

Little pretty lady,

Beautiful hands,

artists hands, always
dealing with dry plants, dry flowers,

sorting in slow movement
her drawers
with endless elements of stones, roots ...
pasting them up with watercolors and charcoals.

I loved visiting her studio,
looking at the pine trees...

she lived in a kibbutz,
where the trees dominated the empty space,
the sound of cows,
running dogs playing
independent

the smell of the earth dominated our memories,

she was part of my memories,
my childhood.

they were our family,
where we went to spend all summers & holidays.

They all spoke Hungarian,

i did not understand the language, but it was my father accent,
i get used to the sound,
it became "my" language,
so familiar,

i could identify the subject of their conversation.
It was comfortable sound, it was her accent too, with this rolling RRRRRR

She was a little beautiful tinny lady,
but her force dominated

she impressed me,

her very clear very blue eyes were always expressive,
she did not talk much,
but she draw and painted,

modeling figures with red earth,
she become a teacher,
my teacher
and a figure of my journey

She was married to a very tall man,
big man,
her protector.

he made goat cheese and spices, arak and vodka,
and he knew all the plants & butterflies,
he was her man,
but he also liked women,
all women.

I dreamed once about myself,
dressed in a 1940th lady gray tier, a suit,
waling fast in this brown, grey town,
Europe during the war.

I was speaking a language i do not know,
familiar language, i could understand it,
it was my language...
i was going up and down the stairs, on my hill shoes,
saving young children.

one day, not too long ago,
she told me her life, her story,

a tell that woke up the images from my dream...

she took care of babies in the Rudolf Israel Kastner Camp.
one morning the black shirts arrived,
with big trucks,
they rushed every one into the automotive vehicle...

she went up & down the stairs,
to save the babies,
the last time she came down no one was there any more,
empty,
the trucks where gone, the people were gone,
she was alone,
1944.

Then she met him, very tall and handsome like her.

they went through cold Hungry, the days of danger,
the war...
she was pretty, it saved her

they walked until Marseille,
they had the 1st boy,
All 3 of them crossed the Mediterranean sea to reach the other rives,
where they built a new kibbutz,
a family,
and they all spoke a language i do not understand, the same language of
my father.

She woke in me the interest to nature, to express, to create to use art,
she made me sensitive to beauty, to life, to cruelty.

Today I am married with a very tall big man,
my husband, my friend, my protector.

I live on the other side of the Mediterranean shores,
4h from Marseilles,
I paint, I draw, i try to understand people, the world, the others...
i use art as my tool and as a tool to dialogue.

She celebrated her 90th birthday,
and she could not remember any more anything,
not even us.

She does not talk.
She still does flowers with pastels and in bright colors,
reproducing nature,
re-creating life...
but
in silence.

and then she left

