

Tamara Koblik, Her Husband Monia Koblik And Their Grandchildren Yulia And Maxim



This is me, my husband Monia Koblik and our grandchildren Yulia and Maxim. This photo was taken in Kishinev in 1997. This is Pesach, my daughter and my grandchildren came to have seder with me. Our daughter Sophia took this photo for the memory.

A year after older daughter Ella died in Israel we returned to our younger daughter Sopha in Kishinev. My grandchildren visit me on Jewish holidays and I try to teach them what I know about Jewish traditions and the history of our family. I made everything like mama for Pesach: keyzele, mendele, everything according to the rules. Since then I've always done what is required. My grandson Maxim also loves this holiday. When he visited me on the new year when he was small, he asked: "Grandma, will there be candles lit tonight?" explained to him that this was not a specifically Jewish holiday, but a general one, for all people. My granddaughter Yulia has finished school this year and will continue her studies. Maxim will go to the fourth form. My husband and I are very attached to them and they return our feelings.

The Jewish life in Kishinev is very interesting now, as long as one gets involved in it. I attend many activities. Yesterday in the Jewish library we celebrated the 10th anniversary of the pensioners' club. We have gatherings each month in this club. We listen to lectures on the Jewish history and culture and concerts of amateur artists. On Jewish holidays we listen to the history of each holiday and a traditional meal is served: whether it is Pesach or Purim. Our women's club Hava also works in the library. This is a nice club - there are intellectuals there, of the same age, four-five doctors, and the rest of its members also have a higher education. We bring our treatments there: ice-cream and fruit. We agree in advance whatever each of us is bringing. Recently we had an interesting competition: 'my mama's dishes'. I made keyzele, a matzah pudding adding a little chicken fat and liver, like mama made it. I became a winner. We also have a Jewish Educational

University [Community lecture course], working every second Sunday. 50-60 people attend it. We listen to great lectures on various subjects: music, literature, Jewish history and holidays. I am a permanent member of the Yiddish club. Ehil Schreibman, our classical writer of Kishinev, conducts it. He conducts classes in Yiddish. I know and love Yiddish, but there is nobody to talk to. The last time I spoke Yiddish was with my mama.

Hesed Yehudah helps a lot. We receive monthly food packages with chicken, cereals, sugar, tea, etc. They pay for our medications and occasionally give us clothes: I've got slippers and two sport suits from them. When I was in the hospital, the long-sleeved warm jacket from the suit happened to be very handy - it can be unzipped easily, which was particularly convenient when it was time to replace bandages. My former colleagues remember me. Recently director of the medical school where I taught brought me a huge bouquet of flowers and a gift on my jubilee.