

Lietu un vietu biogrāfijas

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Mālpils novada bibliotēkā



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A pair of scissors



A pair of scissors,....

A seemingly banal object, but which can hide many emotions.

Of course they have their originality in that they are foldable, take up little space and are easy to transport without risk, but their sentimental value comes from the fact that they belonged to my grandmother, and every time my thoughts go to her, her scissors inevitably impose themselves on my mind.

As a child, sharing moments of complicity with her, I could not have imagined that such a small object could fix so strongly in my memory her tender memory.

DM

A brooch



At the end of the 1950s , During a business trip to Switzerland , my father bought it for me.

This brooch is still in my jewellery box. It was my first brooch and every time I open my jewellery box I see it, I get a twinge in my heart and think of my father.....

MR

A puzzle



I enjoy thinking of my parents, spending time together to solve this jigsaw puzzle.

My sister and I gave it to them as a present to remember the family holidays (3 generations gathered) that we spent in Austria. Among other touristic activities, we visited Linderhof (Ludwig II's castle in Bavaria) which figure on this picture.

We framed the puzzle and it now hangs in the family secondary house. There too, three generations meet and enjoy being together.

FA

A sugar bowl



This sugar bowl belonged to my mother.

If I stare at this object, made of crystal and silver, what I mostly appreciate is the way it seems out-of-date. It's also funny to see the surprised faces of our guests when they discover that a clamp is combined to the lid.

We enjoy picking pieces of sugar from this fancy bowl and drinking our sweetened coffee from my husband's grand-mother's cups.

FB

A teacup



Why this teacup?

- first of all it reminds me of a dear person who left us recently
- then it reminds me of elegance, savoir faire, savoir vivre, values that are disappearing.
- this cup is a call to enjoy time, to share a moment of conviviality without violence.
- This cup tells a past, that of its creation with meticulousness, a future, the one where you will come to admire it while speaking about a book, a film, a meeting, an event...

Can this be compared to a Starbucks or Mac Donalds cup that is destined for the trash in the best of cases, with its tasteless contents swallowed alone in 3 sips...?

JG

A doll



Hellô I present to you Bella, the prettiest doll despite her 63 years. I am attached to her because she suffered in her youth. During a trip to Switzerland for my 5 years, I left all the day Bella in the car in the sun. How sad to see that the arms et legs started to melt...

Luckly " the toys Fairy" made her as pretty as when my parents give it to me. Since then, she had a fall, her head hung lamentably on the side and the arms were non longer attached to the body. After a visit to the doll museum in Paris, she regains her splendor.

Why she? It reminds me of my childhood, the carefree moments with my family I remember that Christmas night when Bella comes in my life and when my parents put this superb doll in my arms which I think now must have been very expensive Bella is the translation of a bygone time when we were satisfied with little to be happy....

MG

Polish virtual exhibition

- Polish seniors showed the family souvenirs, which they have.
- Every exhibit has own history.



Jadwiga



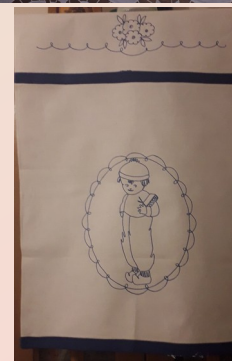
ROCHIL

Jadwiga

To są makatki haftowane przez moją matkę.
Gospodynie domowe na wsi robiły takie i wieszały na
ścianach kuchni. Ich rolą było chronić z zdobić ściany.

There are the embroidered tapestries done by my
mother. The housewives of rural area did and hanged
on the wall in the kitchen. They they protected and
adorned the walls.

Małgorzata

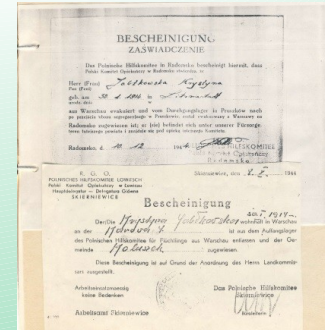
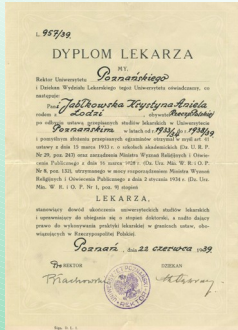
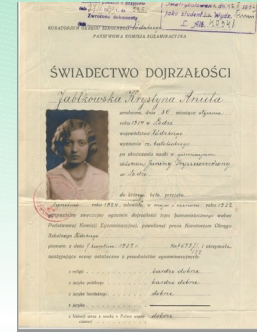


ROCHIL

Małgorzata

- *To są hafty wykonane przez moją babcię i mamę. Mam wykonane przez nie obrusy, serwety. Są rodzinną pamiątką. Przypominają mi dzieciństwo.*
- This embroidery done by my mother and grandmother. I have tablecloths, doilies. The things remind me my childhood.

Hanna



ROCHIL

Hanna

Pamiętki po mojej Mamie są dla naszej rodziny bardzo cenne i wiem, że będą z pietyzmem przechowywane przez następne pokolenia. Mama zadedykowała mi swoje wspomnienia z czasów okupacji i z lat późniejszych, opisujące w wielkim skrócie jej barwne i pełne niebezpieczeństw życie. Dokumenty, które tu przedstawiam oraz czapkę kapitana Wojska Polskiego z czasów wojny, to wciąż żywe pamiętki Jej przeżyć – od czasów gimnazjum, poprzez studia medyczne, działalność w AK, uczestnictwo w Powstaniu Warszawskim, a od 1945 do 1948 roku służby wojskowej w szpitalu jako lekarza. Rzadko opowiadała o swoich przeżyciach w czasie wojny, kiedy to prawie dwa lata uciekała przed Gestapo, ale Jej wspomnienia wywoływały u mnie wielkie emocje. Trudno opisać w paru słowach Jej życiorys.

Wspomnienia Jej- łączniczki AK, lekarza kapitana Wojska Polskiego i wreszcie lekarza okulisty w cywilu oraz wspomnienia mojego Taty –szefa żandarmerii AK w czasie wojny, w dużej mierze ukształtowały charaktery nas, Ich córek. Chyba najważniejszymi cechami, jakie nam przekazali, są : szacunek do każdego człowieka i – w razie konieczności-walka o prawdę.

There are the documents of my mother and her soldier's hat. She took part in Warsaw Uprising. She was a doctor oculist.

Elżbieta



ROCHIL

Elżbieta

Pamięć o najbliższych pozostaje nie tylko w naszych sercach. Wspomnienia i miłość do nich zaklęta jest również w zwykłych przedmiotach, listach, fotografiach. W czasie II wojny światowej babcia została wywieziona do Niemiec do przymusowej pracy na roli. Wszystko czego się dorobiła przez te lata, zmieściło się w niewielkim, wiklinowym kuferku. Ten piękny, niemal stuletni zestaw do herbaty z cienkiej jak mgła porcelany jest dla mnie, moich dzieci i wnuków najpiękniejszą i najdroższą pamiątką po niezwyklej babci Zosi. Po wojnie to pieszo, to furmanką, to pociągiem dotarła do Polski, do swojego ocalałego domu. Porcelana, którą tak pieczołowicie chroniła podczas tułaczki, znalazła schronienie na strychu. Dlaczego tam? Nigdy nam tego babcia nie powiedziała. Po wielu, wielu latach odkryłam ten skarb. Wracając ze szkoły, zakradłam się cichutko na stryszek, by porozwijać te rzeczy z zakurzonych, pożółkłych papierów. Ustawiłam je na drewnianych belkach, podziwiałam i wyobrażałam sobie jak wyglądały tamte okrutne lata. Babci dawno nie ma wśród nas. Porcelana zajęła najważniejsze miejsce w moim domu, a używana jest od święta. Siadamy wszyscy przy stole, popijamy aromatyczną herbatkę, wspominamy babcię, jej trudne życie i niesamowite opowieści. Przekazujemy prawdziwą historię naszej niemieckiej synowej i naszym wnukom.

This is the porcelain service is near 100 years old. The owner was my grandmother Zofia. During the second world war she was a forced laborer in Germany. She told about the tragic time and difficult and dangerous coming back home.



A look into history - life on the farm

Our family was evicted from their original house during the second world war. After that period, our ancestors returned to their home village, but not to their old house already to this farm. The farm served the army during the war and traces are known to the present day. Here began to write a new history of our family.

View of a barn and a tractor



A laundry door - this door hides behind a former laundry room and many of the tools used in the slaughterhouses.



My grandmother was a very pious woman



She cycled to church every Sunday



Wheel details - brake and gear



She was a great cook

Her kitchen was always tidy and ready to cook goodies for the family and casual passers-by. It is a great honor for me to inherit the dishes and kitchen equipment.



Beautiful plates and cutlery



A christmas tableware



Dishes for a special occasion

Grandmother was a very modest woman. She valued her festive dishes very much and was used only for festive moments and always for Christmas. To this day, it is a beautiful memory of Christmas.



Measuring time



Homestead

The farm includes fields, forests, meadows and sheds where cattle have always been raised.

In the fields - potatoes, grain and alfalfa for cattle

In the woods - wood for heating and planting new trees

In the meadows - grass for mowing and drying for cattle

In barns - goats and cows for milk and meat, pigs for meat, hens for eggs and meat, rabbits for meat, horses for work

Assistants in management

A clay jug, which was used in each slaughterhouse for rendered lard.



Meadow wheel from the car

From the car used by our ancestors to the hay meadow, only a bicycle has survived to the present day. Even so, it is a great rarity for us.



Helpers in the field

A lot of horses were used to pull on the farm. It was necessary to give the horse a harness and to harness it to the wagon.



A wedding photo

A great rarity and monument in our family is a wedding photo of grandmother and grandfather. It is in a beautiful frame and the decoration around the photo consists of a grandmother's wedding wreath with a veil.



A sewing machine

My grandma was very hardworking, when she finished working in the fields, in the woods, around the cattle, she sat down at the sewing machine and rested from the hard work on the farm.



Pohled do historie - život na statku

Naše rodina byla za války vystěhována ze svého původního domu. Po válce se naši předci vrátili do své rodné vesnice, ale již do tohoto statku. Tento statek za války sloužil vojsku a stopy jsou znát do současnosti. Zde se začala psát nová historie naší rodiny.

Pohled na stodolu a traktor



Tyto dveře za sebou skrývají bývalou prádelnu a mnoho nástrojů, které se používaly při zabíjačkách.



Babička byla velmi zbožná žena



Každou neděli jezdila do kostela na kole



Detaily kola - brzda a ozubené kolo



Babička byla skvělá kuchařka

Svou kuchyň měla vždy upravenou a připravenou na vaření dobrot pro rodinu a náhodné kolemjdoucí. Je mi velkou ctí, že jsem zdělila nádobí a vybavení kuchyně.



Krásné talíře a příbor



Vánoční nádobí



Nádobí pro zvláštní příležitost

Babička byla velmi skromná žena. Svého svátečního nádobí si velmi cenila a bylo používáno jen na slavnostní chvíle a vždy na vánoce. Dodnes je to krásná vzpomínka na vánoce



Měření času



Hospodaření

Ke statku patří polnosti, lesy, louky a chlívký kde byl vždy chován dobytek. Na polích - brambory, obilí a vojtěška pro dobytekV lesích - dřevo na topení a výsadba nových stromů. Na loukách - tráva na sečení a sušení pro dobytek. V chlívech - kozy a krávy na mléko a maso, prasata na maso, slepice na vejce a maso, králíci na maso, koně na práci.

Pomocníci v hospodářství

Hliněný džbán, který sloužil při každé zabijačce na vyškvařené sádlo.



Loukoťové kolo z vozu

Z vozu, kterým jezdili naši předci na louku pro seno, se do současnosti zachovalo jen kolo. I tak je pro nás velkou vzácností.



Pomocníci na poli

Na statku se používali hodně koně do tahu. Pro zapřažení do vozu bylo potřeba dát koni chomout a postroj. Chomouty zdobí trávoví na půdě.



Svatební foto

Veliká vzácnost a památka v naší rodině je svatební foto babičky a dědy. Je v krásném rámečky a ozdobu kolem fotky tvoří babičky svatební věneček se závojem..



Šicí stroj

Babička byla velmi pracovitá, když skončila práce na poli, v lese, kolem dobytka. Tak zasedla k šicímu stroji a u toho odpočívala od těžké dřiny na statku.



Beekeeping in Klenovice

I would like to introduce you to our family and one activity that unites our family across generations. It shall start with my husband's grandfather, Mr. Josef Kostínek, who decided to return from the city back to his birthplace and therefore bought a cottage in the village of Klenovice. Originally, Kostínek family lived in the small house with only a sitting room, kitchen in which he slept, a pantry and a barn connected to the house. What Grandpa Kostínek didn't even know he bought, was an apiary full of bees. Over time, with the help of the neighbours, he learned to take care of the fives, bought the necessary equipment and brought his daughter Lenka and son Josef to feekeeping.



Lenka is the mother of my husband and the grandmother of our children, and she again thought everything important about beekeeping her son Jan. So now my husband Jan and I are also beekeeping and teaching it to the next generation - our sons Jan and Jakub. And what does it all entail? The care of bees is year-round, but we start in the spring, when it is necessary to check the bees after the winter and find out if they are in good condition. It often happens that the bees thrive in the spring and then, when possible, we catch the swarm. Basically, the bees like to settle on the highest and most inaccessible branch in the area, which we can only reach with the high ladder on which my husband stands, the children hold him, and I move the wooden box, as accurately as possible under the bees, so the swarm fell directly into the wooden box. It doesn't always work out, but when we catch a swarm, we're happy. Grandpa especially appreciates this, because beekeeping means that bees have raised a new mother and are looking for a new hive. The bees calm down in the box and then we help them move to an empty hive. At the time of laying, the grandfather reports whether the honey is ready to be taken out of honeycombs. We usually collect honey twice a year, in late May and around mid-July. While collection, the roles are precisely divided. Grandpa Josef chooses full honeycombs from the hives, my husband carries them to the honey house, where I take care of them, so I peel off a thin layer of wax, which sticks the honeycombs. The children spin the special rotating machine and grandmother Lenka pours honey into the prepared containers. Collecting honey is with our 7 hives work for all day, all day glued to honey. We also taste honey right away. It is best with a piece of honeycomb, we call it honey gum. Aunt Jaruška, who unfortunately suffers from Alzheimer's disease, also helps with honey collecting. Grandfather Josef took Aunt Jaruška

to live with him because she was no longer able to live independently, but she is well in the family and helps to clean the glasses while honey collection and is happy that we are all together. Friends often ask us if we are not afraid of bee stings and bees in general. I think that everybody can get used to it and it's clear that sometimes we can't resist a pinch. But beekeeping is very safe when you know how to do it and besides, the beekeeper is protected by a protective suit. During the time my husband and I started beekeeping and it has been more than 15 years, no accident has ever happened. On the contrary, the bees make us happy and I'm proud that we once managed to collect almost 100 kg of honey from 7 hives. We can donate the whole family and we also have regular customers who love our honey. It is true that beekeeping is a hard job, but as a family we are able to handle everything and I would recommend beekeeping to everyone. Just overcome some worries, but the joy of honey is great.





Včelaření v Klenovici

Ráda bych Vám představila naši rodinu a jednu činnost, která naši rodinu napříč generacemi spojuje. Začalo to manželovým dědečkem, panem Josefem Kostínkem, který se rozhodl vrátit z města zpět do svého rodiště a proto zakoupil chaloupku v obci Klenovice. V chaloupce původně bydlel strýček dědy Kostínka a domek měl jen sednici, tedy kuchyni, ve které se i spalo, spíž a na dům navazoval chlév. To co, ale děda Kostínek ani nevěděl, že koupil, byl včelín a to plný včel. Za pomoci starousedlíků se v průběhu času naučil o včelstva starat, dokoupil potřebné vybavení a k včelaření přivedl i svou dceru Lenku a syna Josefa. Lenka je maminka mého muže a babička našich dětí a ta zase naučila vše podstatné o včelaření svého syna Jana. Teď tedy s mým mužem Janem včelaříme také a učíme to další generaci - naše syny Jana a Jakuba. A co to všechno obnáší? Péče o včely je celoroční, ale začínáme na jaře, kdy je potřeba po zimě včely zkontrolovat a zjistit, zda jsou v dobré kondici. Často se stává, že se včely na jaře vyrojí a to pak, když je to možné, roj odchytáváme. V podstatě je to tak, že včely se rády usadí na nejvyšší a nejnedostupnější větvi v okolí, kam dosáhne jen vysoký žebřík, na kterém stojí můj muž, děti ho drží a já posouvám dřevěnou krabici, které se říká rojáček co nejpřesněji pod včely, aby roj po sklepnutí spadl přímo do tohoto rojáčku. Ne vždy se to povede, ale když roj chytíme, máme radost. Děda si toho obzvlášť cení, protože vyrojení včelstva znamená, že si včely vychovaly novou matku a hledají si nový úl. Včely se v rojáčku zklidní a pak jim pomůžeme se přemístit do prázdného úlu. V době snůšky, pak děda hlásí zda už je nanošeno dostatek medu k medování. Obvykle medujeme dvakrát a to koncem května a kolem půlky července. U medování jsou role přesně rozděleny. Děda Josef vybírá z úlů plné plástve, manžel je nosí do medovacího domečku, kde je já tzv. odvíčkovávám, tedy strhávám tenkou vrstvu vosku, kterou jsou plástve zalepeny. Děti točí medometem a babička Lenka stáčí med do připravených nádob. Medování je s našimi 7 včelstvy práce na celý den a to den celý zalepený v medu. Med také hned ochutnáváme. Nejlepší je ještě s kusem plástve, tomu říkáme medová žvýkačka. S vytáčením pomáhá i teta Jaruška, která bohužel trpí Alzheimerovou chorobou. Děda Josef si tetu Jarušku vzal k sobě, protože už nebyla schopná samostatného bydlení, ale v rodinném kruhu je jí dobře a při medování pomáhá čistit sklenice a má radost, že jsme všichni pohromadě. Často se nás známí a kamarádi ptají, zda se nebojíme včelího bodnutí a včel vůbec. Myslím si, že je to o zvyku a je jasné, že se občas nějakému štípnutí neubráníme. Ale včelaření je velmi bezpečné, když víte, jak na to a kromě toho včelaře chrání ochranný oblek. Za dobu, co jsem s manželem začala včelařit a je to už více než 15 let, tak se nikdy žádná nehoda nepříhoda. Naopak, včely nám dělají radost a musím se pochlubit, že se nám jednou podařilo stočit ze 7-mi včelstev téměř 100 kg medu. Můžeme tak podarovat celou rodinu a máme také stálé odběratele, kteří mají náš med rádi. Je pravda, že včelaření je práce, ale jako rodina jsme schopni vše zvládnout a každému bych včelaření doporučila. Stačí jen překonat trochu obav, ale radost z medu je veliká.

Biškopība Klenovicē

Es vēlos jūs iepazīstināt ar mūsu ģimeni un vienu nodarbošanos, kas apvieno mūsu ģimeni paaudzēs. Tas sākas ar mana vīra vectēvu Josefu Kostíneku, kurš nolēma atgriezties no pilsētas atpakaļ dzimtajā vietā un tāpēc nopirka vasarnīcu Klenovices ciematā. Sākotnēji Kostíneku ģimene dzīvoja mazajā mājā, kur bija tikai viesistaba, virtuve, kurā viņš gulēja, pieliekamais un šķūnis, kas savienots ar māju. Ko vectēvs Kostineks pat nezināja, ka viņš nopirka, tās bija dravas pilnas ar bitēm. Laika gaitā ar kaimiņu palīdzību viņš iemācījās rūpēties par stropiem, nopirka nepieciešamo aprīkojumu un atveda meitu Lenku un dēlu Josefu.

Lenka ir mana vīra māte un mūsu bērnu vecmāmiņa, un viņa arī iemācīja visu svarīgo par biškopību savam dēlam Janam. Tāpēc tagad arī mēs ar vīru Janu nodarbojamies ar biškopību un mācām to nākamajai paaudzei - mūsu dēliem Janam un Jakubam. Un ko tas viss nozīmē? Bites aprūpē visu gadu, bet mēs sākam pavasarī, kad pēc ziemas ir jāpārbauda bites un jānoskaidro, vai tās ir labā stāvoklī. Bieži gadās, ka bites pavasarī spieto un tad, kad iespējams, mēs ņeram saimi. Būtībā bitēm patīk apmesties uz apkārtnes augstākā un visnepieejamākā zara, kuru mēs varam sasniegt tikai ar augstajām kāpnēm, uz kurām stāv mans vīrs, bērni viņu tur, un es pārvietoju koka kastīti, cik vien precīzi iespējams zem bišu saimes, tāpēc tā iekrīt tieši koka kastē. Tas ne vienmēr izdodas, bet, kad mēs noķeram saimi, mēs esam laimīgi. Vectēvs to īpaši novērtē, jo biškopība nozīmē, ka bites ir izaudzējušas jaunu māti un meklē jaunu stropu.

Bites kastē nomierinās, un tad mēs viņām palīdzam pāriet uz tukšu stropu. Vēlāk vectēvs ziņo, vai medus ir gatavs izņemšanai no šūnām. Medu mēs parasti vācam divas reizes gadā, maija beigās un ap jūlija vidu. Levākšanas laikā lomas tiek precīzi sadalītas. Vectēvs Josefs no stropiem izvēlas pilnas šūnas, mans vīrs tās ved uz medus māju, kur es tās apstrādāju, nolobu plānu vaska kārtiņu, kas satur medu. Bērni griež speciālo rotējošo mašīnu, un vecmāmiņa Lenka ielej medu sagatavotajos traukos. Medus vākšana ir mūsu 7 stropu darbs visu dienu, visu dienu esam saistīti pie medus. Mēs arī tūlīt nogaršojam medu. Vislabāk ir ar šūnveida gabalu, mēs to saucam par medus gumiju. Medus vākšanā palīdz arī krustmāte Jaruška, kura diemžēl cieš no Alcheimera slimības. Vectēvs Josefs aizveda tanti Jarušku dzīvot pie viņa, jo viņa vairs nebija spējīga dzīvot patstāvīgi, taču viņai ir labi ģimenē un viņa palīdz tīrīt glāzes, kamēr medus tiek vākts, un priecājas, ka mēs visi esam kopā. Draugi mums bieži jautā, vai mēs nebaidāmies no bišu dzēlieniem un bitēm kopumā. Es domāju, ka visi pie tā var pierast, un ir skaidrs, ka dažreiz mēs nevaram pretoties dzēlieniem. Bet biškopība ir ļoti droša, ja jūs zināt, kā to izdarīt, un turklāt biškopi aizsargā aizsargtērps. Laikā, kad mēs ar vīru sākam biškopību, un no tā ir pagājuši vairāk nekā 15 gadi, neviena nelaime nekad nav notikusi. Gluži pretēji, bites mūs iepriecina, un es lepojos, ka mums reiz izdevās savākt gandrīz 100 kg medus no 7 stropiem. Mēs varam ziedot visai ģimenei, un mums ir arī pastāvīgi klienti, kuri mīl mūsu medu. Ir taisnība, ka biškopība ir smags darbs, taču mēs kā ģimene spējam tikt galā ar visu, un es ieteiktu biškopību visiem. Vienkārši pārvariet dažas rūpes, bet prieks par medu ir liels.



Dance my passion

My grandfather, village head teacher, typist, chronicler, amateur actor and director in one person



inspired me with his personal example that it is possible to have a creative life even during the 1950s in the unfavorable conditions, in a small village in the modest material conditions of a family with six children. A small farm with a cow, a goat, a pig, geese, chickens, rabbits, a dog and cats taught me to help during the holidays. A whole day I did with my grandmother what she did. The evening included reading, telling, playing board games. We drew with my grandfather and sang to the harmonium with him. My dad was the eldest son and he developed his inherited talent in an amazing way.

As a young teacher, he led a children's choir at his school and rejoiced, as he said from those wonderful pure sounds.

My mother was an enthusiastic visitor to the theater and concerts, so she took me with her at the age of 12 to perform Antonín Dvořák's Rusalka, and I fell under the spell of the opera with amazement and emotion. My parents allowed me to teach piano, art education, ballet and attend cultural events. During my studies away from home, I did not succumb to the temptations of the big city and found a set of folk dances. After 2 years I discovered the newly formed ensemble Chorea Bohemica.

I spent a beautiful happy 10 years in a creative atmosphere, demanding work on myself and responsibilities. The reward was sold-out performances and enthusiastic spectators. So the disgusting normalization period went beyond me...

I wish young people the same, in a completely natural way in your family to have an example of how to deal with life and overcome mistakes and limitations in health.



P.S. My nephew graduated from DAMU this year and is engaged by the National Theater BRNO.

So dear grandparents and parents, thank you!

Grandmother Xenie, the volunteer from Prague's Fairy Tale reading club



Tancování moje vášeň

Můj dědeček, vesnický řídící učitel, písmák, kronikář, ochotnický herec a režisér mě inspiroval svým osobním příkladem, že tvořit se dá i v nepřejících podmínkách padesátých let minulého století, v malé vesnici ve skromných materiálních podmínkách rodiny se šesti dětmi. Malé hospodářství s krávou, kozou, prasetem, husami, slepicemi, králíky, psem, kočkami mne o prázdninách naučilo pomáhat, celý den jsem s babičkou dělala to co ona. Večer patřil čtení, vyprávění, hraní společenských her. S dědečkem jsme kreslili, zpívali za jeho doprovodu na harmonium. Můj tatínek byl nejstarším synem a zděděný talent rozvíjel úžasným způsobem. Jako mladý učitel vedl na své škole dětský sbor a radoval se jak říkal z těch nádherných čistých hlásků. Později založil a vedl ženský pěvecký sbor, statečně uvedl skladbu Bohuslava Martinů Otvírání studánek, a to v době která Martinů vůbec nepřála. Moje maminka byla nadšenou návštěvnicí divadla a koncertů, takže mne vzala sebou v mých 12 letech na provedení Rusalky Antonína Dvořáka a já jsem s úžasem a dojetím propadla kouzlu opery. Rodiče mi umožnili výuku hry na klavír, výtvarnou výchovu, baletní přípravku a návštěvu kulturních akcí. V době studií mimo domov jsem nepropadla svodům velkoměsta a našla si soubor lidových tanců a po 2 letech jsem objevila nově vzniklý soubor Chorea Bohemica. Krásných šťastných 10 let jsem prožila v tvůrčí atmosféře, náročné práci na sobě, odpovědnosti - odměnou byla vyprodaná představení a nadšení diváci. Takže hnusná normalizační doba šla mimo mne...

Přála bych mladým lidem, aby jako já naprosto přirozeným způsobem získali ve své rodině příklad, jak se poprat se životem a překonat chyby a omezení ve zdraví.

P.S. Můj synovec letos absolvoval DAMU a je v angažmá Národního divadla BRNO.

Takže milí prarodiče a rodiče, děkuji !

Babička Xenie, dobrovolnice z pražského Pohádkového čtecího klubu

Deja ir mana kaislība

Mans vectēvs, ciema galvenais skolotājs, mašīnrakstītājs, hronists, amatieru aktieris un režisors vienā personā mani iedvesmoja ar savu personīgo piemēru, ka pat 50. gadu laikā bija iespējama radoša dzīve nelabvēlīgos apstākļos, nelielā ciematā, pieticīgā materiālā. ģimenei ar sešiem bērniem. Neliela saimniecība ar govīm, kazu, cūku, zosīm, vistām, trušiem, suni un kaķiem man iemācīja palīdzēt brīvdienās. Veselu dienu es darīju kopā ar vecmāmiņu to, ko viņa darīja. Vakaros notika lasīšana, stāstīšana, galda spēļu spēlēšana. Mēs zīmējām kopā ar manu vectēvu un dziedājām ar viņu. Mans tētis bija vecākais dēls, un viņš pārsteidzoši attīstīja savu mantoto talantu.

Būdams jauns skolotājs, viņš vadīja bērnu kori savā skolā un priecājās, kā viņš teica, par šīm brīnišķīgajām tīrajām skaņām.

Mana māte bija entuziasma pilna teātra un koncertu apmeklētāja, tāpēc 12 gadu vecumā paņēma mani līdzī, lai redzētu Antonīna Dvoržāka "Nāru", un es ar izbrīnu un aizkustinājumu pakļāvos operas burvībai. Vecāki ļāva man mācīties klavieres, mākslas izglītību, baletu un apmeklēt kultūras pasākumus. Studiju laikā ārpus mājām es nepakļāvos lielās pilsētas kārdinājumiem un atradu tautas deju ansambli. Pēc 2 gadiem es atklāju jaunizveidoto ansambli Chorea Bohemica.

Es pavadīju skaistus, laimīgus 10 gadus radošā atmosfērā, turpinot savu darbu un pienākumus.

Atlīdzība bija izpārdotas izrādes un entuziasma pilni skatītāji.

Es novēlu to pašu jauniešiem pilnīgi dabiskā veidā viņu ģimenēs, lai viņiem būtu piemērs, kā rīkoties dzīvē un pārvarēt kļūdas un veselības ierobežojumus.

P.S. Mans brājadēls šogad absolvējis DAMU un ir iesaistījies Nacionālajā teātrī BRNO.

Tātd dārgie vecvecāki un vecāki, paldies!

Vecmāmiņa Ksenija, brīvprātīgā no Prāgas Pasaku lasīšanas kluba

From science to handicrafts

If we want to really relax, it is necessary to deal with different activities, for example to change handicrafts to scientific work. My mother was gifted by weird sisters as a skilled designer of women's dresses and a women's tailor. In her eyes, my every effort to sew something was completely imperfect.



That's why I started to avoid sewing and turned to another type of handicraft such as crocheting, knitting and embroidery. I quite liked it, it was also a practice of patience for me. I was even praised by my mother when, at my age of 13, I knitted for her the first finger gloves (not "mittens"). It has even a Swedish star pattern on the back. My joy continued to grow and I was able to take a break from scientific and pedagogical work while knitting, crocheting and embroidering. During this handicraft time I love

to listen to interesting radio programs. And so it became a fact that I later knitted a number of sweaters for family members and also many warm woolen socks from the remnants of wool using the quick technique of knitting with just two needles.

When crocheting, it is possible to create many strange things, such as figurines, which are appreciated especially by small children. While embroidering I was able to try many different stitches, create beautiful placemats and also learn the "Richelie" technique, which is more demanding. It is always necessary to thoroughly trim the future empty eyes, create a bridge and then cut the appropriate fabric under it. With this technique fantasies can be fully developed and pieces of different colors can be created.



Please judge for yourself..

Grandmother Ludmila, the volunteer from Prague's Fairy Tale reading club





Od vědy k ruční práci

Chceme-li si odpočinout, je nutné zabývat se také něčím jiným, měnit své činnosti. Moje maminka byla přímo sudičkami obdarována jako zručná výtvarnice dámských šatů a dámská krejčová. V jejích očích bylo každé mé snažení něco si ušít, zcela nedokonalé. Proto jsem se šití začala vyhýbat a obrátila jsem se k jinému typu ruční práce, tj. k háčkování, pletení a vyšívání. To se mi docela líbilo, bylo to pro mne také cvičení trpělivosti. Dokonce jsem byla maminkou pochválena, když jsem jí sama ve svých 13 letech upletla prstové rukavičky (nikoli „palčáky“) dokonce se švédským vzorem hvězdy na hřbetě ruky. Moje radost nadále vzrůstala a já při pletení, háčkování i vyšívání si mohla odpočinout od vědecko-pedagogické práce a mohla přitom poslouchat zajímavé rozhlasové pořady. A tak se stalo skutečností, že jsem později pro členy rodiny upletla řadu svetrů a také ze zbytků vln mnoho teplých vlněných ponožek rychlou technikou pletení jen pomocí dvou jehlic. Při háčkování je možno vytvořit mnoho roztodivných věcí, např. figurky, což ocení zejména malé děti. Při vyšívání jsem mohla vyzkoušet mnoho různých stehů, vytvářet krásná prostírání a také se naučit techniku „Richelie“, která je náročnější. Je vždy nutno budoucí prázdná oka důkladně obroubit, vytvořit přemostění a pod ním pak teprve vystříhávat příslušnou látku. A právě při této technice se může naplno rozvinout fantazie a vytvářet různobarevné kousky.

Prosím, posuďte sami.

Babička Ludmila, dobrovolnice v pražském Pohádkovém čtecím klubu

No zinātnes līdz rokdarbiem

Ja mēs vēlamies patiešām atpūsties, ir nepieciešams nodarboties ar dažādām aktivitātēm, piemēram, mainīt rokdarbus uz zinātnisko darbu. Mana māte bija prasmīgu sieviešu apģērbu dizainere, un viņas acīs visas manas pūles kaut ko uzšūt bija pilnīgi nepilnīgas.

Tāpēc es sāku izvairīties no šūšanas un pievērsos cita veida rokdarbiem, piemēram, tamborēšanai, adīšanai un izšūšanai. Man tas diezgan patika, man tā bija arī pacietības prakse. Māte mani pat uzslavēja, kad 13 gadu vecumā adīju viņai pirmos pirkstu cimds (nevis "dūraiņus"). Tā aizmugurē ir pat zviedru zvaigžņu raksts. Mans prieks turpināja augt, un adot, tamborējot un izšujot, es varēju atpūsties no zinātniskā un pedagoģiskā darba. Šajā rokdarbu laikā man patīk klausīties interesantas radio programmas. Un tā notika, ka es vēlāk adīju vairākus džemperus ģimenes locekļiem un arī daudzas siltas vilnas zeķes no vilnas atlikumiem, izmantojot ātru adīšanas tehniku tikai ar divām adatām.

Tamborējot ir iespējams radīt daudz dažādu lietu, piemēram, figūriņas, kuras īpaši novērtē mazi bērni. Izšūšanas laikā es varēju izmēģināt daudz dažādu dūrienu, izveidot skaistus paliktņus un apgūt arī "Rišeljē" tehniku, kas ir prasīgāka. Vienmēr ir nepieciešams rūpīgi izgriezt tukšumus, izveidot pamatu un pēc tam sagriezt atbilstošo audumu zem tā. Ar šo tehniku var pilnībā attīstīt fantāziju un izveidot dažādu krāsu darbus.

Lūdzu, vērtējiet paši.

Vecmāmiņa Ludmila, brīvprātīgā no Prāgas Pasaku lasīšanas kluba

Memoirs of Mr. Grumlík Jiří who as a grandfather is full of activity in reading fairy stories for children in kindergartens.

He truly takes notes of each reading-lesson and puts a great stress on the experience of such a reading of an aforementioned fairy stories.



Apart from, he wrote for the classmates of his grandson also these memoirs of his childhood in the time of the second world war. Just now we are publishing it here with his kind agreement.

Good morning Miss teacher!

Good morning dear classmates of my grandson Jakub.

I was asked by Jakub to write something for you from the time of my childhood, from my school years when I was as young as you are nowadays. It is for a long time I am walking the roads of my life here. In a

short time I will celebrate my 84 birthday. Lot of events have disappeared from my memory and I do not have such a sharp mind like in the past, but in my childhood I remember it as if it were yesterday, because it happened parallel with the second world war. These 6 years were really a very dark period full of brutality and cruelty! Unpleasant strange soldiers dressed up in ugly grey uniforms having sharply loaded firearms were marching on our streets not only in Praha, but also in the other parts of our country. Every evening our daddies had to black out windows in order that the light did not break forth into the streets. Who ignored such a command, he was with his all family rigorously punished! At the end of the second world war two air raids and also bombardment occurred in Praha and in the other places of our country. During that incident a real number of blameless people were dying in vain but we children were always looking forward to such a situation, because afterwards all sirens on the roof began to start to hoot. It was for all people, but especially for all pupils warning signals and at the same time the instruction to run as quickly as possible home. Afterwards we together with other parents had to take shelter in the basements. The advantage for us children stood in the fact, that there was not any obligation to learn and do our homeworks. We had not a sense of such danger and we had not fully understood the dismay! We were 7-8 years old and we were under the impression that it was only fun. There were no cars on the main roads, nearly. Equally on the streets. So we could make use of such an opportunity and could play different games and therefore our parents could remain carefree in such an aspect. No cars could endanger us. During the war there was especially in the winter season a heavy fall of snow not only in the country, but also in Praha. It was a good reason for realizing different snow games. The children were building snowmen, they fought snow battles and some children prepared to go sledding if they had any sledge at all. It applied to ice skating too.

A considerable quantity of snow provided them of course an opportunity to build up different snow figures like snowmen, they were practicing various forms of snowball and they also built snow barricades etc. The children played usually and with pleasure at soldiers and together at snow-war. They played usually for a long time till their mothers had to call them home. There are one or two things to be observed. The boys all over the world love football. But in the time of war almost nobody owned a football. Therefore the boys played with various things like for example with so called "rag-balls" hours. As regards the schooldays, it is important to emphasise that the primary school was divided in my time into two parts. It is necessary to take in consideration that in the mentioned time the education at school system was different for girls and different for boys up to the 5. class of the primary school. School boys learned separately, the exact way as the schoolgirls. Thereby were cut all contacts among them. Therefore the slight teasing was off. As for the school system it is a need to say that mainly at teaching in the sphere of influence were men teachers. I have to add, the teachers were mostly highly skilled and they managed to maintain order, tidiness and respect. They even did not hesitate to use different remedies like e.g. cane, in such cases. The corporal punishment over our buttocks or over our hands was no exception. The misbehavior was mostly the source of our problems.

But nobody was complaining. Nobody had a cause to complain. All things considered, all were satisfied, because the teachers kept the required quiet, the pupils were satisfied because they did not bring home any notice about their bad behavior and at last their parents had the satisfaction of having nice and good children. Such a system of school education would not be hardly acceptable nowadays. But this method proved its ability in time. We attended the teaching in the classrooms where we sat on the long oak and freenish painted benches with holes for inkpots. There was inside blue or black ink every time. The teachers usually put to employ the red ink. During our writing we have got to use, in the first form the slate chalkboards. A piece of clothing and a sponge belong to equipment to have the possibility wiping the antecedentes text. By very famous Czech painter Miloláš Aleš, a nicely pictorial spelling- book called "Poupata" (Rosebuds) we used during our reading lessons. Till now I remember some special articles. From the 2. class on, we could use pen holders with nibs during our writing and the highest point of the penholders we sometimes munched and therefore we had a good talking to. At the same time as the war was proceeding our president Dr. Edvard Beneš was acting in emigration in England. In the meantime the portraits of German Leader Adolf Hitler hung on the walls of the classrooms of the Czech schools. The German language was the obligatory linguistic object. The best mark was 6 and the worst mark was 1 according to the German sample. Ridiculous! There was a fully different world unlike the recent one in that you are living nowadays. In my childhood there did not exist any supermarkets, not even other shops e.g. a chain of stores etc. There were very few small shops, but there were only a few articles inside. Our mothers remained chiefly at home as housewives taking care of their children, while our fathers were employed as workers or clarks in order to financially provide for their families.

But attention please! Our Czech crown was substituted for German currency DM. In our country we could not use our own currency. In the course of war years if did not exist such delicacy like sweetness or candies at all. Even oranges, tangerine oranges, bananas, coconuts etc. were possible to buy only in the Christmas time and only in a limited amount. As regards the occasion to give e.g. the Christmas gifts or birthday presents at all I have to emphasise that in time of war all needs were short we lacked for everything, absolutely lack of foodstuffs and so our gifts were very poor, modest and very simple. But there is a need to point out that the children took great pleasure and they liked their gifts in the same

way you appreciate your presents nowadays. At the same time it is necessary to take in consideration that the recent gifts are completely different and very sophisticated and of course very expensive too. In my time there was no internet, no computer, no TV, no mobiles of all types, no sophisticated phones, tablets, etc. Our time was poorer and simpler. Everybody was interested basically to find the possibility of how to survive in some way. My dear children I am at a loss a little bit, what to say to you at last. I would like to bring your attention to the fact and this item I want to emphasise. Even Though I was proceeding through the second world war, our teachers were in most cases very strict however we children pupils were well educated to regard and respect for their authority. Although we were sometimes bad tempered and we behaved badly and we were naughty, nevertheless we were not cheeky and we did not hassle them. They taught us how to read, how to write and a lot of very useful and helpful things in such a bad time up to now I remember them with great gratitude. My dear children, I would like to give you finally a small piece of my advice from an experienced person who has lived out good and bad times too. Be fond of your parents, grandparents, teachers and also your classmates. The goodness will be surely returned to you and you will be so successful and achieve your happiness and gratification. I wish you that with all my heart!

Jacob's grandfather Jiří, the volunteer from Prague's Fairy Tale reading club





Vzpomínky čtecího dědečka pana Jiřího Grumlíka

Pan Jiří Grumlík je jedním z našich aktivních čtecích dědečků. Poctivě si do svého čtecího sešitu už 2 roky zapisuje zážitky z každého čtení. Kromě toho pak pro spolužáky svého vnuka zapsal i tyto vzpomínky na své dětství v období 2. světové války, které zde s jeho laskavým svolením zveřejňujeme:

Dobrý den, paní učitelko, dobrý den, milé děti, můj vnuk Kuba mne požádal, abych pro vás napsal něco z mého dětství, z mých školních let, když jsem byl tak velký, jako jste nyní vy. Chodím po cestičkách mého života již hezky dlouho. Zakrátko oslavím mé 80. narozeniny. Má paměť už není tak bystrá, jak bývala dříve, ale mé dětství si pamatuji docela dobře, protože probíhalo v době 2. světové války. Těch 6 let byla opravdu zlá doba plná násilí a krutosti. Na ulicích Prahy i v jiných částech naší země se procházeli cizí vojáci v ošklivých šedých uniformách s ostře nabitými zbraněmi. Večer co večer tatínkové museli zatemňovat okna, aby světlo z bytu neproniklo do ulice. Kdo to neudělal, byl přísně potrestán. Na konci války došlo k dvěma náletům a bombardování Prahy, při nichž zbytečně umírali nevinní lidé. My děti jsme se však vždy těšili na to, až začnou na střechách domů houkat sirény, to se vždy očekávalo další bombardování Prahy. Žáci z chlapecké i dívky z dívčí školy běželi pak rychle domů, schovávali se s rodiči do sklepů svých domů - a nemuseli se tak učit! Neměli jsme z toho rozum a plně nechápali celou tu hrůzu. Bylo nám 7- 8 let a měli jsme to jako zábavu. Na ulicích nejezdila skoro žádná auta a tak jsme my děti mohly využívat prázdné ulice k různým hrám a rodiče i další příbuzní pak nemuseli mít strach, že se nám

něco stane, že nás porazí nějaké auto. Zejména v zimním období bývalo v těch válečných letech v Praze, ale i jinde, hodně sněhu a to byla zejména pro chlapce velká příležitost stavět sněhové barikády, koulovat se a hrát si na válku. Někdy jsme se koulovali tak dlouho, dokud nás maminky nezavolaly domů. Oblíbenou hrou chlapců byl fotbal, ale nikoliv s míčem, ten nikdo neměl, ale s tak zvaným "hadrákem", což byly smotané ponožky a zašité tak, aby se nerozmotaly. Vydrželi jsme s tím hrát celé hodiny. Do školy jsme chodili až do 5. třídy zvláště děvčata (dívčí škola) a zvláště chlapci. Kluci tak byli mimo jiné "ošizeni" o pošťuchování spolužaček. Ve školách v tu dobu vyučovali převážně páni učitelé a jen zřídka paní učitelky. Musím podotknout, že páni učitelé si dovedli zjednat respekt a pořádek ve třídách a přitom používali různé druhy trestů. Třeba i rákosku. Bití za špatné chování rákoskou přes ruce nebo přes zadek nebylo žádnou výjimkou! Nikdo si však nestěžoval a nakonec všichni byli spokojeni. Učitelé proto, že udržují tím kázeň, žáci zase, že nepřinesou domů žádnou poznámku o špatném chování a rodiče doma, že mají hodné a vychované děti. V dnešní době by asi tento systém nebyl možný. Dříve to však dobře fungovalo. Ve třídě jsme seděli v dlouhých, dubových zeleně natřených lavicích s otvory pro kalamáře, ve kterých byl vždy modrý nebo černý inkoust. Páni učitelé pak používali kalamáře s červeným inkoustem. Ke psaní jsme v 1. třídě potřebovali břidlicovou tabulku v rámu a k ní křídlo na psaní a houbičku s hadříkem na mazání. Ke čtení jsme používali krásně ilustrovaný slabikář od známého malíře Mikoláš Alše. Slabikář se jmenoval "POUPATA", dodnes si pamatuji z něho některé úryvky. Od 2. třídy jsme používali ke psaní ocelová pérka zasazená do dřevěných násadek, jejichž špičky jsme mnohdy v rozpacích žvýkali a "žužlali". Co pohlavků jsme za to doma dostávali! Protože byla válka, náš prezident Dr. Edvard Beneš byl v emigraci v Anglii a na stěnách ve třídách škol visely portréty německého vůdce Adolfa Hitlera. Německý jazyk byl povinný už od 1. třídy a nejlepší známka byla podle německého vzoru "6" a nejhorší "1". Byl to úplně jiný svět, než je ten současný, ve kterém teď žijete. V tu dobu neexistovaly žádné supermarkety ani obchody podobného druhu. Bylo jen skutečně málo kamenných obchůdků a málo zboží v nich. Maminky byly většinou v domácnosti a staraly se o výchovu dětí, zatímco tatínkové chodili do zaměstnání a vydělávali korunky na živobytí. Ale pozor! České koruny byly v tu dobu nahrazeny německými markami! Takové pamlsky jako jsou například cukrovinky, čokoláda, různé sladkosti a dokonce pomeranče, mandarinky, nebo banány, bylo možné sehnat jen o Vánocích! A to v omezeném množství. Pokud šlo o dárky k svátku nebo k narozeninám, nebo šlo o vánoční dárky, musím říci, že v době války byl všeho nedostatek a tak i dárky byly velmi chudé, prostinké a velmi jednoduché. Avšak děti z nich měly stejně velkou radost jako máte i vy dnes, kdy existují úplně jiné a mnohdy velmi sofistikované a zároveň drahé hračky a jiné dárky. Neexistoval tehdy žádný internet, počítače, televize, mobily všeho druhu a chytré telefony či tablety a život byl chudší a jednodušší.

Milé děti, co říci závěrem. Snad jen to, že ve školách učili většinou přísní učitelé a učitelky, ale my děti jsme byly vychovávány k úctě a vážnosti k nim. I když jsme někdy zlobily, nebyly jsme drzé k nim a nedovolily jsme si jim odmítnout. Naučili nás mnoho věcí, dobrých věcí v nedobré době. Dodnes na

některé z nich vzpomínám s vděčností. Fotografie z té doby žádné nemám, ale dovolím si vám doporučit některé věci, které vám mohou připomenout doby dávno minulé. Pohádková knížka od spisovatele A.C.NORA "PAMĚTNÍ LIST" s představiteli našeho státu v době 1. republiky; a slovník česko-německý z doby před 1. světovou válkou a ještě starší z doby před 108 roky (1908). Milé děti, jestli mohu, dám vám v konci mého povídání jednu radu zkušeného člověka, který toho hodně prožil. Mějte rádi své rodiče, prarodiče, učitelky, učitele a též své spolužáky a spolužačky. Ono se vám to zase všechno v dobrém vrátí a vy tak dosáhnete štěstí a spokojenosti!

To vám ze srdce přeje, Kubíčkův děda Jirka

Grumlík Jiří kunga atmiņas, kurš kā vectēvs ir rosīgs, lasot pasakas

bērnjiem bērnu dārzos.

Viņš patiesi pieraksta katru lasīšanas stundu un ļoti izjūt šādas pasaku lasīšanas pieredzi. Bez tam viņš mazdēla klasesbiedriem rakstīja arī šīs savas bērniības atmiņas par otrā pasaules kara laiku. Mēs tās publicējam šeit ar viņa laipnu piekrišanu.

Labrīt skolotājas jaunkundz! Labrīt, dārgie mana mazdēla Jakuba klasesbiedri.!

Man Jakubs lūdza uzrakstīt kaut ko no manas bērniības, no maniem skolas gadiem, kad es biju tikpat jauns kā jūs mūsdienās. Es ilgu laiku šeit eju savas dzīves ceļus. Pēc neilga laika es svinēju savu 84. dzimšanas dienu. No manas atmiņas ir pazuduši daudzi notikumi, un man nav tik ass prāts kā agrāk, bet bērniību es atceros tā, it kā tas būtu vakar, jo tas notika paralēli otrajam pasaules karam. Šie 6 gadi tiešām bija ļoti tumšs, nežēlības pilns periods! Nepatīkami dīvaini karavīri, kas bija ģērbusies neglīti pelēkās formās un ar pielādētiem šaujamieročiem, gāja pa mūsu ielām ne tikai Prāgā, bet arī pārējās mūsu valsts daļās. Katru vakaru mūsu tētis veica logu aptumšošanu, lai gaisma neizietu ielās. Kurš ignorēja šādu pavēli, tika stingri sodīta visa ģimene! Otrā pasaules kara beigās Prāgā un citās mūsu valsts vietās notika uzlidojumi un arī bombardēšana. Tajos liels skaits nevainīgu cilvēku mira veltīgi, bet mēs, bērni, vienmēr gaidījām šādu situāciju, jo pēc tam visas sirēnas uz jumta sāka dunēt. Tas bija paredzēts visiem cilvēkiem, bet jo īpaši visiem skolēniem - brīdinājuma signāliem un tajā pašā laikā instrukcijai pēc iespējas ātrāk

skriet mājās. Pēc tam mums kopā ar vecākiem nācās patverties pagrabos. Mums, bērniem, priekšrocība bija tā, ka nebija pienākuma mācīties un pildīt mājas darbus. Mums nebija sajūtas par šādām briesmām, un mēs nebijām pilnībā izpratuši satraukumu! Mums bija 7-8 gadi, un mums radās iespaids, ka tas bija tikai jautri. Uz galvenajiem ceļiem gandrīz nevienas automašīnas nebija. Tāpat uz ielām. Tāpēc mēs varējām izmantot šādu iespēju un spēlēt dažādas spēles, un tāpēc mūsu vecāki šādā aspektā varētu palikt droši. Neviena automašīna nevarēja mūs apdraudēt. Kara laikā īpaši ziemas sezonā bija spēcīga snigšana ne tikai valstī, bet arī Prāgā. Tas bija labs iemesls dažādu sniega spēļu realizēšanai. Bērni būvēja sniegavīrus, pikojās un daži bērni gatavojās braukt kamanās, ja viņiem vispār bija kamanas. Tas attiecās arī uz slidošanu.

Ievērojams daudzums sniega viņiem, protams, sniedza iespēju veidot dažādas sniega figūras, piemēram, sniegavīrus, viņi praktizēja dažādas sniega bumbas formas un arī uzcēla sniega barikādes utt. Bērni parasti un ar prieku spēlēja karavīros un kopā devās sniega karā. Viņi parasti spēlēja ilgu laiku, līdz mātēm vajadzēja viņus saukt mājās. Ir jāievēro viena vai divas lietas. Zēni visā pasaulē mīl futbolu. Bet kara laikā gandrīz nevienam nepiederēja futbola bumba. Tāpēc zēni spēlējās ar dažādām lietām, piemēram, ar tā sauktajām "lupatu bumbiņām" stundām ilgi. Attiecībā uz skolas dienām ir svarīgi uzsvērt, ka pamatskola manā laikā bija sadalīta divās daļās. Jāņem vērā, ka minētajā laikā meiteņu un zēniem izglītība līdz pamatskolas 5. klasei bija atsevišķa. Skolās zēni mācījās atsevišķi, precīzi kā skolnieces. Tādējādi tika pārtraukti visi kontakti viņu starpā. Tāpēc nelielā ķircināšana bija beigusies. Runājot par skolu sistēmu, jāsaka, ka galvenokārt pasniedzēji bija vīrieši. Jāpiebilst, ka skolotāji galvenokārt bija augsti kvalificēti, un viņiem izdevās saglabāt kārtību, disciplīnu un cieņu. Viņi pat nevilcinājās izmantot dažādus līdzekļus, piemēram, žagarus, šādos gadījumos. Fiziskais sods pa mūsu dibenu vai mūsu rokām nebija izņēmums. Nepareiza rīcība galvenokārt bija mūsu problēmu avots.

Bet neviens nesūdzējās. Nevienam nebija pamata sūdzēties. Ņemot vērā visas lietas, visi bija apmierināti, jo skolotāji darīja prasīto, skolēni bija apmierināti, jo viņi neatnesa mājās paziņojumu par savu slikto izturēšanos un beidzot viņu vecāki bija apmierināti ar jaukiem un labiem bērniem. Šāda skolas izglītības sistēma mūsdienās būtu diez vai pieņemama. Bet šī metode savlaicīgi pierādīja savu spēju. Mēs apmeklējām mācības klasēs, kur mēs sēdējām uz krāsotiem ozola soliņiem ar caurumiem tintes trauciņiem. Katru reizi iekšpusē bija zila vai melna tinte. Skolotāji parasti izmantoja sarkano tinti. Rakstīšanas laikā mums bija jāizmanto šifera tāfeles. Auduma gabals un sūklis piederēja pie aprīkojuma, lai būtu iespēja noslaucīt iepriekšējo tekstu. Ļoti slavēta čehu gleznotāja Milolaša Aleša (Miloláš Aleš) skaisti attēlota pareizrakstības grāmata "Poupata" (Rosebuds), kuru izmantojām lasīšanas stundās. Līdz šim atceros dažus īpašus rakstus. Sākot ar 2. klasi, rakstīšanas laikā mēs varējām izmantot pildspalvu turētājus.

Tajā pašā laikā, kad norisinājās karš, mūsu prezidents ārsts Edvards Benešs darbojās emigrācijā Anglijā. Pa to laiku uz čehu skolu klašu sienām karājās vācu līdera Ādolfa Hitlera portreti. Obligāta bija vācu valoda. Pēc vācu parauga labākā atzīme bija 6, bet sliktākā - 1. Smieklīgi! Atšķirībā no šīs pasaules ir

pavisam cita pasaule, kurā jūs dzīvojat mūsdienās. Manā bērnībā nebija neviena lielveikala. Mazu veikalu bija ļoti maz, bet iekšā bija tikai daži izstrādājumi. Mūsu mātes galvenokārt palika mājās kā mājsaimnieces, kas rūpējas par saviem bērniem, savukārt mūsu tēvi bija nodarbināti kā strādnieki vai ierēdņi, lai finansiāli nodrošinātu savu ģimeni.

Bet lūdzu uzmanību! Mūsu Čehijas kronas tika aizstātas ar Vācijas valūtu DM. Savā valstī mēs nevarējām izmantot savu valūtu. Kara gados vispār nebija tādas delikateses kā saldumi vai konfektes. Pat apelsīnus, mandarīnus, banānus, kokosriekstus utt. bija iespējams iegādāties tikai Ziemassvētku laikā un tikai ierobežotā daudzumā. Attiecībā uz iespēju dot piem., Ziemassvētku dāvanas vai dzimšanas dienas dāvanas man ir jāuzsver, ka kara laikā visas vajadzības bija mazas, mums trūka visa, pilnīgi trūka pārtikas produktu, tāpēc mūsu dāvanas bija ļoti pieticīgas un vienkāršas. Bet ir jānorāda, ka bērniem bija liels prieks, un viņu dāvanas viņiem patika tāpat, kā jūs mūsdienās novērtējat jūsu dāvanas. Tajā pašā laikā ir jāņem vērā, ka nesenās dāvanas ir pilnīgi atšķirīgas, ļoti izsmalcinātas un, protams, arī ļoti dārgas. Manā laikā nebija ne interneta, ne datora, ne televizora, ne visu veidu mobilo ierīču, ne izsmalcinātu tālrunu, planšetdatoru utt. Mūsu laiks bija nabadzīgāks un vienkāršāks. Visi bija ieinteresēti atrast iespēju, kā kaut kā izdzīvot. Mani dārgie bērni, es esmu mazliet piemirsis, ko jums beigās teikt. Es vēlos pievērst jūsu uzmanību faktam un šim jautājumam, kuru es vēlos uzsvērt. Pat ja es gāju cauri otrajam pasaules karam, mūsu skolotāji vairumā gadījumu bija ļoti stingri, tomēr mēs, bērni, skolēni, bijām labi izglītoti, lai ņemtu vērā un ievērotu viņu autoritāti. Lai gan mēs dažreiz bijām slikti noskaņoti un izturējāmies slikti un bijām nerātni, tomēr mēs nebijām nekaunīgi un ar viņiem nestrīdējāmies. Viņi mums iemācīja lasīt, rakstīt un daudz ļoti noderīgu un noderīgu lietu tik smagā laikā, līdz šim es to atceros ar lielu pateicību. Mani dārgie bērni, es vēlos jums beidzot sniegt nelielu padomu no pieredzējuša cilvēka, kurš arī ir pārdzīvojis labus un sliktus laikus. Esiet priecīgi par vecākiem, vecvecākiem, skolotājiem un arī klasesbiedriem. Labestība jums noteikti tiks atdota, un jūs veiksmīgi sasniegsiet savu laimi un gandarījumu. Es to novēlu jums no visas sirds!

Jēkaba vectēvs Jiri, brīvprātīgais no Prāgas Pasaku lasīšanas kluba

Puppets - my love

When I look in the rearview mirror at my life, it is clear to me that I could not become anyone but a puppet actress! My grandfather - an enlightened teacher - founded a school and a puppet theater in Kobylysy among other things (formerly the Jiskra Theater, now the Karel Hacker Theater.) And so, of course, our whole family was involved in its running. We all played. Dad,

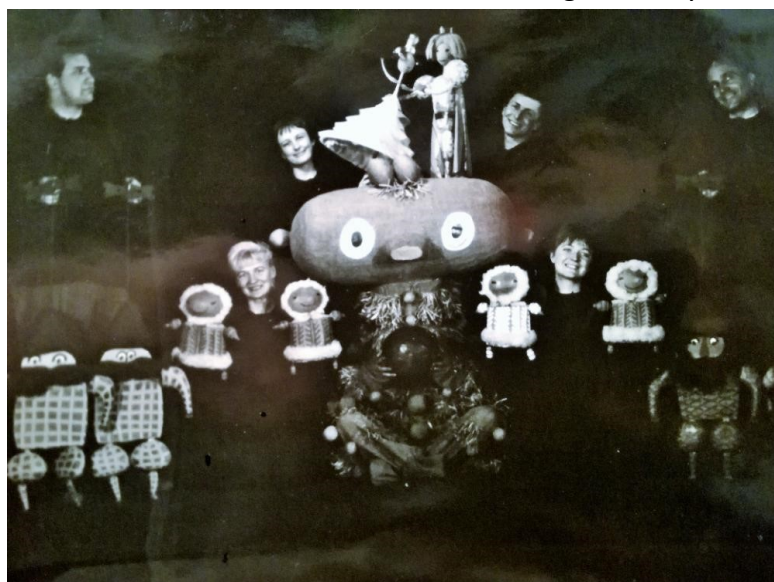


mom, sister, me, uncle, aunt, cousins. Dad and Uncle even wrote several games for puppets. It is clear from this, where were my steps heading after graduation - at Theater Faculty of the Academy of Performing, at the puppet department! As an alumna, I worked for several years at the Naive Theater in Liberec. There I also got married and of course - writing plays for puppets started also my husband. And although my life also took me to

work as a librarian at the Theater Institute (at the same time I played in the puppet group of Czechoslovak Television as an externist), I have remained faithful to puppets to this day. My daughter also continued to serve the puppets. She studied directing and dramaturgy at the same institute. Currently I'm starting to introduce puppets to my great-grandchildren.

In short - puppets are love for my whole life!

Grandmother Jitka, the volunteer from Prague's Fairy Tale reading club





Loutky - má láska

Dívám-li se do zpětného zrcadla na svůj život, je mi jasné, že jsem se nemohla stát nikým jiným, než loutkoherečkou! Můj dědeček - osvícený učitel - v Kobylisích krom jiného založil školu i loutkové divadlo (dříve divadlo Jiskra, nyní Divadlo Karla Hackera.) A tak se samozřejmě celá naše rodina byla do jeho chodu zapojena. Hráli jsme všichni. Tatínek, maminka, sestra, já, strýc, teta, bratřenci. Tatínek i strýček dokonce napsali pro loutky i několik her. Z toho jasně vyplývá, kam směřovaly po maturitě mé kroky - na DAMU, na loutkářskou katedru! Jako její absolventka jsem pak několik let působila v libereckém Naivním divadle. Tam jsem se i vdala a jak jinak - psát hry pro loutky začal i můj muž. A ač mne život zavál i k práci knihovnice v Divadelním ústavu (zároveň jsem jako externistka hrála v loutkoherecké skupině Československé televize), zůstala jsem loutkám věrná do dnešních dnů.

Ve službě loutkám pokračovala i má dcera. Vystudovala na téže katedře režii a dramaturgii.

V současné době začínám seznamovat s loutkami pravnoučata.

Zkrátka - loutky jsou má láska pro celý život!

Babička Jitka, dobrovolnice z pražského Pohádkového čtecího klubu

Lelles - mana mīlestība

Kad es atskatos uz savu dzīvi, man ir skaidrs, ka es nevarēju kļūt neviena cita kā leļļu aktrise! Mans vectēvs - apgaismots skolotājs - cita starpā nodibināja skolu un leļļu teātri Kobilisi (agrāk Jiskra teātris, tagad Karel Hacker teātris.) Un tā, protams, visa mūsu ģimene bija iesaistīta tā vadīšanā. Mēs visi spēlējām. Tētis, mamma, māsa, es, onkulis, tante, māsīcas. Tētis un tēvocis pat uzrakstīja vairākas lugas leļļēm. No tā ir skaidrs, kurp virzījās mani soļi pēc skolas absolvēšanas - Skatuves akadēmijas Teātra fakultātē, leļļu nodaļā! Kā absolvents vairākus gadus strādāju Naivā teātrī Liberecā. Tur es arī apprecējos un, protams, leļļu lugu rakstīšana iesaistīja arī manu vīru. Un, lai gan mana dzīve mani aizveda arī strādāt par bibliotekāri Teātra institūtā (tajā pašā laikā es spēlēju Čehoslovākijas Televīzijas leļļu grupā kā eksternists), es esmu palikusi uzticīga leļļēm līdz šai dienai. Arī mana meita turpināja kalpot leļļēm. Viņa studēja režiju un dramaturģiju tajā pašā institūtā. Pašlaik es sāku iepazīstināt lelles ar saviem mazbērniem.

Īsāk sakot - lelles ir mīlestība uz visu manu dzīvi!

Vecmāmiņa Jitka, brīvprātīgā no Prāgas Pasaku lasīšanas kluba

Eating from valuable dishes

There were always very solemn occasions when my mother took the gold-rimmed dishes from the cupboard to set the table. This was the case only a few times each year, and the family was instructed to be careful with the plates.



My mother got the dishes for her wedding and only ever used them on celebration days. I inherited the set and carry on the tradition of my mother. Even today we only set the table with the plates and bowls on special occasions. All guests are aware that this tableware has a high emotional value.

It has a gold rim and is made of very thin porcelain. I have flat and tall plates, cups, saucers and dessert plates for coffee as well as various accessories such as a soup terrine.

We accept the disadvantage that the dishes should not be washed in the dishwasher because of the gold rim, but we think the food eaten from these dishes tastes much better.

B. K.

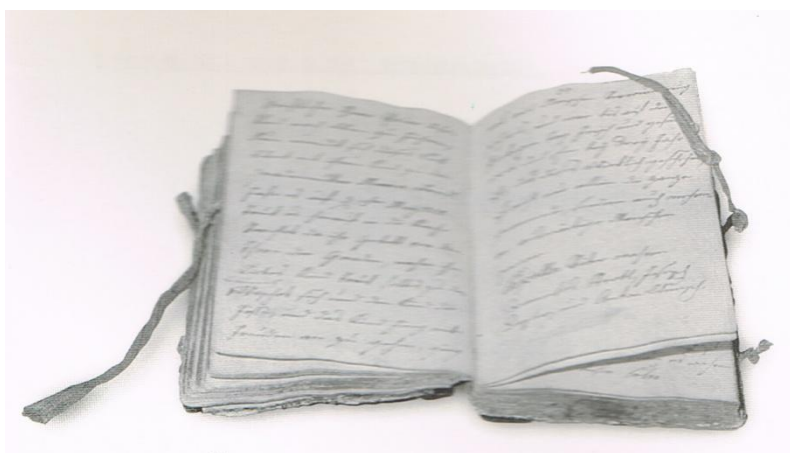


Maria Bründl's book of miracles

Maria Bründl is a small pilgrimage church near Poysdorf and is looked after by the Poysdorf parish.

The history of this pilgrimage site goes back a long time. It is reported that a rider who was miraculously rescued from the swampy terrain hung up a picture of Holy Mary out of gratitude near a source. As a result, very many people came to this place to pray, they washed their hands and asked Our Lady to heal their suffering. The Book of Miracles, which has been written from 1677 on reports about the effects of these ritual washings as well as several miraculously healings

that occurred at the intercession of Our Lady. Due to the large influx of pilgrims, a chapel was built in the 17th century, and in 1740 the construction of the current church began.



This miracle book still exists today and is kept by our family. Due to its long history, we have a very strong relationship with this pilgrimage church and guard the book like a treasure.

My fire helmet

This historic fire helmet connects me to my ancestors on the one hand and to my professional career on the other.

The voluntary fire brigade Walterskirchen was founded in 1885. Today the place belongs to the large municipality Poysdorf. Such batch helmets formed the basic equipment. My historic helmet is the only one that has survived from the early days. My great-grandfather was a founding member of the Walterskirchen fire brigade, he wore a helmet like this. My grandfather and father were also active members of the fire service. Since I have always been connected to the fire department since my childhood, I also joined the Walterskirchen fire department in 1966.

Later my professional activity led me to



Vienna. I was employed as a carpenter at a kitchen factory and at the same time I worked as a fireman in the company's fire department. A few years later I had the opportunity to work full-time as a fireman. I worked for the professional fire brigade at Vienna Airport until I retired.

Since I've always had a great interest in history and historical objects, it was particularly important to me

to restore this historical helmet. Since my retirement I have been living in Walterskirchen again. In 2007 a new fire station was built. Here the helmet will have a place of honor. Due to my age, I am no longer active, but the work of an archivist is very important to me. I have already put together part of the fire service history in a video to make it accessible to young firefighters.



My first fossil

For a lot of people it's a strange thing, for me it's an object that has changed my life.

When I was a boy, I didn't want to be a train driver or a pilot, but a scientist and researcher. So my father had an idea. He went on an expedition with me to a nearby quarry. There were treasures from bygone days - fossils as old as the dinosaurs - I was overwhelmed. Armed with

a hammer and chisel, we worked in the quarry during the whole day and suddenly there it was - this stone with the round thing. „The locals call it a petrified fish eye“, said my father.



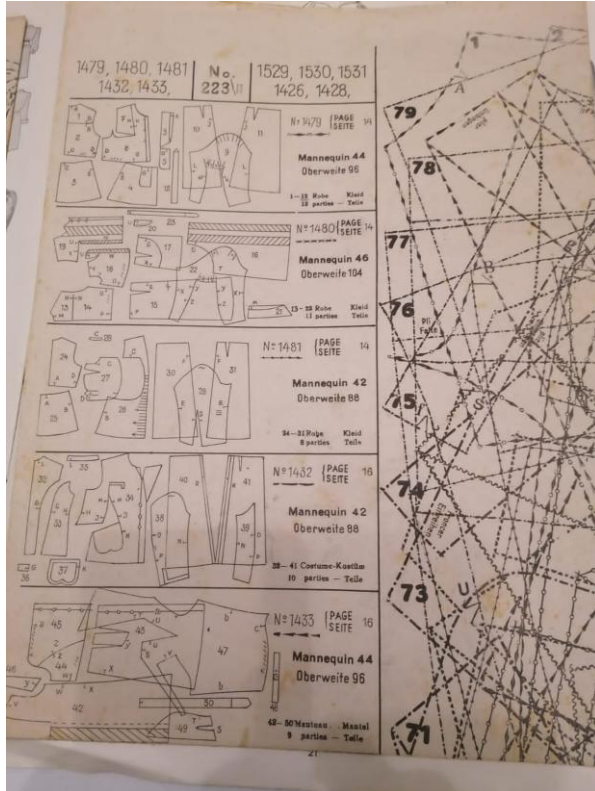
But actually it was a tooth, a special tooth of a fish from the Jurassic, 150 million years old, called *Lepitodes maximus*. It was my first fossil. Now I have one of the largest collections of fossils and artifacts, from dinosaur eggs to mammoth teeth. Many objects have already been exhibited in large museums, but my greatest treasure is this little button - my petrified fish eye. Whenever I go looking for fossils, the memory of this find is with me and of course my father too!

I didn't become a scientist, but my father infected me with the researcher virus! In order to preserve our cultural heritage, I try to pass on this interest with our museum association through workshops, events and cultural mediation. So far we have been able to reach over 250,000 adults and children with our programmes and let's hope at least some children have been infected with the researcher virus.

As crazy Professor Bernie Börnstein, I am now allowed to teach history in a family-friendly way with my girlfriend Betty Bernstein, the mascot of the Amber Road.

My love for tailoring

It all started when I was in school. I really liked my handicraft lessons and had a lot of fun making clothes. Also at home I tried to make lots of things out of fabric remnants. Later I didn't do my job



steps in this hobby and are treasured by me. Only after my children were adults I did a year-long training in this profession, which still



training in this area but attended a commercial school. But my younger sister learned to be a dressmaker, so I was able to acquire a lot of knowledge and skills from her. I started collecting needlework magazines when I was young and kept the patterns. These fashion magazines are my personal memory of my first



fascinates me today. I was also able to buy some old sewing machines which are part of my collection of old things.

In the meantime I have already retired and have more time to spend on my hobby. Many friends come to me and ask me to tailor one or two pieces for them. My specialty is the production of „Dirndl“, the typical traditional clothes for Austrian women. I don't even want to count how many of those I've already made. Just recently I sewed 12 „Dirndl“ for a local folk dance group.

H. R-K.

My tractor

It is a typical role behavior that girls prefer to play with dolls and boys rather with a tractor. This childlike character very often lives on in adulthood, so that in many men there is a desire to own a tractor from childhood memories and to drive with it.

So for my 60th birthday I went looking for a vintage tractor that would be the focal point for my childhood memories. In my album I found a picture that shows my father on a tractor, with which he transported wood of an old roof truss from the construction site for the renovation of my parents' house. As a little boy at the age of four I stood by and was fascinated.



So I started looking for a Steyr Type 180 tractor and I quickly found it on the Internet. The first of several offers already worked: With the chairman of the Poysdorf Oldtimer Club I drove to the 80 km far away place. After a tour and a short test drive, it quickly became clear that I would buy this tractor. After a short time I was able to do my first laps in Poysdorf. What also connects me with this old vehicle is the fact that it is almost as old as myself.

As I am very committed as a cellar lane guide and guest manager in my home town, it was a happy coincidence that I was in the right place with my tractor at the right time when photos were taken for the tourist offer for Poysdorf. Even if I don't drive a tractor on tractor tours, but instead show the guests our sights on the



trailer, I took on the role of the

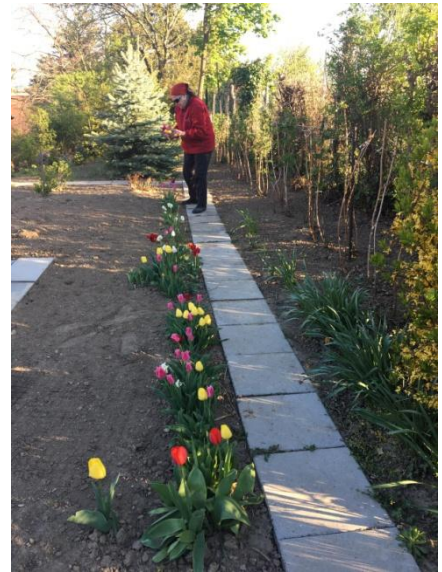
driver. The pictures of this day turned out very well and have graced the brochures, posters, exhibition stands and publications of the city of Poysdorf for many years.

The crowning glory of this story is the fact that a picture from this photo series will be featured on a stamp to be released in 2021.

The garden in Kirchberg (a hill behind the church)



For years, the property behind the cellars of the Poysdorf cellar district "Gstetten" was in a wild state. Trees and bushes had conquered this place because the owner and after his death the heirs did not look after it. It was a pity that this beautiful place that offers a wonderful view of Poysdorf's parish church was not utilized.



But once the opportunity arose to buy this property. Our family first had to clear the ground and then began to create a garden for fruit trees, vegetables and flowers. For a few years now, strawberries and raspberries, salads and zucchini, beans and carrots and many other



vegetables and herbs have been grown and harvested

there by my family and me.

In a small area, Christmas trees have also been planted, where every year some of them brighten up Christmas at home.

Family celebrations can also be held in the central part of the garden, the view of the church is a wonderful background.

A. O.



The surface cooler of the milk transfer point

Growing up in Ketzelsdorf as the daughter of a part-time farmer, I had a close connection to agriculture as a child. Animal farming has always been part of my life from an early age on. When I was allowed to bring milk to the milk room for delivery after milking, I was particularly fascinated by the process of cooling milk.

The “cow-warm” milk was cooled down by using cold well water that flows through the cooling pipes of the surface cooler. This technology is still successfully used in rural areas of Africa today.

After more than 30 years of vacancy, the subsequent use of the “milk room” in Ketzelsdorf was discussed. It was immediately clear to me that this wonderful rural heritage should be preserved in its pristine condition. The centerpiece was – and still is - the

surface cooler.

Around it the only milk museum in Austria was created as a reminder of farming traditions and development of technology. For children and young people it means getting



to know the rural dairy industry and for the older generation it is a rediscovery of well-known things. I used to be a teacher with enthusiasm all my professional life. And now I am enthusiastic about preserving the old for posterity, bringing it into connection with the new.



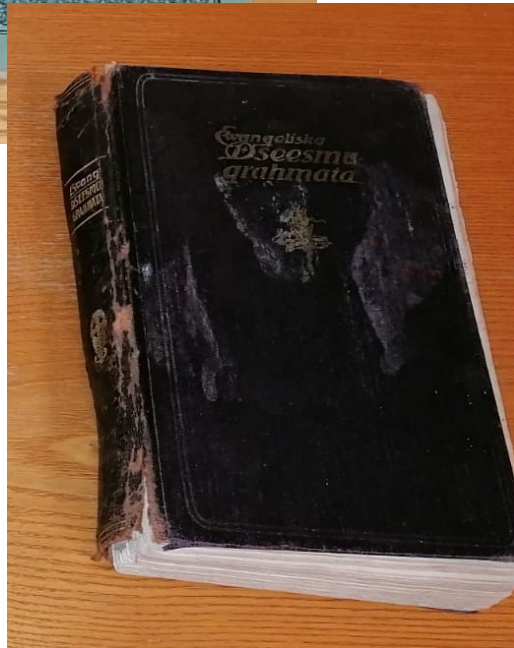
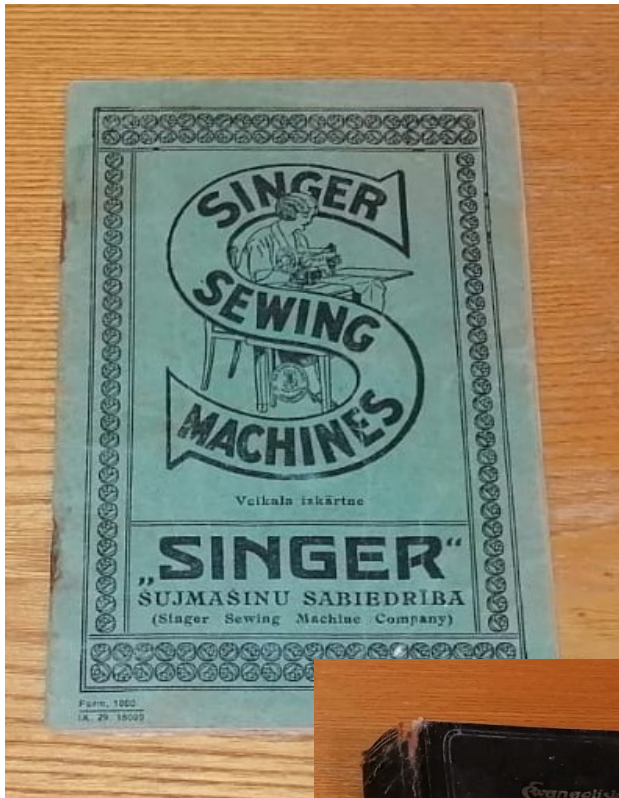
COFFEE GRINDER

The coffee grinder was definitely made before World War II. As far as I can remember, I also had to take part in grinding coffee. I didn't like chicory. The taste was good, but it was very difficult to move the grinder handle. Chicory pieces roasted and starched. The barley went better, I like to edge it. Coffee with milk also tasted cold.

The old vessel with the inscription "COFFEE" has survived from the 20th century. 30s. It comes from Riga, when the parents lived there.

Lauma Krastiņa





POSTCARDS AND OTHER THINGS

In 1929, my mother was ordained in the Tirza Church. These cards with a lot of good wishes create a feeling of lightness and beauty.

When my mother had grown up (born in 1909 in January), she went to Riga from Tirza to learn how to sew. The father bought a SINGER sewing machine.

My mother's father Reinis Purvlīcis (born in Vēja) had been in the Finnish war. Returning from the war, he received a Songbook as a gift.

Mother's mother Ede Purvlīce (born in Kalniņa Odziena) has left a legacy of abra, oven crutches, lizis, looms made by the Irši colonists (around 1902) and the Musturi notebook, drawn by Jānis Mednis from Piebalga. Mom's parents around 1939 moved from Tirza to Mālpils.

Lauma Krastiņa



CHARCOAL IRON

Small note, dated October 11, 1941. reports that Jānis Ogrīņš and Olga Ķilbloks were married. At that time, my mother already lived in Mālpils "Krastiņi" and could iron Olga's wedding dress with this charcoal iron. My mother once said that she had sewn Oldziņa's fine dress.

Later, around 2010, we visited aunt Olga in Mālpils "Galdnieki". Also in 2010. "Mālpils vēstis" is an article about this respected Mālpils citizen. So, here, a small sheet of paper can take you to ancient objects with rich stories.

There is not much to say about the SINGER sewing machine, which was used to sew the above-mentioned dress. This is evidenced by the sewing machine passport, when her father Reinis Purvlīcis bought it.

My mother then went to Riga to study her trade. A small bottle of oil with a picture of a sewing machine on the label also shows older times.

Lauma Krastiņa



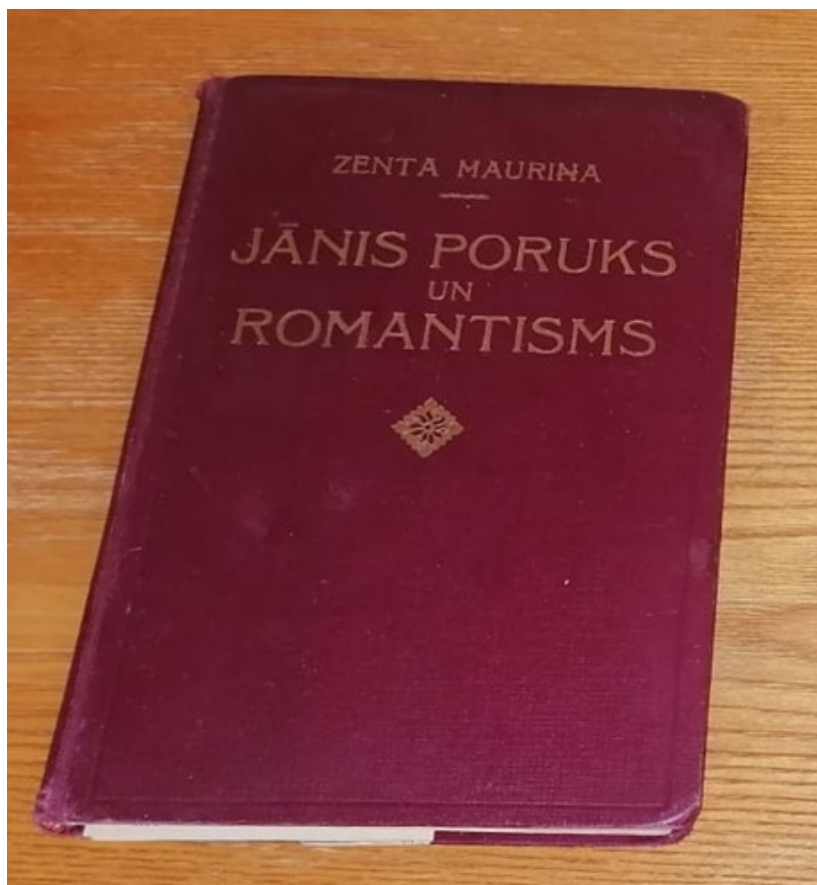
KEROSENE CAN

The kerosene can always had to be filled - bought in a store, otherwise there would be nothing to pour into the lamp dish.

We had a kitchen lamp. The room was "fine" with a beautiful lampshade. Unfortunately, it has not survived. Back in the early 1950s, the room was bright with a kerosene lamp.

Lauma Krastiņa





SENIE DOKUMENTI

I found Luxury Telegram-Wedding greetings in my parents' documents. I remember as a child I enjoyed watching reproductions of paintings that adorned these greetings.

Father-Rūdolfs Krastiņa, (born in 1901) showed signs of very old evidence in the papers kept in Mālpils. It was really a school leaving certificate in Russian, issued in 1916. More than 100-year-old story about the "movement" of education in Mālpils - my homeland. There is a description of this school in Mālpils book on page 272.

Zenta Mauriņa's book "Jānis Poruks un romantisms" is a father's book published by 1936. When I read, I found a small mark aside. I drew attention and read about "silence." Then I remembered that once when I hurried to the bus to go, my father said, "Don't run, stop, and listen in silence." It has been remembered for a lifetime. That's what I'm trying to do. You can't always hear real silence, but mostly these moments of stopping are filled with everything I can feel and understand.

Lauma Krastiņa



FAMILY HERITAGE BOOKS

In the family of my grandfather Eduards Laiviņš and grandmother Antonija Laiviniece, one of the things that played an important role in everyday life is the BOOK.

The books were bought at the Madona bookstore, ordered by post to Degumnieki, where the family lived with the children. Cognitive literature, world classics, works of Latvian writers, illustrated magazines, cube novels, the passionate reader of which was my grandmother. After reading the book, Antonija exchanged books with her neighbors, both of whom were twice as happy. The books were bound in hard covers, an ivory knife was used as needed to return the pages of the books. The grandfather had also arranged a book catalog.

The children read books from the Youth Flows series and were zealous library visitors. My mother remembers that her father, one of whose hobbies was playing theater, often read plays to children. Eduards sat his daughter on one side and his son on the other on the couch and started "Skroderdienas Silmači", the favorite of all plays. Dad not only played all the roles, but also sang songs.

The described happy time together with books was Ulmaņlaiks in free Latvia 1920-1940. Next war. Russians. Germans. Russians. Lives were broken. I have not met my grandfather, nor my mother's brother. But part of the grandfather's library has survived to this day, although in Soviet times part of the books had to be hidden in the second row of the bookshelf because the authors were unwanted.

Dzinta Krastiņa



VIOLIN WITH SURPRISES _ 1



I knew that the violin at home was good, because my father sometimes played it and the violin was always carefully placed in the box. His father, in turn, inherited it from his father, who was the pearl of Sēlpils Church, where the pastor was once Old Stenders, who also served in Sunākste Church, and on whose tombstone there is an inscription - here lies Stenders-Latvian.

His father had learned to play the violin on his own learning after returning home from freedom fights in Latgale, where he fought as part of the Valmiera Regiment.

During World War II, our home in Sēlpils had a German headquarters, and a German, whose father showed the violin, also played it, because he had played at the Berlin Philharmonic before the war and determined that the violin was gut.

My father spent the last years of his life in Mālpils, and I was surprised when he arrived by bus again, he came home with a violin at hand. That violin stayed here in my home.



VIOLIN WITH SURPRISES _2

After a while, I had the opportunity to show the photo to specialists in Italy and they confirmed that it was not exactly a masterpiece of Stradivari.

Only now, after many years, I decided to take the violin to a well-known good violin master - the Knight of the Order of the Three Stars, Juris Jēkabsons, who arranged it and cleared it. The master said that he had seen many Stradivars. He had a case when the owner of a violin came to him with two bodyguards, convinced that he had a violin worth a million.

The master says that the violin is good, old, it may have once been the property of a conservatory. I remember it from my father and I like old things. I have given some to the Riga History and Shipping Museum, I am happy for others myself. The violin has provided me with interesting cases.

It is unfortunate that there was such a time in my childhood that my parents avoided telling about ancient events because several relatives had suffered from the occupation regime.

After my father passed away forever, no one played the violin. But then, by chance, a knowledgeable person became interested in the violin and suggested looking into the heart of the violin, joking that maybe it was Stradivari. And great was our surprise to see the inscription Stradivarium Cremonesis Anno in 1721.

Of course, this did not seem credible. And so it is. It turns out that in those quite ancient times, as now, in China, imitations of famous masters were also made, especially in Germany.

Edīte Saleniece





MAP OF THE LATVIAN ROADS, PUBLISHED IN 1940.

The book belonged to my mother's father Hermanis Zvīgulis, which is also confirmed by the entry and stamp on the first page of the book. The grandfather was a land reclamation engineer, due to his work he drove quite a lot in Latvia.

My memories with this card are related to family childhood trips around Latvia in the 20th century, 70s and 80s. Since in Soviet times fine and detailed maps were a state secret and were not available, we used the existing ones for our trips. Sometimes it happened that something had changed over time, a bridge was lost, a road was rebuilt, but for the most part the map served great. In some places, the corrections made by my father, marking the newly built roads, have been preserved on the map. As a child, I liked to study this card book just as easily - to read house names, to study changes and to lift my mind.

Ērika Zutere



«PIG BARN»



I spend my first years at grandfathers home. Of course, like every rural family, my grandfather had land, livestock and a real barn, but I had my own. It was at the foot of Aunt Monica's SINGER sewing machine. Mona was a seamstress, and there was always a stockpile of various fabric cuts in the corner of the room where the sewing machine was located. I collected and used everything she didn't need to set up houses for my dolls to dress. Apparently, there wasn't much order in this house, so once someone came into the room and probably asked me what a pig barn was there, and the name remained that way. I remember that not only did I play with pieces of cloth, but I also wanted to sew it myself, so now my aunt had to not only do her job, but also make sure that the child did not pierce her fingers with the machine. Of course, the best solution is to employ the child with something else, then she cut the dresses for my dolls, showed the basics of sewing stitches, and later the finishing, and when I started school, I was already a skilled seamstress for my age. I think that as a result of the long-term effects of my 'pig barn', I can still do my best right when there is a so-called creative mess around me, only now there are papers instead of pieces of cloth.

Līvija Mukāne



CAST IRON POT AND MILLSTONES



Remembering my grandfather's house, I felt the taste of the food prepared there - fried herring with sauce, sour beet soup, the taste of which can no longer be repeated, and, of course, my aunt Anna cooked currant, blackcurrant and apple jams in this pot. Now this pot occupies an honorable place in the center of the yard on two millstones and every year summer flowers bloom in it.

I am very glad that I was able to preserve these two objects and not only in my thoughts, but also through them to still feel a close connection with my grandfather's home and from time to time remember one of the adventures of that time, but most of all my grandfather himself, who being quite harsh on the outside, found time both to sit me on the back of his black horse Max, teaching not to be afraid (unfortunately had to violate my mother's prohibition not to climb on the horse), and to run a rush in the backyard meadow, making it clear that victory is not given just like that, but must be fought.

Līvija Mukāne



MOTHER'S TABLECLOTH

My mom was a great knitter. Especially in her youth she made very fine handicrafts. Her tablecloth, made in the lace technique, has been preserved to this day and has always been laid on the table in honor of the family. I received the tablecloth by inheritance. It was made in the 50's. Now I continue the family tradition and cover it in my home for family events. I have also covered it in the former workplace in Mālpils dairy, where all the women admired the fine work. I treat it with great care so that there is something to keep for the granddaughters.

Regīna Zagorska





COFFEE GRINDER

While living in the countryside in the summer in the "Gidu" house with my grandmother Zenta Friedberg, I loved to run around the meadows - to study flowers and trees.

I had known the chicory, a roadside beauty, as the perfect blue «skirt" for my dolls. But it turned out that it also has a secret! The secret was revealed in the autumn, when the grandmother brought a whole burden with fins. They were washed, dried, cut and finally ground.

And then it was a pleasure for me, because now I could cut the old grinder, which I had seen when I came into the anchorage to quietly soak my finger in a sugar bag.

Then I was a smart "Riga resident" and I could tell my friends how to make coffee!

Daiga Frīdberga





IRON

I was pretty small. Maybe five years? I don't remember what was approaching for the holiday, but the godfather Jānis wanted to iron his pants. Nowadays, the youth of jeans will not understand how to do it!

The biggest miracles for me began when my grandmother took out the table, laid out the deck and sheet, and then the godfather took out the iron. Why out ?!

Because that heavy beast was fed with coals, which are still hot and smoky, they were taken out of the stove and quickly carried out so as not to smoke the whole house!

When the bottom of the iron became hot, the clothes were covered with a damp cloth and the ironing begun...

Daiga Frīdberga

