

# Isaac Klinger's Family And Relatives



Here you can see my family and relatives. This photo was taken in Odessa in 1951. Standing from left to right: 1st my sister Milia's husband Grisha, 2nd Milia's daughter Raya, 3rd my uncle Motka's daughter Reveka, 4th Reveka's son Marik, 5th my uncle Motka's daughter and my second wife Zina Klinger, 6th Tima Sivak, my sister Shyfra's husband, 7th Shyfra's son Vitia Sivak. Sitting from left to right: 1st my brother Grisha Klinger, 2nd my sister Milia Dyogot, 3rd Lusia Shtein, Misha Shtein's wife and her daughter Valia, 4th my father Leizer Klinger, 5th is me, Isaac Klinger, 6th Misha Shtein, stepson of my second wife Zina and 7th my sister Shyfra. Sitting at the bottom row, from left to right: Lyonia and Boria Dyogot, my sister Milia's sons, and the 3rd is my stepson Alfred Shtein, my wife Zina's son.

After the war I met my uncle Motka's daughter Zina. In 1945 Zina and her two children returned to Odessa from evacuation. Zina's stepson Misha was 17. He was a cadet in a military boarding school. Her son Alfred was a small boy. We decided to get married in 1946. My father had no objections to our marriage. He knew Zina very well.

When Zina and I got married I treated Alfred like my own son, although I didn't formally adopt him. Zina was a housewife. Life was hard after the war. There was not enough food, but we managed. I didn't earn much. We couldn't buy any new clothes, but we managed with what we had. My father lived with us.

My brother Grisha returned to Odessa and married a Jewish girl. His wife Zima worked in a state insurance company. Grisha worked with me in the theatrical company. They had a son named Lyonia. There were no jobs in Mayaki in the early 1950s and my sister Shyfra and her husband sold their house and bought half a house at the 7th station of the Bolshoi Fountain at the coastal area of the town. In 1957 my younger sister Milia's husband died from his wounds at the front. Milia also sold her house and moved to her daughter and her family in Odessa. All my relatives settled down in Odessa. We kept in touch.

I didn't support my relatives with any money since I had to provide for my own family, but since I was a carpenter and joiner I always helped them to repair their houses or apartments. We got together to celebrate birthdays and weddings, Soviet and Jewish holidays.

My father died in 1951. We buried him in the Jewish cemetery. It wasn't a Jewish funeral since it wasn't customary at that time, but I did recite Kaddish and sat shivah for seven days. After the war I went to the synagogue in Pushkinskaya Street and then switched to the synagogue in Peresyp.