



## **The reason why:**

A young man smiling; I look at his picture and see someone with a big smile, blue eyes and a military haircut. He wears a military police uniform and is proud about his achievements.

I know the story as it unfolded. The proud young man became the best military police officer he ever could have become in a war-ridden country, the Netherlands. He also saw the needs of his Dutch fellow citizens and the pain the German occupation caused his beloved country. Accepting his responsibility he decided to do something about it and became a member of the resistance group KP Aalten. They brought down allied pilots out of the country, found hiding places for Jewish and other individuals needing a safe place and did everything possible to make life for the Nazis as difficult as possible. But not all Dutch people were concerned about their fellow countrymen. Some were just out to save their own life. That man, Markus decided that he would become a traitor and ensure the Nazis would be able to capture KP Aalten. On 20 April 1944 Markus was successful; the Nazis captured 23 men and either killed them at gunpoint or brought them to the concentration camp Vught. One of the 23 men being my father, the proud military police officer.

On D-Day the men met their final fate; they were executed in the Dunes near Overveen, the Netherlands. Dad was killed in the early morning hours of a beautiful day.

Six months later, on a dreary December day I was born, his daughter and his name sake. As his daughter I cannot do anything but live out his philosophy; he died for peace, I live for peace. (<http://www.freedomisnotfreebook.com/>)