

The Monument Of The Bauer Family In The Jewish Cemetery In Rakoskeresztur



This is the monument commemorating those of my family who didn't return, it is in the cemetery on Kozma Street in Budapest. This photo was taken in the 1990s.

The names on the grave are:

Izidor Bauer

Janka B. Schwarz

Mor Fenyes

Ervin Fenyes

Arpad Bauer

Gyurika Bauer

There isn't any moment of the day when I don't remember my family members, all those whom I had and who left me, especially my child, who would be 70 years old now, if he were alive, but his short life only lasted for 15 years.

My last meeting with my first husband is a story in itself. My husband was in forced labor in a small place called Iklad near Aszod.

One day someone came shouting into my shop, saying that the forced laborers from Iklad were being taken out of the country. I left everything there, rushed home and told my mother to pack me up everything that was at hand, because I was hurrying, going to Iklad.

On the way I saw a train which was going toward Pest, and I was going towards Aszod. I saw that there were many laborers on it; I was desperate that I was late.

Aszod was completely empty. Then I met a soldier, and tried to bribe him to talk. Finally he told me that they were at the railroad station in Jozsefvaros, and that I could find them there.

When I arrived I knew immediately that I was at the right place, because there were very many people at the railroad station and a lot of shouting.

From the shouting I found out that the train was about two kilometers away on open track. High above there was a passage, and I went up there, crossed to the other side and set out for the place where the train was.

I kept walking and walking, and I thought that I would find a broken spot in the fence where I could creep in. I did find a great big hole, where I could have slipped in, but two soldiers were standing there.

I told them, 'God bless you, don't look, turn away, I must go in here.' They let me in and I started looking for my husband. I stopped at every car and shouted, 'Miklos Fenyés, Miklos Fenyés!'

There were people who knew where he was and they showed me the car my husband was in. They told him, 'Come, your wife is here.' But he wasn't willing to come out, and told them not to pull his leg.

Finally I shouted to him, 'I'm here!' He was beside himself. He asked how I had got there, how come I was there. I don't even know myself how I got there.

My journey started in the morning and I found my husband at 9 in the evening. This was our last encounter. I never saw him again. He died, even though he had promised to come home.

He told me that he would be okay, that I should take care of myself and then everything would be alright.