

Taube Bunke And Her Great Grandson Aron



This is my mother Taube Bunke, and her great grandchild, my sister Dina's grandson Aron. The picture was made in Tel-Aviv in 1980s.

In April 1947 I was demobilized from army and went to motherland, Plunge. Mother and sisters came back from evacuation. I moved in their room. Mother was so happy that I was alive, and the only survivor in the family came back full of awards. We had to adapt to living in peace. Since childhood I dreamt to become an artist. I even drew pictures anywhere I could, but I had to work to help out mother. I was send to work as an instructor of rifle department of Dosaaf [Volunteer society of assistance of Army and the Front].

Our family was always very friendly. When my sisters got married and bore children, they started communicating with my sons. We have always been one family. After war Dina married Kurdish Jew Amvilov , who happened to be in Plunge after war. Dina bore a daughter, and named her Golda after grandmother. Dina's younger daughter is Bella. Genya married Lev Gornstein and a bore two daughter one-Mena , named after our perished sister, and the second daughter- Aida. My sister Channa also married a guy from Vilnius, Aronchik. In Vilnius she bore daughter Luba and in Israel Channa bore Aviva. My mother helped all of us to raise grandchildren, she went to Vilnius to see her daughter. She was a true grandmother. When repatriation of Jews to Israel commenced, mother and her granddaughter Golda were one of the first to leave in 1972. Dina with her husband and younger daughter wanted to go together, but they were not given the visa. The family was separated for 8 years as Dina and her husband were refused in permit. Then everybody left - Dina's Channa's and Genyas' family. Channa and Genya are still alive. Dina died. All their children are living in Israel. Only Mena left for the USA and became a superior opera singer there.

In 1996 Dalya was invited in Israel. There was my personal exhibition there. We had stayed there for 3 months. Unfortunately, mother and Dina were no longer alive. Mom died in 1989 and Dina one year before we came. We were on the cemetery, attended the graves. Sisters Channa and Genya gave us a warm welcome and I felt the warmth of our large family, which lasted a long time.