

Mor Fenyas And Erzsebet Barsony's Wedding Picture



This is my wedding picture. I got married to my first husband, Mor Fenyas, in the synagogue on Rumbach Street in Budapest in 1928. Miki Fenyas [Mor Fenyas] came to play chess with my father quite often. My mother was annoying me by saying that he wasn't coming because of the chess, but because of me. I told her that it couldn't be true, because he kept discussing with me where he had been looking for a wife. Moreover we were good buddies, and I couldn't imagine him as my

boyfriend. But that week, when he came up to our place I told him that we were going to have guests on Sunday, and that he should come too, if he felt like it. Sunday arrived, the guests came, and to my biggest surprise, Miklos arrived, too. Because at that time there was no radio or television, we usually played cards or games, or we sang. My girlfriends asked me to sing, and because I had a fine voice and I liked to sing too, they didn't really have to talk me into it. Once, I noticed that Miki didn't take his eyes off me. I didn't know what to think about it, because I wasn't in love with him, we were just good buddies. I had reconciled myself long ago to the thought that I would never get married, because neither poor nor rich would have wanted someone as poor as I was. Then in November 1927 on Erzsebet day Miki came up and brought me a gold bracelet. That's how it became clear that he had serious intentions with me. We talked very much, and he had always said, that if he married, he would want his wife to love him. I had remorse because of this, because I thought that I wasn't in love with him. I liked him very much as a man, but I had never thought about getting married to him. I felt obliged to tell him that, and he answered that I would fall in love with him later. In any case, in my situation I had to be happy that someone wanted to marry me and I could get away from home. This wasn't a small matter to me. So, in August 1928 we got married: I was 19 years old, my husband eight years older. Our wedding was in the synagogue on Rumbach Street. We moved out of our parents' immediately.