

My Wife Lujza And I



My wife Lujza and I in our apartment in Bratislava; the photo was taken in 1992.

A few years after the war ended, one very lucky thing happened to me. I was at a partisan dance, as a former partisan, and there met my current wife. She, like her father, had been an anti-Fascist. My father-in-law was an upholsterer, and during the Holocaust he hid two Jewish families in the back in his warehouse, who'd also survived. My wife isn't Jewish. Simply put, I fell in love at that dance. My wife's maiden name was Lujza Nagyova. She's also from Bratislava, like me, and was born in 1928. She worked for her parents. Her father, as I've already mentioned, was an upholsterer. My wife's mother was a housewife. My mother took care of all the administrative work in the upholstery workshop. She didn't have any siblings; she was an only child. My wife graduated from business high school.