

## Shyfra Sohis And Her Son Shymon Sofar



This is my mother, Shyfra Sohis, and my brother, Shymon Sofar. This photo was taken in Kishinev in 1922. My mother had an astrakhan coat on and a hat with an ostrich feather. I saw this hat at home, when I was a child, but my mother didn't wear it then. My mother has a silver purse in her hands. Signed on the backside: 'To dear sister and nice brother-in-law. From far away from the sister and nephew, Shyfra and Shymon'. This photo was given to my aunt Rachil in the USA, who sent it to my brother after the war.

My mother was so smart, kind and gentle. She always wore a hat to go out, dressed like a dame, and wore her golden jewelry. My mother was involved in charity activities along with other Jewish women in the community. They were called patroness dames. There were two marble plaques with the names of these dames on the wall of the choral synagogue, and on one plaque there was the name of Shyfra Sohis. My mother sacrificed herself for the sake of others. She was ill having calcula in her gall bladder. She had attacks of acute pain at times, but as soon as she felt better she got up and hurried to the lower side of town where poor Jews lived. She distributed special coupons to poor Jews and they would go to the Jewish community to receive food products.

My father used to say, 'You really have no love for yourself. You've just suffered from pain. We were fussing around you not knowing what to do, then you are up and on the run again.' This is the way my mother was. Besides, poor people always came to our house. My mother appointed the time for them to come. She gave them wood or food. She gently told me, 'You go open the shed and leave him alone there. Let him take as much as he needs.' We were a hospitable family. I try to follow this tradition in the memory of my mother. There was also a children's home named after

Babich in the community. Babich was probably a founder and chief contributor to the house. My mother also worked there. She couldn't stay quietly at home. She just had to go out and help people.

My brother Shymon was born on 17th March 1918, when my mother was 42 years old. At 13 Shymon had his bar mitzvah. I remember many guests and they all brought him presents. When I was at school, he already studied in the lyceum and was popular with other students in Kishinev.