

Vera Nezhynskaya And Moisey Nezhynski



This is a picture of my parents, Vera Nezhynskaya, nee Lantsman, and Moisey Nezhynski. The photo was taken near their house in Kiev in 1965. My parents returned from evacuation Novokuznetsk, Siberia, to Kiev in 1947. I decided to move to Kiev with my family. My parents bought a small house on the right bank of the Dnieper in Kiev. They observed Jewish traditions after they returned. Of course, it was difficult to follow the kashrut at that time. It was a problem to buy food products. They ate what they could get. My parents celebrated Jewish holidays. There was a small synagogue in Podol. On holidays my father went to the synagogue in the morning. My mother prayed at home. She didn't go to the synagogue. She couldn't walk there, and public transportation was irregular. My mother baked matzah at Pesach and cooked delicious food for all holidays. There was no shochet in Kiev at the time. My father slaughtered chickens himself. There were two aging sisters living in a neighboring house. They believed my father to be very religious. They brought their chickens to be slaughtered by my father and believed that if my father had done it they became kosher chickens. My father prayed at home every day and read religious books. My parents were poor. My father couldn't work any longer. My father and mother received miserable pensions. I supported them by sending them some money each month. I also sent them gifts. My family and I visited them on my vacation. Of course, when we moved to Kiev I began to help my parents more, but I still think that I could have done more for them than I had. My family and I visited my parents on their birthdays and on Jewish holidays. We were happy to see them. My mother died in 1966 and my father died in 1969. They were buried in the Jewish section of Berkovtsy cemetery. I couldn't arrange Jewish funerals for my parents at that time. I come to the cemetery every year. I apologize for what I might have done wrong. I wish I had spent more time with them. I wish we knew how to segregate major things in life from minor ones. We only begin to understand things when it is too late to do something about it.