

## Liliana Najberg



This is my, Helena Najberg's, daughter, Liliana Najberg. The photo was taken when she was about 5 years old, so in 1960 or 1961. I don't remember who took it. Maybe my husband. It was in some park, but I can't say where exactly.

My daughter was 10 years younger than my son. We were planning a second child with my husband, but I had a miscarriage in 1955. It was a boy. And later I didn't become pregnant. I thought I'd stay with one child. But it wasn't to be. Lila was born on 25th July 1957. We named her after my childhood girl-friend. Like my son, she only spent the first 3 months at home with me. Later we had to find someone to take care of her. This time it was a Pole. Her name was Jadzia.

My daughter started studying at the same elementary school as Jerzy. She was supposed to study as well as he did, but she did even better. She was a very diligent student. She later attended a gymnasium, but I don't remember which one. She was finally accepted at the Polytechnics. She studied Applied Mathematics, but she didn't graduate, because she went to Canada and stayed there for good.

She left in 1981 or 1982. At first for a holiday, to visit her aunt and uncle. She came back to Poland. Later they asked her to come again. She did. That's when she met her first husband and she got married. I didn't like it, but I couldn't convince her. That family had somehow fooled her into it. And after she got married, it was too late. She was in love. Her first husband was a Jew, his name was Sztajnowicz. His father was from Poland. He was a friend of my husband's. And they met in Canada and he fell deeply in love with her, but after the wedding he became difficult to live with. I don't know if they even stayed together for 3 months. They couldn't work it out, so they got divorced. She got married again, I don't exactly remember when, but it was a few years later. Her current husband's name is Gery Blueston, but Lila kept her maiden name, she's still Najberg. She somehow didn't want to go through all those formalities again. She said: 'What difference does it make?' I helped her a lot with that wedding, because I happened to be there. It was a very nice wedding, but she had to borrow money to have it. There's a custom there that the guests, instead of presents, give money in an envelope. So she had just enough money to pay back those debts. She

didn't have debts, but she didn't have presents either.

My daughter is not working currently. She's a sick person. She worked for several months in a boutique that was owned by this man, an artist. He designed all those things he sold, clothing, gadgets, jewelry. She liked that job, because those were beautiful things and she likes looking at such things. Perhaps she'll work there again. But Lila has stomach problems, problems with her intestines. She often gets these stomach aches, she can't eat, she can't walk, she has to stay in bed all day long and she also gets these migraines. My daughter doesn't have children. Yes, she decided not to have them, because of her depression. It's all because life didn't turn out well for her in Canada and she became depressed. She said she wouldn't be able to raise children.

At first our contacts were difficult. Well, because my daughter moved often, we could only stay in touch by telephone. Now she calls every day, at 8 p.m. If the phone rings at that time, I know it's Lila. At first, we didn't talk so regularly, but now we do. Also, my daughter visits Poland often.

At first my son was very close to my daughter. There were 10 years between them. I remember when Lila was born he took care of her very carefully, really. I only left some food and drink and told him how to heat it up and he fed her himself, changed her diapers, he took care of her like a father would. Even though he was a young boy. But when he met this wife of his, it all broke off, so to say.