

Jakov And David Kalef



This is a picture of my cousin David Kalef with his father, Jakov Kalef. David is wearing his hat from school. The photo was taken in Belgrade. David and I were very close. He was like a brother to me. We lived at number three Gospodar Jovanova Street. There were two entrances to the apartment, the main entrance and one from the yard. When you entered there was an anteroom through which you entered into a big room, a dining room. This is where we celebrated the holidays, Purim, Frutas and Pasqual, when the whole family would gather. I remember Frutas when David also joined us. First everyone came for dinner. Granduncle Jakov came with his family and he conducted the whole ritual. Then we ate dinner. For dinner I remember, there was always fish with mayonnaise with boiled spaghetti. The children always got silk bags in all different colors. I

remember red and yellow silk bags sewn from crepe-sateen. Inside there was everything possible: different fruits and tons of chocolate candies. This was the most interesting for us. And then we quickly went into the other room. There we traded candies: I give you the yellow one, and you give me this one? This was the most wonderful day, the most divine holiday.