

Ljudevit Blumenberg In The Synagogue On Rosh Hashanah



This is one of the most recent photos of me. It was taken on Rosh Hashanah 5758 [1997] in the Subotica Synagogue. As a young boy I went to the synagogue. I had my bar mitzvah along with my stepfather's son who was three months younger than me. We had a big celebration in Kutina with all our relatives. I learned a lot about Judaism while my stepfather worked in the Subotica Jewish community; we also discussed these themes in Hashomer Hatzair. Every week we celebrated Sabbath at home since my stepfather was very religious. He observed the kashrut, but I don't remember the details. I know that he conducted the services in the Jewish community where we went on Sabbath and on the high holidays. Besides that my mother observed Sabbath at home. While we lived in Kanjiza my mother lit five candles on Sabbath. I remember that on Sabbath my stepfather always blessed his sons but he never blessed us. That's just one example of how he didn't love us and how he treated us differently. Afterwards we had dinner. My mother took me to the synagogue and left me downstairs with the men while she went upstairs. I liked Pesach the best when matzot were eaten, when the mah nishtanah, the four traditional questions were asked, when we cleaned the apartment and used different dishes. During that holiday everything was different. While I was a dental apprentice I joined Hashomer Hatzair, whose president was Laszlo Sporer, one of my best friends. During my apprenticeship, I began to socialize more and more with members of Hashomer Hatzair and they suggested I join the organization. My mother was very happy when I joined because it meant I would have more friends. With Hashomer Hatzair we went on a lot of trips to Kanjiza, Palic and other nearby small towns. It was very nice. We took our tents and uniforms with gray shirts just like real scouts. The themes we discussed were often related to Israel; we learned the ancient Hebrew language used in prayer books, but never mastered it. I was ecstatic over the establishment of the State of Israel. As an old member of Hashomer Hatzair I was ready to go and live in Israel, but I didn't go because of my mother who didn't want to leave her

husband behind, as I mentioned before. I didn't want to leave her behind with this man who wasn't such a good person. Sari, who was a staunch party member, didn't want to leave because it suited her to stay in Yugoslavia. In the end, only Magda went with her husband and daughter. I went a few times to visit her. It was terrible for me when the wars started in Israel. Today, I still get very upset each time something happens. Because of that I am in frequent contact with relatives outside of Yugoslavia.