

Bernat Goldberger



This is a photo of my grandfather Bernat Goldberger, around the year 1930. My grandparents on my father's side lived in Nitra when my father was young. My grandpa was taciturn. He always just sat with a pipe on a bench in front of the house, and just pondered. He had a dog, which always sat beside him. I don't know what my grandparents' mother tongue was, but with me they always spoke Slovak. Besides this they of course spoke Hungarian and German. They weren't religious, nor did they lead a kosher household. But our family observed holidays. Grandpa had a general store. He had one room that was full of all sorts of things. You walked into the store right from the kitchen. On the door there was a bell that rang when someone entered. Someone would then run out of the kitchen and serve them. Otherwise I don't remember any special anecdotes about my

grandparents. As a child, there was a certain distance between us. I don't even know who my grandparents' neighbor was. Later, my father didn't tell me about them either.