

# Hana Cojocariu



This is my mother, Hana Cojocariu, poor, ill, and lost. Look, see how bad she looks for her age. I don't know how old she might have been here, but in any case, she died when she was 48.

My mother - may God rest her soul, may she rest in peace - was the oldest of all my grandfather's children, her mother was his first wife. These were the children he had with his first wife: our mother, her sister, and a brother. And, being the eldest of the 3 children, our mother raised the other 2 after their mother died.

My grandfather's second wife had children of her own, but I no longer remember any details... Perhaps my mother told us about it, but I don't remember. So many years have passed since then...

My mother's maiden name was Hana Leizer. She was born in Dorohoi in 1898. She was a housewife, and my father was a shoemaker. They always worked at home, they had workers, apprentices - they had 2 workers hired at all times. Because back then things were not like today - we buy ready-made shoes in stores. Back then they were custom-made. My father had a lot of work, he knew his trade well.

They observed tradition, both my mother and my father. We had candlesticks and my mother lit the candles on Friday evening, she said the necessary prayer. I don't know how many candles she lit, in fact I think people say you should light an odd number of candles - either 3, or 5, something like that. My mother kept kosher, she had separate dishes for meat, for milk. She also had separate dishes for Passover - she took them down from the attic when Passover was approaching. For salt, for horseradish, for everything - all the dishes have to be replaced, to celebrate Passover.

After the war my mother didn't work. But actually, my mother didn't live for long. After returning from Transnistria, she only lived for a year. She almost died there, for she had developed such a

bad case of asthma, and she gasped for air. And we barely failed to lose her. I don't know how we managed to keep her alive until our returning home! And when she made it home, she lived for one more year, after which we lost her. It was 1946, she was 48. She died in Iasi, in the hospital, for my father had taken her there. He so wanted to settle in Iasi.