

Berlin May 9, 1947

My Dear Uncle Gustav!

Once again we can sincerely thank you for the two packages which arrived in good condition, there are no words to describe our joy; I did not know what to look for first; our household is always so empty and we can use everything; I was especially excited about the fat/grease; here we get 100 grams of margarine for 10 days, I do not know if you have any thought what amount that is, we can not even use it, the margarine separates, and then we are all so run down, our bodies have no resistance. After his last breakdown my husband is home on sick leave, the doctor can do very little since we lack the fresh products like milk, eggs, butter and meat, he can not prescribe that, these items are reserved and are only allocated to our occupying forces; therefore we all must perish, at times I think if it only goes real quick and then we would no longer have the worries about our daily bread; but then I struggle with the thoughts, such thoughts are a sin; God is above and He knows our troubles; He also knows when our time is up, therefore we must trust in God and bear our sorrow. In you dear Uncle I have now a big help and I thank you from my heart for everything even though I can not show you in any other way. I also thank your daughter, my cousin, for her help in packaging and collecting everything, give her my sincere greeting she must not tire out, because our need is very serious. I only wish that my sister Berta also has the good fortune to receive the benefit of your package, and thank you dear Uncle for the Cigarettes, surely they did not cost much, we were able to buy one hundred pounds of potatoes, what a big help it is for us. The farmers are spoiled, only American Cigarettes, no German brand; now they want Coffee, Cacao and similar luxury items, no money. We can not keep up with it, we don't have it and at the end of the day we enjoy the taste of my cup of Coffee or cacao very much too; that is how life is here, I have no hope of different times, we must live from today to tomorrow, someday we all will be called home; we only feel sorry for our son, he will be 27 years old and can not even accept employment because he has no clothing to wear and there is nothing to buy either. If our liberators had not taken everything away from us he would have found his suits here, because we were spared by the bombs. The pants you sent were too short, even though I lengthen them, let them out, his legs are showing around the bottom and he can only wear them around the apartment; he does have long legs though, good things do not all come together, now I will stop; you may not be able to read all of it.

Dear Uncle we want to thank you and your daughter again for everything and are sending real sincere greetings, your nice Anna and Adolf as well as Werner.

Also please greet Aunt Helene, at the same time a blissful Pentecost. May God keep you and give you long health.