

Wedding Of Albert Levi



This picture was taken in 1951. It's the wedding of my younger brother. From the left, my older sister-in-law Korin Levi, next to her, my older brother Izak Levi, and next to him my mother Janti Levi, in the bottom row, the bride Sara Levi and my older brother Albert Levi. The little girl in the photograph is the daughter of my oldest brother Jantika Levi. I was newly engaged then. My older brother Albert Levi was born in Istanbul Shishane in 1925. He also completed junior high in the Jewish highschool and started working. There wasn't much studying then. After finishing school he became an ironworker until military service. Later he did his military service in Malatya. When he returned, he opened up a business of children's bicycles. He married someone named Sara Biçaçi from Tekirdag. She was a very good woman. They had two daughters, Jaklin and Meri. They lived in the 6th flat. With time the girls grew up. After the events of September 6-7, emigrating to Israel was common. First let's send the oldest girl so she can learn the language, then we will follow her asid. The older girl Jaklin left in 1962, they went in 1964. They currently live there. Now he is retired. After my brother left in 1964, my mother went to stay with him in 1968. Our financial situation wasn't that good. We were struggling to raise our kids. My husband's business wasn't that good and he also needed to take care of his parents. My mother wanted to go there. At the time the Israeli government would provide a house for the immigrants, they would provide money. And she went there. My older brother said "I will take care of my mother, do not give her a house, give me the money". My mother settled in my brother's house. She lived there but couldn't get along and left to rent. The situation became so bad that my mother took to crying in the streets, lying on the benches. I was going crazy reading the letters. In 1977 I told my husband that I had to go take care of this no matter what. I left and went there. Truly, I found my mother in a deplorable state. I went to my brother and said "I am not in a position to talk, you are more powerful than me", I

boosted his ego. "I have two sons at home, my husband, his parents, who should my spouse take care of first. My mother has not been well since the death of my brother, anyways, she needs a doctor, she needs medicine, I cannot afford all that. Please treat her well, who knows how many years she has left, it is a pity" I said. In the meantime my older son Salvo has an accident with our car, and my husband writes me a letter and calls me back immediately. I left everyone and went back. Later I received a letter from my mother: "What did you do to these people, you put them in line, my grandchildren are coming to see me, my son comes, my daughter-in-law comes" she was telling me. I told her that I took care of it using kind words. My mother was very happy that I had taken care of the situation and prayed to me. But a short while after everything was o.k., my mother died.