

Edward Friedel At His Bar Mitzvah Party



This is a photo of my son, Edward Friedel, second from right, when he had his bar mitzvah party at home with some of his friends. Edward had to take some classes of Talmud Torah with somebody from the community, because he never went to cheder. Next to him is his cousin, Marcel Ellenburgen, who is six and a half years younger than Edward. And the other two girls are the daughters of some friends of mine, the Molnars. One of them was Rita, the other's name I can't remember now. It was a beautiful party, I baked only kosher food, a birthday cake with candles and everything, Edward had a very good time. He didn't have problems at university because he was a Jew, he was rather popular, he had many friends, and his grades were good. But he became rather independent as well, so he didn't tell me lots of things about his activities there. He was married for about two years, after he graduated from the Faculty of Wood Industry here in Brasov, with a colleague of his from university whom I didn't approve of, because she was too vain. The marriage ended because she found somebody else, a Greek student younger than her, and Edward was very affected by this. It took him a while to recover. Edward emigrated to Israel in 1986 and settled in Beer Sheva, and in the same year, he met Alice. She was a Sephardi Jew; she worked in a bank. Edward's savings were 50 dollars, and he went to the bank to see how he could invest the money, and that's how they met. They married the following year, in 1987. I thought it was too soon, but he was really lucky this time. Alice is a beautiful, special and generous woman, and a devoted mother to their children: they have two daughters, Orly was born in 1988, and Sigal born in 1989. I told him that, no matter how good their life was, he should think of himself as a billionaire, for having such healthy and beautiful children, and such a good wife. Edward works as a wood engineer at a good company, although he had to find a new job recently because the company he worked for fired people and he was among them. But he quickly found another job, an even better one. I haven't seen Marcel in quite a while, but I know he is married to a Romanian, Iulia, and that they have two little boys. They all live in Israel now.