My mom

I love my mom. In my mind I see her a young, street-smart, very pretty woman, just as one on the picture.



She loved singing. She was singing while working in the kitchen – kitchen was also our room, she was singing while walking, and she was laughing a lot.

Mom had a brilliant memory. She remembered thousands of songs and poems. Here, in Denver, on every event where she was invited, she was on stage reciting poems and singing songs.

And because of this ability she was invited to a lot of events for senior citizens in Denver. Even several months ago visiting her we would ask her to sing and she was happy to do that.

I remember when I was very young, like my grandson Eli today, or even younger, we lived in a small room, 4 of us, my mom, my father, Veniamin, mom called him Nemka, my sister, Nina, and me.

We had 4 neighbor families, each lived in a small room in the same house. Actually our room was a little bigger than other rooms, because our room was also a communal kitchen.

Our neighbors came often to us, not only to prepare meals, but also to talk to mom. She was their favorite.

Two neighbors had a small problem, heavily drinking husbands. So the women from these families came to mom, sometimes beaten, for counseling.

Mom calmed them down and had long talks with them. She did something right, because they kept coming.

My mom and my father were a happily married couple, they loved each other. I cannot say they never argued.

If that happened, the last word was always on my father side. And he usually said: OK, Luba, I agree.

Now looking back I think about this was a perfect model for me.

My mom always knew what she wants and she made most of family decisions.

Here is one of her decisions that looked natural to me at that time. Only later I realized how difficult and even dangerous it was.

In 1953 my uncle was arrested. It was the same night on March 5 when Stalin died.

But the state machine was running, running especially hard for Jews.

My mom's sister, Ida, the wife of the arrested uncle, was fired from her job without any perspectives to be hired to any job again, and all family was starving.

They lived in Kuibyshev, we – in Minsk. My mom went there and brought the children to our house.

Then she brought my grandma there too. Her sister could not come, she was not allowed to leave Kuibyshev at that time.

I said the house, but we lived in the same kitchen-room where we lived together, now 7 of us, for 3 years till my uncle was released.

My mom and my father did many good things for many people, never talked about that, considered as a natural way of living.

Once for mom's birthday I wrote her a small poem. She loved to read it to her friends and co-workers.

It is short and I will read just a part of it. Maybe she still can hear me.



Below is a small poem (extract) I wrote about my mom when she was 55.

ИЗ В Кто в этом мире всех дороже и всех нужнее с первых дней? и Китаец, негр и белокожий ответят: Момы нет родней!

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Родная мама! В день рожденья Ток много хочется сказать!.. Дарить цветы и поздравления И много счастья пожелать!

Порой как мало дети знают Про собственных отцов и мам. А те и самизабывают Черты своих побед и драм.

вам есть что помнить, чем горошться, что рассказать должны слова, вебь никогда не поэторитея Лицо, и личность, и субьба.

Стец твой умер счень рана, И снова бабушка адна. Не заживает эта рана. А за окном идет война.

Твои два брато всебали, Но чем сумели - помогли: И литер в Куйбышев достали. Так зы туда к родным полали И сразу на завод пошли.

"Ссобо важное забанье" Страна бала. И ваши силы, и заще бетское старстве. В конце комщов бавало ИЛы. И днем и ночые шла работа в цехах и под аткрытым новам. Вы собирали самолеты, Делилиов сахаром и хлебам.

Так вы почеду приближали 1. ждали регдестного оня. Там 3 узел судьбы завязали Зсе те, касс завеля родня.

OTAUYHUUG DO BOEN DREDMETOM RODGOTS NEYTGAG & UHOTUTYT. HO... HAM ROHRTS HE DOOCTO 2TO: HE KOHKYPE OBIA DOMENOUS TYT.

В зубоврачедный поступала, Но проучилась только год.

в семзе еды не доставала (Одна продкарточка тоджала), И ты вернулась на завод.

Потом В засуный поступать Ты с папой, худеньким парманахой. Пошла. Омрусский знал не слишком, Зато задачки мог решать.

CHACTALIBAR CYDEDA DOCTAMACE: TEI ZHANA TERDOR U DAISHE, KOMY OBLITER HE YABIDANACE. 30 HEMRY BELLITLE CYNCERD.

FOOD HEACENUE MODULALI, U MYOTER MYOTER BOR OBJETACE. HO BBI OPYZ OPYZO COEDEZACI KOK MOAO KTO OEZEWE YMEET. Не растеряли вы родных И были рады каждой встрече, Выподставляли свои плечи, Если нуждался кто-то в них.

Когда по елузому навету Задрали Лещу от семьи, Я помнно Яшка к нам приехал. Мы зместе в первый класс пошли.

Я помню, хоть давно то было, Как я немного ревновал, 470 яшку дольше ты любила (Хоть дабушка за двойки била, А ом ничуть не унъздал).

THE PERHAUE MACTO HA POTOTY MENA SPANA, K TEDE HA CRAAS XODUA & 3 SYDHU II CREDOTS, A C ADADU TEMBKE HA DADAD.

KATANCA & FYME A HEMAND, L' NOMHHO DIO KAK CEÙYAC: NO ZYAKUM ZYMOBEKUM NOOBCAAM TENEWKO CZPONOTOM HECAACS.

9 помнно, как ко мне в больницу Неспа ты сваренный поед. Красивая твоя сестрица..."-Сколал вздыхая май сосео:

Стахода только бралинов силья? Но ты всегда была такай: Лдона дечей уже растила. А оставались молодой. F. Z.