

Adela Hinkova With Her Daughter In Israel



This photo was taken during a visit to Israel in 1966 on the way to the Dead Sea. I'm first from left to right and my daughter Vesela Hinkova is third from left to right. She is ten years old in this photo. I went to Israel a couple of times. I went for the first time in 1966 when I went to see my brother in Holon. He had married a German Jew, which I didn't like much. They had just had a son and performed the circumcision. The next time I visited other relatives of mine. They loved inviting me to visit and when I went there, I carried three suitcases of presents for them. They loved it when I told them about Bulgaria, because my nephews were born in Israel. During totalitarianism I didn't have any problems traveling to Israel. It's my fault that my children weren't raised Jewish. I remember that when my son was in the first grade, he asked me what his nationality was. He had noticed that we celebrated Chanukkah and made sweets, which the other families didn't. Then I said that he was a Bulgarian, because he lived in Bulgaria and spoke Bulgarian. My children were informed about their origin, but they didn't feel Jewish.