

Ivan Barbul With His Brother Moisey Rybakov And His Sisters Anyuta Rabinovich And Nehoma Abramovich



This is me (1st on the left), with my brother Moisey Rybakov (3rd on the left), and my sisters Anyuta Rabinovich (sitting) and Nehoma Abramovich (1st on the right). This photo was taken in Rishon Le Zion in 1995. This photo was taken during my visit to Israel. In 1992 my sister invited me and my wife to Israel. Anyuta bought us tickets. We took a plane to go there. My sister and her family met us at the airport of Tel Aviv. You can imagine this meeting! It was the reunion of our big family: my nephews Noah, Judah and Zvi, their wives, their wives' parents, many children and grandchildren. I couldn't even count them all. Anyuta is a great grandmother. The parents gave each son *pardes* i.e. a plot of land with an orange garden. Once we got together at Noah's 56th birthday. We had another reunion at Judah's place. He has a big yard and a sorting machine for oranges and tangerines. He had tables installed for this whole big family to fit in his yard. There I had a feeling, it's hard to describe what it was like, hard to find words. I remembered our big family, when we sat at the table, I knew I was no longer alone: I have so many dear people, who love and remember me. However, I was a little embarrassed that there was a language barrier between me and my numerous relatives. They speak English and Ivrit, but I don't know these languages. Anyuta and I spoke Romanian and Yiddish a little. I promised my nephews that when I visit them next time, I would know English or Hebrew. Liana and I stayed in Israel for two months. We traveled all over the country. Sometimes Noah drove us in his car. He showed us his office at the dock: he deals in the export of oranges. We traveled to Jerusalem and went to Yad Vashem, and to the Wailing Wall. The only place we didn't go to was a kibbutz, though I was eager to visit one since my sister worked at one, when she moved to Palestine. My acquaintances working in a kibbutz told me the kibbutzim is going through hard times now, but they are still the agricultural base of Israel. In 1992 my older brother Moisey, his wife Nina, their children Faina and Grigoriy and their families moved to Israel. They settled down in Nathania. Nina died in 2003. I visited Israel

again in 1995, and in 1998. I stayed with Moisey in Nathania. I haven't learned English or Ivrit. It's hard to study languages at my age. However, Moisey's children and grandchildren remember Russian and they were always at hand to help me.