

Ester Khanson And Her Family



The picture was taken in a hotel in Riga in March 1961. My mother's younger brother Voldemar Shreiber, who was called Volush in the family, is sitting in the center. His wife Jenny is standing to the left. They came to us in Riga from Paris. Mother and I also went there to see them. My mother is sitting to the right. I am standing in the center.

In 1945, when Mother came back to Tallinn from evacuation, she found a job as a translator. Then she started teaching Russian and English in Estonian lyceum, and her former boss hired me instead of her. I also worked as a translator.

Mother and I often went to Riga. She grew up in that city and loved spending vacations there. Mother lived with me all her life. She did not marry again, though she remained beautiful even at an elderly age. When I asked her why she was not willing to get married, Mother responded that she had never had another chance to meet such a great person as my father.

Both my mother's brothers survived the German occupation in France. Uncle Illia and his wife moved to a part of France that was not occupied by Germans. They lived there calmly until the end of the war. Many French people helped Jews and sheltered them. Uncle Voldemar and his son joined the French resistance. Voldemar's wife Jenny stayed in Paris. When the Germans occupied Paris, she was called to the commandant's office. At that time many Jews were called there. Aunt Jenny went and made a scandal there: 'How dare you calling us here?' They let her go. After that she moved to Uncle Illia. They were not touched. After the war Aunt Jenny met her husband and son. Some of their acquaintances, Jews, perished. I never saw Uncle Illia after that. Once, in 1961 Uncle Voldemar and his wife came to Riga from Paris and my mother and I also went there to see them.