

Busia Makalets And Her Grandson Yevgeniy Kasymov



This is me with my grandson Yevgeniy Kasymov. This photo was taken in Kishinev in 1999. It was taken in my apartment on 30th August, on my 80th birthday. My relatives in Israel sent me this gown for my 80th birthday.

My daughter Tatiana didn't get married for a long time. She grew up in this kind of family and had high standards. She refused all her admirers. Once she went to do an inspection in a district hospital where she met her future husband Vladimir Kasymov. He fell in love with her and waited for her consent for eight years. I liked him a lot and wanted Tatiana to marry him. She gave her

consent in 1990. In 1991 her son was born and she named him Yevgeniy after her father. After their son was born they went to the registry office to register their marriage. I was waiting outside with Zhenechka [affectionate for Yevgeniy] in his pram. When they registered their marriage, Vladimir asked the master of ceremony, 'Would you like to see our son?' and she replied, 'I would'. She came to look at the baby.

I knew little about the revival of Jewish life in Kishinev in the 1990s. I didn't even know about Hesed. However, they found me and put me on the lists of Hesed. I became an active member of the community, particularly since I knew Hebrew and can sing Jewish songs. I attend the warm house where I told my aunt Zelda's story and sang Jewish songs. However, lately I've felt ill twice due to the spasm of vessels. I don't leave home alone. A few times a month they send a car to take me to the warm house. I pay for the apartment and utility fees from my pension. I refused the food packages since it is hard for me to cook. I am 85 years old. Hesed delivers dinners for me at home twice a week. I have these trousers and slippers from Hesed. My posh quilt blanket is also from Hesed. I mean to say my well-being is Hesed.

My grandson Yevgeniy knows that on his mother's side he is a Jew. He studies in a Moldovan school by the German system of Waldorf. He is a talented boy. He knows Moldovan and German. He's been in a Jewish camp twice. I asked him, 'How are the Jewish children? - and he replied, 'Grandma, there are many Jewish boys like me there.'