

**Memories of the years 1947/48 in the Missionary Seminary of St. Ottilien
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I began my studies at the Missionary Seminary in 1947. We were around 90 students and lived in the northeastern wing of the monastery, on the first floor. The northern room, with beautiful Gothic windows, was our study room, i.e. for classes one and two with about 50 boys, and at the same time the classroom. On the other side of the corridor was the study room for the older students from classes three to eight. In the south there were classrooms. We rose at 5:00, then studied and had Holy Mass. The refectory was on the first floor with long wooden tables and benches along the wall.

In summer 1948, the former Seminary or school was given back and much renovation work had to be done until during the holidays the monastery carpenters installed new wooden floors.

Of the Jewish hospital, I remember especially the wooden booth at the entrance to the monastery from Geltendorf when I arrived there with my father for the first time. Then I remember in summer the crowds of kids who played around the seminary lake. At that time, I even pushed away a small Jewish kid from the lake because I had the feeling that they didn't belong here. In retrospect, I think that we children somehow felt the strained relations between the monastery administration represented by Fathers Moritz Schrauf, Albrecht Wagner and Hildebrand and the hospital directors and reacted in our own way.

The monks told us nothing about the past of the Jewish patients. We ourselves thought nothing about the concentration camp clothes which we still used later for work until 1951. For us it meant only saving money, nothing was thrown away, only washed and used again. We looked shyly at the Jewish cemetery from a distance. It was completely covered with weeds and people avoided it although we often saw it. The renovation only started in the 1960s thanks to the efforts of Father Walter Sedlmeier. My knowledge about it came only recently due to the cemetery guide and the memories of Dr. Zalman Grinberg.

At the end of my own reminiscences, I want to remember my fellow students who became priests, then married and whose memory was also purged, although there is a more tolerant attitude toward them nowadays (list of names follows).