

Rebi And Fiance



This is a photograph taken the year I was engaged. This is Tozkoparan Street. I am wearing a silk, gray dress with polka dots. My hair was done by the hairdresser Cevdet. I am 17 years old. I am on an outing with my fiance.

My older sister Sara was born in 1932 in Adana. She was my biggest support after my father died. As soon as we came to Istanbul, there was a proposition for Sara. A young man from Samsun (a city on the shores of the Black Sea), his name was Yusuf Murat.

On a day when they come to visit our house, Yakup Murat sees and likes my older sister. At that time, neither my older sister nor I have any dowry (the money given when girls marry). The Murat family is a wealthy family. My older sister accepted her fate and married in the Shishli synagogue

My older sister became the means for my marriage too. Because I married Yakup Murat's brother Mordehay Murat. Sisters became sisters-in-law.

When my brother-in-law's brother Mordehay Murat asked for my hand, he was a prospect approved by the family. For what it's worth, the older brother had married my older sister Sara. I would get to preserve the family ties by agreeing to this marriage, and my mother was going to stay with us.

Mordehay Murat was a handsome young man. He was respectful. Even though later he seemed to be an authoritative father in his relations with his children, he doted on them. His philosophy in life was honesty and living with your principles. He paid a lot of importance to his children's education. He wanted his son to obtain a career and his daughter to study in a foreign school no matter what. When we started this marriage, when I took the first step by getting engaged, I had a condition, we

would move into my older sister's house too when we got engaged.