

Judit Kinszki At Communion



This is photo was taken at my first Holy Communion. I was five years old when we became Greek Catholics. I had no Jewish identity at all.

There was a girl called Celli Toth in the primary school, with whom I was on good terms; her father had a pub. When we were in the 2nd or 3rd grade there was some kind of class performance, and we learned Hungarian dances in national costumes. I didn't have one, because my father was on the B-list, and we were poor. And this dear Celli, because she was ill, gave me her Hungarian costume to dance in. I was crying so much because I felt humiliated to have to dance in Celli Toth's clothes. And my brother took a photo of me. Then the confirmation ceremony came, they were Catholics, I was a Greek Catholic, and then I was once again in the clothes of Celli Toth. And that was it, I was photographed while I was crying like that, as if to say: "Don't take my picture, because this is Celli Toth's costume." When the anti-Jewish law came in, my best friend, Irenke Papai, wouldn't talk to me or even look at me. Then Celli Toth came there and kissed me.