

Emilia Ratz



This picture of me was taken in Vienna in 2000. After a great many rejections of my applications for the reuniting of my family, I finally got the permission to move to Vienna. That was in 1972. I was sick and exhausted after those two and a half years of waiting. I didn't know anymore if I would make it out of Poland alive. My husband had told me beforehand that I should brush up my knowledge of German as well as my typing skills. I still knew Russian. I became a translator and worked freelance from home. At the age of 50 it was difficult to make new friends. We didn't have much time because we had to build a new life for ourselves. In Poland we had a large circle of friends and we could knock on their door anytime and would be welcome. I have friends like that in Paris, London, New York and God knows where, even in Israel. But they have become fewer and

fewer for many of them have already died. Today I live in Vienna and have lady-friends here: most of them are Jewish but there are also a few atheists. I go to the theater, exhibitions, concerts a lot and I also like hiking. My daughter lives in Vienna and so do my two granddaughters. I visit my son in Sweden every summer and usually stay for a month.