

Ida Limonova



This is me on my first birthday. The photo taken in the "Del'Amitie" photo studio in Kharkov in 1915. My parents met in Kharkov. My father was playing at a wedding and the bridegroom was my mother's friend. My father talked with my mother a little. They got married in Kharkov in 1908. They had a chuppah and my father's friends played music at the wedding. The newly-weds lived with my mother's parents. My father worked as a locksmith and played in a brass band; my mother helped my grandmother about the house. In 1910 my older brother, Izia Sneiderman, was born; I followed on 26th August 1914. Shortly before, on 1st August, World War I began. [Editor's note: The war actually began with Austro-Hungarian Monarchy's declaration of war on Serbia on 28th July. After that Russia ordered mobilization of her forces, and, on 1st August Germany declared war.] My

father went to the front. After the revolution of 1917 my father volunteered to the Red Army and served in Kharkov in a music band until 1924. My father played the horn very well. We always celebrated Jewish holidays at home: Pesach, Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, Chanukkah, Purim and Sukkot. I have the brightest memories of Pesach. There was always a general clean-up on the eve of Pesach: things were washed, cleaned and koshered. All kitchen utensils were rinsed with boiling water and there was a big stone in the washing bowl, perhaps, for keeping water hot for longer. We also had special dishes for Pesach. Our dinner table was covered with a special starched snow-white tablecloth. There was stuffed fish on the table and tsibele - hard boiled eggs cut with onions. There was also chicken on the table. Our family got together at the table.