

Anatoliy Shor With His Family



This is our family photograph taken on the eve of the New Year of 1958, 1 January in Bershada. My father Pinkhus Shor is sitting in the center, on his right is my sister Klara Geizer, her husband is beside her, standing from left to right are my brother Gersh Shor, his wife Rosa, my wife Beila and I. Children: standing on the left Roman Geizer, my sister's son, and my brother Gersh's daughter, whose name I don't remember.

In 1946 I went to work as an assistant doctor in villages and later I got a job at the surgery room in the polyclinic in Bershada where I met my future wife. Beila Rabinovich was a little older than me. She was born in Bershada in 1918. After finishing school Beila worked as an accountant. I liked Beila a lot. We saw each other for a while and got married in 1947. I moved to Beila's home where we had a small room for ourselves. In 1948 Beila gave birth to a girl, but the baby died few days later. My wife could have no more children. I worked well and helped common people. My wife and I had a good life and I believe, I've had a good life in general.

My younger brother Gersh moved to Odessa in 1947 where he entered a Medical College. He was fond of biology and medicine since his childhood. Grigoriy finished College and got a job assignment to Blagoveschensk town in the Far East. In Odessa he married Rosa, a Jewish girl, and they moved to where he was to work. My brother became an assistant professor and lectured in the Medical College. We only greeted each other on holidays. He died in 1991. He had a daughter and a son, whose names I don't remember and have no contacts with them. All I know is that they were still in Blagoveschensk few years ago. My sister Klara married Yankel Geizer, a Jewish man from Bershada. They had two children and lived with my father in Bershada. Her son's name is Roman, but I cannot remember his daughter's name. Klara worked as a typist and a secretary. In the early 1990s their family moved to Israel where Klara died.

My father made warm sheepskin coats that were in demand with Jews and Ukrainians in Bershada and the neighboring villages. My father worked very hard. He often worked till late at night by the

light of a kerosene lamp putting coats together and embroidering in read woolen yarn on them. My father often traveled to his villages where he had customers. He stayed in his shop, which was arranged in our house from morning till late at night, but there was nothing that could force him to work on Sabbath, the sacred tradition that he never breached. He died in 1984, 30 years after my mother's death.