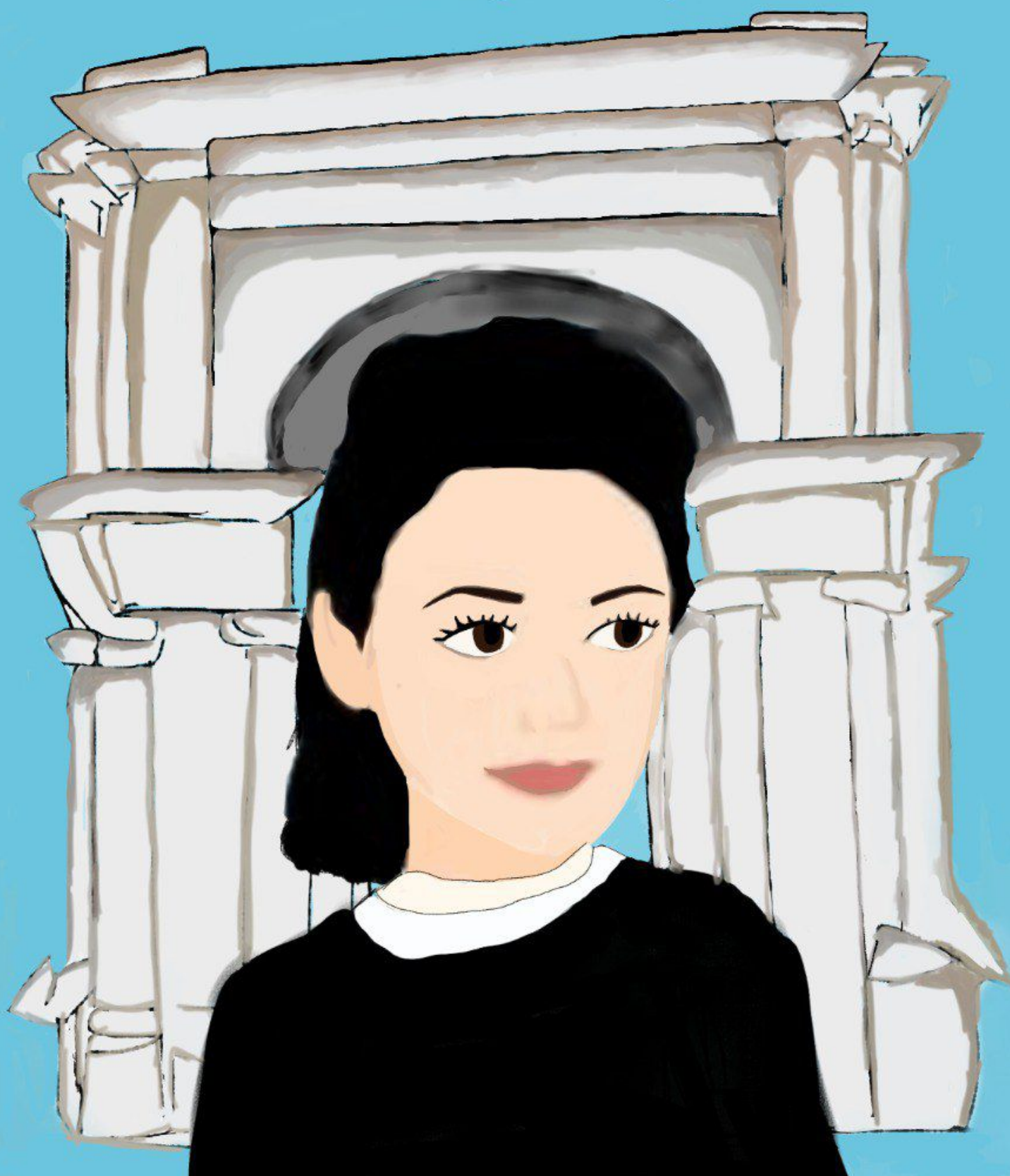


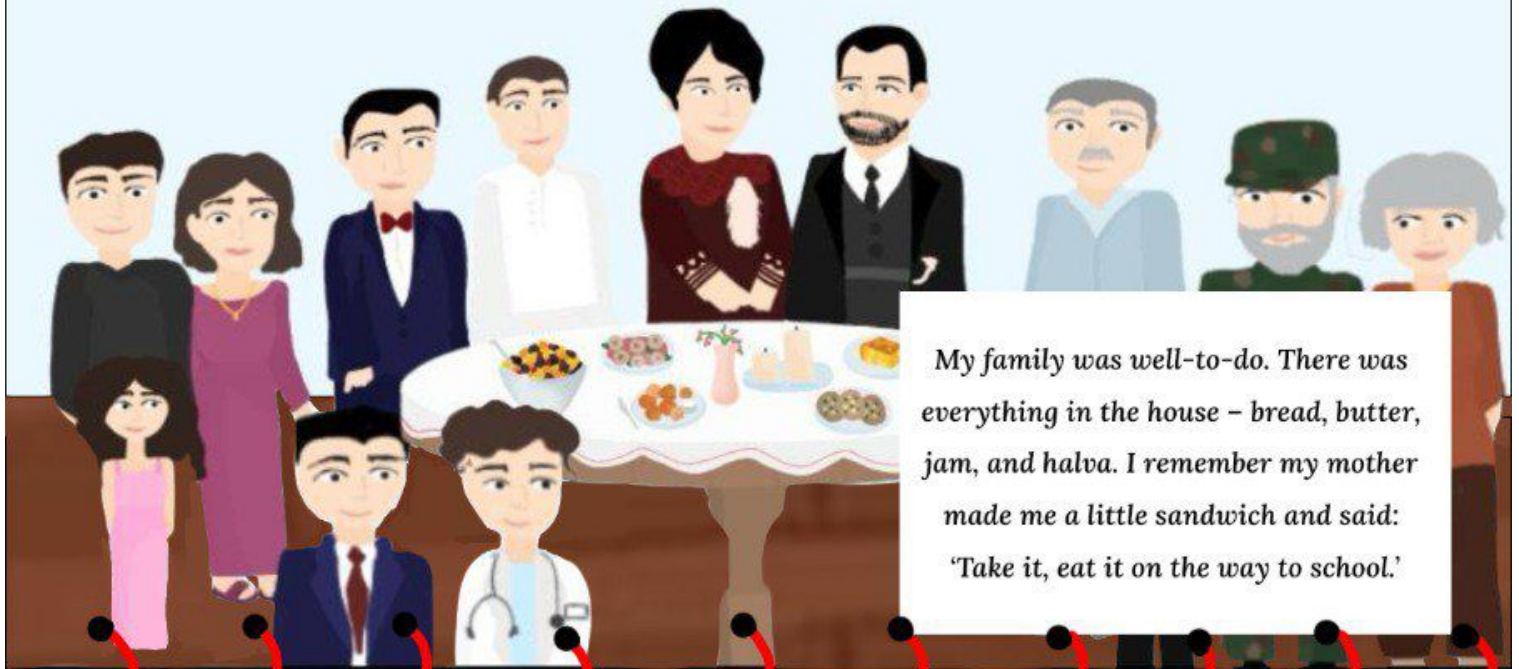
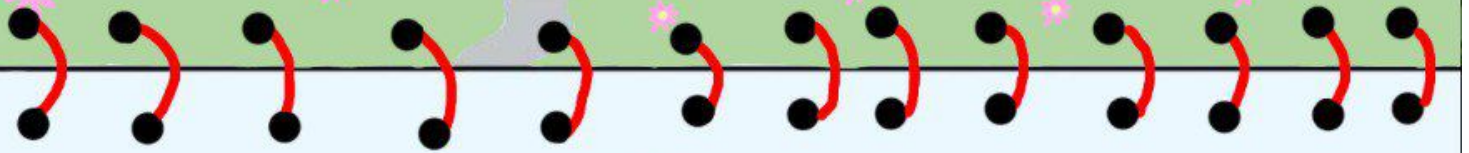
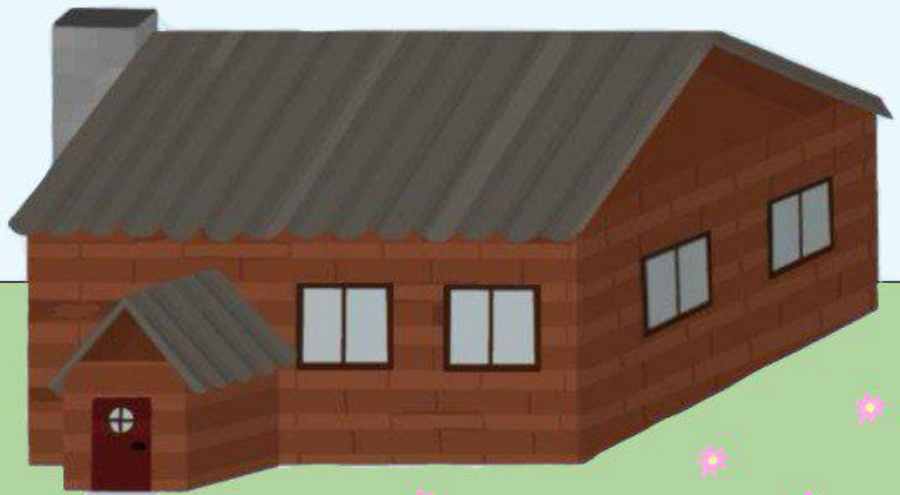
Every Stitch Was Remembered

*"In the shadow of war, even the smallest voice can
echo through history."*





I was born in Kishinev in 1924 .My father, Yakov, was a respected man in our community, and my mother, Shyfra, was the heart of our home.



My family was well-to-do. There was everything in the house – bread, butter, jam, and halva. I remember my mother made me a little sandwich and said: ‘Take it, eat it on the way to school.’



I didn’t do that well in math, and in senior grades my parents even hired a private teacher for me. In Kishinev it was quite common to hire the gymnasium graduates or senior students to give private classes, so I had one.

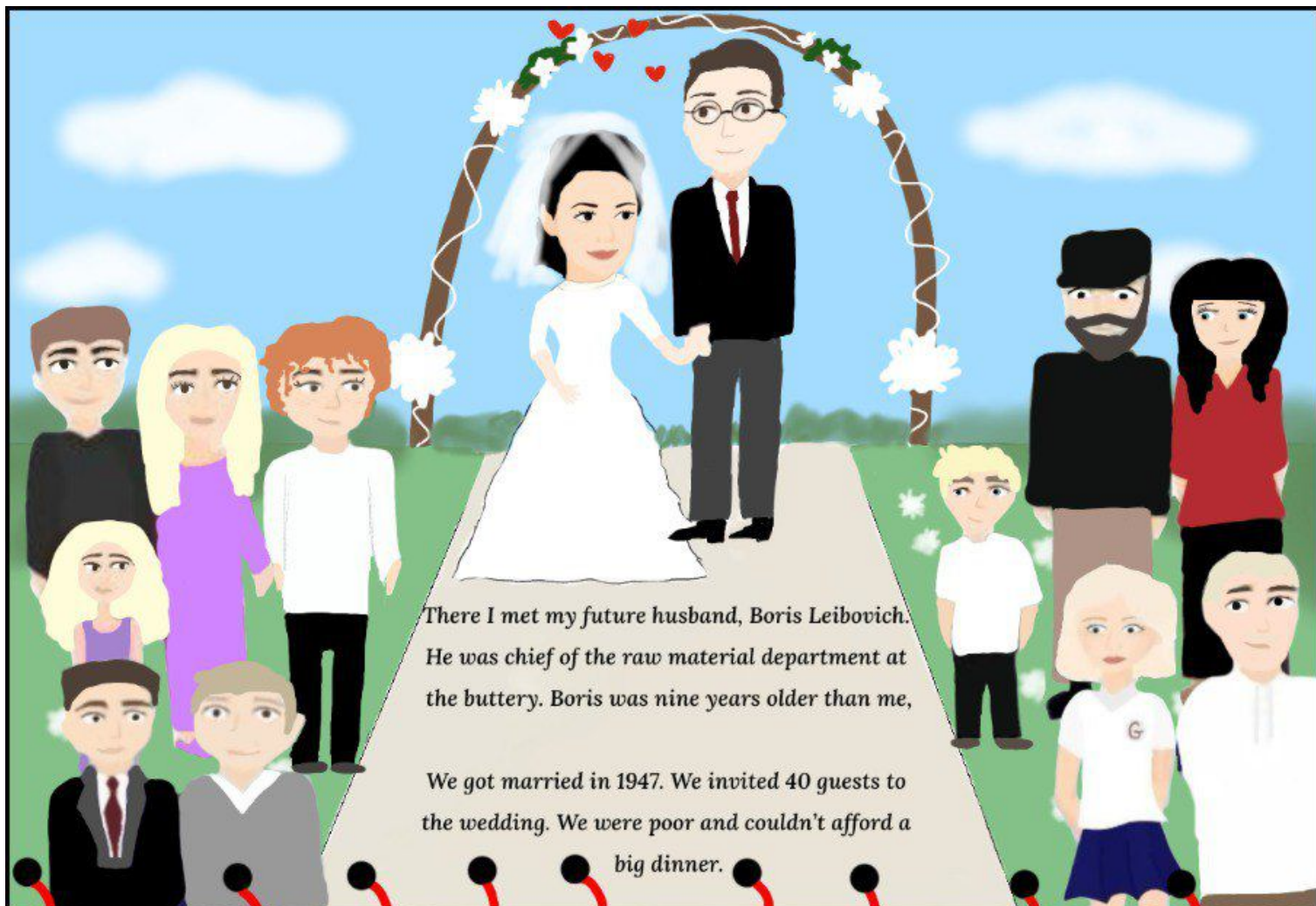


I hoped to find a job to help my parents, but then the war began on 22nd June 1941. We didn't evacuate—my mother said, 'Where would we go?' When the Germans and Romanians occupied Kishinev, a Czech officer told my parents, 'Go away, they will kill you!'

In the fall we were sent to the ghetto in Chişinău, and in January 1942 all inmates of the ghetto were taken across the Dnestr to Odessa region. My father was very ill, and I managed to get a place in a train car for him. This was the last time I saw him. My father was killed near the village of Yasinovo in the Odessa region.

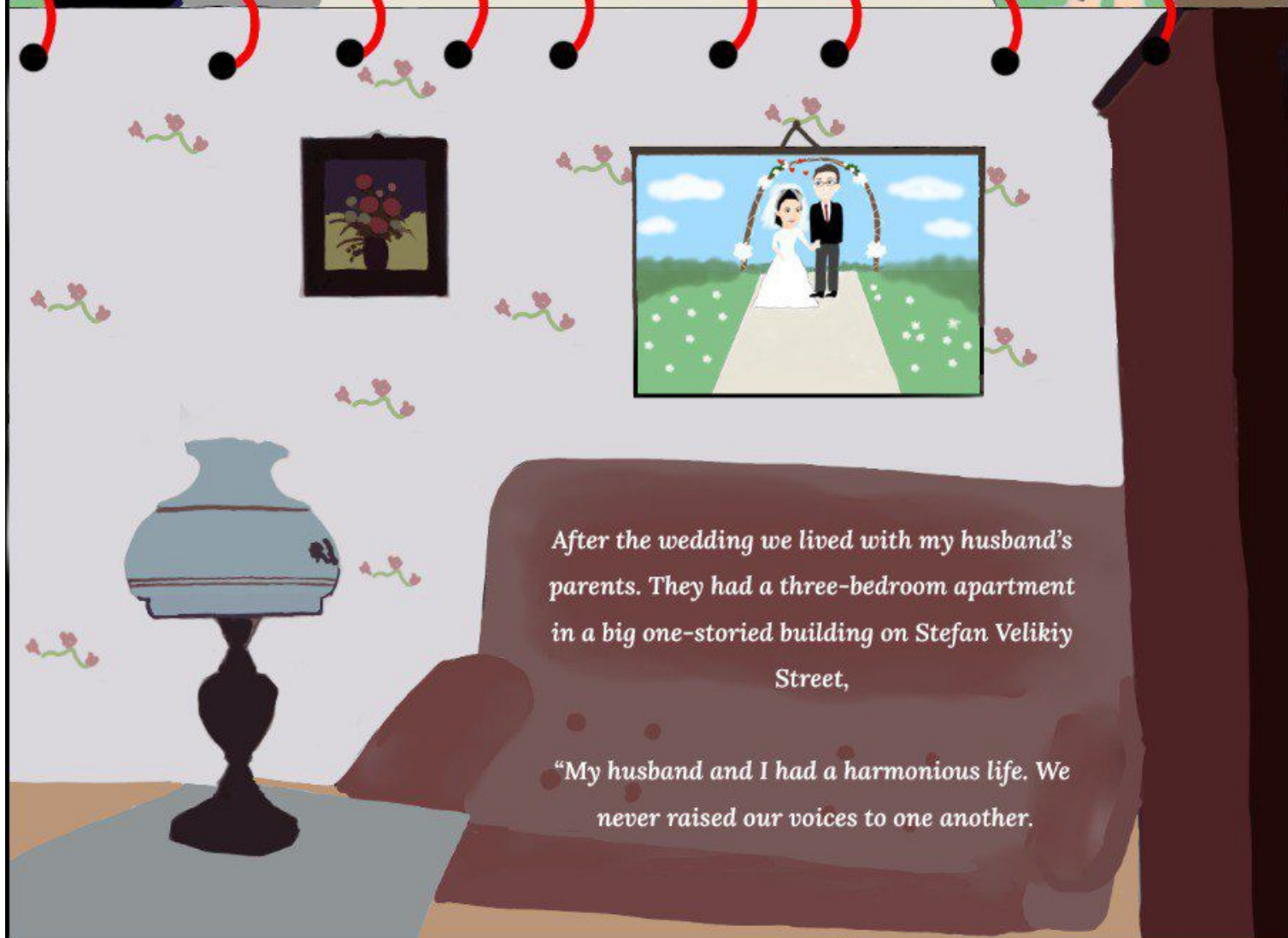
My mother was with me. She couldn't walk and we dragged her holding her by her arms. On the way they began to kill exhausted people. I survived by some miracle. There were corpses lying around. We were starving, freezing. I was wearing shoes made of a tire... I don't know how I survived.





There I met my future husband, Boris Leibovich. He was chief of the raw material department at the buttery. Boris was nine years older than me,

We got married in 1947. We invited 40 guests to the wedding. We were poor and couldn't afford a big dinner.



After the wedding we lived with my husband's parents. They had a three-bedroom apartment in a big one-storied building on Stefan Velikiy Street,

"My husband and I had a harmonious life. We never raised our voices to one another.

Education

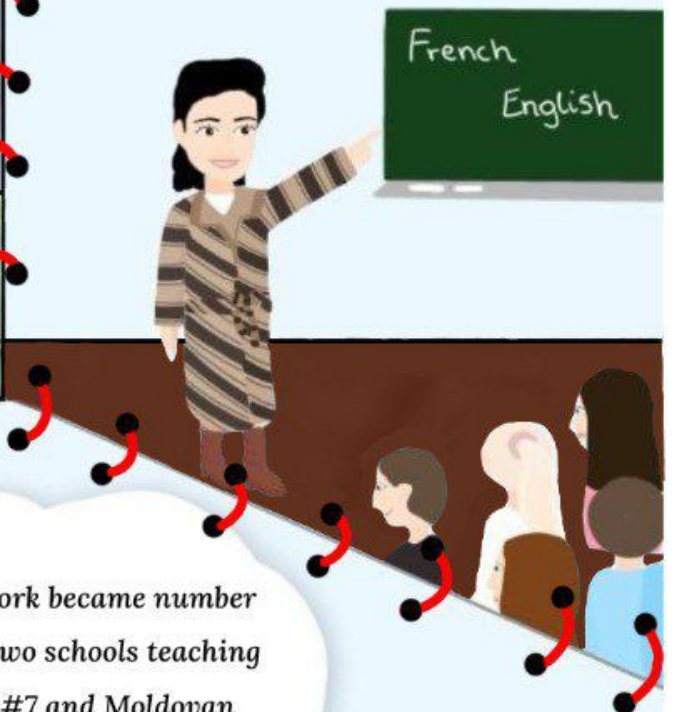
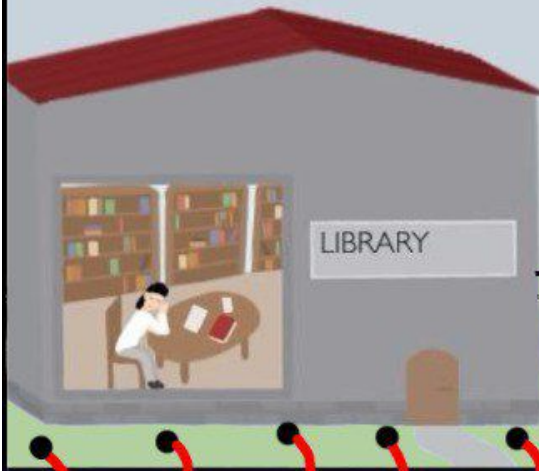
When the war was over, I graduated from university, obtained a diploma in French and became a Moldovan teacher at a secondary school.



Career

I also liked working in the daytime school teaching French. I taught them like I had been taught in the gymnasium:

'Read aloud as much as you can, listen to yourself to master the correct pronunciation.'

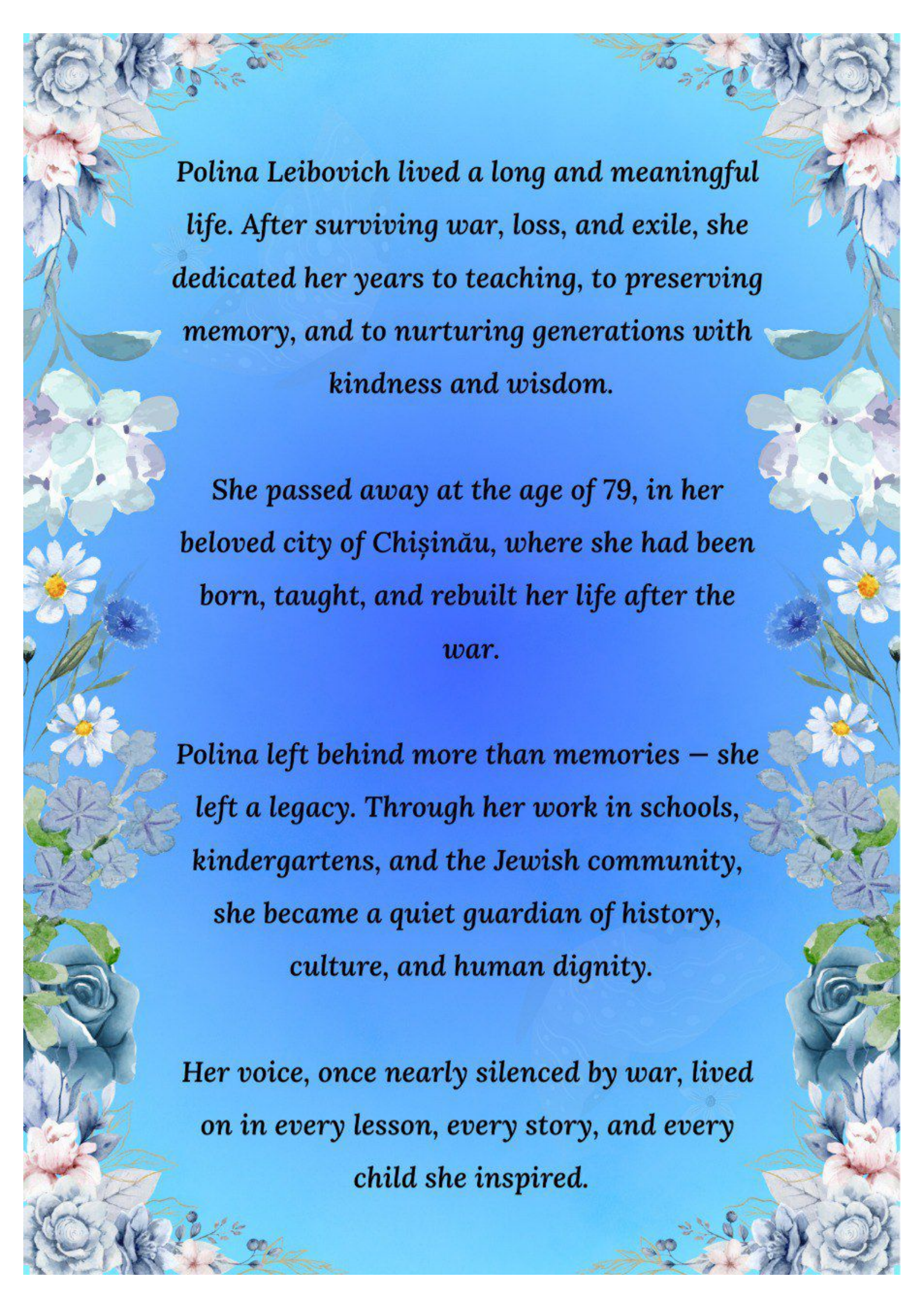


After my son's departure work became number one in my life. I worked in two schools teaching French in daytime school #7 and Moldovan twice a week in the evening school.



At the age of 73, I had a hypertension stroke. Later, when I felt better, I went back to the kindergarten – and I don't regret it. I never imagined how interesting it would be to work there. I sit beside the children and call one of them 'the teacher'. He begins to ask questions, and the others raise their hands to answer. Then anyone who wants to acts as the teacher. It's a joy for me.





Polina Leibovich lived a long and meaningful life. After surviving war, loss, and exile, she dedicated her years to teaching, to preserving memory, and to nurturing generations with kindness and wisdom.

She passed away at the age of 79, in her beloved city of Chişinău, where she had been born, taught, and rebuilt her life after the war.

Polina left behind more than memories — she left a legacy. Through her work in schools, kindergartens, and the Jewish community, she became a quiet guardian of history, culture, and human dignity.

Her voice, once nearly silenced by war, lived on in every lesson, every story, and every child she inspired.