

Letter dated March 28, 1946 from my mother to my father

In the early, gray morning hour, about five o'clock, I am writing to you. I found no rest all night long, our daughter Lore is very ill..there is no end to my worries! Armin has thyroid problems again, and I myself suffer from gallstones. But in spite of all this I go to work every day except Sunday not to earn cash but to get food for the children..there is a tremendous food shortage as another result of that horrible war. Sometimes this all gets to me, if I would not love you and the children so much I would not have the strength to go on..I have lost my believe in humanity. You have been away from us now for almost two years, never a vacation or holiday for you..others in the meantime have taken it easy at home and than later they were the very first ones to be released from prison camps.

My brother William is the only one from my family who has been released, but my brother Hermann, Theo, Karl and Arthur have not yet come back. I will not give up hope for your and their return. With God's help I will make it, he protected us during these air raids, he will help us, he will bring you home to us one day, I have to believe in it. Those who trust in God will receive. With these words I will close and shall wait for you faithfully.

Thousand greetings, your wife
and children