

Julian Gringras And His Son Roman Gren



This is me and my son Romek Gren and his grandson Aleksander. This photo was taken two years ago in my apartment on Bacha Street in Warsaw.

The question about my present life is one my grandchildren often ask me. It's a metaphysical question. My fortunes are related to my body. And that is constantly degenerating. I don't know whether it's the nature of every old person, that you become excessively sensitive to your ailments. Sometimes I don't pay attention to it at all. But usually a lot of my thoughts are connected to my body, my health: did I take the right medicine, have to drink it down, should I call the doctor? 9.00 - time to take..., etc. You're wrapped up in yourself, but it's not a pleasant pastime.

For two years I've had such trouble seeing that I can't read any more. I use cassettes from the library for the blind. And those cassettes help me take my mind off my body and get back into the world where I used to live. I've got Norman Davies' 'God's Playground', a book about Polish history, on the go at the moment, which I don't like, and 'The Confessions of St. Augustine,' who talks interestingly about time.