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Rackliff Island, Maine, USA
October 9, 2020

Grete and Martin Lewinsohn My maternal grandparents

I grew up in New York City hearing about my mother's parents, Martin and Grete, and Osterode in East Prussia where she grew up. My grandparents came alive for me when my husband and I visited Berlin four years ago. We followed their path from Mommsenstrasse to Grunewald Station Platform 17.

I am struck by parallels between my maternal grandparents and me. My mother looked like my grandmother and I look like my mother. My brother, Martin, was named after our grandfather.

Grete and Martin were married on February 14th, as were my husband and me 64 years later. I have my grandmother's beautiful album that she began when she married Martin in 1912. They honeymooned in Venice, a city I first visited when I was 15.

I learned to cook from my mother, who learned to cook from her mother. I have my grandmother's handwritten recipes written in spidery script that I cannot read. But I know how to make Grete's eierkuchen - loved by me as I grew up, my sons, and now my grandchildren.

I inherited all the Lewinsohn silverware monogrammed with "L". When I use it, I think of my grandparents. I have silver objects that my grandmother sent to my mother in a suitcase to England in 1941.

As a result of the family research I did in Berlin, I discovered a second cousin living in England and connected her with our second cousin in Israel. A new, three-way relationship and friendship was formed. Our family, born in Germany, lives on in the United States, England, and Israel.

Warmest thanks to my dear friends Martin and Doro who introduced me to their friend Helmut who initiated the stolpersteine process for me that resulted in the laying of two stones today.