

Romano Wedding Day At The Synagogue



A photograph taken at home after the wedding. The whole extended family of Yasef Romano. My father is on the very left, and his brother on the right. You might know him. He is Izak Romano, the cheese-maker. My mother and father probably met in Edirne, because they were both from Edirne. There was a great love between them. Yuda Romano constantly would come to the balcony and serenade her. Their love was very, very strong. There was great affection. When my mother was sick, my father would cry. A person who appeared so serious and strong, when my mother got the flu, he would cry in the other room. When they asked him why he was crying, he would lament "what if something happens to her". My mother would do everything he said, but at the same time she was vary of him. For example sometimes she had to buy something on a Saturday, she would go without letting him know and come back. Their wedding was in the Edirne Synagogue, I do not remember the date. My father always dressed very well, but on Saturdays, he would dress even better. He was a person who attached a lot of importance to Saturdays. He reserved his best outfits for the Sabbath day. He did not dress like this even on Yom Kippur. Even his shoes would be polished, as if new. He wore a vest, jacket and hat even in the month of August. He dressed well till the day he died. My mother was like that too. My father was part of six siblings, four boys and two girls. Isak Romano was younger than my father. All of his siblings were born in Edirne, then they came to Istanbul for commerce. He was in the business of cheese in Istanbul. Isak's son, Jojo Romano lives in Istanbul. His grandson was involved in a meat scandal. Salvator Romano was the manager at Grundig. Then he emigrated to Israel. I do not know if he is currently alive. Nesim Romano did not work. His siblings took care of him. He died. Ines Kalvo, housewife, lives in Israel. My mother was five siblings, four girls and one boy. The oldest was Gina (Alkalay) Gerzi, the one younger, Doret Gerzi, lives in Morocco. She probably died. One sibling was shot in Greece and died, I do not remember the name, then it is my mother, and she has a younger brother, Nesim Gerzi, he lived in Marseille. My mother and father did not visit often with their relatives. That is because there wasn't the transportation vehicles of today, then.