

## Tombstone Of Tobe-Leya Aizman



This is the tombstone of my mother Tobe-Leya Aizman at the Jewish cemetery in Riga. The picture was taken in 2000.

Mother had a hard life after the war. When she came back to Riga, it turned out that our pre-war apartment was occupied. It was on the first floor and it was remodeled into a cobblers'. Of course, nobody was going to close it down to return the lodging to Mother. She was given a room in a communal apartment, in the basement. It was small and damp. It was hard to squeeze in even a small bed there. Mother didn't work before war as she was fully provided by dad. She didn't have any occupation, so she became a maid. She did odd jobs: cleaning, laundry. Of course she got a skimpy fee, but it was enough for food, at any rate not to die from hunger. My younger sister Libe was taken to the Riga orphanage, but I was older and they let me stay with Mom.

In spite of having a difficult life, Mother and I always marked Jewish holidays. It was sacred. We saved up money to buy chicken and fish for the holiday. We tried to mark it in accordance with the Jewish tradition. We also went to the synagogue.

My mother passed away in 1979. She was buried in the Jewish cemetery. Of course, she had a traditional Jewish funeral. There was a rabbi, a minyan.