

Avraam Sirota



Here you can see my father Avraam Sirota as a young painter. This photo was taken in Priluki in 1914.

My father was born in 1895. He finished cheder like the other boys in the family. This is all the education he got. My father was a painter. I remember how he climbed on the roof of the church. It was restored. It was hot and sweat was running down his face and he tied a kerchief on his forehead to protect himself from sweat.

My father wasn't religious and he wasn't an atheist. He just didn't talk about this subject. He read many contemporary books. He considered himself an advanced Soviet man. He was very happy when he bumped into a Jewish surname in a newspaper. He showed me and said, 'Look, this Jew is colonel and that one is a writer. It wasn't possible before the revolution, you know.' He was grateful to the Soviet regime for having equal rights and so were many others in his circle. My father helped and supported his brothers and sisters.

In 1921 my father went to order some medication in a pharmacy. He met Anna Ghivertz, a pharmacist. They got married shortly afterward. They registered their marriage in a registry office. They didn't have a wedding party. It was a customary thing at the time.