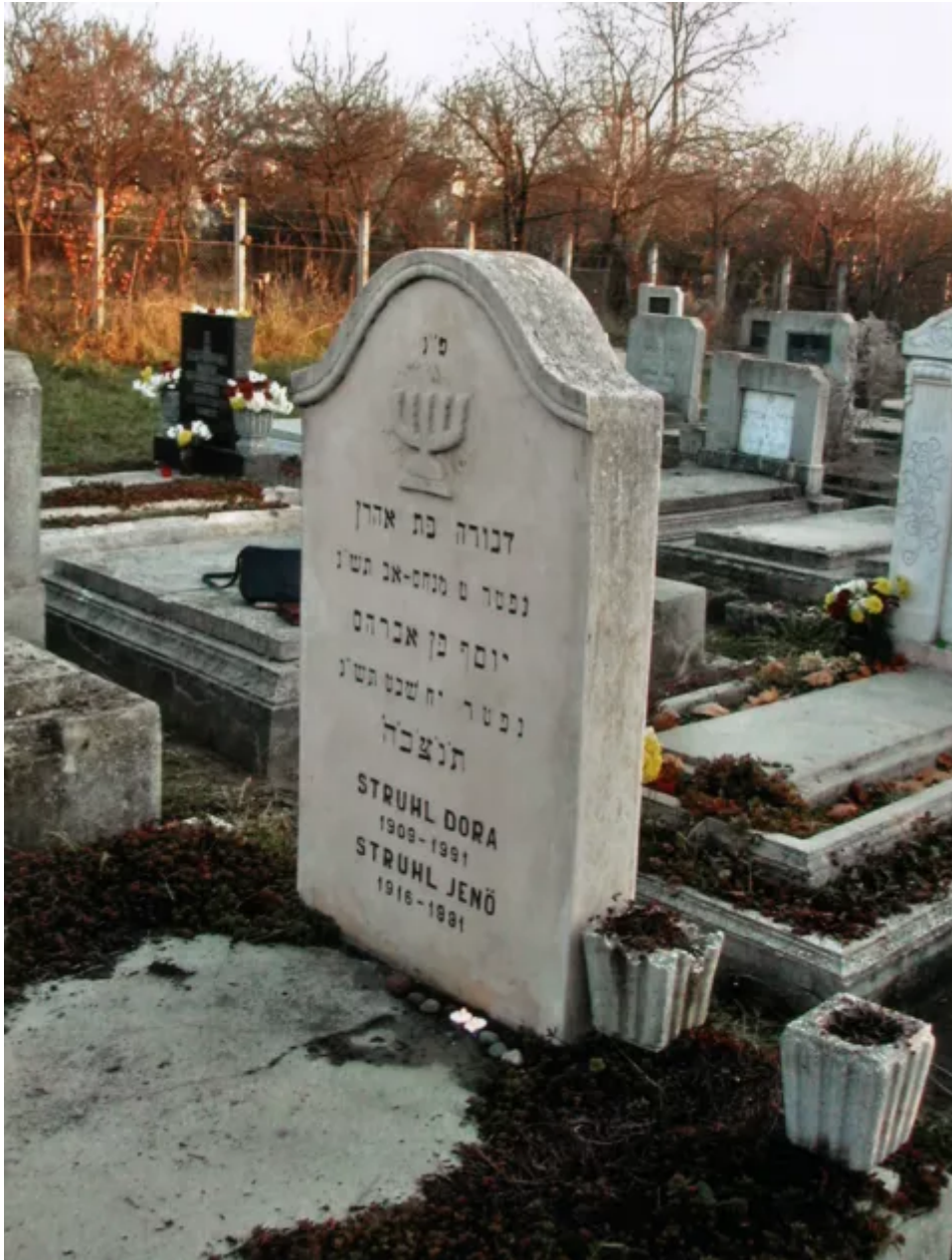


In The Jewish Cemetery In Targu Mures



The photo was taken by my daughter, Judit Incze, nee Fazekas, in 2005 in Marosvasarhely, in the Jewish cemetery. It shows the grave of my brother and sister, Jenö Struhl and Dora Struhl. Dorika helped us all the time. Dorika applied for a job, because they wanted a chief bookkeeper at the public health institution. She didn't have any qualification in accounting, but she accepted the job. Such courage! She took on the chief bookkeeper's job at such an institution... And not only that she could cope with it, but we always had friends who were bookkeepers she could discuss certain issues with. Then she was rewarded, she was the first one from all the public health institutions in the country. She was given a reward, a diploma, and her name was mentioned in a specialist journal, where they praised her. She didn't get married. She dedicated all her life, as she left school, to her family, to save my father's honor. When she took on this job at the public health institution, it wasn't easy, she had to go there early in the morning; most often she didn't take a bus, but walked all the way. I think the way there was three kilometers, and she walked in summer and in winter, when it was freezing. Then a ministerial act dissolved all the public health

institutions in all Romania. Her next job was at the Sanepid, she was chief accountant there. They elbowed her out of there. Then she was chief accountant at the Red Cross, where her boss was a vicious man. He gave her such a hard time that she developed heart problems. By the time she could retire, her health had already deteriorated. We were together to the very end in Marosvasarhely, she died in 1991 at the age of eighty-two. She is buried in the Jewish cemetery, and my brother Jenő is buried there too. Dorika died suddenly. She liked the 'Teleenciclopedia' very much, it was always on Saturday. On Saturday afternoon we were sitting on the balcony, we had a small table there with two chairs, and we were cleaning currants picked by my husband that day. Dorika told me we would never do this again on Saturday, that this was for the last time we were doing this. It was for the last time for my poor sister indeed? She went in to watch the 'Teleenciclopedia,' she invited me to join her, and all of a sudden she says, 'Oh, I feel so bad.' My husband was in the bathroom. And by the time he came out, she was dead, she had died in my arms, I never saw anyone dying before. It was terrible.