

Jozefin Schultz's Tombstone



This is my Mom's gravestone. The picture was taken in Balassagyarmat, but we couldn't find the grave, when we were there a couple of years ago. She committed suicide, and my poor mother was buried somewhere at the edge of the cemetery, or in a ditch. It has Hebrew [Ivrit] writing on it, and we couldn't find it, and there was no one in the synagogue, who could help. The picture was taken before the war, for sure. My mom was called Jozefin Oblath. She was born in 1887 in Ovar. I don't know what sort of school she finished. She was a housewife. I heard, that she was very good at sewing, and she used to sew bodices and shirts for peasant women, but she didn't work. I have no

idea how she meet my dad. I don't even know where they got married either. I suppose, they must have married in 1910 or 1911, since I was born in 1912. My mom was pretty, very pretty, and her twin sister was also very pretty. And very kind, too. She had a bun. She had nice, brown hair, and she wasn't too tall. At home, she never had her hair tied up. Only, when she worked on something like cleaning, or something like that, but not for religious reasons. She wore a long skirt, I know that, and she wore apron on top of it. I don't remember her face so much anymore. It was such a long time ago. Mom kept a kosher household. We didn't go to the synagogue every Friday, only on holidays. I don't remember these things. But one thing is sure, that she didn't attend mikveh, and she didn't wear a wig. Etel and I spent the seder at her twin sister's, who also lived in Balassagyarmat. Only we children went there. Mom and dad didn't come. I remember that Mom used to make kneidl for Chanukkah, but there was no celebration. I don't remember if we lit candles, My brother was a five-month baby when my mother committed suicide. I know that she didn't get along with my father. She was unsatisfied with her life, and with my Dad not being religious. I witnessed once that on Friday evening the candles were lit and Dad lit a cigarette, and mom got angry with him. And Dad suddenly threw the candle holder onto the floor in his anger. She died in 1920. I was only eight at the time, and then we never asked about it. Later, when I had grown up, I was more curious, but then there was no longer anybody to ask what had happened