

Etl Ladyzhenskaya Standing By The Grave Of Her Mother Tsirlya Chubat



This is my aunt Etl Ladyzhenskaya, my father's sister, standing by the grave of my grandmother Tsirlya. The picture was taken in the 1960s in Kishinev.

My father had four sisters: Etl, Sonya, Brana and Blima. The eldest, Etl, born in 1904 lived in Romania with her husband Abram Ladyzhenskiy, and daughter Klara, born in 1932. Abram was a compositor at the typography. He made good money as there were very few skilful compositors at that time. When the Soviet regime came to power, Etl and her family moved to Bessarabia in 1940. They didn't evacuate when the war began. During the occupation they were in the same ghetto as Oizer and his family and my grandmother. When the war was over, Etl's family moved to Kishinev. They had a comfortable living as Abram worked, but in the early 1960s he was afflicted with gangrene and his leg was amputated. He became disabled. The family was then supported by Klara's husband. He was a cobbler, and Klara sold shoes made by him at the market. Aunt Blima, who lived in America at that time, also assisted. In the 1990s, when there was no Iron Curtain any more, she sent money, which was enough to buy tickets and process the documents for the whole family. Thus, Etl, Abram and Klara moved to America with their families. Etl died in America in 1998.

When she became old, it turned out that her children didn't think of taking care of her. She lived for a couple of months with each of her children and all of them tried to get rid of her with all kinds of excuses. My mother suggested that my grandmother should live with us, but she didn't want to be a burden as we lived in a four-meter communal apartment. My grandmother was religious and observed the Jewish rites and traditions. She lit candles on Fridays, the eve of Sabbath and tried not to do any work on Saturdays. Tsirlya tried to observe the kashrut the best way she could. When she was staying with her children, she ate what she was given, no matter that it wasn't always kosher food. She fasted on Yom Kippur no matter what. My grandmother died in 1954. I didn't attend her funeral as I was sick at that time.

