

Letter Written By Iosif Samoil Tucarman

Bucuresti 9. Februar 1970

Țărilor mele Copii de aci și Țărilor
 În viața lungă eu mult noroc și furtună!
 În cămăruță voi pleca plece multumit va mul-
 țimească pentru că ați făcut pentru mine și ați
 conformat Porunca din cele zece Porunci
 Căbet es Uvii

Țărilor când voi pleca de aci să nu închez
 și spune că voi Kaddish și spui singuri când
 ai să ai timp liber și voi face bibe pământ
 și va aprinde la Sil un stea dintr-un oțel și va
 pictați lumina și nu aveți grije de luminare și va
 face o lampă la Sil, un glob, unde va fi scria
 numele Raportat Mamă Mintă la înec Acasă
 Săte de Izrael și amine și al meu
 atot sănătate Etc

This letter was written by my father, Iosif Samoil Tucarman. On the envelope it was written: "My dear children. You will open this letter after my departure from this world. Dad"

This is what this letter contained:

"Bucharest, 9th February 1970

Beezrat ashem (With the Help of God)

My beloved children from here [Romania] and from elsewhere [Israel]. I wish you a long life, good luck and peace! When I leave, I will be content. I thank you for everything you have done for me. You fulfilled the **Cabet es uvii** of the Ten Commandments: Honor thy father and thy mother.

Iancu, as I will be gone, please don't hire somebody to say the Kaddish for me, tell it yourself when you have free time and it will be accepted. The light will shine at the Sil. Contribute each month and don't worry about the candles; and make a lamp at the Sil, a globe where the name of your dead mother, Minta, should be inscribed. That's all. Farewell. Dad."

He had a drawer where he used to store all his private things, like photos, and where we would not look. But once, a year prior to his death, while tidying up, I found this letter and was very surprised by its content. It was a kind of spiritual testament, for it referred only to the things I was to do after his death. That letter shocked me.

Until 1973 he had been a healthy man, of old age indeed, but we didn't expect him to die in a year or so. He died, nevertheless, at about 85 years of age. I am thankful to God for keeping him so long. He had been a worthy man, who gave me and my sister an education, of which we are very proud even today.

He died the same day as my mother: 29th April. During the last month of his life, every Saturday afternoon I used to go to Iasi by the evening train and Sunday evening I would come back because I had to go to work. I would spend these 24 hours with him. And I remember once I got up to leave and he said, 'Iancu, stay a little longer! You know I have prayed for all these years. If God really loves me, let Him take me sooner and get me to your mother!' On Sunday evening I said goodbye to him and on Monday morning at 11 o'clock I got a phone call saying that my father had died.