

A black and white photograph of a group of seven people, likely a family, posing outdoors. In the back row, a man and a woman stand. In the middle row, a woman and a man are seated. In the front row, a young boy and a young girl are seated. The group is positioned in front of a wooden fence and some foliage.

The picture was taken in Sofia in 1947. We are sending my little sister Eliza to Israel - she is the girl sitting with the bunch of flowers and the corolla. She left for Israel because she fell in love with her future husband, the one who is sitting on the right. Her husband's brothers are sitting next to and in front of her, and his father is standing. I am in the center, above my sister. I was already a brigade leader at the sports club when the photo was taken. Above what is today the Ovcha Kupel quarter and the gypsy neighborhood in Sofia the authorities wanted to build a stadium for mass sports' events. Yet, the initiative finally turned out to be a complete failure. We only started digging there and that was it - the site was never finished. My sister Eliza was four years younger than me. She wasn't very inspired with the idea of a further education. After our father's death in 1947 I begged her to stay in Bulgaria and take a degree. I was already working and I could have provided for her. She didn't want to. She got married and left for Israel. They settled in Rishon Le Zion. In the

beginning my sister's family was quite badly off. Her husband used to work in a garage. Later the owner, who was childless, adopted him. Now my nephew, their son, owns the garage. My sister was a housewife all her life. By 1947 I was alone. My future husband was a student in the USSR. My father died in my arms. My brother Betzalel and his family followed my sister at my mother's request. In 1949 my mother also left for Israel. It was very hard for me.