

# The Wedding Of Gabriella And Eugen Lorincz



This is a photo taken in the courtyard of our synagogue in Deva. It's a photo of my parents' wedding. They got married in 1921 by Rabbi Samuel Diosi. The chuppah can be seen in front of the building. On the left is the synagogue.

My parents got married in 1921, here in Deva. There was a ceremony at the synagogue. They were both beautiful, very beautiful looking people. As far as their clothes are concerned, my parents wore what all the others wore at that time, nothing exceptional about that. They had a good financial situation. My father was a lawyer and was one of the most skillful men in town. As for my uncles, they were rich, there's no doubt about it.

My parents were very religious, very Orthodox - especially my mother. She observed the kashrut, the Orthodox kashrut, which means that she kept meat separately from dairy products. We used separate dishes for Pesach - they were very beautiful, with a blue edge, and were kept in the pantry. My father went to the synagogue every week, as he was the president of the community. My mother only went on the high holidays. She was always present during the major holidays, but it was rare to find her at the synagogue on Friday evenings or on Saturdays. On Friday evenings, she would light the candles - they were five, one for each member of the family. We had challah on our table - their shape was oblong and they were homemade. My father would slice them and give everybody their share. My father didn't go to the mikveh, only my mother did. The larger community had a mikveh, which was located in the courtyard of the community headquarters - there were several buildings there. My mother went there, at least once a week.

My parents weren't interested in politics. They lived in the center of the town and their relationship with the neighbors wasn't only good, but extremely good. Our right hand neighbors were Hungarian, and our left hand neighbors were Romanian. To the right, there was the headquarters of the Reformed Community, where the town's reformed pastor lived. To the left, there lived a

notary public named Conda. We used to visit the pastor, who taught us Hungarian, literature, and the history of Austria-Hungary. His name was Alexandru Fazakas. There were also Jews living on our street - five or six families: the pharmacist Nussbaum, Doctor Grunfeld, tradesman Heller, etc.