

## Ida Brumlova



This is a photo of my grandmother on my mother's side, Ida Brumlova. It's from between 1900 and 1910, and was taken in the studio of C. Pietzner in Teplice. My grandmother on my mother's side was named Ida Brumlova, nee Abeles. She was born in Lochovice, in the district of Horovice in 1865. Her father died early on. Her mother ran a cigar store in Kostelec nad Cernymi Lesy, where she sold newspapers, tobacco and similar things, and my grandmother helped her with it from the time she was small. Her mother tongue was German, but she spoke fluent Czech. My grandmother likely didn't have a higher education. She was an expressly self-taught person. She drew beautifully and knew shorthand; she also knew a bit of French and could read Hebrew. My grandmother Ida was the only of my grandparents that I knew personally. My grandmother was the dominant one in

her and my grandfather's relationship. She was a talented designer. She helped run the store and at the same time designed patterns that were then embroidered into the clothing. I think I still have some bedclothes for which she had designed beautiful monograms. My grandmother was the most devout person in our whole family. They didn't cook kosher at home, and neither did she wear any special clothing. Nevertheless, she was very familiar with Jewish holidays, and knew everything that belonged to them. My grandparents observed Sabbath and my grandmother prayed, but she didn't attend synagogue regularly. For holidays we'd always go to her place. After Grandpa died, my grandma lived in Teplice with her son Josef and his wife Eli. My grandmother was a big hiker, when the store was closed she'd set off with her girlfriends for trips into the Krusne Mountains. Every Sunday she'd come to our place in Dubi for lunch, and was very bothered by the fact that neither my sister nor I drank milk. So she'd sometimes take us along on a trip, and purposely order it for us. She would always bring us some work to do, because she was of the opinion that we, children, should be doing something. And so she'd bring us a box of tangled string and say: 'This is how they're sending it to us, and it's a shame to throw it out, and girls, if you do it for me, each of you will get something.' Years later, when we were already bigger, we asked her where she had always gotten so much string from. And she answered: 'Well, now I can tell you, I tangled them up myself, and wanted you to learn to be patient.' And now, when I have to be patient on some occasion, I remember by grandma, who taught it to me.