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Assistant Coordinator

In the dark hours of a spring morning in 1938 my parents scooped up my sister (aged 4) and me (3 months old) and with the help of many friends, fled from Cracow, Poland into the unknown. To aid the deception the curtains were blowing in the open windows and the door was left open as usual. My grandfather had virtually forbidden my father to leave, confidently reassuring my parents that nothing would happen to the family since he was a respected member of the business community, employing a large number of workers in the Koh-i-Noor Pencil factory.

My grandparents and others of the family perished.

Australia offered us shelter, stability, and wonderful educational opportunities. For some 50 or so years, apart from my family, the art and the difficulties of learning have been my focus, together with the practice of counselling children and families in a school setting.

Since leaving the paid world of bells, timetables and structured hours I have had time to savour and meander and reflect on what is important. The Courage to Care focus on recognition, respect and support for each member of our communities has drawn me passionately to the programme.