

From: Jeffrey Epstein <jeevacation@gmail.com>
To: "Zelin, Barry" <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: FW:
Date: Wed, 09 Sep 2009 18:38:47 +0000

unfortunately terrific

On Wed, Sep 9, 2009 at 12:25 PM, Zelin, Barry <[REDACTED]> wrote:

As I have a warm place in my heart for you, I want to share with you what I said last week.

Barry W. Zelin

Axiom Capital Management

780 Third Avenue, 43rd Floor

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From: Zelin, Barry
Sent: Tuesday, September 08, 2009 10:46 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject:

I speak to you today not because I want to, but because I have to

This is very difficult for me, I cry easily as memories of my mother flash across my brain.

I ask for your indulgence.

Her life was a lesson, a study in courage, dignity and above all selflessness.

Against the greatest of odds, she persevered, she never gave up, she never gave up.

My mother knew who she was, a Jewish girl that never lost faith in G-D even as G-D appeared AWOL.

She loved her family and friends and gave of herself always, and when it appeared she was spent and could give no more, she reached down into her soul and gave some more.

I hope my words can give you some insight into her life.

Sara Denderowicz Zelin was born into a world that bridged the two great wars. WWI had ended six years earlier and the rumblings of a new war was beginning.

She was the youngest of five children born in Warsaw Poland to Raisel and Berek.

Life for was not easy from the start, her father died when she was an infant, the job of raising five children fell squarely on her mother shoulders.

Being Jewish in Poland in the 1920s was difficult at best; it became impossible in the 30s.

The family and the extended family of uncles, aunts, cousins lived together and survived, then,

German bombs rained down on Warsaw, her home destroyed, half her family killed, the long dark nightmare began for her and millions of others.

Uprooted, the only way out was east, she and what was left of her family fled into Russia.

She was fifteen at the time and on the run for her very survival.

The family was lucky to stay together working in forced labor camps throughout the war.

They stayed alive working sixteen hour days, seven days a week, making bricks from mud, digging roads, whatever they were told to do they did.

In return, some shelter was given, some food provided. There were many times when no food was provided, a mixture of grass and water many times filled their stomachs.

My mother was forced to work throughout Russia, from the south, Tashkent, Uzbekistan to the north and Siberia.

Many of you have seen David Leans classic movie Dr. Zhivago, there is a scene in which a train is moving through a Siberian winter, people huddled around a stove for warmth on its way to the Urals and Farikino.

The train would stop on occasion to allow the people to get off to relieve themselves in the woods.

It was such a train my mother was on one Siberian winter day, it too stopped for that purpose in the middle of nowhere, the people got off and went into the woods as did my mother, when she returned, the train had left.

There she was stranded on the tracks, chest high snow all around, no food, ill dressed in the middle of a Siberian winter.

Her brother asked their mother, where is Sara? The response was , I thought she was with you, panic ensued.

When people were lost then, they were rarely found.

Mom was lucky, A Russian troop train barreling down the tracks stopped and picked her up, they radioed ahead, the next depot stop was 24 hours away and she was reunited with her family.

There were a thousand stories of survival, each for a day in the war.

The war forged her into a survivor.

The war years short changed her in so many ways, no childhood to speak of, no teenage years, education cut short, no or little food, no clothes, and no security.

She however persevered and prevailed.

She met and married our father Jacob, three sons were born, myself, Sid and Lenny.

My parents and I emigrated to the U.S. in 1951, they came without language, without money, we settled in Brownsville Brooklyn and life began anew.

My mother was a tough lady, she was smart, she was strong, and she was fast.

As a kid, I raised hell; she was on me like a lioness after prey. In those days I ran fast, as fast as I was, she caught me each and every time and I got what I rightly deserved. Punishment was quick.

My mother led a simple life, she had simple tastes, but in no way was she a simple person, she was a complicated lady.

Lacking a formal education did not stop her from going to night school, she loved to read, she loved to learn, to play chess, she was a great chess player, she loved discussions about the body politic, she loved music, she loved to dance, she loved to dance. She loved people, she loved life.

I was lucky to have so many friends as a kid, some are here today, my mother would cook for five every day, friends and family would come by, her magic pot was bottomless, and she never ran out of food. I always marveled at that.

As the years went on, I would call and say, Mom, be ready in 10 minutes- we are going.

She never said, I am not ready, make it in an hour, or, I cant now, tomorrow or I am too busy.

No- she was ready to go in ten minutes, and, she never asked me, where are we going, she knew most times I didn't know.

The magic chariot with 4 wheels took us to new adventures. We cast off the imaginary chains that kept us in our place and we were off to see new things. It didn't matter where we went as long as we were together.

She just loved life.

She came with us to Venezuela, Las Vegas, California and the desert, Florida, and I took delight watching her as she saw new worlds for the first time.

She would always ask about my friends,

How are Debbie and Arthur, how is Robin and David, how are the Stones, their little girl must be a young lady by now.

She was selfless too a fault. She never asked for anything, demanded anything,

It was never about her, it was always about you.

Not having daughters, she taught us how to cook, how to sew, how to iron, do dishes, wash floors, do windows.

To this very day, I iron and cook and do windows and occasionally wash floors, I have to admit, I do it without reservations, I think of her and I enjoy it.

I wanted to bring her to New York recently, Linda asked your are flying aren't you? I said no, I am driving. I asked Jeff to join me, I spent 7 uninterrupted hours with my son, it was terrific, and on the way back, I had my mother and son to myself, mom loved every moment and I did as well. I wished it was 27 hours, and I know she did as well.

Our father died in 1970 at the age of 49, mom was 44, three kids, few resources, and she persevered. A survivor.

Life was not easy for her, it dealt her many cruel hands, she never gave up, she never gave up. She had a will of steel.

In her later years I would gaze into her eye, I never saw an older person, I only saw a young girl, people say the eyes are the windows to the soul, and well I saw her soul.

On that recent trip to NYC, she turned to me and said, you are my son, you are my Kaddish, you are my father.

I ask you, how does a son wrap his mind around that?

You are gone from this earth in body but never in spirit, you will not be forgotten.

Remember I love you, we all love you.

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