

## Feride And Ezra Bozo With Their Niece Rachel Baruh



These are my parents, Ferida and Ezra Bozo. The girl in the picture standing behind my parents is their niece Rachel Baruh. The photo was taken in Istanbul in the 1960s. My father wasn't a very talkative person. He was a serious man. He was also very intelligent. He didn't chatter with people and he didn't interfere in others' businesses. He led a calm and comfortable life. He wasn't too humorous. I've never heard a bad word spoken about him. He led a very simple life. You know, the first prayers in the morning are quite early. He would get up much earlier and go to the synagogue at 4:30 in the morning. They would have sessions on religion before the prayers. They would read religious texts and discuss them. My father always joined these sessions. After the sessions, there would be the morning prayers. From there he would come home, have his breakfast and go to work. My father would never go out without a hat. He would never go around the house without a kipa either. He didn't have a beard. In old times, I remember him having a very small moustache. He always wore a tie and jacket but didn't care for luxuries or fashion. He wore simple clothes and no jewelry. He bought my mother some nice diamonds and rings though. My mother was my father's second wife. She was a housewife. My mother was a very calm, docile and quiet woman. She would never shout. She cooked wonderful meals. My mother was short, fair-skinned with dark eyes and brows. She was a beautiful woman. My mother was beautiful even when she was old. She would dress very neatly. It wasn't easy to raise seven to eight children. After she married them off, visits to the respective families started, and then came the grandchildren and more visits. She would spend all her time with the family.