

Kushel, Grigory, Zalik And Pinkhas Finberg



This is my husband, Kushel Finberg (right), with his brothers Grigory and Zalik Finberg, and their father, Pinkhas Finberg. On August 3, 1947, when I was 21, I got married. Kushel was our neighbor. My mentality had been Soviet, rather than Jewish, with its two main characteristics: first, atheism; second, internationalism. There was simply no place for Jewish traditions or faith. We all believed in Communism and feared nothing. The war and the Holocaust radically changed my mind. With my marriage, my life began to fill with Jewish traditions and Jewish religion again. Thanks to my mother-in-law, keeping the main rituals and attending synagogue became a normal thing for us. Since the 1970s, people began to leave. None of my relatives left at that time, but at work - I worked at a hospital then - emigration became a regular thing. People left for Israel. It was hard for

them; they had a lot of obstacles from the Communist Party and other authorities. Our family did not want to leave. I was, and still am, afraid of the paramilitary situation in Israel. The United States was too far and unrealistic, and we could not even think of moving to Germany. The feeling and comprehension of the Holocaust became a firm part of our lives.