

Albertos Beraha Waiting For The Bride



Here you can see Mr. Beraha, that is, me, getting married. I am waiting for the bride at the Beth Shalom synagogue of Athens. You can see my father, Carolos Beraha, on my right and my mother, Mathilda, on the left.

My wife is called Deniz and I met her in the youth club the community had. Back then we were all a big family. I got married in 1958. I had met my wife a year before that; the in-between stage didn't last too long!

The rabbi was called Bartzilai and the funniest part of the wedding was: when he asked me for the wedding rings and I started going through my pockets I couldn't find them.

Imagine this: I was in the middle, my father on one side and my father-in-law on the other, and the rabbi looking at me, and I had left the wedding rings at home.

However, my father, quick as ever, took his ring off and gave it to me, and my father-in-law did the same. The rabbi said to bring him the proper ones the day after in order to have them blessed.

We didn't have a big reception after the wedding; we only had a dinner for the close family and then we left for our honeymoon.