

Switching to a description of Friday, 7/20/01, from a contemporaneous email.
Lots of Kamenets-Podolsk pictures follow.

Subject: A day in Kamenets-Podolsk
Date: Fri, 20 Jul 2001 22:48:28 +0400

Hi Mom, Dad,

In a way, I'm jealous of your present. I'd love to take clarinet lessons, but it isn't a question of money, it's a question of time at this stage of my life. There will come a time when we have time.

Neia just relayed your thanks to Anna and Ilya. Anna and Marina, her daughter are perfectly fluent. Anna is a skilled real time interpreter, and some day, Marina will be even better. Ilya's sister Tatiana came with us to Kamenets-Podolsk today. She's a history teacher and told us about some things, and it was interesting asking her questions both about the historical structures and her experiences growing up and teaching here in the Soviet Union. She's about 50 and Ilya's and her babushke¹ (mom) lives with her. We met her today after coming back from Kamenets-Podolsk. It was her 76th birthday. We had some cake and sour cherries which were delicious. I was able to speak with her after a fashion in Yiddish.

On the way to Kamenets, I mentioned that I'd never seen a sugar beet and we pulled over at a collective farm so I could walk out in the field and see the beets growing. Cows, goats, chickens on the sides of the roads. The goats are a stitch. Right out of a Chagall drawing. Kamenets-Podolsk is built on the edge of a limestone cliff with a 17th century fortress that is in very good repair guarding it. We saw the old Tailor's Schul, which is no longer maintained as a schul, and is now a restaurant. We had dinner there -- borscht and meat kreplach and meat blintzes. There cannot be a schul in the world at a more spectacular spot. There was even a tower next to it to protect it from attack. Then to the Jewish cemetery where Anna's grandma is buried. We helped her say *kaddish*, then went over to the memorial over the spot where approximately ten thousand jews were massacred by the Nazis. The site overlooks a beautiful pastoral valley. Stark contrast. Anna translated the Russian for us, and then Jack found the Yiddish on the back and I was able to read most of it in Yiddish. The old part of the cemetery is overgrown and not maintained, but walking through the weeds, we saw are many tombstones that were descrated and broken, presumably by the Nazis. Then back to Dunaevtsy to visit Ilya's babushke.

Tomorrow is the big day. At 9:30 in the morning, we'll be going to Nova Ushitsa. Tatiana knows some of the older Jewish residents in the town, and she's going to arrange for us to meet.

I'm very sorry to hear about Michelle. Could it be that I met her at Grandpa Jack or Crabapple's funeral?

As far as the ball game, I'll be buying tickets when I get back to the US. Neia isn't comfortable driving from Arlington at night either, so we can't offer to take two cars. Have you considered crashing in a Motel 6 in Arlington for the night and driving back in the morning?

Need to write to Bucharest to let the hostel know we'll be arriving a day late.

Love,
Joe

¹ Ilya and Anna refer to Ilya's mother as his *babushke*, which is being used as a generic term for an older woman.



Beet farm on the way to Kamenets-Podolsk.



White hart along the road to Kamenets-Podolsk.



Kamenets-Podolsk.



Kamenets-Podolsk castle.



The Tailor's Schul from across the ravine surrounding Kamenets-Podolsk.



Ravine surrounding Kaments-Podolsk.



Inside Kamenets-Podolsk Castle.



More pictures inside Kamenets-Podolsk Castle.



The Tailor's Guild Hall.



Kamenets-Podolsk Town Hall.



Outside the castle walls.



The Tailor's Schul with its guard tower.



Goats of Kamenets-Podolsk.



The Tailor's Schul/Restaurant.



Holocaust Memorial in the Kamenets-Podolsk Cemetery.