Medellin Metro High Jinks  
*by Marc Kaufman*

We left the Humana Barrio 13 Tour early because Lana was tired from the uphill climb and we had a salsa class in a couple hours. There’s a new subway in Medellin and the trains come every few minutes. Impatient as ever, I raced ahead to a crowded metro car and held the door open. It closed on my leg. A couple of minutes later a uniformed officer arrived and pried the door open with a big tool.

These Colombian Metro riders were very patient and understanding. One asked me to roll up my pant leg to determine injuries. As it turned out, there were only a few black and blues. The only one yelling at me was my spouse. We made the salsa class on time. Admittedly, my dance spin left more than a little to be desired. But then again, I wasn’t at my peak form.

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The United Nations Holocaust Memorial Ceremony  
*by Madeleine Brecher*

The year 2020 marks the 75th anniversary of the liberation of the Auschwitz extermination camp, the ending of World War II and the establishment of the United Nations with the aim of building a world that is just and peaceful. The annual UN Commemoration in Memory of the Victims of the Holocaust was held in a packed General Assembly Hall. The program included meaningful comments by dignitaries, remembrances of two survivors and a soulful contribution by violinist Itzhak Perlman.

Irene Shashar reported that her mother smuggled her out of the Warsaw Ghetto through the filthy sewers when Irene was two-years-old, saving her life. She then told us how she went on to raise two children and seven grandchildren. Irene loudly proclaimed, “Hitler did not win.” Sraga Milstein lost his parents in the Holocaust. He survived three horrific camps and went on to raise three sons and nine grandchildren in Israel; all of them stood on the stage as Mr. Milstein told his riveting story.

Judge Theodore Meron, former President of the UN International Residual Mechanism for Criminal Tribunals, was the keynote speaker. He shared stories of heroes that had never been heard.

Many Questers were in the audience, including Ruth Kovner, Karen Levin, Marian Friedmann, David Judlowitz, Frank Montaturo, David Bernard, Art Spar and myself. I am certain everyone agrees with Art, who wrote that he was proud to be there.

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Every Swing Should Have a Tree  
*by Betty Farber*

Every swing should have a tree
Like this giant pine that’s holding me.
Head back, my hair can reach the ground.
The creaking rope’s the only sound,
And I’m so far from city swings
Held up by bars with iron rings
Like chains to hold, it seems to me
That every swing should have a tree.

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Creative Corner

*Here I Am...*

1. Sandra Abramson  2. Donna Ramer

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Hello All... As usual, your *Q News* is moving forward in spite of the crisis. In order to keep in touch with fellow Questers, we will help you think positively. For the next few weeks we’ll be sending you short versions of *Q News*. Some of the articles are recent and others are reflective of “happier days.” Enjoy this issue and remember to send us interesting *Q News* for the next issue.
A group of thirteen Questers braved the cold weather, on Friday, February 28th, and enjoyed a docent-led tour of the Skyscraper Museum, located just a few blocks away from Quest, at 39 Battery Place. The museum was gracious enough to allow us in before its usual public opening hours, which made for a more cozy experience. Although not as large as many other museums in the city, it contains tons of photographs, models of the old and new World Trade Center, and an exhibit about housing density. It was a great visit, and everyone recommends it to all Quester members.

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My Moroccan trip left me with many rich impressions. It was exciting to land in Casablanca about 8 A.M., before sunrise. On the way to Rabat, I could see the city waking up. The architecture has retained the flavor of the ancient structures but boasts pastel colors on the new buildings. I was astonished to see the extent of the building throughout the cities I visited. On the way to Fez, we stopped to see the ancient Roman ruins of Volubilis. Fez is home to one of the best-preserved medieval cities and is filled with colorful shops and winding streets. We went on to Erfoud, which is the gateway to the Sahara Desert, where we were housed in heated tents with a bathroom and shower and enjoyed meals in a large tent. While driving through the dunes we stopped to visit a Bedouin family and then rode a camel into the sunset.

We traveled on to Ouarzazate, which has two film studios where Lawrence of Arabia, Game of Thrones and Homeland were shot. En route to Marrakesh we drove through the magnificent Atlas Mountains, many of them snowcapped.

Marrakesh is a large city, but still retains the flavor of the smaller towns. It is easy to get lost in the many winding streets in the old city, which is adjacent to the main square filled with vendors, restaurants and performers. Our last stop was Casablanca, the largest city and home to Morocco’s largest mosque, a beautiful structure.

The people were warm and friendly and strolling around was safe. Women marry at about 30, leaving time to become educated and seek careers. Most married women wear headscarves even with jeans though you see more bare heads in the larger cities. The food was tasty and delicious and comes from the beautiful rich farmland.