

My uncle's house was full of Parisian kitsch. I remember it well.



# MY UNCLE'S DREAM

By Jordana Globerman









After Greece, we travelled through the Balkans...

Are we there yet?

Wahh!  
Where do you think there is Sara?!



...to focus on the better memories.

Beautiful isn't it?

Wow!

Sometimes, life was almost normal.

I like it here.  
The statues are fun to play on.

We're lucky, Sara.  
People couldn't always play over here.

We made do without a lot.

Hey!  
Come back.

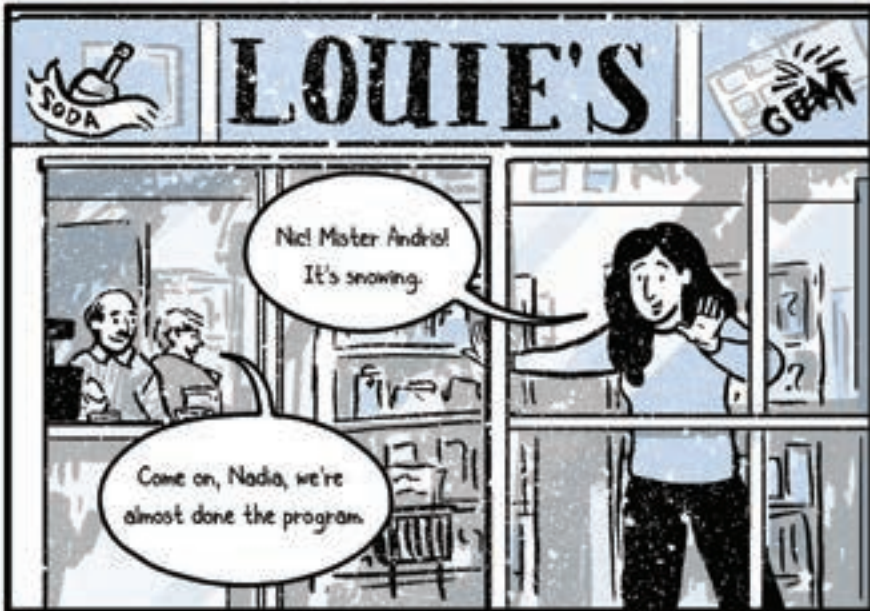
But often Europe surprised me.

You're here everyday.  
I can't have you starving.





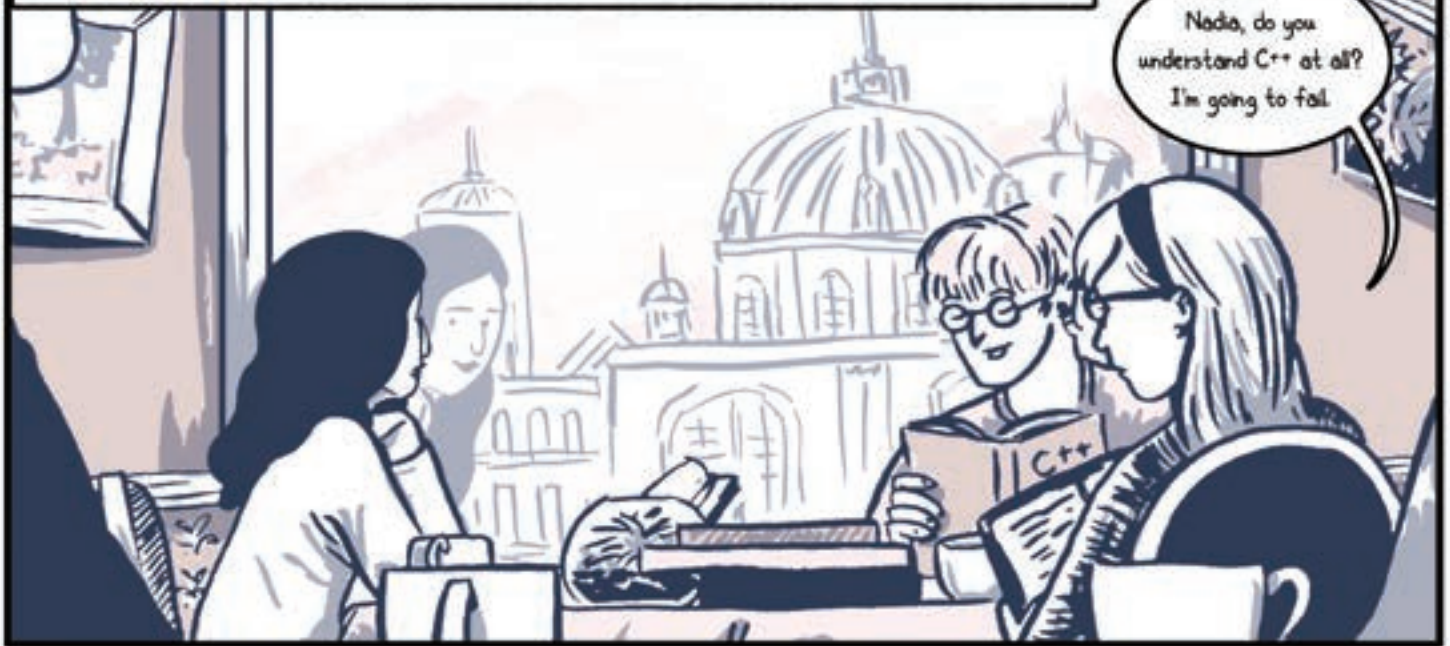






Until I went away to university, I never got to choose where I lived. I decided to make Berlin my new home.

Nadia, do you understand C++ at all?  
I'm going to fail.



I completely fell in love with the city.



I think it loved me back.



I met students from all over. We had lived very different lives, but I felt connected to them. We were all passionate about learning and full of dreams. It felt like a family.





I finally made it back to Paris.



I like it more this time...

...but not as much as my uncle did.



It was never about Paris itself, Nada. To me, Paris symbolized an intellectual dream. It represented an exchange of culture and of thought. It represented Peace.

I understand that now. Those ideas aren't just here though, Uncle.



I see them expressed in Berlin...



I saw them in Slovenia.



And for moments, in Greece, I heard you whisper them to me.



Some days I have to remind myself that I've built a life on my uncle's dream.



Life in Europe can be hard work sometimes.

Everything I've been through helps me appreciate what I have ... and what I've lost.



It's too easy to take good things for granted until they are gone.

But nothing's been easy...



...and I don't intend to start living like it is.