

## Rahela Perisic With Her Siblings, Flora, Judita And Moric Albahari



The picture was taken in 1953 in Sarajevo. First from the left is my sister Judita, in the middle is Flora, then me and our brother Moric.

The members of my family and I were reunited in 1945 in Sarajevo only after liberation. We all arrived in our family house. My father was ecstatic that all the children survived and always cried 'Don't worry children as long as your head is on your shoulders, we will start over and there will be everything.'

After the war we children continued our schooling, we went to so-called courses for one year and finished two grades. We all finished gymnasium. School was hard, there was no paper, a lot of poverty, but we were all ecstatic to be liberated. The Jewish community in Sarajevo received aid from different organizations, so that we Jews had clothing and we received eggs, powdered milk, rice, etc. My father was very active in the Jewish community. Later he got work as the head of a shop and while at this job he found himself. He worked with such enthusiasm in this store. Frequently he told me how he wanted to teach young people that commerce could be an honest trade. Not to steal and lie. My mother Luna devoted herself to the house. She met each of us and picked each of us up. In this time of poverty and lack of food she managed to make all sort of things out of nothing. Everyone loved her. In our family house in Sarajevo she waited for each of our surviving relatives. They slept on the floors until they found something. She had to-- it was all she had of our surviving relatives. They slept on the floors until they found something. She had to clean, do laundry and cook and she never complained, she was so happy to have her children around her considering how deep everyone else's losses were.