

## Sofi Uziel



This is a picture of me as a baby, taken in 1922. We were a very close family. My mother was a great woman! No woman would stand living without a man for such a long time, without going for a walk, without getting dressed up to go out. She only knew home, home, home? She knew nothing else, poor thing. My parents weren't members of any political party, but they were progressive people. I was brought up with Judaism. My parents were more religious than I am. Very little was spoken about religion at home, but my mother observed traditions. I remember that when Fridays came there had to be cooked meals for Saturdays and Sundays - that was our tradition. My mother

used to send me to the synagogue to have the chickens ritually slaughtered - I was dying from sorrow for them, but had to go to do the job. Here, where the apartment block is now, there used to be a Jewish house. We used to get together there for Pesach and for the Jewish holidays. There were ten to twelve Jewish families then. My favorite holiday was Pesach because the children of all families used to get together and have a romp.