

## Wolf And Fania Rozenfain With Wolf's Brother



From right to left, these are my parents Wolf and Fania Rozenfain, with my father's brother (name unknown). This photo was taken in Kishinev in 1948. My father was the director of the Jewish elementary school of the Society of Sale Clerks for Cooperation on Irinopolskaya Street. My father taught Hebrew and mathematics at school. My father was short and wore glasses. When he returned home from work he liked reading Jewish and Russian newspapers. My father subscribed to the Jewish 'Undzere Zeit'. We had a collection of books in Hebrew and Russian at home. However, the books in Hebrew were rather philosophical and fiction than religious. We spoke Russian at home. Mama and Papa occasionally spoke Yiddish, but my mother's Yiddish was much poorer than my father's. Mama worked as an assistant doctor in a private clinic. She knew no Romanian and for this reason could not find a job in a state-run clinic. Mama was tall and stately. She had thick long hair that she wore in plaits crowning her head. We always had meals together at the same time. Papa sat at the head of the table. Mama laid the table. She cooked gefilte fish, chicken broth with home-made noodles, potato pancakes. The food was delicious. Mama was really good at cooking. Our family was not very religious. I wouldn't say that we followed all rules at Sabbath, though Papa certainly did not work on this day. He went to the synagogue on holidays, but he did not own a seat there. I went to the synagogue with him. We celebrated Jewish holidays. During the Great Patriotic War my parents evacuated to Central Asia and were staying in Kokand, Uzbekistan. Mama worked as assistant doctor and Papa was a teacher of mathematics at a local school. My parents returned to Kishinev in 1945. My father taught mathematics at school. They lived in a small room on Sadovaya Street. In 1949 my Mama died. We buried her in the Jewish cemetery, but not according to the Jewish ritual from what I remember. My father married his former student. I don't even want to bring her name back to my memory. I thought this was an abuse of my mother's memory and I kept in touch with them just for the sake of my father.