

Magda Fazekas In Front Of The Former Family House



I'm standing in front of our family house fifty years later. After World War II the house wasn't our property anymore. The photo was taken by my brother-in-law, Tibor Fazekas, on the occasion of a trip to the Szekler Land. When I was a small child, we had a large shop. But since my father gave people a lot of credits, he also ended up having buyers who didn't pay. And my father had debts too, because he got goods on credit, but if he sold them on credit, and they didn't pay for them, my father didn't have means for paying his debts. As a result, he was close to bankruptcy, but Dorika saved him. First, she didn't sell goods on credit anymore; she sold the merchandise only against cash. Besides she introduced the 'currents.' Currents were things that were much in demand; she made every endeavor to have these on stock all the time, and above all she sold them a little cheaper than others. She was traveling and purchasing things all the time, she was extremely busy, and thus she improved the business. Before deportation we had managed to recoup the losses quite well. After the Second Vienna Dictate, in 1940 these laws were introduced, saying that a Jew can't be a trader, can't own a shop. So we gave the shop to an Armenian trader, who took over not the shop as such, but the merchandise. He took over all the merchandise as it was. And we closed the shop. There were two Armenian traders in the village, and one of them took over my father's business. After the Hungarian authorities entered Gyergyoszarhegy, our pursuit began. Yet, until 1942 they allowed us to remain there. The Germans were still far away, and in 1942 the authorities of that time expelled us from Gyergyoszarhegy, but not in the pursuit of a German order. In winter, in December, they allowed us two weeks to wind up our home. Most of our belongings we gave away for next to nothing. [Since 1995 Magda Fazekas has lived in Germany at her daughter's.] When ten years ago we came home to Marosvasarhely with Juditka, she was driving across four countries; I still remember how exciting it was. We wanted to go then to Gyergyotolgyes, because Hedike came with me, my cousin who is from Gyergyotolgyes. Now Hedike lives in Germany, she is eighty years old. We decided to go to see Hedike's house, and to

go to the cemetery as well, to see after so many years the cemetery in Gyergyotolgyes, where my grandparents, my father's parents are buried. That's what we wanted. But finally it was bad weather or what, and we didn't go. I'm so sorry for that, I had the opportunity to go to Gyergyotolgyes for the third time in my life. I could have gone to look for my grandparents' grave. I regret it a lot. Now I can't go to Gyergyotolgyes anymore, that's certain.