

Klara Karpati's Mother, Karolina Grunberg



This is my dear mother, Karolina Grunberg, in a photo taken in Budapest in 1931 or ?32. My mother did not go to work outside the home. Her health was very bad, so she stayed at home, managed the household, cooked, and did the shopping. We went to Klauzal Square (to the market) to buy food. She usually took me along. There in Klauzal Square was the goose-merchant she always bought from. Mother kept a kind of kosher kitchen. We bought butchered geese from the Klauzal Square market, and we kept dairy goods and meat items separate. My mother made cracklings and liver from the geese and all sorts of other goodies. My mother was an excellent cook and baker. She baked many kindlies, baby shaped cookies stuffed with nuts and poppy seeds, for Purim, and my father's work-mates told him to tell 'Karolinka' to send more. My mother did not attend synagogue much, nor did my father, even though he came from a relatively observant family. He went to synagogue during the festivals; he owed that much to the community. My mother lit a candle on Friday evenings. We had meat soup on Fridays and on a plate beside it, there was black

radish, tomato sauce, and this or that kind of sauce with meat and challah. My mother did not make the challah; we bought it. I remember that my father used to do kiddush with a glass of wine. (Editor's note: Kiddush is the ritual consecrating the Sabbath and the festivals. It is done with wine at the synagogue and with wine and challah at home.) I was twelve or thirteen when my mother died.