

Preparing Matzah Rolls For Seder In Subotica



This photo was taken in 1971. It is from the Jewish Community kitchen while we were preparing Seder dinner. After the end of the war when we returned home we still observed the religion and holidays. The reason was probably that not many of my family members returned from the war, and those were the days we most often were able to get together. We also got together in the Jewish community, a place of refuge, where we had fun, a place where all the Jews gathered. I took my daughter there too. Today she goes more infrequently to temple, because of her obligations, but naturally we go for the high holidays. I systematically taught my daughter from childhood about Judaism. Since she was born after the war, she did not live through or see the horrors of war. Nevertheless, according to my own principles, what happened to the Jews should not be forgotten and must be told to future generations. I handed this down to my daughter. I told her about the terrible things but also about the friendships that I created in the camps. As long as I am alive I will talk about it to everyone so that this will never happen again. Despite all of those tragedies that happened to us, I still believe in God. At one time I did not believe, I did not light candles. However, when my daughter, my greatest happiness, grew up and I saw her succeed in life, I reconciled with God. Until recently I was very involved in the Jewish community. Now, I am old and I just come when they organize something. I was one of the founding members of the Subotica Women's Section. Of the founding members only my friend Ela Vajs and I are still alive. Our section was very active. We held lectures, but during Tito's time it was not very popular so we had to publicize them very discreetly. I can't say we were afraid, but simply the things we celebrated were not popular. The communist party was a god but we believed in the real God. I kept telling my daughter that the things we talked about in the house should not be discussed outside. We lived much more modestly than before the war, because we had lost most of our property but I cannot say that we were harassed. Our goal was to fix the house to the pre-war condition. I kept going to the Jewish community, same as before the war and I was not scared because of it. We helped poor people, visited the sick, cooked food according to the religious requirements for the Seder, for Purim, for Chanukah, and made packages for the children. Even today Ela and I make matzah dumplings for

the Seder.