

Hanina Zilkha Shasha

Born September 19, 1919 in Baghdad, Iraq

Passed on May 4, 2016 in New York, NY



Mom and Dad in 2011

This book is dedicated to our wonderful mother who was a daughter, sister, wife, aunt, cousin, mother, friend, and such a refined, intelligent, elegant, and wise woman to many people whose lives she influenced and affected.

*With Love,
Carol, Robert, and Dennis*

The New York Times

HANINA SHASHA

Obituary

SHASHA--Hanina Zilkha, was born in Baghdad, Iraq on September 19, 1919, and passed peacefully at her home on May 4, 2016. She was the daughter of Louise Bashi and Khedouri Zilkha and the wife for 69 years of Alfred Abood Shasha z'l. Mom was an old world, classy, worldly and artistic women, who loved her family and friends. She lived in Baghdad, Beirut, Lausanne, and Cairo before arriving to New York in 1941. She studied Islamic architecture in Egypt, spoke beautiful French, received her interior decorating degree, and was a very talented painter. Most importantly, she was a wonderful mother, full of love and wisdom to her family and friends. She believed in living everyday fully, loved hosting parties, and gave us excellent values.

Hanina is survived by her children Carl and Joe Green, Ellen and Robert Shasha, Dennis and Karen Shasha. Grandchildren Jeffrey and Adam, Ariana and Sam, Cloe, Nicholas, Tyler, Jordan, David and Caroline. Brothers Ezra and Selim Zilkha. Great-grandchildren Zachary and Angelica and many cousins and nieces and nephews.

The funeral will be on Friday, May 6th at 11:15am at Riverside Memorial chapel at 180 West 76th Street. People may send donations to the art program at the Mid Westchester YMHA in Scarsdale, NY in her honor.

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Wedding Photo of Hanina & Alfred Shasha, June 12, 1944
3rd Row: Lucy Meer, Gourgi Meer, Bertie Likkha, Hanina, Alfred, Unknown, Unknown, Extra
2nd Row: Unknown, Baba, Ed Simon, Norma Meer, Nana, Unknown
Front Row: Rennie Simon



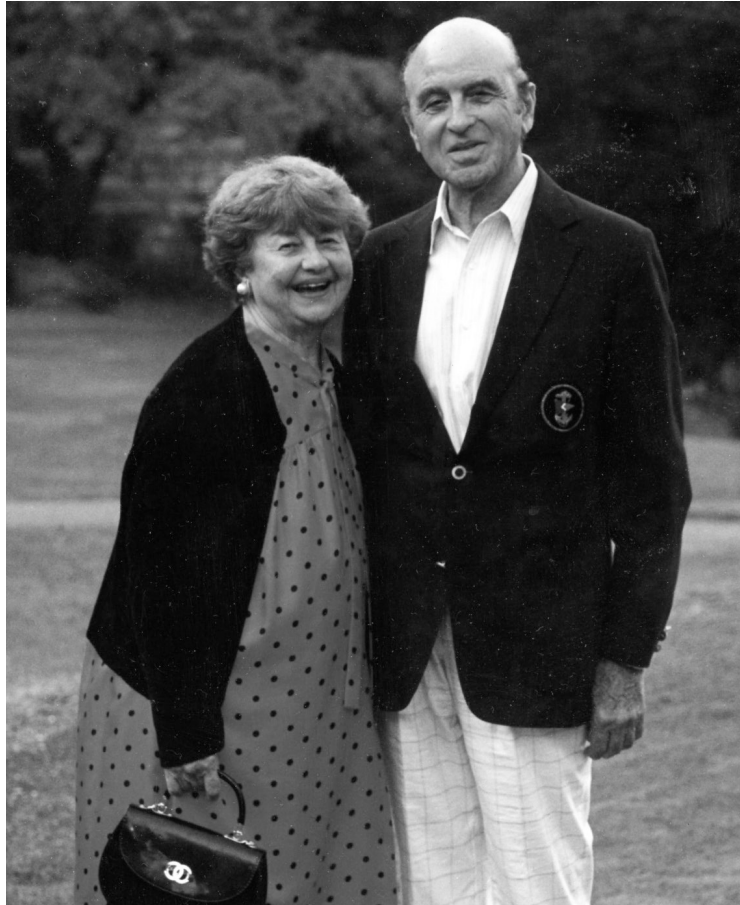
Alfred and Hanina at the Hotel St. Francis Drake in San Francisco, 1946



Hanina and Alfred on their Honeymoon in California, 1946



Mom in Europe around 1986



Mom and Dad in 1997



Alfred and Hanina on their Wedding Day, June 12, 1944



Harina on their Wedding Day, June 12 1944

*The family of
Hanina Lilkha Shasha & l
thanks you sincerely
for your kindness and sympathy
at a time when it was deeply appreciated*

Hanina Z. Shasha
A pen portrait of a painter

Nature has played an important role in my life.

I grew up always near water, in Baghdad facing the Tigris, in Beirut facing the Mediterranean, in Switzerland facing the Lake of Geneva, in Cairo facing the Nile. Then, when we came to New York in 1941, my father, Khedhuri Zilkha, who loved water, looked for an apartment that faced the reservoir in Central Park, with a far away view of the Hudson and the bridges.

My boarding school in Beirut had a magnificent garden. I still remember the exotic plants and their individual perfumes. The silver lining of my two years in Switzerland was the beautiful mountains. The school took us on numerous outings where we learned to appreciate the magnificence of nature.

I will never forget my first experience of spring in Europe after a cold and bleak winter. The hills were so inviting, with the daffodils growing ... I took pleasure in rolling down the hills to experience real renewal of nature.

When I came back to the Middle East my parents were living in Cairo. My three years in Egypt were sheer enchantment!

In Cairo, I studied Islamic Art for two years. Gradually, my sensibilities were being directed towards art.

Thirty years ago, I heard about an unusual painting teacher - Margaret Stark. She was teaching at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. She also had a few students at her studio. It was there that I began to prepare myself for the future, when my three children were grown, and I would have time for myself.

Margaret Stark had studied with Hans Hofman. I loved her method of teaching, because you had to think and weigh what colours to choose. She taught how to paint abstracts, before painting tangible subjects. She plunged me into a world rediscovered and loved. Through the years I have been most fortunate to have studied with many other stimulating teachers.

I paint rather than sculpt because I have an innate sense of colour.

Painting has become my diary. It is my all-consuming passion. It is a real catharsis. When I paint I let my intuition guide me. It is a sort of hypnosis for me.

I don't quite realise what I did until I take my painting home and look at it and re-work it in my head.

I feel immersed while I am painting. It is not an intellectual pursuit, it is most like being part of nature - positive, sincere, loving and warm. I find great beauty in nature and often in life.

Why do I do abstract paintings some times?

As a young adolescent I loved geometry, which appealed to my sense of order. I need to do both. I have been painting for more than thirty years. I am a privileged person who sees the world in colour.

I SEE THE WORLD IN COLOR

By Hanina Z. Shasha

In my life, in my travels, color always gave me happiness to dwell upon. This love of color was brought to my canvases.

As a seven year old girl my happy times were when my oldest brother let me look at a certain page - in the French Larousse dictionary - a page of flags. Their colors made me happy.

Sunsets were important in my life. From the age of eight on we moved to Beirut, Lebanon. I went out on the balcony to admire the sunsets on the Mediterranean.

In Switzerland, I enjoyed the beautiful sceneries and especially when the cherry trees flowered and the Jonquils were in the boarding school grounds.

When we lived in Cairo, I would go out on the terrace to admire the sunsets - the way the sun colored the beautiful old part of the city.

Alas, in Scarsdale we don't live near the water; I love going to the Mamoroneck shore and admire the sunsets on the Sound.

Yes, I see the world in color, my paintings reflect the love of color.

BAGHDAD 1919-1927

I am one of seven children - we were all born in Baghdad. The Middle Eastern culture feel that boys are superior to girls from the day they are born.

I was a real middle child, two brothers older, two brothers younger, one older sister and one younger sister.

We all knew who were our parents favorite - Abdallah and Helene were my mother's favorite. Our father loved Helene, Ezra and Selim, the three middle children were ignored .

I was never kissed much or given importance - as a matter of fact I was completely non existent. I was a very sensitive child who was hurt deeply by the injustice at home. I was a very good child who never complained, I was like a witness to the unfairness in our family.

Helene had dolls, toys, I didn't. Once in a while she let me look at them. I am not envious, I just accepted the rules in our home.

I remember a great deal of my childhood - My first recollection is when at the age of two or three I developed three boils on my face. My intelligent grandmother cured me in a healthy and natural way. She told my mother to have a goat brought to the house. Early morning they carried me and put me under the goat to have the milk go on the boils. I am grateful to my grandmother for having saved my looks.

What I remember of "Emmi"- we called her that way - is that on Saturday we were invited for lunch at her home. We met our cousins and it was great fun. Then, after lunch, she gathered all the grandchildren and she took us to her private enormous trunk that contained goodies. As a child then I decided to do the same when I would have grandchildren. I still remember the smell of the spices when I was taken to school.

Abbas, the caretaker carried me on his shoulder so I would not dirty my shoes in the mud. When we arrived at the school he would measure me and tell me, his daughter Sirkis was still taller than me. Some time when he forgot to measure me, I would call him back to be measured that morning.

When my mother wanted to go some place she wore an "Izar" an outer garment that covered her from head to toe. After all we were living in a Moslem country. Abbas always followed her to be sure no one hurt my mother.

My ambition as a child was to be accepted by my father.

One day I played with a friend Clairette Schamash. In her family they were two sisters only. Yet their parents loved them. She showed me that for fun her parents gave her short trousers. I begged her to lend them to me, I didn't tell her why. I went back home wearing them so my father would acknowledge me as one of his sons. When he saw me and he addressed me by my name I was crushed!

In 1927 we moved to Beirut. I remember that trip vividly. I was seven and a half. My mother had just given birth to our youngest brother Selim. We crossed the desert with two cars. We had a man cook Murad who accompanied us. Whenever the baby cried my mother would breast feed him. The bumpy road in the desert kept on shaking the car, so by the time we arrived in Damascus the baby was quite sick.

My father had gone to Beirut forty days before us. So when he saw us he told us that he had a big apartment waiting for us.

We waited in Damascus a few days until our baby brother Selim was feeling better.

From Damascus to Beirut we had to cross mountains. It was the first time mother saw mountains. I still remember what she said in the car when we approached Beirut. Mother thought that all those homes seen from far were cemeteries. So she told us, that this country is beautiful even its cemeteries are lovely. My mother was a cheerful person, who loved changes.

We arrived in Beirut in the middle of May. Friends of my father helped him line up maids, governesses, and a good school.

Laya was a governess we had for a long time. Alas! She lacked psychology. My brother Ezra stuttered because of her. In order to put him to sleep, she would go outside the room and bowled like a wolf; he had to sleep otherwise the wolf would eat him up.

Thanks to her Selim developed asthma. When he was two or three he had a bad cold, yet she insisted on taking him out when there was a very thick fog. Selim has been plagued with asthma ever since. He was always allergic to the weather in Beirut.

In September mother decided she wants to send five of the older children away from home. At the age of fourteen my parents sent Abdallah to England. I still don't know how he got there. He took a boat in Beyrouth. In Marseilles he took a train to Le Havre, there he crossed the Channel. In London my father's cousin met him and took him to Southport College, outside London. He took his matriculation at 16, he loved learning. He begged father to let him study longer. Father said no. It was time for him to come and learn how to be a banker, in my father's bank.

The other four children - Helena, Maurice, Hanina and Berthie were sent to boarding school.

Mother kept only two years old Ezra and newborn Selim at home. Laya was taking care of them.

I was eight years old when I went to boarding school. Berthie my sister was six.

Whenever my grandchildren turn to six or eight and see how cruel it was to send away two little girls away so young.

Luckily we had a remarkable lady Madame Olivier as a mother substitute for the seventeen boarders.

I was also lucky to have had her as my first year teacher at the Lycee Francais.

Every morning she related to us a fable of La Fontaine, who had been inspired by Aesop's fables.

They were the moral lessons of the day. Six months before Mme. Olivier died Alfred and I went to visit her in the nursing home in Nice. I asked her how come she was so kind and caring to the seventeen boarders. She told us her sad story, it was a way to make up for her sad past.

Being a non-person at home, I acquired a passion - I loved being in school. I was the teacher's pet, because I applied myself with enthusiasm. Until now learning is a very important part of my life. Maurice who was two years older than me didn't like studying, he loved playing with marbles, he didn't like homework. So Madame Olivier decided to let him sit on the bench next to me. I would encourage him to apply himself.

Every three months the good students would receive a prize of excellence. I always got it, but I never told any one about it, so at home they would not scold Maurice. I really loved him very much.

I was at the Lycee from 1927-1936. They were my formative years.

I had a remarkable teacher Mademoiselle Proux. She was an inspiring and inspired person. She taught me "beauty". She had traveled a great deal, being our geography teacher she wanted us to find pictures of the countries we learned about. I still remember the pictures I chose when we learned about Holland.

That's why when we took Carol and Robert to Europe, the first time, we bought them postcards to put in a picture album.

Melle Proux was also my literature teacher. We were to write one composition a week. She always said I had good interesting ideas.

The best student in literature was Françoise Richard. I befriended her for three years. We used to invite her to our summer home in the mountains. We picked up by car from her home to go to the Lycee, because she lived somewhat far. One day she called me "dirty jew" in 1936. I didn't answer her except I was completely shocked. So, I never picked her up by car and never talked to her again.

In 1927 when we arrived in Lebanon we met the Benjamins family. They had a daughter who was four months younger than me. In their home they spoke French since she was born. I was eight when I started learning French. I had to catch up with Laurice. She would use vocabulary words I didn't know, she was extremely proud when I asked her their meaning.

At the age of eleven I decided to read books full of words that were difficult. I wrote them in a booklet, looked up their meaning and wrote them, by the end of the summer I had a very extensive vocabulary.

I invited Laurice to play with me, and I used words she didn't know. It was her turn to ask me what they meant. I won!

In school, I had many friends among my schoolmates.

In the summer we went to our summer home in Aley. Every morning we went to Beirut with our father. We went swimming in the Mediterranean, it was great fun. We were to meet back at the bank. I loved sitting in father's office and seeing how he handled his customers. He was a great, brilliant diplomat. To me he was genius at work.

My stabilizing force in Beyrouth was Emmy. My grandmother who came to live in Lebanon after she became a widow. She loved me very much and I really loved her wholeheartedly. At long last someone loved me in our family!

I enjoyed going to her apartment which was across the street from ours. She knew the stories of the Bible. She was a very wise lady who understood psychology. I inherited those traits from her. She was my rock of Gibraltar. I will always remember her with great love. She was beautiful inside and physically. She was a blonde with blue eyes. She had six daughters and two sons. She preferred my mother to the rest of her children. She loved my father and my father loved her and respected her judgement.

In 1936 I was nearly seventeen and my sister Berthie was fifteen. We both went to an English school in Switzerland. St. George's school in Clarens.

Alas! The hundred English girls came to learn French, and I was eager to learn English .

There were no classes I fitted in. So after a while I complained about wasting my time, so the head mistress told me I could take private lessons in anything I wanted. I chose English composition, Elocution, geometry and Latin, and classical dancing.

That year I was told I should become a professional dancer. I was flattered but mostly offended to be told I should train for work. Young girls in our social strata did not have jobs.

The least intelligent girls felt superior to my sister and I because they were English and we were not.

After a few months in school one of them asked where did we really come from I told her we come from what is in the bible Babylonia. She reflected a while then asked me if we came from South America. I chuckled inside! Then she asked how did we dress there. So I poked fun at her. I told her that we were surrounded by palm trees and we had a special young boy who asked me what branch of the tree I wanted to wear that day. She believed this. Then, she asked how come my sister and I have such lovely clothes. So I told her we went to Paris before arriving in Switzerland in order to have the right clothes.

I learnt in that school that one has to accept oneself otherwise people disrespect you. This was an important lesson for me, who grew up with my French friends in Beirut and wishing I had a French name and be French.

When winter set in I felt very lonesome seeing every day the Alps who could not warm my heart. Winter in the country was synonymous with sadness. I yearned for the warmer weather of Lebanon.

That year was character building for me even though I suffered a great deal.

I roomed for many months with three girls whose parents were divorced. I learnt how devastating it was for them. Only the fittest can make it. I made a prayer at the age of seventeen never to divorce for the sake of my children no matter what.

My second year in Switzerland I went to Lausanne at the Gymnase to become a teacher of French.

We were fifteen girls who came from Spain, America, Roumainia, Basel, Hungary, etc. We got along well. My favorite friends were Ernesti na from Spain and Rosine from Basel.

I roomed twenty minutes away from school. That was a great mistake.

The owner was a mean woman, alas!

My sister didn't come to Lausanne, she went to England. She hated being there, so at Xmas time she decided to go back home. I made up my mind to get my diploma so I stuck it out even if it killed me. It practically did kill me, but I got my diploma.

In 1938 when I went back to be with my parents they were living in Cairo then. I loved being there. I went to a private school which I liked very much Cours Morin. I was in the same class as Suzy Ambache - who became Mrs. Abba Eban. My sister was the classmate of Aura who became Mrs. Haim Herzog the President of Israel.

From 1938 - 1941 life in Egypt was wonderful!

We had to leave in a hurry because Rommel was fighting not far from Egypt. The name of my father was high on the list of prominent jews to be taken to concentration camps.

The first year in Cairo I took lessons in horseback riding. I fell from the horse and broke my left arm.

I went to a dishonest doctor who did not want to cure me. After six weeks he wanted to break the arm again and mend it properly this time. I did not trust him and changed doctors. I stayed a whole month in the hospital because my arm was not calcifying any more.

The nurses loved me. I was always cheerful. I read a lot of books, I did a lot of thinking. This time alone matured me a great deal. I put on weight because they gave me cheese and milk to provide my body with calcium.

Ever since whenever I was sick or one of my children was sick I turned that time into a maturing time.

In Cairo I went to see the Islamic Monuments chronologically with Mrs. Devonshire. We had a date every Wednesday afternoon. Studying Islamic Art has been the beginning of my involvement with art.

I went to the Cairo University to take a course in Islamic Archeology with Prof. Cresswell.

I found out where, besides Cairo they, they have wonderful examples of Islamic art. Since then we went to Grenada to marvel at the Alhambra and to Isphahan where I gasped at the beauty of the main Mosque.

I am only sorry I never went to Samarkand.

For the first time my parents recognized my presence because Helene was married, had her first baby. So finally, I was the oldest daughter. Mother felt I should be beautifully dressed, the dress-maker of the queen of Egypt made my clothes.

We lived in a lovely apartment with a balcony facing the Nile. I loved sunsets, so whenever I was home I tried to enjoy the sunsets.

The three years I spent in Egypt 1938-1941 were very happy years.

Because I fell from the horse and broke my arm I stayed home a lot. I decided then to help Ezra get a prize of history in school. Selim got the prizes previously. Ezra was frustrated. I helped every day when he came back borne, we studied together. At the end of the year he got the history prize. I was proud of him.

In 1941 we left Cairo in May. A month and a half later we arrived in New York.

We took an aqua plane. We went from North Africa to South Africa. We landed in Khartoum in Sudan, in Kenya in the middle of Africa, in Mozambique, then in Johannesburg.

We quickly transferred to a beautiful train that took to Capetown at the Queens Hotel. Every day my father checked whether the American ship had arrived so we can go to N.Y.

We waited one month. My father loved sightseeing. So every day we went on excursion to see the beautiful sights - Table Mountain and numerous other places.

When we had seen everything, we went to see again the places we liked most. I realized in Capetown how badly the black people were treated. We were all shocked.

On the American ship they were many young men returning home from Arabia where they had been working for an oil company.

My sister and I were the only young ladies aboard so we were very popular.

Even though I was 20½ years old I was not a bit sophisticated with young men.

They asked me if I was happy to go to the USA, I said yes but I worried about my father who didn't know how to use a gun.

In American movies I got the impression guns were prevalent.

When we arrived in N.Y. we had a suite at the Savoy Plaza. Too bad they destroyed that beautiful hotel, it became the GM building.

In N.Y. there were a few friends and cousins from the Middle East. They all came to visit my parents.

Alfred came to visit us because my father was his first cousin.

What I loved most was the freedom I had. My sister and I loved going by bus alone.

So far, all our life in the Middle East we were chaperoned and chauffeured - freedom!

When school year started we registered at N.Y.U. Unfortunately I was not given credit for all the studying of my previous years. I was put as a freshman. The conversation of the 18 years old students bored me to death.

I got A in art a D in American history. That was my worse subject.

The next year I decided to go to Interior Decorating School.

Father found a beautiful apartment. We were moving there in a few months. Mother decided I should help her buy the furniture.

Thanks to my interest in Islamic Art, I was able to choose each piece for the apartment well. We had an excellent salesman who told mother I should always come with her to help her choose well, every piece I knew why it was good and why it was not.

So that is why after one year at N.Y.U. I went to interior decorating school.

I met Rita Singstad. We loved going to antique shows like Parke - Bernet (which is Sotheby's now). Rita and I were full of energy and were ready to do anything together. We had a great deal in common. We were both worldly.

In the summer of 1943 my sister Berthie told me that many European intellectuals were going at Mt. Holyoke College for one month.

Berthie was the dreamer and I was the realist. I promised I would take her to Pontigny on the condition she doesn't insist on my staying on with her.

I felt shy at meeting so many famous people from Europe.

When I arrived there I felt so comfortable being with those low-key famous people, that I decided to stay on a while. I met a geograph John Guttman who taught at Princeton.

During the winter months he invited me to visit him in Princeton. We remained friends until I married.

In 1944 Alfred and I got married. We barely knew each other. A month after we were married Alfred was shipped overseas with the 96th Division.

I lived at my parents' apartment. I worked as a translator for my father. My hours were very flexible. Because my name was no more Zilkha my father felt he should not spend on me any more.

The war years were very sad years for me.

When after two years Alfred came back to civilian life I went to California to meet him. We spent time in La Jolla. I loved being there and wished we could have stayed there. I loved the weather, the vegetation but I felt we should not be far from the family.

Alfred was extremely nervous and moody. I forgave him because I felt he had gone through a lot during his war years.

The first year of marriage is an important year of adjustment. We never had that first year.

In 1948 Carol was born. My mother was away in Europe. I was sick every day of my pregnancy. I put on nine pounds and lost fifteen - I became very anemic and weak. We had a nurse because I am not physically strong.

Also we always had a cook because when I went to cooking classes Alfred made always fun of my cooking after having worked hard for the dinner.

We have been lucky that Carrie came to work for us during 35 years. She used to say she loved working for me, she could never work for anyone else.

We were not always lucky with the nurses we had unfortunately. The worse one was a Dutch woman Yvonne. We hired her on the advise of someone. She was wicked.

The move to the suburbs in Scarsdale in 1951 was a traumatic move for me. I loathe the winter in the suburbs when it starts to snow and it turns into ice. It is too quiet.

I kept busy by taking courses at the New School. I used to call it home away from home. I did something important. I met a painting teacher I liked a great deal Margaret Stark. A few months after I worked with her she told me I should continue to paint always because I have a special gift. I am grateful to Margaret. I still love painting. So far I had four shows and I am connected with M.A.G. in Larchmont.

I am not a group person so I felt out of place in the suburbs.

I know what I like and I go after it.

I have enjoyed the children Carol, Robert and Dennis, when I could reason and talk to them. I always felt they did not ask to be born, so I felt committed towards them. It was my privilege to help them become the best person possible with their own qualities. I never compared them.

After the age of eighteen Carol never lived home.

Alas! Robert was sent as a boarder to Pomfret against my will.

Dennis, after Yvonne left us he became my dearest friend. Alfred was mostly home week-ends, Dennis and I were a great deal together. For fun I used to call him Family. Carrie was taking care of the house and the cooking.

Dennis had a terrible head injury. I spent a lot of time with him telling him stories of my life. After a while if I repeated the story he said he already knew it. When my repertoire dried out, I asked him if I could go on a trip with Dr. Cyrus Gordon from Brandeis University. We followed the Phoenicians in the Middle East. I did come back with new stories.

When Dennis entered Yale I was left alone in this big house. It was a difficult adjustment for me. This is the time we should have moved to N.Y.

I was only happy when we moved to N.Y. for three months in winter.

I am not envious, but I started to envy the people I knew who had a permanent apartment in N.Y.

Finally five years ago we took our apartment in N.Y. which I love. It is cheerful and elegant and not cluttered.

I have an organized and full week. Friday I am happy to come back to Scarsdale to paint with my friends at the Y. I find it very easy to run two homes.

Thanks to Carol I started cooking four years ago. I really like it, because I can improvise...

I learnt a lot in my life. It was not a happy life as an ignored child. I have always looked for love and recognition. I never really got it. I have inner strength though...

In life I gave rather than received.

That is why I have good friends.

I enjoy being kind and thoughtful.

I am grateful that my three children have given me wonderful grandchildren. I have a special place for each one in my heart.

Every night and every morning I thank G-d for being good to me.

I have inner peace at long last!

Here are some of my favorite sayings:

- This too shall pass
- Que sera sera
- When something is bad, I always say it could be worse
- Our children are like our fingers, all different yet they belong to the same palm

Q. This is Ellen Scholle and I am interviewing Mrs. Hanina Zilkha Shasha for the American Jewish Committee Oral History Library's project on American Jews of Sephardic Origin. This tape will go down to the library on 42nd Street, with your permission, Hanina. Hanina, you just told me a story about the difference between the birth of a girl and the birth of a boy.

A. Well, if a mother had a baby girl, they didn't even congratulate her, they said, Better luck next time. But if she gave birth to a boy, she really got a lot of congratulations and rewards, from her husband I suppose.

Q. And you told me it was so difficult for women having children in those days.

A. Oh yes. There was a midwife and she came home. So after suffering so much and not to be congratulated, it really is quite unfair, but that's how it is.

Q. Yes. And what values would you say were imparted to you from your parents?

A. I don't know. To be good. I had very good, really wonderful parents that way. My mother was a very generous woman. My father was very fair, very intelligent. I don't know, I admired them a lot.

Q. Were religious values passed down to you?

A. Well, we were not too religious. My mother liked religion much more than my father did. My father felt your good deeds are your religion and, really, this is how I feel.

Q. Yes, you said that. Well, then did you light candles on Friday night?

A. Never.

Q. Did you go to services on Yom Kippur?

A. Only Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashanah, that's it. And my father, being a Cohen, was always seated in a very important place. And then that 's it. But I mean I was not brought up with a lot of religion. As a matter of fact, I went to church more than to synagogue .

Q. And of course they didn't have bat mitzvahs in those days.

A. Oh, no.

Q. Were your brothers bar mitvahed?

A. Not all of them.

Q. Confirmed?

A. No, not really. Not all of them, no. I think only one of them was. We were not very religious.

Q. So you really had no relationship with a synagogue.

A. Personally, no. And, as a matter of fact, when I was at school in Switzerland, one day I was so lonesome I went to a cathedral and [laughs] I made a prayer there and I said, I know, God, I shouldn't be here, I should be in a temple! But I don't even know where the temple is! But I'm going to promise that, if I have boys, they're going to be bar mitzvah because I want them to know what religion is. And if I had a great sense of religion when I was so lonesome in Switzerland, I don't think I would have suffered as much as I did.

Q. You said something very interesting, if you had boys. How about girls?

A. Oh, no, no. I mean because in my family they were so unfair about...I mean boys are superior the minute they are born, and the girls, we are third-rate citizens. I made sure with my children -- I have one daughter and two sons -- that there was so such thing in my home. We really bent backwards. I think we do more for our daughter than for our sons. Oh, no, history does not repeat itself in my family. Anything that they made a mistake with me, I made sure not to do the same mistake. As a matter of fact, when I buy important things, you know, whether it's sculptures or tapestries or anything, I buy by the three because I have three children. I'm very, very careful about that .

Q. You're very fair.

A. Yes. I love fairness. That's, I think, my motto.

Q. Hanina, when did you get interested in art? You are an artist.

A. Yes. Well, something wonderful happened. When we finally moved to Egypt... I was in Cairo only for three years. The first year I had the life of a girl, you know, an Egyptian girl of my age, you know, school and parties and parties and parties. But then the year after I said, Oh no, this life cannot go on like that, I have to know what this country has to offer. So I wanted to study about Egyptian art, but I was told if I wanted to study about Egyptian art I would have to go to Luxor, which was far away, or go just to the museum. Well, I like to see these things, so I said, no, what other art can I study here? So I was told, Do you mind studying Islamic art? I said, Why should I mind? Any art is art. So for two years, once a week, I went and saw the monuments of Cairo, chronologically, all the Arab monuments, and that was really a turning point of my life because that opened up a new world for me, the world of art. And so when we came to America, at NYU I had "A" in art history, even though I had never studied art, but really, those two years of Islamic art helped me a lot, and then afterwards I went to interior decorating school. And then, I don't know, thirty years ago, I said, Oh, I'd love to learn how to paint, and I met a wonderful teacher and I started painting with her and she told me that I was gifted, so I kept it up. So now I'm going to have my third one-man show soon.

Q. Yes. Do you want to tell me for the tape where it will be? I think people would like to know.

A. Well, it's going to be in Larchmont. I live in Scarsdale, so it's going to be in Larchmont, and I'm connected with that gallery, and in six years, this is my third show, and I think that's fun.

Q. That's the Madd Gallery on Post Road in Larchmont, if anybody would like to come to it, and I'm sure many people would.

A. Yes. But it's really a labor of love and it's really my diary and I love nature and I paint a lot of subjects of nature. But every now and then I'm tired of mountains and trees, so I go into abstract too.

Q. Well, have your paintings been influenced by the places you've lived?

A. Definitely! Definitely! When I went to South Africa, I came back and I did a painting of South Africa, and somebody from South Africa told me I just caught the lighting of that place. When I went to Iran — while the Shah was there, not now also, I captured the color of the sky.

Q. You went there as a tourist?

A. Yes. I like archaeology, so I went on many archaeological trips. So whenever I come back from a trip, really, I come back with ideas and I interpret things. I never, never copy something. Like we went to Alaska last summer. I came back and I did something about Alaska. Not one specific picture, because it's a combination of the things I remember and many pictures that I bring with me. So that's how I paint, it's always interpretation seen through me.

Q. You 've had such a varied life.

A. Yes.

Q. Which of the places where you lived before you came here would you consider your home?

A. My home is wherever I am.

Q. Wherever you are.

A. Yes. You transport your home. Because I left Baghdad at seven, so I left. I'm very lucky about one thing. Things don't matter to me too much, you know, owning is not so important. It's really the inner life that counts.

Q. But I'm very impressed, you were just uprooted so many times.

A. So what? One thing I learned from all my uprootings is that friends are what count. I love my friends.

Q. But now, you must have friends as a girl growing up in Beirut.

A. Many.

Q. Have you kept up with them?

A. Yes, they are in London, some of them are in London. The ones from Egypt, some of them are in Paris and I see them. I go out, I reach out all the time. I love to see my friends of my childhood.

Q. And then you have a brother and a sister who live here in New York?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you tell me a little bit about them?

A. Well, I see my brother, Ezra, and his wife, Cecile.

Q. What does Ezra do?

A. Ezra is an investment banker.

Q. Did they all follow in your father's footsteps and go into banking?

A. Oh, it was very simple. If you were my father's son, you were going to be a banker, and every time, when I was a little girl, my father would kiss me, he said, Why aren't you a boy? I would have given you a bank. And he thought it was a joke and he hurt my feelings profoundly, because I didn't ask to be a girl in that family and it would have been much better for me to have been a boy, but I wasn't.

Q. Is this true in Jewish families, or is it --

A. No, but I think my father being so intelligent, he was excessive in every way. He really was. I mean I know other people from Baghdad, I mean some of them are so nice with their daughters and all that. I happen to have been a very good, faithful, wonderful daughter, kind and everything, but he was unfair in his will, it's really ridiculous.

Q. I'm sure. Well, that was...

A. No, no, no. No, he was unusual in every respect, my father. I know many people who have daughters, sons, and treat them much better, you know. I don't know why he was that way. But he was excessive, brilliant and excessive in many ways. [laughs] But what can you do? Okay.

Q. What about your sister, Helen, who lives in New York? Did she go into art or do anything —

A. Yes. Well, she sculpts.

Q. She's a sculptor. And your brother, Selim?

A. Selim did fantastically well in England. He had stores called Mother Care and he had, oh, many hundred stores. He even went to the Continent, I mean there were Mother cares in Switzerland, in Belgium, in Germany, all over, and fantastic success. And then he finally opened some stores in America, but, I don't know, all of a sudden one day he said, no, he doesn't want to do that anymore, so he sold his business to Conran.

Q. Oh, he did?

A. Yes. But Selim is brilliant. Selim finished college when he was seventeen and a half.

Q. Where did he go?

A. Williams. Before that he finished Horace Mann. He's just brilliant, like my father.

Q. But he did not go into banking like your father?

A. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! While my father was alive, everybody was a banker! When my father died in 1956, I think overnight Selim did something else. He didn't like being in banking, he wanted to be close to people. So he went into other things.

Q. And does he have a family?

A. Two children, yes.

Q. Have they been brought up the same way?

A. Oh, no, no, no. I mean he used to live in England and he was divorced. He was forced into a marriage to his cousin by my mother, you know. This is how they did it.

Q. Well, yes, I've heard that. Was there a lot of that that you knew about?

A. Oh, yes, of course, of course. Well, I don't want to say very private things. [laughs]

Q. But parents in general had their children marry children of similar families?

A. Yes. My sister is married to her first cousin. I'm married to my second cousin.

Q. But there are very happy marriages that come out of that. I've heard a lot about that.

A. Okay. I don't know .

Q. It's interesting that they didn't mind first cousins marrying each other, I guess. Okay, let's go on. You know, I was going to ask you about Alfred's family anyway, but you didn't know him then until...

A. No, I met him here.

Q. You didn't know him as a child?

A. I met him here. We came here in 1941, and my father was his cousin, the cousin who succeeded fantastically well, so he came to pay his respects to his cousin. And he used to go out really with my younger sister and I don't know... I never understood why he married me.

Q. Oh, come on, Hanina! [both laugh]

A. I've often asked him, but he... [both laugh] No, no, he went out really with my younger sister.

Q. Well, let's go on. When you came over here, you went to the (?) Plaza, and I love that story. Tell me.

A. Well, we really were not refugees. I have never suffered. I'm so lucky. I never suffered from being Jewish.

Q. Did you know about discrimination when you were over there?

A. No, not really. Not really. I tell you. We came here within three days because Rommel was very close to Cairo and my father's name was among the Jews to be taken to concentration camp if the German had been victors there in Egypt. So somebody in the government...My father was a very well liked, respected man wherever he went. So in Cairo, somebody said, Mr .Zilkha, do something, because your name is very high on the list of Jewish people to be taken to concentration camp. So in three days we came to America. But I tell you how. I tell you how. Very easy. My father was a planner, and when the war started he took the quota...we had an Iraqi passport, so he took the quota to come here. Nobody wanted to come to America, it was so far away, so he had the quota with him. So in three days we were able to leave. But not all seven children, no. The three older ones stayed in the Middle East, and I was the oldest of the younger set. Four children and Father and Mother, we came. We crossed from Egypt, all the way to South Africa, and from Capetown we came by ship, all the way to New York, and it will be fifty years the beginning of June this year. But all because he planned to have his quota. Then, as a banker he had money here and we were at the (?) Plaza for quite a while, nearly the whole summer, because they were looking for an apartment. But my father liked a view on the water, so we could have been anywhere we wanted, but if we had stayed on Fifth Avenue, I don't know, near the reservoir, the sun didn't... He liked the direction of the sun on Central Park West better. So we were in one of the tower apartments of the El Dorado. At that time I think (?) lived a few floors up. And so he chose that apartment because he could see water and he could have a beautiful view of New York. He loved beautiful views and I think that's why maybe I like beautiful views.

Q. And then you went to NYU?

A. At that time I went to NYU.

Q. You had been in college in Cairo first?

A. No. This is my education: My education was in Beirut. Then I went to school in Switzerland for two years. I learned English in Switzerland the first year, and the second year I became a teacher of French in Lausanne. Then I went to Egypt and I was for three years in a private school in Egypt.

Q. And you must have learned Egyptian?

A. No, no, a French school. No, Egyptians didn't like to know Arabic. At that time even people in Lebanon didn't like to admit that they knew Arabic, they only wanted to know French. But I know Arabic because my father insisted I should know Arabic, so I know how to read and write Arabic; I knew how to read and write Arabic then. Very few people from the Middle East wanted to know, to recognize that. You know, they made you hate your origin, the French people, in the schools. It's very interesting. But no, I admitted, you know, that Arabic was my mother language. What was I saying?

Q. About your education.

A. I wanted to go to Barnard, but when we arrived at the beginning of the summer, nobody told me we had to go and register. I thought, well, in August sometime I'll go and register at Barnard. Not so. They didn't accept me. So NYU accepted me. But they were very mean, because I was then nearly twenty-one, you know, and they wanted me to be a freshman. I was a teacher of French, I studied archaeology; I mean I really knew a lot more than a freshman of eighteen. And what I really resented at NYU was the conversation of those eighteen-year-olds, they bored me to death: about how they will, you know, date this one and not date this one and... And I never dated somebody in my life, at twenty-one, you see? So it was such a boring time for me to be at NYU!

Q. How interesting!

A. I had never gone out.

Q. In other words, girls, the way you were brought up, weren't allowed to go out on dates?
A. No, in my family we didn't go out with boys and things, you know? Except in Egypt I did go out but always chaperoned. I even went to university chaperoned. Always.

Q. Who chaperoned you?
A. My maid, and then the chauffeur came and picked me up when the class finished.

Q. And you went to dances?
A. Yes, I did.

Q. In Egypt?
A. Yes.

Q. But there was always a chaperone.
A. There was always a brother or a sister or somebody, never alone. But I never really had any connections with boys.

Q. Then it was a culture shock to come over here and find that .
A. No, nothing shocked me because I'm very flexible. [laughs] You have to be flexible when you move a lot.

Q. Hanina, what were your first feelings about arriving here?
A. I hated it. I hated it because I was so lonesome and so many people. I hate crowds and I loved our home in Cairo. It was near the Nile and I loved the sunset near the Nile and it was so nice. You know, I loved it in Egypt, and all of a sudden I had to come here and, oh, I didn't like it a bit. Really, it took me time, you know? And then, you know, every thing is so easy and all year around you have roses and it's so pleasant. But it's not the Cairo of now. Now it's terrible, Cairo has become terrible. It has become like Bombay, like India, too crowded and all that. But at that time it was so pleasant.

Q. When was the last time you were back there?
A. Well, I went for archaeology like eight or ten years ago. But otherwise, living there for three years was really fantastic, I loved it.

Q. And there, also, your parents had a lot of visitors?
A. All the time. That's one thing, we always had friends.

Q. Did they have a large house there?
A. Oh yes, everywhere. A lot of help. My father could just say to my mother, I'm bringing three people for lunch, so there was lunch for three more people. It's always abundance.

Q. Well, then you graduated from NYU.
A. No, I didn't! I couldn't stay more than one year and I felt the place was so ugly. I always was in beautiful schools. At that time it was ugly; now it's not so ugly. But I hated it, hated it, and I hated those girls, the conversation. You know, when we first came here... My mother was a person who could never decide and I loved to decide. So she said, You have to come with me to buy furniture. I said, Mother, I know nothing about furniture. She said, But you know I cannot decide. A daughter has to come with me. Your older sister, Helen, is not here, so you have to come. I said, okay. So I went with my mother to buy furniture. Because I had studied Islamic art, I had a great feeling for proportions after a few days I would tell, you know, the man who helped us with the furniture,

I like this chair because, I don't like this chair because. He said, How did you know? You're telling me the right thing. I said, I see it. He said, Mrs. Zilkha, you cannot come without your daughter anymore because she knows. So I really helped furnish the apartment . We had gorgeous rugs, you know, that we had --

Q. What did she do with the furniture from Egypt?

A. Oh, no, no, we always left things there. I don't know, people took... Oh no, my brother went to live in that apartment. But we brought rugs, we had rugs sent, you see? So we had always lovely, lovely rugs.

Q. You must have had beautiful rugs.

A. We did. Beautiful rugs, silk and all kinds of things, and my father always bought the best. And so the furniture was my taste and it was lovely. So when I hated NYU so much, so I felt, why don't I become an interior decorator? So I went to Parsons. But I didn't like their method, because I had to draw and draw and draw and draw and draw all day long, you know, five days a week. All of a sudden I got cramps, artist's cramp, because in Egypt I was playing the piano and I got an artist's cramp. I was very naughty, I worked on leather also, and I decided I had to finish something and I hurt my muscles, and once you get a weakness in your muscles, it's like a tennis elbow. So all of a sudden, six months after I was at Parsons, I couldn't hold a pencil anymore. So all of a sudden my great idea of becoming an interior decorator [laughs] was scratched and I was very, very unhappy because I loved interior decorating, I thought, you know. So anyhow, a friend said, But, you know, you can learn interior decorating just with lectures. Go to the New York School of Interior Design, which is near here, you know? And I loved that school, really. Oh, I loved their method! It was lectures given by decorators and I thought it was better than going to the theater, and I finished, you know, with flying colors and all that. But guess what? I don't like to be a decorator, but I like the knowledge that I acquired.

Q. But it helped you in your art?

A. A lot, yes. Everything helped me with my art. And then eventually when we moved to Scarsdale, I took flower arranging. That helped me a lot for my art too.

Q. Really?

A. Yes, everything. The Islamic art, you know, studying about art at NYU, where I got good grades, and then interior decorating, you know, and flower arranging. All was very good background for me for my art eventually.

Q. I'm changing the subject a little, but did you have a large wedding?

A. No, I had a war wedding.

Q. Oh, you were married during the war?

A. Yes. My husband was in the army, in the infantry, and we were married and, three days later, he left.

Q. Oh! How long was he overseas?

A. No, no, he left to go to California. Then I had to go and join him in California and he said he's going to be in California for three months. But when I arrived in California, he said, no, his division is leaving in one month, and that was awful. To be a war bride is the most horrible experience ever. But anyhow, this too shall pass. [laughs] That 's my favorite saying.

Q. Well, then when he came back you had your children?

A. Oh, not right away, no. Because he came back so nervous and so...oh, it was awful!

Q. Where was he sent?

A. Oh, the Philippines -- infantry -- and Okinawa .

Q. He was in the infantry?

A. Yes. I mean it really was horrible, a horrible experience. That was maybe one of my most awful experiences, to be a war bride. But, you know, there's always a silver lining to every cloud: I became an American citizen right away.

Q. Oh, good, Hanina! What was your feeling?

A. Well, the man would not write my name, Hanina Zilkha Shasha. He said, Three difficult names. I want you to go and sit half an hour and think up three different names, and for nothing I'll change all three names. I said, I cannot. My father wants me to be called after his mother; my father was still alive. Zilkha is my maiden name and I'm keeping my maiden name. And Shasha, my husband is in the war. What do you want me to change the name for? That's it. So I still kept my name. [laughs]

Q. But you did have a great feeling of pride and happiness when you became a citizen.

A. No. My husband wasn't here. I really paid a big price to become a citizen, to tell you the truth. It was difficult. Now I love America, and you know why I love America? Because America helped me become three hundred and sixty degrees big, you see? French education made you shy... Made you aware of a lot of things, but, you know, I don't know what they do to you in French education, but they stifle you. But coming to America, I feel expanded and now I love America a lot. But no, in the beginning it was very difficult, really it was. The most difficult thing was going to Scarsdale.

Q. Let's go on to that.

A. Because Scarsdale is a small place for somebody who loves a big city.

Q. Why did you move there?

A. Ah! Everything to please my husband. Because he grew up in a house. I grew really, from the age of seven and a half, in an apartment in Beirut and so on and so forth. So he had to be in a house; an apartment, he was suffocating. My father begged him not to let me stay there. We have a gorgeous house in Scarsdale. So anyhow, I was most unhappy for twenty years. I hate suburbs! But anyhow, now I adjusted.

Q. Well, that's where you brought your children up.

A. That 's one of the redeeming features for me. I was displaced, you know, I moved so many places, but my children will have roots. You see, I'm rootless. I am completely rootless.

Q. Yes. And you want your children to have roots.

A. You know, I preferred to suffer so my children had roots.

Q. Do you want to talk about your kids? What are their names?

A. They're my best friends. Carol. Carol is forty-three now and she has three children, and Robert is forty, just turned forty two days ago, and Dennis is thirty-five and a half. And so I'm very proud of them and they're my best friends, and each one, I helped them become what is the best in them, I mean, fit in the right track, and I really did help them a lot that way.

Q. And your grandchildren, what are their names? And whose children are they?

A. Carol has three children: Jeffrey, who is going to be bar mitzvah in October; Ariana, who is eight; and Nicholas, who's a year and a half. And then Robert is not married yet and he's in real estate, and Dennis is a professor at NYU in computer science and they have a little daughter called Cloe.

Q. I'd be interested to know what family traits, from your many experiences, are passed down to your children.

A. Well, to tell you the truth, because we had a lot of company at home., I have a lot of company, my daughter has all the time a lot of company, and we feel very, very good, you know, giving parties and being surrounded by friends. I think we're very hospitable, and, you know, we don't make things difficult, we make things easy. Things are easy for us.

Q. Is there anything special you've done to reinforce their culture?

A. Yes. You see, I wanted the children not to be shy, so I used to give a lot of parties Sunday noon, because that's the time my father used to like to come to me, and I always had mothers and children. For instance, if my daughter was six, there was a girl of six with her mother and father. If my son was...you know. And they had to know how to become hosts actually, so from the time they were little, they grew up, they knew how to be hosts.

Q. Did your sons ever want to go into the banking business?

A. Oh, we were never asked, the girls. We had nothing to do.

Q. No, I didn't know if your father wanted his grandsons to go into it.

A. Forget it! We're girls, we're not boys. You don't know how awful it is to be a girl. That's how it is. And, you know, even the children of the boys of my brothers, they feel superior.

Q. Really?

A. Yes!

Q. Even to this day? Wow!

A. It's not funny.

Q. No, it's not funny, it's sad.

A. It's really sad, but that's how it is. Don't you think life is a theater?

Q. Like a Shakespeare theater.

A. Yes! Life is really...I mean it's a tragicomedy.

Q. Oh, boy! Do you want to talk about any important events in your children's lives, or as you as a family?

A. Well, I tell you. I'm very proud of my children because they never took drugs, and my daughter, at forty-three, drug was not in yet. But my son, who's forty, drugs had started and many of his friends took drugs and he didn't. But I was very influential that way. I didn't know anything about drugs. So there was a course at the New School about, you know, drugs and their effects and all that. I took that class to know what it was all about and that teacher brought people who had taken LSD and other kinds of drugs, and that way I became very aware. So Robert was at the University of Pennsylvania. We were very close, I used to write them letters a lot or call them, and then one week he said, Mama, I have to tell you something. My friends take marijuana, and I said, Did you? He said, Yes. I said, You hated it, didn't you? He said, No, it's not bad at all. I said, Robert, come home this weekend. The whole weekend I talked and talked and talked to him and I said, you know, I remember at your age how hard it is to be growing, to be growing in a natural way, but to be growing and to add drugs to your life will be a very complicated thing. He said, But what do you expect me to do? All my friends do it. I said, Are you a sheep? If all the sheep go to the water, would you do that? Don't be foolish. So he said, What do you expect me to do? I said, Look... My mother always had a cane, you know, something was wrong with her legs and things like that when she was growing older. So I said, Why can't you go to the hospital... He loved my mother. Why can't you go and work for people like your grandmother who have the same problem? He was so kind, he listened to me. I'm really grateful for that. So he went and volunteered. So while his friends were taking marijuana or whatever, he volunteered.

You see, one thing, my children are not group people. I was never a group person.

Q. I know, I know.

A. I don't know how to function in a group. But it's good and bad, because in America, if you're not part of a group, you are really left out. So my children... I mean sometimes I wonder, maybe that's why he 's not married, because he didn't do what everybody did at the time that they did. I mean it was good because he didn't take drugs, but is it good really? I don't know. But I think it is. I think it is, because at least he didn't go into drugs. And then the younger one, Dennis... I would look every weekend about he TV programs, and whenever I saw a program about drugs, I said, We have a date today, at a certain time you're coming with me to the sun room and we're going to listen to that program. And with him, he liked to be healthy, so we saw on TV how unhealthy it is to take drugs and I really pushed that down his throat and it helped and he never took drugs. So it's good. I'm very lucky.

Q. You are.

A. Very, very. But I worked hard on it and I loved doing it. You see, I'm a born mother.

Q. You love your children --

A. Not only that. I was already the mother of my three little brothers and sisters.

Q. Yes, when you came over here, of course.

A. No, no, always . I mean whenever I was home, I felt.. You know, I was a forgotten child — right? — so I gave myself a function, you know, for my ego. Nobody did something for my ego, not my father, not my mother, so I gave myself a function at home. I was very important because I cared for them. Really, Ezra and Selim, my two brothers, I used to see that they did their home-work, I used to check. I gave myself that function.

Q. And then you went on and did it for your own --

A. And then afterwards when I had my own children, I didn't even have to read books about that, how to bring up children. I already had mine.

Q. Did you ever have any time to do volunteer work with children?

A. You know, I don't know how to do volunteer work, I find that too difficult. But I mean I was always involved at home to do with my children.

Q. Well, you 're involved with American Jewish Committee and I know Alfred's on the board.

A. Yes. But I'm not a group person, I don 't like groups. So I do a lot of charity, but private charity. I give a lot of personal things.

Q. Now, what were your aspirations for your children as they were growing up?

A. I just wanted them to be doing what is good for them, that's all, and each are in the right track and I'm really proud of that. My daughter is an artist.

Q. Oh, is she?

A. She's a textile designer and then many other things, and, above all, a wonderful mother. I'm very glad she's not working now because I think it's more important to take care of that new baby, you know, a year and a half old.

Q. She 's forty-three and she has a year-and-a-half-old child?

A. Yes, but she had two other children. And then each one is doing something he loves to do. Robert is in real estate and he loves it, and Dennis is a professor and he loves it. So that's good. That's the best.

Q. He's very brilliant, to be a professor.

A. Well, he was brilliant. He had 800 in his math SAT. Dennis, yes. He was at Horace Mann, then at Yale, and then when he was at Yale, IBM gave him a job. He didn't ask for a job, they gave him a job, they recruited him. And then when he was working in Peekskill, or Poughkeepsie -- one of them, I don't know -- at IBM, he said, Can I go at night and study for my master's? They said, By all means. And then finally he went to Harvard and took a Ph.D. in computer science.

Q. Computer science. With our last few minutes, is there anything you wanted to especially talk about or any stories you want to --

A. Not really. I'm very grateful that I'm here in America, I really am. And I've been very sick in my life, but when I was very, very sick, I was grateful that I was here and not in Timbuktu. [laughs] Well, I never went to Timbuktu.

Q. You are a very upbeat person, I can see that.

A. I am, I am, and I like to be.

Q. I'll ask you one more question. What is your feeling about the future of the Mideast, of the Persian Gulf, of the area?

A. You know what I would like? I would like people to go and see a movie that was an eye-opener, but it's not in New York anymore: Not Without My Daughter. It's a movie that everybody should see to know what the Moslems are all about, and I think what's sad is that here in America they deal with Moslems and they don't really know what they are. They should know. They don't think like the Americans, they don't behave like the Americans. They should see that movie, Not Without My Daughter. You know, it's Sally Fields. But they don't want that movie around because it's not good for the Moslems to be seen the way they are.

Q. Well, can you tell me a little, because I'm sure a lot of people --

A. No. This movie should be seen by everybody so they know what the Moslems are all about. They are really, really awful.

Q. Well, if somebody wants to know in five years, the movie may not be around. Tell me a little about what they're --

A. Well, they threatened her, because they don't want to be seen the way they are, the Moslems. They don't think like the Americans, and I think it's such a pity, you have to know your enemy in order to know how to deal with your enemy. You have to know their psychology. You have to know the way they think, and they don't think like the Americans at all.

Q. In Baghdad, I know there have been a lot of riots against Jews and, you know, luckily it was after you left, or a lot before you left.

A. No, the creation of Israel did it.

Q. The '72 war did.

A. Not '72, I think '58 or whatever. '48, '58, I don't know the date exactly. But I want to tell you really, really and truly... What as I going to say?

Q. About the Moslems.

A. Well, they're really a special breed. They're terrible. They really are. They are really awful. And you know what? They're braggarts. Like Saddam Hussein told them that he won the war when he lost the war. It's like an eleven-year-old child. He will promise you this and that and I'm going to do this and I'm going to do that, and it's not true! People have to get to know the Arabs more.

Q. How about the higher-class ones that your father would have known?

A. Oh, well, they were educated.

Q. Education makes the difference?

A. The whole difference! They were educated. I mean Saddam Hussein never went to school in America or anywhere. He's really an ignorant man. Very intelligent, very cool. I mean a sadist. But he really doesn't know anything about European or Western ways. Nothing.

Q. And the only way they'll learn is through education.

A. But I would like people in America to know more about the Arabs because they're going to deal with them nowadays and they have to know, and it's a pity that movie left New York.

Q. Well, you have a big contribution to make, if you could tell people that .

A. I told everybody, but nobody wanted to suffer. You suffer when you see that movie, it's so horrible. [laughs] So I told a lot of people, but nobody went.

Q. Rod and I will certainly go and see it.

A. No, it's not here.

Q. Well, you know, we can probably get a tape of it.

A. Maybe .

(End of Side One -- beginning Side Two]

A. My name is Hanina Z. Shasha. I was born in Baghdad, Iraq. We are descendants of the Babylon Jews. My family moved a lot. My father was a banker. What do you want me to say?

Q. Hanina, this is Ellen Scholle interviewing you and, with your permission, this interview will go to the public library in New York on 42nd Street. As you know, this project is called the American Jews of Sephardic Origin, but you have told me that you're not Sephardic Jewish. But would you describe yourself?

A. Well, the Sephardic Jews are the people who left Spain. We were never in Spain. In 580 B.C. we were taken by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylonia and that's why we are Babylonian Jews.

Q. Well, how far back can you trace your own roots?

A. There was a temple, the Zilkha Temple, my maiden name. That temple was built in the twelfth century.

Q. Tell me more about your family.

A. Well, we are Cohenim. I'm sure you know what Cohenim is.

Q. No, I don't.

A. Well, you know, we are the priestly... You know, we're not Levis, we are not Israelites, we are Cohenim.

Q. That means the priestly class.

A. Yes.

Q. Okay. And so you can trace your roots?

A. No, I cannot personally, but I do know about that temple. That's all.

Q. And when did your own family come to Baghdad?

A. We are Babylonian Jews, 580 B.C. But we left Baghdad in 1927 and I was seven and a half then.

Q. Well, tell me about your home in Baghdad.

A. Our home was near the Tigris and, like all homes in Baghdad, there was a courtyard. From the outside, everything is closed up -- you have to have privacy in the Middle East and the garden and everything was indoors. In the summer it's very warm and we didn't have air conditioning, of course, so we slept on the terrace under the stars. But that's it.

Q. But you must have had a very large and beautiful home.

A. Oh, very, because we were many children. We were seven of us. Every family, there were seven, eight, nine, but of course some of the children die. My mother had many more than seven children; only seven alive.

Q. Oh dear! Well, where do you fit in?

A. I was the middle one of seven. I had two older brothers, two younger brothers, one older sister, one younger sister. I was the pivot.

Q. Are they all alive now?

A. No, unfortunately two of them died.

Q. Well, have you kept up with the others?

A. Oh yes. I have a brother who is in Zurich, Abdallah Zilkha; I have a brother, Ezra Zilkha, who is in New York; and I have a brother, Selim Zilkha, who is in Bel Aire in California. And I have a sister in New York, Helen Simon.

Q. Good American name .

A. Yes. I'm called Hanina because my grandmother was called Hannah and I was always very small, so Hanina is a nickname for Hannah. And she died, unfortunately, six months before I was born, so I'm stuck with that name .

Q. Was this your mother's —

A. My father's mother, and he loved his mother and I could never change that name, not even to Jane, which would be the translation.

Q. I like it.

A. I don't. I didn't for a long time, but I got used to it. (laughs)

Q. Well, tell me about your family life then. You must have been a very close family.

A. Oh yes, very close family. We had many cousins because my mother comes from a family of eight, six girls and two boys, and a lot of cousins. And it was always very cheerful and happy at home and so it was lovely. But when we left, when I was seven and a half, and we went to Beirut, all of a sudden I had no cousins.

Q. Well, that's what I wanted to come to later. Your family stayed in Baghdad?

A. Well, no. I mean all of my mother's brothers and sisters stayed in Baghdad, all of my father's sisters stayed in Baghdad, but we moved to Beirut.

Q. Well, first of all, Hanina, were you born at home or in a hospital?

A. Oh yes, we were always born at home. I know one thing, that there was no formula, so you always had a milk...How do you call them? Those ladies who --

Q. Oh yes.

A. My mother never had good milk.

Q. They did that in the South, I think, around the Civil War times. Nursed by a substitute.

A. That's right, I was nursed by a substitute.

Q. Was she a Moslem?

A. Oh, no, no, Jewish.

Q. A Jewish woman.

A. Yes, a Jewish woman. She had her own child, so she had enough milk for the two of us.

Q. Oh! And I'm sure you had a nurse growing up.

A. Oh, we had governesses in Beirut.

Q. Do you remember them?

A. Oh, I have a very good memory. But in Baghdad, frankly, I have a few recollections.

Q. Well, I'd love to hear about Baghdad and then we'll get to Beirut later.

A. Yes. In Baghdad, a child of two or three will always get a boil, and the girls, most of the time, will get their boils on the face, unfortunately. I had three boils on my face and that's very sad because it stays on a person for one year, and you can be a pretty child and all of a sudden you can be disfigured. But I had a very intelligent grandmother who advised my mother on something very simple to do. We had to have a goat, and every morning they would come, take me and put me under the goat and milk the goat on top of my face, and this is how I was cured and nobody knows that I really had those boils. I could have been disfigured forever, but because of that wonderful old-fashioned remedy, I'm not.

Q. And this was your mother's mother who knew that.

A. My mother's mother was a brilliant woman.

Q. Let's talk about her.

A. She was a woman of the Bible, she was such an intelligent person. She knew so many parts of the Bible by heart and any time there was a problem, she will bring up an example of the Bible. I just adored that woman. I was closer to my grandmother than to my mother.

Q. And she really influenced your whole life, I can see.

A. My whole life, yes.

Q. And did she teach you a lot about the Bible then?

A. Well, you know, I always wanted to hear her words of wisdom. And what's interesting is, I see now in my granddaughter a lot of the wisdom that my grandmother had, so it's very exciting.

Q. What was her name?

A. Simha, which is Joyce really, so many of her grand children after she died were called Joyce.

Q. Did she live with you?

A. No, no.

Q. She had her own home?

A. Yes, she had her own home. But when she became a widow, she came to Beirut where we were. My mother was her favorite daughter. In Baghdad, when you have so many children, the parents have favorites and the other children have to accept their position. If they were not favorites, just too bad, and we all knew our place in the family. I was not a favorite, I was a forgotten child, but I survived beautifully.

Q. But you were a favorite of your grandmother.

A. Of my grandmother only.

Q. Okay. [both laugh] So that gave you --

A. Yes, that helped, that helped. But anyhow, I must be a survivor.

Q. How did the sisters and brothers get along?

A. Well, I knew one thing, that my older sister, Helen, was the favorite. I knew one thing, that Ezra, my brother who lives in New York, was the favorite of my father. My oldest brother, Abdallah, was the favorite of my mother. And then the three middle children, we were completely forgotten and neglected emotionally.

Q. My goodness!

A. Oh, it was a very difficult and not happy childhood because of that. But the three of them who were neglected completely, we had cancer. Two of them died, but I'm a survivor.

Q. You are a survivor.

A. Yes. But my youngest brother, Selim, was loved because he knew how--

Q. He was the baby.

A. He was the baby and he knew how to assert himself. I never knew how to assert myself before.

Q. Were women, or girls really, in the family taught not to assert themselves, like in so many families?

A. Yes. Well, but I think my older sister was much luckier than I was. But it's okay.

Q. Well, you are a survivor.

A. Yes. [laughs]

Q. Now, you had governesses.

A. No, that's in Beirut. In Baghdad, when we were very little children, every two children had one maid. We were taken care of by one maid, every two children.

Q. Do you remember family Passovers or family holidays?

A. Yes. Well, we were always at my grandmother's and my grandmother was a very generous, wonderful person and she always had goodies for the grandchildren and we all went and followed her to the goody place. You know, it's the warm feelings about my grandmother.

Q. Did you have any relationship with the native people in Baghdad? With the Moslems or —

A. Oh yes! Oh sure! In school really --

Q. Well, you were very young.

A. No, but I went only to kindergarten and first grade. I went to the Alliance Israelite, which was the most wonderful thing; the most wonderful thing that happened to Baghdad was to have had an Alliance Israelite. It's thanks to the Alliance Israelite that my mother knew how to read and write, and it was fantastic for the girls, because the boys in Baghdad always knew how to read and write because they had to take their bar mitzvah, but the girls were completely neglected. But when the Alliance Israelite was created in the 1800s, towards the end of the 1800s, then the girls could be educated also, but in French. And I'm so grateful to the Alliance Israelite and that's why I worked for them for ten years in New York.

Q. Oh, I didn't know that.

A. Out of gratefulness that my mother was not an ignorant lady.

Q. Yes. Well now, what about most of the Jewish girls?

A. Oh, they all went to that Alliance Israelite. And they were wonderful, because some of the girls, you know, learned sewing there and they became great at sewing also. I mean they did a lot for girls there.

Q. Well, was it a coed school?

A. No, no, there was one for girls, one for boys, but they were all Alliance Israelite.

Q. Well then, what about the Moslem girls?

A. My father was friendly with many Moslem people and my father could have audiences with the king, and the king knew that my father was a Jewish man, a very respectable man who was a banker, and life was very good for the Jews then. I'm talking about to 1927. After that I moved.

Q. I want to ask you, but I was going to ask you later, why you moved.

A. Well, we moved for a very strange reason. A man sent a letter to my father and threatened him, he wanted a ransom or else he'll kill him; for no reason, except that man felt like having some money from a Jewish man. So my father remitted the money and he left because he knew that this man will take the money and kill him anyhow. Why not kill a Jew?

Q. That was in 1927?

A. Yes, it was April seventh that my father left, and I still remember that he left five o'clock in the morning so nobody in Baghdad would know that he was leaving. And my mother was pregnant and she was supposed to have the baby in a few weeks, but, from emotions, she had the baby that day. So I remember we went to school and when we came back every body said, Don't make noise, don't make noise, your mother is having a baby. So my youngest brother, Selim, was born. So they telegraphed my father, who was half way between Baghdad and Damascus, and they said, Your wife had a baby. So he said, I arrived here safe and sound, and Selim means safe and sound, so that's why my brother is called Selim.

Q. Oh, how interesting!

A. Yes. And then my father proceeded to go to Damascus and from Damascus to Beirut.

Q. But he had to leave so quickly.

A. But he was a banker. When you're a banker, you can leave, you're very free. [laughs] But you have to be flexible in life. Then my mother, of course, had to wait until the baby was a little bit older, and my grandmother said, You're not to leave until the baby is forty days old. So forty days later, my mother and seven of us left, but of course we could not go across the desert, the Sahara, between Baghdad and Damascus, a woman alone with so many children. We had cooks that were men, so we took the man cook with us, he was a Jewish man, and so he was the man there. And so we went in two cars, I still remember everything about that trip.

Q. You must!

A. Yes. So one night we had to sleep somewhere and then the next day we arrived in Damascus, where my father came to meet us. But then my mother did a big mistake. Whenever the baby was crying, she kept on feeding him and her milk became yogurt, I think, [laughs] or whatever. It made the baby so sick! When we arrived in Damascus we could not go quickly to Beirut, which we were supposed to do. We had to wait for that poor baby to get over his colic.

Q. He was a colicky baby .

A. Well, he wasn't a colicky baby, but my mother made a big mistake. You should stop the car and feed the baby, but you cannot move and feed the baby.

Q. Were you very frightened?

A. I thought it was fantastic, it was an adventure. I love adventure. [laughs]

Q. But I mean what an uprooting of your life! You left your friends, your home.

A. Well, I was seven. Oh yes, that's one thing, you left all your cousins above all. But I learned one thing, that when you leave like that, you don't have cousins anymore, your friends become your extended family, and I always reached out and I always made good friends wherever I went. Because I learned that if I don't make friends I will be alone.

Q. Right. Well, more important, how about your grandmother? Did she leave with you?

A. No. She had a husband. But when her husband died, when she became a widow, my mother being her favorite daughter, so she came and lived in Beirut also.

Q. We're still in Baghdad. What meals did members of your family share together? Did the children eat with the parents or alone?

A. I don't remember, I don't know. But we had so many maids, I suppose we ate with the maids. [laughs] Whatever. I don't remember that.

Q. Well do you remember what you talked about at holidays?

A. No. My father was not too religious, but he always said to me, My religion are my good deeds, and I love that. I think my religion are my good deeds.

Q. I think a lot of us feel that way.

A. Yes. And he was such a good man really. He was a marvelous boss and very often he employed orphans, he trained them in his bank, and people were so appreciative. Of course he liked people to be intelligent, but he gave them a chance and he was a very encouraging man. Instead of cutting wings of people, he encouraged them to become better and he could train them well. I mean we have friends in Geneva who are so grateful to him because they were orphans and he trained them, you see, and they are so wealthy now.

Q. Hanina, where were his banks?

A. My father's banks were in Baghdad. Then when we moved, we went to Lebanon and he was in Beirut. Soon after, he opened a bank in Damascus. Then, there's a reason for us to have moved to Egypt, and so when he moved to Egypt in 1938, he opened a bank in Cairo and Alexandria.

He had five banks —Baghdad, Damascus, Beirut, Cairo, Alexandria and they were all taken by the Arabs. You see, the Jews, we don't complain so much, we just go on with our lives. That's how.

Q. But you said that you never experienced any anti-Semitism when you were in Baghdad?

A. Not in Baghdad, not in Beirut, not ever in my life. I'm a very lucky person.

Q. Except the threat to your father.

A. Oh yes, yes. That man, you know, he was a gangster, he wanted money for nothing, you know, just like that. So my father knew their psychology. You have to know the psychology of the Arabs, they're a very special breed.

Q. Do you want to talk about it at all?

A. Well, I really wish people who deal with the Arabs would know more about them before thinking... They don't think like the Americans, they are quite different, you know? That's it.

Q. Well, that's very fascinating. I think we should all know a little bit more about it. Well, then you left with your mother and your brothers and sisters.

A. Yes. And then after being in Damascus, we went to Beirut, three days later after the baby was feeling better. In Iraq, everything is flat and my mother had never seen a mountain in her life. So my mother was a real Pollyanna kind of person and she was so excited, she said, You know, children, I'm going to love this country, because, see... You know, when you are on top of a mountain and you see in the valley little spots, they're houses, but she thought they were cemeteries. So she said, This country is so marvelous! Even their cemeteries are gorgeous! [both laugh] I'll never forget that.

Q. She had never traveled, I guess, had she?

A. No, no, no, of course not. In 1927, who crossed the desert between Baghdad and ...? You know, very few people.

Q. Did your father travel a lot?

A. My father, yes, had gone to Turkey, because of the Ottoman Empire and all that, and he could even speak Turkish. And my father really was a very interesting person, because at the age of thirteen he opened his bank, believe it or not.

Q. Really?

A. He was brilliant.

Q. Oh, now how did that come about?

A. Well, my father lost his father very young, but my father was brilliant, and all he knew was reading and writing Hebrew for his bar mitzvah. And then when he became an orphan, his uncle took him to Turkey, and he really had no use for going to school. His mother sent him to the Alliance, but he thought it was terribly boring to go to school. He was a financial genius.

Q. Did he work in a bank?

A. No ! No ! No! Nobody trained him. He was a born financial genius.

Q. Well, what circumstances did his own parents live in?

A. You know, in Baghdad ... I mean in the New York Times they said that he started with five hundred dollars. Well, that makes good reading for the American public, but my father's family was, you know, middle class. Unfortunately, his father died when my father was still young and all that. But if you were really low, low class, you could not get middle class easily, unless you left Iraq forever.

Q. It's hard to move from one class to another.

A. Yes, very. But, you know, they did write up my father in the New York Times and they said that, you know, he had nothing and he became so big. It's not true. No, he was middle class. But he was a genius, he really was. Financial genius.

Q. You can be a genius, but it's pretty hard to get to the point where you own five banks.

A. Yes, he was a genius. What can I tell you? There are a few remarkable people in this world who can make it without too much education. [laughs]

Q. You've got a lot to be proud of.

A. Yes. Well, he had a terrific personality, really. I mean, you know, when he entered a room everybody knew a personality entered that room. He had such charisma.

Q. I'll have to read the article about him.

A. Except that they invented a few things.

Q. [both laugh] Well, let's have it from you then, telling more about your father for the tape.

A. Well, my father, what I loved about him was that he was very supple, I mean, you know, nothing was written in stone, you could always reach him and convince him. If he was wrong, he admitted he was wrong, and I think that's greatness, to be so... You know, he wanted to learn, from anybody he would learn. From a five-year-old. If a five-year-old came and, you know, gave him an argument that convinced him, he got convinced, and I like that.

Q. Sometimes the greatest people can do that.

A. He was, he was, and I really loved his presence whenever I was with him. Unfortunately, I was not too much home because I was sent to boarding school when I was eight. But whenever I was home, I enjoyed seeing greatness being so modest.

Q. You learned a lot.

A. Yes. I loved that. I loved to go to his office, just sit down and see him handle people, because as a banker he had to handle people. And he was so kind and so fair and had sense of humor and he was a man who loved life and we always had a lot of company at home and he was very colorful. It was fun to be in his presence.

Q. You had told me you had a lot of company, both in Baghdad and later in Beirut.

A. Oh, all the time. As a banker you have to.

Q. Who were some of the people who came to your home, do you remember?

A. Well, in Baghdad, a lot of the ministers, the Moslem people and all that, you know, they were invited to our home. We always had a very open home.

Q. And there was no discrimination?

A. At that time not really. Israel, the creation of Israel made it that it became very bad in Baghdad. Otherwise it wasn't bad. I mean, you know, my husband was in Baghdad until the age of sixteen and he really loved it there. But, you know, I left much younger, so I know he knows much better.

Q. Of course. Well, you said that he had been invited by the king.

A. Yes, and the king knew he was a Jewish man and a very respectable man, and why not? If my father had to go and talk about something, he accepted that.

Q. Did Jews in Baghdad have important positions?

A. Yes. They were judges, they were doctors, they were bankers, they were businessmen, really, I mean just like in Spain. When the Jews are kicked from a country, the country deteriorates a lot.

Q. Yes, it does. Well, I had read that the Jews in Babylonia contributed so much, and writing was discovered there.

A. Yes. The Talmud.

Q. The Babylonian Talmud.

A. Yes, that's right. I think the first temple was created there.

Q. And Abraham was born in Ur.

A. Yes.

Q. Well, finally you got to Beirut, and you said that at the age of eight you were sent to boarding school.

A. To boarding school. We arrived in Beirut like in May. That little brother was born the seventh of April and when he was forty days old we moved to Lebanon, you know, and then that year, in September, my mother sent to boarding school five of us, and even my younger sister who was six. She kept home only two children, the two babies, they were too young to be sent away.

Q. Hanina, how terrible for you!

A. No.

Q. You didn't miss your --

A. Well, of course I did.

Q. I mean you must have been homesick.

A. Yes. But you know something? When you are eight and you suffer, if you cry in a boarding school, the wall is not going to hug you. So you know how to be self-contained and accept.

Q. And this was another lycee that you went to.

A. It was (??) lycee. In Baghdad, it was the Alliance. But we were extremely lucky because the lady in charge of the people in that boarding school was the most wonderful human being ever, she was really a fantastic substitute mother. Her name was Madame Olivier and I loved her dearly. My mother is a very lucky person because, I mean, somebody really replaced her in a nice way, and my mother used to help her a lot financially afterwards. You know, after we left Beirut, when she needed financial help, she helped her because she really was so grateful to her that she had been so good to all of us. And then before she died I went to thank her, because I felt really she was... My grandmother and Madame Olivier were really the mothers I had.

Q. They were the two mothers that you had.

A. Yes. Because you have to replace your mother when your mother doesn't pay attention to you.
[laughs]

Q. It's hard!

A. Well, but that's okay.

Q. Did you go back to Beirut --

A. Many times.

Q. -- to see Madame --

A. Madame Oliver? No, no, no. Madame Olivier left Beirut when the war broke out, and so I went to see her when she was in an old people's home in Nice.

Q. Oh, that was nice.

A. Yes, that was thirty-five years ago. And then I asked her, I said, What made you so good to us? You were so fantastic. She said because she had had a very bad marriage and she had a daughter and she lost her daughter. So we were all her children, seventeen of us, seventeen boarders were her children and she really treated us like her children. Whenever we did something right or wrong, she always read to us a fable of La Fontaine, which is like the fables of Aesop, and, you know, my way of doing things in life have been dictated by those fables, thanks to her.

Q. That is wonderful!

A. She was wonderful. And then when I was very good, so she said, I want to reward you, what do you want? What can I do for you? I said, Please, teach me English. I always loved English.

Q. That's what I wanted to ask you.

A. So as a reward, she would teach --

Q. How old were you?

A. Maybe, I don't know, I was ten, eleven. But I wanted to learn English, I thought that was the most wonderful language to know. So she always...to reward me, and then of course afterwards at the Lycee Francais I had English classes.

Q. Well, let me go back a minute. Did you speak Hebrew at home?

A. Not at all. Arabic.

Q. Arabic. And did you ever learn Hebrew?

A. No.

Q. Well, how many languages do you speak now?

A. Only three. I speak Arabic; French, because I went to the Lycee Francais, at the Lycee Francais I could only speak French all week, and then when we came home over the weekend, of course, I spoke Arabic with my parents. And then eventually I learned English. [laughs]

Q. Good for you! Then you were at the lycee. did you go home? How often?

A. Once a week. Classes finished Saturday noon and so the driver would come and pick us up and we would go home, and then Sunday night we were taken back to boarding school.

Q. How did you spend your weekend?

A. Going to church with my governess.

Q. Church?

A. Yes. [laughs] I was a forgotten child, as I told you, so on Sunday morning nobody paid attention to me, so I went to church with my governess. So that's it.

Q. What was your new home like in Beirut?

A. Well, after Baghdad, where my mother had a tremendous home, she didn't want to be in a house anymore, she wanted to be in an apartment, so we had a very big apartment . But always apartments that had a view on the water. In Baghdad we had a view on the Tigris, in Beirut we had a view on the Mediterranean. When we moved later on to Cairo, we had a view on the Nile.

Q. Oh, you moved to Cairo?

A. Afterwards, yes.

Q. Well, I want to go back again to Baghdad. Did you see the palace or the hanging gardens or any of the great sights?

A. Believe it or not, I was only seven years old, but I still remember Ptessiphant. Ptessiphant is... when you learn about art, one of the pictures they show you in art books is that vault, that vaulted Assyrian palace. I still remember that I was seven only -- and I remember the Babylonian lion.

Q. And the hanging gardens must have been --

A. No, that I don't remember. But my father loved nature, so every weekend we always went somewhere to see beautiful things and all of that. But really, I don't know too much about Baghdad, except I still...sometimes when I go to places where there are spices, I remember the smells of the souk of Baghdad that we had to cross; we had to cross that souk in order to go from our home to the Alliance Israelite. By the way, to go to school, we always had to have a Moslem guard take us to school.

Q. Did you walk?

A. Yes, it wasn't too far. But we had to have a guard, we could not walk alone, and when my mother left the house in Baghdad, there was always that guard who followed her, and when she walked she was covered. Moslem ladies always were covered in black, like you see them now on TV sometimes. A Jewish lady could have colorful...you know, something that covers their dress, but they were not to be seen, so they had --

Q. Their face.

A. Yes, their face, and also the dress they were wearing could not be seen. But because we were Jewish we did not have to be in black.

Q. Well, when you went to the souk, what were the smells and the sights?

A. Well, a few years ago I was in Egypt and we went to a souk and I told my husband, Oh, that's it, I'm back in Baghdad now with all those smells. [laughs] But I was so young; still, you know, those I remember.

Q. They've lived with you.

A. It's like Proust, you know? [laughs]

Q. When you got to Beirut, was it very different?

A. Well, Beirut was a lovely place to grow up in. Beautiful city, clean, lovely. Mostly Christian. We had wonderful help, the food was delicious. Everything about Beirut was so lovely, and we loved swimming, everybody in the family loved swimming, and we used to go, you know, from May on, like before... School started at eight, but at seven we were swimming already, I mean it was warm enough to swim, and then we went to school, we were taken to the lycee. You know, I was in boarding school seven years in my life: five first years, boarding; then not boarding, four years half-boarding, you know, just staying from morning until night. So we could go and swim, and I loved it then.

Q. And then when did you move to Egypt?

A. Well, then when I was seventeen I was sent to Europe, because my father felt that every child of his had to go to Europe for two years; no more than two years, for two years. So the three older brothers and sister went to England. I went to Switzerland with my younger sister for two years. During the time that I was in Switzerland, my father moved to Egypt. There is a reason for that too. My youngest brother developed asthma.

Q. The baby.

A. Yes, the baby, who is a remarkable person, by the way. Brilliant, brilliant, brilliant. [laughs]

Q. Like his father.

A. You know, I'll tell you what he did. He finished college, Williams College, at seventeen and a half.

Q. Oh boy!

A. Okay? So he was brilliant. So that brother had asthma while we were in Beirut. He developed it at the age of three or four, because one day he had a very bad cold and his nurse decided she had to take him out, no matter what, to go and see, I don't know, a friend, and there was a lot of fog, and with his bad cold, from there on he had asthma.

Q. Did the nurses decide --

A. Well, you know, my mother was so busy, with so many children and, above all, herself, you know.

Q. Did she do any volunteer work, or she didn't have time?

A. No time.

Q. No such thing as volunteer work?

A. No. You know, just to dress seven children, to dress herself — and she loved herself — that took a long time. [laughs] And we had company all the time. So there was no such thing as volunteer work. But anyhow, so that young brother got asthma and he could not go to school until he was nine. So all the time he had to be sent away to dry places, because Beirut was not dry for him; terrible weather for him, Beirut was. So he was sent with a governess, you know, away from home. So finally Father said, But that boy cannot have only private lessons, he has to go to school. So somebody said, Mr. Zilkha, there is a wonderful school in Egypt, near Cairo, so they sent Selim there for two months. He came back speaking English already; he didn't know a word of English before. But it was fantastic for him, and then Father said, Oh, no, I'm not going to be far from my son, he's so young and all that. So he said, I'm going to open a bank in Cairo. So it's because of Selim that he opened a branch in Cairo, and we all loved Egypt, it was a wonderful place to be in then.

Q. How long were you there?

A. Personally, I was there only three years.

Q. Did you go to school there?

A. Yes. And my classmates were Mrs. Eban and my sister's classmate was Ora Herzog.

Q. Oh boy! What were your impressions of them?

A. Well, they were our best friends. They were not famous then. [laughs] But they married well. [laughs] Very well.

[End of Interview]



Lilkha Family, Cairo 1940
Front Center: Helen, Ronnie, Elic, Zmira
Rest: Ezra, Hanina, Selim, David, Baba, Nana, Abdullah, Maurice, Bertie

March, 1998

ZILKHA FAMILY TREE

Our Great Grandparents

1) Baba's Parents

Aboudi Zilkha and Hannah Shasha
(Textile Merchant)

B) Nana's Parents

Eliahou Bashi and Simha Gourgj
(Merchant)

Our Grandparents

Khedouri A. Zilkha (BABA) and Louise Bashi (NANA)
(1884-1956) (1894-1989)

Their Children

Abdullah (b. 1/7/13)	- wife Zmira Mani
Helen (b. 2/24/16)	- husband David Simon
Maurice (1917-1964)	- wife Elena Paraskeviad
Hanina (b. 9/19/19)	- husband Alfred Shasha
Bertie (1921-1962)	
Ezra (b. 7/31/25)	- wife Cecile Iny
Selim (b. 4/7/27)	- constant companion Mary Haley

Our cousins and their children listed by the children of Khedouri and Louise.

1) Abdullah and Zmira

- A) Elie (b. 1936) - married Jillie (Setton)
Children: - David (b. 1968) married Karen Cooper June 7, 1998
- Elaine (b. 1971) married Nabil Fattal
Son - Emil Zebede Fattal (b. 2/3/98)
(The natural mother of David and Elaine is Jill (Slotover) Ritblatt)
- B) Daniel (b. 1942) - married Franny (Rogers)
Children: - Leonora (b. 1973)
- Nathaniel (b. 1975)
- Rebecca (b. 1978)
- Zmira (b.. 1984)

C) Ruthie (b. 1945)

2) Helen and David

- A) Ronnie (b. 1938) - married Anne Hartman
Children: - Cheryl (b. 1965) married Matthew Eccles
Son - Wesley David (b. 10/5/95)
Daughter - Claire Helene (b. 10/22/98)
- Daniel (b. 2/3/69) married Sarah Boersma
Son - Nicholas Isaac (b. 9/30/97)
- Eric (b. 2/3/69) married to Amy Glaspey
Daughter - Marisa Estelle (b. 1/12/98)
- B) Edwin (b. 11/10/40) - married Argie Tsangaris
Children: - Alexander (b. 7/13/78)
- Peter (b. 3/25/82)
- C) Jamil (b. 3/7/46)
Children: - Adam (b. 9/23/73)
- Leila (b. 3/5/78)

- D) Victor (b. 1949) - married Kathie Koenig
Children - Aaron (b.2/1/88)
- Ben (b. 12/24/89)
- 3) Maurice and Elena
 - A) Doris (b. 1946) - married Eric Bayersdorf
Children - Karine (b. 1968) married to Francois Zimeray
Son - Rafael (b. 1997)
 - B) Philippe (b. 1949)
- 4) Hanina and Alfred
 - A) Carol (b. 2/7/48) - married Joseph Green
Children - Jeffrey (b. 7/23/78)
- Ariana (b. 5/26/82)
- Nicky (b. 7/23/89)
 - B) Robert (b. 3/11/51) - married Ellen Aschendorf
Children - Jordan (b.8/27/94)
- David (b. 5/26/98)
- Caroline (b. 7/20/2000)
 - C) Dennis (b. 8/15/55) - married Karen Shashoua
Children - Cloe (b. 3/8/88)
- Tyler (b. 3/26/94)
- 5) Bertie (Former husband was Henry Seroussi)
 - A) Leila (b. 4/8/1947)
 - B) Johnathan (1948-1958?)
 - C) Jennifer (1954-1973)
 - D) Sylvia (b. 1955) - married Noel Chatroux
Children: - Louisa (b. 1989)
- Isabelle (b. 1993)
 - E) Richard (b. 1957) - married Louisa Turner
Children: - Allie (b. 7/18/92)
- Daniel (b. 7/12/96)
- 6) Ezra and Cecile
 - A) Donald (b. 1951) - married Valerie Kleinprintz
Children: - Alexandre Selim Khedouri (b. 10/5/97)
 - B) Donna (b. 1954) - married Bill Krisel
Children: - Alexis (b. 1986)
- Rebecca (b. 1987)
- Laetitia (b. 1994)
 - C) Bettina (b. 1959)
- 7) Selim (Former wife was Diane Bashi)
 - A) Michael (b. 9/26/54) - married Nina O'Leary
Children: - Lucinda (b. 12/25/83)
- Daniel (b. 2/21/92)
 - B) Nadia (b. 11/12/55) - married Tadzio Wellisz
Children: - Julian (b. 1/26/88)
- Daniela (b. 1/6/86)

THE FAMILY OF KHEDOURI ZILKHA

- His Great Grandfather: Saleh
- His Father: Aboudi Zilkha (1862-1904) (Note Aboudi was the Jewish name. Later, Kedouri's eldest son, our dear Uncle Abdullah was named after him - this was more of an Arabic name)
- His Mother: Hannah Shasha
(Daughter of Moshi and Rachel Shasha)
- Children: (In birth order)
- Khedouri (first born) (b.1884)
 - LouLou - she married Nassim Hay and had these children:
Abdullah, Yousef, Khatoon, Abraham, and Yamen
 - Ariza - married Shaoul Zbeda and had these children:
Margeritt (Iny), Simha (Irani), Hanina (Mashaal)
 - Naimi - married Meir Yadide
Children: Rachel Kehala, Abrahm, Abdullah, Jacob, Hanina (Dallal)
 - Saleh Gourgi - (died at 15 in 1904 from cholera. He was a brilliant young man and an excellent painter and printer. He helped his father with his textile designs.
 - Mouzli - married Moshie Jiji
Children: Salim, Shafica (Sourani), Saida (Zilkha), Hanna (Jiji)
 - Victoria - (Toya) married Khedouri Tweg
Children: Moshie, Abdullah, Simha (Michael), Hanna (Doody), Souham (Mslawi)



*Simha Bashi (Mother of Louise Bashi)
Baghdad, 1925*

She is wearing traditional Jewish biblical dress. She was a woman of great wisdom.

THE BASHI FAMILY TREE
Eliahou Bashi (1850 - 1930) & Simha Gourgj (1860 - 1940)

- 1) Habiba (1880 - 1951) married Khedouri Shohet
 - 1.1. Nessim (1898 - 1987) married Bertha Levy
 - 1.1.1. Farah (b. 1937) married to Steve Hay
 - 1.1.2. 1.1.1.1. Diana (b. 1962)
 - 1.1.1.2. Helena (b. 1966)
 - 1.1.1.3. Ezra (b. 1967)
 - 1.1.1.4. David (b. 1968)
 - 1.1.2. Khedoury (b. 1939) married Helen xxx
 - 1.1.2.1. Michael (b. 1972)
 - 1.1.2.2. Simon (b. 1974)
 - 1.1.3. Kathy (b. 1943) married to Emil Cohen
 - 1.1.3.1. Tania (b. 1974)
 - 1.1.3.2. Mark (b. 1976)
 - 1.1.4. Samir (Samira's twin brother, b. 1945) married to Estelle xxx
 - 1.1.4.1. David
 - 1.1.4.2. Jamie
 - 1.1.4.3. Adam
 - 1.1.5. Samira (Samir's twin sister, b.1945) married to Elie Hay
 - 1.1.5.1. Nina
 - 1.1.5.2. Simon
 - 1.2. Victoria (1900 - 1979) married Leon Shohet
 - 1.2.1. Karlo Khedouri (1921 - 1988) married Fernande Azar
 - 1.2.1.1. Victoria (b. 1958)
 - 1.2.1.2. Monique (b.1960)
 - 1.2.1.3. Leon (b. 1962) married to Sylvia
 - 1.2.1.3.1. Caroline
 - 1.2.1.3.2. Raphael
 - 1.2.2. Leonie (b. 1924) Married Eliahou Haboucha
 - 1.2.2.1. Farha Joyce (b. 1946) married to Jerome Harkins
 - 1.2.2.2. Mireille (b. 1951)
 - 1.2.3. Kathy (b. 1926) married Andre Slakmon
 - 1.2.3.1. Camille (b. 1953) married to Jean-Paul
 - 1.2.3.1.1. ? (b. 1981)
 - 1.2.3.1.2. Emmanuelle (b. 1984)
 - 1.2.3.1.3. Pascale (b. 1987)
 - 1.2.4. Claire (b. 1927) married to Isaac Combriel
 - 1.2.4.1. Ety (b. ?) married to Amnon Lavi
 - 1.2.4.1.1. Tal (b. 1985)
 - 1.2.4.1.2. Ady (b. 1986)
 - 1.2.4.2. Shaptai (b. ?)
 - 1.2.5. Ruben (b. 1935) divorced Harriet Hurwitz
 - 1.2.5.1. Jacqueline (b. 1968) married to Jeff Zabin
 - 1.2.5.2. Carla (b.1970)
 - 1.3. Henini (1904 - 1995) married Salman Zilkha
 - 1.3.1. Dorette married Shalom Birshan (now deceased)
 - 1.3.1.1. Sonia (b. 1947) married to Ronnie Fox
 - 1.3.1.1.1. Suzie
 - 1.3.1.1.2. Michael
 - 1.3.1.2. Vivian (b. 1951) married to Johnny Marshall
 - 1.3.1.2.1. Barry
 - 1.3.1.2.2. Justin
 - 1.3.2. Eve/Evelyn married to David Khalastchi
 - 1.3.2.1. Linda (b. 1950) married to Robert Yentov
 - 1.3.2.1.1. Aron (b.1982)
 - 1.3.2.1.2. Josh (b.1988)

- 1.3.2.2. Lisette (b. 1957) married to Michael Keats
 - 1.3.2.2.1. Adam (b. 1988)
 - 1.3.2.2.2. Jamie (b. 1990)
 - 1.3.2.2.3. Yasmin (b. 1992)
- 1.3.3. Ketty married to Abdallah Zebaida
 - 1.3.3.1. Caroline (b. 1955) married to Robert Meer
 - 1.3.3.1.1. Daniel (b. 1990)
 - 1.3.3.1.2. Elana (b. 1994)
 - 1.3.3.2. Dahlia (b. 1958) married to Philip Lawee
 - 1.3.3.2.1. Annabel (b. 1991)
 - 1.3.3.2.2. Stephanie (b. 1994)
- 1.3.4. Gloris married to Jack Dunnous
 - 1.3.4.1. Robert (b. 1957) married to Christine Leo
 - 1.3.4.2. Claudia (b. 1960)
- 1.3.5. Elie (b. 1935) married to Mireille Levy
 - 1.3.5.1. Nathalie (b. 1966)
 - 1.3.5.2. Carole (b. 1968) married to David Nathaniel
 - 1.3.5.3. Marc (b. 1972)
- 1.3.6. Yvonne married, divorced Albert Abdoo; married David Saltoun, now deceased
 - 1.3.6.1. Abdele Abdoo (b. 1959)
- 1.4. Heskel (1906 - ?) married Muzly Murad, deceased
- 1.5. Daisy (b. 1908) married Youssef Zilkha, deceased
 - 1.5.1. Kenny / Khedoori (b. ?) married to Judy
 - 1.5.2. Huguette
 - 1.5.3. Kathy
- 2) Messouda (1882 - 1967) married Yehouda Salman
 - 2.1. Gourdji married Louise
 - 2.1.1. Samira
 - 2.1.2. Sabah
 - 2.1.3. Salman
 - 2.1.4. Suheil
 - 2.1.5. Tamara
 - 2.2. Shafika married Abdallah Dannous
 - 2.2.1. Doris (1929 - 1998) married Menash Terem
 - 2.2.1.1. Michael (b. 1956)
 - 2.2.1.2. Ben (b. 1959)
 - 2.2.2. Florence
 - 2.2.3. Amira
 - 2.2.4. Fouad
 - 2.3. David/Davide Sala (1914 - 1992) married Irene Levy, deceased
 - 2.3.1. Joyce (b. 1950)
 - 2.3.2. Marina (Monica's twin sister, b. 1967)
 - 2.3.3. Monica (Marina's twin sister, b. 1967)
 - 2.4. Teffeh (1916 - 1998) married Nessim Saleh
 - 2.4.1. Joyce married, divorced Neil Kneitel
 - 2.4.1.1. Ashford (b. 1985)
 - 2.4.2. Ida (b. 1954) married to Ken Kirsch
 - 2.4.2.1. Alia (b. 1995)
 - 2.5. Jamil (b. 1920) married to Stella
 - 2.5.1. Doreet
 - 2.6. Kamal
 - 2.7. Akram married Sudy Fetouhi
 - 2.7.1. Sam (b. 1970)
 - 2.7.2. Ram (b. 1973)
- 3) Yousef married Muzly xxx
 - 3.1. Violette
 - 3.2. Heskel (b. 1927)
 - 3.3. Bertine
 - 3.4. Rachel married William Shashoua (b. 1925)
 - 3.4.1. Carole married Rick Sofaer
 - 3.4.2. Nicole
- 4) Amouma (1889 - 1986) married Hiyawi Shamoon/Simon
 - 4.1. David (1913 - 1995) married Helene Zilkha (b. 1916)

- 4.1.1. Ronnie (b. 1938) married to Ann
- 4.1.2. Edwin (d. 1940) married to Argie
- 4.1.3. Jamil (b. 1946) married, divorced
- 4.1.4. Victor (b. 1949)
- 4.2. Jamil (1914 - 1942)
- 4.3. Rachel (b. 1916) married to Sass Sopher
 - 4.3.1. Freddy (b. 1940)
 - 4.3.2. Jamil (b. 1943) married to xxx
 - 4.3.2.1. Margaret (b. 1984)
 - 4.3.2.2. Peter (Philip's twin brother, b. 1988)
 - 4.3.2.3. Philip (Peter's twin brother, b. 1988)
- 4.4. Juliette (b. 1917) married Abdullah Elias, deceased
 - 4.4.1. Sylvia (b. 1941) married to Robert Elman
 - 4.4.1.1. Mark (b. 1969)
 - 4.4.1.2. Wendy (b. 1972)
 - 4.4.1.3. Valerie (b.1974)
 - 4.4.2. Norma (b. 1946) married to Mathew Toby
- 4.5. Abdallah (b. 1922) married to Francine Iny
 - 4.5.1 Jamil (b. 1957) married to Julia Reidhead
 - 4.5.1.1. Lucy (b. 1999)
 - 4.5.2. Michael (b. 1958)
- 4.6. Maurice (b. 1926) married to Betty Perrin
- 5) Louise (1891 - 1985) married Khedouri Zilkha
- 6) Saleh (1899 - 1961)
- 7) Muzly (1901 - 1994) married Stanley Shashoua
 - 7.1. Clarice (1923 - 1981) married Edward Chitayat
 - 7.1.1. Lisa (b. 1952) married to David Datnow
 - 7.1.1.1. Yasmine (b.1978)
 - 7.1.1.2. Benjamin (b. 1980)
 - 7.1.1.3. Clarissa (b. 1985)
 - 7.1.2. Alan (b. 1960) married to Carine Bacharath
 - 7.1.2.1. Leila (b. 1993)
 - 7.1.2.2. Caline (b. 1996)
 - 7.1.3. Jack (b. 1963) is engaged to Nikoo Mahboubian
 - 7.2. William (b. 1925) married, divorced Magda Horvath (mother of Kenny & Joyce); married Rachel Bashi
 - 7.2.1. Kenny (b. 1955)
 - 7.2.2. Joyce (b. 1957) married to Philip Sassoon
 - 7.2.2.1. Richard (b. 1989)
 - 7.2.2.2. David (b. 1993)
 - 7.2.3. Carole (b. 1963) married to Rick Sofaer
 - 7.2.3.1. Amelia
 - 7.2.3.1. Hannah
 - 7.2.4. Nicole (b. 1969)
 - 7.3. Elie (b. 1937) married, divorced Myrna Dwek (mother of Stanley)
 - 7.3.1. Stanley
- 8) Naima (1904 - 1992) married Selim Cohen (1902 - 1958)
 - 8.1. Elias/Elie (1933 - 1972)
 - 8.2. Farid/Fred (b. 1934) married, divorced Arlene Harrison (mother of Nick and Tim); married Linda Rie
 - 8.2.1. Nicholas (b. 1974)
 - 8.2.2. Timothy (b. 1978)
 - 8.3. Abdallah/Ovadia (b. 1937) married to Irit Yousfan
 - 8.3.1. Shlomy (b. 1965)
 - 8.3.2. Vered (b. 1968) married to Tamir Benyamini
 - 8.3.2.1 Sapir (b. 1999)
 - 8.3.3. Yuval (b. 1971)
 - 8.4. Susie (b. 1948) married to Shelly Korzen
 - 8.4.1. Leor (b. 1975)
 - 8.4.2. Eyal (b. 1978)

THE BASHI FAMILY ADDRESS BOOK

- Abdoo, Adele, daughter of Yvonne Saltoon, granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; Flat B, 21 Dunster Gardens, London NW67NG.
- Attie, Gloria, 40 Showfield Street, London SW3, England.
- Bashi, Heskell, son of Yousef Bashi.
- Benyamini, Vered, married to Tamir Benyamini, daughter of Ovadia Cohen and granddaughter of Naima Cohen; 21 Zichron Yakov Street, Petah Tikva, Israel; #011-972-3-921-4895.
- Benyamini, Sapir, daughter of Vered, granddaughter of Ovadia Cohen and great-granddaughter of Naima Cohen; 21 Zichron Yakov Street, Petah Tikva, Israel; #011-972-3-921-4895.
- Birshan, Dorette, married to Shalom Birshan, daughter of Henini Zilkha and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 36 Viceroy Court, Prince Albert Road, London NW8.
- Birshan, Sonia, married to Ronnie Fox, daughter of Dorette, granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 11 Grey Close, London NW116QG.
- Chitayat, Jack, son of Clarice Chitayat and grandson of Muzly Shashoua, 1065 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10128; #1-212-534-7266.
- Chitayat, Alan, married to Carine Bacharath, son of Chitayat and grandson of Muzly Shashoua; 581 Overpark Rd., San Diego, CA 92130; Home: 1-619-481-3384.
- Chitayat, Carine, daughter of Alan, granddaughter of Clarice and great-granddaughter of Muzly Shashoua; 581 Overpark Rd., San Diego, CA 92130; Home: 1-619-481-3384.
- Chitayat, Leila, daughter of Alan, granddaughter of Clarice and great-granddaughter of Muzly Shashoua; 581 Overpark Rd., San Diego, CA 92130; Home: 1-619-481-3384.
- Ciampi, Claude, 109, rue de gruenelle 75007 Paris, France.
- Cohen, Fred/Farid, married to Linda Rie, son of Naima Cohen; 211 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016; Home: 1-212-213-0003.
- Cohen, Kathy, married to Emil, daughter of Nessim Shohet and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet.
- Cohen, Mark, son of Kathy, grandson of Nessim Shohet and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet.
- Cohen, Nicholas/Nick, son of Fred and grandson of Naima Cohen; now c/o 82nd Airborne Division, Fort Bragg, NC.
- Cohen, Ovadia, son of Naima Cohen; 31, Poale Harkevet Street, Givatayim, Israel 53254; Home: 011-972-3-672-6502.
- Cohen, Shlomy, son of Ovadia and grandson of Naima Cohen; 160 Ben Gurion Street, Tel-Aviv, Israel; Home: 011-972-3-673-1928.
- Cohen, Tania, daughter of Kathy, granddaughter of Nessim and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet.
- Cohen, Timothy/Tim, son of Fred and grandson of Naima Cohen; now c/o University of VA in Charlottesville, VA.
- Cohen, Yuval, son of Ovadia and grandson of Naima Cohen; 8 Pilon Street, Tel-Aviv, Israel; Home: 011-972-3-527-8925.
- Combriel, Claire, married to Isaac Combriel, daughter of Victoria and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 66 Pinsker St., Neve Shaanan, Haifa, Israel 32712
- Dannous, Fouad, son of Shafika Dannous and grandson of Messouda Salman.
- Datnow, Benjamin, son of Lisa, grandson of Clarice Chitayat and great-grandson of Muzly Shashoua; 46 Shawfield St., London SW3 4BD, England; Home: 011-44-71-351-3222.
- Datnow, Clarissa, daughter of Lisa, granddaughter of Clarice Chitayat and great-granddaughter of Muzly Shashoua; 46 Shawfield St., London SW3 4BD, England; Home: 011-44-71-351-3222.
- Datnow, Yasmine, daughter of Lisa, granddaughter of Clarice Chitayat and great-granddaughter of Muzly Shashoua; 46 Shawfield St., London SW3 4BD, England; Home: 011-44-71-351-3222.
- Datnow, Lisa, married David, daughter of Clarice Chitayat and granddaughter of Muzly Shashoua; 46 Shawfield St., London SW3 4BD, England; Home: 011-44-71-351-3222
- Dunnous, Claudia, daughter of Gloris, granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 158A North 22nd Street, Philadelphia, PA 19103.
- Dunnous, Gloris, married to Jack Dunnous, daughter of Henini Zilkha and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 2035A Arch Street, Philadelphia, PA 19103; Home: 1-215-568-1311.
- Dunnous, Robert, m. to Christine Leo, son of Gloris, grandson of Henini Zilkha and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet; 2133 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19103.
- Elias, Juliette, widow of Abdullah Elias, and daughter of Amouma Simon; 222 W. 83 Street, New York, NY 10024; Home: 1-212-874-0172.
- Elias, Norma, married to Mathew Toby, daughter of Juliette Elias and granddaughter of Amouma Simon; 42 Meacham Rd., Somerville, MA 02144; # 1-617-625-2722.
- Elman, Mark, son of Sylvia, grandson of Juliette Elias and great-grandson of Amouma Simon; 1612 18th Avenue S., Apt B3, Nashville, TN 37212.
- Elman, Sylvia, married to Robert Elman, daughter of Juliette Elias and granddaughter of Amouma Simon; 615 Westview Avenue, Nashville, TN 37205; # 1-615-383-2789.
- Elman, Valerie, daughter of Sylvia, granddaughter of Juliette Elias and great-granddaughter of Amouma Simon; 1280 Lombard Street, Apt 208, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Elman, Wendy, daughter of Sylvia, granddaughter of Juliette Elias and great granddaughter of Amouma Simon; 1280 Lombard Street, Apt 306, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Fox, Michael, son of Sonya, grandson of Dorette Birshan, great-grandson of Henini Zilkha and great-great-grandson of Habiba Shohet; 11 Grey Close, London NW1 6QG

Fox, Sonya, married to Ronnie, daughter of Dorette Birshan, granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 11 Grey Close, London NW1 6QG

Fox, Suzie, daughter of Sonya, granddaughter of Dorette Birshan, great-granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 11 Grey Close, London NW1 6QG

Haboucha, Leonie, widow of Elie Haboucha, daughter of Victoria Shohet and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 16W. 16th St., New York, NY 10011; # 1-212-691-1314.

Haboucha, Farha Joyce, married to Jerome Harkins, daughter of Leonie Haboucha, granddaughter of Victoria Shohet and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 16 W. 16th St., New York, NY 10011; # 1-212-989-5407.

Haboucha, Mireille, daughter of Leonie Haboucha, granddaughter of Victoria Shohet and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 10 Camino Peralta, Santa Fe, NM 87501 # 1-505-438-8872.

Hay, David, son of Farah Hay, grandson of Nessim Shohet and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Hay, Ezra, son of Farah Hay, grandson of Nessim Shohet and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Hay, Farah, married to Steve Hay, daughter of Nessim Shohet and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 579 Smith Road, Parsippany, NJ 07054; 1-973-887-0888.

Hay, Nina, daughter of Samira, granddaughter of Nessim and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet;

Hay, Samira, married to Elie, daughter of Nessim Shohet and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet;

Khalastchi, Eve/Evelyn, married to David, daughter of Henini Zilkha and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 10 Chester Terrace, Regent Park, London NW1 4ND, England; 011-44-71-486-1081.

Keats, Adam, son of Lisette, grandson of Eve Khalastchi, great-grandson of Henini Zilkha and great-great-grandson of Habiba Shohet; 5 Wadham Gardens, London NW8, England;

Keats, Jamie, son of Lisette, grandson of Eve Khalastchi, great-grandson of Henini Zilkha and great-great-grandson of Habiba Shohet; 5 Wadham Gardens, London NW8, England;

Keats, Lisette, married to Michael, daughter of Eve Khalastchi, granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 5 Wadham Gardens, London NW8, England;

Keats, Yasmin, daughter of Linda, granddaughter of Eve Khalastchi, great-granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 5 Wadham Gardens, London NW8, England;

Khalastchi, Eve/Evelyn, married to David, daughter of Henini Zilkha and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 10 Chester Terrace, Regents Park, London NW1 4ND.

Kirsch, Ida, married to Ken Kirsch, daughter of Teffeh Saleh and granddaughter of Messoudah Salman; 846 N. Woodbine Avenue, Oak Park, IL 60302, # 1-708-660-0664.

Kneitel, Ashford, son of Joyce Saleh, grandson of Teffeh Saleh and great-grandson of Messouda Salman; 9930 Durant Drive, Beverly Hills, CA 90212, #1-310-785-9515.

Korzen, Susie, married to Shelly Korzen and daughter of Naima Cohen; 16 Hakotzer Street, Ramat Hashaaron, Israel 47411; # 011-972-3-540-4926.

Korzen, Leor, son of Susie and grandson of Naima Cohen; 16 Hakotzer Street, Ramat Hashaaron, Israel 47411; # 011-972-3-540-4926.

Korzen, Eyal, son of Susie and grandson of Naima Cohen; 16 Hakotzer Street, Ramat Hashaaron, Israel 47411; # 011-972-3-540-4926.

Lavi, Ady,

Lavi, Ety, married to Amnon, daughter of Victoria Shohet and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet;

Lavi, Tal,

Lawee, Annabel, daughter of Dahlia, granddaughter of Ketty Zubaida, great-granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 440 Elmont Avenue, Westmont, Quebec H3Y3J1, Canada.

Lawee, Dahlia, married to Philip, daughter of Ketty Zubaida, granddaughter of Henina Zilkha and great granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 440 Elmont Avenue, Westmont, Quebec H3Y3J1, Canada.

Lawee, Stephanie, daughter of Dahlia, granddaughter of Ketty Zubaida, great-granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 440 Elmont Avenue, Westmont, Quebec H3Y3J1, Canada.

Marshall, Barry, son of Vivian, grandson of Dorette Birshan, great-grandson of Henini Zilkha and great-great-grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Marshall, Vivian, married to Johnny, daughter of Dorette Birshan, granddaughter of Henina Zilkha and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 30 Kingsley, London

Meer, Caroline, married to Robert, daughter of Ketty Zubaida, granddaughter of Henini Shohet and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 17178 Strawberry Dr., Encino, CA 91436-3825;

Meer, Daniel, son of Caroline, grandson of Ketty Zubaida, great-grandson of Henini Zilkha and great-great-grandson of Habiba Shohet; 17178 Strawberry Dr., Encino, CA 91436-3825;

Meer, Elana, daughter of Caroline, granddaughter of Ketty Zubaida, great-granddaughter of Henini Zilkha,

great-great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 17178 Strawberry Dr., Encino, CA 91436-3825;
Lawee, Laura 820 Jones St. Apt. 41, San Francisco, CA 94109

Lady Diane Lever 86 Eaton Square, London SW1W9AG, England

Nathaniel, Carole, married to David, daughter of Elie Zilkha, granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 4713 Grosvenor, Montreal, Quebec H3W2L9.

Sala, Joyce, daughter of Davide and granddaughter of Messouda Salman; lives in Israel;

Sala, Marina, Daughter of Davide and granddaughter of Messouda Salman; lives in Australia;

Sala, Monica, daughter of Davide and granddaughter of Messouda Salman; lives in London;

Saleh, Joyce, daughter of Teffeh Saleh and granddaughter of Messoudah Salman; 9930 Durant Drive, Beverly Hills, CA 90212; # 1-310-785-9515.

Salman, Sabah, son of Gourdji and grandson of Messouda Salmon;

Salman, Salman, son of Gourdji and grandson of Messouda Salman;

Salman, Suheil, son of Gourdji and grandson of Messouda Salman;

Saltoon, Yvonne, widow of David, daughter of Henini Zilkha, and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; moving,
no present address.

Sassoon, Joyce, married to Philip, daughter of William and granddaughter of Muzly Shashoua; 120 Heath Place,
Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706; 1-914-478-2799.

Shasha, Dennis, married to Karen Shashoua, son of Hanina Shasha and grandson of Louise Zilkha

Shasha, Hanina, wife of Alfred Shasha and daughter of Louise Zilkha; 15 Cotswold Way, Scarsdale, NY 10583;
1-914-723-8546.

Shasha, Robert, married to Ellen Aschendorf, son of Hanina Shasha and grandson of Louise Zilkha; 229 Beechmont
Drive, New Rochelle, NY 10804; 1-914-654-0035.

Shashoua, Kenneth, son of William and grandson of Muzly Shashoua; 1 David Lane, Yonkers, NY 10701;
1-914-476-4712.

Shashoua, Nicole, daughter of William and Rachel (Bashi) and granddaughter of Muzly Shashoua and Yusef Bashi;
47 Grosvenor Square, London W1X9AB, England; 011-44-77-493-6552.

Shashoua, Rachel, married to William Shashoua, daughter of Yusef Bashi; 47 Grosvenor Square, London W1X9AB,
England; 011-44-71-493-6552.

Shashoua, William, married to Rachel Bashi and son of Muzly Shashoua; 47 Grosvenor Square, London W1X9AB,
England; 011-44-71-493-6552.

Shohet, Adam, son of Samir, grandson of Nessim and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Carla, daughter of Ruben Shohet, granddaughter of Henini and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Caroline, daughter of Leon, granddaughter of Karlo Khedoori, great-granddaughter of Victoria, and
great-great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, David, son of Samir, grandson of Nessim and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Jamie, son of Samir, grandson of Nessim and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Khedoury, married to Helen xxx, son of Nessim and grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Leon, son of Karlo Khedoori, grandson of Victoria Shohet and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Michael, son of Khedouri, grandson of Nessim and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Monique, daughter of Karlo Khedouri, granddaughter of Victoria Shohet and great-granddaughter of Habiba
Shohet; Rua Albuquerque Lens 915-16, Sao Paulo, Brazil CEPO1230; # 011-55-11-36-678-0673.

Shohet, Raphael, son of Leon, grandson of Karlo Khedoori, great-grandson of Victoria, and great-great-grandson of
Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Ruben, son of Victoria Shohet and grandson of Habiba Shohet; 219 E. 69th Street, NYC 10021;
1-212-734-4191.

Shohet, Samir, married to Estelle xxx, son of Nessim and grandson of Habiba Shohet;

Shohet, Victoria, daughter of Karlo Khedouri, granddaughter of Victoria Shohet and great-granddaughter of Habiba
Shohet; Rua Albuquerque Lens 915-16, Sao Paulo, Brazil CEPO1230; # 011-55-11-36-678-0673.

Shohet Zabin, Jacqueline, married to Jeff Zabin, daughter of Ruben Shohet, granddaughter of Victoria and
great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 319 Greenleaf St. Evanston, IL 60202; # 11-847-328-4695.

Simon, Abdallah, married to Francine Iny, son of Amouma Simon; 25 Sutton Place South, NYC 10022;
1-212-486-1737.

Simon, Jamil, married to Julia Reidhead, son of Abdallah and grandson of Amouma Simon; 51 Fifth Avenue, NYC
10003; # 1-212-243-8707.

Simon, Helene, widow of David Simon, daughter of Louise Zilkhal; 200 E. 74th Street, NYC 10021; #1-212-734-3520.

Simon, Maurice, married to Betty Perrin, son of Amouma Simon,

Simon, Ronald/Ronnie, married to Ann xxx, son of David and Helene Simon and grandson of Amouma Simon;
6429 Caminito Baltusral, La Jolla, DA 92037; # 1-619-459-1893.

Simon, Edwin/Eddie, married to Argie, son of David and Helen Simon, and grandson of Amouma Simon; 177 E. 75th St.,

NYC 10021; # 1-212-744-0489.

Simon, Jamil, son of David and Helene Simon and grandson of Amouma Simon; 271 Willow Avenue, Somerville, MA 02144.

Simon, Victor, son of David and Helene Simon and grandson of Amouma Aimon; 10409 Manakee Street, Kensington, MD 20895.

Slakmon, Ketty, married to Andre Slakmon, daughter of Victoria and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 187 Rue d'Epinay, 95360 Montmagny, France, #011-33-13-984-0655.

Slakmon, Emmanuelle, daughter of Ketty, granddaughter of Victoria and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet;

Slakmon, Pascale, daughter of Ketty, granddaughter of Victoria and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet;

Sopher, Freddy, son of Rachel Sopher and grandson of Amouma Simon; London, England.

Sopher, Jamil, married to xxxxx, son of Rachel Sopher and grandson of Amouma Simon; Washington, DC; 1-202-686-8262.

Sopher, Margaret, daughter of Jamil, granddaughter of Rachel and great-granddaughter of Amouma Simon; Washington, DC; 1-202-686-8260.

Sopher, Peter, Philip's twin brother, son of Jamil, grandson of Rachel and great-grandson of Amouma Simon; Washington, DC; 1-202-686-8260.

Sopher, Philip, Peter's twin brother, son of Jamil, grandson of Rachel and great-grandson of Amouma Simon; Washington, DC; 1-202-686-8260.

Sopher, Rachel, married to Sass Sopher and daughter of Amouma Simon, Geneva, Switzerland.

Terem, Ben, son of Doris, grandson of Shafika Dannous and great-grandson of Messouda Salman;

Terem, Michael, son of Doris, grandson of Shafika Dannous and great-grandson of Messouda Salman;

Wilkes, Rita and John 13 Cranmer Road, Cambridge CB39BL, England

Yentob, Aron, son of Linda, grandson of Eve Khalastchi, great-grandson of Henini Zilkha and great-great-grandson of Habiba Shohet; 18 Cumberland Terrace, Regent Park, London NW1 4HS

Yentob Josh, son of Linda, grandson of Eve Khalastchi, great-grandson of Henini Zilkha and great-great-grandson of Habiba Shohet; 18 Cumberland Terrace, Regent Park, London NW1 4HS

Yentob, Linda, married to Robert, daughter of Eve Khalastchi, granddaughter of Henini Zilkha and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 18 Cumberland Terrace, Regent Park, London NW1 4HS

Zabin, Ethan, son of Jacqueline Shohet Zabin, grandson of Ruben Shohet, great grandson of Victoria and great-grandson of Habiba Shohet; 319 Greenleaf St., Evanston, IL 60202; # 1-847-328-4695.

Zilkha, Daisy, widow of Youssef Zilkha and daughter of Habiba Shohet;

Zilkha, Elie/Elias, married to Mireille Levy, son of Henini Zilkha and grandson of Habiba Shohet; 40 Chemin Nant D'Argent, 1223 Cologny, Geneva, Switzerland.

Zilkha, Marc, son of Elie, grandson of Henini and great-grandson of Habiba; recently moved back to Geneva; no permanent address.

Zilkha, Nathalie, daughter of Elie, granddaughter of Henini and great-granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; 3 Cret de Champel, Geneva, Switzerland.

Zilkha, Dr. Kenny/Khedoori, husband of Judy, son of Daisy Zilkha and grandson of Habiba Shohet; Little Meade, 11 Allyn Park, London SE21, England; 011-44-24-351-2548.

Zubaida, Ketty, wife of Abdulla, daughter of Henini Zilkha and granddaughter of Habiba Shohet; Le Chateau, 1321 Sherbrook, Montreal, Canada;



Nana & Baba, 1946



Whole Family, Lebanon, 1931
Left: Governess, Maurice, Uncle Sallah, Baba, Abdullah, Nana, Hanina, Helen, Bertie
Front: Selim, Ezra



New Year's Eve at the Ambassador Hotel in
Los Angeles, 1949
Uncle Abdullah, Auntie Kmira, Nana, Baba, Uncle Selim



Nana



Nana & Baba



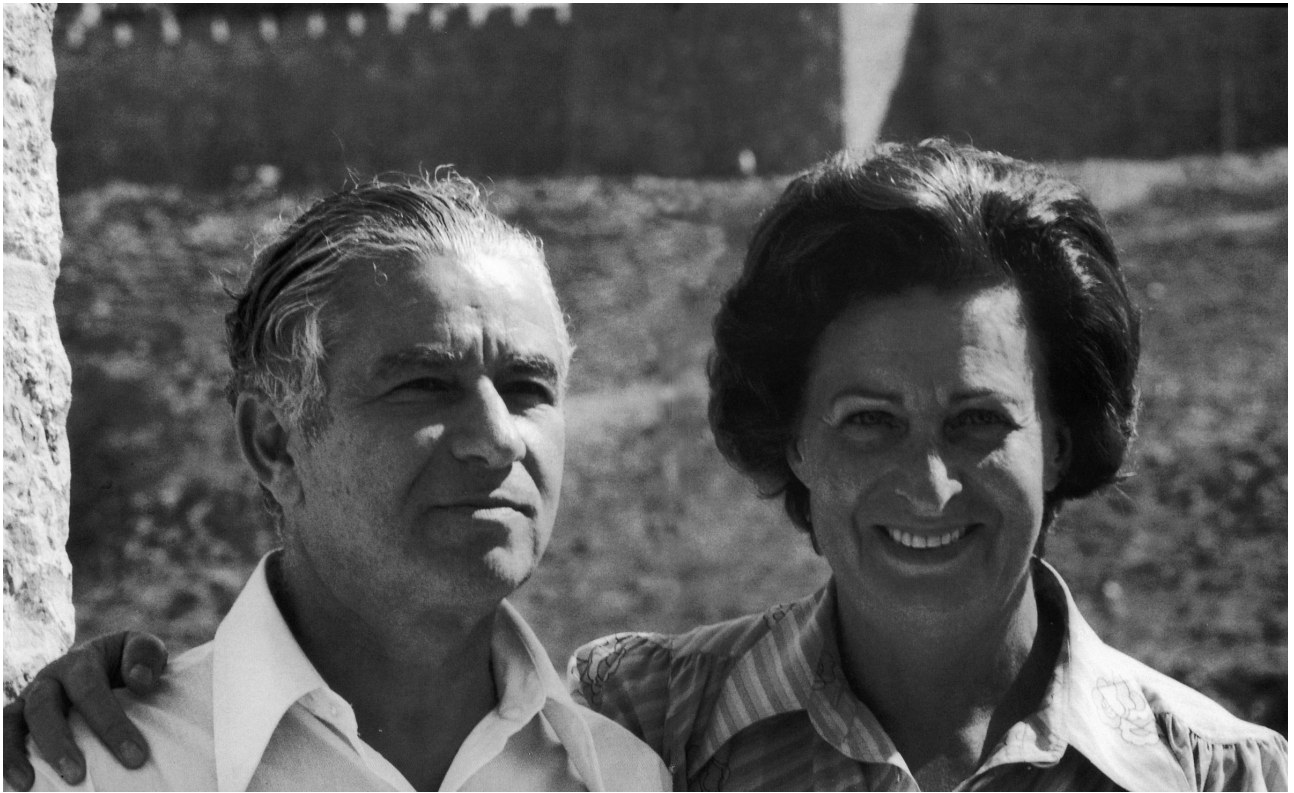
Nana & Baba's 44th Wedding Anniversary - 1956
Uncle Ezra, Auntie Cecile, Uncle David, Auntie Helen, Auntie Berthie,
Henry Seroussi, Alfred, Hamma, Nana, Baba



New Year's Party, 1955
Hanina, Alfred, Ezra, Cecile, Baba, Nana, Uncle David, Auntie Helen, Henry Seroussi,
Berthie Seroussi, Ed & Rennie Simon



Baba, Ezra, Maurice, Selim around 1948



Abdullah & Lmira, Jerusalem, around 1985



Abdullah & Lmira, Zurich 1996



Uncle Maurice



*Selim, Ezra, Maurice, Abdullah,
April, 1946*



Uncle Maurice



Uncle Maurice & Auntie Elena



*Uncle David Simon, Auntie Helen, Baba, Nana,
Uncle Selim, Auntie Hanina, around 1945*



Uncle Selim & Auntie Helen, 1997



Alfred and Hanina Shasha and Carol, 1950



Auntie Hanina and Uncle Alfred in the Late 1950's



Family Photo 1959



Family Photo 1959



Family Photo 1959

Immediate Family



Summer 2007

CAROL GREEN

Mom - May 5, 2016

As I went hurtling to the ground, I found myself saying to my friend- Don't worry this is a vestige of my childhood when I used to fall all the time. That's why my mother gave me dance classes.

Not just dance classes - there were art classes, music classes, and horseback- riding lessons , She carpooled me everywhere.

As a very young child, I have fond memories of going to a mother - daughter Art class at MOMA. I still remember the shiny and colorful perforated papers we used to make a project together and how happy I was to have my mother by my side.

I remember when we planted nasturtiums in the flower beds near the garage.

I remember being home sick from school one day when she sat next to me and enlivened a grey skirt by embroidering it with colorful threads.

I remember when she spoke to my sixth-grade class about Egypt.

I remember how she taught me to properly pack a suitcase.

I remember when she taught French classes at our home in Scarsdale to my 10-year-old friends. Snacks, dancing and French songs were the order of the day.

She was generally quite proper and somewhat reserved but there was that Summer Sunday morning permanently etched in my mind when she showed us how to dance the Charleston!

And then there was the day when my world was turned completely upside down because "my mother" VACUUMED the front hall.

We grew up in an Art filled home- Home was full of objects my parents brought back from their travels. Good stories and new cuisine always followed.

Mom painted 3 days a week. She said she wanted to wear nice clothes the rest of the time.

She was a colorist, first and foremost. She loved manipulating paint and mixing colors. On the alternate days when she did not paint but visited museums with friends , she wore beautiful clothes which she carefully accessorized. Just consider the names of some of the lipsticks she wore; "bed of roses", "divine vine number", "berry blast", "ruby" and "sportive".

Mom loved France and was happiest when there. She regaled all of her children, grand children and even great-grand children with French songs: her trademark favorites were "Sur le pent d'Avignon" and "Frappe, frappe petite main".... A particular favorite of her great-grandson, Zac.

She took Robert and me to the South of France when Robert was sixteen and I was nineteen. (Dennis, we missed you but I guess you were thought to be too young) We stayed at the hotel de Riu in La Napoule and three notable events occurred.

Always an early morning riser she woke up at 6:00 a.m., opened the window and saw a man jumping from roof to roof. Thinking it a tryst, she remarked at breakfast how wonderfully romantic Frenchmen were.

That morning we hopped into a cab destined for yet another day of sightseeing only to be told by our driver that a robbery had occurred at the hotel and that the jewels of Charles Aznavour's mistress had been stolen. Mom was probably the only person who could ID the culprit but never had the chance.

At dinner that evening she indulged my sweet tooth. She let me order an éclair for the appetizer course, a Napoleon for the salad course, a chocolate scuffle for the main course and finally a chocolate mousse for dessert. She did cure me of my desire for sweets by lunch the next day but sadly, not by dinner the following evening.

Another morning our driver took us to Vallauris, where Picasso created wonderful ceramics. To encourage the collector in each of us, Mom said to Robert and to me that we could each choose a ceramic for \$35.00.

I fell in love with a vase shaped like a young girl's head. But it cost \$50.00. She saw I had my heart set on it and let me spring for it though it was \$15 more than the suggested amount. A few years ago in a Provincetown Gallery, I saw another one from the same series priced at \$8,000. That day at age 19, I was encouraged to trust my gut. To this day, I buy art because it resonates with me; that said, it is always nice when it turns out to be a good investment as well!

And then there was Mom's legendary love of dogs... not really.

We had a dog for exactly 2 weeks. Rex, our very miniature black and white Fox terrier was extremely playful. His idea of fun was not Mom's idea of fun.

I shall never forget standing at our kitchen window next to Carrie, our lovely housekeeper at the time, watching as Mom and Rex chased each other around in circles. Mom was wearing a proper suburban skirt, green with pink flowers and was running for her life. Rex was just being a dog and thought she was playing with him. Carrie could not stop laughing and it was contagious.

Mom gave wonderful parties and hosted people from different countries and economic backgrounds. She loved introducing people to each other. She often repeated what her mother had taught her. "You take people with honey, not with vinegar".

From her example, we learned how a Home should look, feel and be maintained.

She was kind to those she employed and to those less fortunate. She taught us the concept of "Noblesse Oblige".

She supported the arts - for my 16th birthday she endowed a chair in my name at the New York State Theatre at Lincoln Center. She supported the Westchester Y where she enjoyed so many hours of painting.

She introduced me to all the resources that keep me whole. To dance, which is a constant source of pleasure, to music which I follow as an appreciator, to Art and Design both of which are passions, to travel and to learning which continue to stimulate.

She loved us as individuals

She called us Her three plants.

We were blessed to have had her as our mother.



Joe Green

July, 2016

Hanina was a wonderful woman and mother. I first met Hanina when Carol and I returned to the U.S. from 3½ months traveling in Southeast Asia after we had met in Paris eight months earlier. It was 1974. Of course we had to say we had been “traveling with a group,” although clearly Hanina knew otherwise. She was always more savvy than she let on. She was very welcoming.

I have fond memories of wonderful dinners at Cotswold Way. Hanina had a great interest in what people were doing and asked a lot of questions. She always wanted to learn about people, so she gave lovely parties with Middle Eastern food and had a collection of very interesting people in attendance.

Hanina always downplayed her artistic talent, which was in fact prodigious, as we learned upon visiting one of the galleries that featured her work. In the early days when I knew her, she took trips to Paris and she was very knowledgeable about art in the different museums.

We will miss her enthusiasm and generosity of spirit.



Jeff, Joe, Carol, Ariana, Jeff Green

Jeff Green
May 25th, 2016

Below is the letter I wrote and read to Nene roughly 5 months before she passed away. We were scheduled to visit her in New York City this week, (2 weeks after she passed) and she was very excited to see Adam, Zac and I again.

I have many fond memories of Nene. We had a very close relationship and she instilled in me a love for the arts and culture. I think about her and Popop often.

December 18th, 2015

Dear Nene,

Tomorrow Adam, Zac and I will be flying out of New York for our new home in Arizona. We'll be back to visit several times a year, but we will miss seeing you on a near weekly basis as we've done for many years now.

I'm so happy that you've gotten to know and love little Zachary. It saddens me that Popop passed before Zac was born. I see how your face lights up around Zac especially when he is singing Frere Jacques with you. We'll be calling you from Arizona and hopefully we can continue the singing by phone.

This departure is an opportunity to reflect on the wonderful relationship we've always had. You were always so loving to me, your first grandchild. I have fond memories of visiting museums and galleries with you, traveling to South America to visit Jim and after I graduated from college, our wonderful weeks together in London, Paris and Spain.

You really instilled in me a love for the arts, architecture and for good food. I remember when I was in college the frequent trips I would take from Hartford to stay with you for the weekend in Scarsdale. You always sent me home with a full load of groceries. I also have fond memories of you and Popop coming to visit me at school.

Although the move means that we will be seeing less of each other, we will still talk on the phone and we will spend time with you whenever we are back in New York. I hope you look back on our past 37 years together as fondly as I do. I love you very much and I'm grateful for all that you've taught me and shown me.

I will always be the one who made you a grandmother, and you will always be my grandma Nene.

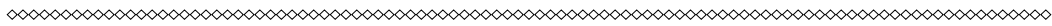
Love,
Jeff

Adam Fried

Frequently first impressions can be incorrect, but my first impression of Nene remained basically the same throughout the time that I knew her: she was a kind and generous person who cared deeply about her family. I remember first meeting Nene (and Alfred) and being very nervous about how they might receive me. I was very touched at how they both welcomed me so warmly and immediately treated me like a member of the family. I experienced that same warmth every time I went to their apartment for a meal or would be with them for a family outing.

I especially enjoyed hearing Nene tell stories about her past, which often focused on three of her most important loves: family, travel and art. I loved hearing her talk about growing up in the Middle East and Europe, her schooling and family life, her move to America, and her life as a mother, wife, and artist. She lived a very full life, both in terms of years and experiences, and was surrounded by so many people that she loved and who loved her. I can think of few if any more important elements of a successful and fulfilling life.

Although I was only privileged to know Nene for a few years, she made an enormous impression on me and I will miss her greatly



Samuel M. Kardon

July 5, 2016

Dear Robert,

I only got to know Hanina towards the end of her life, when I joined the Zilkha/Shasha family by marriage. She was a great storyteller, and I was privileged enough to enjoy her humor and wisdom on many occasions. She was also a great artist. I will always remember one afternoon when we went to the house on Cotswold Way as it was in the early stages of being packed up and sold. We made our way up to the attic and there, sitting and waiting for us, was a trove of magnificent oil paintings and watercolors of all shapes and sizes, amazingly only a fraction of the output of Hanina's long and fruitful career. Her dedicated passion and talent for expressing her feelings and observations about the world on canvas was truly remarkable. We still have the paintings of Hanina which we chose that day hanging proudly in our home. We will keep them there always to remind us of her, and to bring light, color and beauty to the place where we live.

Samuel Kardon

Ariana Green
About Nene: A Eulogy

When I was a little girl, I didn't particularly like being a passenger in a car. Unless, that is, my grandma, Nene, was sitting next to me. Nene told stories that did not stay just stories. Her tales were vivid, emotional and most fascinating of all, true, so she pledged. I learned about how, as a girl, Nene would resolve disputes between her two younger brothers, Ezra and Selim. "Well you see, Ariana, here is what I would do," she'd explain. "I'd tell them I needed to speak with each of them individually because I had a secret to tell them. Then, I said to Ezra, 'You know, Selim told me he loves you sooo much. But don't tell, you must keep it a secret that I told you.' Then I'd tell Selim, 'You know, Ezra told me he loves you soo much.' Again, I'd make this brother swear to secrecy. In the end, they'd make up, and no more fighting."

Then there were the characters my grandma Nene met in boarding school and throughout her adventures in Lebanon, Switzerland and beyond. She remembered people from her past as though she'd met them a few weeks prior. When I was in law school and rented a room in the home of a woman who was not so nice, Nene told me I must move immediately because she sounded exactly like the witch of a woman she'd taken a room with when she was sixteen in Switzerland. Nene offered many details to support this comparison. "I feel I know exactly this woman, Ariana. You must get out immediately," she warned. I knew I had to heed, if only to alleviate the worry sure to haunt my loving grandma. She would not be content if she felt one of her offspring was a bit unhappy.

When I think of my grandma, Nene, I think of her generosity of spirit, and her strength. At the age of 83, Nene and Popop came to pick me, and all of my things, up from a dormitory in New York where I had lived for the summer during a magazine internship. I had managed to jam so many things into a four-person dorm room what we dilled Popop's Cadillac such that there was space for only one passenger. As an agile 21-year-old, I told my wonderful grandparents that I would take the train to Scarsdale and meet them at their home. It was the least I could offer. They'd already put up with my piles of sheets. "Oh no," Nene corrected. "You will not. I will take the train. I'm not such an old woman that I can't do that. You should enjoy your grandpa's company, and I'll see you both in Scarsdale." And so it was. Through the sweltering heat, my 83-year-old grandma, too insistent to be reasoned with, made her way home – on her own, on the train.

At the age of 89, Nene was my star pupil when it came to my patented personal training regimen designed for good spirited grandparents. I was lucky enough to travel with Popop and Nene to visit Uncle Jim in beautiful Punta del Este and Buenos Aires for two weeks, before settling in for a longer stay with Uncle Frank. Nene, Popop and I would do daily to the gym at the hotel in BA, and I'd have them sit down on an exercise machine and light two-pound weights. Nene protested, "Ariana please, you know I can stand up, let me do what you're doing." I'd then demonstrate another exercise for her to do standing that Popop could do sitting. Once they got the gist, I'd start adding in one-legged toe raises and other flourishes for myself, just to keep it a little challenging. Nene, each time, would imitate my version exactly. At 89 years old, she would stand on one foot, point the other behind her, speed up and coordinate the weights she was lifting simultaneously, and smile at me proudly. She was incredible. Such coordination and grace.

It is that grace that I get to see every day in Nene's great granddaughter, my nine-month-old baby girl, Angelica. Many a relative has commented on their resemblance – their feminine gestures, their wise expressions, and best of all for a mommy, their delicious cheeks.

Angelica gets lost in Nene's beautiful paintings. Our Brooklyn apartment has these works of art on just about every wall. Nene's favorite colors, her images, her creations – they are all around us.

We all love you, so very much, beloved grandma. Thank you for being with us into your 96th year so that baby Angelica got the chance to point her little dancer toes for you to tickle.

Nick Green
May 27, 2016

Nene was very special to me. I will miss my grandma tremendously. She was such a kindhearted and generous person, who had a sharp mind and a strong opinion for as long as I knew and loved her. Many childhood memories with Nene included swimming at Beach Point or doing arts and crafts in Scarsdale. Nene had a cheek to cheek contagious smile I will never forget. She always addressed me as "Darling".

I always found it funny when Nene said expressions in French to my mother, when she didn't want me to hear something. When she said "quelle horreur," it sounded like she was just casually addressing my mother, Carol. It was only a few years ago, in which I was told the truth of the meaning. The moment this occurred was full of laughter from both Nene and I during a delicious lunch with her and Popup at their upper east side apartment.

Nene would always have the best sweets. Whether it was the nips, pirouettes, or the middle eastern specialties, you couldn't go wrong being within proximity of Nene. She was also so artistic and talented. My entire family has her paintings and drawings hung throughout their houses and apartments. I personally have five currently on display in my apartment.



Nene,

Thank you for being such a sensational grandmother. I will never forget you and I will attempt to emulate your kindness and generosity throughout my life.

Love,
Nick Green



Family Reunion, 1998 in Rhode Island

Robert Shasha

May 6, 2016

Dear Family and Friends,

Thank you for joining us here today to commemorate and honor the life of Hanina Zilkha Shasha.

Each one of you touched her life in a different way.

I would like to thank the wonderful team of caregivers who have watched over and made our mother feel comfortable all of these years. Casia, Nino, Manana, and La. We appreciate their attentiveness and care for mom.

My mom amazed me in the sense that whenever I spoke or saw her, I learnt something new!

Let me tell you about her life.

She was born, just after WW1, and the collapse of the Ottoman Empire on September 19, 1919, in Baghdad, Iraq. Our family had been exiled to Babylon in 586 BC- more than 2600 years ago. This is one of the oldest continual Jewish communities in the world.



At an art opening with Mom around 1978

Her parents were Louise Bashi and Khedouri Zilkha. Together, they had 8 children.

In 1927, following a threat on her father by the Black Hand Society, her family abruptly moved to Beirut to avoid danger.

There she was sent to a French school outside of Beirut. In 1934, she traveled with her sister, Bertie, to study outside of Lausanne, Switzerland at the St. Georges school. There she learnt English and took private instruction in other subjects of her choosing.

In 1936, her family moved to Cairo, where she joined them. There she studied Islamic architecture and design. Here is where her interest in art began.

In 1941, following the threat of Rommel to come to Cairo, she and three of her siblings traveled to New York with her parents.

Mom loved the freedom of life in NYC. The fact that she could go out with her sister and enjoy the city freely was a joy. She loved the life, the museums, the people etc.

In 1944, she married my father, Alfred Abood Shasha, and they were married for 69 years.

They had three children as you know.

They loved being parents and were great examples to us of being responsible, creative, fun, athletic, cultured, well educated, and a true love of extended family and friends. They loved hosting parties and including artists and a great mix of people. They loved to live full days filled with stimulating activities- learning, music, museums, friends, sports etc.

Mom was a French teacher, an interior designer, and ultimately a terrific painter. She always said that she saw the world through colors. We used to love helping her to prepare her art shows in different venues in Westchester County.

Most importantly, she was a woman of valor as described in the Hebrew prayer, Eshet Haya!- of excellent judgement, worldly wisdom, excellent education, caring, reliable, and most importantly, of TREMENDOUS KINDNESS, GENTLENESS, AND INTELLIGENCE. She taught us really solid values of living.

I was very close to my mother and so enjoyed having lunch with my parents and later with her alone on Sundays. Dennis was normally there, sometimes Carol from Boston, our children, cousins like Fred Cohen, and our nephews and nieces.

Mom, we will always remember you and thanks for being a great friend.

As my cousin Ed just told me, in Baghdad they would make this wish; May the spirit of God grant you rest in the Garden of Eden.

I love you so much and may you rest in peace mom!

Robert



*Kol Ami Synagogue
White Plains, 1981*



*David, Caroline, and Robert
December, 2016*

**Happy Birthday Mom
To a Warm Person
Love, Bobby
September, 1961**

Dear Mom,

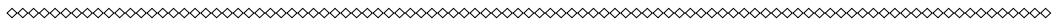
This card is a little late, but it is better than never!

I would like to take this time to wish you a good year and a long life. I really appreciate the things you have done for me.

I will always remember your kindness and generosity.

Keep up the good work!

Love,
Bobby



**Ellen Aschendorf
September 11, 2016**

When I first met my future mother-in-law I was struck by her poise and elegance. She was the most well educated and cultured woman I have ever met. As the years went by I remember saying to her again and again on her birthdays from age 75 to 90 that I hope to be just like her when I am older.

Hanina always had so many interests and always kept up with so many interesting people from around the world. I remember when Caroline was a baby and Hanina would walk in with her beautiful purses and her big artistic jewelry Caroline would always want to sit on her lap. Hanina loved the attention and overcame her fear of holding babies with Caroline.

There was another side of my relationship with Hanina that no one but us knew about. Many times when we were alone whether on family trips, in her home or mine but always when we were alone she would let down her guard and share her emotions with me In a way I don't believe she shared with anyone else. She knew that I would understand what she was saying and that her tears and secrets were safe with me.

I miss Hanina and her unique style in our lives. I cherish all the gifts she gave us both from her soul and those tangible gifts. The table cloths the dessert plates and the silver that we use when we entertain as I tried to continue her role as exquisite hostess. I miss Hanina and think of her always

Love,
Ellen





Ellen and Robert Shasha, Wedding March 28, 1993



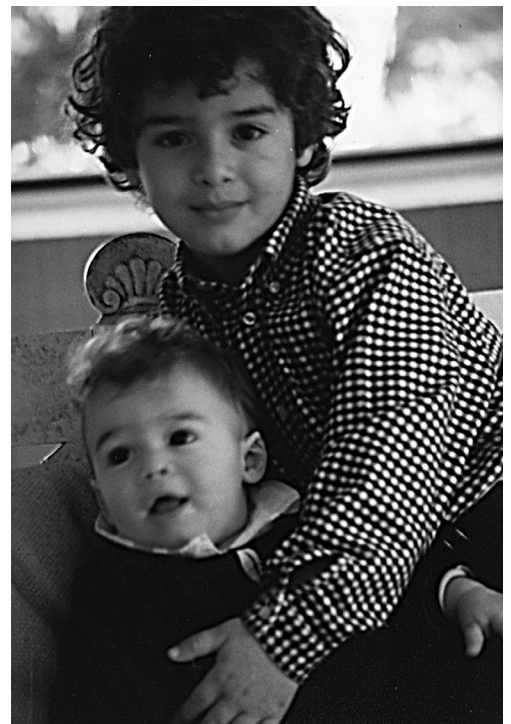
Jordan plays soccer at age 4, 1998



Jordan, 1997



Robert, Jordan and Ellen, 1997



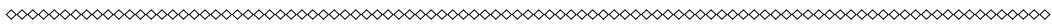
David and Jordan Shasha, 1999

Jordan Shasha

Nene

Nene was a very caring Grandmother. She always wanted her grandchildren to be well fed at all time. I remember at Beach Point Nene would always have a wide variety of cookies and snacks in her locker room, and every time I would go to Beach Point I would stop by her locker. She always wanted the best for me and when I came to her with a dilemma or issue, I truly respected her responses and opinions. When I was in the 10th grade I switched high schools, which ended up being one of the best decisions of my life. I credit much of this decision to Nene who encouraged me to make this change.

I loved my Grandma very much and will always remember her as a loving and caring individual.



David Shasha

June 16, 2016

Nene

When we used to go to Beach Point, I remember always going to Nene and Popop's locker. There, they had all sorts of cookies and snacks that we enjoyed eating. On those same days, we would all go to the pool where I would swim laps in front of Nene and Popop. It didn't matter what I was doing, they would always cheer me on and be really excited to see me. They would also watch me play tennis, soccer, and football.

For as long as I can remember I have been surrounded by Nene's paintings in her homes and in my own. One year for my birthday, Nene painted me a giraffe and I hung that giraffe in my room for many years.

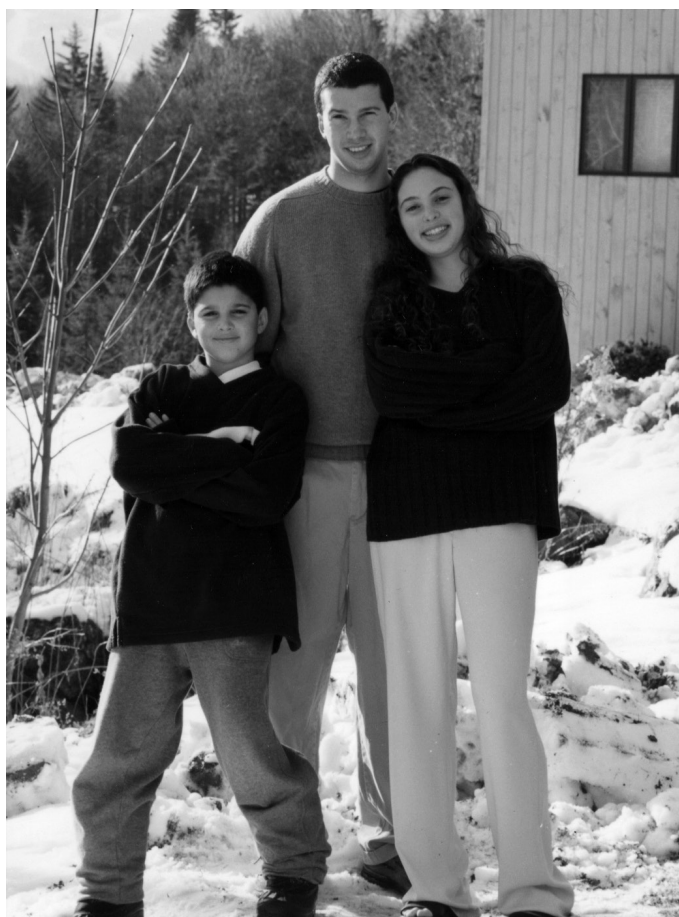
In the summer, when Nene and Popop stayed in Scarsdale, I would go to have dinner at their home every week. I would try to do the same in the winter, but at their apartment in Manhattan. It was always really great being with them, and often times they had interesting guests.

I always found it so fascinating when Nene would tell me about her childhood, and what it was like when she first arrived in America. She lived in so many different places, so she always had a lot to say. She also had really interesting opinions on Middle Eastern politics because she grew up there.

Nene was always thinking about us and was curious about what we were doing. She was really kind and always great to be around her. We will miss her a lot.



David at 4 Months, 1998



Nicky, Jeff, Ariana, 1998



Dad as a Wool Merchant in the 1950's



Surrounded by Jordan, David, and Caroline, 2001

Caroline Shasha

June 14, 2016

My Memory of Nene

Although I was unable to know Nene in her younger years, I was lucky enough to get to know her in her later ones.

When I was little I would always get excited when Nene was coming over. I loved to play with her pretty jewelry and look at what was inside of her beautiful pocketbooks as she would sing to me in French.

When I got a little older and went to Beach Point Day Camp, sometimes I would be walking with my group and see Nene and Popop laying on the lawn chairs facing the Long Island Sound, I would feel so special. I also knew that whenever I was playing at Beach Point and got hungry, I could always sneak into their locker and get my favorite Pepperidge Farm "Verona" cookies.

I always had a connection with Nene through our mutual love of art, color, and painting. I still remember when I was very young, Nene came over for Shabbot dinner, and said that I can choose anything and that she would paint it for me. I asked Nene to paint me a pink dog, not only did she do this, but she also went to the store and got me a matching pink frame to put the painting in, that painting was hung in my bedroom wall for years until it was moved to a different wall and always reminds me of Nene.

Among the more recent years, I have been lucky enough to get to spend time with Nene at her apartment and listen to her fascinating stories about her growing up. It was incredible that up until her last few months, whenever I would talk about a place I am visiting or somewhere I am going on vacation with my family, Nene would tell me specific places I needed to visit and memories she made there in great detail as if she was there yesterday.

It was truly astonishing and at often times humorous to me that in Nene's last few months she started to lose her memory; she would often forget how old or what grade my siblings and I were and other basic information. But, for some reason Nene always remembered this pet lizard that I had and every time I visited her, she asked me "did you get rid of that disgusting animal yet?". This always shocked me because Nene had not seen my lizard in years and forgot so much else, but always remembered my lizard for some reason.

As I spent more time speaking with Nene, I was amazed at how we could be 80 years apart, but yet have many similar interests and loves, such as sewing, nature, and Paris - which I discovered as I got older.

Whether I am at a museum, sewing, painting, looking at the pink dog hung on my wall, in Paris, or around beautiful and colorful flowers, I will always hold a part of Nene with me.



Dennis and Karen on their Wedding Day, 1982



Thanksgiving, 1997
Left to Right: Jordan, Cloe, Ariana, Nicky, Jeffrey, Tyler



Dennis, Karen, Tyler, Cloe, 1995



Cloe, 1998



Dennis and Mom, 2016



David and Mom, 2010

Dennis Shasha

May 22, 2016

Dear Mom,

At the end, you couldn't sit up without pain, you couldn't hear well, see well, or eat with any pleasure. You told us not to be sad at your death. So, we'll try not to be.
Let's remember the positive.

First, I want to thank Mom's wonderful caretakers whose love and competence made Mom's last years as comfortable as they could be: Casia who maintained the apartment, observed symptoms and made medical appointments, cooked wonderful food, and gave very frank advice; Nino who read to Mom, tried to get her to laugh, informed us all about Georgian politics and history, and persuaded Mom to do what she was supposed to do often with good humor; Manana who poured her life-affirming feelings into her care for Mom, sometimes speaking to her in French, always trying to cheer her up; and Ia who always helped Mom in an expert and efficient manner, while entertaining all with her quiet sense of humor.

All these wonderful caretakers did everything for Mom, from helping her bathe to feeding her to getting her to take medicine.

These were not easy tasks.

They did them with grace and good humor.

We embrace you warmly for all you have done.

Now, I want to recall some of the bright moments we had together, Mom.

Those include moments when I, often with Karen, would meet Robert and various subsets of his family, sometimes Fred Cohen and Carol and enjoy Sunday lunch.

Mom, you would forget your age and pain to engage with us and ask questions. Usually the questions were speech acts and it was necessary to understand them.

"Is there enough light?" (Translation: turn on the light.)

"Is the food too salty?" (Translation: it is, please give me something to drink.)

After lunch, Karen might sing her songs and either Nino and I or Manana and I would dance tango. You would sometimes ask:

"Dennis, why do you dance?"

"Mom, because your brother did."

"Yes, Maurice was a wonderful dancer. I was a good dancer too when I was young."

Sometimes the questions were more probing.

"Dennis why do you wear shorts in the winter?"

(Translation: What a silly idea! You'll catch cold and your students will make fun of you.)

"To avoid getting colds Mom"

"How is that?" (Translation: what crazy theory will he propose now?)

"Well the buildings are over-heated, so if I wear long pants I'll get too hot, then I'll get sick. Anyway, I wear a scarf when it's cold."

"Don't tell me about your scarf ." (Translation: will he ever grow up?)

"But it's true Mom. I rarely get sick and when I do, it's only for a few days."

"I see." (Translation: He's a stubborn one.)

Sometimes your questions led me to understand how much I've learned from you.

"Dennis, is it true you throw candies to your students when they answer a question well?"

(Translation: between the shorts and the candies, how can they possibly take him seriously as a professor?)

"Yes, Mom, it really helps. If someone asks a good question or makes a good comment and I reward that student, others will be more engaged."

"But whose idea was that?" {Translation: this is still slightly insane.)

As I hold your hand, I laugh and say "You did Mom."

"Me?" (Translation: I would never do something so undignified.)

"Yes, remember when you used to give candies to your friends in painting class? Well I've just added the throwing part."

"I see." (Translation: What can a mother do with this one?)

Though you may have thought me a bit eccentric, Mom, you influenced me by example: hospitality and the offering of food, encouragement even if with a dose of teasing, and just a general sweetness.

Love, Dennis

Cloe Shasha
May 12, 2016

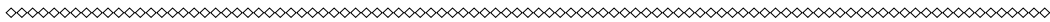
My grandmother had a beautiful life that started on a very memorable date, as Robert said: 9.19.1919. My grandmother, born in a place where pomegranates and dates grew freely, where kids could shimmy up trees to pluck ripe coconuts. She told me about a boy who often climbed trees to get them for her. She crossed rivers and oceans and continents to go to school, learned languages, eventually settling with my grandfather in New York, where she became an artist, raised and loved her family, traveled, read, and never stopped learning. Over the past five years, since graduating from college in 2011, I've had the joy of spending one on one time with Nene in her quiet apartment, just talking, for about an hour or so a week. In that time, I had the great joy of learning more about the nuances of her life and experience. Though she continued to climb into her nineties during that time, our conversations grew more and more animated and detailed each year. It was in these last five years of her life that we grew our closest in a way that allowed us to talk below the layers of general news and events. Her stories from her childhood and earlier adulthood bubbled up, and we discussed topics that interested us both, ranging from: "how have opportunities actually changed for women since the 1950s" to "why do people feel the need to bully others?" to "what does it mean to raise a child with independence today?" Nene had a deep curiosity and love of learning that kept her sharp intelligence on fire all through her life, until nearly the very end. As a student, geometry, history, languages, and the arts were her great passions. I, too, loved these topics throughout my education. As she got older, the stories of her children and grandchildren kept her rapt with attention. When I mentioned something that I was doing in my life that she'd never heard of, she asked me, "What's that?" I explained to the best of my ability, knowing that many of the characters or objects or — worse — technological realities formed no images in her mind. Often, my explanations failed. "What do you mean by that?" she'd follow up. I continued, changing the adjectives and analogies. Eventually, she felt vaguely satisfied with my description, which she acknowledged with, "Ah I see." And then a pause. And then, "I still don't really understand but it's okay." Well that was not good enough! So then I'd come at the topic from another angle. I knew my description had finally worked when the next question was along the lines of: "What? But why do you like DOING that?" There is an element of Nene's joy in life that always reminded me of a little kid. I think she and Popop shared this, and it trickled down to their three kids and to us eight grandchildren. And maybe to their two great grandchildren too! That feeling of pure delight at something amusing, that renders the body loose and the face open. Nene exploded into laughter like this regularly, especially when she was recounting a memory that involved a degree of mischief. One of my favorite stories she told me was about how much she loved reading her sister Berthie's diaries. She admired her sister and loved learning about the intricacies of her life. Though Nene tried to keep the journal reading a secret, she realized at a certain point that not only was Berthie fully aware of Nene's sneaky ritual, but she was in fact entertained by it. It all became clear when Berthie published the diary and included a dedication in the book to Nene. It was at this point in Nene's recall of the story that she started uncontrollably giggling. The end of Nene's long life was difficult and painful at times, and it was very hard to see. It makes me sad to know she was in pain. But what I will remember most and try to take with me in my own life is her joy, generosity, laughter, kindness, curiosity, and deep loyalty to our family. I love you so much.

Karen Shasha
May 20, 2016

Dear Robert,

My positive memories of Hanina were the times I saw her laugh. When we would visit on Sundays, I would sing my songs while Dennis danced Tango with the Georgian caretakers, who he converted into fellow Tango addicts. Hanina would watch and smile and tap her feet. It was so nice to see when she became caught up and began to tell stories of her own. That's how I related to her, with storytelling, and given her long life spent in so many places, she had stories to tell. It's amazing to me to think about how fully she integrated herself into the New York world both culturally and socially considering how far she had travelled from where she was born, remaining true to the values she kept throughout her life. She loved to share her good fortune and did so with genuine kindness and generosity bestowed on friends and family. I will miss those lovely moments when she shared her experiences, especially when laughter was part of them.

Love,
Karen Shasha



Tyler Shasha
September 18, 2016

Memories of Nene

She always noticed tiny details while we ate, even as her vision got worse later in her life. Now if I see someone else stretching, putting their elbows on table, or yawning I think of her. I may even give them a lesson on table manners as she did to me.

Whenever I eat my food, I want to be part of the clean plate club. I always told her it is because of her that I am tall. I always ate all of my food because I wanted to be a lifetime member of the clean plate club.

She told me wonderful stories of her childhood, of her brothers and their mischief, of her desire to be an artist. I still cherish her paintings and hang them up in my room. Whenever I see the butterfly and the strawberries that are there I think of her.

Love,
Tyler Shasha



Family Reunion



*Uncle Selim's Wedding
Nana, Baba, their children, some grandchildren (Jimmy, Ed, Rennie, & Carol)*



Uncle Selim in the United States Army, 1944



Selim & Mary, 1997



Uncle Selim, Mary, Auntie Cecile, Uncle Exra, 1997



Uncle Selim, Mary, Auntie Cecile, Uncle Exra, 1997



Uncle Selim & Mary, 1997

Ezra Zilkha
May 16, 2016

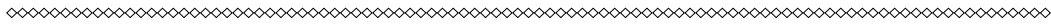
Memories of Hanina

I am Hanina's brother. Hanina was my favorite sister, and I have very fond memories of her. I still remember her at school in Beirut. I remember her at school in Cairo, and at school here in America. What I remember most is her kindness in helping me with my lessons. I had a hard time at school, and she patiently helped me all the time.

Hanina had a great sense of humor, and when she was younger, she laughed a great deal. We often shared jokes and had fun together. She led an interesting life and had an interest in art. She painted and I have some of her paintings.

She was also interested in literature - both French and English. She engaged in good conversation, and we often had wonderful conversations together.

Her children were very close to her, and it was a happy sight to see them together. Hanina lived a full life and like all of us, here, she will have left us with fond memories of her.



Selim K. Zilkha
May 5, 2016

My sister Hanina played a very important role in my life. She was only eight years older than me but acted in a very mature way towards me. She was the one who taught me table manners. When my father and mother left Egypt for America in 1941, they travelled with four of their youngest children - Hanina, Bertie, Ezra, and me. We were all very close. Hanina was in

America from then on, although her husband Alfred, was in the army and away some of the time. After 1951, I went abroad and only saw Hanina when I came to the United States. She was a wonderful wife, wonderful mother, and brought up a lovely family. I am lucky to have one of her paintings of Anthuriums. She loved painting and had great talent. I remained close to Hanina all my life.

I loved her very much.
Selim K. Zilkha

Jim Shasha
May 18, 2016

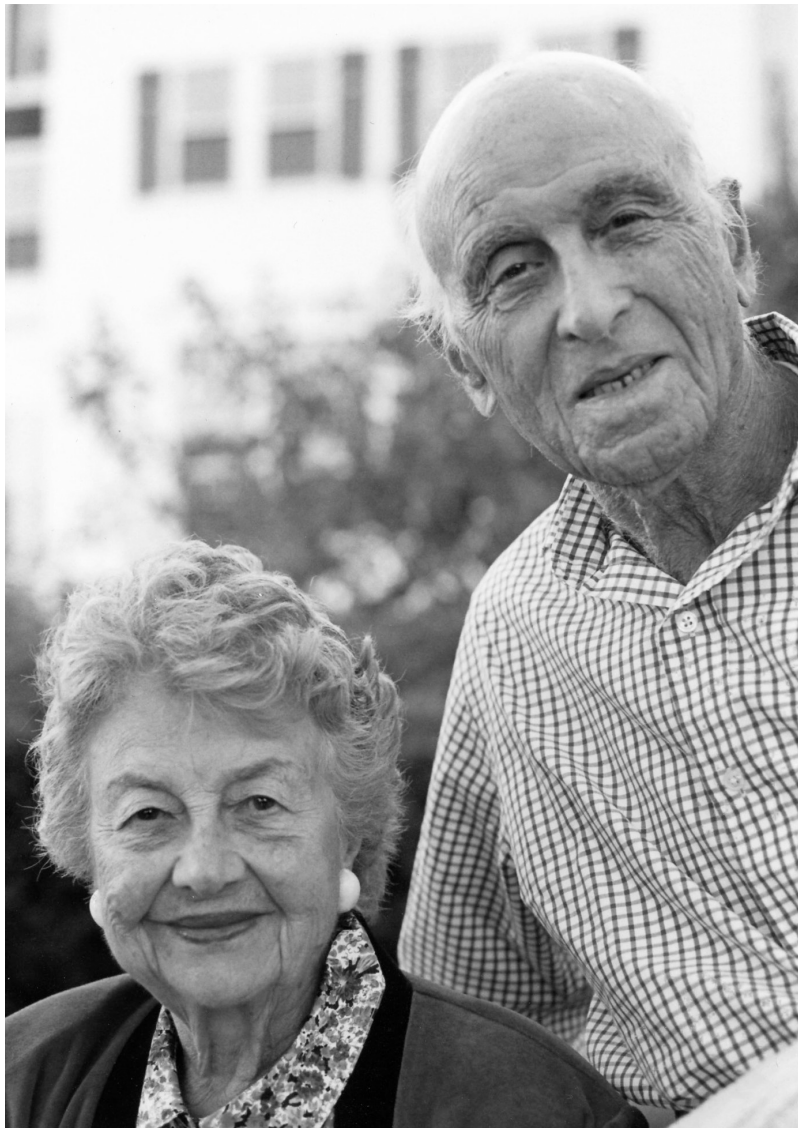
Hanina, a wonderful person, warm, intelligent, artistic and very sensitive. She painted and loved art wherever it was found.

She was a sister to me in the States, taught me many things and we truly had an affectionate friendship.

In Punta del Este Alfred and Hanina spent many summers in my house with Frank and our Argentine offspring. She enjoyed our gathering and all our friends for whom we had many parties. They were very happy moments and I looked forward to their visit year after year. She is missed in many ways but, what can be done if this is the course of life?

I cherish your love, Hanina.

Jim Shasha



Family Trip to Sagamore Hotel around Summer 2006

*Nieces, Nephews
&
Extended Family*

Frederic Cohen

May 6, 2016

I'm one of Hanina's first cousins. Our mothers were sisters. They were part of a large family: 6 sisters, 2 brothers. They all got married, reproduced and made a lot of first cousins. And that's only on our mothers' side, the Bashis. Then there were Hanina's Zilkha cousins, and my Cohen cousins, so between us, we had lots of first cousins. But to each other we were the favorite cousin, the one we felt closest to. There was a French movie in the seventies called *Cousin, Cousine*. We loved the title so much, we decided to use it and call each other Cousin, Cousine, and we did. But deep down, I felt that Hanina was an uncommonly giving big sister, extremely supportive and very loving, always.

One reason for our attachment is that we shared a great love of France, French culture, French theater, movies, museums, French composers, and we communicated only in French. When I lived in Paris and Hanina visited, she loved to explore out of the way places, what the French call *bou-is-bouis* and that only Parisians are familiar with. One of the places I took her to was near Place Furstenberg, and Hanina fell in love with Place Furstenberg, and that love stayed with her till the very end.

Hanina and I came to our obsession with everything French through different routes. She grew up in Beirut, and went to a boarding school in Switzerland. I'm a product of the Alliance school system in Baghdad, where the curriculum was the same as for French school children our age.

So in history for example, we were taught about "nos ancetres les Gaulois" our forefathers the Gauls. I don't think this registered with any of my classmates, but with me it stuck. At Passover dinners for example, when we chanted: next year in Jerusalem, I used to pray for next year in Paris. Paris was my Jerusalem, and I wanted to be re-united with my forefathers. So after I attended high school then engineering school in Europe and became a French citizen, it all seemed quite nonnal to me. God had just answered my prayers.

Fast forward to 1984. I had been living in the US for 18 years, and thought I was on my way to achieving the American dream. I was a partner at a major Wall Street firm, was on the Board of a landmark co-op building on Gramercy Park, had a house in the Hamptons, and a family with 2 great kids. Then the dream shattered, and my marriage fell apart. I was forced to separate from my kids, and the Gramercy Park apartment became history. This really shook me and I was in bad shape for a while. Then Hanina called, and asked me to come over and talk. So I went up to Scarsdale, got there around 5, and we sat at that big dining room table, just the 2 of us. There was nobody else around. And then Hanina started talking, and she talked and talked and talked some more, nonstop for 3 hours. She showered me with so much empathy, and poured so much love into me, it was incredible, much better than years of therapy and lots of Xanax. I'll never forget that day.

Hanina used to say that she saw the world in colors. I don't know about you, but I find the world has lost color now that Hanina is no longer in it.

Richard Seroussi

May 5, 2016

Dear Carol, Robert and Dennis,

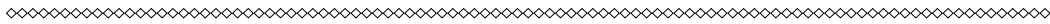
Auntie Hanina was always wonderfully warm to me and my sisters, I am glad she was able to pass peacefully in her own home, and cared for by her family and her caretakers.

I've seen her only once or twice in the last few years, on rare trips to New York, but up to her last day she has always been so generous with our family.

I still remember when she and Uncle Alfred visited us in Seattle almost 20 years ago – he scolded me for driving a car that was not made in the United States and she chided me about having a beard, which I guess she thought was scruffy!

Louisa and I send our hugs and condolences out to you all. I hope time will heal, I do understand it never quite does...

Love to all other family out there, from our outpost in Seattle,
Richard Seroussi



Melissa Dallal

May 14, 2016

Hi Robert,

I have been thinking about you all of this week. That was a lovely service last Friday. It was great to end with the fitness trainer's remarks!

I did have something I wanted to share. We were all at Habonim for the dedication of the Torah in Mama Lucy's name, and the Rabbi was giving some background on our family being Iraqi Jews. As soon as the word Iraqi came out of his mouth, your mom stood up and firmly corrected him with her finger wagging and said, "We are not Iraqis, we are Babylonians!" And everyone chuckled. I've often told that story when people ask me about my background so I'm happy that I have that warm and fun memory of her.

Love,
Melissa Dallal



Auntie Berthie on her Wedding Day, June 2, 1945

Lyla Seroussi
May 25, 2016

Dear Family,

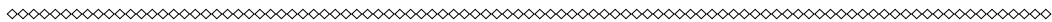
I will share with you my most thoughtful feelings regarding Aunty Hanina – First to know her is to TOTALLY love her! She was a natural HUMANIST – very ‘porte’ towards others- compassionate and with love.

For me as that she was my mother’s sister – so CLEARLY sisters – BOTH with a very spontaneous creativity translated not only into talented works – Aunty Hanina with her lovely paintings from nature – and our mother with her writings – but also into complete creative devoted STYLES of living!

Also as a totally warm involved person – a natural intelligence as well as an intelligence of the HEART in complete tradition of the FABULOUS Bashi women – Nana before her and before her Simcha Bashi – a rather incredible line of super women!

All those in her ‘entrent’ are profoundly affected by her going! With my warmest regards to her descendants and those who loved her!

Love,
Lyla Seroussi



Sylvia Chatroux
May 5, 2016

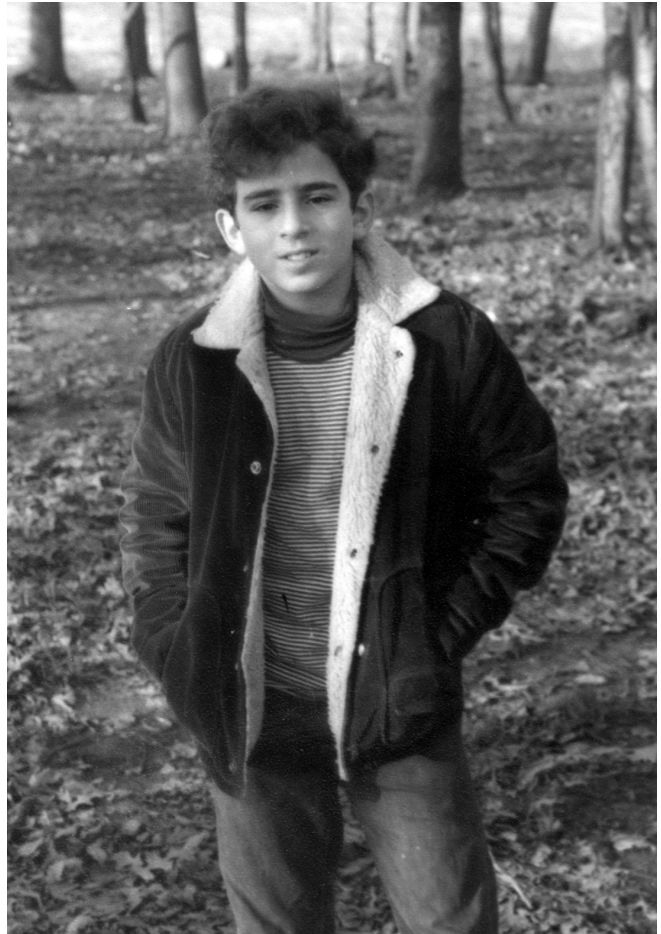
Dearest Robert, Carol and Dennis,

I am grieving with you. Your mom was a very kind woman who constantly encouraged me as I knew her in the last 20 years. I will miss her very much. Much love to each of you, and your families.

Sylvia Chatroux



Leila about 18



Richard at 13



Richard, Louisa, Allie & Daniel, 1996



Dennis & Leila, 1998



Bertie Lilkha



Louisa Chatroux

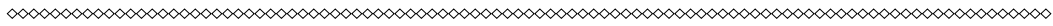
Donald Zilkha

May 5, 2016

Carol, Robert and Dennis,

Hanina's passing is highly charged. The memories of our time together are still so vivid despite the fact that we, individually, are so much older than she was when those moments took place. The house in Scarsdale, the invisible man educational toy as well as the model V8 engine, the trips to the parking lot where I spastically attempted to skate board and invariably skinned my knees, watching the news of Suez on that late hazy afternoon from outside the glass doors in back of the house, all moments that sift through my memory so brightly. We are faced with the passing of another of our great ancestors. Another person who had great impact on our lives. Moments we shall never recover and which we must try so hard to never let fade. Auntie Hanina, as well as Auntie Helen, were anomalies of their time, well educated, strong willed and independent. Their lives were far from peaceful. The rewards they offered so much greater than what they took. My heart is with you.

My deepest sympathies,
Donald Zilkha



Daniel Zilkha

May 5, 2016

Dear Carol, Robert, and Dennis:

I am so deeply sad, Robert, for you all as well as for all of us. We had not seen her for a while, but knowing that she was there was a comfort. And she was amongst the members of my family that made me feel welcome when I first came to America in 1960.

When the last of your parents dies, as Christopher Buckley wrote, "you are an orphan. But you also lose the true keeper of your memories, your triumphs, your losses. Your mother is a scrapbook for all your enthusiasms. She is the one who validates and the one who shames, and when she's gone, you are alone in a terrible way". It is so true: I still miss Zmira a great deal, and very often.

Our thoughts and prayers are with you all.

With love,
Daniel and Fanny Zilkha



Donna & Bill Krisel Family, Alexis, Rebecca, Leticia, Paris, 1996



Uncle Ezra, Auntie Hanina, Uncle Selim, Auntie Helen in New York City, 1995

Bettina Zilkha

May 8, 2016

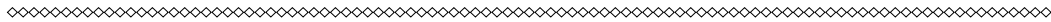
Dear Carol, Robert and Dennis,

You honored your mom beautifully at the service on Friday. There was so much about her that I didn't know. You had amazing parents.

I'm deeply sorry for your loss. Thank you for keeping the extended family together.

I remember how welcoming Auntie Hanina was at the house in Scarsdale. She was so creative and shared her love of art with me. When I was in a major accident at 11, and had trouble concentrating from post-concussive syndrome, she encouraged me to think a lot and surmount. Now they would call it being mindful: she was way ahead of her time.

Love,
Bettina Zilkha



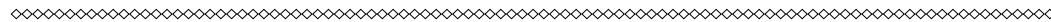
Donna Zilkha

May 8, 2016

Dear Robert,

This is beautiful. You had loving parents and returned their love accordingly. I had a special place for Auntie Hanina because the best times were had at her house. She was caring and loving, and really liked making others happy.

xx
Donna Zilkha



Nadia Zilkha

May 26, 2016

Dear Robert, Dennis and Carol,

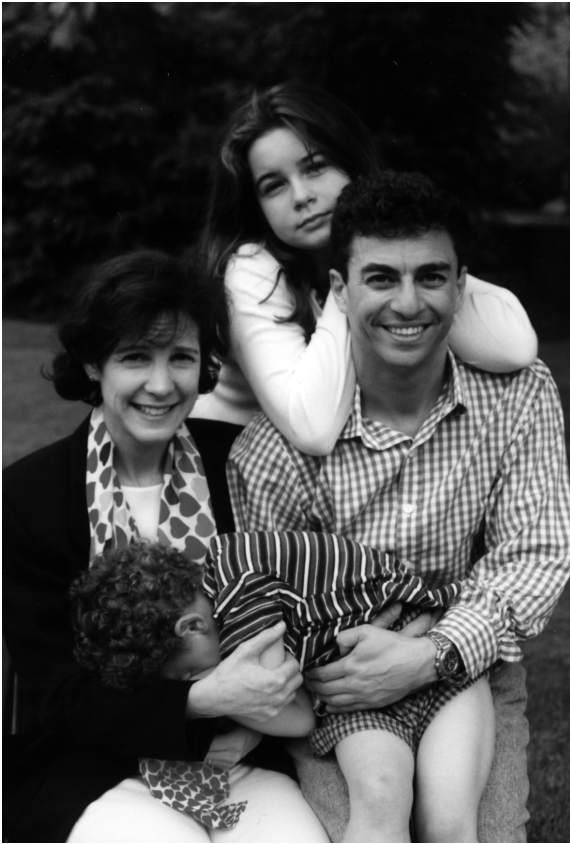
I have many memories of Aunty Hanina. Coming to visit the family in Scarsdale when I first moved to New York, eating her delicious food and being together. She was devoted to family and joined us for so many occasions in California. She loved to party and loved to belong.

I loved Aunty Hanina's paintings and was very proud to recognize that ours is a very artistic family. I used to pretend that I inherited that gene from her. Her paintings had a bold serenity, and dreamy quality. It was amazing to think that this small woman could create such forceful and beautiful art.

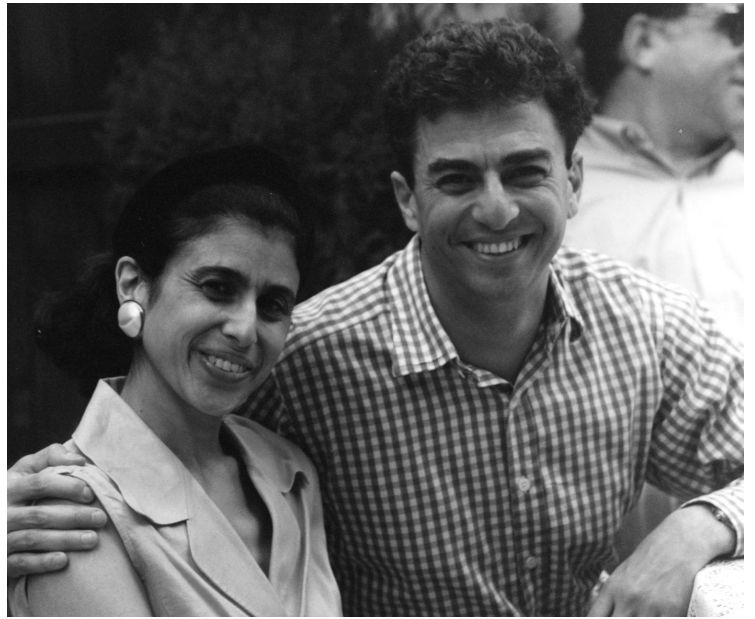
Aunty Hanina was extraordinarily well informed about family gossip. She knew who had married whom, who was good and who was bad. It was always fun to discuss people with her because she always described things as she saw them which was refreshing and factual although perhaps one dimensional.

Aunty Hanina was a great woman, kind hearted, loyal and devoted to her children. I loved her very much and will miss her.

Nadia



Nina & Michael with Lucinda and Daniel, 1995



Carol & Michael, 1995



Michael, Dennis, Nadia, and Jordan, 1995

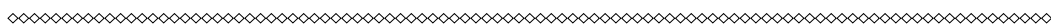
Gloris Dunnous

May 4, 2016

There are no words to say how sad I was when you called. Robert remember you were the best son. You loved her and she loved you a lot. No son did as much as you did. It is hard to lose a parent. I am here for you. Sorry I cannot come to New York. Keep your strength up.

I remember my engagement luncheon at Hanina's. She was so amazing. I knew no one and she took me over to meet all the family. A great human being.

Love,
Gloris Dunnous



Karine Zimeray

May 6, 2016

Dear Carol, Robert and Dennis,

All our thoughts are with you in these difficult moments. We will keep a wonderful memory of the smiling Hanina. We send you all our condolences from Copenhagen.

Love,
Karine and Francois, Raphael and Victor Zimeray



Argie Simon

May 6, 2016

Dear Robert,

I just wanted you to know how proud I was of you today, that you prevailed through your tears and heartbreak to speak at your Mother's funeral. I, too, had a parent who meant everything to me, and I don't think I would have been able to do what you did today.

It was a beautiful tribute to your Mom, your remarks and all the others' I felt privileged to be there to hear them. You were beyond a wonderful, loving and caring son – and as you were lucky to have her, she was also so lucky to have you as a son.

You are the best!

Love,
Argie Simon

Claude Ciampi
May 6, 2016

Dear Robert,

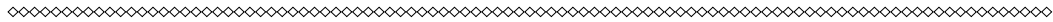
Diane just gave me the news. I had learnt from Fred, that you were very close to your mother.

Even, had you not been, the loss of a mother is very painful. As Erich Fromm, psychiatrist said in his book the art of loving, Father's love has to be earned, Mother's love is unconditional. It is not easy to live without it.

I shall remember your mother with her love of art, her beautiful pieces of pottery. Amazing how the ZILKHA girls adapted to our world, far from Bagdad and their upbringing.

Please convey to your sister, brother, family my heartfelt condolences.

To u all my affection.
Claude Ciampi



Anne Simon
May 20, 2016

Robert,

My most vivid memories of Hanina were of her interest in, and enthusiasm for art - and the wonderful discussions that we had. Her warmth and enthusiasm would show clearly in those discussions, and we both enjoyed those discussions.

Love,
Anne Simon

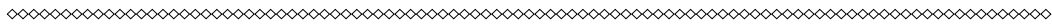
Alex and Lynn Simon

May, 2016

Remembering You In Thought and Prayer.
Wishing You Comfort, Peace, and The Blessing of Memories
as You Mourn Your Loss.

Dear Robert, Ellen and family,
We were so sorry to learn of Auntie Hanina's passing.
She was such a warm and wonderful person, and was such a vital link to our family's history.
It was a pleasure to have been with her so many times over the years. Your family is always in our hearts.

With Love,
Alex and Lynn Simon



Deborah & John Meer

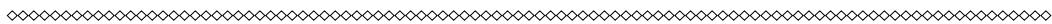
May 6, 2016

Dear Robert, Ellen & Family,

I am so sorry for your loss. Hanina was a real "ambassador" of your heritage to me – intelligent, sophisticated and gracious. She and Alfred were always so welcoming to me. It was a pleasure to see not just her artwork and talent but her enthusiasm.

I wish each of you a time of healing and comfort.

Love,
Deborah & John Meer



Jane Shasha

May 6, 2016

Dear Carol, Robert and Dennis,

I was saddened by your news of your mother's passing. She will be deeply missed, but her smile and wisdom live on in us. I am thinking of you at this difficult time and send you my sincere condolences.

Love,
Jane Shasha

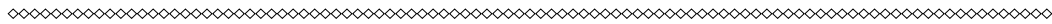
Cheryl Eccles
May 20, 2016

Dear Robert,

I loved your mom and I have a few heartwarming memories that make me smile. The one I would like to share is how she has never forgotten my brother and my B'nai Mitzvah celebration. Even the last time I saw her at Ariana's wedding, she once again told me the story of how much she loved our B'nai Mitzvah celebration. She remembered what I wore, what we ate, and how we blended our Ashkenazi and Sephardic roots in our ceremony. She remembers more than I do!

I also remember how gracious she was when my mom and I visited for Sunday brunch at her apartment on September 14. She made me feel so loved and special. She always had a way of doing that. She would give me a big warm smile and make sure I ate enough food!

With Love,
Cheryl Eccles



Vivienne Pero
May 4, 2016

Dear Carol, Robert, and Dennis,

Please accept our condolences for the passing of your mother. Her personality, story telling, and warmth will always be with us. Our sympathy and love are with you!

Vivienne, & Richard Pero

David Shasha / London

May 8, 2016

Robert, Carol, Dennis,

Zuzanna and I were greatly saddened by the news, and would like to express our sincere condolences to you and your families on Hanina's passing.

I have very happy memories of my stay in Scarsdale in the mid 1970's, and will never forget my visit to the Guggenheim with Hanina during that visit. I had little if any interest in art at that time, yet Hanina was a wonderful guide whose stories about the artists brought the paintings to life. We started at the top of the gallery, and by the time we finished at the bottom had collected quite a group of followers who – like me– were fascinated by what Hanina had to say.

In August 1998, a few weeks after the birth of our son Maciek, Alfred and Hanina were visiting London and Zuzanna and I were able to enjoy a lovely family get-together at a restaurant in South Kensington. My father Donald was visiting from Manchester, and Alfred's brother Albert and his wife Anne (from Dodford) were also in London at the time. Albert and Anne's son John, and his wife Pam, made up the party. Maciek joined us all for a family photo at the end of the evening – though doesn't remember it!

We were so pleased to see Hanina on our last visit to New York (for Ariana's wedding). Although she was clearly quite frail, she welcomed us with great warmth, and it was lovely to be able to spend some time with her. She seemed very happy to know that we have one of her paintings on display at our home in London.

She lived a full life, and will long be remembered by all of us who were fortunate enough to have known her.

David Shasha
London

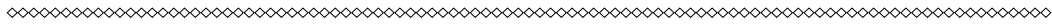
Robert Carrady
May 7, 2016

Hi Robert, Carol, Dennis,
Very sorry to hear about Hanina's passing. I remember well when we were growing up of our summers together and your trips to Puerto Rico and her big friendly wide smile. She was interested to know what I was doing and what my plans were.

I can't say I saw much of her in recent years. Your Dad seemed to be the strong presence. Thinking of him yesterday and today as well.

May she rest in peace.

Best to all,
Robert Carrady



Sue Darwish
May 5, 2016

Dear Robert, Dennis and Carol,

I am sorry to hear about your mother's passing. My heart is with you even though I am far away. The memories of Aunt Hanina and Uncle Alfred are a treasure to me.

Love,
Sue Darwish

Friends

Rabbi Shira Milgrom

May 6th, 2016

Hanina was born to Louise and Khedouri – 96 years ago (9/19/19) – in a Baghdad home – the middle of 7 siblings – Abdullah, Helen, Maurice – Bertie, Ezra and Selim. It was a beautiful home on the river – and Hanina would always remember the palette of colors and sensory smells of the fruit markets of their neighborhood.

Understanding impending dangers, Khedouri moved his family out of Baghdad in 1927 to Beirut. There she attended French boarding school and started her French education. At 15 Hanina was sent to Switzerland with her sister for 2 years to study English. In 1936, the family moved to Cairo, and Hanina focused her emerging interests in the worlds of color and on Islamic architecture and design.

Khedouri was a prominent banker – and staying barely ahead of danger, he moved his family from Cairo in 1941 to New York City, via the Sudan – to South Africa and then by boat to New York.

Hanina loved the freedom of New York and explored the city with her sister Bertie. Alfred and Hanina were second cousins, and they married in 1944. When Alfred returned from army service overseas in 1946, they began to build a life together.

They brought into life Carol, Robert, and Dennis – who expanded the circle of the family, bringing in Joe, Ellen, and Karen. A generation of Hanina and Alfred's grandchildren was brought into life! Jeff (with Adam), Ariana (with Sam), Nick, Jordan, David, Caroline, Cloe, and Tyler.

It's extraordinary having grandchildren, but I imagine that great grandchildren are like a window on eternity:

Hanina lived to meet and enjoy two great-grandchildren Zachary and Angelica.

Hanina loved being a mother with her own children. She was a terrific mother.

She loved French – and French culture – of course, she spoke Arabic and English.

She loved people – and hosting parties.

She loved art. Color. She was a painter.

Painting was a way to express the depth of emotion and experience.

She was gentle.

Insightful

Not confrontational

But she spoke the truth. Her truth - directly.

She had old world wisdom.

She knew what was important in life.

She was elegant.

She was liked, respected, and admired.

Every day is a gift – she said.

Life gives so much pleasure.

And when there is no more pleasure,

It's time to go.

These are the days of the counting of the Omer, the days between Pesach and Shavuot. It is a spiritual discipline – of stopping – and noticing each day and blessing it.

Today is the 13th day of omer. Shavut eched v'shisha yamim la-omer.
Every day is a gift. Our privilege is to notice it – and bless it.

Rabbi Shira Milgrom

Solly Lawi
May 16, 2016

Dear Robert, Carol, Dennis and your families,

We just heard that the Birds of Paradise came for your most distinguished Mother, "Hanina", to rest in blissful peace.

To you, she was the very expression of Love and dedication to each one of you and your own children.

To us, friends of your great family, she was a talented lady of exception, whose intellect and wisdom we admired and for whom we held with the highest esteem. We always loved the letters she exchanged with us, and the warm welcoming get togethers at your home in Scarsdale.

We have shared with your parents, generation after generation, our common roots, including so many cheerful events during the past hundred years.

Our attachment toward you was also cemented by our professional lives, having carried on operating, for several decades, one of the banking and financial institutions your grandfather and uncle had founded in Beirut and Geneva.

Having just lost our "Mamie Eva" at 101, we know that the loss of a Mother, irrespective of her long and happy life, is something that affects one deeply. Our mothers have gone through very different times marked by technological, social, and medical progress. They can be proud to have contributed to the prosperity of our society.

Hanina's memory, like that of your late father, will resonate increasingly in you and come to be a source of inspiration and strength. That is a great legacy for the values transmitted to the new generations.

With our deepest expression of sympathy and affection to each one of you, may we meet on future happy days.

Mireille, Albert, Yvette, Solly, Madeleine,
with all the Levy-Lawi tribe from Geneva.

Geraldine Bartlett

Alfred & Hanina

My first introduction to Alfred and Hanina was a bit uncomfortable. They had arrived back in town from South America the night before and Alfred wanted me to fit them in the following afternoon. I'd been told they were in their late eighties so I suggested we wait a few days so they'd have time to recover from their journey. Big mistake. Alfred bristled and I acquiesced. That pretty much set up our relationship...in the beginning.

It took several weeks to pass their vetting process. Alfred conducted a thorough, investigative evaluation, making inquiries about my training, education, background and personal life while soldiering through the seemingly impossible. His spine was a brittle scaffold on the brink of collapse. Hanina, however, was restless and bridled at my caution in setting up a safe program for them. She had the balance and flexibility of someone twenty years her junior but was convinced she was hopeless and could do nothing.

What a pair!

I left our first session wondering how I was going to get out of it. There was no way they could work together but Alfred's stern demeanor was intimidating to say the least. It took me weeks to muster up the courage to tell them their needs were different and they had to work individually. Alfred sat in silence, studying me then announced he would go first. As it turned out, I was privileged to get to know them in a way I never would have, had we not had that time alone:

Alfred's rigidity turned out to be his body's interpretation of the tenacity and relentless striving that drove him. His tenderness, that lay just below the surface, emerged one afternoon as I listened to him rehearse the speech he'd written for David's bar mitzvah. We were downstairs in a deserted gym and I asked him if I could hear it. He gave his characteristic pause for consideration before agreeing, on one condition: I couldn't look at him, he didn't have it memorized and didn't want to be distracted. He was right. I was so moved I would have interrupted his concentration. He loved his children and grandchildren and I knew about each of you through stories he would share. Like the time David was riding his tricycle and Alfred had asked him a question and David replied, "Let me get back to you on that." He loved telling it and I loved watching him relive it.

He also shared memories of his childhood in Baghdad, the business he'd had, stock advice, lectures they'd attended -- which turned out to be lesson assignments. He would give me four or five typed written pages and expect me to study it so we'd have something to discuss. He once loaned me a book Carol had recommended, "In the Garden of Beasts," he'd been reading under his magnifying glass for weeks. As it turned out I couldn't put it down and returned it the following week. He proceeded to pepper me with questions about the various characters and what happened when it dawned on me he thought I hadn't read it. I said, "You don't believe me, do you? You actually think I'd tell you I'd read it if I hadn't?" His face flushed and he said I couldn't have really read it if I got through it that quickly. We had a laugh about it years later but it was a real moment for us. He also had me bring my husband over for dinner one night so he could see exactly whom I'd married. Alfred was a friend, a teacher and a good man. I will always treasure the time I had with him.

Hanina and I had a connection from the beginning but became much closer after Alfred passed away. Our time was spent getting her to want to move, working through her depression that followed his death. She always rallied, once we got moving but more than anything she wanted to talk, share stories. She told me about different teachers she'd had, where she was when she'd done *The Blue Horse*, who'd inspired it but soon she'd return to bemoaning the fact she could do nothing now so I'd ask her to show me how she used to walk and she'd grab her cane and carry herself like a forty year old.

She told me how she'd worked with Joe Pilates but liked his wife better, loved driving along in Westchester, listening to music and how she'd been pulled over for speeding and talked the policeman out of the ticket by asking him if he wanted to hear what she'd been listening to and how wonderful it was! She shared stories about her father and mother, the places she'd lived, her children, grand children.

She could be having a particularly bad day toward the last few months of her life but when one of her family called, she always made a Herculean effort to speak on the phone, "Hello Dahling," she'd chime. She consoled me when my mother passed away announcing, "I am your mother now!" She was soulful and kind and full of wit.

The last time we were together was Tuesday afternoon, the day before she died. She was in and out of sleep, not wanting her arms or legs moved but whispering, "love you". I wondered if she felt compelled to apologize for not wanting to be moved. I worried I was disturbing her. The week before she'd kept reminding me Hanina was short for Hanna, meant "little Hanna." I finally went to the end of the bed and held her feet, slowly repeating, "Hanina, little Hana, Hanina," while she slept.

I will be forever grateful they were in my life.

Rita Chazen

May 6, 2016

Hanina Shasha has been a great influence on my life. I first met Hanina when she brought Carol to the Fox Meadow Dance Group. She became active in the PTA that ran the group at Fox Meadow School. I found that she was also interested in my adult classes in dance exercise, and she joined and came regularly. We became friends (lucky me) and I found that she was also taking class at Pilates' studio in New York City - and she also took classes with Martha Graham. She had a very good knowledge of dance, and I loved being with her so very much. She was the one who led me into Pilates a great influence on me - which helped in my success in my teaching.

She introduced me to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and we went to many art shows and when her vision was failing I read all the important facts to her about the paintings. She would say "let's meet our friends" - and that was the impressionists - and it was always a terrific experience to be with her in a museum.

When I had my recitals at various places, she asked what I was wearing - and off we went upstairs to her closet. She made sure I looked dramatic, and it was a great help. She always gave me advice on many problems, and I spent a great deal of time with her. It always was joy to be with her - loved it. There were many walks at the Mall in Westchester - and Madison Avenue - never bought anything, but had so much fun at her comments - wonderful.

Hanina had a large appetite for life! She gave me Pilates book, "Return toLife", and it was dated 1966 - "To my friend Rita". I treasure it very much.

She added to my education on so many subjects that I didn't get in College.

I visited her at the JCC of Mid-Westchester, where she painted, and saw many exhibits.

She had wonderful relations with her art teacher, Dick Miller, and her many friends. I am missing her and loved her so much. What a great lady - it was a privilege to know her and to be with her!

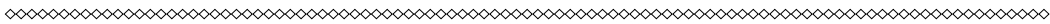
Rita Chazen

Olivier Kraemer

Mon Cher Robert,

C'est une bien triste nouvelle que tu m'annonces...
I hope your mother didn't suffer before leaving us.
I only met her a few times, but I remember well her enthusiasm and her sweetness. Your father and she were a beautiful couple and I am sure they were very proud of you and of their grand children that they certainly enjoyed a lot.

All my family joins me to address to you and all the persons who are dear to you, our sincere condolences. Avec nos affectueuses pensees en ces moments bien difficiles.
(Je pense que je serai a Paris quand tu viendras).

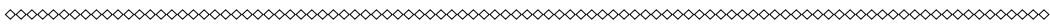


Mark Hershey
May 6, 2016

Robert,

Thank you for letting me know. I was always very fond of your mother, who had a wonderful spirit. I very much enjoyed my relationship with both your father and your mother over the years. As you know, they were both very supportive of Janet and my activities at Kol Ami, driven no doubt by their abiding love of the Jewish people and the community that they were so much a part of. I know that Hanina was very proud of her children, and her passing must be a great loss to you and your entire family. Neither Janet or I will be able to join you today or at your home in the coming week, but I will try to call you over the weekend or early next week. May your memories of your mother provide you with comfort at this difficult time.

Kind regards,
Mark Hershey



David Katz
May 8, 2016

Robert,

I read your mom's obituary. I hear your voice while reading it. She taught you well, you know what to value in her life.

Love,
David Katz

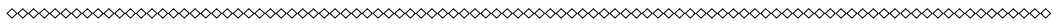
Randy Ruder
May 5, 2016

Dear Robert,

I'm so sorry to get this email about your Mom's passing, but thinking of her brought a smile to my heart. She was always such a kind lady and we all loved her! The staff will be sad to hear about this as they adored both your parents.

Thanks for letting me know. I will certainly share this with our team and the Board.

Randy Ruder, Manager Beach Point Club



Alan Fischer
May 10, 2016

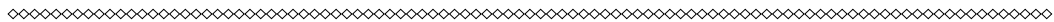
Dear Robert,

Laraine and I are so sorry to learn of Mother's passing and we extend our condolences to you and your family. There is never much one can say, but I do want you to know that we are thinking of you. I know that you can take comfort in knowing that Mother lived a long and wonderful life and that she was such a great lady.

Laraine and I knew your mom and dad casually from charity events and through Beach Point. I remember Dad suggesting we have dinner one evening and we did so at the club. It was one of the most delightful evenings, rich in conversation and with a unique understanding of the world. The memories still reside within us.

We pray that Mother's memory along with Dad's will be a blessing to you and your entire family.

Warm Regards,
Alan



Lee Kaplan
June 16, 2016

Dear Robert,

I feel lucky to have known Hanina for 25 years. She grew dearer to me with the passing of time. She was a decent and loving human being who understood the essence of friendship. Her words always brought me comfort, good will and benevolence.

And, I shall continue to miss her deeply and remember her with love – always. Sending you good thoughts.

Fondly,
Lee Kaplan

Ghislaine Salleron

May 6, 2016

Cher Robert,

Ce message pour m'excuser de me manifester personnellement si tard.
La vie nous bouscule par les épreuves qu'elle nous amène à traverser
et sans doute, nous apprend t'elle ainsi la sagesse et nous fait-elle comprendre l'essentiel.

Ta mère aimait profondément la vie, les siens, et savait communiquer et transmettre son
enthousiasme, ses passions grâce à sa personnalité riche de l'intelligence du cœur...

Les êtres chers à notre cœur, qui nous ont quittés, nous ont aimés, nous manquent, ont tissé la
trame de notre existence avec des fils d'amour

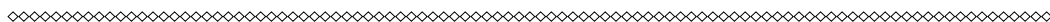
Et je pense que l'amour de nos parents, reçu et donné, est un socle solide sur lequel s'appuyer
pour continuer à tisser avec nos proches la trame de notre existence à chacun.

Peut-être nous verrons-nous fin Juin durant ta venue en France?

Je t'embrasse bien fort, Cher Robert.

Partage avec les tiens ma très profonde et amicale sympathie.

Ghislaine Salleron.



Henri Salleron

May 7, 2016

Cher Robert,

C'est avec douleur que j'apprends la triste disparition de ta mère.
J'aimais beaucoup ta mère et malgré l'éloignement, pensais souvent à elle.
C'est pour cette raison, qu'après la mort de ton père, j'ai tenu à lui rendre visite chez elle il y a un
an et demi.

J'étais tellement heureux de la revoir ainsi que vous tous, bien sûr, qui vous étiez rendus
disponibles à l'occasion de mon passage à New-York.
Elle n'avait presque pas changé, elle avait toujours son beau sourire et paraissait heureuse dans son
bel appartement - avec son infirmière - et surtout avec ses enfants à proximité - ses deux fils à
New-York - enfants qu'elle aimait tant et dont elle était si fière!

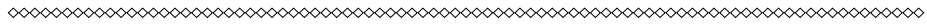
Hannah Low
Thursday, June 23, 2016

Dear Robert,

I want to convey my feelings of sympathy on the loss of your dear mother. Many times, she talked about you and her special feelings of love for you. Your mom was a very dear friend of mine and I am so sorry that she is gone. Her graciousness and kindness will live on in the memory of those fortunate enough to have had her friendship.

May the love of your family help you at this sad time.

Hannah Low



Michelle Caryn Jasper Brody, Psy.D. Solomon Schechter School
May 20, 2016

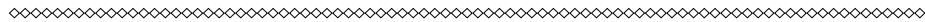
Dear Shasha Family,

I am writing to express sincere love and condolences about the loss of Hanina Shasha, your mother, mother-in-law, and grandmother. You are a very special group of people I am honored to know and can only imagine what she must have been like.

May you find comfort among the memories of Zion & Jerusalem.

P.S. If I can be supportive, you know you can find me here at Schechter.

Love,
Michelle



Elly Koepfel

Dear Robert,

Just a note to express my condolences to your family. Your parents were part of my life and their passing is the passing of an era for me. Hanina was a great lady in her time whom I remember fondly.

Sincerely,
Elly Koepfel

Barbara Goodkind

Dear Robert,

I picked up the paper this morning, and was so sad to hear of Hanina's passing. I want to express my deepest sympathy to you. She was a colorful and charming person – honest and straight forward. I admired that trait so much. I am sure she will be missed very badly. I am thinking of you and your family and with you courage and strength during this difficult time. You had a great mother, and you are so fortunate for that.

Warmly,
Barbara Goodkind

Joan & Stuart Schapiro

Dear Robert,

We were so sorry to learn of your Mother's passing. She was a great lady and it was always so lovely to see her at Beach Point. Her kind smile and her love for her family was always evident. May you find comfort in knowing that she lived an outstanding life filled with love!

We have all lost someone truly special
Someone who made a difference
Someone whose life is worth celebrating
May wonderful memories bring you comfort
Thinking of you with sympathy

Barbara Louis
October 7, 2016

Dear Bobby,

This note has been so difficult to write – it goes back such a long way. All the way back to before you were all born. Dear Hanina and I met at the Planned Parenthood Association headquarters. And so a long friendship began.

Along the way Herb introduced (so happily) your father to Beach Point and our children became friends.

I cherish our memories and so miss your dear mother.

With so much love,
Barbara Louis

Michael A. Kay, PhD
Schechter Westchester
May 11, 2016

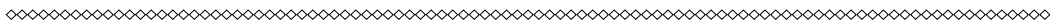
Dear Carol, Dennis, Robert, and Family,

As we continue to mourn the passing of your beloved mother, I am writing to thank you for the extraordinary generosity that your family has shown to our school. Through the grants from your parents' foundation, you have enabled us to create – and then expand – a truly unique signature academic program. Students from eight counties in three states flock to our high school to study in our Makerspace and learn principles of engineering, computer science, design thinking, collaboration, entrepreneurship, and public speaking. As they do so each day, they take note of the welcome plaque that dedicates the space to your parents.

Now, thanks once again to your generosity, we are creating a new space that will enable us to expand this program to our Lower School, providing young children with the unparalleled opportunity to revolutionize their skills and their minds.

We are so supportive of your leadership, support, and partnership – hundreds of students will benefit from them each year.

Thank you!
Michael



Jim Hamilton
May 11, 2016

Dear Robert & Family,

I was saddened to learn of your Mother's passing. I'm writing to let you know people care. We will miss her, but now she is a part of us as we remember her. Thank you for the many sweet deeds to others.

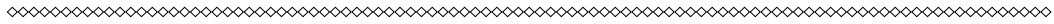
With every kind wish,
Jim Hamilton

Lynn G. Straus
June 27, 2016

Dear Robert,

Hanina was such a splendid person – a good artist, a good friend with very special ways. We had good times together and I will miss her. My sympathies to her very loving family.

Sincerely,
Lynn



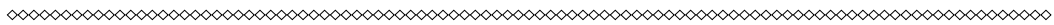
Morris W. Offit
May 13, 2016

Dear Robert,

For me, your mother was indeed an icon. Family history was such proof that she was the personification of elegance, charm and culture. Her passing is truly a loss for all.

Please know that many and I are thinking of you and the family.

With love,
Morris



Barbara Blank and Barry Shapiro

Dear Robert and Ellen,

We were deeply saddened to hear of your Mother's passing. Hanina was such an original spirit as well as a gifted artist. I always loved her enthusiasm for art and culture.

Words always seem useless at a time like this but we wanted to send you our most heartfelt sympathy.

Barry and I are so sorry for the loss you must be feeling. Knowing your mother adored you along with your wonderful memories must bring you comfort in the midst of this sad loss.

Fondly,
Barbara and Barry

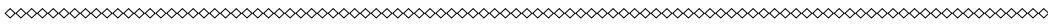
Elaine Petschek

Dear Robert and Family,

My heartfelt condolences on the loss of your mother. As you may know we shared a friendship with your parents and the whole Zilka family for more than sixty five years.

Although I have not seen or spoke to Hanina in a very long time your descriptive biography matches my recollection. Be comforted with happy memories replacing your present sorrow.

With deepest sympathy,
Elaine Petschek



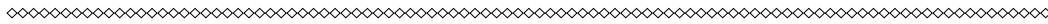
Marjorie and Sass Peress

Dear Robert & Family,

We are sad to learn of the passing away of your dear mother Hanina. She was artistically very talented and had the precious gift of a friendly smile that was infectious. May she rest in Peace. Her memory should fill you and all your family with pride and gratitude for the goodness of her life with you. Our sincere condolences.

Memories walk by our side, like a friend, and comfort us.

Marjorie and Sass Peress



Michael Glick

May 16, 2017

Thank you Robert for including us. We share your loss, as well as your love and admiration for a true "woman of valor". May the memories of the good time with Hanina and Alfred sustain you. Our warmest condolences to you and your entire family.

Ronnie and Mike

Linda and Larry Rodman

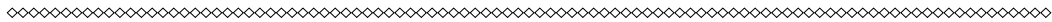
May 6, 2016

Dear Robert,

We read with sadness the news of your mother's passing. She was a wonderful person and a role model to everyone in her family.

We send our condolences to you and all of your family.

Fondly,
Linda and Larry



Peter M. Bauer

May 9, 2016

Dear Robert,

I was very saddened to hear of your mom's passing and want to express my deepest sympathy to you and your family.

She was a remarkable woman with many talents. After attending one of her art shows, I was impressed with her artistic ability.

Your mom and dad were always most kind to me. She will be missed.

Please know that my thoughts are with you.

Sincerely,
Peter

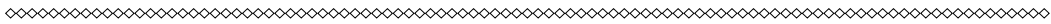
Tobe Sevash
May 12, 2016

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Shasha,

I was so saddened to hear about the loss of your mom. She was a truly special woman with such a talent and passion for the arts.

I had the pleasure of getting to know your mom when I first started working at the JCC about 15 years ago, when she was in Richard Miller's class. We all adored her. My thoughts are with you and your family.

Sincerely,
Tobe Sevash

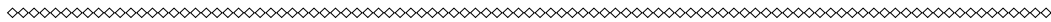


Tom Tenenbaum
May 6, 2016

Robert,

I was very sorry to learn of your mom's passing away. My thoughts are with you. I have some wonderful childhood memories of your mom- she was a very kind, sweet, welcoming and warm person. I can still picture her in my mind. May she rest in peace.

Best,
Tom Tenenbaum



Morris Propp
May 7, 2016

Bob,

So sorry to hear of your mom's passing. She was such a lovely, elegant charming lady. Your parents were loyal and sweet to me, always. You were lucky to have them as parents; I feel lucky to have had them as friends.

Please convey my condolences to Carol and Dennis and to your families. May you be comforted among the mourners of Zion and Jerusalem.

Morris

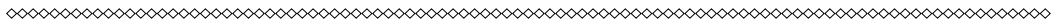
Oded Halahmy
May 11, 2016

Dear Robert, & Ellen, Jordan, David and Caroline,

It was good to see you at your home last night. You have my sincere condolences for the passing of Hanina. I know what it feels like to lose your parent, I know some people recover quickly from the loss, but I always, always remember my father and mother in my heart and I dedicate my art to their memory.

As the pomegranate is a symbol of love and prosperity, I give you all a pomegranate.

Yours with love,
Oded



Maureen Koepfel
December 12, 2016

Dear Robert,

I learned today that your mother had passed in May.

Please accept my heartfelt condolences. She was a beautiful lady and will be truly missed.

I was fortunate to have known her.

Sincerely,
Maureen Koepfel

A.Vivette Ancona Ph.D

December 29, 2016

Dear Robert,

I have been remiss not to write to you as promised about your mother's parties. Your mother was really a great hostess and entertained even very late in life. The time that I remember best is a party she gave on the Sunday after JFK's assassination in the house in Scarsdale. She had the TV on (it was a momentous week-end!) and we all saw Ruby killing Oswald. The party was beautiful.... a lot of people in the various rooms on the ground floor of the house. I do not remember who was there except for Zmira and Abdallah Zilka, (they were friends of my parents and very kindly drove me back to Columbia University where I was a student). After your parents moved to Manhattan, your mother gave absolutely lovely dinners, mainly, it seems to me on Monday nights. I remember meeting Oded Halahmy there and Simon Moshe. I do not know why these two come to mind. I will let you know if I think of anyone else. I hope to see you soon. In the meantime, my very best wishes for a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year to you and all who are dear to you.

Best,
Vivette

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COVER