

Leonid Mariasis With His Mother Perlia Mariasis And Sister Dora Mariasis At The Grave Of His Father Shabsa Mariasis



My mother Perlia Mariasis, nee Patlazhan, my sister Dora Mariasis and I, Leonid Mariasis, at the grave of my father Shabsa Mariasis in Kishinev in 1982.

In 1958 my parents and sister moved to Kishinev and received an apartment there. My father didn't work in Kishinev. His diabetes got worse and my father died in 1974. My parents and sister always observed Jewish traditions, Sabbath and fasting. They spoke Yiddish at home. My mother lived after my father died, with my sister that worked as an economist at the scientific research machine-building institute. My mother died in 1989. She had a poor heart and died of breast cancer. I often visited and supported my family, but I didn't want to leave Lvov. I loved my job and my pupils and I also liked my cooperative apartment that I bought later. There was anti-Semitism in Lvov and the general attitude was anti-Semitic. I was treated very well at school. I was a good specialist and got along well with children.

I have met with women, but I don't have a family. My sister Dora is also single. She was very ill in the last years of her life. In 1998 she fell and broke her hipbone. She was confined to bed and employees of the Chesed in Kishinev (Jewish charity organization) looked after her. Dora died in Kishinev in 1999. I am retired now. I correspond with my relatives in Israel. But I do not dare to move there. I am old and ill. I will be of no use to them. I don't know the language and I won't be able to learn it. I studied it a little when I was a child, but I've forgotten it for the most part. I'm not a religious man, but I admire the state built in a desert. I'm used to living here on my miserable pension. I do not observe Jewish traditions or celebrate holidays. I've forgotten them, besides, a Soviet teacher wasn't allowed to observe any religiosity and it is too late to begin it. I am very fond of fishing. If I catch a fish I can make stuffed fish that tastes better than my mother's. I dry average size fish and give the small ones to my neighbor's cat.