

Enta Rosenblum



This is Enta Rosenblum, my maternal grandmother. The photo was taken in Botosani in the 1940s. My grandmother lived in Botosani with my grandfather, Iancu Iosif Rosenblum, in a rented house with five rooms, had a small garden, and raised poultry. My grandparents were kind. My grandmother was extremely gentle; I used to be around her a lot. A woman came every morning and brought her sour milk, and my grandmother immediately made corn mush and we ate it with sour milk. She had a housekeeper, but she also did her chores around the house, and after that she called me to lunch. Whenever I slept over, I slept in the same bed as her, and she used to teach me prayers in Hebrew. They didn't go to the synagogue every day and they didn't dress traditionally,

but they were both religious people. They observed all the high holidays and Sabbath, and they followed the kashrut: all the food was cooked a day before, on Friday, and Luigi came to light the fire on Saturdays if it was too cold. My grandparents weren't politically involved. My grandmother died in Botosani in 1946.