

Henrich Moshkovich With His Wife



This is a picture of my father, Henrich Moshkovich, and his second wife. I have forgotten her name. The photo was taken in Uzhgorod in 1950. My father was born in Volkovoye in 1890. He was the middle son in the family. My father and his brothers studied in cheder. When they grew up my father and his brothers moved to Uzhgorod looking for a job. My father was a cattle dealer in Uzhgorod: he purchased and sold cattle. During World War II my father and me were in Auschwitz, Erlenbusch and Birkenau camps together. From Birkenau we moved to the last camp in Dachau, a death camp. My father and I were separated: old people and young people formed separate groups. After I was liberated I didn't have any information about my family. I didn't see my father and thought that he had perished. After the liberation I decided to go home. I didn't know the way and just followed other people. In a village I sat down on a bench to rest when somebody called my name. I looked up and saw my father! It was a happy reunion. We walked on together. We hoped that other members of our family had also survived. I don't know how long it took us to finally get to Dolgoye Pole. My older brother Mayer and my sister Clara were at home. They told us that my mother and younger sister Olga had perished in Auschwitz. My grandfather Eikef and my mother's sisters also perished in Auschwitz and so did my mother's older brother Ignas. Our house had been destroyed during the war. We lived in my grandfather Eikef's house. My father became a farmer again. He married a very nice Jewish widow. They also had a Jewish wedding. My father's second wife had a house in Uzhgorod and my father moved in with her. After he moved to Uzhgorod my father didn't work: he became a pensioner and received an old age pension. I was happy for him. They were a loving and caring family. I often visited them when I returned from the army. My father was 95 when he died. He lived a hard life, but he was happy living through every single day. He remained religious: he prayed at home every day and observed all laws and traditions. My father went to the synagogue on Sabbath and Jewish holidays and later, when the Soviet authorities closed it he went to a prayer house. My father worked until the end of his days and could walk on his own. He died in Uzhgorod in 1985. We buried him in accordance with Jewish traditions in the Jewish cemetery. I recited the Kaddish for him.