

Devora Finchelstein



This is a photograph of my wife Devora Finchelstein. I think it was taken around 1944-1945. She had bought a piece of fur for her collar from Dvoire, a dressmaker, and she made herself a great coat from an old blanket. Back then people used to have their photograph taken whenever they made new clothes for themselves.

My wife's maiden name was Devora Faiestein. She too was born in Iasi, in January 1925. We met for the first time in our Jewish neighborhood, I fell in love with her and to this age, after 56 years of marriage, I'm still in love with her. When I come home and ring the doorbell, and she opens the door for me, it's as if a spotlight lights up the entire house. When I was going to work in the morning and by the time I returned home, I'd start missing her as I didn't see her all day long.

It was a very beautiful wedding, despite its being pretty simple, it was a traditional Jewish wedding, with *hipe-kidise* [Yiddish: the nuptial canopy]. The wedding party was organized in the courtyard of the house where my wife's sister lived, on *Sfantul Teodor St.*, it was the month of August. Our mothers prepared the table. Not many people were invited, it was a family-only party, without music and fuss. We also have a *chisibe* [Yiddish: marriage certificate, Hebrew: *ketubbah*] that we keep to this day. In those days all weddings that were organized observed these customs. Before the wedding, the bride performed the ritual bath. Only then could you start living your life as a couple. We started in life from scratch. My wife didn't have a dowry chest. We worked in order to secure a minimum of comfort, and we did this without anyone's help. And I can say that I was educated in such a way so as to always look for a peaceful life together. In 56 years of marriage, I didn't raise my voice to my wife or had a fight with her. It's incredible, but it is true.