

Henryk Prajs



This is a photo of me. It was taken two years ago, when I was walking in the forest in Srodborow near Warsaw. I now live alone in my house in Gora Kalwaria. My daughter visits me very often. My wife died, my poor thing, in 1990. We have three grandchildren, Mateusz, Ola, and Jula. We've worked hard, we've made our way, I've been respected and still am. I had a good life. My house is cultured, open, if a Jew comes knocking, I'll let him in, if a priest, I'll let him in as well. Our parish priest is a great friend of mine, we speak like father and son, he respects me and vice versa. As I've served in the army, after the war I was a member of ZBoWiD, Union of Fighters for Freedom and Democracy. In the 90's ZBoWiD was transformed into the Veterans Union and the Disabled Soldiers Union. I'm a member of the latter now, of the Piaseczno branch. I've recently received a medal, the Disabled Soldiers Union gold medal, for taking part in the Olszewo battle, where I was wounded. I've been a member of the TSKZ for 50 years now I think, ever since its creation. I go to the seniors club in Warsaw once or twice a week when the weather is fine. Very rarely in the wintertime. I have my friends there: Kawka, Janowski, Wajnryb, Mrs. Szymanska, Mrs. Kaczmarska, all of them elder people, some are even older than me. We tell each other tall tales, what comes, our life stories, we talk of our youth and the later years.