

Donna, Avram, Leon, Berta And Dolya Kalaora



When that photo was taken, my parents had already prepared their luggage to move to Israel. They moved in 1953. In 1959 they came to see me in Sofia, Bulgaria, for three months. But they stayed 13, I did not want to let them go. My parents spoke Ladino. So, they did not speak much Bulgarian at home and we, their children, studied it at school. They dressed very modestly. My father worked all the time and cared a lot for the family. He also liked to drink, but no more than 50 grams of rakia and always at home - never in a tavern. My parents moved to Israel in 1953. My parents were very nice people. Illiterate. Deeply religious, my father more so. They were poor. During the Law for the Protection of the Nation the Jewish municipality had given my family 2,000 leva because my father could not support us. My parents got along very well with their neighbors. Their friends were Jews and the neighbors - both Bulgarians and Jews. Some of my father's friends were Greeks and Turks. But I cannot remember any concrete names or people. I remember only that the relations between them were excellent. For example, we lived in a house with a yard, but neither the door of the yard or that of the house were ever locked. Such were the relations between the people - pure, peaceful and nice.