

Haim Epshtein



This is my father, Haim Epshtein. The photo was taken in Liepaja in 1927. My dad was a merchant, he had a small shop near the market. Their clientele was comprised of village people, in other words plain folk. Mother sewed various women's clothing, dresses and undergarments on a Singer-model machine and Father sold them. And like this they left in the mornings and returned late in the evenings. I wouldn't say that my parents were religious fanatics, but they observed religious holidays. They attended the synagogue on holidays and observed all the holidays properly at home. On Friday evenings they shut down everything and Dad went to the synagogue and Mom was always at home. Everything was as it should be: fish and challah, and Mom lit the candles. And since we missed our parents very much, for we didn't see them all week, it was during this time that we three entertained them. I dressed up in my mother's high-heeled shoes and in generally we had a great time. On Saturdays, the only day they didn't work, we would simply be together. My

father was taken away by the Germans in 1941 and shot.