

Zsofia And Izsak Brull



My mother, Zsofia Brull, and my father, Izsak Brull, are in the picture. It was taken in 1979 at the anniversary of my father's 85th birthday. He received the vase in the foreground from his colleagues at the porcelain factory. They had organized a big restaurant gathering every year since his retirement to pension, as homage to the great master. his birthday was celebrated every five years by both the Kolozsvár and the Torda porcelain factory work communities. They liked him so much that they organized a joint dinner for his birthday. This was rare for a leading person; in general a person is forgotten after one to two years. But they organized a party for him until he was 85 - that was the last one. This was done in his honor, as he was a great expert. My father wasn't religious; he worked on Saturdays, too, but went to synagogue on high holidays because of my mother. My mother ran a kosher household. She observed the religion, to the extent that she would never have eaten pork, even if there was nothing else. But later, we, the rest of the family, ate pork, but she never did. At Yom Kippur, even in her old age, it was unthinkable that she wouldn't fast. She would have been sick, if she had eaten. My mother lit candles on Fridays. She always made fish in aspic and chulent, goose liver and stuffed cabbage. My mother was very skillful and very daring; she wasn't scared of life. She worked a lot, did housework for a very long time. Even at 86 she did heavy laundry. She never complained.