

Ehza Sirota



Here you can see my aunt Ehza Sirota, my father's sister, the merriest and most cheerful of all my relatives. This photo was taken in Voroshilovgrad (present-day Lugansk) in 1935 and she sent it to us in Priluki.

My grandmother on my father's side, Nechama Sirota, was a beautiful and kind woman. I don't know where my grandmother studied, but she was a well-educated woman. My grandmother and grandfather raised 13 children: ten were their own and three others were adoptive orphaned children. My grandmother was well respected in the town. On Friday evening all her children visited them. It didn't matter that they were not religious. My grandfather always recited a prayer and grandmother lit candles.

My father's brothers and sisters were not religious. They gave away religion in the 1920s following the trend of the time. Their families did not observe any traditions.

My father's sister Ehza, born in 1907, didn't change her surname of Sirota after getting married. Her husband was a Jew. His last name was Krendel. They lived in Voroshilovgrad. Her only son Vladimir Krendel served in the army. He didn't get any education. He didn't want to study. I don't know what he does for a living. He lives in Lugansk. Aunt Ehza died in 1987. Vladimir's son, her grandson, lives in Israel.