

Sender: Sara Róža Grinbaum

To: R.A.B. Lager

Ilkenau o/s

Sala Garncarz

Rubensteiner str 10

Geppersdorf

Kreis Folkenberg

Ilkenau 31/IV 42

My dear Sala,

Please excuse me for not writing to you in such a long time. I guess, you won't be all that surprised at that and not think badly of me. I just don't have the patience to write. It's a shame that fate should deal so harshly with us.

My father has been in hospital for four weeks already with stomach problems and you can imagine that I have to carry all the burden now and the inflation rate is staggering. To make it short, life has become just dreadful. Dear Sala, believe me. I haven't even [had the time] to wish we could be together. All I ever did, was to get upset with worry. I think that Father will come home this week. Today fliers were passed around in our town today asking people to report to the commission to go away to work [some place] Imagine, Father also received such an order ["invitation"].

My dear cousin, I took too many liberties, wrote too much about my life and complained. Maybe I shouldn't have done that to you, my dear, we all have enough with our own lives only it's very hard, if you have nobody you can share your trouble with. And when you write to someone who is dear to you and your heart is less burdened, particularly, if you don't have a Mom whom you can tell your trouble to. You know, my dear, I don't write Leon about such things, not even once. But, dear Sala, don't worry and don't think badly of me. We still will tell each other our stories during happier times and remember the sad moments of our lives.

I send you my regards and kisses, your cousin, Rozia. My family sends warm regards, too. Be well.