

Mrs. Szamosi With Her Mother



In the background is my mother-in-law, Mrs. Erno Szamosi, my husband's mother, with whom we had a close relationship. This is her mother, granny, who I feel the same about. They lived together. Here, granny was nearly ninety. The photo was taken around 1973. I met my husband through a mutual acquaintance. Only his mother and grandmother were alive when we got together. His father died of tuberculosis in 1945. His mother loved him, as he did her, she took good care of him. It was a Jewish family at heart, though they weren't especially religious, but the grandmother and my mother-in-law kept every Sabbath, on Friday evening they lit candles, and they celebrated Yom Kippur. How my mother-in-law made it through the war, during that particular march, they took her all the way to Hegyeshalom, where a nephew ? who was some member of the Jewish Council ? stepped in, and got her out of that march to Germany, and then they came home. This is how they lived through the liberation. My husband was in a labor battalion and[taken] to Bor. He was liberated there. The grandmother had a little tobbaconist's shop on a side street. She

got it, or maybe her husband. When they nationalized the shop, grandma lived together with granny. We never lived in one apartment together with grandma. I went to see her a lot, two or three times a week, her apartment was close to my workplace. I checked in on her at noon. When she got sick, we'd always bring her over to our house. We were together almost every weekend. She'd have lunch with us. By the way, she terribly loved to cook, and on these weekends she'd always cook and prepare for- then there were eight or nine of us around her table. It was a beautiful time, when we wandered in and out of her kitchen.