

## Wedding Ceremony Of Boris Uden, Nephew Of Mera Shulman



This photograph is very dear to me. It was taken at Riga seaside in 1978. The wedding was rather sumptuous, taking into consideration those modest times. The photograph was taken by a specially invited photographer.

Most often we met our relatives in Riga. Seldom events in our family gathered them in Leningrad. Running a few steps forward, I'd like to tell about three visits to Riga especially memorable for me. In 1978 we went there for wedding of my nephew Boris Ruvenovich Uden, the only son of my sister. He married a Jewish girl from Riga Polina Tsyrulnik. The wedding was very beautiful, they celebrated it in a cafe on the Riga seaside. At present my nephew and his family live in the USA. His only daughter Marianna will soon become a lawyer.

Thanks to our frequent visits to Riga, our children got an opportunity to join to Jewish Tradition. We gave no traditional Jewish education to them. Time, when they were growing was not conducive to it. We never told them that they were Jews, but it was made without us. One day little Lev asked me, who the Jews were and why he was a Jew. I explained him that there were different peoples: Russians, Jews. But he was upset: obviously boys in the court yard had explained him that it was not so honorable to be a Jew. And when my son grew up, he used to say 'And nevertheless it is good that I look like a Georgian.' Certainly we told our children about the war, about our lost relatives, about our life in evacuation. We never celebrated Jewish holidays, never visited synagogue (we even did not know, where it was). We also never celebrated Christmas or Easter.

We did not observe Tradition, but at the same time arranged circumcision for our son. Our children got some idea about Jewish Tradition, when we visited our relatives in Riga. They celebrated all Jewish holidays and some of them happened to be during our stay there.

I'd like to tell about two more visits to Riga, which were very important for me.

In 1990 we celebrated in Riga the 60th anniversary of my sister Dina. During that celebration there was an occasion, which has turned upside-down all my life. I am going to tell about it a little bit later.

And in 1993 we went to say good-bye to the family of my sister, who were going to emigrate to the USA altogether. Certainly we went to the old Jewish cemetery to give the last glance at the native graves. At the cemetery there is a tombstone with the following inscription 'In commemoration of all gentiles, who saved 55 Jews at the risk of their life.' This inscription is made in Hebrew and in Lettish. We also visited that place, where the synagogue was situated: that very synagogue, which we visited together with our parents during our childhood. The synagogue was burnt down during the time of occupation. People built some sort of memorial from its ruins.