

## Faina Volper With Her Husband Yuri Milrud, Son Alexei And Family Of Sister Fira



From left to right, sitting: my older sister Fira (Esther-Molke) Volper and her son Boris Shurakov, I, Faina Volper and my older son Alexei. Standing: my sister's husband Cyril Shurakov and my husband Yuri Milrud. Photo made in Starokonstantinov in 1951 when we came from Chernovtsy on a visit.

In 1949 my sister, her husband and son moved to Starokonstantinov. Their little daughter died from an epidemic in Astrakhan. My sister received an apartment and my father convinced the family living in our house to move to her apartment so that she could be living close to her parents. After the war our house was repaired. Gas and water piping and boiler were installed. My father got a closer acquaintance with my sister's husband Cyril. Cyril was a devoted husband and a nice man. He treated my parents with great respect. At the beginning my father talked to him unpleasantly distressed about his daughter marrying a non-Jewish man. But Cyril took it easy and did not argue with my father. Gradually my father changed his attitude. Cyril became director of a department store. He was a respectable man in Starokonstantinov. The Jews of the town used to say that a non-Jewish man like him was worth of ten Jewish men. In 1950 their daughter Lialia was born. She was a lovely girl. My sister went to work as children's doctor at the children's hospital. She was a very good doctor and soon was promoted to head of department.

My father stopped being skeptical about the Jewish religion and traditions after the war. My parents celebrated Shabbat and Jewish holidays at home. Cyril also participated in celebrations. He was the one to ask questions during Seder at Pesach. At Pesach we had matzah at home. In the first year after the war when I still lived with my parents we made matzah at home. We had a wheel to make holes in the dough. In few years matzah began to be baked in Krasilov and my mother's acquaintances sent us matzah from there. My mother sent me some matzah to Chernovtsy. We couldn't get together to celebrate holidays - they were working days when we had to go to work.