

# Ingrid Lambert

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10/5/92

My dear Elli,

What a surprise! In this really not very friendly time it was one of the seldom happy moments, when I could read your letter - and I did it very often, every day. I thank you very much for the interesting descriptions as well as for your warm and helpful words at all.

Yes, I remind very good of our meeting 2 1/2 years ago. Yes, so many things changed in this 2 1/2 years. And here, in our part of this country, didn't only change many things, but all!

After the Second-World-War, which I had experienced consciously and through which our family had lost their home, we had a dream. Therefore we lived and worked, hard and honest, with privations and sacrifices, with bread and meat, of course also with mistakes...

Now our good dream is finished. Winners of the history are not we but this winners are bad and dangerous. For the experiment, to live in another way, we have to pay very high, every day, every hour. We shall forget 40 years of our life, nothing shall remember to the GDR, not a little bit. Therefore our industry, culture, medical- and social arrangements and so on are or will be broken. 1, 2 billion people are directly unemployed, more women than men; and, and, and - - - It is not possible

to write about all problems, all my thoughts and feelings in the necessary depth. Perhaps once we may discuss!

Just in this moment, all my 4 children have jobs. They are not the best, not their professions, few salary - but they have very much to do. Nobody knows how long. The daughter-in-law has a contract for 2 1/2 months. The permanent rising of prices for livelihood, for rent and all and much more other things are new for us - and difficult. I can't get accustomed to the importance of money, only money. Other words don't count. The more I am glad to have dear and faithful friends. And the source of my vital energy are our children and grandchildren. About them I'm very anxious and I try to help them.

Since 8 months we have in our house a new member of the family. We brought in a "gray simsburne" with 4 legs and a tail - a two-months-old Caisn-Ferris. In a few minutes "flee" conquered our hearts. He is the great darling of whole the clan. Out of food and fresh water he needs very much warmth and love, he wants to play and to rage. And so we have a lot of joy, can forget for minutes and sometimes for hours all the sorrows - and may even laugh. When the young family isn't at

house, he is in my case - and I'm not so lonely,  
I can speak with him. When he looks at me with  
his proud black biton-eyes, he understands  
me (and - so my son: he does not contradict<sup>41</sup>.)

My dear Elli, never before I wrote such a long letter  
in English. Please excuse all the mistakes. During  
the last 15 years I didn't need to write so much,  
and I learned the language - or better: something  
of the language - once upon a time - -

Once more thanks for your good letter, dear Elli,  
it is a great help for me.

I wish you and Pans a good, lucky and  
successful time in N. Y.

In love

Ingrid.

Ingrid  
Lambert

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