

Israel Shlifer In Kindergarten



I am the second on the right in the middle row, in a kindergarten in Kiev. 1928.

I was born in Kiev in 1922. It was a hard time shortly after the Civil War: destitution, hunger and destruction. My father worked and studied and came home late at night. My mother and I went to Rzhishchev. I stayed there until the age of 6 and my mother returned to Kiev. She entered the Faculty of Philology at the University and I stayed with my grandfather and grandmother. My parents came to visit us on my birthday and on Soviet holidays when they didn't have to go to work or study. I enjoyed being with my grandparents. I was their favorite. My grandmother and grandfather and numerous relatives were spoiling me. On Saturday my mother's family got together to have a festive meal. Her older brothers came with their families. The family also celebrated Jewish holidays. The only one I remember was Chanukkah. I remember it since we got money gifts on this holiday. It was a joyful holiday, but I only learned the history of this holiday as well as other Jewish holidays recently. At the age of 6 my parents took me to Kiev where I went to kindergarten since my parents believed that a child had to get used and develop in a collective of other children.