

Josip With His Sister



Photo of my sister Sara and me. One of my favorite and most beautiful photos. My sister lived in Karlovac and we met in Zagreb, where I lived. We decided to take this picture and send it to our parents.

I spent my entire childhood with my older sister in Makarska and it was the nicest childhood that one could have. We were always on the street, we did not live in our homes, we only went there to sleep and eat. I was the only Jewish boy and my sister the only Jewish girl. The relationships in our home were such that we were very close. That is how it was in general in Makarska. My sister always took care of me, she gave me pocket money and I followed her when she did not have a

boyfriend. We shared everything. She, in contrast to myself, seized life, as if she knew that she would die early.