

An Outing Of Prostejov Residents



A group of Prostejov residents on an outing into the surrounding countryside, 1920s. In the back from the left: my grandmother Stefanie Steinerova, I don't know the person in the middle, and my mother Katharina Steinerova. In the front from the left: I don't know the first two, the others are Elsa Glassova and Karel Glass.

It was a large and good religious community; I knew almost all its members. During the years 1940 and 1941, the Nazis forbade us from praying in the large temple, and we were only allowed to perform services in the old small temple building named Beit HaMidrash. There, in a small space, it used to be very crowded. I remember how in 1941, during the holidays, I went to temple with the yellow star on my chest, like all my co-religionists.

On Sundays we'd go take trips out into the countryside with Grandpa, Grandma, Uncle Josef and Gusta, and we'd meet friends. Luckily I've got several photographs - from Pteni, Pohodli, Stinava, Strazisko, Belecky Mlyn, Hradisko... We'd pick strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and mushrooms. At the Plumlov Reservoir, I learned to swim. During the winter we had to stay in town, and on Sundays I'd go to Grandma's for lunch. I always liked her food better than at home. After all, she was an excellent housewife and cook! I also felt better there. Grandma was more lenient than my parents, and I had it good at her place.

Once at Grandma's place I got a high fever. I stayed at her place until I got better - how good I felt, how she took care of me and spoiled me - I was glad that I'd fallen ill at my Grandma's. I rarely slept over at Grandma's, but how good it was! The town hall and church bells would sound the hour. Everything's stayed in my memory. Then I used to sleep on the floor with many people. In Israel I lived in a tent. For years, our children lived with us in a tiny wooden cabin, in the beginning without electricity, often without water.