



Liesel's Story, Chapter 6

Mine isn't a horror story. Mine's a nice story. There's been so many horror stories about people surviving camps and, but yes. I did lose most of my family. Somewhere I have a brother who I haven't had any contact with since 1980, just a family thing. I have one cousin who lives in America, she also had a sister who ended up in Theresienstadt and they found out that she had a third child whilst she was in the camp, they didn't know what sex or what name, but they did find out years later that she had a little boy and they called him Gideon and Ruth and her three children were all transported in March, no September '44 and, well everybody knows the end of that story. But mine's happy, mine's a happy story.

I don't know anything about my grandparents on either side, that is the one blank spot in my life. I know nothing about my father apart from the fact that he was a master butcher, he had his own business in Hildesheim, he was beaten up in the street in 1937 and later died as a result of his injuries. I was only 18 months old so I never knew him. Things that I've learnt from my cousin in America, one aunt and uncle were on a transport from, being transported to Riga and they committed suicide on the train. But the rest of the family I know nothing. I do want to try and find out about my father, I don't know how to go about it.