

## At A Wedding



This photograph was taken in the house of my sister-in-law Ketty, before the wedding of my brother-in-law. My daughter was 4 years old then. I have a fur stole on in this picture and a hat. Yomtov Bonjur Arguete was the apple of the family's eye. He was married to Ketzi Frankfort. Ketzi was a German Jew. Her father owned a bank. He did not know Judeo Spanish, when this language was conversed within the family, his face became sullen. The Frankfort family was an aristocratic family. *Komo se dize vuantes blankaz* (How do you say this-white gloves. It is a saying indicating you were speaking to someone from the upper crust, i.e. you need to have white gloves to be able to address them). I would be amazed when I went to their house. Starched white table cloths, starched napkins. I would be face to face with a different world view. My husband Avram Arguete was a very principled man, hard-working and honest. He had the nickname "Fuhrer" in Ortakoy because of his adherence to his principles and his harsh reactions. Just think about it. He was of short stature, always in a hurry, someone who walked fast and who was anxious. Our meeting was the result of a coincidence. In reality, when I started to grow up and to develop, it was an indication that it was time for matchmaking for me. I came to Istanbul for this purpose, but when it was found out that the person they were thinking of introducing me to wasn't appropriate, I started waiting for the return trip. My husband encounters a friend while walking absentmindedly in the street after this separation. He tells him of his troubles, the solution is a new matchmaking, looking for a new fiancée. Mrs. Rosa Palashi was our neighbor. She was a family friend of theirs. When Mrs. Rosa Palashi learned about Albert Arguete's situation, she opened her house to us. We met there. My husband was a handsome, well-dressed man. I was there too. My father and my husband went to

the back room. I waited in the livingroom. When their discussion was finished, they told me I was promised. My father did not even ask me, the apple of his eye, if I liked Albert or not. I did not react at all to this event, it was as if what needed to happen, happened. It seemed to me that that was what was supposed to happen. My husband did not react at all too. He accepted it very coolly.