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Once, when they were sitting next to each other, intimately discussing their past life in Warta, Josef suddenly exclaimed, "Gołda, dear! We've talked enough about the past! Let's think about the future".

Gołda did not reply to him. But Josef did not ease off. He inquired of Gołda, in simple words, if she was willing to marry him.

However, Gołda did not give him a clear answer. She was unable to decide whether yes or no. There were moments when Gołda intensely desired to reply yes - she saw in Josef one who was close to her heart.

It seemed like something destined - as if the good fortune to become Josef's wife had already been preordained back on the other side of the ocean, in Warta. Now, she would finally attain a little tranquillity – that drop of peace and security for which she was yearning so much. But, there were moments when Gołda hesitated in her heart to give a definitive answer in the affirmative.

Gołda thought, "It's true that Josef is a wonderfully good man. In me, he sees his ideal. In me, the one saved from there. In me, the survivor, with whom he wishes to find his happiness - but I've enjoyed life so little. After all, I'm still so young. Will I be able to be for him what he wants me to be? Won't the love and faithfulness be later transformed into hatred and alienation?"

Josef well understood Gołda's silence. He calmed her and begged her not to be sad. "Yes, Gołda dear", Josef would say in such moments. "You'll be making a sacrifice if you say yes to my proposal of becoming my wife. I know this, too. But I'll risk it. I'm also willing to make a sacrifice for my love of you."

And Josef continued, "I've gone about for years with the strange notion that we shouldn't bring new generations into the world. I already had this feeling years ago, when I read Peretz Hirschbein's drama *The Last One*. One of the protagonists in this drama comes to the conclusion that Jews shouldn't bring any new generations into the world. This feeling that I was 'the last one' intensified, when my only daughter Sure'le was taken away from me in a cruel manner. Nowadays, after the greatest Jewish disaster, the sentiment of becoming a father has died out altogether".

To that, Gołda replied to Josef, "Yes, my dear, you say the words that lie on the tip of my tongue. In the ghetto, under the dark rule of the Nazi murderers, I was prepared to become a mother. But in angst and in fear, I was freed of that. Yes, I understand you well. You speak my thoughts. I've no sentiment of becoming a mother now. Perhaps I'll think differently in the future. Who knows?"

The conversations between Josef and Gołda drew on for weeks and always on the same topic - whether she was prepared to share her fate with Josef.

Meanwhile, the day of Mordche's arrival in New York was approaching. And, here, Gołda saw an announcement in a newspaper, to the effect that the ship *General McKinley* was arriving in two days' time with the DP passengers. Among the names of the incoming passengers, Gołda also found that of her brother. Her joy was great.

Both of them went to meet Mordche. Josef was the first to recognise Mordche from afar and he shouted, "Mordche! Mordche!" For Mordche, finding Gołda at the dock in New York was a huge surprise. He knew she was living in California - what was she doing here?

Then he recognised Josef. Yes, he remembered him from his childhood years. Josef kissed Mordche warmly. Then Gołda and Mordche fell into each other's arms and wept with joy that they were finally together on the free soil of American, far from all the horrors, suffering and pain on the other side of the ocean.

