

Frida Khatset's Grandmother Haya Rukhlia Khatset, Uncle Gersh Khatset And Boris Khatset, Aunt Manya Khatset And Dunia Khatset



The family of my father Itshok Khatset at a resort. Upper row, from left to right: my father's brothers and sister: Gersh Khatset, Manya Khatset, Boris Khatset; lower row: grandmother Haya Rukhlia Khatset, and my father's sister Dunia Khatset. Caucasus, 1902.

The name of my grandfather on my father's side was Evzer Khatset. I guess my grandfather Evzer was born in 1850s. I don't know where he was born. Perhaps, he came from Kiev. The thing is when we were young it was not a custom in our family to share the memories or ask questions about the past. My grandfather was a merchant of guild 2. He was a leather dealer. I remember how my grandfather looked: he wore a black yarmulka, had a small beard with streaks of gray and a moustache, and he was a slender man. My grandmother Haya Rukhlia Khatset - I don't know her maiden name - was born in 1860s. My grandmother and grandfather lived in the center of Kiev.

My grandmother and grandfather were deeply religious: my grandfather had a Torah and there was a mezuzah over their door: a box with a scroll with a prayer written on it. My grandfather had a black and cream striped tallit and a leather tefillin: two small boxes with long leather straps to be worn on the forehead and hands. My grandfather strictly observed Jewish traditions and went to

the synagogue as long as his condition allowed. I remember that my mother and I went to my grandmother and grandfather when they were old and ill. I felt bored when she was taking care of them. Their apartment seemed very big to me: a big hallway, a dining room with high windows and several other rooms.

Before the Revolution of 1917, the Khatset family was wealthy: they could afford to take a vacation at the seashore in the Crimea or Caucasus.

My grandmother and grandfather had five children.

When the children grew up they didn't make my grandmother happy: my father married a poor girl, Gersh got baptized that was even worse and Boris divorced his wife, although it was not his fault. I know that my grandfather and grandmother didn't want my father to marry my mother. Especially my grandmother was against this marriage since my mother was a very poor Jewish girl having no parents while my father came from a wealthy family of a merchant and my grandmother believed he deserved a wealthier wife.