

BOBIE Z FROM A TO Z

WRITTEN FOR HER SPECIAL GRANDSON
KEVIN GREGORY FISHBAIN

CHAPTER 1

This is a picture of my Bobie, my Zaydie, and all of their children. The first chapter of my story, Kevin, will be about my Bobie.

She was very pretty, and I spent a lot of time with her at her house. The baker would deliver bread to her house, and he would come into her kitchen with a large wire basket filled with loaves of bread. They weren't wrapped in colorful paper, like you see bread wrapped now on grocery shelves, but instead they were standing in the basket and they weren't sliced, either. The baker always had wonderful jelly doughnuts, and my Bobie would let me pick out a jelly doughnut which had the best filling and they were all sugared on top. It was a very special time for me.

CHAPTER 2

My Bobie came to the United States from Russia, Kevin. My Zaydie came to Omaha first, and worked to save enough money for my Bobie to come with her two daughters and her son. Their names were Becky, Pearl and Sammy. My mother was Becky.

My Bobie didn't know how to read or write English, and I remember I was very little when I used to snuggle up next to her to help her learn to read English. I was already in school, and could read pretty well (not as well as you, but pretty good), and I would help her with her reading. She also had to learn all about the government of the United States so that she could become a citizen. I would help her study. She studied very hard. I remember when she became a citizen of the United States and how proud she was. I was very proud of her too, because I knew very well how hard she had worked. I remember the time after she became a citizen and the baker came to her house and she told him how much her baby granddaughter had helped her so I could pick out two jelly doughnuts that time.

When I was little I always asked my Bobie who I was named after, and she would tell me about my great-grandmother (her mother) whose name was Shayna Stara. My Bobie's name was Esther, and Maggie's middle name is for my grandmother.

CHAPTER 3

My Zaydie was not a very big man, Kevin, but I always thought he was very big. Although my Bobie gave lots of hugs and kisses, my Zaydie was not like that. He would smile and his eyes would twinkle, but he didn't "schnuggle" like my Bobie did. I always loved to be around him anyway. Every morning, the first thing he had before breakfast was a little glass of whiskey! I don't like whisky, even now, and I sure didn't taste it when I was little, but he always smelled from the whiskey and I liked the smell of it. Isn't that funny?

He would have a big mug of coffee in the morning and he would fix me a cup too. It didn't have much coffee, but it had lots of cream and sugar, and we would sit together in Bobie and Zaydie's big, big kitchen, and we would eat breakfast together. He always wanted a BIG bowl of oatmeal with lots of butter and cream and sugar on it, and I would have a small bowl just like his. Oh, Kevin, I loved being at my grandparents. I hope you like to be with Zaydie and me just as much!

Your daddy's middle name is Louis. That was my Zaydie's name, and he and Zaydie's daddy, whose name was Hyman, is who your daddy is named for.

CHAPTER 4

My Uncle Sammy was such a funny and sweet man. He drove big trucks all over the country. He worked for a company that would move furniture for people when they moved from one city to another. He liked driving his trucks. He gave his trucks names. And, he liked cars!

He didn't get married until he was older, and he never had any children, but he loved me and my sisters a lot. He called us his "soap dodgers". He would make me laugh a lot.

Soon after Zaydie and I got married, we moved to North Platte, Nebraska, and my Uncle Sammy used to drive merchandise to North Platte. After he would unload his truck, he would drive only the front part of the "semi", and park it on the street by my apartment building and spend the night with Zaydie and me. He always brought me treats my Daddy would send.