

The Baruhovic Family Posing For A Photo Outside Their Home In Pristina



My family outside our home in Pristina, Yugoslavia. From left to right: me, my sister Rahela, my father Haim, and my mother Simha.

The photo is from the 1950s.

After the war we moved into the remaining house we had in Pristina. A Turkish family was living there but left relatively shortly after our arrival, and we lived there until 1952.

An urban development plan legislated that our house was to be destroyed and our family was compensated to move out.

My sister and I went to music school in Pristina. My mother insisted that we have musical training.

I finished elementary music school and my sister secondary music school. Because of the war, I was old when I started playing the piano, around 10 or 12, and did not amount to much of a musician.

Seli was a more talented musician and played more than I did.

The piano on which we first learned to play is one of the few heirlooms that I have. The piano was my mother's from Sarajevo and it followed us around on our journeys.

We brought it with us from Pristina when we moved to Zagreb. Before the war my father took all of our furniture and belongings to an agent in Zagreb to keep during the war.

After the war the agent thought we would not return but somehow my father tracked him down.

From the vast number of things we gave him only a few were returned, including the piano.

We brought it to Pristina and then to Belgrade. Now it sits in my sitting room and is played only occasionally, for instance on New Year's Eve by our friend Simha Kabiljo.