

A Word from Hilda

The last two years have been quite an adventure. I never knew how fortunate I was to be alive.

All my thanks go to my parents, but especially to my mother, who through her warmth, gave me a happy and caring childhood. It has been like a marathon having people guide and cheer me along the way. It was a race finding the truth about my German ancestry before it was too late. I must thank John for all his hard work and endless hours of translating, researching, and writing.

Since I can remember, my mother always spoke about her wonderful childhood in Berlin and the beautiful home she grew up in. She told me about the staircase bannister that she would always go down, getting in trouble from her mother. Two years ago, when I was finally able to see the bannister, I could imagine my mother as a child laughing as she went down the railing. After we left Berlin, I was visiting Schonbrunn Palace in Vienna, when it hit me how different my life would have been if Adolph Hitler had not persecuted Jews. I would've led a more prosperous and urbane existence.

The more information I found, the more I became angry for what had happened to my family. They were very proud of being United States citizens.

As I come to a conclusion of this story, I am so pleased they continued with their new life in America and did not let the horrible injustices that they experienced under Nazi persecution affect them for the rest of their lives. My mother would always say they had suffered enough for many generations to come.