

Angela Sangeorzan



This is my sister, Angela Sangeorzan (nee Grunberg). I think this picture was taken in Iasi, just before we left for Brasov, in 1938.

I was very fond of Angela. One time, she was taking violin lessons, and she was at her teacher's house, when a terrible storm broke out. I was terrified of storms, and I started crying and screaming that Angela was in danger if she came home alone during such a storm; I was only five, I think, but my mother or the servant, I don't remember who, went to pick up Angela for my sake, otherwise they wouldn't have been able to make me stop crying!

Once, I went out to play with the kids when my mother was out, picking up Angela from her violin lessons, and I lost track of time. When my mother and sister came back, I was still out and I hadn't done my homework, so Angela did it for me; the teacher noticed that it wasn't my handwriting!

Right after she graduated from High School, Angela went to study Italian in Bucharest, in my father's memory. But she only studied for one or two years, as my mother didn't have enough money to support her for the full four years. Once back in Iasi she took up law, but she had to drop out from university, as she had problems with her colleagues, they beat her with snow and insulted her. So after three years of studying law at university she had to drop it.

Angela found a job as a secretary at the Electrica plant here in Brasov. One of the two managers was Italian and he needed someone who could speak the language. She was lucky to find that job, and so were we, my mother, my grandmother and I, because Angela supported us throughout World War II.