

## Berta Finkel On Seder In Israel



This is I, Berta Finkel, in 1996, when I traveled to Israel. I was at Srulica Hermon's place - the brother of my brother-in-law, Falic Hermon - on Passover, on seder, I dined there, and they took my photograph. I don't remember the name of the city where Srulica lives.

Formerly, we celebrated seder at home. I always celebrated seder with my husband. Just us, the family - we, my father-in-law, my mother-in-law, when they were still alive. Now, they don't celebrate it as they once used to. Now people no longer celebrate it at home, now they invite us at the Canteen, and that's where we celebrate the seder evening. I go there myself, and my children do too, every year. That's when we eat a piece of kosher meat, for they send meat from Bucharest. And they cook soup at the canteen, they do everything that is required for Pesach, and they serve us a nice a plate of soup, and meat, matzah, potatoes, latkes, this and that. Formerly, they made matzah for Passover here in Botosani as well, but now they send it over from Israel. And they give us rations, they don't give us as much as we need. They invite us at the Canteen, when we celebrate Chanukkah, the Light of Lights, they call us then and serve us all sorts of dishes, especially dumplings filled with potatoes. The Canteen is located on 7 Aprilie St. There was also a synagogue there, ran by Moscovici, but it no longer exists now. The Canteen is near the old cemetery, a little further up the road. But it is no longer functioning, only on Passover, on the first seder evening, and on Chanukkah, when they organize a meal - that is all. The rest of the time the Canteen is no longer functioning.

Now they no longer observe tradition as they once used to. Everything has been shattered. But we all remember just a little bit.

None of my relatives are still living here. I only have my son and daughter. The others have all left abroad, most of them to Israel. I've been to Israel in 1996 myself. I also have a sister there, it is through her that I learn some news about my family. What can we do, since we're so far apart from one another? I'd go to live there myself with my daughter, but how can you go there if there's a

war? I don't even know the name of that president, for I hold such a grudge against him that I can't even begin to describe it. How so? At this day and age, in 2006, it will be 2007 soon - may God hold us in good stead - the war is still going on, still going on? This war will never end, God forgive me, it's neither black, nor white - as they say.

And time passes. And we live for as long as God will suffer us to live.