



Cherished Map in a Frame

In all the years spent growing up at my father's house, I passed by a nicely framed map displayed on the wall in the hallway. Daily I hurried by, scarcely taking notice of it in my haste to get to class or work on time.

Yes of course I had been told that it was a plan of Dad & Grandmother's home town Molidorf, but being young and unaware of their history, I completely failed to recognize it's significance. Over time the tragic story of the loss of their ancestral home was passed along to us. Little by little, as the history of their dispossession and expulsion was revealed, the significance of this detailed map became evident.

Over the years as the ink faded somewhat and the paper also yellowed a little, it appeared to blend into the wall more and more, drawing barely a glance in it's direction.

In later years, during a visit to my aging father, I noticed the bare space on the wall and commented to him about the odd feeling that this sudden 'disappearance' had aroused in me. He replied with a sad smile to explain: if the disappearance of a small item like this map is noticeable, you can now begin to imagine how terrifying it must have been to witness the an entire town disappear. Imagine how disorienting it would feel to see an entire way of life vanish in the blink of an eye.



As my father was aging and his capacities were diminishing, he wanted this treasured memory closer to him, so he had moved it to the rec-room right next to his desk. Often when stopping in to visit, I would find him sitting at his desk,

looking intently at this remembrance of his former home. With trembling hands he would make notes as if to ensure that his youth in Molidorf was not just a pleasant dream and that the destruction of it was not just a nightmare that would dissipate on awakening.

I recall his genuine pleasure on the occasion when I recounted to him that with the help of my boss, the map had been successfully copied on the large blueprint copy machine at work. Now Dad would be able to share this treasured memory with many others. Each and every time I was able to bring him news of another request for a copy of the map, would be an occasion of surprise and happiness for Dad. Molidorf may have completely disappeared by now, but thanks to the efforts of it's former residents, the memory of how it once was does remain intact.

So it came to be that over the years this treasured map has indeed been shared with many people. Now that my father has passed away this cherished map has been passed on to me and now has it's own special spot in my home. Here it will patiently wait to be discovered once more by the next generation.



We extend our sincerest gratitude to Jakob Dippong who drew this wonderful map of his hometown Molidorf. That he drew this map from memory is so very incredible. It shows the indelible impression that his life in this special place left upon his heart. Thanks Jakob for bringing Molidorf to us. You have made so many people so very happy by bringing Molidorf back to us all.