

Lovely Mrs. Jones

Many years went by after the sudden death of the lovely British neighbor Mrs. Jones. She and her husband moved from the city to our small German village and were the heart of our neighborhood. They lived together next door and after her death the village is still not as joyful as it was when she was alive. The year she passed the villagers felt her disappearing hardly and since then the atmosphere changed forever. We live further, but it will never be the same. No one will ever forget the lovely chattering and discussions while having a cup of tea or the therapeutic sound of her brushes painting all of her wonderful paintings. Sometimes you could hear the music, from all of her favorite English artists. And if you listened carefully the laughter and dance steps were not far away. All of this is missing since her death. And more than us villagers her husband, now an old man, is missing Mrs. Jones the most. He is often looking out of his window and you can see the sadness in his eyes. After the funeral he moved his chair in front of the terrace, where he has the most wonderful view on pure nature.

His wife and he would always take a long walk through the countryside and would end up on the market buying books, food, sometimes clothes and jewellery. Even though they were British they seemed to be very interested in the county and the German life. They were very openminded and thoughtful. They would never forget to buy extra things for people who had a tough time, just like my family and many villagers in general. After the war here the country was destroyed and we had a hard time to live a peaceful life. The Jones made this peace in many ways come true.

When I moved 30 years ago to the countryside, just after the war and without my husband I didn't have much. With one toddler in my arm, another still on the way and just a tiny bit of money our future was unsafe. The Jones took us under their wings and supported us where they could. Without them me and my kids wouldn't have come this far. They treated not just us, but also the whole village like close family.

It seemed natural for them to help people out and so it wasn't a surprise when I found out that they educated the poor villagers by themselves. A long time ago, even before I got to the village, they both lived in England in a big city and worked there as professors. They both spoke German so they could live with us peacefully. I think their helping and teaching spirit took over so they moved. So when they moved here they didn't give up their profession and because of the fact that the level of education was low in the village they spread their knowledge. Many people couldn't get the education. Here in the rural area the system was and still is not advanced and the villagers were very thankful for the support the Jones gave them. They were very good people.

Unfortunately the wife died a few years ago and it started to be quiet. The villagers would often visit to pay respect and check on the old man. It took

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time to digest everything, but he himself never stopped to be open minded and would still take long hour walks. We will never forget what they gave us.