

CURIERUL ROMÂNESC

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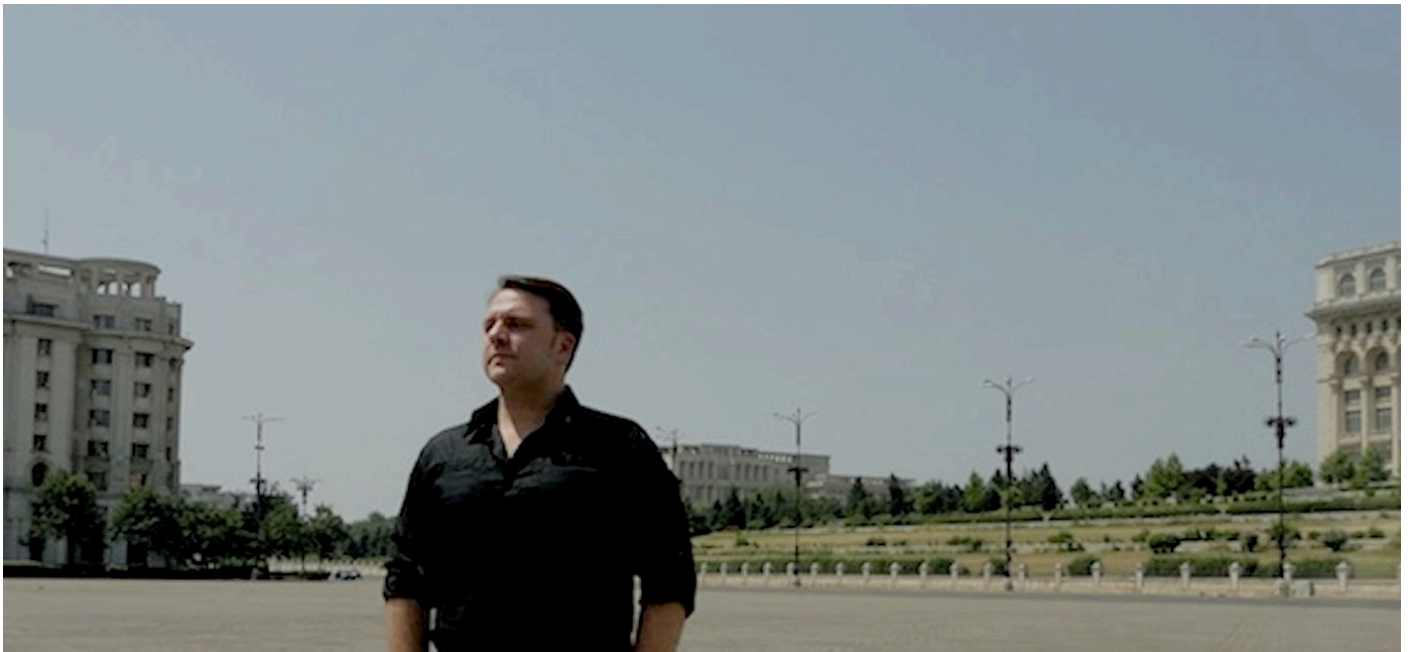
THE TRUE HEROES OF OUR TIME

During the 30 years of existence of the magazine CURIERUL ROMÂNESC (THE ROMANIAN COURIER), I have been interested to meet and to have interviews with personalities, “people with power”, people who through their actions have changed, or have influenced the destiny of a collectivity, or of a nation. I was not interested in first place if they had the same political or social views as I had, but what made possible that they arrived to decide over others’ life. Do they have inborn qualities which raise them over the “common people”, or are they just the result of some circumstances? What in the way to behave of these “people with power” – presidents of states, prime-ministers, leader of political parties, leaders of international organizations - fills with enthusiasm other people, who follow them, and who, by that, invest them with power, and consolidate their power? In a kind of journalistic blindness, I avoided to introduce to our readers “the common people” I met every day. However, the experience from the last years made me to understand that, in fact, there are not the presidents of states, the prime-ministers, the leaders of political parties, or the leaders of international organizations who influence our everyday life, that not the “people with power” are they who make our life more pleasant, or a nightmare. During the last years, since I am traveling between two worlds – Stockholm, Sweden, and Houston, Texas – I have realized, once more, that our everyday life is influenced, is marked by the officers we meet every day in different governmental or local institutions, by the people working in hospitals, or in banks, by people we meet when shopping, in stores, etc. I did understand, once more, that the intelligence, the professionalism, the self-abnegation, the honesty, the skill, the kindness, the consideration given to our fellow men, as well as the stupidity, the badness, the lack of honesty and consideration to them around us, are not the monopoly neither of one nation, nor of one particular skin color, nor of one particular religion. I have decided to introduce to you people I have met, who have impressed me by their professionalism, honesty, and self-abnegation with which they accomplish their everyday work, without magniloquence, with respect for them self, and consequently for people around them. Them I wish to bring my appreciation, and my gratitude, because they are the true heroes of our time, they are they who make our life to be happy, or a nightmare.

Silvia Constantinescu.

WITH THEO CIUPITU, AFTER 34 YEARS BACK TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY - ROMANIA

by Silvia Constantinescu.



Theo Alex Christian Ciupitu in the Romanian Parliament's Square, July 2011.

Photo: Octavian Ciupitu / © CR.

When on November 24, 1977 we emigrated from Romania to Sweden, we had with us 4 children, and 4 suitcases with what was left after we had sold of what we had earned during 11 years, my husband Octavian Ciupitu as an architect and my self as an editor, to pay the flight tickets. The children, Mariejeanne Atanasia was 10 years old, Anne-Marie Theodora was 8 years old, Marc Paul Veniamin was 6 years and 4 months old, and Theo Alex Christian was 1 year and 11 months old.

If “the old ones” understood some how that we were leaving the country to which we ethnically belonged, and that we should never have the possibility, in the circumstances at that time, to return, then Theo could not to understand that. He started to understand everything in Swedish and about Sweden, because he started to speak coherently, and to understand what happened around him, the Swedish habits, at the “daghem”, the Swedish kindergarten where we had registered him after our arrival to Sweden, and where he had to be daily from

07:00 to 18:00. Visiting Romania between 1978 and 1990 was impossible for us, because the Romanian communist and Securitate agencies hunted us as “the Romanian people’s enemies”, “the Socialist Motherland’s and Nation’s traitors”, etc., because we published the magazine CURIERUL ROMÂNESC (THE ROMANIAN COURIER).

However, after 1990, the former communist leaders transformed over a night to “democrats”, asked us, considered having “plenty of money”, and “who did not eat soya salami”, no matter how our economical situation was then, “to help the Romanian people”, etc., etc. And we, my husband and I, as many Romanians in exile, did what we could to help remaking Romania [I have recounted several times in CURIERUL ROMÂNESC (THE ROMANIAN COURIER) about our family’s, and many Romanians’ in exile actions for that], but we could not afford a trip to Romania for the entire family, because it costs, and it still costs very much, much more than a trip from Sweden to Greece, or to Spain, or to Italy, etc. A trip to Romania with the entire family was unimaginable.