

Fanya's Grandmother Rivka Slutskaya



This is my maternal grandmother Rivka, nee Kholemskaya, she became Slutskaya after marriage. I took her to the studio to take a photo.

She was born in 1863, also lived in Anatovka and got married there. Grandmother and Grandfather were religious people. They had two sons and five daughters; my mother was one of them. Grandma Rivka had three sisters but I don't remember their names.

Grandpa died and the Slutsky family moved to Kiev. Grandma stayed with her daughters and brother at 4 Basseynaya Street. It was a single-floor building, where they occupied a three-room

apartment without any facilities and with a Russian stove. Grandma was illiterate and looked after the house. Her favorite work was to sort out pepper and make pillows. She did not attend the synagogue, never wore a wig, however, she observed all ceremonies. Grandma kept everything kosher in her household; there was even a butcher, a shochet in the yard, who cut chicken on Fridays. Grandma cooked challah every Friday. She baked it in a Russian stove in a special form and it was not twist-shaped. At 5 o'clock Grandma lit the candles, prayed, but there was no family gathering – no Sabbath. The whole family usually gathered only for Jewish holidays, which Grandma always celebrated. I spoke to her in Yiddish. When in 1933 we were not able to buy matzah because it was very expensive, I cooked it for Grandma myself. Mother's brothers and sisters' weddings were celebrated according to the tradition – with a chuppah.

After Kiev was liberated I made an inquiry to the District Soviet about my relatives who stayed in Kiev during the war. I knew that all the Jews, who stayed in Kiev at the beginning of the war, were perished in Babi Yar. My mother, father, grandmother Rivka, two of her sisters and her grandson perished there in 1941. I do not know exactly how my parents died. However, I know that it happened in Babi Yar, because our former neighbors (Russians) told me about it. My relatives' names are not written anywhere. Though someone told me that he saw their names in some museum, but I couldn't find them in the books. On my visit to Israel I made an inquiry in Yad Vashem, where all Jews, who died during the Holocaust, are being registered. I never received a reply from them.