

The spoon

My parents married on March 25th 1928 in our town Prostejov. My mother was twenty and my father was almost thirty years old. In their wedding photo, which somehow survived, my mother is wearing a white lace veil.

As a dowry my mother was endowed with tablecloths, kitchen towels and bed linen made of fine cloth, of damask and batiste finely embroidered, some monogrammed.



My parents' wedding picture 25.3.1928

Mother also received some beautiful dishes, both silver-plated and modern stainless steel cutlery. When the Germans invaded Czechoslovakia, we had to hand

over the silver-plated cutlery among other things; my mother was scared when she discovered that one teaspoon was missing. Afterwards, when we were sent to Theresienstadt, we were allowed to take 50 kilos for each person. Mother packed a stainless steel spoon, knife and fork for each of us. When the war ended we miraculously returned – mother, my sister Karmela and I.



Honeymoon - Kaethe and Fritz Steckelmacher – 1928

In February 1949 we immigrated to Israel. Mother once again divided our meager possessions into three. We knew that in Israel we would not be together in the same place. I was given a medium-sized spoon which came back with us from Theresienstadt. When my children were small they ate porridge and soup with this spoon. When they grew up I took the spoon for myself and I eat with this spoon only. When Inbal, my eldest grandchild was small, she ate only with this special spoon whenever she came to visit. I hope I will be able to eat with this spoon till the end of my life.