

Gizela Fudem In Her Apartment



That's how I look like now, as I'm telling you my story. The photo was taken in my apartment in Wroclaw in 2005. Here in Wroclaw since the beginning we've had contact with Jewish circles connected with TSKZ. We also used to go to the Jewish theater on Swidnicka Street, back when Ida Kaminska used to perform there. The only contact I have with the Jewish community is when I pick up matzah for Pesach. I also have an ID from the Association of the Repressed. And sometimes we went to celebrate the anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, because my husband comes from Warsaw. The group of those who go there keeps getting smaller and smaller. I never tried to hide the fact that I'm Jewish. All my Polish co-workers always knew. I even taught them the Hebrew alphabet, I don't know if they still remember, but I taught them to sign their names. I couldn't stand

to hide it. When during the war I spent a few weeks on the Aryan side, this false situation, when I couldn't say what I wanted, was very hard for me to stand. That's why later I never hid it again. Today I live from day to day, and we go out less and less with my husband. We keep in touch with our daughter and grandchildren in the USA, and with some of friends from our youth, like for example that friend, Polish - Gabriela, who lives in Zakopane nowadays and she calls sometimes. My granddaughter's middle name is Gabriela in her honor. A few years ago a publisher associated with the former camp in Bergen-Belsen was interested in my story from the time of the Holocaust, they even interviewed me. But now I could tell my whole life story for the first time, and I'm very happy about it.