

# Maria Sorkina With Her Husband David Sorkin



This photo was taken, when my husband David Sorkino and I were on vacation in Piarnu resort, Estonia. Our acquaintance photographed us. This photo was taken in 1973, a few months before my husband died.

My husband and I led a Jewish life even during the Soviet regime. Saturday was just another working day, and we couldn't celebrate Sabbath, but on Saturday evening, when he wasn't busy at work, my husband went to the synagogue to pray. He worked as a doctor in the higher party school. They knew about it, of course, but they pretended that they didn't. I had dinner ready by the time my husband came from work, and we sat down to eat together. David was a very religious man. He was well-respected in the town. He had the reputation of a decent Jewish man. On Jewish holidays we went to the synagogue together. We were sure to celebrate Jewish holidays at home. I did my best to follow the kashrut, however difficult it was in those years. We always had matzah on Pesach. When it wasn't sold, I baked it myself. I also cooked traditional Jewish food: gefilte fish, chicken, strudels and puddings. I covered the table with a white tablecloth and laid it with festive tableware to create the feeling of holiday. We didn't celebrate Soviet holidays at home. We liked to have another day off, but that was all. Neither my husband nor I were members of the Party.

In 1973 I was struck by a major loss. My husband died. He was buried in the Jewish cemetery in Tallinn. There was a Jewish funeral. It was only natural since David lived the life of a Jew and he was to be buried like a Jew. There is a place for me near his grave.