

Oisie Rosenberg's Tombstone



This is my father's, Oisie Rosenberg's tomb stone in the Jewish cemetery in Bacau.

My father was born in 1887 and died in 1952, at the age of 65. I felt so much pain when he passed away! It was in December. Ironically, two days before he died, I had got a letter from him: 'Please come to Bacau to spend a few days with us. Then I want you to take me to Bucharest with you, to spend the holidays at your place. It's more cheerful with you. Down here, we're getting old, you know!'

I prepared myself to go to Bacau. The letter had arrived on Thursday. On Saturday, I told my husband: 'I want to go home and bring my father here.' He said: 'All right, you will leave on Monday, because that's also my payday.' And I had an afternoon train. 'You'll wait for me to come home, and then you'll go. And you bring Father here.' That Saturday morning, at 10, the phone rang and I learnt my father was dead.

My God, I was speechless! Half of the town attended the funeral! My father's death came out of the blue. He was walking in the street yesterday, and today, at 10 a.m., he just died! He had a heart condition and had his fifth heart attack. I told my mother: 'Mother, only the prefect of Bacau had so many people at his funeral!' People regretted him! Both my parents and my grandparents were very good people! My father had a Jewish funeral.