

Zsuzsa Diamantstein And Her Family



This picture was taken on 24th April 2003, on the occasion of my son Peter's family visiting me here, but it was a birthday, as well. You can see the festive meal. We were celebrating my son Peter's 55th and my daughter-in-law Zsuzsi's 46th birthday, who was Gyuri's wife. On the right, the first man is Peter, next to him his wife Angela, at the upper end of the table that's Zsuzsi, next to her that's her younger daughter Judit, in the center that's Peter's daughter Andrea, and next to her Zsuzsi's elder daughter Kati and myself. My son Gyuri took this picture. It was taken in the smaller room of my apartment, it was originally the children's room. It was very nice. I cooked the birthday cake, of course, but they were already ate quite enough so they didn't touch it. I was very happy. Unfortunately I don't know whether they will come this year or not, but I hope they will...

Incidentally it was Easter holiday then so everyone was on vacation. We spent some very nice and pleasant days together last year. They didn't stay too long, just a few days, but it was very nice. It wasn't that nice for my granddaughter Andrea, however, because she had to study because she is studying for the graduation. She wants to be a doctor at all costs.

After the revolution [after 1989], my daughter-in-law wanted to emigrate at all costs. They were getting these news about how in Israel everything is made of gold, and she had a feeling that she could have problems with this name, Diamantstein. She told me this although she is a Romanian 'get-beget' (to the backbone), and she insisted, so in 1992 they emigrated to Israel. Now they live in Petah-Tiqwa, my son has a job in his profession, while my daughter-in-law finished again law school, but in Ivrit, and even the locals can't believe that someone could learn a language so well, especially in a profession where speech is a must. My grandson was six years old, so he learned it quickly. My son Peter knows the least Ivrit, but, as I have heard, he can manage.

My younger son Gyuri has done a lot of thinking about what to do and made quite a choice: he became a history teacher. He graduated in Iasi with outstanding results. He worked a long time in Bucharest. In fact he wanted to become an archeologist, but there were no openings in any museum nearby, so he remained in Bucharest thinking that Bucharest is a good place for a transfer. But it wasn't easy at all, he wasn't able to change places with anyone. He got married in

1982, he married a local Hungarian girl, Zsuzsa Derzsi, who graduated the Economics university in Kolozsvár.

After my husband died his former general manager, a incredibly decent man - unfortunately he died too, his name was engineer Argint -, created an inspector position in Szaszregen, because the company had a school, and asked Gyuri to fill it so he could return home, because he was a family man by then and used to commute to Regen. After the revolution he ended up again in the public education system, and since he didn't find any other openings, he still works in Gernyeszeg in two schools. He is content with his job.