

Riva Pizman's Father In Law Isaac Pizman



My husband Aron's father Isaac Pizman photographed before moving from his town of Chernivtsy to Mogilyov-Podolskiy. This photo was taken in Chernivtsy in 1927.

In 1948 I met my future husband Aron Pizman. Aron was born in Mogilyov-Podolskiy in 1930. His father Isaac Pizman was a shoemaker and his mother Nehama Pizman was a housewife. They had two children: Aron and David, born in 1939. Aron's father went to the army on the first days of the war. He perished near Semenovskaya village, Rzhev district, Kalinin region, in 1942. Aron, his mother and his younger brother were in the ghetto in Mogilyov-Podolskiy. After liberation he studied at school and after finishing the 6th form he went to work as a clock repair man at the clock shop. He had to support his mother.

In 1949 Aron proposed to me and I gave my consent. Aron's mother Nehama became very religious in the ghetto and insisted that we had a traditional Jewish wedding. Of course, I didn't want to argue with my future mother-in-law, and Aron and I decided to obey her. We had a civil ceremony in the registry office on 5 December 1949. There was a chuppah installed in the yard of Aron's house, and his mother invited a rabbi from a prayer house - he lived nearby. In the evening my mother-in-law made a wedding dinner for the closest relatives. I had to adjust to my mother-in-law way of living. She only cooked Jewish meals, celebrated Sabbath and Jewish holidays and followed kashrut. She often made stuffed fish, chicken broth, very delicious tsimes, baked different puddings and strudels with nuts, jam, raisins and apples. It was new to me and I tried to learn from her. At first it was difficult for me to tell apart a knife for meat products from one for dairy products and it took me some time to get adjusted and learn to cook following the kosher rules. I observed these

traditions though while we lived with my mother-in-law. Of course, I had to go to work on Saturday and didn't go to the prayer house with her. Aron was also an atheist. My mother-in-law was a very smart and tolerant woman. She admitted our ways and said that our generation was never going to be real Jews. She just accepted this as it was. Nehama liked me and even had my photograph over her bed. We got along well and tried to avoid conflicts. And we managed well.