


Marriage Certificate Of Peter Reisz's Grandfather Kalman Breiner

3



Házassági anyakönyvi kivonat.

7. szám.

Kelt: Mocsonokon

1904 — (ezer hitelesítés) évi
november hó 7 (hetedik) napján.

Megjelentek alulírott Buchony István
anyakönyvvezető — előtt házassághöztes céljából:

1. mint vőlegény: Breiner Kalman

a kinek vallása: izraelita

állása (foglalkozása): férfi munkások segéd

lakóhelye: Budapest, II. kerület, 17. szám

helye: Terem, Kert, megye

ideje: 1876 (ezernyolczszáz hetvenhat) évi
október hó 12 (tizenkettő) napja,

és a ki s. az alulírott anyakönyvvezető —
személy személyesen

családi és utóneve: Breiner Adolf

állása (foglalkozása): szálló művelés ipar

lakóhelye: Terem, Kert, megye

családi és utóneve: Breiner Adolfné született
Jachs Hani

állása (foglalkozása): háztartás

lakóhelye: Terem, Kert, megye

2. mint menyasszony: Reisz Regina

a kinek vallása: izraelita

állása (foglalkozása): háztartásbeli

2. rakl. sz. — Légrády Testvérek.

This is my grandparents' marriage certificate. It was issued in Mocsonok, Slovakia (which was a part of Austria-Hungary before WWI). It is dated 1904.

My grandparents owned and operated a food shop before the First World War. But my maternal grandfather, Kalman Breiner, was a prisoner of war for a long time during World War I, and my grandmother had to stay at home with the three kids, so the business went under. After the war my grandfather worked as an agent for the Szent Istvan Feed Plant, and traveled around the villages near Budapest selling their goods. He died in 1938. After my grandfather's death the children were cared for by my grandmother, who from then on, always lived with her children.

My grandparents were religious people. I know that, because I had a place in the great temple here in Obuda, and not just on holidays, but on Friday evenings, too. What I learned of religious customs, and of reading Hebrew, I learned from my grandmother. My grandfather lies in a place of honor in the cemetery, because I believe he was some sort of representative of the congregation. There weren't really any kosher shops in Obuda, but my grandparents pretty well kept the faith. There was a kosher slaughterhouse, but later it closed. At first my grandmother went to a little market on the corner of Lehel road and Robert Karoly Ring-Road for kosher meat. Later, she went to Lipotvaros. My grandmother was completely kosher; she kept dairy and meat products separate. Up until the day she died, she never ate pork.

Grandma knew the Swabs well. She would go to visit them when someone in their families died, or when someone was born, and she also went to congratulate them on their holidays. She brought them gifts, and they gave her gifts, like shlachmones. We never had a Christmas tree, but Grandma always went to congratulate the Swabs on Christmas. We celebrated Hanukkah, and if Hanukkah didn't fall on Christmas, then they would come to congratulate us. They would bring us something, pears, plums, grapes. But they didn't bring any other food, because they knew that neither grandmother nor her family would eat it, but fruit they would eat.