

Fate Did Not Let Me Go



Tormensdorf - 24th day of August, 1942

My beloved, my good boy, within two days we are going away from here, and the future lies so dark in front of us that the thought comes up that the new place will be the last one which we reach on our migration. And if you my boy will hold this letter in your hands, then we are not chased from place to place, then all the suffering will have an end. Also, the restlessness and peace will be around us and in us. Be happy that I have this rest and this peace, my good boy, and don't be too sad. Believe me, this is the best that could happen. I was, anyway, at the end of my life and the mother which you knew, my beloved son, was not any more the same.

Too much suffering, too much psychological pain and stress came over me, and I cannot get over Wolfgang's death which will be one year on the 27th of August. The suffering gets bigger day by day. The letters that I received from his friends speak of him with so much honor, friendship, respect and affection. The letters show me only what he became and still could have become and achieved, and how much joy, spiritual wealth and wisdom he had and passed onto others. His letters to his father and me contained touching gratitude for his childhood and youth.

Also, you, my beloved boy, can carry the knowledge through your life that you through all your life were a source of purest joy for your parents, and that you, even in the times in which you like other boys of the same age were difficult, never gave your character cause for annoyance or hurt feelings. I wish your life will go from success to success, my beloved boy, and that you stay so good, so modest, and so grateful for all the good and beautiful things like you did already as a child. We wish for you to have with your child as much joy as we had with you. May the blessings, which I pray for you, come true. And I wish to your Anne, your loyal life partner, with whom you brought us a beloved daughter in our home, and your child a happy and joyful life together.

The fact that I could not be a witness to your life in America was much more sad for me than you believed it my boy. All your letters born by a deep child's love called me to you and the joy of seeing you again, and the echo of the longing, and the possibility of living with you caused that I did all that was necessary to come to you. If I did not write so often from all of my longing for you, it was done from love to you, because I believed it was better for you. Also, today I repeat to you and I know that you will understand me, I was and I am daily happy even longing very much for you and your life.

However, fate did not let me go. I was a necessity for Aunt Ella and I think that will console you. I wish it so very much. And now my beloved boy, I will take leave from you. I will thank you a thousand times for all the love, for all the gratitude, for all the joy and sunshine which you brought into your father's and my life, starting from the day of your birth. May the memory of your parent's house and your childhood shine like a bright lucky star over you, my beloved, good, precious boy.

Mother