

Petr Weber's Uncles, Schlomo And David Königsberg



So, in this photograph at far right is that uncle of mine, Schlomo Königsberg, who took me away from Bochnia back then. Beside him is his brother David, who however didn't survive. I unfortunately don't know where and when this photo was taken.

So when I was about two, my uncle took me away with that group that managed to escape from the concentration camp in Bochnia. The whole group went through Slovakia, through the Slovak State, on to the Balkans and to the Palestine, where they, including that uncle of mine, managed to

finally get to. They left me, a small child, for reasons that today I can only guess at - perhaps they were afraid, for themselves, for my life, it's hard to say - in any case, they left me back there in Slovakia. In the hands of Jews, in a Jewish family, which - in 1944 Jews in Slovakia were also in difficult circumstances - at that time was living in one of the collection points before the deportations, namely Liptovský Mikuláš.

After the war, I don't know exactly when, but for sure very soon after its end, my uncle was looking to re-establish contact, which he succeeded in doing, and tried very vehemently to have me handed over to him, so I could go to the Palestine. But the husband and wife kept the child and then adopted it. So they became my parents. I never knew my real parents, my biological parents. It's likely that some sort of tension developed between my adoptive parents and my uncle regarding my being handed over, I don't know, but the family probably simply didn't want to, they'd already gotten used to the new child. I myself couldn't have had much say in who I'd be with, at the end of the war I was only three years old. I found out that I was adopted very early on, as soon as I had a brain, as they say. It was completely natural, without any drama or secrecy, it was simply common knowledge. My new parents even supported my Jewish upbringing.