

Tili Solomon And Her Family



This photo is a very dear memory for me. To the left: my sister, Silvi Gottesman, myself and my husband, Aurel Solomon; to the right: my brother-in-law. It was taken in May 2001 when I turned 70. My sister and brother-in-law came to Iasi. They invited us, my husband and me, to the 'Unirea' restaurant. When we went out, we had this picture taken, which I treasure. I didn't have any brothers. I only have a sister who currently lives in Israel and is two years and a few months older than me. She was born in Iasi too. She finished the first four elementary grades in a Romanian school: the Marzescu school. Then she went for two years to the Commerce High School, until the war began and we were kicked out from the public schools. She didn't continue her education. After the war she was an activist in a Zionist youth organization, Hashomer Hatzair. This is how she met her husband. They met in 1947 or 1948 at the 'ahsara'. My sister invited her boyfriend to Iasi; then he invited her to Braila, his native town. While she was there, they had a quick civil marriage. So she was still Miss Herscu when she left and returned as Mrs. Gottesman. I met my husband in a common circle of friends. We sort of liked each other from the beginning. We dated for a while and, at a certain point, he proposed. We had a small engagement ceremony at home, only with the family. Almost one year later we got married: in 1957. We had a religious ceremony before the rabbi; I would have never considered marrying someone who wasn't Jewish. We had a beautiful wedding with guests: my sister, brother-in-law from Braila and his parents, my husband's relatives from Bucharest, a sister of my mother-in-law, and a brother of my father-in-law. After we got married we used to meet up with some friends every week, usually on Saturdays, and go to the cinema, theater, pool, or Ceric Forest for a picnic. It was nothing fancy, but we enjoyed spending time with them. I really wanted to emigrate, but my husband never agreed. We went to Israel as tourists; he liked it, but didn't want to stay. He wasn't a sociable man at all and maybe this is why he didn't want to leave for good. Yet, a few years ago, we had made up our minds and were determined to leave. We prepared a lot of papers and were planning to go to the Sohnut to apply for emigration. But my husband got sick and never recovered. He died last year. And now I'll go to my children in Israel on my own.