

Zsuzsanna G. And Her Son



This is me with my son under my arm. The picture was taken in Budapest in 1953.

I got married in 1951. We met at work. He wasn't Jewish, but that didn't cause any problems. All my Jewish girlfriends married non-Jewish boys. Not because, like a lot of people say, that we didn't want to be Jewish. We didn't convert, we didn't deny our Jewish past, but we thought that we should be just like anybody else, the non-Jews. In any case, one of the decisive motivations of my life is equality, that there shouldn't be second-class in any sphere, and a lot of people apparently lived this way. I didn't even bother with it. At work I had no idea who was Jewish and who wasn't for decades. My circle of friends was like this, that half were Jewish, and half weren't. My husband came from a working class family. He got his law degree while we were married. He also did it at night school. Their family didn't mind that he married a Jewish girl. It wasn't an especially close family. His father was no longer living, it didn't matter to his mother. The relative who really loved him, accepted me. And there wasn't any opposition in my family either. Anyway, my husband looked more Jewish than I did, so much so that he would get comments at work like, 'because us Jews, you understand...' and he never corrected anyone. He considered it exceptionally important to assume responsibility for [having] his wife. We had two children, both have diplomas. One of the children has a Jewish spouse and one doesn't. My children are great, both live in good marriages, the most important thing being that I have five grandchildren, with whom I have an extremely good relationships.