

## Pnina Marcus



This is the marriage of Adolf Marcus' daughter, Pnina, in Israel, in 1982. By a funny coincidence, her husband's last name was also Marcus. My biological father, Carol Marcus, was [probably] born in 1900. He didn't have any education. He was an entrepreneur who made his own workshop of brushes and paintbrushes, although he had no qualification in this trade. He quit both his workshop and my mother who was pregnant and set off to join the Russian revolution. I don't recall ever meeting him. He only saw me once. He died in April 1921 and my mother remarried. I didn't have any relationships with my father's family for a long time. [His brothers,] Simon [Marcus], and Marcu [Marcus] emigrated to Israel. During forced labor [in 1941], I met my [first degree paternal] cousin, Adolf [Marcus], for the first time in 14 years, and I visited his family. I recognized his father, Uncle Simon, who was a shoemaker. I had seen him in my childhood, but didn't know he was my uncle. They all left for Israel [after World War II]. When I went there, in 1974, I saw Uncle Simon again. In 1977, I went to his funeral. I don't know if Adolf is still alive. Most of my relatives left for Israel. Our relatives from abroad wrote to my mother. All those who left, both those from my father's side of the family and her own, had first passed through her place. So she had all their addresses. When I went to Israel, in 1974, I took all those addresses, plus those of the people from the old neighborhood. Some put me in contact with others, so I managed to visit around 50 families of relatives, acquaintances and friends. I got to 75 [families] in 1977. I would go on my own and was a surprise to them. When I went to Israel with my wife, in 1981, I couldn't do the same thing - I had to take her with me in my visits, so I didn't manage to tackle as many families as before. The last time I went there was in 1996. I knew many had died in the meantime. I came back a sad man.