

Mairy Angel With Her Mother Rachel Karasso And Her Brother Alberto Karasso



In my heart this is the most important photograph because I can see my mother, Rachel Karasso as I remember her when I was young.

My mother's family name was Ezrati. She was born on 1900 in Salonica. She was 43 years old when she died.

My mother was roja. She was a very beautiful redheaded woman. I never saw her with white hair. I remember my mother always elegantly dressed.

She was making her clothes at Olga Boton, a well-known couturier. I remember her as a young well-dressed woman. She would wear a hat whenever she went somewhere formally.

She was wearing a hat when she went to the synagogue. My mother always sat at the first women's row at the Synagogue.

My mother was very religious. She kept the Sabbath. She did not use fire, cooked or did any other housework. Every Friday she polished her nails and made her hair.

Although my mother was very educated, she did not speak Greek well. This was the reason that she was betrayed during the war.

She was capable woman. I did not know anyone else like her. She managed six children and the whole house on her own. She was able to have everything prepared until noon. In the afternoon she rested.

I was astonished when I first saw this photograph after the war. Whenever I see this photograph I become psychologically upset because it reminds me of my prewar life at home with my family.

My mother is at the center of the photograph, my brother Albertos Samuel Karasso is at the left side and me Mairy-Mirou Samuel Karasso at the right in this photo.

My brother is wearing navy uniform. It was customary for boys to be dressed like that. My brother is still alive.

I cannot recall when this picture was taken. I must have been around ten years old. I was very ugly because I was ill. My brother Albertos must have been around nine years old when this picture was taken. I am one year and three months older than my brother.

My mother during the war put in a box all the prewar photographs that I have now and some of our clothes. This box was sent to Ormilina by bus.

This was the village that my parents were supposed to go and hide during the war. A boat was supposed to take them from there to Volos, which was under Italian Occupation.

My mother perished during the Holocaust.