

Bella Steinmetz At Home



This is in Marosvasarhely, in one of my rooms. The boy is the grandson of my second husband's cousin, Sara Spiccer, called by the family Piri, they are man and wife [with the girl]. The first from right is Ilka [the person who takes care of Bella Steinmetz]. The photo was taken about 4-5 years ago. They came to greet me.

In 1994 my husband died. He was buried in the Jewish cemetery of Marosvasarhely. They recited the Kaddish as well, Grunstein was the chazzan then, and he led the ceremony. But let's not talk about this, because it's something that hurts a lot. After so many years, eleven years passed since I lost him, and I still receive respect due to him. Where my husband worked, there were a lot of young people, activists, party members. They still greet me. Because of him. He was such a person, that even after 60 years: 'How are you doing, Missis Steinmetz?' For example a few weeks ago they offered me to bring me fish from the lake. Considering his personality, he was an absolutely fair man.

I don't get any support from the community. Gifts sometimes, when Rosh Hashanah comes, and they have superfluous food, they send me a package. The truth is that the pension I'm getting from Germany is enough for the moment. And for example I got something recently, but just a little, from Hungary, after the parent. I got support every week from a Scottish organization. [Editor's note: The Targu Mures Trust was established in 1999 by Ethne Woldman, the manager of the Jewish Care Scotland. The organization pays three persons to visit and help elder people.] They come every Tuesday.

I feel good, I have nothing to be ashamed of. I was born here, I live here, and I will die here. Unfortunately there is nothing to tell about everyday life at this age. Days pass slowly, because all kind of health problems appear each day. I had problems even with my ear, I need this one [the hearing aid] too. I can't listen to music anymore, though music was everything for me. I solve crosswords, I read the daily paper, I watch television, I choose for myself 2 or 3 stupid soap operas, which I can understand even if I don't read [the subtitles]. Unfortunately they don't broadcast enough music, though I have 30-40 channels with this television set. People like me very much, a lot of people come to visit me [the members of the Targu Mures Trust among others]. But the

nicest thing is that [the person who lives] there, opposite - I don't know their name and they don't know either my name, but we communicate, we talk. They showed me that two flowers [were put in my window], and they say [show] that no one has flowers, but you do. Well, we have such amusements. They keep me in mind as a very old person. Maybe they know my age as well, because they can see me.