

Dear Mama,

I wish to not follow in your footsteps, and I wish to not meet the same conclusion you did. All the same, I can't abandon my mission now. I must continue my work, for it's critical to the state of Israel. I fear for my safety every day but I put Israel before myself, just like you did.

I wish I could amble around Buenos Aires as Danielle Buschmann, the 19-year-old Jewish Mossad Agent who misses you and Israel. Unfortunately, I can neither go home nor embrace you at the present moment. I am currently working on a operation to bring a person of interest back to Israel from Buenos Aires. There I am posing as an innocent Catholic girl named Julia E. Williams, who was raised in Oxford and is attending university. Under this alias, I befriended Klaus Eichmann, the son of our target. Klaus has brought me to meetings, where many prominent figures speak about Nazi-sympathetic acts and laws that they wish to implement in Argentina, all while reminiscing about the "glory days" in which the SS slaughtered our people and destroyed our beloved Germany. I have frequented these meetings, all while the contents boils my blood. To which regards I have contacted you, I heard a peculiar thing at one of these disturbing meetings. I heard a name, a name that shouldn't have escaped that man's lips.

As I sit in this barren, dreary safehouse in Buenos Aires, awaiting my next order, I think over everything I've lost since that fateful day in 1956. I glance at my wrist, looking at the glimmering watch and worn leather band. This is my memento of you, of the life we couldn't lead. My wristwatch isn't the only thing you left me; you left me a legacy of your bravery and courage, but you also left me with questions that didn't have answers. I bring up these questions because of the name I heard in that lively, candle lit living room.

The words that tore apart my heart, that rocked my world were spoken at one of those meetings. The words that tied my stomach like a knot and made me question everything I know about you. A group of prominent men were conversing near me over drinks and I overheard something that would render me speechless. "Speaking of heroes of the Final Solution, the Buschmanns were the perfect German citizens, turning in their Jewish neighbors to the SS and helping create materials for the war. The Buschmanns were amazing allies to German. It is deeply disturbing that they were all killed before they could join us here in Argentina." When I heard that name, our name, I rushed to the restroom, grasping for a sense of reality. I couldn't blow my cover, so I asked Klaus to take me home, which was the house of an associate of the Mossad. I feigned nausea until I was taken to the safehouse, in which I collapsed onto the worn leather sofa and sobbed into my hands. Why, mama? Why didn't you tell me your family helped the Nazis and the SS? Why didn't you tell me your family was made up of monsters? Why did you leave me with these ugly truths?

I am not sure if I want to be Danielle Buschmann any longer. I am not sure if I want to bear that name anymore. For now, I go by Julia E. Williams. My current mission isn't to figure out why my dead mother left me with only a wrist watch and abhorrent truths about my family's past, it is to capture the Architect

of the Final Solution: Adolf Eichmann. Even though I am shocked at the things you hid, I continue to work undercover. Though I am outraged at these secrets, I can't help but feel ashamed that I am furious at my own dead mother. I cry myself to sleep every night in the Mossad's safehouse, thinking about all of the lives your family ruined, all of the families they torn apart. I can't help but think you did the right thing by converting, but I know you did the wrong thing in hiding it from me.

Deepest Regards,

Julia E. Williams