

Moses Chubat And His Daughter Greta Friedman



This is me on the 1st May demonstration. I'm holding my daughter Greta in my arms. The picture was taken in Kishinev in the early 1960s.

In December 1957 I was given a ten-day leave from my army service and flew to Kishinev. Lyalia insisted that we get married immediately, and I couldn't break my promise. I wasn't ready to get married, but I couldn't go back on my word. On the frosty day of 4th December, we went to the state marriage registration office. I wasn't in winter uniform and Lyalia wasn't in a warm coat. We didn't have a wedding party. I was demobilized in February 1958. I came back to Kishinev. We settled in the eleven-meter room of my mother-in-law.

On 3rd December 1958 our daughter Greta was born. When I got home I had to wash and iron the swaddles, get up and comfort my daughter when she was crying at night. When my wife was sitting her exams in Moscow, I took care of Greta. We were pretty indigent and hardly had any furniture and clothes. When I went to see my mother, she gave me some pocket money and it made me feel ashamed.

Years went by. Greta went to a nursery school, kindergarten, then to school. I was getting more and more promotions and gradually became the deputy director of the knitting factory. I earned more money and it was enough to buy the things we needed and go to the sea resorts with my daughter. I also was a member of the Party, the secretary of the party organization. This is why our family didn't consider the idea of leaving for Israel.

