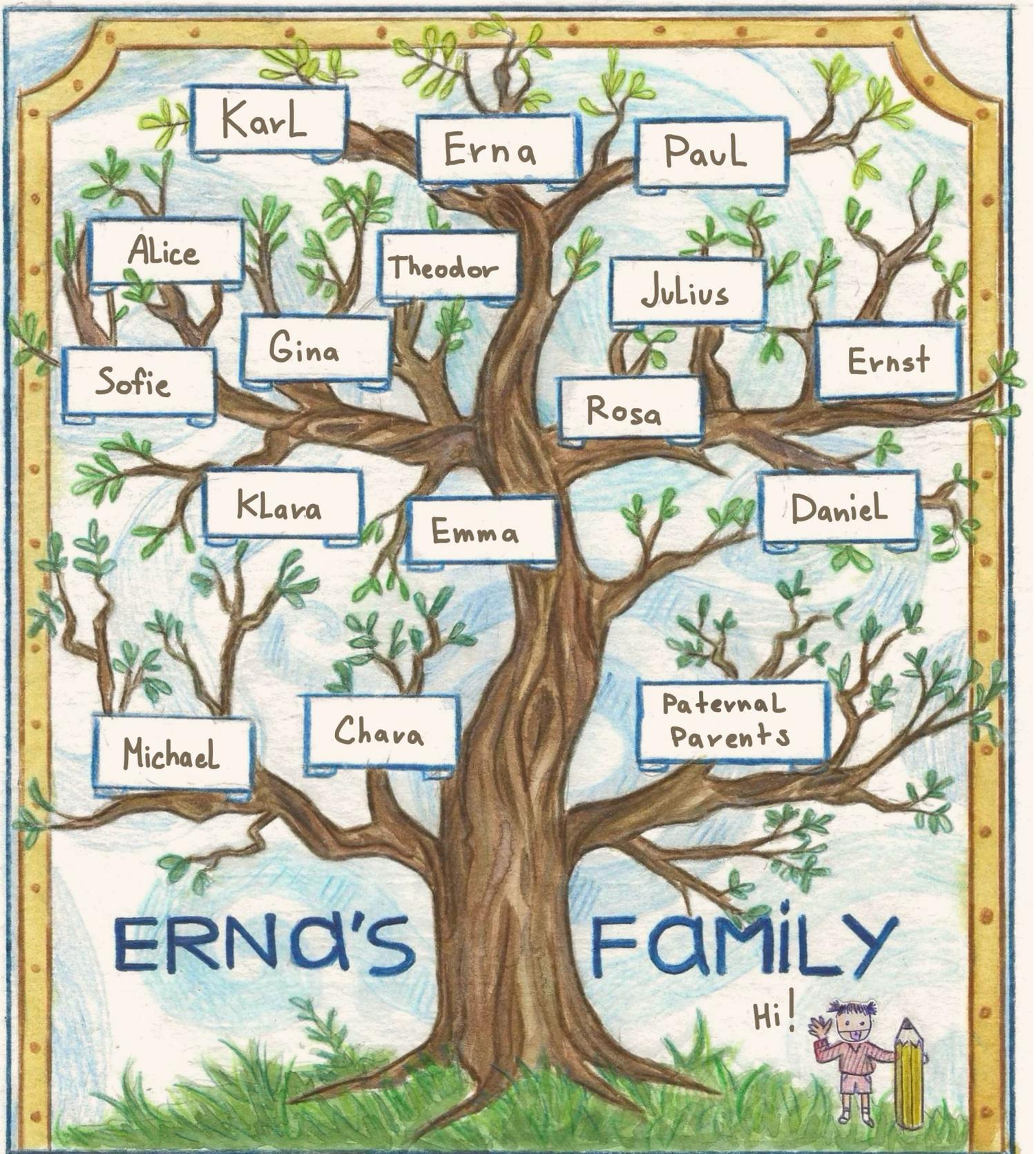


Losing & finding home

The story of:

ERNACOLLMANN

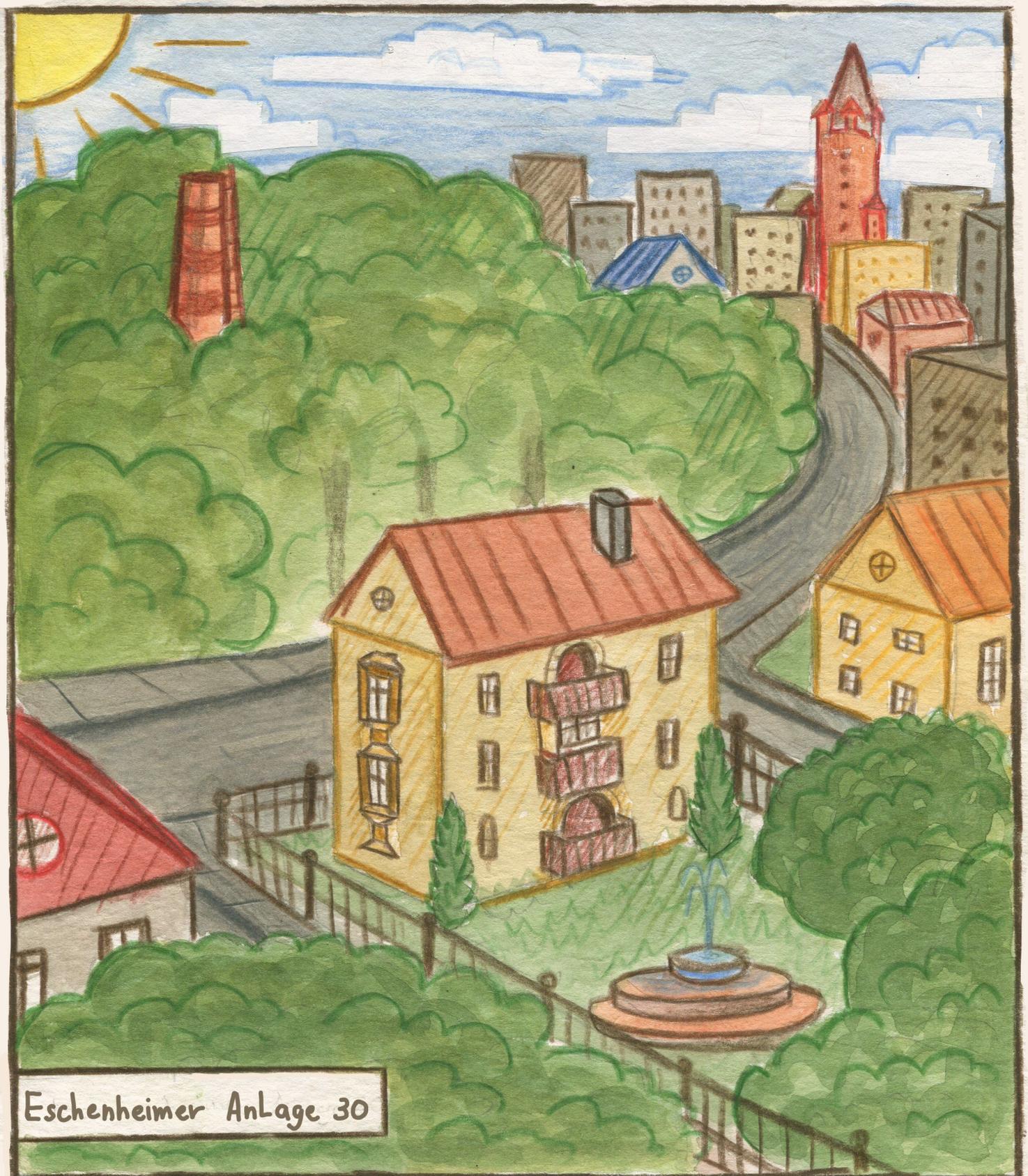


ERND'S

FAMILY



Back when everybody was born at home,
and not at the hospital



Eschenheimer Anlage 30

My grandfather was a well-known
and wealthy man. We lived
together with him at Eschenheimer Anlage 30

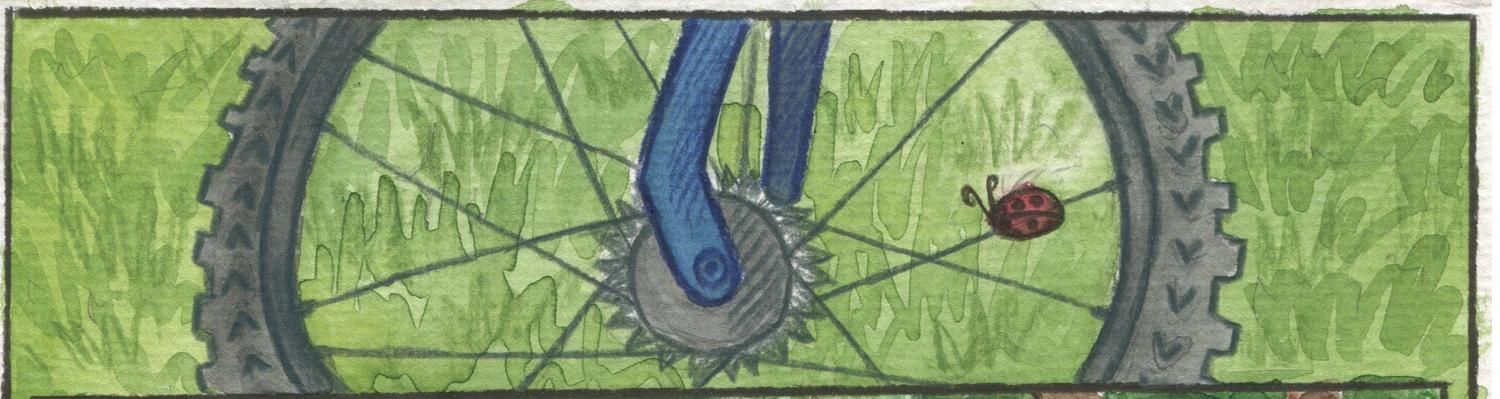


Kosher

Shabbat

I am proud of my mother

We kept a Kosher household. At home we had a Jewish maid and a Christian cook. Each Friday, we celebrated Shabbat. The store which our family owned suffered a lot during the economic crisis of 1929.



Samson-Raphael-Hirsch School



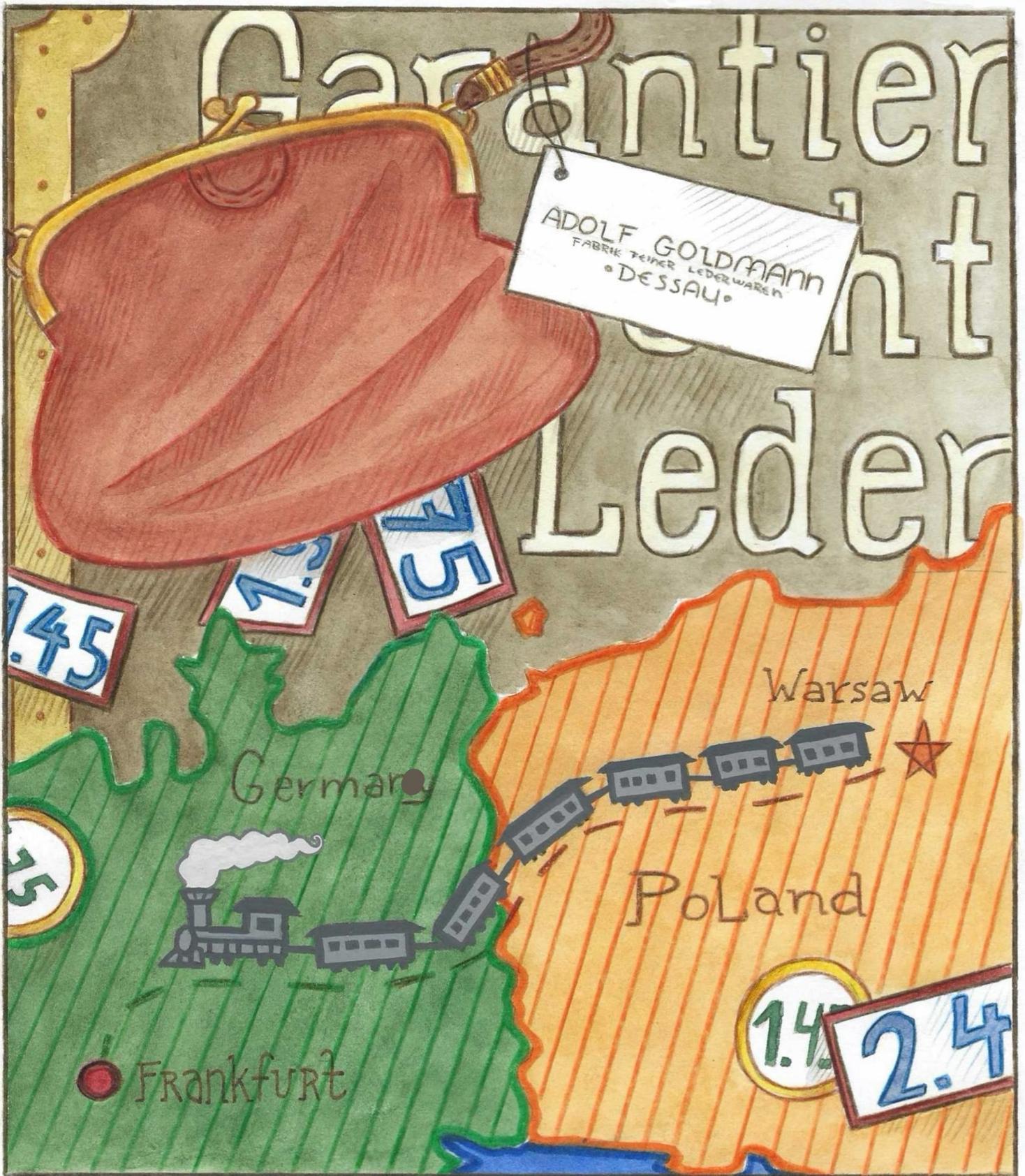
I attended the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch School, a Jewish school for 10 years. More than studying, I enjoyed playing outside with my friends. My parents gave me a very pretty bike. It was my Rolls-Royce!



We used to dress differently back then.
For my first ball, I got a wonderful ball gown.
I had a great relationship with my brothers.
everytime Karl visited us in Frankfurt, he took
me out to Cafe' Laumer.



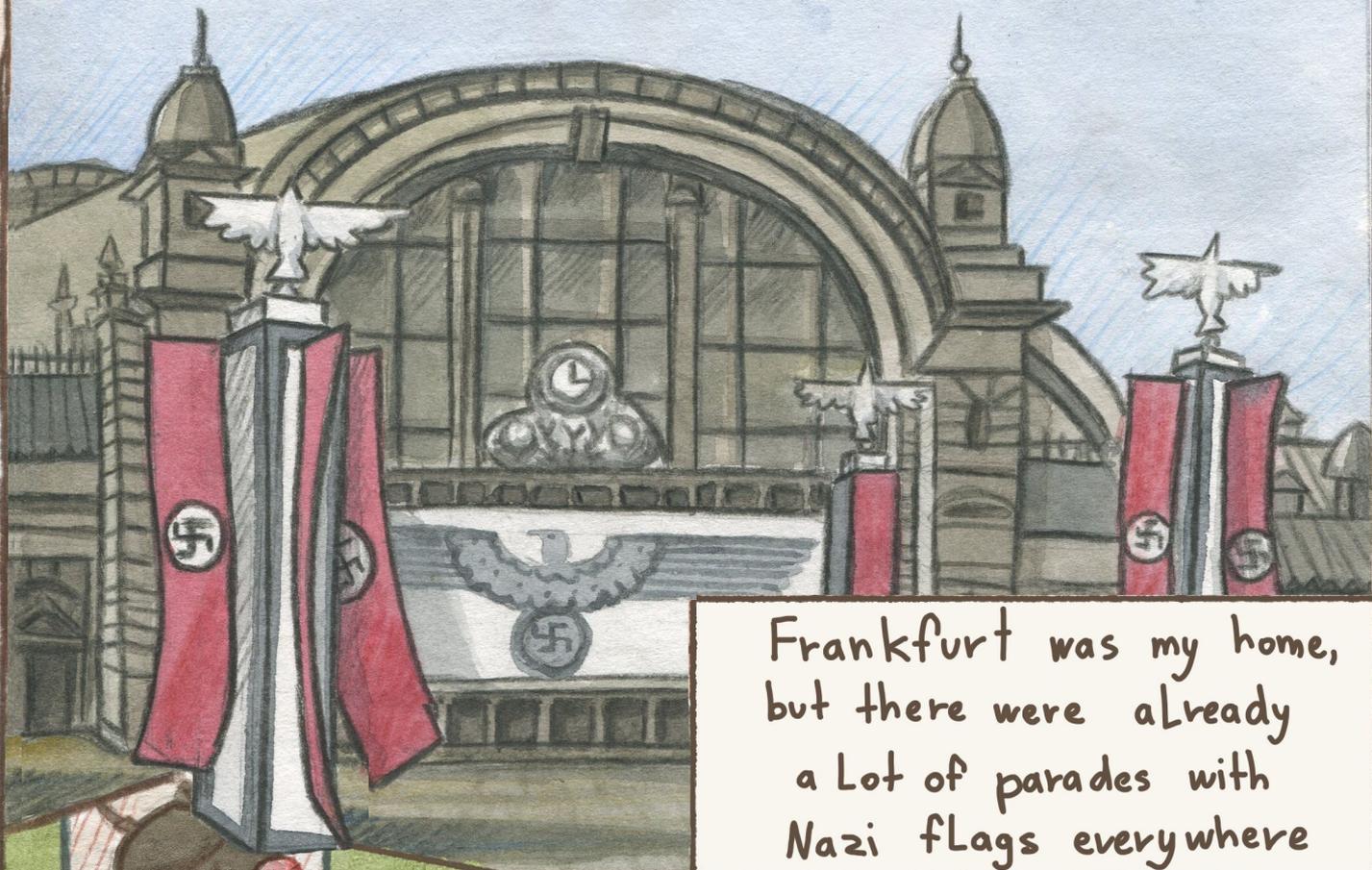
My brothers, and me too, attended a Zionist youth movement named "Blau-Weiß". This is where I met Moshe — my future husband.



Moshe came from a wealthy Jewish family — but an Eastern European one. We were Western European Jews — a huge difference back then! We lived secluded from the Jews from the East.



In 1934, Moshe went to British Mandate Palestine. By then, my brothers had already left too.



Frankfurt was my home, but there were already a lot of parades with Nazi flags everywhere

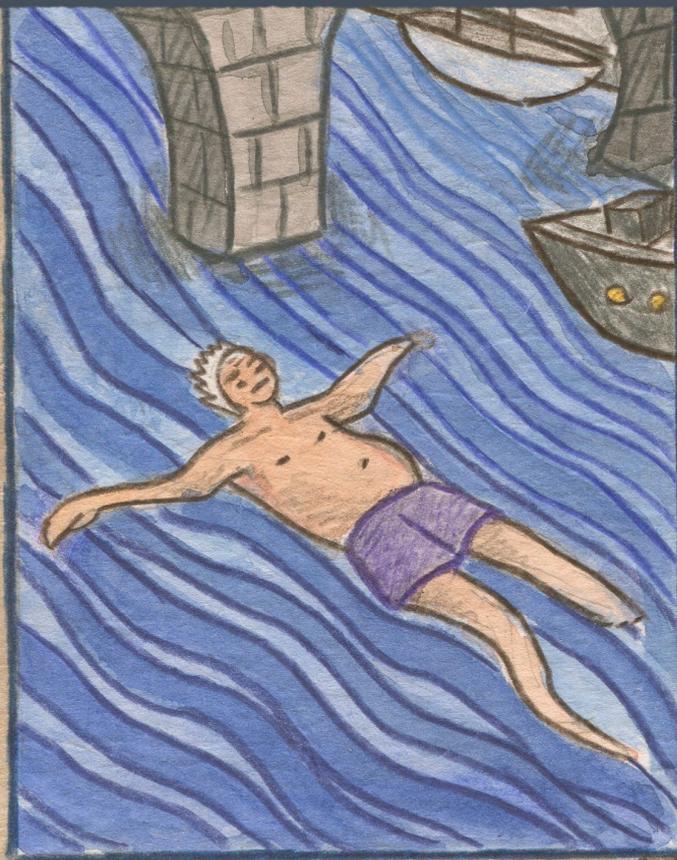


We pulled down the shutters, because we were afraid. What life is that? I had a friend — we used to play together. One day in 1935, we met on the street. She looked at me, but didn't greet. That's the way it was.

Nothing can happen
to us!



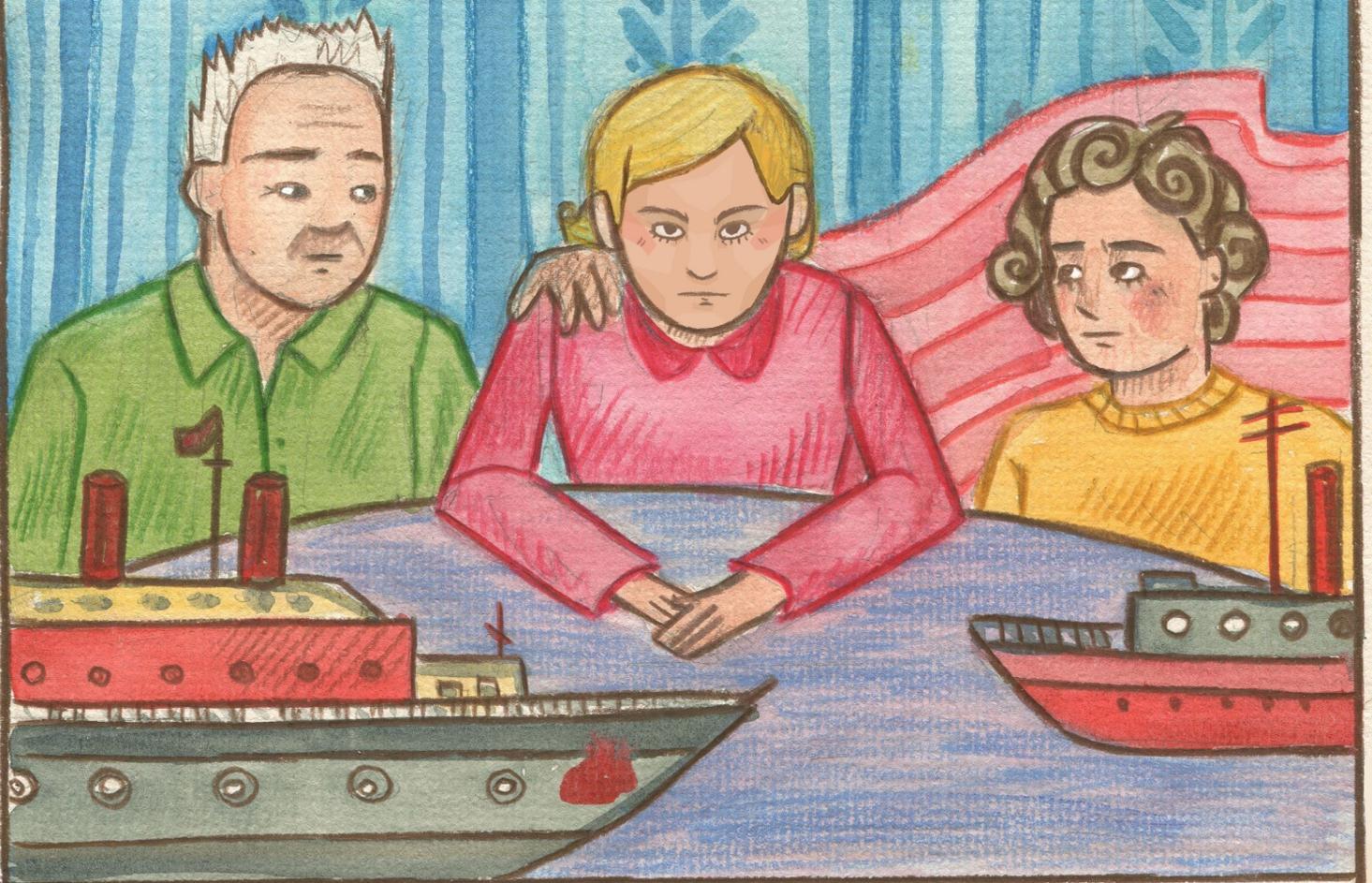
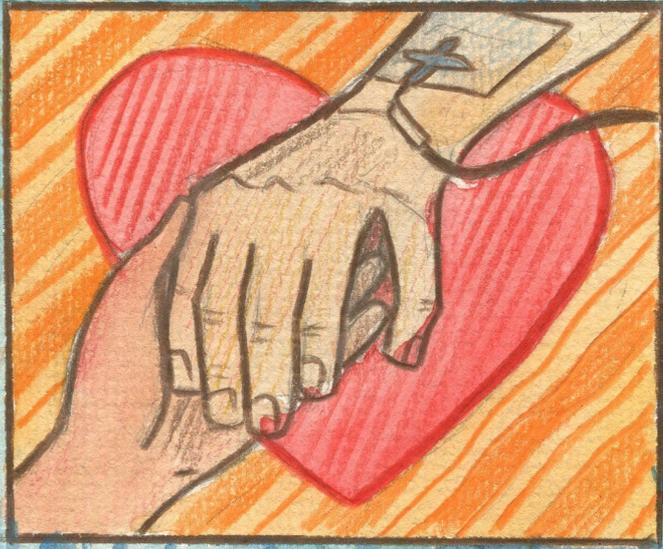
Not everybody worried. My
grandfather and father
felt like German citizens.



Juden
(zutritt verboten)



My grandfather used to go swimming to the Main River. One day a sign was put up: "Entry forbidden for Jews." My mother said, "Dad you can't go anymore. Didn't you see what the sign said?" "Well, but they don't mean me," my grandfather said in disbelief.



My father died in 1935 because he suffered from a heart condition. I could not eat anything and cried. After that my mother then decided: "We have to go too."



Moshe and I got married in Tel Aviv, on December 25, 1937, two days after my 20th birthday.

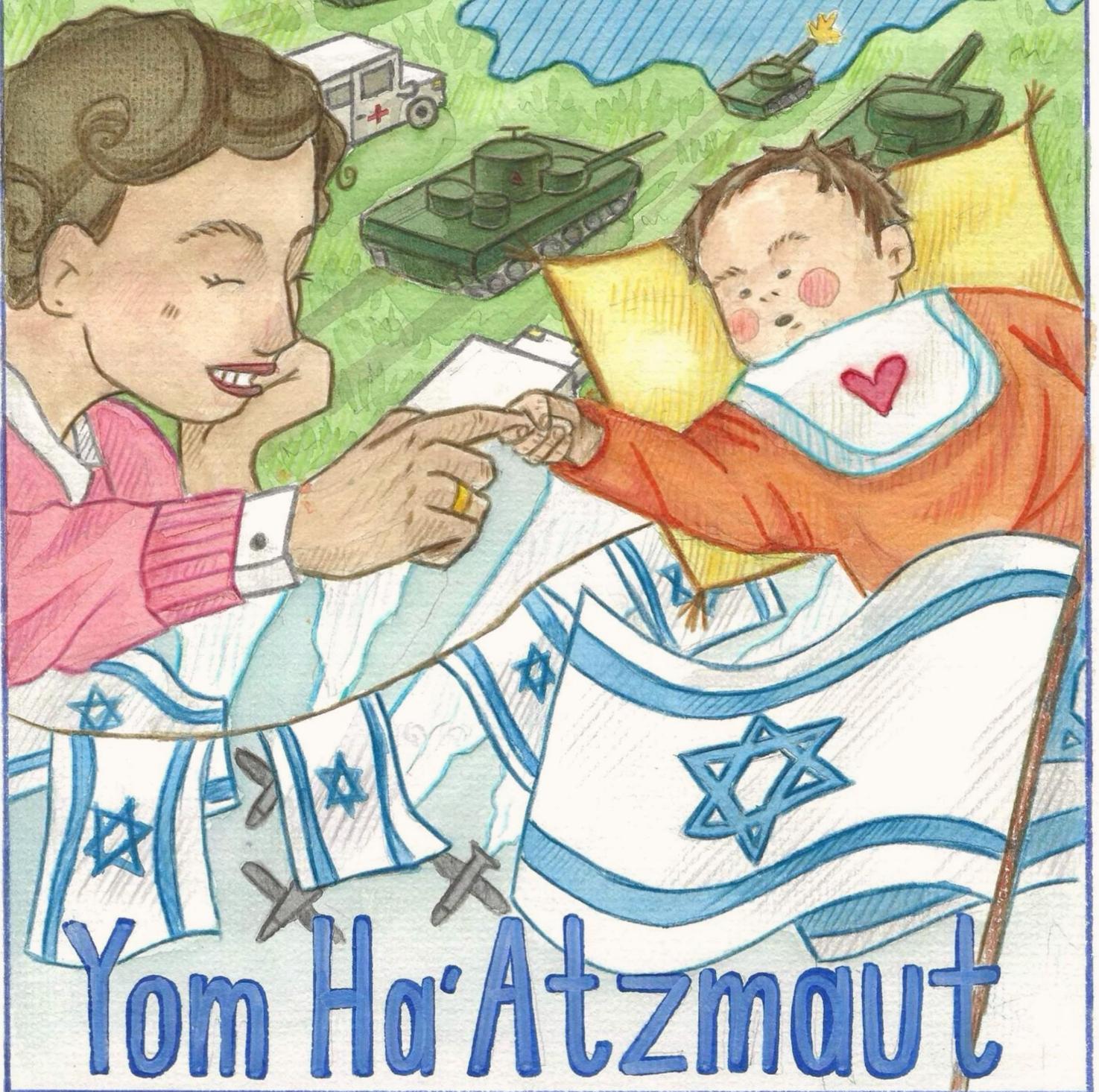
Puff!!!

HONK!!!!

We had everything we needed in Tel Aviv: movies, theaters, cafés and friends. We sat together, talked and drank coffee. I could go to the beach in shorts and meet friends. The whole Ben Yehuda Street spoke German.

02.06.1940

FRANCE



My son, Daniel, was born on June 2, 1940 after the war broke out. In May 1948, Ben-Gurion declared Israel's independence and the crowd erupted in celebration. It was the end of British Mandate and beginning of our own state.



But then, the War of independence broke out. My husband was a chauffeur for an officer. He drove his own car, because the State had nothing. I was making jewelry and selling them in a WIZO store. In 1951 my son Rafael (Rafi) was born.



In 1963 we moved to Ramat Chen, where we built a house. I lived in this house for forty years. We had a big garden and invited friends. Dani entered Moshe's business. In 1967, Moshe died of heart failure. I have been alone ever since.



Dani and his wife, Pnina, had two children: Joni and Moshe. Moshe was born on the anniversary of my husband's loss. In 1990 Dani died in a car accident. Rafi continued to work in his father's factory, but the market has grown competitive.



In 2007 I moved into a nursing home.
Rafi with his wife Hannah, and their two
children stay near my side and often visit me.
The situation in the Middle East remains tough,
I am not a politician, but I do believe in miracles!



Auschwitz II

As for my family, my sons and grandsons visited the Auschwitz memorial.



Tel-Aviv

But they don't feel the connection to it, Like I do. Instead of Auschwitz I went to Frankfurt to visit my grandfather's house. It was remodeled after the war. Frankfurt is nice today. It used to be my home, but now my home is Tel Aviv.



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