



**Centropa Lesson**  
**Survival in Sarajevo**  
**Let All Who are Hungry Come and Eat**

Excerpts from the book, *Survival in Sarajevo: How a Jewish Community Came to the Aid of its City*, Edward Serotta, Christian Brandstätter Verlag, Wien, 1994.

**Excerpt 1: “Only Deny doesn’t call me names.”**

This excerpt from the book, *Survival in Sarajevo*, challenges us to reflect on how we think about people from different religious and ethnic backgrounds:

“When war broke out, walks in the surrounding hills were impossible, and with no electricity the computer and television set stood idle. Haris Karalich found himself busier than ever with jobs from various aid agencies, and Denis [his 10 year old son], with his school now closed, often drifted through the ruined city alone. Radoslav [his friend] too felt the isolation and alienation war brings. ‘All my old friends left Sarajevo, and the other children started calling me names, dirty Serb, dirty Chetnik, all because my mother’s Serb and my dad half-Serb. Even a real good friend of mine, a Muslim boy, won’t speak to me anymore. Only Deny doesn’t call me names,’ he said.

‘Well, I don’t care who’s a Muslim, a Serb, a Croat,’ Denis muttered. ‘People who care about such things are sick.’ The boys grew closer together than ever.”

**Excerpt 2: “I’m nothing. I’m a human.”**

Also from the book *Survival in Sarajevo*, this poignant excerpt raises the question of whether we need to give up our religious and ethnic identities as Jews in order to be part of humanity.

“Just after 10:30 on Sunday morning the doors of the bus opened in front of the Biokovko Hotel in Makarska [Croatia].

Radoslav, Natalia, and Denis dragged their bags up to the Jewish Agency desk. An Israeli representative listened to their story, rolled his eyes and took them to Tuvya Raviv, the tireless traveler who was helping everyone he could come to Israel.

Raviv scanned the papers and said to [Edward Serotta], “Am I to understand that this boy has no adoption papers from Mrs. Bozovich? And she wants to bring him to Israel unattended by his parents?” He scratched his head and shook it from side to side. “And Denis, you’re Muslim, right?”

‘I’m nothing,’ Denis said. ‘I’m a human.’