

My Son's Search

I was born in Krakow, Poland during World War II. My parents were incarcerated in concentration camps and I was taken to live with a Christian family till the end of the war. Thank "G-d" my parents survived and when they were liberated they came to get me. At that time we started our life as a family of three.

I don't have any memories of a childhood. My scattered memories start at the age of 13 when my family relocated from Montreal, Canada to Los Angeles, California.

My father kept in touch with the family that hid me with letters and packages. He passed away when I was 15, my mother did not continue correspondence and all communication stopped.

I got married in 1959, had 3 children, 2 sons and 1 daughter. Life at that point was good. I had my family and they were extremely important to me, because other than my parents I never knew any other family and became a travel agent and my husband and I did a lot of traveling. One of our favorite vacations was cruising. We took lots of them.

When the movie, "Schindler' s List" was released, I saw the movie and began thinking about my roots. I tried to remember something, asked my mother questions but she would not talk and I didn't want to upset her and bring up memories that she did not want to remember.

Around that same time our youngest son David was accepted as a foreign exchange student at Sheffield University in Sheffield, England. My children knew how bothered I was because I had no recall of that time of my life.

When spring break came, 2 of David's friends came to London and they planned to backpack through Europe. David took 3 days by himself and went to Poland to see if he could

find the family that hid me. He met a young lady that spoke English and she took him to the Polish Embassy and Hall of Records and any other place she could think of. All he had was a name.

He called me from Poland, (I had no idea he was there) to see if I could give him any additional information, I could not. He did not find the family. But just the thought that he was doing something so special for me knocked me off my feet and left me emotionally drained.

Today Morrie and I will be celebrating our 53rd anniversary on Nov. 14, 2012. Our children are all married and have blessed us with 5 grandchildren.

I started life with a very sad beginning. Once I overcame my childhood, my adult life has been very good. I thank "G-d" for all the blessing he has bestowed on my family.

Lilly Tokarski Holocaust Survivor Group