

Maria Horowitz



This is a picture of my mother, Maria Horowitz, taken in Katowice in the late 1950s. After the war she lived with my father in Katowice. They kept living there after we, me and my wife, moved to Warsaw, my father died there; he's buried at the Jewish cemetery. My mother was left alone, but she did great even though she was well over ninety. Until one day she broke her leg. The leg was set and knit well. I asked the doctor whether my mother will ever walk again. He says, 'like she did before, no difference at all.' She was afraid to stand up but she did and walked as if nothing had happened. We decided, however, she shouldn't be in Katowice on her own and brought her to Warsaw. She moved in with us. She spent a year here. My mother died in the 1980s at the age of 102.