

# BREZEL-NEWS

Seventeenth Edition, November 2019

## Newsletter of the German Saturday School Islington

Dear Saturday School families,

Our first and only Brezel-News for 2019 comes at the end of the year. There was a lot going on at the Saturday school and unfortunately, we had to give up our second location in Hackney at Easter. We would have liked to continue with both schools; now we wish the new Hackney School all the best.

Our school in Islington is as full as never before and we are happy that Sarah and Kerstin are there to support Anja, Natalie and me in the school management team. Thanks to Sarah's activities, we have new songbooks and a new website; among other things, Kerstin takes care of DBS checks and policies, which we as a small complementary school have to provide just like any ordinary full-time school. When a new family asked me back in January, I realised that I have been running the school for 20 years, and Hildegard Maier and our choir, The Islington Meistersingers, are celebrating their 15th anniversary with the recording of a new CD. Also, Harpreet Singh from Freiburg has recently started selling German bread, pretzels & more.

This month, we marked the 30th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall. For the third time after 2009 and 2014, Saturday School parents discussed their personal memories with students in a number of classes, and some have also summarised their memories for the Brezel-News.



Hildegard and The Islington Meistersingers singing for us in the playground

Martina describes how Klaudia and Anja welcome our 4-year-olds in the beginners' class and introduce them to our Saturday school routine with a lot of creativity and warmth. Finally, I reflect on a small Saturday school outing, where we kept finding ourselves haunted by history as well as the present.

In addition to Brexit, the environmental crisis is on many people's minds. For our lantern walk, some parents made do without plastic light lantern sticks and built alternative sticks with wooden poles and bicycle lights. Our teachers work with recycled and recyclable materials whenever possible, and Harpreet is asking parents to bring storage boxes for cakes so we avoid packaging. All we need to do is finish our current stock of plastic cups, plastic cutlery and light sticks, and then we will work to ensure that our festivities produce less waste. Any more ideas are very welcome.

We will continue to try our best so that our Saturday students not only learn German, but also appreciate the value of multicultural roots and interconnectedness through the encounter with another language.

We wish you a lovely Advent season and all the best for Christmas and the New Year.

Love from Cathrin  
(with Anja, Natalie, Kerstin and Sarah)

Cathrin Cordes, Managing Director  
German Saturday School Islington

### Contents

Berlin & Westminster in October	Page 2-3
"Good morning, says the child"	Page 3-4
30 Years since the Fall of the Berlin Wall	Page 5-8

# Love letters across the Berlin Wall

## A disquieting Westminster night out in October

"I have just sent you an invitation to an exhibition about the Berlin Wall. The story of how my family fled from Dresden in the 1950s is included. Would you like to come to the opening with me?"

So, Anja and I joined Tina in Europe House at Smith Square in Westminster in the evening of Tuesday October 15th. I have been to Europe House for various events in the past. It has been the head office of the UK Representation of the European Commission in London. Entering the building, it was obvious that they are scaling down. We were of course supposed to "leave Europe" on October 31st, or otherwise our Prime Minister would possibly die in a ditch.

Tina was already there when Anja and I arrived. We were pleased when Katharina, our GCSE teacher, turned up as well.

"Of course, I had to come. After all, I grew up in East Germany, in Gera in Thuringia." We were surprised as we thought Katharina was from Cologne and has her authentic carnival spirit to prove it.

overcome highlighted the tragedy of being separated by political ideas and power struggles. While we look at the photographs and letters of the three couples, Tina and Katharina shared their personal stories.

We walk off together and venture through the small quiet streets with lovely brick houses just behind Westminster Abbey to get to Parliament Square. These streets feel like idyllic little alleyways from another time and age, with black cast iron fences and well-trimmed flower pots on the window sills. They were dark and deserted in the evening hours and it seemed like the four of us were the only ones there.

Suddenly a black cab drives in and the door of one of the houses in front of us opens. I recognise the distinctive slim figure and old-fashioned dress style of a man who has become a far too familiar public figure for my taste in recent years.

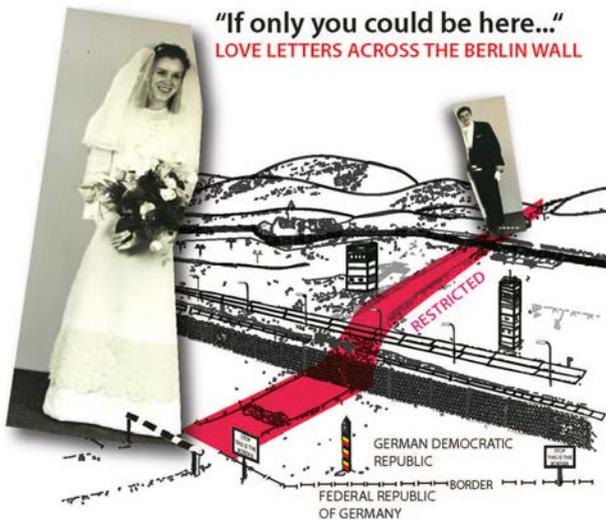
"Do you recognise who that is?" I turned around to the other three and all four of us were stunned. Out of the house walked Jacob Rhys-Mogg, got into the cab and drove off past us.

How bizarre to come across one of the most prominent faces of Brexit just after remembering the pointlessness of the divisions of Europa in another era. We are celebrating reunification and overcoming bridges and trenches while new ones are being created.

"Did you call him by some nasty names?" one of our partners would ask later on. I thought we should have at least asked him if he wasn't too tired to go out at such a late hour. After all, he has been falling asleep on the benches in the House of Commons.

We were polite and left him in peace, staggering on towards Westminster Abbey. Parliament Square looked like it was being prepared for a battleground. Barricades had been put up and police in yellow vests were everywhere. The street between Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament was protected with temporary tollgates and police were controlling access. Another huge Anti-Brexit demonstration was planned for the following Saturday and the debates in Parliament were getting hotter and hotter.

It was a wet and rainy evening and among the barricades and police we only saw a lonesome older couple demonstrating with large banners: "Give us our Brexit now." We reached the corner where Winston Churchill is looking towards Parliament from his pedestal. "If Europe were once united in the sharing of its common inheritance there would be no limit to the happiness, prosperity



An exhibition by Nora Laraki with artworks by TAPE THAT

12 Star Gallery

16th - 31st October

Mon - Fri

10am - 6pm

32 Smith Square

SW1P 3EU, London

German Historical Institute London

5th November - 5th December

Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri 9.30 - 17.00

Thurs 9.30 - 20.00

17 Bloomsbury Square

WC1A 2NJ, London

"My parents were getting ready to flee the GDR once the Hungarian-Austrian border had opened in 1989. After the Wall came down, we were able to leave officially in February 1990", Katharina explained.

In the exhibition we followed the stories of three couples who developed and maintained relationships during the decades of Germany's separation. The dangers and difficulties they had to



Katharina, Tina, Cathrin and Anja at Drayton Park

and glory which its 300 million or 400 million people would enjoy," he said after the horrors of World War II.

We venture along Whitehall towards Trafalgar Square where we were hoping to have a drink in a pub. We walked by Downing Street and came across more and more police and massive trucks with ever more barricades. Just after passing Horse Guard Parade we noticed "The Clarence", a surprisingly cosy looking pub, on our right. Through the paned Georgian windows, we spot an empty table for four and decide to go in. We order Gin & Tonics and notice the stream of young people in hippielike clothes coming in. We realise they are some of the Extinction Rebellion protestors coming in for drinks and hot meals and obviously enjoying a bit of shelter from the cold and wet night. The day

before the police had banned their demonstrations from all over London and cleared protesters from Trafalgar Square.

Anja and I had walked around the movement's camp at Trafalgar Square a few days before. We were impressed about the serene atmosphere of the camp and the impressive organisation. We noticed the many older people well over 60 who had joined the movement to warn about the climate emergency. We felt uneasiness about how serious the problem is, how long we have known and how little the world in general is prepared to act.

Suddenly Tina recognised one of the protesters in the pub. "Isn't that one Carola Rackete?" Carola Rackete is the young German ship captain who came to fame in June when she docked a migrant rescue ship without authorization in the port of Lampedusa, Italy, to save the despairing refugees on board. Migration, another global problem. Now she had joined the Extinction Rebellion movement and held one of the main speeches in Berlin just a few days ago. Was it really her?

We spied over to her and found her picture on our mobiles. Definitely her. "I hope you clapped for her?" another friend commented.

By Cathrin Cordes November 2019

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## **"Good morning, says the child"**

### **The beginners' class at Saturday School**

"Good morning says the sun, good morning says the wind ..." Saturday mornings are particularly busy in the right-hand corner at the end of the hall. Parents deliver our youngest students to their classroom, where Klaudia and Anja welcome them. The lesson always starts with the same ritual: The children sit down together on the carpet and the two teachers encourage them to chat a little about the past week, in German of course. They talk about special experiences at school or at home, or they show something they have brought along. Next follows the popular "Good Morning Song": For the "sun", everyone forms circles with their hands, for the "wind" they blow across the outstretched palms of their hands ... and finally Anja and Klaudia point at the children who are the centre of attention in this group.

Klaudia and Anja have been with us for 14 and 7 years respectively and work extremely well as a team. They want to introduce the children to Saturday School and to motivate them during these additional lessons on a Saturday morning: Most of our four- to five-year-olds have also just started

reception class in the English fulltime school. "We want the children to be happy to come, even though they may be a bit tired on a Saturday morning," explains Anja. "That's why we make a great effort to offer creative, fun and active lessons. They should laugh a lot and have fun." The main objective of lessons in the beginners' class is to develop the children's vocabulary and to give them confidence in the use of the German language.

At the beginning of the school year, Klaudia and Anja get to know the new children and assess their German language skills. "Some just chatter away, some answer in English, others are quite shy at first," Anja continues. "We want to support the children, to encourage them to turn on their 'German brain' on a Saturday morning. Sooner or later, they all realise that the others in the class are just like them and speak German at home."

It is very rare for a child not to settle and the reason is often that the children do not understand enough German to follow the class discussion and then get bored. In order for the children to integrate well into



Klaudia and Anja with the beginners' class

the group, it is also important that they attend regularly and preferably on time. Routine and familiarity give the children security. It is even better if the children and their parents join our singing circle in the hall in order to switch to the German environment.

"Many of the children are a bit shy at first and some do not want to let their parents go," says Klaudia. "Then the father or mother can stay in the classroom for the first half of the lesson. But this often causes the child to not participate properly." Some children need a bit more attention from the teachers to help them settle in. They need a special person they trust until they feel comfortable. "Of course, we take good care of these children and support them," adds Anja. "It usually only takes a few weeks, then things click and the child becomes an integral part of the group."

Soon, the children get to know the lesson routine and know what to expect: First the attendance list, an opportunity to wish each other "good morning!" All present are counted jointly by the whole group, several times "to be 100% sure" and to give more than one child the opportunity to count in German. Then the "Good Morning Song" follows.

After that, either Anja or Klaudia read a picture book, whereby it is important that the story is interactive. The children should follow the plot and be able to answer or ask questions themselves. In this way, already familiar German words are activated or new vocabulary is developed. The topics of the books are chosen for the age group, e.g. animals, family, hobbies, colours, fruit, clothing or weather. Following the story, the subject of the picture book is consolidated with a craft activity: The children sit at a large table and each of them paints, cuts and glues, creating, for example, an animal that they later proudly take home.

After the craft activity, it's time to play games, with "Bello", "Taler, Taler" or "My right, right place is free" counting amongst the children's firm favourites. At this stage, the teachers sometimes need to improvise and adapt to the children's mood. "We always have a plan A and a plan B for this part of the lesson," says Anja. "But we also take the mood of the children into account.

Sometimes they are restless and need to move around a bit, then we choose an appropriate game. On other Saturdays we may do something quieter."

Singing is also an important element of learning German, because singing is fun, especially if the songs are accompanied by fun actions. Even the children who don't speak very much soon try to sing along the German songs. By repeating them over many Saturdays, newly learned words are embedded into their vocabulary for the long term. Hence, concluding the lesson, there is a going-home song - "Alle Leut", again accompanied by fun actions.

When the children go home on Saturday, we would wish for communication outside the classroom to continue in German, at least with the German-speaking part of the family. We cannot stress enough how important it is to speak as much German as possible with the children. Often the children find it easier to respond in English and it is sometimes difficult for German-speaking parents to stick to communicating in German. "We need the parents' help," emphasises Anja. "In those two hours on Saturday mornings we can support, develop, improve and motivate, but we cannot perform miracles."

Anja and Klaudia also recommend a number of useful resources, such as the books by Rotraut Berner, in which there is lots to discover and children can playfully expand their vocabulary. The choice of German-language television in the stations' media libraries - broadcasts, audio stories, podcasts (KIKa.de - "Die Sendung mit der Maus", kinder.wdr.de, zdf.de/kinder, ardmmediathek.de - fairytale films), films (especially ones the children don't already know in English), books and games is great and should definitely be explored. These resources create new incentives to try and engage with the German language. It's rewarding for the children to be able to unlock great new content with the help of the German language. The more often children communicate, play and learn in German, the greater the likelihood of a successful bilingual education.

By Martina Köpcke



Children from the youngest class during a craft activity

# 30 Years since the Fall of the Berlin Wall

## Saturday School contemporaries remember

People celebrating on top of the wall, strangers embracing each other, rattling Trabis rolling westward - these and similar images went around the world in the days following the fall of the Berlin Wall. Just about every German who lived through this time can contribute a personal story about the fall of the Wall. Even 30 years later, you can recall exactly where you were and what you were doing on November 9th, 1989.

After highlighting the anniversaries in 2009 and 2014, we marked the 30th anniversary of the fall of the Wall this year and asked contemporary witnesses among our parents to share their personal memories of this historic event with our children, teenagers and adult learners. Twelve Saturday School parents and a few of our teachers agreed to bring this recent part of German history back to life for our students.



At Singkreis, "our" musician Martina Schwarz kicked off our Berlin-Wall-themed Saturday morning with a rendition of the famous Marlene-Dietrich song "Ich hab noch einen Koffer in Berlin" and many parents joined in

### **Miriam from Mödlareuth in Thuringia was eight years old when the Wall fell**

Mödlareuth is located on the border of Thuringia and Bavaria. The Americans called the village "Little Berlin" because in 1966, a wall with watchtower was erected in the 50-inhabitant village just like in Berlin, separating neighbour from neighbour.

"Life in the divided village was normal for me. I was not aware that life on our side of the wall was more difficult. It was normal for me that we were only allowed to travel eastward, or that you couldn't buy certain things in the shops. If something special was on sale, people stood in long queues. I remember once we were able to buy peaches and their smell spread through the whole house.

On the 9th of November, when the wall fell, I was

allowed to stay up really late. My aunt, uncle and grandparents came and we followed the events on TV. It was a special evening and we could not believe it: It was the end of the GDR. But after November 9th, life went on as normal for me. We continued at school as normal."

### **Edgar from Dortmund was visiting East-Berlin on November 9th**

"Purely by chance I happened to be visiting (West-) Berlin and just on November 9th I was on a day visit to (East-) Berlin, with the mandatory exchange of 25 West Marks for 25 East Marks. It was strangely quiet and then suddenly very chaotic. My most beautiful memory is the return trip to West Germany the next day, which took 18 hours (for a drive of normally just 5 hours!), as we speculated with strangers on the future, on our car roofs under a starry sky and under a bell of smog. It is another question how long the energy and the optimism lasted in the end, but the moment was great. It was very nice to share some of these memories and also to hear from others where and how they experienced the day. To look back and compare this with the very different revolutions of the last decades is always important to me."

### **Tina's family fled Dresden in 1953**

"To remember the anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall initially caused mixed feelings for me: I grew up in Swabia myself, but I can clearly remember the fall of the Berlin Wall and the emotions within my family. My mother fled from Dresden to the West in 1953 with my grandparents. The topic is therefore quite moving for us and I was struggling with my emotions, especially in the first class I attended.

My mother's family owned a dairy factory in Dresden. The company was originally founded by my great-great-grandmother as a small milk house in 1890. On March 14th 1953, my grandfather and one of the executives of the company were arrested - allegedly for illegally selling butter, but the real reason was the impending expropriation of the factory. My great-grandfather got wind of the arrests - he and my great-grandma drove to Berlin immediately, left the car in the woods and escaped across the 'green border'. My grandma took her three children (my mother was 8 at the time, her siblings 10 and 11), put some money in her shoes and took the train to Berlin, where fortunately they met up with my great-grandparents.

My grandfather was eventually released from prison on June 16th 1953. A ruling dated June 25th confirms that the case against my grandfather was dropped because 'the perpetrator's culpability was

minor and the impact of the offense insignificant'. The family met up again in Berlin. Of course, all letters sent to him in prison had been read and my grandma could not tell my granddad where they were in writing. She therefore took a picture in front of the 'Hotel Savoy'. My granddad thus knew that the family had arrived safely in Berlin and where he could find them.

Many difficult years followed with the family working on a fresh start in the west. My great-grandfather managed to found the 'Milchhaus Rotkäppchen' in Wesel, which was later continued by my uncle. My granddad never properly settled and ended up suffering from alcoholism. My mother and her siblings fought long and hard for the return of their property, but only managed to recover a small part of the family's assets. Yet, the day of reunification was one of the most moving days for my family and this unexpected twist of history was one of the best of post-war history."



Hinnerk from West Berlin remembered a certain uneasiness that the Russians might come in with tanks after all, while Melanie, our teacher from East Berlin, recalled that they were worried that if this turned ugly US President Reagan might push the red button for atomic bombs to target Berlin

### **Martina lived in Paris in November 89**

At the time of the fall of the wall I lived in Paris. I was at home in my little apartment. Of course, I followed the events in Germany with great excitement. I did not have a TV and listened to the radio a lot, including on the evening of the November 9th. My French was pretty good and I thought I heard that the Berlin Wall had been opened. I could hardly believe my ears and thought that I might have misunderstood. To clear up any misunderstandings, I called my old school friend Dorothea, who worked as a journalist in Berlin at the time. She was bound to know, after all she was perfectly placed in Berlin! I had not expected to even reach her on the landline - mobile phones did of course not exist yet - but she was on the line

and when I asked what was happening with the Wall, if it was true that it was open, she just said 'nonsense!' Apparently, she had just been there and nothing at all would be happening for the time being. I must have misunderstood and she was going to bed now... Well, I thought, my French still leaves much to be desired. But no: The next day Dorothea phoned me and ruefully reported that I had been the first to inform her about the fall of the Wall, all the way from Paris, while she herself lived only 200 metres from the Wall.

### **Sylvia from Stuttgart**

I really enjoyed remembering the fall of the Berlin Wall in Saturday School. At the time, I had just started at university in Stuttgart. A few students had organised a Spanish evening course, which also took place on November 9th, 1989. Suddenly we had to turn up the radio: The Wall in Berlin had been opened! We knew immediately that this was a historic moment. Shall we go? Sure, of course! What are we waiting for? We packed a few things that same night and drove off.

There was a huge traffic jam on the motorway across the GDR, but we eventually arrived in Berlin the following morning and quickly made our way to the Wall. Many young people had gathered there and the atmosphere was positive and full of excitement. No one could really believe it, but we all started hacking colourful pieces of concrete off the wall. The beige-brown GDR soldiers did not really know what was happening to them. The Wall was not really open quite yet, controls were still ongoing and somehow the feeling prevailed that maybe it could be closed again rather quickly. All the more reason to celebrate the positive! For New Year's Eve 1989 we drove to Berlin again and now the party was in full swing: No one had succeeded to peacefully open a border before and ironically, the two Germanys had somehow managed it. If that was not a reason to be cheerful and celebrate!

At Saturday School I also reflected a bit on how we experienced a divided Germany as 'Wessis'. I grew up on beautiful Lake Constance in what I've come to see as a rather golden age. My family had no relatives or friends in the East. All my knowledge about the GDR was based on what I learnt at school or from the media. In 1987 I visited Berlin for the first time, and both the East and the West of Berlin were somehow cool, but also disconnected worlds. To us, the East seemed 'yellowed' and joyless, the West seemed shrill and also a bit broken. However, we young people could not really imagine a reunification - the GDR was a country in its own right and an integral part of the Eastern bloc."



Anneka from West Berlin came to class with a toy Trabbi and Wall pieces she chopped herself

### **Sylvie was 16 years old and at school in East Berlin**

“For me, the 9th of November was a normal school day in East Berlin. There was no indication that this would change drastically. Of course, we knew that politically there was much in transition and that much of the population was dissatisfied. During the summer holidays, I had been in Hungary with my dad and brother. We saw the pictures of the Hungarian embassy on TV, but luckily we did not go there ourselves to have a look, because I was afraid that my hot-headed brother at the age of 19 would be tempted to join the would-be-emigrants, and who knows when we would have seen each other again.

On November 4th, my father and I joined the huge demonstration on Alexanderplatz, which was attended by 500,000 people. There were many speakers from various civil rights movements, writers and also politicians and Stasi officials who were often booed. We demanded reforms, but it is well known that in everyday life things change only comes about slowly. Then everything happened quite helter-skelter after all.

After hearing the news that the borders were open on the radio on the morning of November 10th, it seemed unclear whether the freedom to travel would be permanent, or whether it was only temporary. As dutiful GDR citizens, we did not dare to skip our work or school, although that would have actually been tolerated. I went to school and we were amazed to learn that our FDJ Council Chair had been the only one of us to drive straight into the western part that morning. She showed up after lunch and gave us a vivid description of all she had experienced, and how she had received 100 DM welcome money and spent 30 DM of it straightaway on a nice pair of green trousers. Well then! After school, my mother and I went to the police station to obtain a six-month travel visa, so

that the new freedom of travel would not immediately be taken away from us again. That's why my mother and I only stepped on West Berlin soil for the first time on Saturday November 11th, at the Chausseestraße border crossing. Unfortunately, my dad was on call for work that day and had to wait yet another day.

Trucks awaited us at the border, with packets of coffee and chocolate being distributed to welcome us in the West. I did not feel very comfortable, because our clothes lagged West German fashion by years, and I did not enjoy being recognised as an ‘Ossi’. We received the 100 DM welcome money in return for a stamp in our identity cards. I hoarded it like a treasure and I can absolutely not remember what I ultimately spent it on. What I do remember from this first walk around West Berlin are Beate Uhse shops and casinos – these would have never existed in the socialist state!

The first year after the fall of the Wall was exciting, every weekend we explored sights in the western part of the city. It was tough for my parents' generation. In their mid-forties, they were too young for early retirement and often too old for a completely new start. I, on the other hand, was able to fully enjoy studying in West Berlin, with stays abroad in England and the USA, which is how I ultimately ended up here in London.”

### **Ray grew up in Indonesia before finishing school in Wolfsburg**

“The fall of the Wall was viewed through a long-distance lens as well as a microscope. Born and raised in Indonesia, Germany was far away and only occasionally seen through a long-distance lens. East /West issues were something abstract, distant, and difficult to comprehend for a boy growing up in Jakarta. However, our "Heimaturlaub" every two years brought the topic of a divided Germany closer to home. My grandmother's place was only five kilometres from the border. The nightly "Sandmann" program was too compelling to skip and the political tensions were too prevalent to ignore.

As I grew older and eventually ended up at the Gymnasium in Wolfsburg, the long-distance lens turned into a microscope. Frequent trips to East Berlin and a political seminar in the East brought the East-West divide ‘up close’ as we all grappled with the reality of two Germanys.

To experience the fall of the Berlin Wall from the perspective of a young German standing on the Wall in Berlin, soaking in the atmosphere and hope that the New Year's Eve party in 1989 brought with

it was incredible. Sharing my memories with my young daughter and her generation 30 years later has reminded me how important it is to share memories of such a momentous event and not be afraid to look at history through many different lenses.”

### **Finally, the student perspective - the impressions of Louis, Izzy, Isabelle, Marina, Grace and Rosa from Annika's class:**

“Four parents who witnessed the fall of the Wall visited our class, including Miriam (Büther). She left East Berlin for West Berlin three years before the peaceful revolution. This was a very long process - three years to be precise. There were times when it was unclear whether her mother would return home from interviews with the Stasi. One day in 1986, the family suddenly received a telephone notification that they could leave the GDR within the next 24 hours. The family left on that very day. They were welcomed in West Berlin and given a flat immediately.”

“Sylvie's story opened our eyes to life after the fall of the Wall. When she first entered West Germany, she received 100 Marks of welcome money and chocolate. Although the chocolate tasted much better and it was a generous gift, she felt lonely and very 'different'. Her clothes were a bit 'late' fashion-wise and her accent was noticeable. It must have been very difficult to integrate into Western society. When the Wall was coming down, Sylvie wanted to listen to music on the radio, but contributions about the fall of the Wall constantly interrupted the music program. Only the next day, when her parents told her about it, did she learn that the Wall had fallen. These stories should be very relevant to us because we should always remember that there is hope.”

“We found the stories very interesting and amazing. We specifically noticed that people - especially those from the East - just lived their lives. People

from the East talked to us about having less choice in food, clothing and entertainment, and fewer opportunities for their education. Alexander told us about the ghost trains - those were the underground trains that passed empty platforms in East Berlin without stopping.”

“When the Wall fell, many celebrated. There was a traffic jam on the motorway because everyone wanted to drive to Berlin. Everyone was surprised because there had been no signs that the Wall would fall. Many did not believe it at first. Overall, this was a super interesting experience for our class and we learned a lot.”

Many thanks to our contemporary witnesses: Miriam Büther, Hinnerk Fahrenkamp, Judith Jammers, Sylvie Lachmann, Alexander Schmidt, Edgar Schmitz, Anneka Schranz, Martina Schwarz, Tina Suberg-Sethi, Sylvia Ullmayer, Ray Winkler and Miriam Wurzbacher. While we hardly had any East Germans among our parents in 2009 and 2014, this time it was much more balanced.

On the next anniversary it may be more difficult to find enough witnesses among our parents. Verena, one of our teachers, whose young sons also attend Saturday School, commented: "I was only five years old then and I cannot really remember much."



Some of our parent volunteers in the school playground: Anneka, Hinnerk, Sylvia, Edgar, Sylvie, Alexander, Miriam B & Miriam W