

The Day My Daughter Was Born

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Seven years ago, my husband and I left Russia and stopped in Austria on our way to America. I was almost nine months pregnant at the time.

We arrived in Vienna on September 1st, 1988. It was a beautiful and sunny day. Outside the airport, we stopped a taxi and asked the taxi driver to take us to the hotel. On the way to the hotel, we saw the beautiful Viennese streets and avenues. By the time we got to the hotel, I was tired because of my pregnancy, so I went to our room to rest.

My husband telephoned the doctor, and the doctor made an appointment to see me. I was a little afraid for several reasons. First, I was afraid of labor. Second, I didn't know their language, German. But when I met the doctor, he was very nice to me and he told me, "Don't worry. Everything is going to be fine!"

Six days later, on September 6th, I was the mother of a baby girl!

However, when Sabina was born, she had a problem and she had to get a blood transfusion. The doctor in the hospital helped my daughter, and I will never forget the doctor who saved my daughter's life.

After Sabina was well enough to leave the hospital, the three of us went back to our hotel. We stayed there until she and I felt stronger. Then, one week later, my husband and I started to go out each day, now with our new daughter.

Each day we walked from morning until midnight, because we didn't have a lot of time left before we would have to leave for the United States.

My husband and I really liked to walk on the streets of Vienna because they were so nice and clean. It was a real pleasure to see the beauty of this country. We also saw many museums, monuments and memorial estates, and the Royal Palace. The beauty of the Royal Palace was out of this world!

We met a lot of nice people. The people in this country were also well-disciplined.

In all, we spent two months in Austria. And one day, when our daughter grows up, we plan to go back to show her the country where she was born.

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