

At The Jewish Cemetery In Hlohovec



This photo was taken in the 1970s. In the foreground is my wife, Eva F., behind her is her father, Pavol S., and beside him is his cousin, Alzbeta Foldiova. This picture was taken at the Hlohovec cemetery at the grave of Mrs. Foldiova's daughter.

My wife's mother was a very religious woman, and wanted to continue to lead a traditional, religious life. That's why they decided to move to Bratislava. My wife's family was exceptional in their observance of religious regulations. Her mother was very religious. My wife is a faint copy, as far as religious life is concerned. To this day, we still observe the Sabbath, light candles, and my wife prays. Her mother paid great heed to these rituals, virtually to the last moments of her life. Then, when she became very ill, she eased off of these principles, but still kept on observing all holidays. She kept a kosher household. Even after the war, my wife's family had poultry slaughtered for them, just so everything would be kosher. When she was of an advanced age, she was in a nursing home, where she also died.