

Petr Weber



his is a photograph of me at the age of one and a half. Judging by my age, this photo was most likely taken still in Bochnia, where I lived during the war with my real parents. But I don't know much about it.

I'd say that my life story is a bit on the blurry side. It's not even completely clear to me, because I got it from various places second-hand, and that only much later. I found out a lot from my uncle, Schlomo Königsberg, who was the brother of my mother, Lola Königsberg, married name Preiss, and from her sisters Toshka and Esther. These three were the only members of my original family

to survive. I later met up with them in Israel.

This is how it is, more or less: in 1942, when I was born, my parents Lola Preiss and Aaron Preiss - both Polish Jews - were already imprisoned in the concentration camp in Bochnia. It wasn't an extermination camp, but likely a certain type of ghetto where local Jews were concentrated before being sent to the places of "final solution", like Auschwitz and other camps to the east. So that's where I was born. We were all together until 1944, when a certain group of people managed to escape from that camp, among which was also my uncle [Schlomo Königsberg], at that time a young lad of seventeen. And they took me, a two-year-old child, with them. My parents stayed there. On the way through the Slovak State, my uncle left me in the care of one Jewish family in Liptovský Mikuláš, that was in 1944. There I was discovered by the daughter of my later adoptive parents. My adoptive father was 50 years older than I. That's why I don't know much about my grandparents, neither my own nor my adoptive ones.