

Eva As A Young Wife



This photo was taken not long after I came home from the deportation. It was taken in either 1945 or 46 in Miskolc. We lived in this house with my husband and later my children. It was in the center of town in a very good location. It was a house with an outside circular corridor and an inner courtyard. And it was on this courtyard that the following incident happened about 10 years after this photo was taken. One of the neighbor's siblings had a little girl who was the same age as mine, they played together. One day Zsuzsika rushed in crying that what's-her-name she said I'm Jewish. Is that why you're crying, I asked. Well, she thought it was a terrible insult. And then I explained that 'you are a Jew, so is your mother and your father, being Jewish is a religion, but this does not concern us, one man is very like another so don't cry, it's not an insult. If they say you are a Jew, then be proud say yes, I am a Jew'. And then I went to see the neighbor and told them to drop the subject, because perhaps they didn't know it, but this type of prejudice against the community entails punishment. And that the child did not make it up herself but heard it at home.