

Mathilda And Carolos Beraha In Loytraki



This picture was taken sometime around the late 1950s in Loytraki.

You can see my mother, Mathilda Beraha, nee Saporta, and my father, Carolos Beraha, here.

After the war, my father was wandering the streets looking for a more spacious apartment or house for us to move in to. It was Sunday morning, really early, and my father got up and went for a walk in Kolonaki, in order to check if anything was being rented out.

As he was strolling along he saw this guy he knew from the old times – another broker. And he said to him, ‘What is it that you are doing wandering the streets at this time of day, Charles?’ And my father replied, ‘I am in trouble, I have my son coming back from the army and I can’t find a house.’

Upon which the other guy replied, ‘Is that all you need, a house? So, how about this one here, it’s mine, do you like it? You can have it it’s empty.’

And my father said, ‘Well, that’s great but I have no money.’ And the old friend replied, ‘So what, you take it and when you have money you give it to me.’

That is how we got the house on Academias Street, where my daughter Matilda has her office now. I really don’t know if people realize how important it is to find someone who tells you, you can have a house and not worry about money.

Once again, friends are proven to be the most valuable asset one has. If you are not brought up properly and don’t have good surroundings, then it’s really hard to become someone, or that’s what I think anyway.