

Izidor Abravanel



This is my husband's brother Izidor Abravanel. The picture was taken after the World War II in Los Angeles, sometime in the 1960s.

Izidor married Dora and they had two children: Jacko and Silvio. Before World War II they had decided to emigrate to the United States. They made all the preparations, sold their house. They were to travel by ship. In a week both children got diphtheria and died. Dora did not want to leave for the USA after that and leave her children buried here. And so they did not go.

Time passed and she got two more boys named Jacko and Silvio again. Very spoiled kids. Their mother wanted to bring down the moon for them and Jacko was a real monster. They went down to Stratis restaurant and to Terkenlis patisserie and ate whatever they wanted because Izidor would pay afterwards. It is really a miracle that Jacko, when he grew up, he became a professor in the United States. I remember Izidor received a letter from his son's professor congratulating him because he came first among 2,000 candidates. His brother became an electrician.

I remember Izidor was very active as far as practicing the religion is concerned. My husband's family was not following religion by heart, yet Izidor not only went to the synagogue and read the Bible but also used to cook charoset for the Jewish Passover. He used to make it so tasty. I have never tasted charoset like his since. Now everything has changed. Even tastes.