

Jozsef Faludi, His Siblings, And Their Parents



This picture of my family was taken in Kiskoros before I went to Palestine. My brother found it when he came back after the war. The girl right of my father is Babi, my younger sister, and the other one is Mancsi. Behind my parents on the right is me and on the left is my brother Imre. Friday evening in our home was wonderful. I think back on it with great affection. My mother would light the candles and say the blessing. There were two candlesticks for this, which we didn't use for anything else. We sang songs, the zmirot (psalms), at Friday dinner. Before dinner the girls would dance the Shalom Aleichem with our father. I don't know if they danced in Grandpa's family too, but I think my father brought a lot from that cantor grandfather. My mother would make the challah, and the baker would bake it. We would bring it with the cholent, which would get cooked in the warmth of the Friday oven. They would make the cholent ahead of time, and wrap it up in paper, and take it to the baker like that. There were paper labels with numbers that they would stick on the top of the challah and the cholent, so you could tell whose was whose. My mother made bread too, and baked it at the bakers. Usually the kids would go for the bread, and for the challah too, but naturally they weren't allowed to touch it. On Saturday, children under 13 would carry the cholent home, because only they were allowed to carry. If not, then the task fell to some Christian who kept the fire at home and turned on the lights. On Friday evening we had fish, meat soup, and tomato sauce. Fish in aspic was the appetizer, prepared on separate plates, and everyone got a plate. That was a special treat. There was stewed meat in the soup, and they poured the tomato sauce on the stewed meat. We had dessert too, cakes made in honor of the Sabbath. My mother was famous for her cooking and baking. Many people came to her to learn. She had learned from Grandma in Csepel.