

The Grunstein Couple At An Excursion With Friends



This photo was taken in Tusnad, in 1972. I'm in the first row, next to me is a lady friend from Israel. In the back row is our friend, next to him is my husband. These friends of us lived in Israel, and they came back every year. Whenever it was possible, they stayed at us, when not, they stayed in a hotel [Editor's note: Obviously Berta Grunstein refers to the fact that during the communist era foreigners were not allowed to stay at private homes], but they only slept there, otherwise we were together all the time.

In every year I went to a health resort for treatment, always to a place where the doctor, Imre Lax sent me. I was in Olanesti at the wells, because I had stone, I was at Felix baths for several times in private. The trade union sent me and my husband once with a holiday voucher to Sinaia and once to Kovaszna. Every year Imre's family went to Tusnad, and I went with them. Beri [Bernat Sauber] and Maria, his wife were also with us. Doctor Lax undertook to x-ray at the hospital there, thus he could keep there his family too for one month. We were in good terms; I even stayed in the same villa with them. There was a single room opposite to theirs, and if it wasn't empty, I slept in their room. While my husband was working, I went alone. My husband went repeatedly to Buzias with a ticket because of his heart disease.

In 1957 we applied too for permit to go to Israel, but they didn't let my husband go. We didn't try for a second time, it wouldn't have had any reason. I was in Israel for three times. First I went there in 1969 with Marci, my brother-in-law, because they didn't let me go with my husband. Since we

didn't have children, his son counted always as our son. When Andris left, my husband told him: 'When we will have the possibility to go, you will be the first we will visit.' After I came home, I obtained the papers, and in 1970 I sent there my husband. For instance when I was in Israel, my husband would have had to go to Greece to take over some goods, but they didn't let him go; he had to send someone else, because they thought he would go across to Israel. For the second time I went to Israel with my father in 1977, one year before he died. His brother, Smil was still alive, he was younger than my father, but Mojse had died. They let us go together with my husband only in 1980, after he retired. We took a trip, so that my husband could see Israel.