

Sara Lazar



This photo was taken in the 1920s. Here you can see my mother, Sara Lazar.

My mother's maiden name was Sara Groszman; she was born in 1899 in Nagykallo, in Szabolcs county.

She finished elementary school, I think it had six grades back then.

My father was demanding, so our home was very strict.

I can tell you honestly that when my father was at home, we couldn't breathe a word. When he left, well, then we had a good time.

My mother was a very good woman, she loved us very much. I was certainly more attached to her, and she was more attached to me.

She was an excellent mother, she loved me very much. What can I say? They raised us, they made men of us.

My mother didn't speak Yiddish, they spoke in Hungarian, but my father talked with his parents in Yiddish.

My mother didn't cover her hair, but she was religious as well, and we tried so hard to follow the kashrut, that in 1944, when one couldn't find anything kosher, we preferred not to eat meat; instead, my mother cooked vegetarian food, as we observed our religion.

My mother kept a kosher household until my brother moved her to Bucharest in 1949, where she didn't keep an entirely kosher home.

We weren't very Orthodox, but we were religious and observed all the holidays. Jewish holidays start on the eve of the holiday.

Sabbath also starts on Friday evening, and the end of Sabbath is celebrated through a prayer.

On Friday evening the holiday started when my mother lit the Sabbath candles.

My mother lit four candles, because there were four of us in the family, then she recited the prayer, she blessed them.