

Sophia Abidor With Her Husband



This is a picture of my husband Grigori Abidor and me. The photo was taken in Uzhgorod in 1970 at the celebration of our 30th wedding anniversary. We have lived in Uzhgorod since 1946. I liked it immediately and felt at home here. It's a beautiful and cozy town. Before the war the borderline of the town was the Uzh River. After the war the town expanded and now the Uzh River divides it into two parts: the old town and the new town. There were many Jews in Uzhgorod after the war. They were the local population and some came from the USSR - they were called 'Eastern people'. The older generations were religious and observed all Jewish traditions. There was a synagogue and a Jewish school in town. I got a job at the regional clinic of venereal and skin diseases, and I was the director of the polyclinic at this clinic for 25 years. My husband became the director of the Uzhgorod Brick Plant. Later he was appointed deputy chief engineer of the Regional Industrial Union. Grigori was a front man, a war veteran and communist and that helped him to make a career. I insisted that he completed his education. Grigori entered the Mechanic Extramural Department of Lvov Forestry Technical College. Although he had finished three years of his studies before the war, he had to start anew because he had forgotten a lot. Grigori graduated from college with honors in 1963. He went to work at Uzhgorod Pribor Plant [an instrument manufacturing plant] where he was the superintendent of the repair shop. He worked there for 27 years. My husband retired in 1991 at the age of 72. As a pensioner he was invited by the plant to train workers. My husband and I had many acquaintances. It happened that our friends were Jewish. We didn't consciously make friends with Jews, but we were probably subconsciously drawn to them. We often got together with our friends. We celebrated Soviet holidays: 1st May, 7th November, Victory Day, birthdays and New Year's. We also took advantage of any other occasion to have a gathering. I made dinner and we bought good wine for our guests. We listened to music, danced and sang. For me, 9th May, Victory Day, was the most important holiday. We had all survived and my husband and father returned from the front - I was so happy about it. On Victory Day war veterans met in the Central Park in Uzhgorod. They wore their war awards and town people came to greet them and give them flowers. My husband and I went there as well. We didn't celebrate Jewish holidays. First because we grew up in atheist families and second because my husband was a member of the Party and we couldn't take the risk to celebrate Jewish holidays

because it might have jeopardized his career.