**CHAPTER 46, PAGE 283 AND 284**

Harry and I were married on August 17, 1945. I wore a dress made of soft lace, and Helena gave me the ruffled veil she’d worn at her own wedding. As she stood behind me and placed it on my head, I remembered as though from another lifetime her lifting her mother’s veil from a box in our kitchen, the veil she was going to wear when she married Jacob. “You look beautiful, Sarah,” she said as she spread the material around my shoulders. I reached up and squeezed her hand. “Thank you, Helena,” I whispered.

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As was tradition, I circled Harry seven times, and after we both drank from the *kiddush* cup, Harry stomped on the glass to a chorus of “*mazel tov*!”

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We had a celebratory dinner in the courtyard of a tavern in town. The air was humid and clung to us like an outer garment, but we didn’t care. A small klezmer band played while we danced on the cobblestones. Fireflies lit the branches of the trees like strung lights. I became drunk on wine and obligatory vodka the Russians provided. Around midnight, a summer rain shower fell on us as we danced so that our hair and clothes were plastered to our bodies. Before parting, the Russian soldiers lifted their rifles in the air and fired in unison. The sound reverberated in the small courtyard, and I jumped with a squeal. Harry caught me round the waist and spun me in a circle.

I had never been happier.