



HOLOCAUST
MEMORIAL
DAY TRUST

Completion Vera Schaufeld MBE

A lifetime ago
on Klatovy station
sitting on a swing,
hearing the old joke
"Your Aunty Rudolph and Uncle Else are coming".

Small uncle and tall aunt arriving
bringing amazing gifts from distant Berlin,
a round doll's house with street lights at it's centre,
a huge rocking horse with thick mane and proud tail,
a red car to sit in, to pedal and drive.

Sitting on a sad train full of children,
parents last seen shut-off behind barriers.
suddenly in the corridor, Uncle Rudolph, Aunt Else,
riding through Germany from border to border,
magically familiar, laughing and joking,
their presence here the best gift of all.

Yesterday
making a long postponed phone call,
giving names, dates of birth, last known address.
Hearing
2nd March 1943
Uncle Rudolph, Aunt Else
Deported to Auschwitz.

No-one left to remember them.
Just me
finally able to mourn