability to reconcile with the equality of all ethnicities and religions? Was the war just an escape from the threat of a wounded ego? How else can so much hatred and evil be born out of human emotion? Those who were supposedly afraid forced their distress to pay and beg for their lives. They were not stopped by their rights, humanity or reason, they chose the path of lies and blood, and thus lost the war before it began. They lost, even if they heard the solemn singing or shouting of Jewish families, they lost, because love and understanding will always be stronger than anger and malice. But no one can restore the years of pain to those who have suffered, no one can give life to those who have died. It is not in our power to eradicate the trauma of Jewish hearts, but it is our duty to disseminate Holocaust testimony.

Time is an interesting concept, sometimes it does not express anything, not even a glimmer in space, but in other cases it opens pages of events that have long been historical, but still extremely important. The world has aged 80 years since one watershed true story that should spread across all nations, but not everyone knows it. The first chapter reveals itself in the early days of the birth of anti-Semitism and the so-called "final solution to the Jewish question"; the second chapter is no longer written in ink, but in the blood of innocents. It is said that good cannot exist without evil, so it is also true that heroism does not exist without destruction. It has been 80 years since the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, 80 years since ordinary people became our heroes.

Ghetto, home of Jewish residents. The Nazis demarcated these parts of the city only so that they would not have to meet with their fellow Jews. They became a crowded mass, fighting for space of air, a slice of bread, even a sleeping mattress. At least that's how it was in Poland's largest ghetto, which was located in Warsaw. A thin space that thousands of Jews had to share. They were dying of various diseases, filth, hunger and thirst, and hope was slowly dying as they watched their suffering children, mothers, fathers as life departed from them with small and lengthy exhalations. Were those who could have fallen in the arms of their families unconscious of what the hell was happening nearby in concentration camps, or the survivors who looked at them? They were probably not lucky, but their fighting spirit persisted.

Two years after the creation of the Warsaw ghetto, deportations took place to the extermination camp in Treblinka. A village gilded with hundreds of pigments of green, as it hid in the arms of the most mysterious trees, which held a secret in their roots when a small village was transformed into a land of extinction of Jewish earthly life. When their whites were drunk with blood, when not even the melodies of birds or farm machinery could silence the roar of grief, the village still stood and the Nazis continued to smile. The survivors, who mainly included healthy men capable of work, believed that those elected to move, their family and friends, would go to better conditions in labor camps, where they would not be left starving, given a place to rest, and would return to them one day. Was it a naïve mindset or a hopeful perspective of desperate minds? However, the truth often stands right in front of our

eyes, and sometimes it is the most terrible imagination that is projected to us like a movie in our dreams. The hour of cruel reality struck when they realized the truth that Jewish citizens, the blood of their blood, had been sent for extermination without warning, without asking them to say goodbye to their loved ones, and so they decided that they would no longer resist Nazi orders leading only to a cloud of gases over the fires of hell. They exposed their militancy in disguise and began to form resistance organizations in which they made plans to stand up to the Nazis and regain their freedom. After all, who is a man without freedom? The moment has come to succumb to anger and determination, the moment has come in which one cannot wait for change, but be that change. If their freedom were restored, their souls would no longer be imprisoned. Is it better not to give in to anger and follow inhuman orders, to resist the desire to release a fragile tear that does not have enough water to be an ocean of grief, and to suffer for mistakes that are supposedly greater than all mountains, rocks and wastelands, their origin being more mysterious than the creation of the world? Or to rise up and fill your desolate heart again with passion and courage, to sacrifice his last breaths for the glory of the Jewish people, and to succumb to fear one last time enough to fuel that undying militancy hidden in his parents' genes?

Their first battle took place in a struggle with the Jewish police, later they achieved a reduction in the number of people relegated to camps through hiding places and attacks on German soldiers. But this fight has only just begun. After a touch of hope, they began to prepare for real revenge. Bravery boiled in their blood, but they knew that with their imperfect bunkers and insufficient weapons, they could not save the world. But a momentary thought that they were the redeemers of the Jewish people was enough to keep the pain from blackening their bodies into flabbiness. Through boldness and the desire for success, there was fear here too. A fear from which determination blossomed. The Nazis made them fear, not only for their own lives, but for the survival of all Jews. They were comforted only by memories, songs and prayers. They could forget the voice of their wives, the face of their grandparents, but they would never forget the iniquity of the actions inflicted on them. When the sun rose on April 19, 1943, the sky was still silent and still sky-blue, even she did not know what would happen beneath her on Earth. On this day, the Jews had a holiday, well, nothing bothered the Nazis in their liquidation, indeed nothing, not even a childish voice would soften their steel inside. Well, they did not expect that the Jews would not fall to their knees before them, but that they would defend themselves with every ounce of strength they had left. They underestimated Jewish militancy, and now they were the ones who had to resist it. If time could stop at this moment, we would catch the sound of deafening explosions and gun missiles, and our eyes would be blinded by the flamethrowers with which the Germans burned empty houses and baked the bodies of soldiers, workers and even peasants. Fire exaggerates fear, but it also brings a breeze of power, which is why the Nazis succumbed to the desire to burn down every building in their path. Apparently, in the reflection of the plaques, they caught a glimpse of their true heartless face. And if they did not have enough flames, they began to mix air with poisonous gases. They had the upper hand, but they were forced to use even their most desperate weapons. The tense, hopeless Jewish lives were lost not only in numbers of men, but also in fighting experience and means. Drowning in darkness and welcoming the already fallen victims of the Holocaust with their last words, their light was the knowledge that some had managed to escape from the Warsaw ghetto, and perhaps the others, and they suspected that an uprising of this magnitude would be the impetus for a larger struggle, the end of which would hopefully be with the flags of the Star of David

displayed. German troops chose the day of their death, but also the day of their glory, for the Jewish citizens of the Warsaw ghetto. The month of this uprising will forever be a memory we cherish. And so did the events that happened after him. Those who managed to escape and win the duel with death were given a new chance for revenge against the Nazis. In 1944, there was the Warsaw Uprising controlled by a Polish insurgent organization, in which many survivors of the Warsaw ghetto actually fought.

The Jews showed unearthly bravura, but special thanks also go to the people who sacrificed their inner peace, food, home, and other resources to the Jews. Anyone who saved at least one Jewish life, or perhaps even tried to do so, even paid for it with their own cardiac arrest, deserves to shine with Jewish heroes as well.

Bravery, perseverance, and hope were not lacking for any Jew, through grief and sorrow or inhumanity, when death became waking up in the morning and falling asleep in the evening, when tears were the only drinking source, when trauma took hold on the soul so tightly that an entire Jewish generation would carry it. They experienced the end, but they kept going, went blind, but continued to see injustice and fought until all that remained of them was dust. Their memories are eternal, their names are eternal, their message is eternal, and therefore Jews will be eternally cherished as heroes.

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