

## Vera Nezhynskaya And Moisey Nezhynski With Their Relative



From left to right: my mother Vera Nezhynskaya, nee Lantsman, our distant relative, my father Moisey Nezhynski, our distant relative's mother. This photo was taken in Kiev in 1956. We only spoke Yiddish in the family. My father and mother were religious. My father went to the synagogue on Sabbath and Jewish holidays. He also prayed in the evening. My mother went to the synagogue on Jewish holidays. My father wore a beard before World War II. He didn't wear payes. After World War II he didn't wear a beard. He was clean shaved. At home my father wore a kippah and when going out he put on a cap. He wore common clothes. My mother wore a wig after she got married. She sometimes wore a kerchief. She wore long skirts and long-sleeved jackets like any other woman in Lokhvitsa. After World War II I often visited my parents bringing them gifts. I brought my mother bright colored flower-patterned dresses that she enjoyed wearing. My mother didn't wear a wig after she returned from evacuation. It is a really interesting topic why people were giving up tradition to some extent after the war. It's hard to say why it happened so often: perhaps, it was due to all hardships of life during and after the war. They had too many problems to face and go through. My parents were poor after the war. My father couldn't work any longer. My father and mother received miserable pensions. I supported them by sending them some money each month. I also sent them gifts. My family and I visited them on my vacation. Of course, when we moved to Kiev I began to help my parents more, but I still think that I could have done more for them than I had. My family and I visited my parents on their birthdays and on Jewish holidays. We were happy to see them. My mother died in 1966 and my father died in 1969. They were buried in the Jewish section of Berkovtsy cemetery. I couldn't arrange Jewish funerals for my parents at that time. I come to the cemetery every year. I apologize for what I might have done wrong. I wish I had spent more time with them. I wish we knew how to segregate major things in life from minor ones. We only begin to understand things when it is too late to do something about it.