

Dora Feiman



This is me at home. My nephew Ivar, my younger brother Iosif's son, took this photo, when visiting me. This photo was taken in Tallinn in 2005.

In the 1980s David's daughters and their families moved to the USA. I correspond with them, and they call me every now and then. Hari, Abram's son, lives in Tallinn. Iosif's children left Saaremaa. Lia lives in Foru village and Ivar lives in Talevere near Tartu. They live in villages. We also keep in touch. Hari often comes to see me, and Ivar and Lia frequently visit me. Ivar calls me every week. I spend my summers in Talevere village. My nephews and nieces like me a lot. Every year they drive me to the cemetery in Tartu. We leave on Saturday, spend a night in Tartu and then go to the cemetery in the morning. We clean up the graves and remember our dear ones.

The Jewish community helps me a lot. Of course, my life would be much harder, if it wasn't for them. I used to have lunches in our community diner, but now it's hard for me to walk. I have an artificial hip limb plus a number of diseases, but I don't feel like talking about it. I rarely leave home. I go to the nearest store or bank to pay for utility services, and I spend the rest of my time at home. Now I have dinners delivered here every other day, and all I have to do is heat the food. The food is delicious and the choice is good. A cleaning lady visits me three times a month. Of course, I try to keep my home clean, but it's difficult for me to do the general cleanup. The community helps me pay for heating in winter and they also pay for my medications whenever there is a possibility. I'm very grateful for what they do for me. I know there are other needy people. The community cares about me. They often call me asking whether I need something. They don't only do everything to give us sufficient food, but also, help us not to feel lonely. Loneliness is terrible, much worse than material or health problems.