



## **Edith's Story, Chapter 1**

My name's Edith Goldberg, formerly Michel, and I was born in Germany in Kaiserslautern on the 13<sup>th</sup> of May 1928. We lived in a small village in Teschenmoschel in Germany. My sister who is two years younger than me was also born in Kaiserslautern. We lived in the village, my father was a cattle trader and we used to have when I was a little girl a little shop but all that went after 1933. We were farmers but small farmers. The village had over about 200 people and I found out that after the war there's still 200 people so it hasn't altered all that much.

We had a nice life in the village, we played with the other children, I went to school when I was 4 and everything was, well I'd say normal childhood. In the winter we went tobogganing down a very big hill but gradually things changed. We didn't feel it as much as some people did. We didn't get a radio until 1936 so we really didn't know what was going on in all these different towns. In the village there was 8 Jewish people that I can remember but originally there was about 22. But gradually over the years they'd left or died. In the village we had the synagogue and we also had the Jewish cemetery for all the little villages around. We didn't have services after 1933. Up to 1933 I can remember having services only on the holidays, New Year's Day and Yom Kippur. The rest of the time [shakes head]. But when my mother was a child they had a Rabbi there who did the whole area and it was used. The cemetery went back to 1665 and my grandparents and all that lot were buried there. We used to go to the cemetery and we had the Christian cemetery near the other side and they used to put flowers on the graves and we used to want to put flowers on the grave but in the Jewish religion we don't do that. These things we remember as children. New year, Easter we used to bury eggs, boil the eggs in different colours but the only colours we had was in a coffee and you painted them and then we went looking for them in the fields. In the summer we had hay making and it was a typical little village.

### **Was it an observant household?**

Yes. We did. We kept to the Jewish tradition, we never ate anything we shouldn't eat. At one time we used to get meat in a village nearby which was slaughtered in the Jewish way but that stopped. My father was trained as a

butcher and he used to occasionally kill chickens. Meat we didn't have after a while but we always had our own supply if you know what I mean.