

Sarrah Muller With Her Husband Wolf Muller, Daughters Inna Lesovaya, And Alla Gotlib



My family: I am in the center with my husband Wolf Muller, our older daughter Inna is on the left, and our younger daughter Alla is on the right. This photo was taken at home on the October Revolution Day in Kiev in 1955.

In 1946 I was introduced to Wolf Muller from Kamenets-Podolskiy. Wolf and I had much in common: our hometown, and that we both lost our dear ones. Wolf was a beautiful, caring and kind man. About two months after we met I went to visit my only surviving relative - my father's cousin brother lawyer Lev Muller in Chernovtsy. Wolf followed me there soon and asked me to become his wife. We had our small wedding there as well.

In Kiev we settled down in the apartment that my husband lived in before the war - the one in Komintern Street. This was a communal apartment. We had a 16-square meter room and a corridor where we had a stove and a door to a neighbor's room. There was also exit to the yard. We had a big polished wardrobe that our daughters and their friends used to look at themselves as if in the mirror, a big table, a white plywood cupboard and a very beautiful nickel plated bed. Later, when we had children, my husband bought an old piano for the girls to study music. There was a carpet on the wall, which was posh for the time, and embroidered napkins on the bookshelves.

In 1947 my daughter Inna was born. I worked as an accountant in the voentorg [Editor's note: department responsible for food and commodity supplies to military units and organizations of the town], Wolf worked as a production engineer at the food preserve factory and in the early 1950s - at the town bakery factory. My second daughter Alla was born on 7 February 1953.

We lived a happy life, full of love and understanding. We spent a lot of time together, went out of town, and liked spending our vacations at the seashore whenever we could afford it. My husband and I read a lot, loved theater and attended all premier performances. We spent a lot of time with our daughters teaching them to like good literature, theater, listen to music, talked a lot in the

evenings to raise harmonious and spiritual people of them. My husband died in 1983.

We raised wonderful daughters. Inna, the older one, showed talents since childhood. She played the piano beautifully, drew and wrote poems. Inna studied very well, but when she was in the second form, she fell ill with poliomyelitis. She spent a lot of time in hospital and in a recreation center. A few years afterward Inna walked on crutches, but when she walked without them, the doctors were struck by her strong will and spirit. When my daughter fell ill, I had to quit work to take care of her. I took work home, and the whole family helped me to knit bags that I took to the shop and they paid very little for this work.

My second daughter Alla dedicated herself to music. She failed to enter the Conservatory in Kiev and went to Gorkiy where there are no prejudiced attitudes to Jews. She finished the conservatory there and became a pianist. Alla married a Jewish guy. Her husband Victor Gotlib, born in 1948, became a scientist in mathematic and chemistry.