

The Hermons With Sloim Grimberg



The one on the left in this photograph is my sister, Miriam Hermon, the one next to her is my father's brother, Sloim Grimberg, the one on the right is my brother-in-law, Falic Hermon, and the one in front of them is their daughter, Solange Frenkel. My sister was pregnant with her son at the time. The photograph was taken in Israel around 1969.

I, Berta Finkel, have a sister, her name is Miriam according to the birth certificate, but people call her Marica. She is younger than me, she was born in 1936. My sister had higher education, she studied law in Iasi, and that's where she met her future husband, Falic Hermon, Foli. My brother-in-law, Foli, was from Iasi. They were 3 siblings: there was Foli, there was also a sister who was younger than Foli, and there was Srulica, the youngest of them. Srulica Hermon lives in Israel as well, he is married, and has 2 sons. My sister married in 1961. After they married, my sister and her husband lived in Iasi, for he was from Iasi, and then, when people started leaving, they left to Israel. They left a long time ago, in 1963, for both her daughter and mine were nine months old when they left Romania. Both of them are the exact same age. My sister has 2 children, a daughter and a son. My niece's name is Solange, Sulamit - she was named after my brother, whose name was Salo, Sulim. She is married, her name is Frenkel now. They live in Ranana. The son, Dani, was born in Israel, he is 36-37 by now. He too is a jurist, a lawyer. He lives near Petah Tiqwa, but I don't know exactly where. This nephew of mine is married, he also has a son, he was born in January this year [in 2006]. My sister lives in Petah Tiqwa. She worked as a lawyer, but she is older now, she is in her 70's. Time passes. She visited me this year. She hadn't come to Romania for about 3 years, but this year was the 1-year anniversary of her husband's death, so she came to see us as well, to see how we are doing. But she was upset, her face looked completely different, as if she weren't my sister.

My father's name was Marcu Grimberg, but at the shul he was called Mortha [his Jewish name was Mortha, Mortkhe]. I don't know in what year he was born, but he was around 5 years older than my mother [he was probably born around 1895]. Together with my mother, my father submitted a request to go to Israel; my mother died in the meantime - in January 1973 -, and my father left to Israel by himself, he stayed at my sister's, and he died in 1981.