

Clara Marianovskaya



Mama Clara Marianovskaya on holiday in Yessentuki resort in 1940. We, her children, bought her this trip. My father Efroim Marianovski was born in Novvy Bug town approximately in 1878. I don't know what kind of education he got. All I know is that he died on 16 April 1922. He worked as a clock repair man and that was how he supported the family. I cannot say for sure whether my father was religious. At least I tend to think he was moderately religious. He celebrated holidays and gave his children Jewish names. My father died from a lung disease. He was buried in Novvy Bug. I don't remember him since I was two year and a half when he died. My mother, older brothers or sisters hardly ever spoke about my father. They had to struggle for survival. Our situation was very hard. Mama had to take care of six underage children. We moved to Kirovograd where my mother's sisters and parents lived. My mother's relatives helped us to survive and we had closer relationships with them than we did with my paternal relatives. My mother Clara Marianovskaya, nee Budnichenko, was born in Kirovograd in 1880. She only had primary education. She and her sisters studied with a melamed in their childhood. However, my mother was well-read as she was very fond of reading. And was an interesting conversationalist. She was a well-cultured person, though she was just a cleaning lady in her life. Mama and her sisters spoke Yiddish in the family, though we spoke Russian in our family. I do not know any Yiddish. Mama had no professional education. Like other Jewish women she was supposed to be a housewife, but life happened to be different for her and she had to get a job to support her children. Mama was a wonderful person. Even the fact that she raised all her six children and they became honest and decent people speaks for itself. She taught us to be hardworking and caring. She also taught us to love our country. We were a close family. Mama was a heroic woman providing support to six children. We grew up to become nice people. Mama was very kind. She always wanted to help those who were in trouble. She knew how it felt when life was hard. We, her children, loved her dearly and were

outstandingly grateful to her for what she did. Mama died in Moscow in 1964. She had a stroke and became bedridden for 5 years. She was paralyzed. My sister Revekka took care of her. My sister Emilia and brother Yakov lived far from Moscow. I had my own family. My wife and I did our best to help my sister to take care of our mother. My mother was buried in the Vostriakovskoye cemetery in Moscow.