Personalized Goals.

My professional life as a social worker started when I was 50 years old. Much of my work life before that, and all of my personal experiences, have gone into the decision to become a social worker so late in life. My professional life and its experiences have contributed much richness and many gratifications, and some of the stresses and pains to my personal life. The kind of person I am, the skills and talents I have, and my shortcomings and limitations, have made me the social worker I am. Together the professional and the private, individual person have made the past 20 years full of ups and downs, and very much worth living— for myself, for the people in my personal life, and for my clients.

My personal goal today: I would like for all of this to continue for a while; maybe for a year or so in my present job, and as vital parts of the inevitable (?) retirement life after that.
To: Anne Lane
From: Margarete Hirsch
Re: Evaluation - Personalized Goals.

Das Jugendheim Charlottenburg war für mich und meine Jugend wohl der bedeutendste Wegweiser - und ist es irgendwie auch heute noch! Besonders Martha Abichts starke Beförderung auf "Flexibility" Selbstandigkeit* besonders für die Kinder- Offenheit und Anpassungsfähigkeit sind immer meine Wegweiser gewesen.

der Lehrer und Lehrerinnen dort den Schüler und Schülerinnen gegenüber, vor
für mich das Maßgebende dieser Jahre.
Nun soll ich wohl besser auf-
hören für heute, als ein reichlich langer
Brief an eine bisher Unbekannte! Ich
hoffe sehr, von Ihnen zu hören! Ich
werde in den nächsten Tagen auch an
Herrn Dr. Wieler schreiben.

Mit herzlichen Grüßen,
Ihre Margarete Hirsch.

P.S. Vom Jugendheim erinnere ich mich,
ausser an Anna von Giersche und,
Martha Abicht nur an 2 Lehrerinnen:
Hilde Baltin, die meine Klassenlehrerin
war, und Fräulein Stolze, die Musik-,
lehrerin. Sie war eine wunderbare Lehrerin,
und die Lieder, die sie uns gelehrt hat,
dann ich alle noch heute singen! Sie hat
uns damals (1930-32) auch mit Fritz Jöde
bekannt gemacht und mit großer, seiner
Methoden große Gruppen sehr schnell Lieder
zu lehren - und diese Musik. Wie mehr
zu vergessen! Ich glaube, er wurde später auch von den Nazis verfolgt. Wenn er jetzt in Deutschland nicht mehr bekannt ist, würde ich Ihnen gerne später einmal von ihm und seiner 'Methode' erzählen.

Alles Gute!

Mitt.
(3) Schreiben

ausgewanderter Mensch, als Übersetzer, Zeugs Postzensoren, u.d.g.
engagiert hatten. Es gelang mir dann als
liebe Freunde und so
gar einige Verwandte
wiederzufinden.
Im Dezember 1948
wanderte ich dann
weiter in die U.S.A.,
so meine jüngere
Schwester seit 1938
lebte.
Schule und die Höhere Waldschule in Charlottenburg besucht!

Und nun (noch immer zögernd?!)
will ich übergehen
zu dem Grund meines heutigen Briefes an Sie, sehr geehrter Herr Bürgermeister.

alles weitere unmöglich
Das Ende des Schicksals unsere Mutter ist auf (und all der anderen damal in Berlin noch lebende jüdischen Menschen ist in dem Benanna
*Lesebuch - Juden
in Berlin auf den Seiten 311 - 325 be schrieben.
Von der speziell Zweek dieses Briefes sind die Seiten 321 und 324.
Cambodian Refugees Among Us—

Richmond is today home to approximately 6500 refugees—the majority of them from Cambodia. Will they suffer poverty and deprivation, add to the city’s crime, hunger, and homelessness? Or will they be well educated, self-respecting, valuably contributing members of our city, our country, and our society?

It is up to them, and us!

The Office of Refugee Resettlement of the Catholic Diocese of Richmond (ORR/CDR) is the primary refugee service provider to refugee families in the Greater Richmond area.
Approximately 65% of the refugee population are children. The area's school systems provide English-language instruction but have very few other services for non-American students. The Asian youths who make newspaper and TV stories with outstanding academic or professional successes are known to come from families who have themselves received, and value, education, and who have a clear vision of what is achievable for their children. The media rarely feature the many youths who drop out of school because they are not doing well, because their parents need them to work to help support the family, or who marry at age 16, as their parents did. Often, older children are kept at home to babysit with younger siblings. Others stay home because of harassment from school mates who taunt them and see them as 'elitist strangers.'
Until 1987, no refugee had yet enrolled in vocational education in any of the area's high schools, and only a handful had graduated. Most of the Cambodians here had been rice farmers; most of the men had had little schooling — the majority of women had had none. These families — even some of the older children — have lived under the terror and the killings of the Pol Pot-Khmer Rouge regime (which killed up to 3 million, out of the total population of 7 million Cambodians!) and was bent on destroying "the family" and all vestiges of the former order. At the present moment, newspaper and TV stories, or rumors of the return to Cambodia of Pol Pot, or other of the former repressive regimes, in the near future, a book of page 59.
are stirring deep fears and hauntingly contradictory feelings in the Cambodians here. They also fear for family members remaining in Cambodia, the Thai camps, or the dreaded "borderland" in between.

In 1979, a number of families, searching for their lost relatives, made a dangerous escape (with bombs falling on them and bridges exploding !) to refugee camps in Thailand. Not fully comprehending her---3000 eventually found themselves in Richmond, Virginia!

cont. on page 4.
The image enters my mind of starting today a weaving of putting my hand into a basket full of threads that I have been gathering throughout the seven decades of my life. I seem to have pulled out the first thread randomly from the basket—the one about starting this writing on a day when I am alone and can anticipate a few more days of aloneness. Aloneness is not all that this thread means. Already I can see that that first thread was not all that "random" after all. Certainly the choice of the second one turns out to be even less blindfolded. As I put my hand in the basket again, I am searching looking, and lifting out a thread that feels "right" that goes with me first one. As I am sitting in the quiet house, in the room that is more my own than any of the others. I recognize that I called the first thread "aloneness"—not loneliness. The difference between them! I will pull that thread and put it aside—I will see where it fits when more of the seven pattern evolves. Aloneness—being alone—has as its counterpart being with others, reaching out, interacting, reaching out.
A vast war - in 20 years - long time. A war there is not in your imagination if you have never seen it. A war - no meaning, no goal. What do they have after war? Nothing!! Or only tears. Souls can't mix [meet?] each other - because [or: becomes] a battle. It's crazy, and a little stupid!!

I'm fourteen years old - the age of thinking too many stories in my mind. If you asked me to tell it - I can't. But if I sit alone, it would maybe appear in my head. Slowly! Slowly......

I have done this on a Sunday evening, December 9th, 1975.
Le.

Le, the eldest of 7 children, had come to the U.S.A. immediately after the fall of Saigon in April 1975, and to our city on July 12th, with his parents and his brother and 4 sisters. The youngest boy was born in September 1975; he was named Don - "because it is both a Vietnamese and an American name." His father had worked for the U.S. Air Force, and Le had had English lessons in Vietnam.

X July 12, 1983
Edward Mörike, German poet

"Ich liege still im hohen, grünen Gras
und sende lange meinen Blick
nach oben;
von Grillen rings umschwirrt und
ohm Unterlaß
von Himmelsbläue renders am umwabern
und schöne weiße Wolken ziehn dahin
durchs tiefe Blau,
me schöne, stille Träume.
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin
selig mit
Raume."

Margaret's translation

in tall green grass,
gaze up to the sky above;
d by the whir of crickets,
unceasingly, ceaselessly;
and wrapped as in a cloak in the flower
and wondrously, in the blue depth.
And beautiful white clouds float like
beautiful calm dreams.
I feel as though I've long since died
and alight along through the eternal spaces.

(Blissfully)
Edward Mörike, German poet


translated: "Calmly I lie in tall green grass, sending my gaze up to the sky above; surrounded by the whirl of crickets, unceasingly, ceaselessly, and wrapped as in a cloak by the stars, and wondrously, in the blue depth. And beautiful white clouds float by like beautiful calm dreams. I feel as though I've long since died and refloat along through the eternal spaces. (Blissfully)"
Mother-Daughter Relationship

I am not sure where you are in the sequence of these books - so we
have been some of my thoughts, and feelings - just as a base
from there - that I would like to not just answer questions from you
requiring some answer from me.

First occurs and that requires decisions and actions. I think we need to go back, for a few
minutes, to the beginning. Even though I have not been a mother myself, I fear, almost physically, what a
mother might feel at the time

and wishes, and expectations, and all of these needs and expectations, as we well know, have to be constantly and
continuously revised in the light of reality, as the baby
boy grows up becomes a

person in her own right. In very
ways, like her mother, in others
very much unlike her.

Parallel with the mother's view of her daughter, goes the father's image of his mother. From the very first
moment, from the first

touching of all the physical care the baby "learns" what it is
mother and remain feels like. The young boy, and the baby boy, learns this too - but
for the little girl it goes right into her system as "this is

what it is going to be like to be me."

a mother, a girl, a woman. And all throughout childhood and adolescence this remains: the model, the very special closeness of being like
my mother. But then, as adult

I would prefer our selecting some of your questions as subjects of back and forth discussion and sharing of knowledge and experience.

First I understand that the original subject was to look at the relationship of the adult daughter to her aging mother, the change

of a baby girl - a feeling of identity, of likeness, another "me," and a new chance for another me.

maybe even another one that will be smaller, happier, don't make the same mistakes.

And then right from the beginning is a bond of hope,
Before she is ready to become the new model to her own child, some of these changes happen gradually, almost imperceptibly—some of them occur abruptly and painfully. But they must to happen as essential parts of the upbringing process. I would like to stop here for the time being and see whether we can develop from here on together—through back-and-forth questioning and discussion—in the direction that your interest lies.
Margaret's memories of babysitting in 1953 for a family with "Anne & Ellen" to supplement her secretarial income.

What was probably the first sitting with the K's children, or early 1954. Anne, the eldest, younger one was asleep, Anne on the sofa in the living room, and each other. I knew that we would 'make it' together when I was instructed to tie a thread around the loose tooth, and yank it hard! That was not the way I remembered having my baby teeth pulled -- but it worked! Once the tooth was out, we had washed it under the faucet in the bathroom. I was promptly reminded to give the tooth to Anne's mother when she came home -- for the tooth fairy to find in the night. My small share of American folklore was extending.

My babysitting fit with the K's needed to allow me a few extras that my starting secretarial income did not permit. It has left nothing but a warm glow in my memory to this day. If they were any hassled or problems, I have forgotten them.

I remember one weekend when it was getting late, bath room trips, night time.
I remember that was probably the first night of baby-sitting with the K.'s children. It was in 1953, or early 1954. Anne, the eldest, was 6. After the younger ones were asleep, Anne and I sat on the sofa in the living room and got to know each other. I knew that we would 'make it' together when I was instructed to tie a thread around the loose tooth, and jerk it hard. That was not the way I remembered having my baby teeth pulled -- but it worked! Once the tooth was out, and we had washed it under the faucet in the bathroom, I was firmly reminded to give the tooth to Anne's mother when she came home -- for the tooth fairy to find in the night. My small share of American folklore was expanding.

My baby-sitting job with the K.'s needed to allow me a few extras, that my starting secretarial income did not permit has left nothing but a warm glow in my memory to this day. If there were any hassles, or problems I have forgotten them. I remember one weekend when it was getting late, both room trips, night-time...
story, as best my memory of the night and how a last look of the teeth were all completed. Anne thought of crying and continued nunsberous cribs in her bed, keeping 2-year-old Ellen awake.

With a mixture of trouble and then I said, trying to sound stern: "Anne, I want you to calm down now, and go asleep." Her response: "May I do one more wrong thing?" The sternness was hard to maintain. With a mixture of a snuggle and a threat in my voice, I said: "I wouldn't chance it!" No answer, but a quick turn to the wall. Before I had finished tucking the baby in, I heard peaceful breathing from big sister's bed.

When all the bed-time ceremonies were accomplished, I would sit myself on the floor of the 2nd floor hall to watch the three children's bedrooms open and - leaving my back comfortably against the wall. Until all the small going-to-sleep noises had stopped, I would sit there and sing (in my all but...
Children In My Life.

Most of us, I suppose, have at some time or another, asked a child— of our own or of friends or acquaintances—"What do you want to be when you are grown up?" and we get the answer; "a doctor," "a business man," "a football player," "a nurse" etc. I remember being told by my mother that from the age of five, whenever I was asked that question I would say, "I want to work or do something with children." If ever a childhood wish or fantasy came true—mine certainly did, to this day. Since I never had any children of my own, but throughout these seventeen plus years, there was never a time when I was not either working with children as my profession or close to my friends' children in some meaningful way. One of my earliest memories of taking care of a baby happened when I was 10 years old. My sister and I spent our summer vacation at a camp
at the seaside. There were children of all ages, including a 5

Of course, never changed a baby's diaper before. But that memory, and the feeling of competence and satisfaction, is with me to this day.

Refugee babies have been with me in many different situations throughout my life to this day, and I remember all of them. And 'Vigla was the very first, and I have often wondered what became of her.'
X

Of WWII. This was shortly after the end at the seaside. There were children of all ages at the camp, including a five-month-old little girl Viola, who was a "refugee" about 1923, when the French occupied a part of Western Germany from Alsace-Lorraine, a part of Western Germany which was then occupied by France. The population was poor and troubled, and one of the owners of the camp had adopted the Viola to give her a better life. One Sunday morning the staff and all the campers went on an all-day trip. The baby of course could not go. When I was asked or offered to stay home with Viola I have forgotten but I do remember the day so clearly! I was proud - and felt grown up alone with a baby all day long.

When Viola started crying I gave her the bottle that had been prepared for her, but a little later, when she again cried, I changed her diaper. I had
After spending WWII in England

II. Then after I came to this country in 1949, I did a good deal of babysitting, some of it on weekends, and some at night. I remember most fondly and clearly an evening with 3 little girls here in Richmond. Susan, the youngest, was 8 years old. Then after supper, I gave her a bath upstairs, she demanded to go downstairs where her two older sisters were playing. I said: yes, Susan, when we have finished your “bath.” (remember: I had learned my English in England!) we will go downstairs. She looked at me firmly and disapprovingly: “Say: Bath!”

I have to laugh today when I think of or tell the story. Can you guess what today—40 years later—Susan is doing? Yes: she is a musician.
One evening back in the early 50s, I was baby-sitting with the K children, Anne and Helen. He had gone through the routine of having read a story at bedtime and I was trying to get 3-year-old Helen to sleep by singing to her and patting her back. Anne, 7 year old, was roaming around in her bed, making a good bit of noise, having a hard time settling down. After asking her...
This is January 9, 1991. If God so wishes, this will be the 80th year of my life. I read in the book that my religion calls "God's Book": "Und renum es gut gewesen ist, dann ist es Mühe und Arbeit gewesen." It has been well—with care and caring, and with sorrow and joy. I have felt a very great urge for a long time to share the memories of this life of joy and sorrow, of tragedy and pain, and of love and striving and fulfillment. I want to share it with others, and I want to share it with myself by writing down my memories as they come. This will not be a "bio-
graphy" — even I just discover, this moment, that this is exactly what it will be: a bio-graphy; a life, written down!

But it will not start with the information: "I was born on this date," in this city — even though this is exactly what it will start with!

I was born in Berlin, the capital of Germany, on October 9, 1911. This date of birth, ever since I could read it, has never failed to intrigue me: My birthday? 9-10-11 (because, in Germany, the day of the month appears before month itself: 9-10-11! The many times that I (almost proudly) smiled to
myself! Why? It pleased me, this "orderliness"; and then I began a "friendship" with the number nine! I discovered that my father and my mother were both born on a 9th of the month. And then, a young man, the only "next generation" of the family, "beat" us all to it by being born in that dark and fateful year of 1933: on 9-9-33! It seemed a "miracle" then, and it does so today! And, to end this game with dates that I so obviously love to play — I look at the date of the birth of this biography of mine: 1-9-91! (not even 9-1-91), as it would be in Germany!)}
What was my life like when I was your age?
Then I was ten years old...

How long ago was that?
65 years ago — 1987 - 65 = 1922

I was not born in the U.S.
— you can tell by the way I speak.
That is, what is that called?
An accent—a foreign accent.

Do you know other people who speak with that accent?
It is a German accent. German is the language—
I was born in Germany. Other countries where German is spoken: Austria and Switzerland.

— like English is spoken in U.S., England, Canada, Australia, et al.
At one time 65 years ago life was quite different in this country from what it is now. Children's lives were quite different (ask your grandparents).

And then life is different in each different country. People have different customs and different ways of doing things. Example: eating with knife and fork. Children shaking hands with parents when they go out, or go to bed.
1922 - I lived in the capital of Germany - Berlin. Berlin was a very large city - 4.5 million people. It was a beautiful city with woods around it, large lakes, and rivers.

1922 - 4 years after end of WWI

Inflation - # million for a loaf of bread, many people were jobless, poor, and hungry, and many were very sad because sons and husbands and fathers were killed in the war.

But, of course, there were also many happy things in my life when I was young. I had a sister who was then 8 years old. We went to a very special school.
X-Holdschule. It was called the "School in the Woods."

It was the only school in 1922, in Berlin where boys and girls went to school together. We played all day long, did our homework at school, had 3 meals in school and had to take a nap after lunch. Then we could do many outdoor things:

- There was a flower yard and a vegetable garden (each had their own flower bed)
- Swings, see-saw, parallel bars
- Folk dancing, singing
- Field trips
- In the summer a swimming pool (or Teacher hose Moff)

1922 - Quaker feeding from U.S.A. (President Hoover)
When I was 10 years old — in the 4th grade —
I started learning my first foreign language: French.
I loved it! (Expr.)
In the 7th grade we started English — that was easier.

At home: Ask me questions.

What was my hobby?
I had a favorite doll. Her name was Martha. She was big, and I guess I felt she was my baby.
I had 2 small plastic dolls. I used to sew dresses for them.

I also learned to Knit and crochet when I was ten, and I still love to do that now. And my favorite occupation was reading, and singing.
Homesick – December 1975

On a sunset evening, I am homesick.
I am sitting by the window.
The cloudy window looks like my future.
Looking at the sunset – purple color –
a sad color, but nice.
My life is purple color – and blue.
Why didn’t I choose black rather than purple?
Because my life is not black color.
I think there is exit.
What do I have now? Hope only.

Then I was in Vietnam I thought I buried
my future in war.
But I was still [keep] hoping for peace.

I would like to go visit North Vietnam –
the wonderful world my grandmother built for me
when she told us about her life when she was a kid.
I have many dreams about it,
though I have never been there.

Now I am living here –
a free land, a free life.
But I cannot forget anything carved in my mind.
I continue hoping.
There is a day, a dream, for me to go back to my
country.