



**Carol Scharf**

My name is Carol Scharff. I was born in New York City, in December of 1934. I grew up in Brooklyn. My earliest memory is: we used to have grocers, not supermarkets, and the grocer used to come to the house, and take the order and then leave, fill the order and come back. You never had to go to the store. My earliest memory is: my mother was pregnant with a third child and the two of us were sitting around and for some reason my sister, who was probably five or four-and-a-half, decided to run to the door when the grocer came--and she split her head. And they had to take her to the hospital. She had to be stitched up... I remember that very clearly.

The next memory I have after that is—we lived in a first-floor apartment, and I looked outside, and it was December. I was just seven or six—and my father brought me my first two-wheeler. I remember him bringing it into the house.



My mother's father came to escape the Russian draft and pogroms. My grandmother was a wonderful cook. She made her own challah. She made her own fish. I didn't learn that from her. She made her own cheese blintzes. She didn't teach me to cook. She did teach me to sew. And for many years I sewed all of my clothes and my kids' clothes.

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My mother and father were high school sweethearts. They were actually born on the same day. They got married at the East Midwood Jewish Center, which is the big conservative Jewish synagogue in Brooklyn. And when they bought a house, they bought a house around the corner--not that they were such practicing Jews but that was a convenient place to live. So, as a kid I went to the Jewish Center --when I felt like it,

because my mother didn't care. My mother was very angry at the Jewish religion because women were not counted. My grandparents were orthodox. And my mother just tossed it away. She said, "I'm not having any of this."



I lost my grandmother, my father's mother, when I was six. I remember her hugging and kissing me. I remember her saying goodbye to me. She knew she was dying; I didn't know. But I remember her coming over and giving me one last hug and kiss. She was the one who bought me all these fancy clothes. I don't know how she did it because my grandfather was such a mean man. I mean, I don't know how she got the money to do that. All I know is: I had a fur coat when I was four years old. You know, who did that?



**Carol Scharff** describes Larchmont Temple as her spiritual second home for nearly 50 years. Carol continues to be very active at the temple, not the least of which is making sure the onegs are delicious.