

Esther Leibovich



This is my mother-in-law Esther Leibovich. This photo was taken in Kishinev in 1947. My mother-in-law gave me this photo after my wedding.

I had the warmest relations with my mother-in-law. I even called her mama. She was so kind to me. I can't find words to say how warm and gentle she was. She was also reserved and tight-lipped, but it always seemed to me that she wasn't quite happy. I heard from other people that during the evacuation my mother-in-law didn't talk to my father-in-law for a long time for some reason. I didn't know any details, but I believe she must have been hurt. My mother-in-law wasn't so religious, though her husband bought her a seat at the synagogue where she went on Jewish holidays. She didn't do any work on Sabbath, of course. Like in my parents' family, they didn't work on Saturday. I didn't do any housework on Saturday, but I had to work at school, of course.

My mother-in-law helped me a lot in the first months after my son Yakuv was born. She helped me to wash the baby and change diapers. She often took Yasha [affectionate for Yakov] to her room so that I could have a nap. I stayed away from work for three years looking after the baby, but I continued my studies in the evening school.

In 1985 my mother-in-law died. She lived as long as 88 years of age and had a sound mind. We buried her in the Jewish cemetery beside my husband.