

My Grandfather, Heinrich



This is a photo of my grandfather, Heinrich F. at the end of the 1930s

My grandfather was already in his golden years. I met him only a few times, because Dunajska Streda, to which Nyarasd belonged, was taken over by Hungary during the war. My grandfather, like his children, was completely modern, including his observance of religious customs. The family observed mainly the holidays. During holidays they would visit the synagogue in Dunajska Streda. My grandfather didn't survive the war.

I remember Nyarasd really only foggily. The last time I was there I was 3 years old, on the occasion of some relative's birthday. The village roads were dusty. My grandfather's house stood on this bit of higher ground. On one occasion, I don't even remember which, my parents left me with my grandfather for a few days, so that I could improve my Hungarian. Beside my grandfather's place stood the house of the local reeve, who had a son that was older than I. There was an apple tree in the yard, and he often said to me that when an apple fell, I should call him. And I would yell out: "Jánoska, lepotyant az óma." [in Hungarian dialect: Janoska, an apple fell. - Editor's note]. That I remember. He'd come over and we'd eat the apple together.

My grandfather lived in a typical village house that had a front hall and part of the courtyard was roofed over. They didn't have running water, but drew it from a well in the yard. In the front part of the house there was a store with various goods. You entered the store through the kitchen. Behind the kitchen there were two rooms, and in the back there was a stable. There was a small garden behind the house, and they also raised animals, but I don't remember anymore which ones. After the territorial division, when Nyarasd fell to Hungary, I never met my grandfather again. He most

likely died on the way to a concentration camp.