

Gracia Albuhaire's Family



This is me and my family in Bourgas. It is the summer of 1948 and my husband Jack Solomon Albuhaire and me are taking a walk on a boulevard in Bourgas with our daughter Reni Albuhaire, who was one year old at that time. We stayed for two years in Bourgas, where my elder daughter Reni was born. I gave birth in a house, which had been turned into a maternity home. There was one obstetrician and one nurse there. After the birth I had a three-month maternity leave [the maximum amount at that time]. Yet the child had to be nursed not for three, but for nine months. So I had to go home from school. I was given a break at ten o'clock. One hour to go and breast-feed my baby and then return to school. I was exhausted from running around. I was undernourished; I had no milk. The baby was crying, and I had no experience with babies, I didn't know that she was crying because she was hungry. Later I fed her from a bottle. While I was working, my mother-in-law took care of her. It was very hard but I didn't quit my job.