

Taken from My Mother

*By Sophy Churches*

I have lots of early memories as I had a wonderful childhood. However, I would like to tell you about a memory that isn't really a memory, just a feeling.

Soon after my birth in 1944, I was placed in a cane washing basket with my baby clothes on and some blankets to cover me. In between these blankets was a light green light woolen blanket with some sailing ship patterns on the edge. The Balaton, the biggest lake in Hungary is light green and in the summer the lake is scattered with hundreds of sailing ships. I remember the sight of this beautiful lake in my mind from my four-year-old self.

After they packed me in the washing basket, they took me out to the nearest park, my mother and my 11-year-old old sister. My sister was hysterical and pulling my mother back as hard as she could, crying and screaming. Her screaming started the crying of my few-days-old self.

My mother was somber and kept her lips very tightly shut, carrying the basket in one hand and pulling the 11-year-old girl with the other hand. They both wore a yellow star on their coats, which meant they were Jewish. It was April in 1944. The Nazi occupied regime expected all Jewish people to display a yellow star on their outer garments and carry an identity pass showing who they were and where they lived. A certain tree surrounded by a bush with a nearby bench was their destination. The family sat down on the bench and waited. In a few minutes' time rustling was heard from the bush and a large lady in a black coat appeared and snatched the basket from Mother. My sister screamed something awful. Mother snatched her hand and pulled her back towards the street to take her home. The baby who was I cried relentlessly while the large lady hurried towards a car, got in and sped away towards the outside of the city. How would I have known then, that lady tried to save my life? All I must have felt was that I wasn't in the safe arms of my mother anymore.

I do not know how long I stayed with the large lady and her husband or who they were or where they took me. I cried from the bottom of my heart and lungs continually. I do not know when I got back to my mother, or what I did when I got back.

What I know now is that I do not do separation well. My inner memory, my heart, my soul, my mind know that I do belong to somebody from whom I am separated. Even though I lived with my mother and father and my sister for a long, long time, I am not doing separation from them well at all. They are forever in my mind and the only reason why I would like to die is to be with them in the Great Beyond.