

Eva Deutsch



This picture of me was taken in Marosvasarhely on 29th May 2002. That year the commemoration of the deportations was organized a bit later, not at the beginning of the month. It's the custom to light six candles for the six million Jews who perished on this special day, and each year the candles are lit by different people who survived the deportations. In this picture I'm lighting one of them as a Holocaust survivor. Not everybody wears a shawl in the synagogue. I had my shawl in my purse, and I was invited to light one of the candles. I didn't take my purse with me, I left it in the seat, and since I didn't put the shawl on previously, I got there without the shawl on. The picture was taken by my husband Gyula Deutsch in the synagogue. Every year different people are invited to light the candles. We, those who survived the disaster, are elderly now and if there are no more six new people to light the candles, it starts over. It's not a pleasant feeling to light the candles because memories of those horrors become more vivid than ever. It's not a good feeling at all since my parents perished in the Holocaust, and even my brother, although he didn't die in Auschwitz, he was a victim of that era. But we have the power of will and the will to live, and that's what kept us, who came back alive, and helped us pull it through. People are strong and can't imagine how much they can take. My husband and me got closer to the Jewish community after 1990. Gyula had more time and went to the office of the community more often. He died in spring 2003. Jewishness is present in one's life, such that one is born into it: it must be respected and one must stick with it. There were very hard times, which generated lots of suffering because one was born a Jew, but then fortunately one could survive, and you have to consider and accept as natural what had happened. I never judge people by their religion, I treat them equally. I don't have any great plans anymore. My wish is to stay healthy, to be able to provide for myself and to carry out my daily activities. I have very good friends and acquaintances, whom I still get together and keep in touch with. I still keep in touch with my former colleagues, friends and the friends of Gyula's whom we used to meet. We visit each other weekly, and we meet either at their place, or at our's. Since I've been left by myself they all became extremely thoughtful and helpful, so I can discuss my problems with them, and they even give me advice. My daughters call me on the phone very often, so we can tell each other things. They are insisting on me visiting them and staying longer.

I've promised them I will go, but I haven't figured out when yet.