

Family story

The ancestors from my family came from Russia and Poland to Czernowitz.



Chaje Reisel

After pogroms in Russia, (1838?) **Hersch Zvi Jankl** and his brother, arrive to Czernowitz.

Hersch Zvi Jankl married and Chaje Reisel in Czernowitz (b.1845)?

When **Chaje Reisel** met **Jehuda Zeev Ziegler**, a widower with children, she was 16 years old.

She have given birth 11 children, all lived 80-90 years, except those, which were murdered in the Holocaust, in a young age.

One of her children was my grandfather, **Isak Ziegler** (19 October 1878 in Czernowitz – 22 July 1960 in Rischon le Zion-Israel).

My grandfather **Isak Ziegler** was tailor for clergy vestments. He met my grandmother, **Cilly Henia b.Wolf (Bernstein)** born in Czernowitz, (1 August 1877 – 1974 Rischon le Zion) and at 1905 they married. She was dressmaker and brought her sewing machine Pffaff as dowry, which still is exposed in my living room in Haifa, as an antic exhibit.

My grandmother had 5 children, 4 boys and one girl (one died when he was 1 year old); the girl was my mother **Lina Ziegler** (4 October 1909 Czernowitz – 6 April 1999 Haifa). They lived in the Ziegler family house with some of the brothers and sisters from my grandfather, on the Franzengasse, in Czernowitz.

My grandfather **Isak Ziegler** was a smart man, an autodidact, a very diligent man, and in the evenings, when he finished the work he liked to learn Torah, Geography and natural sciences. When the World War I began, Czernowitz was under Austrian regime and my grandfather **Isak Ziegler** had to recruit at the Kaiser Franz Josef army. Because he had a nice handwriting, he was incorporated in the chancellery, where it was needed to write nicely the documents. At the home, my grandmother **Cilly Henia**, had to maintain the house and to feed 4 small children, to heat the apartment. They suffered from hunger and cold in the icy winter in Czernowitz, so my grandmother decided to saw the vestments for the priests, the grandfather's clientele. My mother had not shoes, only clothe slipper, for the northern winter it wasn't enough, so her brothers carry her, sometimes, on his back to the school.



Isak Ziegler

When the war ended, my grandfather **Isak Ziegler** returns home, the workshop run. During the war, the most part of my grandfather's family traveled to Wien and nobody helped my grandmother, fact that she never forgot and excuses it.



Cilly Henia Wolf

My grandfather **Isak Ziegler** had 10 sisters and brothers and each one of them had 6 and even 8 children. A part of them lived in the same house or in the vicinity. Shabbat, when he return home from the

Synagogue, he gathered the nephews, a lot of girls and boys and took them to the Habsburgshoehe, a big forest in the vicinity of Czernowitz. There, he explained them about trees, flowers, animals, about mounts and rivers in far countries and told them Bible Histories. Myself, the most Bible stories I learned from my grandfather.

The family manages a Jewish life, my grandmother **Cilly Henia** (born **Bernstein Wolf**) was religious, she keeps kosher habitualness and my grand father went to the Synagogue every Friday and Saturday. The whole families went to the Synagogue to all the Jewish holidays. All the family members were in friendship relation and the whole family met often, to different occasions, especially, musically gifted, to celebrate Baba Reisel's birthday.

In Baba Reisel's birthday's night, baba Reisel **Chaje Reisel (born Jankl) Ziegler (b. 1845?)** prepared in her apartment, in the Steingasse, a long table, full with food and goodies. The Ziegler family, musical gifted; sang and play musical instruments. So, at midnight, they came to baba Reisel's apartment, it was not light at any window inside, and they began to sing and make her a serenade. Then, baba lighted the rooms, opened the window and the whole family went up the stairs and the celebration began. All the street neighbors waited for the baba's



birthday serenade.

My father, **Jacob Schärf** (5 October 1907 in Czernowitz - 14 August 1988 in Rischon le Zion), met my mother, **Lina Ziegler**, (4 October 1909 – 6 March 1999 Rischon le Zion). They married in Czernowitz, at the 3 July 1937. My father was a jeweler. His father, **Kalman Schärf** was born in Wiznitz,



Kalman Schärf

Tilda Rostholder

near Czernowitz, (1896 -1961 Paris). He was a very talented men shirt tailor.

He was able to begin and finish in day 2 shirts, a rarity in those times. He made wonderful paper scission, whiteout to sketch or design the motif previously. When I came to visit him, he took out a big handkerchief from the pants pocket and, around his fingers, he shaped a rabbit, with big ears and a moving snout. He met **Tilda (Tilzia) Mathilde Rostholder**, (born in Colomea, Poland - 1958 France).

When the I World War erupted, Czernowitz pass under Romanian domination. Than began the II World War, the Germans, the Russian, the Romanians, the Ukrainian, and the regimes changed and changed the city domination. Czernowitz changed regimes more than many places in the world. I was born as a Russian citizen, at the 11 June 1941 in my parents' apartment on the Universitätsstrasse 9, during the period when Czernowitz belongs to Russia.



Today Czernowitz belongs to Ukraine.



Lina Ziegler and Jacob Schärf

My husband **Arie Sternbach-Sharvit** was born in Lvov, 5 October 1937, so his father **Isac Israel Sternbach** (1895 Lvov- 1941 Lvov). His mother **Sofia**, born **Dym, Sternbach**, born, (9 December 1907 in Crosno – 17 May 1997 Haifa), today those places belong to Ukraine.

In 1941, when my husband Arie was 4 years old, the Germans gathered in a

Arie Sternbach Sharvit

forest near Lvov all the Jewish intellectuals and shot them down. Between those Jewish people was murdered also his father, **Isac Israel Sternbach**.

Sofia Sternbach, my mother in law, had to remaining Lvov, under German occupation, with her sick mother and her 4 year old son, Arie. Arie didn't want to remain in the apartment, he wanted to go out, to play, he said to his mother: I didn't do anything bad to Mrs. Hitler, why can't I go out, to play with the



children in the yard? So she had to send her son, Arie, to a Polish Christian family *Sofia Dym* in a village, Kamionka, near to Zakopane, far from Lvov. Knowledge about the little child she received from one of the Polish family member, when she wants with the train to visit him in Kamionka. After two years, when Sofia's mother (Chana Torcziner), died, she joined **Arie** in the village.



My husband **Arie** connects until today with the Christian Polish family which saved them the life, and the family was accepted as Hassidei Umot Haolam. They live in Crosno- Poland.

From the Steven Spielberg Jewish Film Archive, came to my husband **Arie** to interview him about his surviving during the World War 2.

During the World War II, a part of the Czernowitz Jews were deported to Transnistria, over the Bug, Mogilev, etc, than under Ukrainian occupation, where they died from hunger, diseases or shouted by the German and Ukrainian. Because my grandfather **Isac Ziegler** was tailor for clergy vestments for priesthood, the Bishop edited a letter where he declared that his personal tailor is a "necessary" person, he have to remain living in Czernowitz, with his family, and no to be deported in Transnistria.

Ruth Schärf
Sternbach Sharvit



Special authorization to remain in Czernovitz

My father, **Jacob Schärf** had a special work permit (being an employee of the "Argenta" enterprise), which meant that my father, my mother **Lina**, me and my grandfather and grandmother, **Isac** and **Cilly Henia Ziegler** that we can stay in Ghetto in Czernowitz, and not to be transported to Transnistria. Here was included also **Gisia Ziegler**, cousin of my mother, who had been an orphan since the age of 4 and was living with us.



Special authorization to remain in Czernovitz



This is the translation of what is written on the document, left.

*Office of the Jewish district at Cernăuți
Census for the inhabitants that have
Jewish blood.*

Identification carte

*Conform (Decree) Law Nr. 3416
published on "Monitorul Oficial"
Nr.299/1941*

CERTIFICATE Nr. 23102

*We received the complete census sheet
from the declaring Schärf Jacob
resident in Cernăuți,
Street Universitatii Nr.9*



Special authorization to remain in Czernowitz

The authorities needed my father, **Jacob Schärf**, for making expertise (estimation) from the taken jewels from the Jews. Therefore, we remain in Czernowitz, during the war, but we had to move from our nice apartment from the Universitaetsstrasse 9 to the Jew Ghetto.

Surviving the Romanian Holocaust

http://www.romanianjewish.org/ro/index_scharf.html (versiunea romaneasca)

http://www.romanianjewish.org/en/index_scharf.html# (English version)

My father and mother tried to help with money to people who were sent to Transnistria, without distinction if they were from our family or not. A lot of survivor people, after the war, came to my father to thank him for his remarkable fact. People from our family, which survived Transnistria, lived with us, in our apartment, in Czernowitz, for a long time.

*My mother and me 1941, with the
Yellow Star*



My uncle **Josef** Ziegler had a friend, **Lina Sherban**, which I called her Inbas, when I was 3 years old. She was Christian. They decided to leave Czernowitz, and to flee to Romania. In this time Czernowitz was under Russian occupation. It was a dangerous operation.

On the Russian side were the border police with bloodhounds, they shoot down every thing which moved, then was the "Niemandslan" ("No man's land") and on the other side the Rumanian border police.

If they succeed to arrive to Romania they had to write home a postcard "Gut angekommen" (Good arrive) and also "Inima de leu", that means Lion Heart. This was the code. Indeed, after few weeks the postcard arrived, the family was so happy that all of them forgot that the password is missing. After other few weeks a man came to my mother to bring her a letter from her brother, from the prison.



Cilly and Isac Ziegler



Lina and Iacob Schärf

So began a period when my mother went daily to the prison, charged with pots filled with food and presents for the jailors. Josef told my mother what happened. When he and Inbas walked toward the frontier between Russia and Romania, they were captured by the frontier guards with bloodhounds. They began to shoot around, the people which want to flee began to run, someone fall down and the frontier guards arrested them. And we never heard again from Inbas- Lina Sherban. She disappeared.

My mother looked for some connection to free his brother from the prison and to help him to pass the border to Romania. And she found the prison's doctor, Lina Lenova, a Jewish woman. My mother began to give her presents and she enabled to send packets to her brother. After other few months, my mother asks her what she wants in order to help her brother to flee from the prison and to pass the border to Romania. My mother offered her the key from our apartment and promised her not to enter there again, inclusive the whole contents.

The prison's doctor answered: "I will take this key, because I have a Jewish heart" and the deal was closed!

In 1945 my father **Jacob Schärf** found a possibility to move to Romania and in a snowy winter evening, we climb in a truck and, through a dense forest and muddy routes, with cart carried by bulls, we arrived in Romania and settled us in Bacau, a town in the Northern part of Moldova.

My father's youngest brother, **Moritz Schärf**, had gone to study in France, where he had got his degree as a mechanical engineer. He had married **Denise Hermerel** (a Christian woman) and had settled in France. At the end of the war, in 1946, my father **Jacob Schärf** found out that **Moritz Schärf** had perished at Auschwitz by the hand of the odious Dr. Mengele experiments on people, through a petroleum injection. He then forged the golden brooch in order to keep the memory of his lost brother alive and in memory of the 6.000.000 Jewish people who perished in the Holocaust.



*Moritz Schärf murdered
in Auschwitz*



Lina and Jacob Schärf 1937



*Dr. Aziu Chaim Schärf
operating*



The brooch which my father, Jacob Schärf designed and performed in 1945, when he found out that his brother, Moritz Schärf, perished in the holocaust, in Auschwitz, murdered by Dr. Mengele.

In Bacau, a village in the Northern part of Romania, we lived together with my grandparents, the parents of my mother, **Cilly** and **Isac Ziegler**. My father tried to find work and decided to open a jewelry atelier in the apartment. The clients began to come; it was a lot of work.

My parents didn't buy furniture's because we were "on the way to Palestina", so they commanded wood cases for this purpose. Then, the communist regime didn't allow working in private business, so my father enters in a Cooperative for different professions.

My grandparents **Tilda (Mathilde Rostholder)** and **Kalman Schärf** traveled to their biggest son, **Chaim Aziu Schärf** to France, Beausoleil, which worked as a surgeon. In 1958, when Aziu died, after a long and painful illness, the grandparents moved to their daughter Etti, which lived in Paris, and they died there, in 1961.

My grand parents, **Cilly Henia** and **Isac Ziegler** received the certificate to immigrate to Israel in 1950 and they leaved Romania. In Israel, they received a tent; they leaved there in a tent camp near Bat Yam for 3 long and hard years. My grandmother was 73 years old and my grandfather, 73.

My parents sent money every month for my grandparents and after 3 years living in the tent, they bought a small apartment with a small garden, 29 square meters grossly. They lived in very bad economic situation; despite that their 2 sons lived in Israel and they didn't make enough for the old people.

After receiving some "negatives" from the government, that means that they didn't allow us to immigrate to Israel, my parents bought some nice furniture, some rugs and we were waiting for the travel certificate to Israel.

I began to go to the kindergarten, then to the primary school and finally to the high school. In the third class of the primary school I became member in the Youth Organization "Pionieri", where the children had a lot of cultural and sportive activities, summer camps and everyone had to wear a red cravat. It was a very exiting and happy time for me and I enjoyed a lot all the "pionieri" activities. Because I began early the school I finished the high school with the matriculation certificate at 16 years. I tried to be accepted to the Medicine Faculty, I succeeded the "written examination". I was asked by the Communist Party from the Medicine Faculty if I intend to travel to Israel, as my

answer was "yes", I was rejected from the "oral examination" and this was the end of my essay to study medicine.

I had a lot of friends from the school, we made some nice activities, excursions, I can remark that I had a happy childhood. We felt some small anti-Semitic signs, but not personally, my friends and my parents friends were Jewish and Christians, as well. Until today, I have friends from my adolescence, in Romania and other countries in the world and we are in friendship connections.

In 1958 December, finally, we received the papers for immigrating to Israel. We leaved Romania in January 1959; we took the train from Curtici to Budapest, from Budapest to Wien, from Vienna to Napoli and from Napoli, with the ship Arza, (it was the last ship's sailing and then it was placed it to old iron) we arrive to Haifa at the 28 January 1959.

We arrived to Rischon le Zion, in the grandparent's apartment. There was a very small place, a few iron beds which served as sofa and for the night as beds, a table and 4 chairs with an empty ice refrigerator. After 3 days I arrived in Israel, a cousin from my father took me to a Kibbutz, because it was not food and any money at home, despite my parents sent money every month for the family, some relatives took the money and they didn't used it for my grandparents.

In the Kibbutz I met a group of "Olim Hadashim", new immigrants from different countries, like Poland, Syria, Lebanon and Romania. We worked 5 hours in the day and in the afternoon we learned Hebrew.

It was an interesting experience, but a very hard one. The "Kibbutznikim", the people which lived there were nosy, arrogant and patronizing to the Olim, they didn't understand the difficulties to leave a home, the parents, the friends, the places where we grow up, an other climate, a new languish and to begin all from the beginning.

I worked at the orange plantation in the fruit picking, in the Children house, Baby hose, in the kitchen, for 5 hours every day. One day, when I worked in the kitchen, kitchen workers prepared pudding for the dessert, something new for the "olim hadashim"- new emigrants. The kitchen manager was a very unpleasant woman. She said, who will end the work, from the Olim, can receive more pudding and she directed us to a table with pudding cups. We were glad for this present and we began to eat. I remarked that in the pudding they are raisins. The other kitchen workers told us: No raisins in the pudding! So we checked what we eat and found out that they were not raisins, but flies which felt into the pudding. This was good enough for the Olim!!

I had not enough money for the bus to travel to Rischon le Zion, despite it was not far, approximately 20 minutes with the bus, and so, one afternoon my mother came to visit me. I invited her to eat with the Olim Hadashim in the kibbutz's dining hall. The next day, the Kibbutz manager called me to tell me not to bring more my mother to eat in the Kibbutz! This remark offended me a lot! It was a healthy Kibbutz with rich orange, plums and bananas plantation, with rich agriculture fields and I saw how many food they throw away every day.

After 5 month I returned to Rischon and my mother's cousin found for me a working place, not far from Rischon, in an office.

Two month later, I succeeded at the admission examine to the Technion, Israel's Polytechnic Institute to the Architecture faculty and I moved to Haifa, I lived in the Students' dormitory.

My grandfather **Isac Ziegler** died in 1961, in Rischon le Zion and my grandmother **Cilly Henia (b.Wolf Bernstein)** Ziegler died in 1974. My parents and grandparents are buried in the Old Cemetery in Rischon le Zion, near Shikun Hamizrach.

There I met my future husband **Arie Sternbach** (b. 5 August 1937 in Lwow, Poland), a holocaust survivor, emigrated from Poland. Arie studied at the Technion, Israel's Polytechnic Institute, mechanical engineering.

In 1941, when **Arie** was 4 years old, the Nazis collected all the academics Jewish people from Lvov in a forest and they shot down all of them. Between those people was also **Aries'** father, **Izac Israel Sternbach** (1900- 1941, Lvov- Poland).



Aries' mother **Sofia Dym** (1907- 1997) was born in Crosno- Poland and died in Haifa, Israel.

During the 2 World war, **Sofia Sternbach**, Aries' mother, was obliged to transfer **Arie** to a Christian family in Kamionka, near Nowey Soncz, in order to survive and **Sofia** had to remain in Lwow, to nurse her very ill mother. Arie lived in the village for 3 years, as a Christian boy, and then, after the grandmother's dead, **Sofia** joined **Arie** in Nowey Soncz. After the war, **Sofia** and

Sofia Dym

Arie lived in Bergen Belzen for two years, where she worked as a teacher, in the Jewish community and at the 1948 they immigrated to Israel.

At the 25 October 1964 **Arie** and me, were married in Tel Aviv. I was student at the



Architecture faculty in Technion in Haifa and Arie, my husband worked as engineer in an



Arie Sternbach in Bergen Belsen 1946

Industry factory in Haifa, since 1964 we live in Haifa.

At 28 June 1968 was born our first son, **Dan**. At the 22 February 1972 was born our daughter **Irit**.

My husband **Arie** worked in the Industry and he had to travel abroad with a "state passport" and because Sternbach was not an Israeli name, they ask us to change our family name, so we choose **Sharvit**, instead of **Sternbach**, in 1969.

Dan (Sharvit) Sternbach

Sofia Dym Sternbach lived in Bat Yam, in 1989 she moved to Haifa and she died in 1997.

I worked as architect in a Building Company, as mentor in a Technical College. In 1990 when I began my study MSc in Architecture and Town Planning from the Technion – Israel Institute of Technology.

I was mentor in the Faculty of Architecture, until I retired.

After 3 years military service, our son **Dani Dan Sharvit** decided to study medicine and he finished his in the Tel Aviv University.

He studied and worked other 7 years for specialization in ear, nose & throat. **Dan Sternbach** met **Ronit Dinzman**, and they married at the 6 March 1998. **Ronit** studied Biology in the Jerusalem University. Ronit illustrate children books and worked as copywriter.



Ronit Dinzman

At the 15 December 1999 was born their first daughter **Inbar Sharvit**.

At the 4 June 2001 was born the second daughter **Michal Sharvit** and at the 29 April, was born their son, **Tal Sharvit**.

They live in Ramat Gan- Israel.



Inbar Sternbach



Michal Sternbach



Tal Sternbach

My daughter **Irit Sharvit** made her military service in Zahal, the Israeli Army, as Officer at the Navy. After the military service **Irit** traveled in the Far East - to Thailand, Nepal, India, Japan, South America - Guatemala, Colombia and North America.

After this long excursion **Irit** came back home, to Israel and decided to study Cinema, Stage management and photography in the Katz Faculty of the Arts, in the Tel Aviv University.

Irit made 2 documentary movies, with a study colleague, "Yael San", about an Israeli girl, married with a Japanese monk, in a temple in Japan and "Tokyo dream", about girls, which work in night clubs in Tokyo, as hostesses. Irit lives in Tel Aviv.



Irit Sharvit

After my retiring, I start to paint more than in the years I was busy working as architect, studying and teaching.

Today I am member in The Israel painters & Sculptors Association Haifa& Northern District Chagall House.

www.ruthsharvit.com/

Arie, my husband, after retiring from his job as mechanical engineering, works as lector in a Technical College.

