

Estera Sava And Toni Rosenberg



This is me, Estera Sava (nee Rosenberg), with my mother, Toni Rosenberg (nee Seidenberg). This is a snapshot taken by a travelling photographer in our courtyard, in the summer of 1928 or 1929, so I was 7 or 8. I remember my father saw the photographer on the street and called him in to take us a picture. It was a moment's decision, my brother and sister were not even at home.

I was born on 2nd February 1921, in the commune of Prajesti, Bacau County, and was still very little when we moved to Bacau. It was a nice town. We didn't really have Jewish neighbors when we stayed in Bacau. The town had, like any other town, its Jewish neighborhood, but, to be honest, we

didn't live in it. So the people with whom I grew up were Romanians. Our neighbors were very open though. Besides, our family consisted of hard-working people. We have a saying: 'Don't mind them, they're hard-working people!' Which means they're okay

We were 5 to live in our house: my parents, my sister Anuta who was the eldest, my brother Aurel, and I, the youngest. Our house had 3 rooms, this is how it looked like. There was my brother's room, my parents' bedroom, the porch, and the girls' room. From this room, we entered an improvised bathroom, which didn't have tap water. We heated water in a boiler [using fire wood] and all. We had a garden and we bred animals. My mother always had servants. There was a permanent maid who helped her around the house. There were five of us and it was difficult for her to manage on her own. This girl wasn't Jewish. And there was a courtyard where we grew vegetables and bred animals. We got on well with our neighbours, that is at least until World War II.

My mother was born in Bacau county around 1893. She was few years younger than my father. Her native tongue was Yiddish, but she also spoke Romanian. She was very good looking, took care of her appearance and liked to dress well. She had seamstresses working for her. But no seamstress would work for her twice, because my mother was very nagging; she had them come over to her place and followed their every move. She was self-possessed, uptight, and a bit thrifty, what can I say? As for religion, she wasn't a bigot. Sure, she observed the Jewish rules, kept a kosher kitchen - that was out of the question -, but she wasn't a bigot. She married my father for love, was a very good wife and mother, and later on a very good grandmother for our children.