

Tsadik Loshak And Family



This is my grandfather's brother, Tsadik Loshak. His elder son is named Mikhail. I don't know the names of his wife and other children. Tsadik and Mikhail went to Vinnitsa and became artists. My father, Govshia Loshak, finished only elementary school. He 'inherited' the profession of repairing sewing machines. My parents kept Jewish traditions and holidays, but they were not religious. Around 1936, my mother, Sarah Raygorodetskaya, began to work at the passport department in the city police department. Because of her official position, she was afraid to go to the synagogue. I remember well that after the war people were watched, and my mother was always afraid that somebody would learn that we celebrated Passover or other Jewish holidays at home. I vividly remember the beginning of the war. The Germans began to bomb and shell Berdichev; we ran out of the house and my parents pulled me into a ravine in our backyard. The only thing I remember was that there were a lot of stinging nettles there, and I was crying because of the nettles. So my father ran into the house and grabbed a blanket for me. When the bombing stopped, we did not go back into our house, but went to my mother's office at the police department. We were put into a truck, which took us to a train station, and by train we were sent to Stalingrad. Except for that blanket in which I was covered, we had nothing else - no documents, no money, no food, no clothes - nothing.