

## **A childhood in uncertainty**

Being affected by war closely and marked by the memories of misery, Adele Weresch tells about her experiences that she had during World War II. As she wasn't born in Germany, she tells the story from another perspective. Her family had been relocated several times and lived under difficult circumstances during 1942 and 1945. Food was rare and the accommodation unreasonably small.

„I was born in 1934 in a small village called Schönborn in German in the part of former Yugoslavia, which nowadays belongs to Bosnia where only German families lived. The next big city was called Gradisca. German is my mother language. My ancestors are the so-called „Donauschwaben“, who were being relocated from Germany to Yugoslavia around 1890 for farming and industrial work. Together with my three brothers, my sister and my parents I lived in the small village until the age of 8. During my first year of school I visited a German primary school in Yugoslavia. Until this time I had a wonderful and carefree childhood. When the war started everything changed. In November 1942 all the people who were living in my village were resettled by whom? Why?. I cannot remember the exact amount of people from the village, but I guess we were about 150. First they brought us to a camp in Poland, which is comparable to refugee camps nowadays. Later that year we were moved to another camp in southern Germany. Until the end of the war in 1945 we were resettled almost every third month and had lived in several camps. As a family of seven, we had to stay in one room during our time in those camps. Our food came from a canteen kitchen and often there was not enough food to feed all of us. Since this time I know what being hungry really means. I experienced the misery and sorrow of so many people in our camp very close on a daily basis. At this time I still was really young, but the difficult circumstances we lived in shaped my personality very much. When you see people facing hunger, like I did, you appreciate every single bite even more. Due to air raid warnings and bomb attacks we often had to spend days and nights in air-raid shelters to survive the war. I can exactly remember the feeling: fear, desperation and uncertainty. Some people were going crazy because the space in the air-raid shelters was limited. When will we get out of the shelters again? Nobody knew. After the end of the war in 1945, we finally got our own flat and settled down in the south of Germany. We were really happy that we didn't have to move from camp to camp anymore. From that time on me and my siblings were able to visit a school regularly again. This was a great feeling after all we had gone through in the years before.”