

Marie Kohnova



This is a photo of my maternal grandmother, Marie Kohnova, taken in Cesky Krumlov in the 1920s. It's actually my grandma who I have to thank for raising my sister and me. After Dad died, Mom had to start going to work, and Grandma took care of us. It's only with the passage of time that I realize what a difficult task it must have been to make ends meet on my mother's very modest salary. My grandma was a very kind and mild woman, who however very firmly stood her ground. I'd always wanted to have some sort of pet at home. Alas, when Grandma's second daughter Olga died, and left behind two orphans that Grandma also had to take care of, she emphatically proclaimed: Either an animal or me. So I had to wait for my first pet until I moved out on my own and began working myself. Grandma died in Prague in some Jewish hospital after they transported

Mom to Terezin.