

Maria Karolina Fulop



This picture was taken in the 1920s. This is my mother, Maria Karolina Fulop, on a street in Aghiresu. She was carrying milk from our neighbors. We didn't have cows and had to buy milk. She was a religious woman who kept the kashrut. She didn't mix dairy products with meat products. She didn't wear a wig - she didn't like that - but she covered her head with a kerchief.

Of my two parents, my mother was more energetic. She was kind, but did not tolerate any mistake. Of course, she punished the children the way a child's mistakes should be punished - to the extent of his deeds, for an educational purpose, so that the child may remember the punishment. My mother had this principle: the time for a child to acquire some qualities is the time when he is still

very young and can be influenced. They say that the first seven years of one's life, those years spent at home, are very important. And my mother cared about this.

I must admit that we had a certain degree of freedom. My mother never prevented us from going to enjoy ourselves. And she didn't accompany us all the time either. However, my brother, who was about 12 years older than I was, had to come with me. My mother trusted us - these were her exact words: 'I trust you...' But it goes without saying that, before leaving us in charge of our lives, she gave us a lecture, so that we would know what to do. Each sister of mine got this lecture, and I was no exception. What's more, my mother was particularly thorough about it, given that I was the youngest of them all.

Of course, back then, times were different and manners were different from what they are now. And I can honestly say that, although I was brave and friendly, and most of my friends were boys, I never forgot my mother's advice. Thanks to what she taught me, I knew how to behave with boys and how to keep them at a safe distance. And I'm sure that few mothers could boast themselves with daughters who were as good-mannered and confident as we were. From this point of view, I can only praise my mother and her principles, and I assure you that I keep her memory alive even today.

She was taken with all her family to the Cluj ghetto. Last time I saw my mother was when we stood next to the freight cars. I respected her back then, and I will respect her and love her for as long as I live. She died in Auschwitz.