

Revekka Blumberg With Her Husband Moris Blumberg



This is my husband Moris Blumberg and I. This photo was taken shortly after our wedding. I sent one picture to my mother, who was living in Riga at the time. This photo was taken in Tallinn in 1961. 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.' After the wedding we moved in with my husband's parents. My mother stayed in Riga. Moris' parents accepted me like I was one of them. My mother-in-law used to say she always wanted a daughter, but she only had two sons, and that I was like a daughter to her. My husband's father also said I had become his daughter, and he would not allow anyone to hurt me. I found a family for the first time in my life. I had been deprived of a real family environment, when a child. It wasn't

before I got married that I felt I had parents.