

A Full Life

By: Jane Ablove

It was 1925 and a baby was being born. The baby was my Savta (grandmother), Helen Cooper. She was born during the roaring 20s and was a young child during the great depression. Now my Savta didn't necessarily have a bad life during the great depression. Her dad was a plumber so her family had a pretty steady income. When Savta was growing up she didn't have much but she had enough. Savta had two sisters: Lillian the middle sister, and Claire the older sister (late). When Savta grew up she went to college to become a schoolteacher and was a teacher for about 40 years.

On December 15, 1945 Savta didn't know it but she was going to be meeting one of the most important people in her life: my Saba. (Grandfather)

At around noon on December 15, 1945 one of my Savtas' friends calls her up and is telling her, "My boyfriend and I had a fight and we are still going out to dinner. I don't want to go alone so I set you up with this great guy that just got out of the army." My Savtas' immediate reaction was, "What??? You know I don't like blind dates but I guess I'll go for you."

When my Saba and Savta were going on their first date there was a snowstorm; a storm so crazy that my Savta had to stay over at her friend's house for two days after.

Exactly two years after my Saba and Savta's first date, they bought their first house together in the December of 1947. They were married in June and had their first child while they were living in my great grandmother's house. Then they moved to a bigger place (in December). In the bigger house my aunt Elaine and Debbie were born. A couple years later my Savta got pregnant with my aunt Judy and my grandparents decided to move to a bigger house. In that house my aunt was born and five years later my father was born. In 1963 my father was born on a warm may morning. Now when my father was first born they had not yet unpacked the baby room and he had to sleep in the office; but a couple weeks later everything was unpacked and my dad

had a normal room. My Savta soon discovered that my dad was allergic to many things like dust and mold. The dust allergy was an inconvenience for Savta because that meant having to buy new sheets she could not afford but she bought them anyway.

Some years later my aunts started to get married and have kids. Then came all the divorces (of my aunts). Soon my dad went off to college at the University of Michigan and Saba and Savta were all alone in a big house. They decided to move to a smaller apartment. After college, my dad went to medical school and did his residency in the University of Buffalo. During his residency, my father met a girl; my mother. They later moved to Albany and had a child they named Anna. Soon enough my parents got tired of Albany and moved to the cheese state of Wisconsin. My Savta and Saba were happy in their little apartment spending day in and day out with each other. Now occasionally my Savta would go out to play bridge with friends and that was fun but Savta got tired easily.

In March of 2012 Saba fell sick with pneumonia and on April 10th he died. When Saba died almost my whole family came into Buffalo for the funeral and many stayed.