

We couldn't keep up with the others and began to go over the same trail. My mother realized what was happening and, in her panic, she kept saying over and over again, "Ya, Hesus!" I saw how scared she was and I became frightened too and began repeating "Ya Hesus" with her.

A man saw us and called out, "What are you doing out here?" My mother replied, "We're lost. Please help us. We're going round in a circle."

"Quick, follow me!" he said. "I'll get you to safety." We followed him in the dark. Snow covered the ground; the night sky was lit up by cannon fire. My heart was beating very fast as I held onto my mother's hand. Thank goodness someone had come to rescue us. We climbed higher and higher until we saw the Latin Monastery. Our refuge.