

## Amalia Laufer



This is me. The photo was taken for my passport in Chernovtsy in 1997. I got married in 1953 and our son Leonid was born in 1955. . When my son was about one year old, I found out that my husband was seeing an accountant from our factory. I divorced him. My son became a welder and got a job at a construction site. He was highly valued at his work. He married a nice Jewish girl from Chernovtsy. They have two children: Semyon and Anna. In 1990 he moved to America with his family promising to take me there as soon as they had settled down. More than ten years have passed since then. My son has a good job in America, but he doesn't need me. I'm alone. Such is

my destiny. My son has his own life. He doesn't write to me, and I don't know how he is doing. I don't ask anything of him. I don't want him to support me, I only want him to tell me about his life, his family and his children, but he doesn't. My grandchildren don't write to me either. His friends told me that I have a great-granddaughter in America. I wish for Leonid to be in good health and happy with his children and grandchildren. I'm living my life trying to make the best of it. My mother and father lived their lives like that. I have a miserable pension and don't receive any allowances for my stay in the ghetto. The authorities told me that my stay there was unofficial. I need money to pay for the house and utilities. I need to think about tomorrow. There's nobody else to take care of me. However, I don't understand Jews that move to Germany. The Germans killed my family. Let God punish them. I believe that the Germans would kill innocent Jews again if there was a war. I'm a religious Jewish woman. I celebrate Sabbath. On Friday evenings I light candles. I know all the prayers by heart. I live according to God's rule. I don't do any work on Saturdays. God said that the seventh day is a day of rest. I try to do all work on weekdays. On Friday afternoon my time comes to stand before God because I have to give this time to him. I know all the commandments and most of the Torah by heart. I get challah in Hased. I fast on Yom Kippur and before Rosh Hashanah. On the 2nd day of these holidays I sit at the table after the evening star appears in the sky. I can't go to the synagogue - I can't walk. I get meals delivered from Hased and am grateful to them. They also bring me medication. Thank God I have enough to eat.