

Beatrice Median With Acquaintances



In this photo you can see my daughter, Beatrice Median, as a child [sitting on the back of the bike]. I think the other baby was a neighbor's child, I don't remember. The photo was taken in the 1960s, here in Brasov. The girl on the left is Kati, she was our servant back then, a Saxon girl, you can tell by her hairdo. The photo was taken in front of the house I shared at the time with my parents-in-law. After I got married to my husband, Carol Ionel Greif, in 1959, I moved in with him and his parents, in two rooms: one was ours, and one was theirs. My daughter Beatrice was born in that room in 1961, and I raised her to be a Jew; she grew up in a Jewish environment. I used to light

candles every Friday evening, and say the blessing in Hebrew, I knew that by heart. And we observed all high holidays, we fasted on Yom Kippur, we didn't eat bread on Pesach; however, we didn't observe the kashrut. After she graduated from high school, my daughter went to Iasi to study languages. She was forced to join the UTC [?Young Communists? Union?] because she was a brilliant student and there was no way she could avoid it. My husband always joked about that, he used to call her 'The only UTC member in the family!' She married a Romanian, Dan Median, in 1987.