

The doll called Olinka

At the time when we were driven out of our town and our homes, my sister was eight years old. My parents bought a tiny backpack for her and an aluminum chamber pot (at that time they still used heavy fragile porcelain ones). They put a few essential things into her small rucksack and tied the new light pot and her beloved doll Olinka on the top.



Karmela – Maccabi playground 1940

On a bright warm summer's day we were supposed to arrive at the railway station some distance away. We were ready with our baggage to go out of the house and leave everything behind us. At that moment Karmi cried to mother: "Olinka's hands have come out again." Mother with indescribable patience bent down and skillfully inserted the thin rubber band – and Olinka was whole again. Father locked the door behind us and we set out on foot for the station on our way to the Theresienstadt Ghetto. Three years later, after an eternity, we returned – mother, my sister and I. Father, grandfather, grandmother, uncles and aunts and cousins did not come back. We brought Olinka back with us and she came with us to Israel and eventually reached the hands of Naomi, my Sabra niece. (The doll broke in Naomi's small hands).