

Estera Migdalska



This picture was taken in Warsaw in 2005. That's what I look like now, as I'm telling you my story. In 1988, I retired and went for a year to Canada to nurse my grandchildren. On 4th July 1989, I stood in line before the consulate to cast my vote in those memorable elections. I returned to Poland on 5th June, at the moment of those great changes that I welcomed with joy, because my problems with the passport were finally over, earlier I could neither go to visit my uncle Noach, nor was I at my cousin Izia's wedding, nor did they let me go and visit my cousin Hania. I never received the passport at the first request. And now it's in my drawer. I can also invite people to visit me here. Most of my relatives I saw for the first time. Even my grandchildren I knew initially only from photos, though happily I was able to meet them even before 1989. In Poland, I feel most at ease among Jews, and among some Poles too. After I retired, I immediately got involved in Jewish life. I'm a member of the TSKZ, the Children of the Holocaust, the Jewish Historical Institute Association. In any case, I try to be as active as possible, I read a lot, books and magazines, I collect Judaica.