

Maria Horowitz



This is a picture of my mom, Maria Horowitz (nee Grünwald). It was taken in Katowice, in the early 1960s. My mother came from Cracow. She spoke fluent German and could easily communicate in French. She completed a boarding school. Mom wasn't religious, I'm sure she couldn't speak Hebrew. Her main activities included running the house, pursuing her cultural interests, entertaining the guests, and playing cards. She also looked after those poor women. Those were women she knew, poor ones, one was called Escia, another one Ablowa, there were also other ones. They came to my mother with all kinds of businesses. She helped them, gave them things, bought things from them. Escia, for instance, if she got hold of some good quality herring, brought it to us, and my mother said, 'I'll fetch a good price for that for you.' She probably paid her herself, but a better price than the other woman expected. My mother died in the 1980s at the age of 102. After the war she lived with my father in Katowice. They kept living there after we, me and my wife, moved to Warsaw, my father died there; he's buried at the Jewish cemetery. My mother was left alone, but she did great even though she was well over ninety. Until one day she broke her leg. The leg was set and knit well. I asked the doctor whether my mother will ever walk again. He says, 'like she did before, no difference at all.' She was afraid to stand up but she did and walked as if nothing had happened. We decided, however, she shouldn't be in Katowice on her own and brought her to Warsaw. She moved in with us. She spent a year here and died.