

Agi Sofferova's Wedding Photo



This is my wedding photo. My husband, Josef Soffer and I were married in 1947 here in Znojmo. It was a civil wedding. Sitting beside us is my husband's mother, Anna, and his father, Hynek. Above in the middle is my sister Helena with her husband, Emil Jocker, and standing on the right beside her is my brother Josi. Standing on the far left is my husband's uncle, his mother's brother, with his wife. And on the right are their son and daughter. My husband was named Josef Soffer. That's a Hebrew name. Soffer means scribe. He was quite a bit older than I; he was born in 1907 in Kravsko, which is here, a little ways away from Znojmo. His native tongue was Czech, and he always considered himself to be a Czech; he was a big patriot. He had moved to Znojmo with his parents as a kid and attended school here. He only had public school, but maybe then had some sort of mercantile school, the kind that shop assistants had. Before the war he had worked as a sales rep for a large company. He sold shirts and ties and was relatively successful. Well, and then he went to the concentration camp. He was in several camps, in Terezin, in Auschwitz. There he lost his first wife and child. His first wife was named Herta, the same as his sister. She was quite petite. His son Robert was only ten years younger than I. Herta wasn't old when she went into the gas, but mothers with children had no chance. From Auschwitz my husband then went to Germany to do work. I think that he was liberated while in Buchenwald. My husband's parents were named Hynek and Anna. She was very kind, this small, petite lady. She was refined, from a good family. Their daughter Herta got them to Palestine in some fashion before the war, where they then lived together in a kibbutz. In 1947 they both returned here to Znojmo, and at one time lived with us. Because the Germans had nationalized their house before. But my husband got it back in restitution. Before the war, my husband's father had had a store in the front, and in the back he had a cold box, as he was a butcher. He sold chickens, hens, geese, in short poultry. In 1948 his parents returned to Israel, and Grandma, my husband's mother, died there. So Grandpa returned to Znojmo again. I remember that when the children were ten, he lived here for some time. But then my husband paid for his trip and he returned to Israel, again to that kibbutz. He was always able to return there. Both of my husband's parents are buried in that kibbutz in Israel. His father died sometime in the 1980s. My husband and I met here in Znojmo. He saw me, fell in love, and wouldn't be dissuaded. He was crazy about me. We got married in 1947. There was quite a large age difference between us, 17 years. At the time we were married he was 42 and I was 25. Today I

wouldn't recommend it to a daughter of mine, but back then I let myself be persuaded. After the war a person felt uprooted, I was so in pain that I didn't want a Christian man for a husband. Nor was there an opportunity, to tell you the truth.