



Chap. V. America (1946 to 1947)

A one-year stay in New York brought the realization that my father was too ill and too old to compete with young engineers returning from military service. A fateful decision took us two to Angola, Africa, a desperate failure for my father, a form of heaven for his daughter. Love of adventure, love between father and daughter, made us a team with bonds that lasted a lifetime.

Chap. VI. Angola, Africa (1947 to 1950)

Three years of living on a coffee and cattle plantation in deepest Angola brought the experiences of life in colonial settings, the “old Africa” of white nostalgia and black suffering. Africa forms people in ways that remain imprinted on the soul. It demands self-reliance, practicality, inventiveness; in return it gives love for the land and its native people.

Chap. VII. Flensburg—Healing (1950 to 1958)

In 1949, as a thirteen-year-old girl, I brought my father home to Germany on a stretcher, forced to carry out administrative or logistical tasks he could only direct from bedside. The return brought healing for a time, reunited the family and became the setting of stories at coffee hour that painted my parents’ lives.

Chap. VIII. Death in Schleswig (1958 to 1959)

My father’s suffering, a combination of arthritis and caisson disease, a “gift” of building under water before pressurized cabins were invented, dominated our lives to his death in 1959. Again, letters bring clarity and explain a final gift of love to his daughter: choosing to spend the remains of life in an institution, thus enabling her to attend the university of Hamburg.