

Revekka Blumberg



This is me. I turned 20, and on this occasion I went to a photo shop to be photographed for the memory. This photo was taken in Riga in 1958. However strange it may seem, even in the 1950s the Jewish life in Riga was in full swing. I met some Jewish guys and girls and went to the synagogue with them. It wasn't that I was particularly looking for only Jewish friends, but I liked being among Jews. We could discuss Jewish topics and what concerned us freely. Whenever there was a non-Jew among us, we avoided these subjects. We didn't want to impose our problems on other people. There were also young people from mixed families among us. In my college I met a guy from Tallinn. His name was Moris Blumberg. He was visiting his aunt in Riga. I liked him. He was mature for his age. Moris studied at the Polytechnic Institute in Tallinn. He was 22 years old, but he already had a clear goal in life. However, what united us most of all was that we had much in common about the life we had had. His family was also deported from Kiev, and we had much in common. Both of us were children of enemies of the people. It somehow turned out that we could

openly speak about what he had never told anyone. This brought us closer to one another. We corresponded a whole year. Moris often visited Riga. I remember how happy we were, when Khrushchev spoke at the 20th Party Congress saying that our resettlement was illegal and wrong. Khrushchev's speech was like a ray of light for us, and we were hoping that the hard times had passed. In 1960, when I was a 3rd-year student, we got married and I moved to Tallinn. My husband's parents arranged a wedding for us. At that time it wasn't possible to have a traditional Jewish wedding with a chuppah. This was just dangerous. My husband's parents lived in Tallinn, but they came from Viljandi where they had relatives and friends. This was where our wedding took place. Moris' parents were well known and respected in Viljandi, and there were about 80 guests at our wedding. It was a beautiful wedding. Our wedding was registered at the registry office of Viljandi. The wedding ceremony was conducted in the Estonian language. At that time I knew not a word in Estonian, and I had to be told when to say 'yes.'