

# Peter Gottlieb



This is my son [Peter Gottlieb] holding a nice black cat.

The photo was taken after he had lost all his hair. He had cancer, and lost his hair, because he had to undergo chemotherapy.

The photo was taken in Israel, it is written 1995 on its back. He died in 1996.

In autumn 1948 I got married. I was in the second degree at the university.

My wife had been my classmate in high school in Nagybanya, in the last degree.

I even stayed at her parents - this was the problem. She was called Aliz Butkovits, but originally her name was Aliz Berger. She became Butkovits, because her step-father adopted her.

How Aliz Berger survived the war? It's a strange story.

Her mother was christened, because her second husband was a Christian, so she didn't have to be deported.

But their daughter, though she was christened too, wasn't married, well she was young, she should have been deported.

She was hundred percent Jewish, because her mother was Jewish too, though she was christened, and her father was Jewish - his name was Berger.

But they had a neighbor, who had a vineyard in Szinervaralja - it is called Seini in Romanian -, on halfway between Nagybanya and Szatmarnemeti.

The neighbor brought the little girl there and kept her there until the war ended. She had accommodation and meal.

That's how she survived. They were looking for her at home in vain, they couldn't find her.

We had a son born in my first marriage, Peter Gottlieb; he was born in March 1950, when I was in the third degree.

After we divorced, he stayed with his mother in Kolozsvár. This was normal, because he was five or six years old, when we divorced, so he was a little child.

I couldn't have raised a child here, in Iasi. That was it, but when he started his university studies, he stayed at me.

He finished mathematics here. He got back near Kolozsvár, then to Kolozsvár; he got married there, his wife is Romanian.

They left for Israel in 1989, a few months before the fall of Ceausescu.

My son died in December 1996 - he was forty-six years old -, he had cancer. But I have two grandchildren in Israel.

They have Romanian names, one of them is Mircea, the other is Silviu. For usually it is the mother who chooses the names.

But when they left for Israel, both of them adopted Jewish names. Mircea became Miha, Silviu became Yossi.

They were born in 1979, respectively in 1983. Both of them have already finished high-school and the army service, and they are students now; the elder, Miha is studying economical sciences in Jerusalem, the younger, Yossi studies psychology in Beer Sheva.

Their mother lives in Sderot, but they don't stay with their mother anymore.