

Roza Schuller



This is my paternal grandmother, Roza Schuller. The photo was taken in Budapest in the 1910s. I knew my grandmother better because we came to visit her several times in Budapest from Hanover. Because they lived here in Budapest. I barely knew my paternal grandfather, I only saw him once, then he died. I only remember his last name: it was Schuller. He had some kind of intellectual occupation, but I don't remember how he made a living. I know that he had a job. My grandfather must have been an exceptionally inquiring man, but he didn't care about one thing: children. I met my grandmother several times. Aunt Roza had an apartment somewhere on Bulcsu Street. It was a quite dark apartment, as far as I remember. She was a housewife; women at that time didn't work. I knew her, she cooked very well, I remember that. I can still see how she decorated the sugar-glazed cake with sour cherries. Once when I was a teenager she took me to the synagogue, so that I would see it. But they didn't observe religion. I don't know whether I knew about my origins at that time already or not. I couldn't find out from the family because this wasn't a topic, it wasn't interesting. I'm sure that Aunt Roza didn't live to see the Holocaust, but I don't know where she was buried. We never went to the cemetery, partly because we were raised in Germany, and didn't really keep in touch with the relatives from here. As far as I know Grandmother Schuller didn't have any brothers or sisters. There was a distant relative here, who was a very nice woman and she took care of her, but I don't know how they were related. She took me here and there as a friend, she showed me the City Park. I don't know whether Grandfather Schuller had any siblings.