

Katharina Stecklmacher With Her Daughter Karmela Ben Dom And Her Mother Stefanie Steinerova



This photograph was taken in a park in Prostejov, most likely in 1934. From the left, my mother Katharina Stecklmacher, nee Steinerova, my sister Karmela Ben Dom, née Stecklmacherova, and Grandma Steffi Steinerova.

After the war, my mother, sister and I returned - by miracle we'd survived the holocaust. We still had a part of what remained of the things we'd taken with us three years earlier to Terezin. In March 1949 we left for Israel. Mother divided our belongings up into three portions; we knew that we weren't going to be living together. I got a medium-sized stainless-steel spoon that had returned with us from Terezin. As long as my children were little, they ate soup and porridge with it; since they grew up the spoon has been mine and I use only it. When my first granddaughter, Inbal, was little, she ate with my spoon when she was at our place. My wish is to eat with my spoon until the end of my days.