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[After] corresponding with Góda for a while, Josef decided to write clearly of his feelings towards her. Josef thought it through well before he set the words down on paper.

This is what Josef wrote:

“Góda dear,

“it is a great shame that I cannot tell you personally what I now wish to say to you. Believe me! Had I not sensed from your letters that you are sharp-witted enough, I wouldn’t have dared to make such an earnest proposal to you.

“Your letter has convinced me, once again, that I have evaluated you correctly. Of course, my child, the choice is yours - you might be willing or unwilling. Believe me, Góda dear, that even if you say no, I am also sure to understand you well, and my friendship towards you will not be diminished by even a hair, Heaven forbid!

“I understand and accept that, should you say yes, you will be the one making a sacrifice, and not me. Indeed, we haven’t seen one another for a few years. Over the course of time, changes have happened to both of us. The painful experiences, the wanderings, being torn away from our home - all this has left its mark on us. It is precisely because of this that you have become my ideal! I think that all of us – some more and some less – who have been through that gruesome hell, have been left sick in the soul.

“Both of us are filled with a longing desire to find, in the dreadful loneliness, another person, who will understand us and help us become healthy again, help us heal the wounds in our heart. It is precisely this that attracts me to you. Saved from hell, I wish to be healed through you and redeemed through you. And I hope and beg to hear from you an answer, that you are willing to be my female friend and companion in life.

“You are young in years and, through you, my young spirit will also be redeemed. I shall have for whom and for what to live. Are your thoughts not similar to mine, then? I think they are. You wish to have the home you lost in your youngest years. I have, until now, not had a true home. Why should we not build it together?

“I kiss you.

“Yours, Josef”

To this letter, Gołda replied:

“Dear Josef,

“I have read your last letter more than once. I truly could not fall asleep on account of the thinking and rethinking. I’m constantly thinking about all that you’ve written.

“I must tell you that I am fond of you and, particularly, because you are audacious! To perhaps put it better, you’re a sincere, honest man, who has the courage to reveal all that is happening in his heart.

“As I see it, you yourself don’t know why you want me so much to be your female friend and companion in life. I can tell you about myself, that it will be hard to live together with me, because I’m quite enamoured with myself - a typical individualist, a good-for-nothing.

“My first husband, may he rest in peace, always told me that. More than once, he had it bad due to my caprices and moods. And he was only able to withstand my whims, because he loved me strongly and had nerves of steel.

“Forgive my words in this letter. You wish me to come to New York and be your guest for a fortnight, and then to be able to decide to remain with you or not? It’s difficult for me to answer you. Here, friends come to visit Berliner, and they tell me that I would have to be mad to leave beautiful California and travel to New York, from where everyone flees here.

“In addition, I’m waiting for a letter from Mordche with the news whether he can come here to America or not, Heaven forbid. And without my brother, my whole life is upset. So be patient. I’ll write you soon, and I’ve a feeling that the letter I’ll write you will make you happy.

“I kiss you, Gołda”

When Josef received this letter, he read it more than once, as Gołda had done with his previous one. The more he read this letter, the more hopes, also intermingled with doubts, it elicited from him.

“Maybe I was too hasty, too audacious, and overshot my mark?”, Josef asked himself. He did not know what to do – to reply to her letter or, better, wait for a few days and write nothing?

But immediately on the following day, Josef received a second letter from Gołda:

"Dear Josef,

"I wrote to you, but not everything. Do you know what? That was a clever letter you wrote me.

I would never have believed that you would also interest me so much, that I would think about you day and night. You are well under my skin. It's impossible to get away from you. I'd be telling a great lie, were I to say to you that I'm indifferent to you.

"Yesterday, I received a letter from Mordche. He passed the doctor's examination without any problems and he could already be in America within a fortnight.

"Can you imagine my great joy? My brother - my only one - is coming to America!

"Mordche will soon be in New York! If I manage, until then, to be with you, we'll both wait for him. If not, I beg of you to do it for me. That he should feel someone is waiting for him.

"I kiss you very strongly, even stronger than you kiss me...

Golda"

After this letter, it became a little easier on Josef's heart. Golda's simple words, her calm writing and her tranquil and composed tone, in her last letter, soothed Josef and filled his heart with silent hopes. In his mind, he repeated her words, "If I manage, until then, to be with you" - the words "be with you" rang in his ears incessantly, like glad tidings, like a precious gift sent down to him from Heaven, to brighten the last years of his life.

Over the course of one week, telegrams flew from one to the other. And then Josef also spoke to Golda on the phone. The day, after hearing her voice, following the exchange of quiet, joyous laughter from him to her and from her to him, which was carried over thousands of miles through the air, Josef received a telegram with these few, brief words:

"I am travelling to you, my dear. Wait for me. I am coming.

Yours, Golda."

