

# The Wedding Of Ruben And Ester Fridman



My brother Ruben was the first in the Fridman family to marry - he married Ester Sachi. Their wedding took place in 1941 in Sofia. These days our family, had not yet moved to Asenovgrad to Ester's sister Lili Videva (whom we called Stela). Until 1942 we all lived in Sofia, in Skobelev Boulevard.

Our family was often forced to move from one place to another, because it was difficult for our father to find a permanent job. That is why my brothers and I were born in different places in Bulgaria. All this, however, didn't mean that my childhood wasn't good.

Ruben was my elder brother. He was born in Sofia in 1923 and died in Israel in 1999. He was an electrician. From his wife Ester (nee Sachi), he had three children: Yosif, Sima and Dafna. They live in Haifa in Israel. His wife was a housewife and now she is a pensioner. As far as I know it was Ruben who took care of our mother until she died.

After 1946 - the year when my parents emigrated - I remained to live alone in a half-empty rented room. There were five more people living in the same apartment. In the next room were my brother Ruben with his wife Ester. They earned their living making for example paper packaging for seeds out of newspapers; uncle Haim sold them at the market. My aunt was a housewife. In the kitchen lived my half-brother Leon Levi [from Juliet mother's first marriage].

I remember that my half-brother Leon, whose pet name was Edi, lived with us until I started to go to school (that is about 1931-1932). After that my uncle Haim and auntie Margarita Baruh grew him up. My brother Leon Yosif Levi (born 1920) was undesired by my father and because of that I was often present to arguments between mum and dad at home; Leon was the reason for these arguments but he was not guilty.

The point was that Edi was different from other people because he was born without thumbs on his palms and what is more - he was my mother's child from another man. All this was depressing to my father and thus a situation was provoked by which my uncle and aunt decided to take care of him. I should underline, however, that despite his defect, my brother was literate: he could read, he could write and he also had much talent for painting.