

Renee Molho



This is a picture of me that I had taken in Israel, then still Palestine, and sent to my husband-to-be, Solon Molho. When the war was over and Solon came back from the island of Skopelos where he was hiding during the war he went to my uncle David Abravanel, since he did not know where to find me, and he explained to him that he loved me and that he wanted to marry me. Uncle David wrote to me in Israel and my response to the proposal was positive. I remembered Solon from the time we were in the ghetto since he was a close friend of my cousin Nadir, and used to come to our house almost daily. This is the picture I sent him with my first letter from Israel. What I recall from our first meeting is that we were both very emotional. He was moved, as I was too, and we were crying and everything. We were greatly moved. We were crying and we were kissing. What can I

say? It is the desire to share what overcomes you and you do not calculate what you do. You do not think, let me kiss him now; you just do it as it comes with the moment. And it is quite natural and normal to kiss, to cry and laugh afterwards. First, the cries and certainly laughter follows.