

Donna And Avram Kalaora



These are my parents. This photo was taken in the year when they moved to live in Israel. That was in 1953. My parents spoke Ladino. So, they did not speak much Bulgarian at home and we, their children, studied it at school. They dressed very modestly. My father worked all the time and cared a lot for the family. He also liked to drink, but no more than 50 grams of rakia and always at home - never in a tavern. My parents moved to Israel in 1953. My parents were very nice people. Illiterate. Deeply religious, my father more so. They were poor. During the Law for the Protection of the Nation the Jewish municipality had given my family 2,000 leva because my father could not support us. My parents got along very well with their neighbors. Their friends were Jews and the neighbors - both Bulgarians and Jews. Some of my father's friends were Greeks and Turks. But I cannot remember any concrete names or people. I remember only that the relations between them were excellent. For example, we lived in a house with a yard, but neither the door of the yard or that of the house were ever locked. Such were the relations between the people - pure, peaceful and nice.