

Rosa Vexler's Husband Oscar Vexler



My husband Oscar Vexler in 1940 in Luzhany. His family was convoyed from the village of Luzhany, Chernovtsy region to the ghetto in Yarshev where my family was, too. We met in the ghetto. He gave me this photo for the memory when we didn't know whether we would survive or not.

He was born in Luzhany village, Chernovtsy region, in 1920.

My husband was a very religious man and observed Jewish traditions strictly. He finished Jewish school in Chernovtsy before the war. He could read and write in Yiddish. Oscar grew up in a religious family. He taught me a lot. He taught me to cook kosher food.

My mother got very ill after my father returned. She stayed in hospitals most of the time and at home she stayed in bed. My father was to take care of his 3 daughters. My father couldn't cope with housekeeping and raising children was a challenge for him. I asked my husband if he had any objections if we took my sisters to our home. My husband said that it was O'K with him, but the decision had to be mine as it was me who was going to bear all responsibility. Thus, I got a big family in the first month of my family life: my sisters and my husband's brother. We moved to my husband's house in the village of Luzhany, Chernovtsy region. The house was damaged and we had to do repairs every year. We could receive an apartment in Chernovtsy, but my husband insisted that we stayed in Luzhany. My husband got a job of a nurse at the mental hospital in Chernovtsy.

My husband finished Medical College in Chernovtsy in 1949. He continued to work at the mental hospital.

My husband and I were very happy to hear about the establishment of Israel in 1948. The USSR was the first country in the world to acknowledge Israel. My husband said that Israel was a sacred land and the God returned it to the Jews, his Peculiar People.

My sister Tamara, her husband and children were the first of our family that moved to Israel. Raya joined her later. My husband and I were eager to go with them, but our son entered the Conservatory and we decided to wait again. After our son got a job assignment in Chernovtsy. My husband and I decided to join my sisters. But my husband fell ill, he had cancer. It happened so that we stayed. My husband used to tell me that doctors in Israel might have helped him if we went there. I quit my job to look after my husband. He died on 9 April 1984. My son and I buried him according to the Jewish tradition at the Jewish cemetery in Chernovtsy.