

Panni Koltai And Karcsi Koltai



This is my son Karcsi Koltai on the right and me. Karcsi wasn't married yet, but he must have already graduated from university here, so the photo must have been taken in the first half of the 1970s. We were on our weekend plot in God.

We had a plot that the Ministry of Food had sold to us. Someone at the ministry put a flea in my husband's ear; he didn't want to buy it but this man kept telling him that he had to buy it until he did. This was at the time when it became fashionable to have a plot [in the 1970s]. It was right next to the holiday resort of the ministry in God. The plot was small, there wasn't enough room [for our friends]. There was a proper stone house on it but it was so small that only the family could stay in it. We went there every week. We made a little kitchen garden, but it wasn't the thing for us. My husband Pista was competent at gardening but he didn't have the physical strength any more. And then Pista died and Karcsi sat down to read his newspaper. 'Now, shall we work a little?', I said. And he just went on reading his newspaper. And then my grandson Andris said: 'If you want, I can cut the grass'. He was ten years old. I said to him, 'Fine, cut the grass then'. None of us knew anything about gardening. So, in the end we sold it rather than spoil it completely.