

Aron Rudiak's Mother Ruchlia Rudiak And Father Duvid Rudiak After Their Wedding



This is my parents' wedding photograph taken after the wedding ceremony in Malkus photo shop at 29, Rishelievskaya Street in Odessa.

My father Duvid Rudiak, born in 1897, in Zhabokrich, finished cheder and primary school, I guess, because he could read and write. My father worked at an agricultural cooperative that later became a kolkhoz in the village.

My mother Ruchlia, she was called Rachil at home - a Jewish name sounding alike - was born in 1900. This was her actual date of birth, even though in her passport the date of birth was 1902. When my mother was to enter a grammar school in Odessa she was overage and her parents subtracted two years to make her admission possible. My mother was the only one in her family who finished grammar school. After finishing school she returned home to Zhabokrich.

My parents knew each other since their childhood and decided to get married when they came of age. They got married around 1922. My mother's family was rather religious and they had a traditional Jewish wedding with a chuppah arranged by my mother's distant relatives in Odessa. In 1923 my older sister Frieda named after our grandmother was born and I was born on 13 November 1925. I was named Aron after my father's father.

I cannot remember any details of the Jewish life of our family. I remember that grandfather wore a kippah at home and a big hat to go out. I also remember that my parents attended a synagogue, but I don't remember the synagogue in the village. I remember Chanukkah when all grandchildren came to grandmother Chaya. We received treatments of sweets and few coins as a gift. I don't remember other holidays since I was too young.

In 1929 our family moved to Odessa. Our mother's distant relatives gave us accommodation in a small dark room with no windows. My father went to work as a fat loader at a buttery. My mother went to work as an assistant accountant at a garment factory. In Odessa our parents didn't celebrate holidays or observe traditions. My mother fasted at Yom Kippur while my father said that since he had to work hard physically he could allow himself to fast. This was the only tradition mother observed. My father wasn't a Komsomol or Party member, but he was a real patriot and piously believed everything the Party or Government promised.