

Mr. Samet

All my life I continue to think about people, members of the community of Prostejov who have not been among the living for a long time, but whom I still remember well.

I traveled to the Theresienstadt ghetto in the cattle car with my family: my parents, my younger sister, my grandfather and grandmother. But I kept to myself so that I could be alone with my thoughts and feelings.

When we arrived in Bohusovice, I took my backpack and joined the line of people walking on foot to the Theresienstadt ghetto. I walked behind Mr. Samet; I saw his bent back with a backpack and suitcase in front of me. Blue veins stuck out of his large hand because of the strain. In Prostejov, Mr. Samet had a store in which he sold beautiful and exotic fruit. In the winter my father bought big, beautiful apples from his store; they were covered in a fine layer of wax and came from distant California. Once Mr. Samet even imported grapefruit from the land of Israel and sold them in his store. No one knew how to eat them – how to get rid of the bitterness. I remember that my mother and grandmother kept adding more and more sugar, but it didn't help; we didn't know we had to remove the thin membranes between the sections! There were rumors in Prostejov that Mr. Samet had even been in America!

In the Theresienstadt Book of Remembrance I learned that Mr. Samet and his wife Fanny were sent in a transport from Theresienstadt that ended in Baranovichi. They were shot like my friend Ruthie and her parents, like cousin Gusta and my great-uncle Josef. They are among the many people I knew, loved and respected. They continue to live in my memory and will live there forever, until my last day.