

Mariann Szamosi – The women who taught me everything

My father was born in Nagykoros in 1884 and he fought in First World War .
He married my mother, Leonora Sebestyen, in 1926
Dad started out supporting the family and mom stayed at home. But by the 1940s, their roles had been reversed.
I was born in Nagykoros in 1928—an only child.
We often went to temple, but we weren't orthodox .
And in summers we all went to the swimming pool. That's me on the shoulders of my cousin.
My father's father had founded a fruit company, and it was successful for a long time.
My father would leave every morning; he would get into his car and go around the countryside to by fruits and vegetables when they were just getting ripe.
Then everything would be brought to our warehouse, sorted, boxed and sent in refrigerated trains to Germany, Switzerland.
We lived a good life, but these were already hard times and Dad and Uncle Pal lost the family business to some fierce competitors in 1941.
That's when we moved to Budapest .
Once we had our financial troubles, mom took over everything.
Not long before we left Nagykoros, we had this picture taken in our warehouse. On the left are my two aunts, my grandmother, my mom and me.
These were the women I learned from.
On Christmas Eve, 1944, the Nyilas deported Mariann, her mother Mrs. Sandor Acs and Mrs. Mano Sebestyen.
And in 2002 I visited Ravensbruck , the concentration camp where they sent us.

I lost them there, but in a real sense, they are all still with me.

After the war, Mariann Szamosi was married twice and had two daughters.

In 1991, already in her sixties Mariann Szamosi and her colleagues started a publishing company and Mariann, who had learned what it meant to be a strong woman from her mother and grandmother still directs the publishing house to this day.