Kuti Béla

My Life and the Miraculous Spirit of Jesus Christ

PROLOGUE

Dear Reader,

This book was written so as to salute and thank Jesus Christ saving my life many times and helping me continue my 20 hour work every day in winter and summer despite my deathly illness. I am mostly thankful for his miracles in the winter on the stairs of Kecskemét.

I would like to tell you that I have no theological knowledge, moreover I only have 6 elementary, however later I finished 7th and 8th grade. I am a common person from a very poor family. Hence I write about the miracles of Jesus as I lived through them.

I was asking one of the head of divisions of my county why he wanted me to become a minister since I had no education but he just told me idly that I could have finished 7th and 8th grade at least. His words hurt me so the next day I asked the headmasters of a school to help me. Through many sweats within four months I finished 7th and 8th grade.

I know that the nice events I planned, organized and designed with such a background were possible only with the help of Jesus Christ. Later I will tell about them shortly.

As I know, 2000 years ago at the beginning of our Saviour's actions he did great miracles. Since then he has been making memorable prodigies to enrich and strengthen our religion.

As I mentioned earlier I have no theological knowledge thus I do not know whether Jesus did larger miracles in my surroundings or not.

For that very reason I find very important to familiarize Jesus Christ's three sets of prodigy with Roman Catholics, Calvinists, Evangelists, Hebrew and other religious people of various countries. The miracles created within Jesus Christ's vast spirit did not let die that 7 year old little boy who undertook the burdensome labour to help his crying parents and siblings. The little boy must have died in the first month of his life without the help of Jesus Christ.

Dear Reader,

This book is divided into two parts. In the first part I thank Jesus Christ his on-going support in my life. In this part I would like to

ask for the help of those who are willing to spread the multiple miracles of Jesus Christ. It is important to recognise that Jesus Christ deserves more honour.

Nowadays I am preparing for my presentations in schools, clubhouses, churches and other places. I get many invitations and I am thinking about my reminiscence. Of course I am under the influence of my memories since I was there; I lived through them even if I did not know at the time that I am part of a miracle.

After the medical examinations I was flabbergasted and nowadays during my presentations I recall these memories with fond emotion. I am wondering what might the students, their parents, teachers, headmasters and other members of the audience think and feel as they listen to my stories.

Interestingly enough I learned during my reminiscence that I could sleep and work 20 hours a day with a deathly illness only with the help of Jesus Christ. During those times I just had the feeling that I was tired but happy.

After my presentation at the Waldorf School, the children gave rounds of applause and told me that they completely understood my thoughts and sympathize with the little boy who worked so

hard for his parents and siblings. Since then that presentation is one of my most treasured memories.

I was 7 years old when I realised that I might have the miracle of Jesus Christ but at that time I could not tell that anybody. The fact that He did not let me die turned out later. My adulthood came and from the age of 20 my jobs engaged my physical strength as well as my mental strength and made me so happy. At that time I did not know exactly that those nice events could happen because of Jesus Christ. That is why I talk about these now that I am an old man. I think the whole world should know about the miracles of Jesus Christ and the story of that 7 year old boy who worked 20 hours a day for seven years with deathly illness to help his family. The doctors said that a person with such illness could live for 2-3 weeks but Jesus did not let the boy die. Jesus made more than a thousand miracles for that little boy who worked without rest from the crack of dawn till dusk. This is a world miracle. That is why I and every Roman Catholic, Calvinist, Evangelist and Hebrew must let the world know about the miracles of Jesus Christ.

There must be some people or their children who attended the Calvinist Primary school from 1932 to 1939. Perhaps they used the side stairs of the building and saw a little boy on one of the stairs waking up at half past seven. That boy was me and Jesus Christ warmed up a stair every night where I could sit and fall asleep.

THE WONDERFUL SPIRIT OF JESUS

Dear Reader,

First, I would like to tell you where I came from; therefore everything will be more understandable.

Édesanyám és Béla fiú, 1928 körül

My mother was a simple woman. If neighbours needed clothes she made them. This way she could complement my father's income. My father was a butcher but he did not have a shop. He bought swine from farmers, processed them then sold the meat to his partner vendor in Budapest. The vendor sold the meat then sent the price to my father. Once, his partner ordered a larger

1. picture My mother and his son Béla in 1928

amount, which my father sent but his partner forgot to pay its price. It caused a huge problem. Farmers demanded their money but my father could not pay them and he was afraid because farmers threatened him.

So he packed our possessions in a sack – I guess some underwear and bed linen – and put on his shoulders. My mother tied their first born child on her chest to prevent him from falling down in the dark at night. This was a good idea because I could not be here if I had fallen down. They set off as the crow flies to Kecskemét.

Arriving they rented a room where our Kecskemét life begun. It was not pleasant. We moved a lot because we were unable to pay the rent. I attended the 1st grade at the Mátyás Square Elementary because it was the closest school to our house. Finishing 1st grade I did not enjoy being home because my father was always cursing, my mother was always crying and my four little siblings were crying for food. So one day off I went to the city centre.

As I was wandering around I noticed that the gates of the Catholic Church were opened. Looking at the beautiful and colourful paintings and windows I entered. As I made my way further and further suddenly I found myself in front of the altar. At that very moment a door opened and the Reverend entered. I did not know then that his name was Reverend Kovács.

“What brings you here little boy?” – he asked.

I told him that my name was Béla Kuti and I was there because I wanted to work.

“Well, then you should work my son. Who hinders you?”

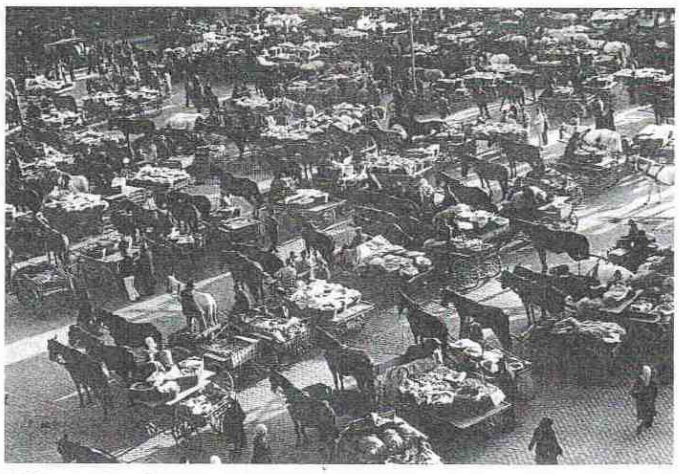
“How could I? I don’t even have a fillér. My parents neither. Reverend, give me a fillér, please.”

“Why do you need so much money son?”

“I would go to Szabó’s candy shop in Klapka Street to buy candy because I want to be a vendor. I could sell the candy for two fillér a piece. I would give proceeds to my mother to buy bread for my little siblings.”

The Reverend looked at me and put the money into my palm. I thanked him and rushed to Szabó’s candy shop. I told him to give me candy for the money because I wanted to be a vendor.

He looked me up and down. I do not know why. He took the money and gave me 70 candies. I put them into a small bowl and rushed to the market.



A híres kecskeméti barackpiac

At that time the market took place in the middle of Rákóczi Street.

Slowly I got the hang of marketing. I realised that I should go earlier to the market because farmers arrive from Cegléd and Solt at 0:30 a.m. to sell their products. So I went to the market at midnight but I always woke my mother up. I felt bad about it because she was always tired. so I decided to not go home at all.

In the evening after I bought candies I sat down one of the stairs of the church and waited for the farmers. When the first arrived at 0:30 a.m. I jumped up their cart and shouted “Have some candies! Have some candies!” The farmers usually bought 5 pieces for 10 fillér.

2. **picture: The famous appricot market of Kecskemét**

After some time I found out where should I go to sell candy and when. I was selling everywhere even in schools. I took my big basket and put under the desk. I listened to the lessons and during recess I sold candies later orange, too. After lessons I went to bus stops, dairy market, pet market, meat market and vegetable market. Then I went to offices. I had a regular customer at the Town Hall who always bought an orange from me. I went to manufactured goods shops, too. In these shops I could sell candies in the summer and orange or tangerine in the winter. I was selling at the railway station and in front of churches. After the service I heard people as they praise Jesus. I was selling in the cinema and theatre but I was sent away because people bought candies and fruit from me not from the buffet. I even followed soldiers. Officers let me sell sweets, candies and fruit for soldiers.

I got to know that my mother has a stall at the market.

“Mother, you look bad. Why are you doing this?” – I asked.

“Your father couldn’t find a job, so I thought we can buy food if we combine my and your income. Dear son, I’m so afraid. I’m trying to do what I can. ” – told my mother in tears.

“Think of your five little children. They need you. Especially the youngest who was born with illnesses. From now on I will give you my earnings every morning so you don’t have to wait for two or three days. I promise I will be more hard working to help you

even more. Don’t worry about me because I know Jesus loves me and will help me.”

I worked harder from then on. I went to the Vajnár Restaurant at Arany János Street as usual and when I finished there I went over to the tobacco shop where three women worked. The oldest was the principal. She always bought a tangerine but before paying she sat me in her lap to caress and cherish me. I liked it very much especially in the winter when I was so cold.

I was looking for every opportunity and recognised that I should go to the Kisgazda club-house at Rákóczi Street at midnight. Whenever I knocked on the door and entered they saw that I was cold and my bag is still full of goods so they thought I did not sell much that day therefore out of pity every one of them bought a trifle to help me. Next I went to the glee-club, tradesmen club, Young Catholics club and other places and pubs.

I went to Blue Mouse pub lastly because the owner let me rest and warm up a bit because until the age of 10 in the winter I was wearing only very thin clothes. I could have a rest there till closing time. Unfortunately they closed at four o’clock in the afternoon so I could have gone home but I did not because I was tired and cold and our house was far away.

ABOUT THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

THE STAIRS

I went to the Calvinist High School and depending on the weather I sat down on to the 5th, 8th or 9th stair. I put my basket on the next stair and lay down. Later on, after thinking over and over I realised that I was part of a miracle.

In the first two days the stairs were cold but from the third day it become warm and I went there gladly. I lay down then woke up at half past seven when children came to school.

Once, it was snowing and cold wind was blowing. I wanted to move to a higher stair but that was cold. I tried another stair but that was cold, too but the stair I was sitting on was warm. I stayed on that stair and I was not cold in my thin clothes because the stair was warm. “Oh dear, what’s this?” I thought it was odd and I started to investigate the case every night. I discovered that only that stair was warm I was sitting on. When I sat down it was cold but after a few minutes it become warm. I was examining, searching, looking and trying for weeks the stairs. I did not think that the repairmen of the school warmed up the stair I was sitting on. Slowly

I realised that must be a heavenly support.

Since I was vending in front of churches I heard people talking about Jesus after the mass. I thought I must have received the miracle of the warm stair from Him. For seven years the stair was warm in the winter and I could have rest and sleep at night. That was the time when I first felt the help of Jesus.

Excuse me for bringing up again, but at the age of 7-10 with a deathly illness I worked 20 hours a day with a huge basket on my shoulders. I thought how much Jesus must love me letting me work so hard in cold winters to become a strong man. I thought I was a very strong man. I only realised at the age of 15 that it was not me who worked so hard in the hot summer and cold winter but the wonderful and vast spirit of Jesus helped so much to that silly little boy. The boy did not know that Jesus helped him. It seems that Jesus decided to help silly Béluska and did not let him die because He saw that the boy did every job gladly.

I was happy to do my job and did it with my heart and soul. I did not brag about it. I did my best. Problems came but Jesus took me under His wings. He was always there helping me.

Once I arrived home happily.

“Do you know what the Kisgazdák trusted me?” – I asked my mother.

“I don’t know. Wherewith did they dare to trust a 10 year old?”

“Mother, they trusted me to cater at their ball.”

“I can’t go. I don’t have nice dresses.”

“You are the most beautiful for me but we aren’t going dancing. We have to work. Will you come with me?”

“Jesus’s given us such a nice opportunity. Of course I’ll go.”

We went. I put orange, tangerine, candy, sweets and chocolate on a table for my mother. I walked around with my basket. It was much nicer than working on the streets since the room was warm. The ball ended at 4 a.m. We counted our income and it was 75 pengő. We were astonished. I worked at another ball so we collected 150 pengő altogether.

I thought I should try to vend at other balls as weel. I went to the glee club’s, tradesmen club’s, Young Catholics club’s ball and earned about 70 pengő. These incomes were huge help to my family. We could solve our housing problems so we did not have to move in every month. My mother became much more relaxed.

When I started working as an apprentice I gladly took on easier jobs. I took on more difficult jobs as well but I was still a child, only 14 years old so these were more tiring for me. I was not too strong or relaxed. I did every kind of jobs such as cleaning spittoon in pubs, weighing pea, read pepper and tea into small portions, serving customers.

Az ifjú kereskedősegéd

Whatever they asked me, I did. I carried 85 kg sacks of flour on my shoulder. It was swinging very much so it was more difficult to carry than a 100 kg sack of rice. The rice lay on my back nicely so I preferred carrying those but I had to carry flour as well.

3. picture: The young shop assistant

KOLOZSVÁR

Dear Reader,

I was working at Prohászka-Vinszlér's groceries but after a couple months of work I collapsed carrying a 85 kg sack of flour. I had to go to the hospital and I got examined. The doctors were deliberating.

"Who was your doctor until now?" – They asked me.

"I had no examination so far."

"Don't talk nonsense. Do you know how sick you are?"

"I didn't have any treatment. I just collapsed."

Doctors gathered around me. They were asking questions.

"Does your chest hurt? Your stomach? Doesn't? Does your back hurt?"

"None of them."

They asked for the chief medical.

“Look at this boy. He has tuberculosis, wet pleurisy, his pleura attached to his lungs and his pancreas to his intestines. He says he has never had medical treatment.”

The chief medical started to examine me.

“How high was your fever?” – He asked.

“I didn’t have fever.”

“When were you bleeding?”

“I wasn’t bleeding. Please tell me doctor what is wrong with me?”

“According to the test results you have this disease for 6-8 years but you didn’t have medical examination and didn’t take medicine yet you’re still alive. We don’t understand either.”

I was assigned to the virulent department of the hospital which took place at the first barrack after Szil-Coop department store. I spent there a month but my condition had not improved. I still had my bruises caused by the sack of flour. Doctors examined me again.

“Unfortunately we can’t help you son. We can’t cure your disease but you will be examined in the county hospital just in case.” – They said.

In the county hospital doctors could not help me either. They told me to understand at last that they unable to cure me but they might assign me to the convalescent hospital in Kolozsvár. (Hungary got back Cluj-Napoca for a couple years at that time.)

“Can you go to Kolozsvár?” – The doctors asked.

“Yes, I can.”

“Listen. Let’s send him to Budapest first. It’s a unique case. They won’t be able to cure him but perhaps they’ll have some ideas in connection with his illness which we should know about. It would be beneficial for us. Then he can go to Kolozsvár. ” – Said the chief medical.

So I went to Budapest where I became quite a big sensation. Dozens of doctors were checking me up. They observed that the tuberculosis is about to burst and the peritonitis is also strange.

“How was the boy’s diet? His intestines are out of place. They

are attached to the peritoneum. We could do something with his pleura but we mustn't try because of his other illnesses." – Told the doctors.

So they sent me back to Kecskemét with an expertise which stated the following:

"We diagnose the bilateral tuberculosis and the wet pleurisy attached to his lungs incurable. Thank you for making us aware of this case. We have not met such case either."

So I got the assignment and the next day I arrived at Kolozsvár. The convalescent hospital was situated in the mountains. I was examined very thoroughly by two doctors. They looked at each other and asked me:

"Why are you here?"

"Because the doctors in Kecskemét told me that I would be cured here."

"We are unable to cure one of your diseases not to mention all of them. Go back to Kecskemét. Perhaps they can help you."

I did not want to go back. They said if I wanted to stay they would find me some place near by the garden. They did not let me stay in the main building because I was virulent. They made my place to sleep and after two weeks a doctor came.

“I’m going insane. I don’t hear a human voice or bird’s chirping. I am used to interacting with people. This is awful to be here.” - I moaned.

“Son, take your bed, put it in the garden wherever you want. The whole garden is yours. In the evening you take it back, in the morning you can take it out.” – He replied.

I did as I was told for a month. Then I told that I was assigned for a month so I was ready to go home. The doctors said not to go because that was the right place for me to stay. In the meantime I was thinking and praying all day long under the pine trees.

After five months I felt homesick so I came home. I felt fine, I thought I recovered.

As the doctors said, I had these illnesses for 6-8 years but they

were unable to cure me. Thinking about the past 7 years, the doctors' speeches and the warm stair I understood that Jesus loves me very much. He did not let me die. Doctors told me that with these kinds of diseases one can live only for 2-3 weeks regardless of age or gender.

So, the fact that I am still breathing is due to the vast spirit of Jesus. Dear Jesus! I have just realised that you enabled that I could work with these illnesses 20 hours a day carrying my 15 kg basket full of sweets and fruit seven days a week until the age of 15.

When I realised this under the pine trees it seemed so unreal even though I lived through it but I could not understand or signify. I needed examinations and doctors to understand the strength which the love of Jesus gave me.

When I understood this completely I made the resolution when I grow up I would do my best to return His kindness.

When I returned to Kecskemét I went to the hospital for examination. They were checking me up and asked for the chief medical. They found the results interesting. They asked me what kind of Saints I was talking about earlier. I replied that I was not speaking

of Saints but Jesus who warmed up the stairs I was sleeping on for seven years. Jesus let me work 20 hours a day and did not let me die. The doctors just stared at me.

“Look young man. I am a doctor. I have nothing to do with Saints, Prophets or Jesus. I know nothing about these things. I only notice that you are in much better condition than six months ago. If you think it is due to a god called Jesus, it is your business. I am happy for you anyways.” – said the chief medical.

He left and the other doctors, who have listened to our conversation, told me to take care because I was lucky.

I came back from Kolozsvár thinking I was recovered but my coalescences remained however they did not cause any problems. They were not deformed, bleeding or painful. They just remained. I got to know this when I had a surgery because of a silliness.

KŐSZEG

During military service my battalion was stationed at Kőszeg for six months. Some day we heard that the Russian army broke through the Transdanubium line and they are not far from us. Unlike Kecskemét, Kőszeg did not have evacuation so you could do whatever you wanted.

Some fled to Austria through the mountains or towards south. Some went north to the countryside populated by Hungarians and hoped that the Russians would not come. Others just waited to be shot to death or taken to Siberia.

I set off to Austria through the mountains. Soon two boys joined me.

“Don’t be afraid, we won’t leave each other. Everything will be fine. They won’t shoot us.” – We encouraged each other. Bombshells were shooting everywhere and the Russians were shooting the hillside knowing there must be refugees.

We luckily passed the mountain and sat down on a hill to unbend ourselves after our exhausting march.

As we were resting, one of the boys told that he decided to go to Germany. The other wanted to go to Italy. Both of them asked me to go with them but I told that I would not go because I am Hungarian and my young wife, my mother and my family needed me. So we parted.

As I was standing and watching the hillside bathing in the sun suddenly I received an order in my mind. “Go.” I took six or seven steps when I received another order. “Stop.” I felt that someone hugged me. I looked back but of course nobody was there. This must have been the ray of Jesus.

At that very moment I heard the bomb-shell aimed at me exploding because cannons were shooting across the mountains. The Russians arrived and noticed and calibrated the young man standing there.

Since, I moved from that spot, the bob-shells behind and in front of me did not tear me apart. I was in a vacuum. I eluded. I stayed alive. When I came to my senses I started to run down the moun-

tain until a big tree stopped me. I started to cry. This was an enormous miracle of Jesus. At that moment I could not think through precisely that not only took Jesus care of me in Kecskemét and Kolozsvár but helped me with His wonderful rays amongst the Austrian mountains.

That is how I managed to stay alive.

THE AUSTRIAN GIRL

After some time I set off. I asked for accommodation in a little house. I showed and told the old women that I would like to rest. They understood me. One of them led me to the cubbyhole. She pointed to a pile of potatoes where I could sleep. As I was sitting and thinking, the door opened and a fairy entered. It was a beautiful fair haired girl dressed up as she was going to the opera ball. She looked at me, did not say hello just laid down a rug and sat beside me. Our shoulders were touching.

We were silent. I was just staring and thinking who she was. After an hour the girl shook the dust off her feet and left me. After a little while one of the old women came and told me to go with her because lunch was ready. I followed her. In the house they told me that their husbands and sons were fighting against the Russian so no men were around.

After lunch I went back to the cubbyhole. The door suddenly opened and the girl sat beside me just like in the morning. I did not know what to do. I thought that it would be nice to be with her as

a man because I was away from home for six months and my wife was far away but at the same time I thought it might be the test of Jesus. He helps and takes care of me so I should bear his test. It would have been nice to hold her in my arms but I did not dare to touch her. If it was a test which I could not pass what would have Jesus thought of me. Although she came every morning for nine days and stayed with me till the evening she could not tempt me. I did not touch her.

On the tenth day the girl did not come. Russians did. One of them pointed out that he has not got a watch but I have. I gave it to him immediately. Another Russian was insolent. As he noticed the unmanageable horse of the old women, he instructed me to pull it out for him. I told him I would rather not so he aimed his gun at me but I did not move so he told me to go to hell.

I went to the old women, informed them about the Russians and announced that I was not staying any longer. I kissed their hands, thanked their hospitality and left.

After two kilometres walking from Austria towards Szombathely, I glanced armed Russians. I could not turn back. “Come, what may. It doesn’t matter where they shoot me.” - I thought and went on. When I reached them, a short redhead officer told something

to the soldiers and they let me through. The officer even patted my shoulder.

I was pretty sure that I would not have had the chance to live if I had touched the girl. As I was walking crying, I thought that the girl would have liked to be with me even more but I feared Jesus and I had a wife.

I was thinking the same back then in the cubbyhole. What would Jesus think of me? What kind of person am I? I thought that Jesus would have been disappointed if I had not resisted the temptation. I thought how heroic I was to resist the girl but the truth is that the girl was a true heroine. Since then I respect women even more. This girl must have sensed that I had a good reason not touching her. I did not want to hurt Jesus.

As I continued my way, Russians were going towards Vienna but they did not harm me.

The next day I arrived in Szombathely. I went to the railway station and got on a train. I noticed that there is a cabin in front of the train where a lot of people gathered. I joined them. The train stopped in Győr where an officer got on to check documents. There was a

boy who turned out to be a Jew so the officer sent him to the back of the train. I told the officer that I was a levente so he told me to get off the train. There were lots of men collected in one place and I did not want to go to Siberia since I almost reached home.

As I was standing in the door of the train I was praying to Jesus. Suddenly I enlightened. I should follow the Jew boy. I shouted to him to wait for me.

Ideiglenes cölöphíd a Dunán, a Lukács fürdő magasságában 1945 tavaszán.

The boy lied down and I did the same. The train departed. We got off in Budapest. I arrived home!

4. picture: Temporary bridge over Duna River

MY DESEASES

Firstly, I had a haemorrhoid operation in Kecskemét and another one in Szeged.

During I was running my boutique I had to go to Budapest every week for goods. I do not know the reason why but a serious angina pectoris came out which I had for years. It is a kind of illness before a heart attack. In the morning before I went to Budapest I went to Doctor Szűcs who gave me an injection so I could start the day.

As I was driving, I stopped or just slowed down near petrol stations to feel my pulse. In case of a problem they could have helped me. I usually ordered the goods in advance so I just had to take and bring with me to Kecskemét. On the way home I tried to find a way near hospitals in case of a seizure help would be ready at hand.

When I arrived home, even late at night, I went to Doctor Tímár for an injection. That was the last help of the day and it prevented

my illness deteriorate.

These were the days when I travelled to Budapest. I had to be very careful because of my serious illness.

As soon as I arrived home I went to the church to thank Jesus helping me live despite my stressful way of life I have chosen.

I decided to give up the dangerous way of life since I had a nice boutique with reputation and ministers recognised my public work. So I was praying and thanked Jesus letting me reach such great successes. From the next day my state improved and I could continue my work more relaxed.

In 1999 I had an endoscopic laparotomy surgery. It would not have been necessary but a doctor told me that I had a small gallstone that can cause painful bilious attacks. Later, other doctors said that they had gallstones as big as a nut and they had no intentions at all to have operation. Well, I had had it operated because I trusted my doctor.

He told me to go to the hospital on Monday morning, they would operate me instantly and I could go home in the afternoon. As it turned out, things were not exactly so simple in my case.

The procedure is very simple. Three little cuts are made then they put a lamp into one of the holes, a lancet into the other and a pump into the third. There is not a single drop of blood but as I mentioned earlier my insides were coalesced.

As they started to pump in the air, my insides started to explode so they interrupted the procedure and took me back to my hospital room where the nurse cleaned my rubber sheets for days because I was bleeding so hard. It was another miracle of Jesus that I did not finish in the dissection chamber.

In 2006 in the last hour I received a pacemaker in Budapest. My pulse was 34-36 for months and my state was critical so the operation was inevitable. In the hospital they made a quick check up before the procedure.

I asked what kind of medicine they would give me after the procedure. “Medicine? Are you kidding me? You should be glad to have lived until now. The operation will be tomorrow.” – was the answer.

Oh, dear! How much Jesus can help! He helped me a lot during my childhood. He must have pitied the underfed seven-year-old boy with his heavy basket. He must have decided to help the boy and did not let him die. He recognised that I worked diligently. I worked gladly with my heart and soul for my mother.

If you do not believe in these are miracles, I do not know what you believe in. I am more than 86 years old now. I am so glad that Jesus has helped me through my life. If He loves me, he must love many other people, too.

Nobody noticed the miracles of Jesus in Kecskemét, however, I talked about them in many places. Therefore, I will make every effort to have a statue of Jesus or at least a memorial tablet placed in front of the stairs of the school I was sleeping on.

Furthermore, I would like to spread my story in other countries as well. However, I should have begun writing my story sooner. During my manhood I should have been concerned with these matters instead of social events and working so hard. Well, I have been dealing with the matters of Jesus in the past two decades but I have been unable to organize my thoughts.

What I could only do was to give nice donations to the church. I have sent thousands of metres of textile to the orphans of Transylvania. I donated textile to the unemployed of Kecskemét who could make clothes for themselves.

These were good deeds but I had to realize that it is not enough gratitude toward Jesus for His continuous love and support. Now I have many ideas what to do and I try to accomplish my goals step by step. Although I do not get any help or sympathy I will not back down.

BUGAC

I was trusted with organising works by the head of Bugac Tourism. Their building is still opposite the OTP.

Táncoló pöttyös lányok

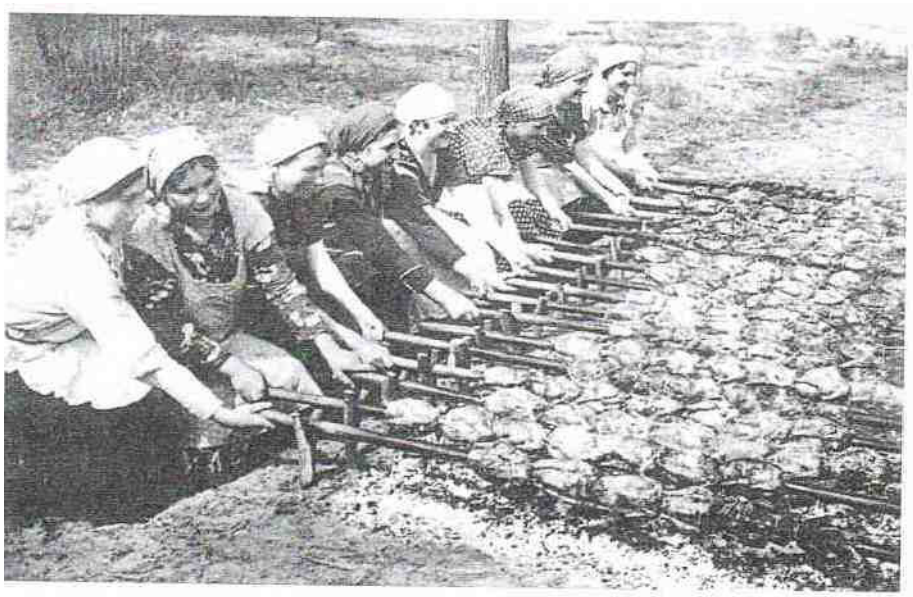
My job was to go to Cannery every day and bring as many girls as the reported number. They were the polka dotted girls because they were working in polka doted dress. The girls, Kuti Mariska cook and I prepared everything for the guests. The trip to Bugac happened as follows.

Guests arrived in front of the Town Hall. In the assembly hall they

5. picture: Dancig girls

had a reception where an interpreter greeted them in six languages. After drinking some pálinka they took off the train to Bugac.

At Bugac station horse carriages were waiting for them. They took the carriages and went through the forests and the puszta. They were enjoying the scenery and the flocks of sheep and cattle. A little pathway led to the main building of the reception where the girls have been grilling all kinds of meat.



Nyárson sütik a csirkét a pöttyös lányok

The feast started and the girls were serving tasteful meals and wines which made the guests light-hearted. In the end guests started dancing for the music of the gypsies. Even if some guests brought their daughters with them, it was my duty to dance czardas with them.

6. **picture: Poultry grilling**

Dear Reader,

I talked about these feasts to show that Jesus loves when people are joyful and having fun. Bugac was definitely a joyful place.

MY PRESENTATIONS

Dear Friends,

I would like to mention some of my interesting and instructing presentations.

At the time when I started giving my presentations, I visited the headmaster of Angolkisasszonyok Catholic Girl School. She told me not to have illusions about the students. They are far from perfect; furthermore they use inappropriate language towards each other during recess and between classes.

I started to talk about my life in a room filled with the girls of two or three classes. They were sitting disciplined and listening to my two hour long presentation even without blinking because those naughty girls understood the spirit of Jesus. It is still a very moving memory for me.

I also visited the headmaster of the largest high school in Kecskemét.

He asked me what my presentation is about. I told him my story. He said that it was very nice and touching but the students are not interested in such things. He also pointed out how student behave nowadays and how disrespectful they are. Then deep in his thoughts he added:

“You can give a presentation. If there is any chance to reach the soul of these kids and the feedback will be good, you can hold a presentation for the whole school.”

I could not give a lecture to the whole school but in 2011 within a month I gave 13 presentations to 13 classes and I had 25 more in 2012.

After the lectures I visited the headmaster and thanked him the opportunity letting me help the spiritual development of these children. He told me gladly that it was very important to get to know that these children also have a soul.

I think it was after the fourth presentation that the student did not want to leave the room. Two boys came and asked their teacher to let them listen to Béla bácsi more but the she could not let them stay as she had to teach the next lesson.

Except two messed up lectures my presentations were welcomed even in those classes where all the students had to repeat school year. They were also nice kids, though.

I do not want to bore you but I have to tell you another story.

Boys and girls were listening to me carefully. As I was leaving they were just sitting and staring after me. I told to the teacher that they were not moving. She replied that it was no wonder because they had never heard such lecture.

“You don’t say! Didn’t they hear similar lectures in church or in Bible studies?” – I asked.

“No, they didn’t.”

When I realised that giving textile to orphanages is not the kind of gratitude that Jesus deserves, I published a book and organised lectures in schools, retirement homes and other places. Even if one or two people became religious because of my story, it was worthwhile.

I would like to talk about another school, too.

I gave a lecture in King Mathias School where two classes were crammed into a room. At the end five boys came and asked me the title of the book I was reading out my lecture. I showed everyone.

I called the teacher and we were assuming that the boys would have liked to buy the book for their parents. I told her that my book is non-commercial but I can lend my book to the children and when they are finished reading I can take it back. The teacher told me to bring more than one because they needed a copy for their library. Of course I gave them some books.

I gave presentations in every primary school in Kecskemét. Some of them I had been more than once. The headmaster and the teachers were always thankful and even the children welcomed me every time.

I received invitation from Kerekegyháza, Lakitelek, Ballószög and many other surrounding villages or towns. I accepted these invitations gladly.

Not long ago I gave a presentation in the club house of the Catholic Church in Kecskemét. After the lecture a middle aged woman told me that she listened to my stories carefully especially the part where I talked about the shooting and bombing in Austria and how was I saved by Jesus.

She told me that she is also a part of a miracle. One day she was gardening but she felt the urge to go back to the house. When she opened the door, she found that her husband hanged himself. She grabbed a knife and cut the rope. They lived in harmony and love for many years until his husband passing. This story also proves that Jesus can help those who are in need in many ways.

KOVÁCS NÉNI

Dear Friends,

Once someone told me that Jesus can judge people unmerciful but I told him the following story.

When we were newlywed with my wife, we were living in a house with another young couple. We were good friends and spent the Christmas holidays together. On Christmas Eve we were always having my favourite dish, stuffed cabbage made by the mother in law of my friend. After 65 years we still have this custom. Kovács néni is 107 years old but she prepares stuffed cabbage every Christmas for us.

Since her 100th birthday, I think that Jesus loves and helps Kovács néni so she can make us happy with her stuffed cabbage at every Christmas.

BIRDS

In the second half of January 2013 many could see a flush of birds in the morning. The birds were not flying in a V-shape, they were spread in every directions circulating in the city centre.

In my opinion there could be 1500-2000 birds. It was surprising because we could not find so many birds' nest around the city. I am certain that it was some kind of salute. It must have been a salute to praise Jesus.

CHILD CANCER FONUNDATION

As you know I come from a very poor family. Until the age of 10 we had to move every month because we could not pay the rent.

In my childhood the seven members of my family could eat only with the help of Jesus. At the age of 20 I had a nice job and I earned well, so I could help my family.

When I had the opportunity I donated money for the renovation

and painting of the Barátok Temploma and I also donated a large amount of money to the Child Cancer Foundation.

Looking back on my childhood, I thought these children need medicine because they also would like to live.

OKLEVÉL

A

GYERMEKRÁK ALAPÍTVÁNY

köszöni, hogy

Kuti Béla

Felajánlásával támogatta
a rákos gyermekek gyógyulását!

Köszönjük a támogatást!

Budapest, 2012. június

Balogh István
elnök

H-1084 BUDAPEST, RÁKÓCZI TÉR 10. TELEFON: 217-1034, 217-1035, 477-0600, 477-0601 FAX: 477-0602
E-mail: gyermekrak@gyermekrak.hu
BANKSZÁMLA: GYERMEKRÁK ALAPÍTVÁNY 10200847-32415630-00000000

Köszönő oklevél a Gyermekrák Alapítványtól a támogatásért

7. picture: For helping the Fountation

PUBLIC WORKS

• I was member of the Commercial, Industrial, Agricultural and Town Council for 30 years. I attended the council every month. The council regularly visited the firms of the town.

• I was the vice-chairman of the Patriotic Popular Front.

• I also was the national vice-chairman, county and city chairman of KISOSZ.

• In 1961 I took part in the launching of Autoklub. I was responsible for organisation and planning.

• I organised NDK-Hungarian, Polish-Hungarian and Bulgarian-Hungarian meetings.

• I organised writer-reader meetings and exhibitions.

• I organised metal collecting, which I liked very much.

• I organised money collecting for the old or flood victims.

• I stood for the retailers of the county. This has been always one of my priorities.

We had meetings in the Kecskeméti Cannery, co-ops and other firms. We discussed local problems, trying to come up with possible solutions.

My 30-year public works, which I was doing parallel with my own business, would take up 8 years altogether. If it had been recorded, I should have received salary. They did not give me salary. I did not ask for it and I did not expect anything in return my public works.

Dear Reader,

In the second part of the book I am going to write about my life and a briefly about my work. You can read about my work in details in my previous book called My Life and Miracles.

I have been writing this book for three years. I keep on adding bits and pieces when I realize another miracle. I think 1200 people have heard about my miraculous life, perhaps even more than that.

I can only hope that at least a couple of those people understood that Jesus does help those who deserve His love.

I had to tell and write down my thoughts to prove Jesus that I am

trying to do my best. I am more than 88 years old now because of Him and I am thankful for my life.

If you feel like after my story that you also should turn to Jesus and start praising Him, just do so. Jesus will be happy to have you.

I do not know what future brings to us, therefore I only trust in Jesus and His support.

Dear Reader,

Let me add some thoughts to the previous. I only realised the miracles of Jesus later on. When he cured me from my diseases in Kolozsvár, I thought that it was because of the fresh air. Doctors did not want to believe it. They thought there was some misunderstanding and the test results were false. I was just smiling thinking that it was because the fresh air.

In Austria the Russians targeted me but I received an order to take some steps forward then stop and I felt that someone hugged me and bombs fell behind and in front of me but I was not injured. When I came to my senses again, I ran down the hill and realised that it was not a coincidence. I did not know when to start and stop

to avoid the bombs.

I realised that it must have been a miracle. Jesus must have helped me and I was positive about it because I was alive. When I reached the valley I burst into tears.

I am only repeating myself to enhance that I understood these miracles much later. They were beyond my grasp at the time they were happening.

Now, I will tell you why I recapped these cases.

Not long ago on a late autumn day I was going to the post office. As I was passing the stairs of the Calvinist School I felt the urge to stop. I stopped and stared the steps.

“My Dear! I spent 7 years on these stairs from 5.30 to 7.30 every day.”

I realised that Jesus started helping me during those times because I could not survive in my thin clothes and shoes in those cold win-

ters while I was sitting and napping on those stairs.

I concluded that he was helping me from the age of 7 because my sickness did not star at the age of 15. I was ill when I was 7-8-9 years old. I could have been ill every week if it had not been for Jesus. His biggest miracle was not letting die a 7-year-old boy.

He let me work every day, every month, and every season and let me rest on the stairs of the school.

To be honest it was a silly idea to spend the night on the stairs but I was not smart enough back then. I should not have walked 2 kilometres to the stairs from Kék Egér pub, I should have gone home instead.

Now I know that without the help of Jesus I would have crushed within a week.

Well, I did not crash and when the kids come to school at half past seven I wobbled down the stairs and started my daily routine.

I visited my mother at the market where she gave me some bread

and cottage cheese for breakfast.

I thought about it a lot and now I am sure that Jesus saw the will-power of the 7-year-old boy and took him under His wings. He knew that I was working of my own motion and I was glad and thankful for the opportunity which allowed me to help my family.

After a Sunday mass, as I was going out of the church, I glanced a nice family. They had three daughters. One of the girls seemed smart and solid built. She reminded me my 7-year old self because I must have been strong if I could carry those heavy baskets.

“Excuse me. How old is this little girl?” – I asked her father.

“She’s eleven.”

“Oh Dear.” – I wondered.

“What’s wrong?” – asked the father.

“How did I look when I started working?” – I asked.

“Look at my other daughter. She’s seven.” – he told me.

I looked the girl up and down. She was nice, weak and thin. I must have been similar at the age of seven. How could I bear those heavy baskets? How much did Jesus have to help me not to crash,

die or get sick? He protected me from everything.

When I finished my first book, many who have read it, told me that there were some things they did not understand in it but other than that I have written a nice book and I had a nice life.

Now I know they must have referred to my 7-year old self. It did not matter how gladly and willingly the boy worked, they must have wondered how he could manage in those circumstances.

I only realised the help of Jesus nowadays at an old age. It was shocking for me.

There are lots of marble plates in the garden of the church I attend. It seems that Jesus has helped many people because there are notes on the plates praising Holy Mary and Jesus.

I have told you the story of the 7-year old boy because nowadays I can see that 20-30-40-year old men refuse to work hard for such a little amount of money to be able to help their family.

Dear Reader,

I concluded that if someone has difficulty, sorrow or afraid of something the only one who can help is Jesus.

Another example came to my mind.

I went to a high school to speak about my upcoming book with the headmaster. She asked me what my book was going to be about. I told her in a nutshell. She asked me to tell her every little detail especially about the miracles of Jesus.

After listening to my stories she told me that she was never religious, she had never been to church, she had never prayed until her two-year-old daughter become very sick.

I am telling you these stories to prove that when you are in despair and you have no more money and there is no one to turn to, there is only one who you can and have to turn. That is Jesus.

I still talk to Jesus every night. I talk he listens. I tell Him my successes, my doubts, my sorrow and my problems briefly. I think

since He not only knows my feelings from my heart and soul but my telling Him, He looks after me even more. It is calming to know that since I am very old.

I recommend you loving Jesus because He can help but I do not and I cannot say that He helps in every case and for everyone. You should start loving Him and praying to Him even if you do not have any problems because you could never know when you would need His help.

I had to tell you my stories to give you the chance to decide whether they were miracles or not. If you do not believe in those kinds of things it is your business. My and many other examples show that when there is nothing you can count on Jesus is always there to help you. You do not have to pay for His help, you only have to respect and love Him.

I asked my friend, who is a doctor how long can a child live in those kinds of circumstances. He told me that after 2-3 weeks he becomes ill and even if he gets treatment he can live only for 1-2 weeks.

According to my medical knowledge in connection with my dis-

eases I concluded that it is true that Jesus loves people very much. Thinking of my living and how He helped me in my whole life, I am certain that Jesus has an enormous soul.

He has been helping me with his wonderful spirit since I was seven years old.

MARRIAGE

A boldog ifjú pár

When I returned from Kolozsvár I was unable to work as a tradesman because I should have carried weighty sacks. Therefore I become a clerk at Szabó's grocery store. At that time I was still a levente and only 19 years old.

As I came to age I started to go to dances where I got to know a pretty fair haired girl who was around my age. I asked her mother weather I could see her daughter home. She told me to do so. I

8. picture: The joyful young couple

took the girl home a couple of times and in the end we got married in the Catholic Church.

Unfortunately the timing was not the best because a couple of weeks after our marriage Kecskemét was evacuated because of Russian corps.

What happened after evacuation you could read earlier.

BROKERAGE

Arriving from Austria I went to the Town Hall and required an industrial certificate.

Through many sweats I could sign contracts with 14 firms in Kecskemét and its surroundings, in Cegléd, in Szolnok and in Dunaföldvár.

The firms were as follows:

1. Kozma Húsgyár, Budapest
2. Kecskeméti Vegyészeti Gyár
3. Államoított Kispesti Húsárugyár
4. Izsák Festékgyár
5. OMTK Budapesti Gyárai Tejért and its subsidiary companies
6. Mautner Dezső Fűszer- Gyarmatáru Nagyker, Budapest
7. Reizer Lipót és Társa Paprikamalom, Szeged

8. Weiss Manfréd Konzervgyár, Budapest. Later its subsidiary companies.
9. Stünner Csokoládégyár, Budapest
10. BOON Kakaó és import vállalat, Budapest
11. Kolauch Károly faiskola, Szeged
12. Pollák Sámuel Zsák-, Zsineg-, és Ponyvagyár, Szeged
13. Warhanek C. Budapesti Gyára
14. Herz Ármin Fiai Szalámigyár, Budapest

I represented these firms from 1945 to 1949. I still have all of the original stamped contracts.

When I started to work with these firms, it was quite sensational because at that time the products of these firms were highly demanded by retailers.

I received a lot of orders from surrounding retailers, therefore it was difficult to harmonize where to pick up goods so it is convenient both for the firm and the retailer.

When I finished business with all my local retailers I made my move to Félegyháza than Csongrád. When I finished in Csongrád it was late at night. I reached Szentes around midnight but the retailers were not closed. They were waiting for Kuti Béla because they could only purchase goods such as peppercorn from him. They also knew that I sold the goods at the cheapest price.

They ordered many different kinds of goods, which I transported them gladly because I liked their positive attitude. I spared no trouble. I travelled to Cegléd, Szolnok and arrived home wearily but joyful the next day.

Five years passed filled with hard work and nice memories but nationalization came and my scope of activities ceased.

SERVING THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Fortunately, due to one of my friends I contracted with the caterer department of the War Department. I was responsible for supplying barracks with butcher's meat.

It was also a man-size job taking up almost 24 hours a day. I was in charge of transportation, too; therefore I rarely could go home. So I rented a small storage near the meat-packing plant in Budapest where I could sleep a few hours.

Perhaps it was the most horrible part of my life. At 2 a. m. after 2-3 hours of sleep, one of the workers of the plant knocked on my window to report that the meat was ready for transportation. I was tired and sleepy but got ready in minutes.

The wagon was packed with about 30-35 quintal sausage and salami. We went through the north of Budapest then Tata and Tatabánya and arrived back to the firm at about 10 p.m. We did the paperwork and at about 11 o'clock I went back to the storage.

At 3 a.m. one of the butchers came and the next route began.

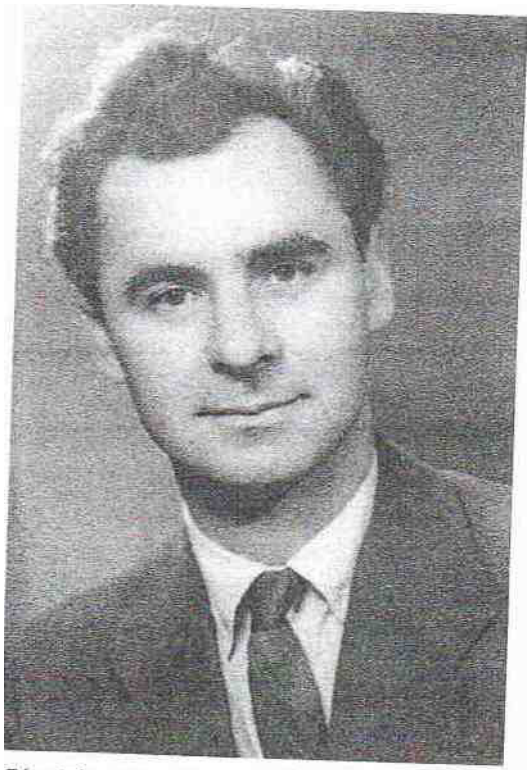
Aszód-Hatvan-Gyöngyös-Eger-Tarnaszentmárton-Tokaj-Miskolc-Hajdúhadház-Debrecen. It was around midnight when we started our way back to Budapest.

One day Halmi Béla bácsi, who boosted me into this job, came to the firm and told me that the firm had been revised and turned out that Kuti elvtárs earned 8000 forint in a month just like Rákosi elvtárs.

The heads of the War Department were called to account and my job was ended. I was happy to go home to Kecskemét.

I become the head of the canteen at the Homokbánya building site. There was no one who would take the job because the working hours were not good.

Every day from 5 a.m – 8 a.m. then 11 a.m.- 2p.m. then 5 p.m.- 9 p.m. I took the job thinking that I had solved more complicated things in my life. In the afternoons I helped buying goods for the canteen and the fellow workers got to like me.



Fénykép az 1950-es évekből

After some time, the head of retail trade transferred me into the main office.

The job in the office was not easy. I had to monitor all of the trading units of Kecskemét.

9. **picture: In the 1950's**

THE FIRST FASHION-SHOW

AND

THE 1950's

Once, I was awarded a theatre ticket for the concert of Hollós Ilona singer because I was working well. After, there was a 30-minute fashion-show, where a boy and 3 girls were walking. It was not a big deal but I liked it very much because I had not seen that kind of thing before.

The next morning I was going to work with my boss.

"Igazgató elvtárs, may I organize a fashion-show?" – I asked the principal in front of a shop-window.

He stared at me strangely. Anyways, he used to be a tailor and a cadre before that.

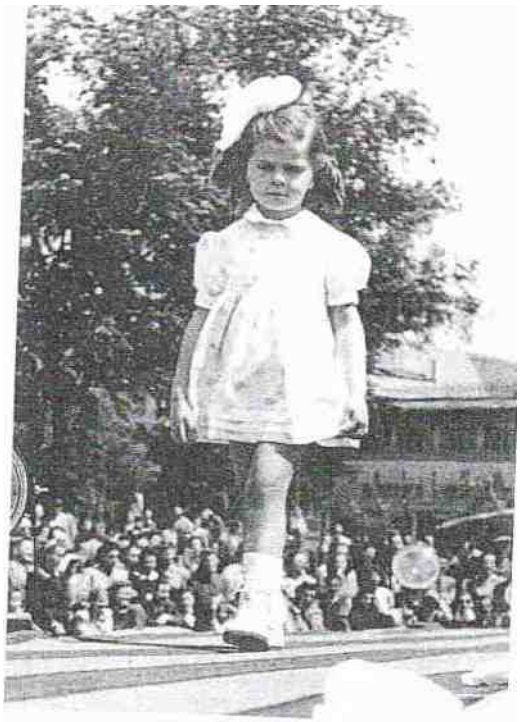
"Could you do it, Béla?" – he asked.

"Of course I could!"

“Then do it.”

The next day I travelled to Budapest to invite actors because I did not want the fashion-show to be boring.

I thought that the catwalk should be in the city centre so the audience can watch the show for free so I had two 40-meter-long catwalks set up. I also ordered lighting and decoration.



Egyik kislányom a divatbemutatón, Icuka

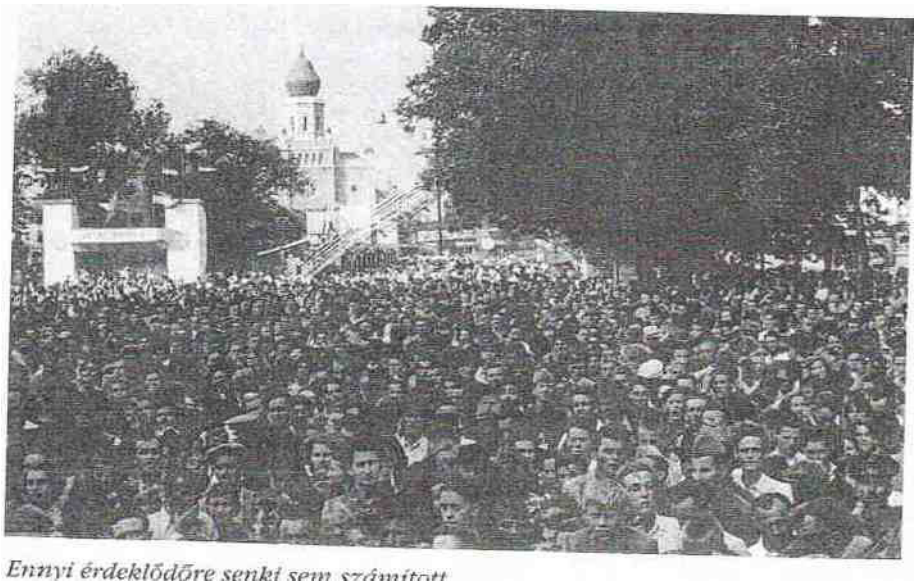
I went to local retail outlets and askes for pretty girls and boys. Since I was proud of my daughters, Marika and Icuka, I could not leave them out. They showed off children’s clothes.

10. picture: Icuka on the catwalk

Needless to say, thousands of people came to see the show. The firs show began at half past nine in the morning, the second at half past three in the afternoon and the third at half past seven in the evening.

12 thousand people were watching the first, 15 thousand the second and 40 thousand the third show. People even climbed the trees to get a better view.

The theatre, where I had watched my firs fashion-show, had only 600 seats, so I was delighted I could attract more than 50 thousand people.



Ennyi érdeklődőre senki sem számított

After the great success of my fashion-show, I was trusted to organise different kinds of programmes in Kecskemét as well as in the surrounding towns.

Later, owing to the great success, I was transferred to the commercial department of the county where I had the opportunity to organise programmes all over the county.

There were interesting and not so convenient happenings.

Nagymarosi, who was the head of council at that time, asked me to organise a trip to Bugac like I used to do.

11. picture: The audience

“Nagymarosi elvtárs, I could do it but because of two things I cannot. First of all, I have a shop, which demands my full attention. Secondly, the parade ground of the Russian corps is in Bugac. They won’t let tourist in. They won’t even let Hungarians in.” – told him.

He assured me that he would go to the Russian Leading to settle things.

The next day he told me:

“Béla, I will solve your other problem as well. Write down everything that needs to be done in your shop and I will take care of it so you can concentrate on the organisation of the Tourist Festival of Bugac. You don’t have to worry about your shop. “

I could not believe what he said. I thought everything was fine but it turned out that they could not make the arrangements with the Russian leaders so the festival got cancelled. Although Nagymarosi elvtárs was very helpful we could not carry out our plans.

The political department of the police got to know of our project and I was asked in by an elvtárs.

“No way! Tell your principal that I’m not going. Everyone knows me in Kecskemét. If it turns out that I’ve spoken to him, everyone will think of me as the trustee of the political department. “

“How dare you send such words to the principal?” – he asked and left.

He appeared the next day.

“Concidering your concerns the principal will be waiting you tomorrow afternoon at five o’clock at the Budai Gate in his car. You have to get into the car.” – He said.

I could not do anything. I went there the next day.

The car stopped and I got into. The head of the political department and another deputy were waiting for me. They wanted to talk to me because they had heard that I was in charge of organising Bugac Festival. They told me that my duty was to report everything about western tourists including what they are taking

photos of or what they are talking about. They insisted on reporting every suspicious detail.

“Look. I don’t want to work for your department but I am Hungarian. If I noticed suspicious things that could cause trouble to the country, I would report immediately to the council or to the party or to you. I wouldn’t leave it without a word.” – I answered.

“Good. You should do so.” – They told.

There was another case which was more serious.

At that time there was a mole at every firm. He did not have to work, he only had to observe others conversations and report every suspicious person. The retail outlet of Kecskemét also had a mole.

One evening when I was going home I met an elvtárs who told me to wait for him the next day in front of the Cifra Palota. He asked me very nicely so I agreed to meet him.

We met the next day. He invited me into one of the rooms of Cifra

Palota. As I entered the room I saw that a brevet major or commander of the State Protection Authority (ÁVH) was sitting at the table. He asked me to sit down.

“From now on you have to report everything about the workers of the retail outlet.”- He told me.

“I don’t know why you are saying this to me. I have never intended to do such thing. I won’t report my co-workers. No way. Do as you wish with me but I won’t’ do that. I’m telling you.” – I answered.

The officer was thinking hard and then took a sheet of paper out of the drawer of his desk.

“Sign this blank paper for your own good and I will never tell anybody that you were here and I asked you such things. The case is closed and I take cognizance that you won’t be our employee.” – He said.

I left.

KALOCSA FALL FAIR 1953

I could use the sports-field of Kalocsa to organise a fair. I had two stages built where I introduced Olympic sportsmen. I invited all of them to speak about their achievements. It was a fresh idea at that time and people liked it very much. On the other stage music programmes were held all day long.

On the field next to the sports-court kiosks were set up. Believe it or not, 12 of the kiosks had neon lightning.

As I remember, at that time even in Kecskemét there were only two shops with neon lightning. By comparison I had 12 kiosks lit in Kalocsa.

During the fair there were fashion-shows. Later I also carried out fashion-shows in Baja.

Imagine, that I was able to invite Svéd Sándor opera singer from Budapest. His payment was not much but he insisted on that I had to invite another singer with him as well and I had to serve dinner for them. They had great success both in Kalocsa and Baja. Svéd

Sándor was a well-known opera singer not only in Hungary but he had performances in the Metropolitan Opera in New York. He was among the top three opera singers at that time. I was honoured and proud that he accepted my invitation.

BAJA FAIR

In 1953 Baja also had a fair which I was organising as well. I knew that carrying out would not be easy because the local retail firm was part of the County Trading Office.

The fair turned out to be a successful event. I gained a lot of attention so whenever there was an event that had to be organised they shifted off to me.

Everyone had something that needed to be planned or organised and they put me in charge. There was not a single job I would not accept. My wife criticized me a lot because of that.

She was right after all but my job was vital for me. I always went on my way and never let anyone interfere. I did not let them grease me either. I have always liked fair play.

Once, the principal of MESZÖV told me that he would pay extra money if I could place their kiosk in the centre of the fair.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t do that. You can’t corrupt me. I won’t deceive others because of you. I promise that your kiosk will be placed at a nice spot as well. I’ll find the way to be even-handed.” – I told him. He agreed.

Others also came to me for better spots.

“Are you kidding me guys? I won’t favour anybody.” – I told them.

I settled the places of the kiosk but traders started arguing. All the traders of Baja wanted to place their kiosk in the city centre. They did not want to go to the island however there was more space and I also had a second bridge built because I thought that the existing one was not enough to serve the traffic.

I was organising this event gladly but they upset me with their behaviour so in the end I only gave permission to three kiosks in the city centre. They were furious and called my principal.

“Kuti elvtárs I demand you to give the city centre to the retailers.”

– Said my principal.

“I’m sorry but you can’t order me now because I am carrying out the will of the minister of interior trade. I received a letter that lets me know that I am not under your supervision for a month. After a month if you are not satisfied with my job you can take further steps. But for now I can take my own course. I’ll do my best. Please, don’t be mad at me.” – I answered.

“You’ll face the consequences when you come back.”

“All right. When I go back you’ll let me know what you’ve decided.”

I booked a room in a hotel. From the window I could see the whole city centre. Around midnight I spotted three vans among the kiosks. I dressed up and went down.

“Is there any problem guys? Put those back, please.” –I told them.

They did as I told them and left. So these festivals were not easy at all.

MY FIRST SHOP

My mother would have liked to work in a shop because at the market she had been feeling cold for years. When, after a serious surgery, I visited her at the hospital she was very upset.

“Now, when our circumstances have improved, Karcsi and you have good jobs and Sárika got married, I have to die.” –she aid.

“Don’t worry. The chief medical is an excellent doctor. He’ll cure you. When you return home, a little shop will be waiting for you. You’ll be the owner. I promise.”

She took a deep breath and looked at me relieved. She believed me because I had helped her a lot as a child. I made the resolution that I will get the shop for her by any means.

I was working parallel the building of the shop. On day I was talking to the head of the commercial department of the county. I told him that I was building a little shop for my mother to give her hope for recovering.

He became quite outraged hearing the news.

“How dare you? You are a well-known organiser of the National Commercial Committee. You should have asked me at least.” – He said.

To show me his power, the next day I got fired.

I felt resentment because I liked working there but I wanted to keep my promise I have made. I was not scared so I opened the shop in the Dózsa György Street with my younger brother Pista in 1953.

Since I had no job, I opened a small greengrocer shop in Kápolna Street. That was the beginning.

While I was out for supply my wife was vending in the shop. Soon, I could hire a shop-assistant.

I got up at 4 a.m. and went to the market. I have to get there very early because I wanted to buy the freshest goods. I always tried to

give my customers the best goods and services.

At that time I only had a four-wheeled cart. I piled the goods on the cart and pulled the shop.

I divided the good into three parts. I put one third in front of the shop, another third into the shop. I put the last part into the cellar so I was able to sell fresh goods in the afternoon.

I had to hurry in the morning. Everything had to be repaired before opening the shop. So I skipped breakfast because customers were coming continuously. We could have lunch in turns with my wife.

I thought, I would have time for everything I neglected during the day in the evening. Now I know, I should not have done that because every evening I was suffering for hours in the lavatory in vain.

I let myself go at the expense of my health. Therefore it turned out that I needed a haemorrhoid operation.

I was not nervous about the operation but I kept thinking about the shop.

I was operated immediately. I thought everything is all right but I felt very painful. I told myself that if I had to live with such pain I rather die.

Fortunately I had a nice childhood friend called Dr. Domján Lali who was a very good doctor.

He arranged an appointment with a physician in Szeged.

“Who was that asshole skinner who did your operation? He used a method that is prohibited for a hundred year. He just pulled out your intestine that is why you are in pain. ” – Shouted the physician.

I asked him whether he can fix the other doctor’s mistake.

“Look. I’ll tell you the truth. I can do an operation but your condition will improve or deteriorate.” – He answered.

Fortunately the operation was successful.

My shop was quite prosperous so I could upgrade it by-and-by. Later it became a grocery store. After I could build up Kuti Boutique, which was the first ladies' and men's wear in Kecskemét.

Beside my shop, I spent a lot of time with my public works as well. Therefore I had hardly had time for my family.

To tell the truth, I loved working. I am one of a kind.

One day Tóth Laci bácsi, who was famous for playing chess, came into my shop and invited me to the council-chamber. I had no idea why they asked for me but I went the next day.

The council-room was full of office-holders.

"Today we are founding the City Board of Hazafias Népfront." – they said.

No one told me before that I am going to be member of the Nép-

front, but when officers started to read out the list of names, I heard my name as well.

Oops…how great person I become suddenly. I was not notified about these happenings. Then it was announced that the president was Tóth Laci bácsi and the vice-president was Kuti Béla.

Once after our presidential sitting Halanda elvtárs came to me.

“Kuti elvtárs, you are a very precious person. I’ve been watching you for a long time and we need such a good person. You alone had more ideas during our meeting then the others together. It proves that you are good at organising and you have very good ideas. We would like you to be the head of the commercial department of the City Council. Later you could continue your work in the ministry. In my opinion, you can reach high positions. ” – he said.

I become nervous; I did not know what to say.

“Halanda elvtárs, I’m glad that you have faith in me but I can’t accept your offer. I should leave my shop if I accepted your offer. I have loan on my shop which I have to pay my friends back in time. I gave my word to them and I don’t want to deceive anybody.

I wouldn’t be able to pay them back from fixed salary. That’s why I can’t accept your offer.”- I answered.

“I’ll wait while you pay them back.”- He replied.

I was relieved. Months have passed. One day I met Halanda elvtárs.

“How’s going? – He asked but did not care about my answer and continued.
“I hope you don’t want to deceive me because you’ll regret that. We count on you in the party.”

“Of course not but until I haven’t solved my matters I can’t proceed.” – I answered.

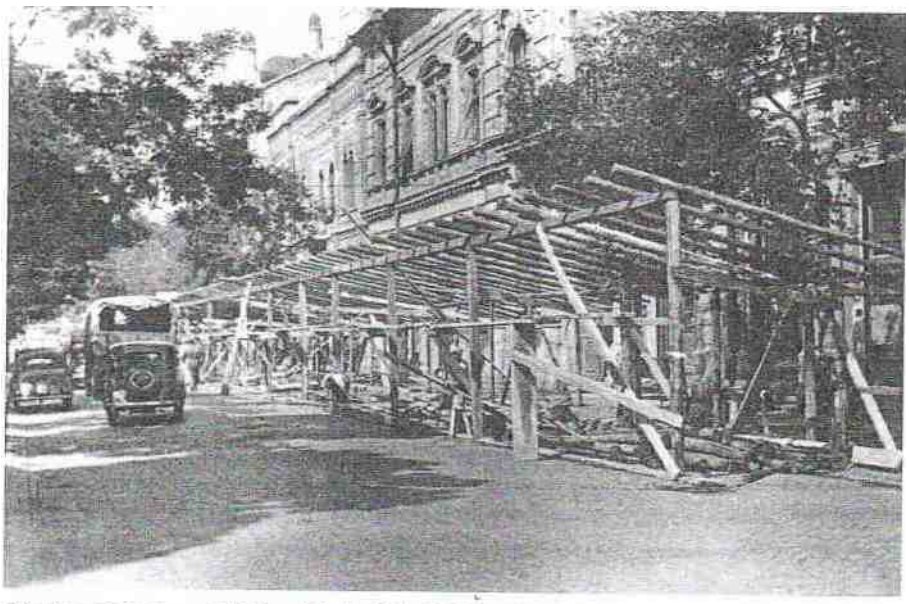
“Well then. We count on you. We’ll wait for you.”

I did know what to do. I did not wish to enter the communist party. I helped them with my advice, shared my ideas with them and accepted their invitations for their meetings. I thought that was enough for me. Jesus must have helped me in my decision because the revolution had broken out.

THE HÍRÖS HÉT AND THE REVOLUTION

The revolution solved my problem. It had to be that way. The matter of entering the party was dropped for good.

Before the revolution, in the summer and autumn of 1956, I was working as the chief director of Hírös Hét Festival.



Megkezdõdtek az 1956-os Hírös Hét elõkészületei

12. picture: Preparations for the Festival

The aim of the festival was to draw attention of Kecskemét, the city of fruits and how hard working the citizens and how they conquered sandy fields.

How the tasty “hírös” apricot, grapes and wines are produced.

Kiállítási pavilon, háttérben a Cifra Palotával

I tried to organise the festival the way that everyone could show off their most cherished products such as

- tasting 200 types of wine
- grapes and wine experts’ get-together
- fruit and vegetables exhibition

13. picture: Kiosks along Rákóczi Square

- poultry, dove and bee-keeper’s show
- agricultural engine exhibition
- shepherds’ pageant
- equestrian and wrangler performances
- dog show and hawk hunting
- harvest feast, bullock roasting

We tried to fascinate visitors from all over the country such as Budapest, Szeged and Transdanubium.

Organising Hírös Hét Festival was not easy but I liked these kinds of challenges. I enjoyed planning and organising.

Since it was part of my public works it had no financial benefits. Although organisation meant a lot of work, I did it willingly. I had to be very responsible as I was in charge. For example I had to sign with the fire department in case of fire, explosion or the damage of kiosks.

More than a hundred kiosks were placed along Rákóczi Street and through the KTE sports-field, where I had a bridge built not to block traffic.

Not long after the Festival the revolution broke out. It had a huge impact on my life.

The revolution saved me from keeping my promise entering the communist party. There must have been many who would have accepted the offer of Halanda elvtárs. I was offered high positions but I had no intention taking part in political parties.

In connection Hírös Hét Festival I have to tell you that when it was over I sat down on a bench in the city centre. I was exhausted but I thought that what a shame the festival was over because I would have continued gladly.

I had to procure timber for building the kiosks. Due to my prestige I managed to transport timber quite easily.

I have realised recently that it was not due to my prestige but Jesus gave me the opportunity.

1956 was professionally challenging. My shop had been in busi-

ness for years and I had regular customers who I could not let down. I had to try my best even if there was shooting in the neighbourhoods.

I had to operate my shop with the blinds down. I was selling only basic victuals but when shootings started next to the building, I had to close my shop. I could not take the risk.

I did not want to let down those customers who were unable to go further for food, so I pulled my cart in front of the shop and I started selling bread.

The baker transported me bread but he was afraid of the shooting so he gave me the goods in the garden then I pulled my cart in front of my shop to let everyone know that they can buy fresh bread.

Interestingly enough many were on the move in the city. If they had heard the noise of shooting they stood under a gateway then went along.

One day I was going home from my mother and I saw someone with a gun in a gateway. As I got closer I noticed that my brother

Laci was standing there.

He was waving me to go on quickly. I did not mind shooting or other people; I just wanted to know him safe. I was praying for him.

Russian corps put an end of the revolution. It meant only one thing for me that I could open my shop again.

I remained the member of the Hazafias Népfront and I continued my public organising works because I thought they were nothing to do with politics.

FAMILY

Speaking of my brother Laci, I would like to talk about my siblings.

In a nutshell, except my younger brothers Laci and István, my sister Sárika and brother Károly are still alive.

Sárika húgom fényképe

I had four siblings. When my mother became ill, Sárika nursed her.

We boys were occupied with our jobs. We could help them with

14. picture: My sister Sárika

some money and food. My younger brother Károly was a greengrocer but he had something with his head and now he is just sitting in a chair staring. He was a very nice man, too. He loved his family and his customers and he was loved by all of them but he did not know what to do with his illness. His wife tries to do her best to ease his misery.

Laci was the greatest amongst us. He had a wife called Erzsike but we called her Pötyi. Something happened to her so Laci took her to the hospital where they did not deal with her therefore she paralysed. Laci took her home and nursed her for nine years.

She was just laying still. Her brain remained intact but she could move only her eyes and mouth. Laci took good care of her. He was with her night and day. After nine years she passed away.

I, who respect every human being, was not able to do that.

Two months after the death of her wife, Laci was driving when another car ran into him and cut his head in an instant.

Whether it was the other driver's fault or his, we never got to know.

We buried him, too.

Dear Laci, everyone knows that you had taken care of your wife. Let me say goodbye in the name of your siblings. Rest in peace with your wife.

I have to add, that I invited him for Christmas. I told him that only our siblings would celebrate with us. We did not invite anyone else. There would be a nice dinner and chatting.

“I will go to my wife’s grave at Christmas Eve but the next day I’ll visit you”- He said.

A képen a négy testvér látható: Béla, László, Károly és István

My brother Pista lived a lonely life. He became ill but the operation could not save his life. He also was a decent man.

He was working with my mother in our shop but my mother become ill. So he had to manage the shop himself.One day an old lady complained that she is very ill and old but doctors would not help her. He closed the shop and took the lady to Budapest where she got treatment.

That is how nice my brother was.

15. picture: Four brothers: Béla, László, Károly and István

PUBLIC WORKS

As a public worker I got to know many committee members. I would like to highlight Mező Miska, who worked for the committee in his whole life as a head of department later as a vice-president then president. He went through all the steps to become the president.

I highly respect Reile Géza, who lived in Kecskemét for a long time. During his presidency the city improved a lot. I think that he was the best of the head of committees in the 1960's. He had 152 streets paved in two years.

When he was transferred to Kecskemét, he visited the head committee of Hazafias Népfront.

"Tell me the most important things to be done in Kecskemét."- He said.

"To begin with, we have lots of dusty streets. They need to be

paved. Furthermore Kecskemét has no rivers or lakes so a swimming pool would be much appreciated.” – I said.

The others listed so many things that he hardly could keep up with them. He was taking notes then said:

“Elvtársak, you know your city very well. You would like to develop it and there is much to do. Do you know how much would it cost? More than 100 million forints.”

I looked at him and thought that all the listed things would cost so much more than that but he tried his best to develop our city. He wanted to make a whole city happy.

He was a very kind person, I liked him a lot. I will remember him as a great person in all my life.

I also respected Benkó Zoltán, who was the principal of waterworks. He was such a fighter.

He carried out the artificial lake system, which solved the rainwa-

ter diversion of Szécheyni and Petőfi Város.

There were not much so outstanding committee members in the history of Kecskemét like the two of them.

During my public works I met Reile Géza a lot.

When flats were transmitted in Széchenyi Város, many people applied for them. So did I.

I had lived with my family in a dilapidated flat at 28. Jókai Street for 20 years. One day the head of the committee messaged me to go to the City Hall with other applicants to choose a flat.

I was so happy. But my joy did not last long because they notified me since I was self-employed I could not get a flat. Everyone received their flat except me.

I have done so many public works but that did not matter because I was self-employed. I never received or asked for money for my public works then why did not they help me when I needed. I did

not know who to turn to.

I did not want to beg so I decided to go to Kisosz and asked:

“Apart from that I have a shop what have I done or whom did I do wrong that they won’t give me a flat?”

At Kisosz I have met Zalaföldi János, the head of department, who knew how much I did for the city, took me to the principal of OTP.

“You have to know that Kuti Béla is one of the leaders of Hazafias Népfront and member of the City Council. He works hard for our city and helps retailers all over the country. If he hadn’t spent his time on public work, he could have bought a flat. On top of that, because of his public works he had to employ a shop-assistant. If we add that money, he could have bought a luxurious flat by now. He’s been living in a dilapidated house for 20 years. How is that possible that others who had lived in much better circumstances received a flat? He gives such speeches at the council that German

and Polish delegations travel to Kecskemét just to meet with Kuti Béla. ” – He told to the principal.

The next day the headquarters of OTP notified me to go in to sign the papers because they granted the flat.

As you can see my life was not easy.

The head of the Commercial Department of the City Council tried to do everything to have my shop closed. He would send supervisors every month just to put me down. Once he sent the construction department to have my shop knocked down.

I tolerated for a long time but in the end I went to Mező Mihály vice-president and asked why I have to put up with all this aggravation. He told me not worry and sent me home.

I continued my work as usual. It was nice to know that there were some people whom I could trust.

During the convention of KISOSZ I submitted a proposal.

A KISOSZ országos elnöksége: Gerle Imre elnök, Nyéki Rudolf elnökhelyettes, Kovács Pál alelnök, olimpiai és világbajnok kardvívó, Kuti Béla alelnök, a KISOSZ Bács megyei és kecskeméti elnöke

16. picture: KISOSZ committee

"I have a question. Why aren't restaurants, retailers and tradesmen allowed to accept foreign exchange? Why are they allowed to pay only with Forint? If they could accept foreign exchange, they could bank 80% of it in 3 days and they could use the remaining 20% themselves. That way the money could stay within the

country. Why don't you accept it? It would be beneficial for the country."

Sooner or later my ideas materialised. It was not important who the idea came from. I only wanted to be helpful.

The City Council had meeting in every month and I always took part actively. The others were not always happy with my proposals. I was not talking about unimportant things. I was focusing on the most important things. I had to watch my words, though because there were lawyers, judges, doctors and principals in the Council.

If there were commercial, industrial or agricultural items on the agenda I usually contributed. The other member were staring how dared I speak up.

To tell the truth, I was a bit nervous about setting against other

members of the council. They were powerful enough to take me down in an instant but they did not.

One day I was talking to Gombos elvtárs.

“Kuti elvtárs, I will withdraw the licences of the market vendors tomorrow. Do you know how much they profit on watermelon?”

“Gombos elvtárs, I understand your concerns but think about it, please. It is true that they make more money in the summer but they have no other options in the winter. If you would go to the market in the winter you would see the difference. They have to live on their summer earnings during winter.”

“Kuti elvtárs, Although, I’m angry with you, I admit that you are right. Summer is the season of fruits. You convinced me. I won’t withdraw their licence.”

I realised that he was not a bad man; he just did not liked my pro-

posals during council meetings.

I continued my public works mainly to help the city because I did not forget that I had lived in poverty during my childhood.

That is why I could understand other people and I continued to take every kind of public work which could be beneficial for families, retailers or producers.

THE TOWN HALL BALL

One of the members of Népfront suggested organising a ball. My eyes kindled.

“You’re right! We’re Népfront members or what!” – I said.

Off I went to the Town Hall, where I told Nagymarosi Kálmán head of committee that Népfront would organise a ball in the Town Hall. I also asked him to transfer his office for the time being because we needed his office for the preparations.

I would go to Budapest whenever I organised an event. For this ball I planned a Beijing tea-house theme, therefore I went to the Chinese Embassy to ask for a Chinese orchestra.

I visited the Russian Military Leading in Kecskemét to invite them

to the ball to set up a Volga themed room.

I started preparing. I asked Szászfai Gyuri the property-man of the theatre to build a Moulin Rouge-esque wind mill with red lights. Then I invited well known politicians and presidents to be part of the organising committee.

I invited actors and actresses. I talked to restaurants about csárda set-ups and asked for local specialities.

I asked the orchestra of the Workers' Militia to welcome arriving guests at the front door.

I asked Helvéciai Állami Gazdaság and other firms to hold wine tasting in a separate room.

I asked the student of Katona József High School to decorate the corridors of the Town Hall. They were decorating for a whole

week.

According to the invitation card the ball started at 7 p.m. but people were gathering in front of the front door around 6 p.m. Loads of people wanted to get in because tickets were free, you only had to pay for your consumption.

I let out the basement to a restaurant to set up a small stage with a band and take care of catering.

The ball started at 7 o'clock. Lots of people flooded the Town Hall.

The Moulin Rouge room, where Medgyessy Mária and Csallányi Györgyi were singing French songs, was a great success. In the Beijing room guests could sip tea on big pillows while listening to Chinese music. In Volga room they could listen to Russian balalaika music.

In the fourth room there was a Betyár csára where táborossy Gyula was performing with great success.

Guests were having fun all night walking up and down the aisles. They were eating and drinking happily. They deserved this kind of opportunities.

FAMILY, BUSINESS AND REAL ESTATE

As I mentioned earlier, I have opened a shop for my mother in Dózsa György Street, which she operated with my brother Pista.

I have contributed to the renovation of Barátok Temploma and the building of a small church in Műkertváros.

I have donated to the Child Cancer Foundation in 2012.

17. picture: Kuti Butique in the 1970's

I have sent a van of textile to Friar Böjte's Transylvanian orphanage to dress up those little children.

There are poor people in Kecskemét, too, so I agreed with the head of KKK to send them a van of textile because they had sewing rooms. If anyone wanted to learn how to make clothes they could go there. Then they could take the clothes home for free.

THE LAST 10 YEARS OF MY SHOP

The last ten years of my shop was not fortunate. Many have deceived and took advantage of me.

I met a wholesaler in Budapest, whom I did business in the beginning. He was quite dishonest and tried and did deceive me every time.

Once he had sucked me in very much.

I ordered a new kind of textile from him and paid 40% in advance. The textile arrived from Asia within 3 days. All the colours I needed were all right. I ordered 15 thousand metres for 530 Forint per metre.

I took my ordered 15 thousand but he purchased 21 thousand metres. By the time I arrived home, he had sent the left over 8 thousand metres, saying since I bought the rest I should buy the left over as well. I should not have bought the rest because I had no more money but I did in the end because I have always been understanding.

I notified my customers that the textiles had arrived.

“What beautiful colours! But hang on! This is gabardine. We didn’t order gabardine.” – They said.

I realised that my wholesaler had not ordered and transported what I asked for so I could not sell them. It had cost me 13 million Forints, which was more than the profit of ten years of work.

I have complained so as to compensate me, he has sent 1000 me-

tres of weave but it was too thick even for winter coats, moreover it was yellow, which is a summery colour. I could not sell it so I gave it away.

I still have the gabardine I purchased ten years ago. I could not sell it even for 120 Forint per metre.

Later I made business with other wholesalers from Italy, Canada, or Montreal.

The wholesaler in Budapest became very angry with me.

I had a customer whom I transported textile during autumn. He was working on it in the winter, and then paid me in spring. He was an honest customer. When he paid me he said:

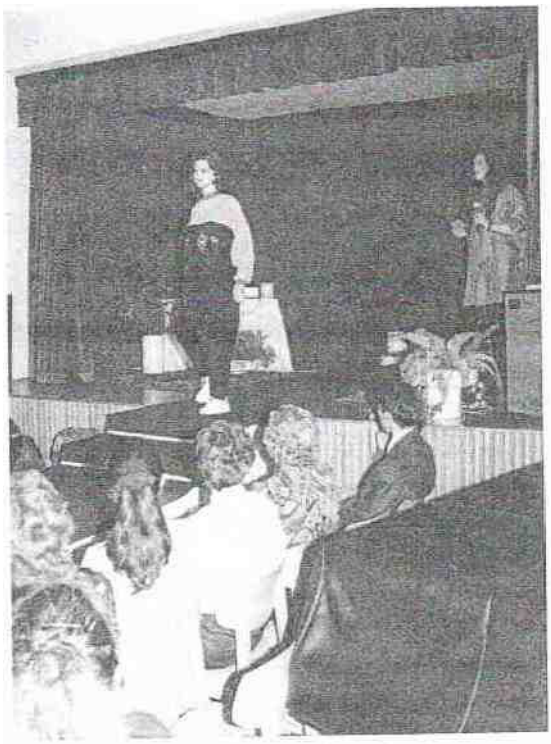
“I know where you have purchased the textile and how much it

had cost. You had not much profit on it. It was convenient for me because you had transported it to my warehouse so you deserve that small profit. Let's do business next time as well."

We agreed and I started purchasing textile during summer to have everything for autumn.

After a month he came and told me:

"Mr. Kuti, our agreement is void because the wholesaler from Budapest called me. He told that he would sell me everything 50% less then you. He told me not to buy from you anymore. He has already sent me textile. I'm sorry but this is a very good deal. I just wanted to tell you not to purchase for me because I won't be able to buy it."



A jól sikerült divatbemutató egyik jelenete

Not only smaller or bigger firms who purchased textiles from me but wholesalers also have deceived me many times.

It is my most terrible memory in my life. I have never could do such things. Let them be happy. I do not care anymore.

I will tell you some more unpleasant incidents.

Many have defalcated or stolen from me. Many customers who

18. picture: Fasion show

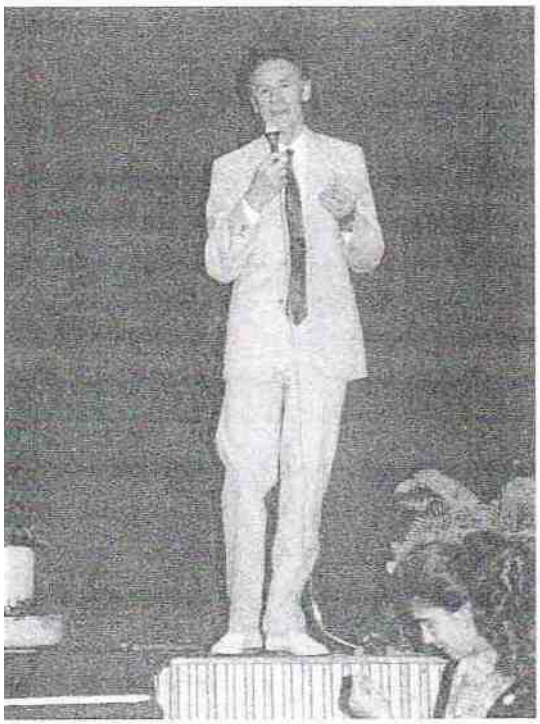
purchased goods from me on trust have not paid after a while because of the recession.

One of my customers had goods worth 1,5 million Forints transported to Győr but have not paid. I was trying to reach him on the phone for two years but he was unable. In the end I turned the case to the court.

The court turned the case to the police. They have heard me in Kecskemét considering my age therefore I do not know what the buyer have told the police in Győr but he sent me the 1,5 million forints in the end.

I was light-minded because I did not ask for 2-3 million Forints. I should have counted 2 years of interest and the phone bill plus other expenses but I was glad that I have received his debt.

I started zealously my drapery shop but after a while I have lost my interest in it. I was thinking about whether I could find someone who will not wrong me. Family business would have been a good solution but no one was interested in drapery.



Bekonferálom az Óvónőképző Főiskolán rendezett divatbemutatót

I employed a needlewoman called Éva, who was a professional and very honest person. I thought she was meant to work for me. She had innovative ideas, knowledge about different kinds of textiles and changed my view on my drapery shop. She did a nice job in the retail outlet so later I transferred her into the wholesaler. She was not pleased because there were a lot of trouble but she managed to solve the

19. picture: Fashion show at Teacher Training College

problems. Furthermore she employed her son so they could put an end to on-going peculations and thefts.

Circumstances became more and more difficult. My customers were complaining that they could sell fewer products so they hardly could manage themselves.

“What would you do if you would stop your business? Would you become a minimal wage worker at a department store? You can earn that much with your own business. We’ve lived through worse times. Don’t give up. Many would have liked to take me down but I’m still here. Work harder. That way we can move forward.” - I tried to encourage them.

I started over at the age of 64 because after giving the shop to my daughter Marika, I felt very bad since I was used to work hard.

My drapery shop went well. I have nice memories, too. I had Éva

as my shop-assistant so my family was glad that I did not let myself go.

My wife seldom visited the shop. When we thought that we can live a peaceful retired life, my wife got sick. She suffered for years but never let herself go. I felt sorry for her. How foolish we were. We were always working while we were young and did not take care of each other. I only realised that I have always loved her very much when her condition deteriorated. One can see things differently after 58 years of marriage. My wife has never been so close to me while she was not sick.

Despite her sufferings I could see in her eyes that she was glad every evening when I returned home. Unfortunately I was not able to feel this way while we were young. Perhaps, we were both to blame.

She was a tough woman till the last hour. She has never complained. Fortunately, our daughter Marika nursed her till the end.

I did what I could as his husband. She was loved by her children and grandchildren very much. She has spent a lot of time with them. I have felt left out because I was such a fool working all the time. After a long struggle she passed away 05. 12. 2002.

After her death I did not know what I felt so I started to work even more but the evenings and nights were unbearable. I missed her. I could hardly get over her death.

I mentioned how many times I was deceived although I have helped so many people in my life. Unfortunately man of mould has never helped me except Friar Kovács, who had given me a pengő to start my business at the age of seven.

EPILOGUE

Dear Friends,

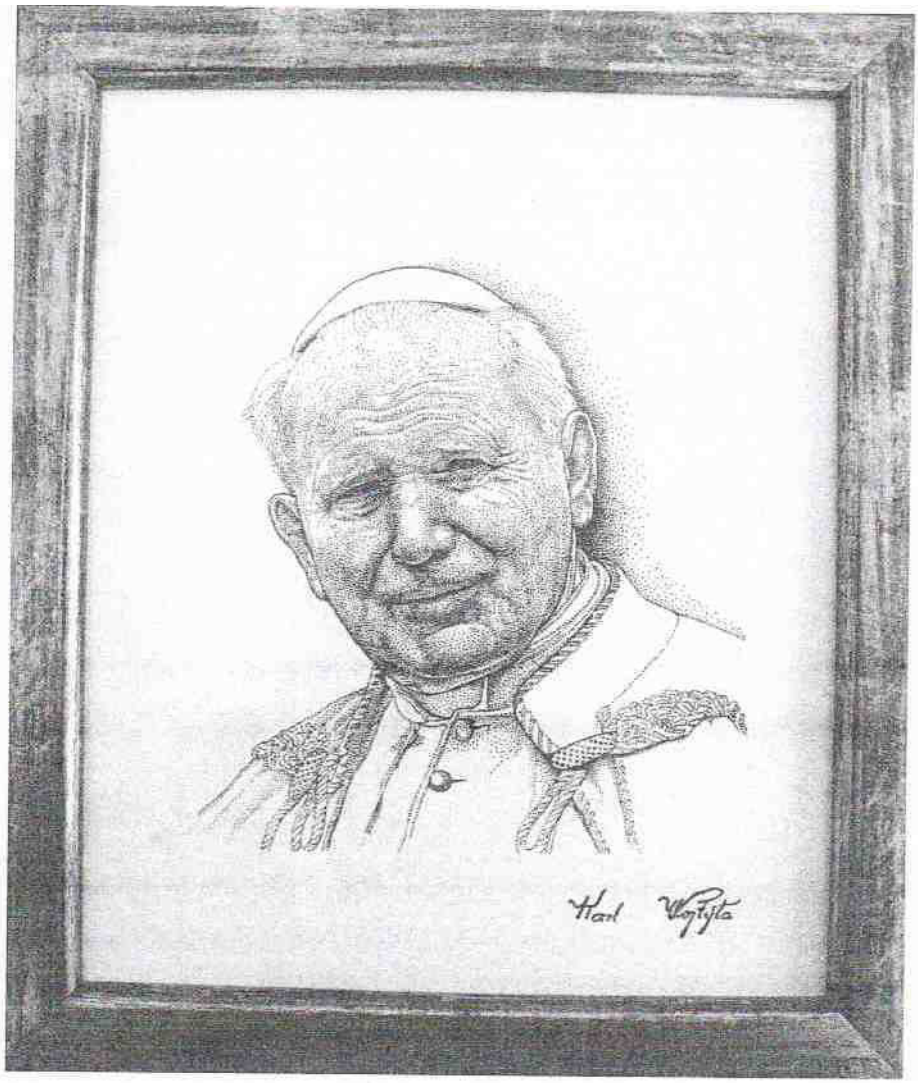
There must live some of those who had attended the Calvinist School from 1932 to 1939. They must remember the boy who was sitting on the stairs every morning.

I was that boy.

I was that boy who was sitting on the stair which was warmed up by Jesus Christ.

Kuti Béla

Kecskemét, 2013.



A megboldogult II. János Pál pápa nagyméretű, zománcból készült portréja, melyet a Wojtyla Barátság Központ elismerő oklevele mellé az egyháztól kaptam. Ahányszor ránézek, eszembe juttatja, hogy nem felejthetem el, amíg élek, Jézus csodáját és Szűz Mária közbenjárását sorsom alakulásáért.

20. Picture: The enamelled portrait of John Paul II which was given by the Wojtyla Friendship House. It reminds me of the miracles of Jesus Christ and Holy Mary whenever I look at it.