

Waclaw Iglicki



This is me, Waclaw Iglicki, in 2004 , in Warsaw. My uncle wanted very much for me to come to America with him. I regret not having done that. Really. I think it would have been better. But, I didn't go. However, I kept in touch with him; he died only in the 1990s. He was there all the time. He helped me a lot. And I visited him twice, I lived there in Brooklyn. Why didn't I decide to go there for good? First of all, I only have one hand. And I knew: America, 'it's a fine country,' but you have to be healthy and whole. And then you can be sure you won't die. But if you have only one hand, it may turn out badly. That's why I didn't risk it. I didn't want to be a burden for my uncle. Even though he was prepared for it, because he told me, 'You will be treated as a son, since, as you know, I don't have children of my own.. But I didn't want to. Because, if I were to go to America, I would have had to have three basic things. First: the language. But that wasn't a problem. Second: a place to stay, a house. And third: be ready to work, if not in an office, then physically, and I wasn't prepared for that. If those three conditions had been met, I would have gone for sure, but since they weren't? I had only one of those, and with the language it wasn't too bad either. But it

wasn't enough. It wasn't enough for America. And I decided to stay in Poland. Well, right now my only wish is for my health not to get any worse, for financial conditions not to get any worse. To live like that till the end. Because, at this age, what can you dream about? You can dream about remaining independent for as long as possible, so that you don't depend on anyone, God forbid. I hope everything is going to be all right. And that's how this story ends.