

## **A personal true family story.**

"There is a family memory linked with the First World War.

Some people died in my family, my mother's brother and my grandfather too. My uncle died in Croatia, and my grandfather in the Alps. My parents lived in that part of Poland then under Austro-Hungarian domination. So my uncle and my grandfather were forced to enlist into that army. My family was informed of their death but we totally ignore where their graves are.

I don't look very old, but I am the late daughter of a late daughter, this is why there are so few generations between my birth and those events.

When I was 20, my parents were still alive and I made a family-tree, I wrote down all the stories I could, but there are no traces of the graves. I can no longer pursue my research because my parents are dead.

For the last five years, we organize family meetings during which we look at photos, we share memories, we tell family stories to each other, so we keep this memory alive.

When my father died, I found some keepsakes, some things which moved me enormously, because it was something that was not talked about. I handed over these memories, these archives to my own daughter who is also quite interested, and she urges her husband to do something, because these stories from a hundred years ago are fascinating. One may say that transmission is done from one generation to the other.

My parents were born in that part of Poland which is now part of Ukraine. When I was young, it was suggested that I should go and see the land of my ancestors, but I was not interested. Only when I grew older did it start to be of some interest to me. When you are a child or a teenager, your parents' story is not necessarily interesting. It's only when you grow older that it begins to be of some interest. "