

Soibel Kozhushnyan With Her Family



From left to right sitting: my mother Soibel Kozhushnyan, her brother Motle Gitelmaher, I am sitting on his lap, Motle's wife Fradya is sitting to the right. Their daughters Maria, Haya and Zoya are standing. The picture was taken in Sorooca at the Rembrandt studio. They took a picture when we came for a visit in the 1930s.

My mother's family was very religious. After Grandmother's death my mother, being the head of the family, made sure that the rites and traditions were observed. She prepared the house for Sabbath by herself. Sabbath candles were lit by her. My mother told me that once on Sabbath when she was reading a prayer the curtains caught fire from the candles. Mother was at a loss. She couldn't interrupt the prayer. Then she started to cry out the words of the prayer, in order to draw attention to herself, for people to see the fire.

The youngest in my mother's family, Motle, born at the end of the 1890s, worked for a publishing house after finishing elementary school and vocational school. He had a significant position by the beginning of World War II. He was the director of the publishing house in Sorooca. Motle had a wife, Fradya, and three daughters: the eldest Haya, middle Zoya and the youngest called Maria. When she was born she was given the name of Menihe. All of them were in evacuation and came back to Sorooca after World War II. Uncle Motle died in Kishinev in the 1980s. His daughters passed away as well. My namesake Maria was the closest to me. She also became a doctor. She died in Israel two years ago.