



MONASTIR SARAJEVO

## SONG NOTES:

The city of Monastir was the birthplace of my grandfather and my many ancestors before him. When my family was kicked out of Spain following the Alhambra Decree in 1492, they, like many other Spanish Jewish families (known as Sephardim), migrated east towards the Ottoman Empire. My family settled in Monastir, a Balkan city at the commercial crossroads between Turkey and Western Europe, in what is now North Macedonia.

Jews have lived in Macedonia since Roman times; in fact, there is archeological evidence of a synagogue in the ancient town of Stobi, dating back to the 3<sup>rd</sup> century AD. After the influx of Jews fleeing Spain in the 15<sup>th</sup> century arrived in the region, Monastir gained the largest Jewish community, followed by Skopje and Shtip, and enjoyed a rich relationship with nearby cities with strong Spanish Jewish presence, such as Salonika, Greece. But the Jews of Monastir enjoyed a unique history, with its own customs, religious observances, linguistic patterns and more. For centuries, with a population height of approximately 11,000 at the turn of the 20th century, the Jewish community of Monastir flourished alongside its neighbors and lived in relative harmony, even through the Balkan Wars of 1912-1913, after which the Ottoman Empire dissolved, and Monastir, renamed as Bitola, was incorporated into Serbian territory. With the end of WWI just a few years later, Bitola would become part of the new state of Yugoslavia.

Throughout these changing political times, and subsequent waves of emigration mostly to Israel, North and South America (my own immediate family came to the United States in 1913), many Jews stayed in their beloved Monastir (as they continued to call it) and kept the Jewish community alive. But nothing could prevent WWII and the Nazi invasion from decimating Monastir and her neighboring Jewish communities.

In 1941, Bulgaria, in alliance with Nazi Germany, occupied the Yugoslav province of Macedonia. On March 11, 1943, 3,276 of Monastir's Jewish men, women, and children were rounded up and transported to their deaths at Treblinka concentration camp. Monastir lost 98% of its Jewish population, and with that, an entire culture.

One of the very few survivors was my grandfather's first cousin, Rachel Nahmias, who was smuggled in the trunk of a car across the border to Albania where she was taken in by a Muslim family to wait out the war. The rest of her family was murdered in Treblinka. At the time of this album recording, Rachel is still alive at 103 years old, and is a true miracle.

Altogether, 7,215 Macedonian Jews perished. Today, there are approximately 200 people who make up a Jewish community in Skopje, and not a single Jew left in Monastir. But the legacy of Jewish Monastir lives on.

This project is the culmination of years of research and collaboration with participants across the globe. After performing in Monastir for the first time in 2017, I was astounded by the reception I received from citizens who were so eager to engage with me and my family history. I was touched beyond measure, especially since no Jews have lived in Monastir since WWII. I knew then that I had to use music, my best form of expression, to do my part in helping to preserve this important slice of history that is at the root of so much of my Sephardic identity.

And so, The Monastir Project was born.

Connecting musicians primarily from Macedonia and Israel, I have selected 10 songs that give an inside look into the life of Jewish Monastir before WWII wiped it out. From *kantikas* (folksongs) to *romances* (narrative ballads often inspired by epic Medieval tales), and from centuries-old melodies to originals, each song in this album has a story for which it merited inclusion here.



Some of the songs are in Macedonian and reference Monastir by name, such as *Od Bitola poj dov* (Track 2), which, along with my Israeli producer, Shai Bachar, we recorded using a chorus made up of Macedonian and Israeli voices. Some songs specifically mention the Jewish quarter that once existed, such as in *Edno vreme si bev ergen* (Track 5), where a non-Jewish man tries to convert a Jewish girl to become “Slavic,” a song that surely offers a window into pre-WWII culture of the city as populations lived side by side. This recording features Macedonian star, Sefedin Bajramov, who was born and grew up in a house once owned by Monastirli Jews before the Holocaust.



*Jovano, Jovanke* (Track 4) is a beloved Macedonian song about two young lovers separated by disapproving parents and was popular among Macedonian Jews and non-Jews alike. The song is introduced on this album by Akiva Eskayo, an Israeli who recalls his Monastirli mother loving this song so much that she sang it on her deathbed as her final words. (A photo of a young Eskayo and his mother can be found on the track’s lyric page). The song appears here for the first time translated to Hebrew by Sarajevo-born Sephardic scholar Eliezer Papo, and is sung by Israelis Odelia Dahan Kehila, a prominent member of the Autoridad Nasionala del Ladino in Israel, along with Gilan Shahaf.

Another poignant recording is that of a kindergarten class in present-day Bitola singing *Estreja Mara* (Track 6), their school anthem that celebrates the 21-year-old Jewish resistance fighter who died heroically in battle against the Bulgarian army in 1944 (see a photo of Estreja Mara on the track’s lyric page). Non-Jewish children growing up today in Macedonia are singing their praise and thanks to this young Jewish woman born 100 years before them. The song also includes an introduction by my dear surviving Monastirli cousin, Rachel Nahmias, reciting a popular Sephardic finger-game to one of my infant daughters.

The other selections on the album are songs in Ladino, the Judeo-Spanish language that Jews spoke after the expulsion from Spain scattered them across the Eastern Mediterranean. Ladino was the mother tongue of Jews from Monastir, and the song selections on this album contain unique Monastirli dialect. Where I have used text or translations from older sources, I have retained the exact spelling and accents from those sources. One such song, *Espinelo* (Track 8), was a *romance* transcribed by ethnomusicologist Max A. Luria in his fieldwork in Monastir in 1927, without melody. I have used Luria’s song text which he traced back to 1562 (*Flor de enamorados*, Barcelona), but while it was preserved orally in Monastir for hundreds of years, there is no known melody from the Eastern Sephardic tradition to accompany it. And so, I have set it to music here. My version features Israeli flamenco star Yehuda (Shuki) Shveiky and tells the epic tale of Espinelo, whose mother threw him into the ocean to avoid the scandal of having had twins (superstition held that a mother who birthed twins was an adulteress, having slept with two men). Fishermen rescued him and presented him to the child-less King who took him in and raised him to the highest ranks. In his new royal station, Espinelo was fawned over by the ladies of Turkey, an allegory for the Jews who were kicked out of Spain and found their salvation in the Turkish Empire. Much like my own family.

Some songs in this album were popular throughout the Balkans, but the specific versions here are unique - either lyrically or melodically - to the Jews of Monastir. In both *En frente de mi te tengo* (Track 7) and *Jo la keria* (Track 3), I have based my arrangements on those of Moritz Romano, the son of the last Rabbi of Monastir, Rabbi Avraham Ben Moshe Romano. As the younger stated in a pamphlet of Ladino music that he arranged in 1985, “For practical reasons, the text of the songs is phonetic, i.e. as it is pronounced.” I have not changed Romano’s text. The first song, “En frente de mi te tengo,” speaks of a passionate love between two people and is sung here by Skopje-born, young Jewish Macedonia opera star, Helena Susha, one of the few remaining Jews in Macedonia. Contrast that with “Jo la keria,” also about a lost love, but sung here by Sephardic

Israeli superstar, Yehoram Gaon. One cannot help but think of the Jewish community of Monastir while reminiscing about love and loss in this stunning song.

Two songs of particular meaning for me, are *Oy qui muevi mezis* (Track 1) and *Mi Monastir* (Track 9). The first is a joyous song about giving birth, based on similar songs throughout the region (*kantikas de parida*), but here with unique Monastirli lyrics. When a new Jewish child is born, it becomes a communal affair as the village comes out to greet and celebrate the new baby. As the mother of two small children while recording this project, I have to acknowledge the importance of cultural transmission through the propagation of new generations. It felt right to start this record with a song heralding in new life (shofar blasts, included). Likewise, “*Mi Monastir*” is an original song I wrote based on memories of my grandfather and my cousin Rachel (mentioned above). I have taken many stories of their generation and tried to convey them in this song filled with honor for them and the city they held so dear. Among many symbolic images I allude to in the Monastirli lyrics, the mezuzah is one that stands out. As Rachel’s family was taken away on March 11<sup>th</sup>, 1943, their non-Jewish neighbor took their mezuzah, the signpost on Jewish doors, planning to return it to the family one day. Indeed, years later, the mezuzah was given back to Rachel, an image of which can be found on the song’s lyric page.

In fact, in the following pages and text translations, you will see art from old postcards of Monastir, alongside photographs of my own family members from that city. Some include my grandfather (“*Mi Monastir*”) and my *papoo*, my grandfather’s grandfather (“*Espinelo*”); the others are of family members, young and old, who stayed in Monastir and who ultimately perished during WWII.

This musical homage is for all of them and the many others who made up this once vibrant community.

Finally, it must be noted how many people have had their hands in this special project. Over 30 musicians, volunteers, storytellers and contributors (across Jewish, Christian and Muslim faiths, and countries from Macedonia, Israel, USA, Germany and Spain) helped make this album a reality. While I conceptualized and produced each song with my Israeli counterpart, Shai Bachar, I do not sing on every track. This project is bigger than just me.

Monastir is revered by so many. As the lyrics say in the final song, *Bitola, moj roden kraj* (Track 10), written by Macedonian composer Ajri Demirovski in the early 1950’s, “*Bitola, the city I was born in, I love you, I sing for you / Many cities and villages I have passed, but as dear as you I could not find / Is there anyone, my city, who says good-bye to you and doesn’t cry?*”

As you listen, may you cry tears for this lost community, but also those of joy that its memories and music live on through the many people inside this album and those who are listening to it now.

*Sarah Aroeste*



# 1. OY QUI MUEVI MEZIS

*Traditional (Ladino)*

Oh, what nine months  
Of discomfort you have had  
A son was born  
His face like the moon.  
Long live the child's mother  
With her newborn.

When the midwife  
Says: Push, push  
The mother says,  
-Oh, God, deliver me!  
Her parents say,  
-Amen, Amen

Here comes the child's father  
With the guests  
In his hand he brings  
A string of coins  
In the other hand  
He brings good fish

Here comes the child's father  
Near the bed.  
The child's mother says,  
-Today I did not eat.  
Quickly bring for her  
Fattened chicken.

Oh, what a pine,  
The pine got green again!  
Long live the child's father.  
Let him bring us wine!  
Oh, what a grapevine  
Green again grapevine!  
Long live the child's mother  
With her newborn!



*Oy qui muevi mezis  
Pasatis d'istricchure  
Mus naxió un fiju  
Di care di lune.  
Bive la paride  
Cun su criature.*

*Cuandu la cumadri  
Dizi: Dali dali, dali  
Dizi la paride,  
-O, Dio, iscapadmi  
Dizin, la su gentis,  
-Amén, Amén.*

*Ya vieni il paridu  
Cun lus cumbidadusa  
En la manu trayi  
Resta di ducadusa.  
En la otra manu  
Trayi un buen piscadu..*

*Ya vieni il paridu  
A lus pies di la came.  
Dizi la paride,  
-Oy no cumi nade.  
Prestu si li trage  
Gayina insundiade.*

*O, qué buen pinu,  
Pinu rivridadu!  
Mus live il paridu  
Qui mus trage vinu!  
O, qué parre,  
Parre rivridade!  
Bive la paride  
Cun su criature!*





*Od Bitola pojdov,  
Vo Prilepa dojdov,  
Prilepskite momi  
Site tutunarki.*

*Bitola, gene babam Bitola,  
Monastir, gene babam Monastir.*

*Od Prilepa pojdov  
Vo Velesa dojdov,  
Veleshkite momi  
Site se grncharcki.*

*Od Veles si pojdov,  
I vo Skopje dojdov,  
Skopskite momi  
Site se brashnarki.*

*Od Skopje pojdov,  
I vo Tetovo dojdov,  
Tetovskite momi  
Site se grncharcki.*

*Nasekade pojdov  
Pak Bitola dojdov,  
Bitolaskite momi  
Melem zarana.*

## 2. OD BITOLA POJDOV

*Traditional (Macedonian)*

I left Bitola,  
I came to Prilep,  
Prilep girls  
They are all tobacco girls.

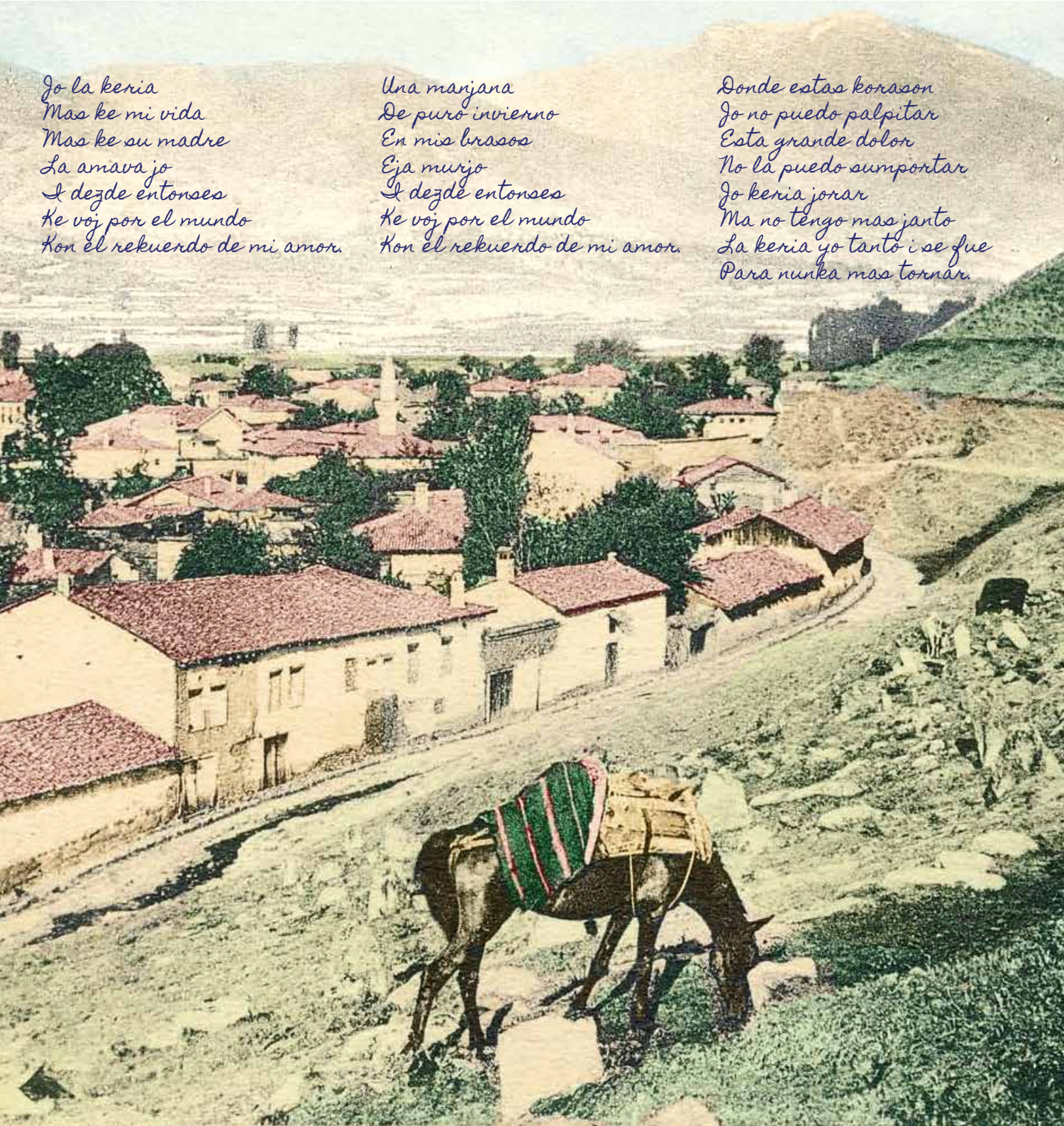
I left Prilep  
and I came to Veles,  
Veles girls  
They are all potters.

I left Veles,  
and I came to Skopje,  
Skopje girls  
They are all millers.

I left Skopje,  
I came to Tetovo,  
Tetovo girls  
They are all bean farmers.

I went everywhere  
But I returned to Bitola,  
Bitola girls  
They cure all wounds.

Bitola, my beloved Bitola,  
My dear Monastir.

A scenic view of a village with red-tiled roofs and a donkey in the foreground. The village is built on a hillside, and the donkey is standing in the foreground, facing right. The background shows a valley and hills under a clear sky.

Jo la keria  
Mas ke mi vida  
Mas ke su madre  
La amava jo  
I dezde entonses  
Ke voj por el mundo  
Kon el rekuendo de mi amor.

Una manjana  
De puro invierno  
En mis brazos  
Eja murjo  
I dezde entonses  
Ke voj por el mundo  
Kon el rekuendo de mi amor.

Donde estas korason  
Jo no puedo palpar  
Esta grande dolor  
No la puedo sumportar  
Jo keria jorar  
Ma no tengo mas janto  
La keria yo tanto i se fue  
Para nunca mas tornar.

### 3. JO LA KERIA

Traditional (Ladino)  
ft. Yehoram Gaon

I loved her  
More than my own life  
More than her mother did  
I loved her.  
And since then  
I pass through the world  
Remembering that cherished love.

One morning,  
In the cold of winter  
In my arms  
She passed away  
And since then  
I pass through the world  
Remembering that cherished love.

Where are you, my heart?  
I am not able to breathe  
The pain is so deep  
I cannot endure  
I wanted to weep  
But I have no more tears  
I loved her so much and she left  
Never to return again.

#### 4. JOVANO, JOVANKE

*Traditional (Macedonian); Hebrew Translation: Eliezer Papo  
ft. Odelia Dahan Kehila & Gilan Shahaf*

Joanna, my sweet Joanna,  
you sit by the Vardar,  
bleaching your white linen,  
bleaching your white linen, my dear,  
looking upward.

Joanna, my sweet Joanna,  
I'm waiting for you  
to come to my home,  
and you don't come, my dear,  
my heart, Joanna.

Joanna, my sweet Joanna,  
your mother  
doesn't let you  
come to me, my dear,  
my heart, Joanna.



יובנו יובנקה  
אויה לי אימך אוי לי  
לך אינה מרשה היא  
אלי נשמה שתגיעי  
ליבי ליבי יובנה

יובנו יובנקה  
לך אני מחכה  
אל ביתי הגיעי כבר  
אך את נשמה אינך מגיעה  
ליבי ליבי יובנה

יובנו יובנקה  
על שפת הברדר יושבת  
בד לבן הינך כובסת  
בד לבן נשמה את כובסת  
כל אימת נושאת מבט



Edno vreme si bev ergen,  
em rabota si nemav.  
Tra la, la, la, lala, lalalaj  
em rabota si nemav.

Pa si trgnav na proshetka,  
na proshetka vo Bitola.  
Traj lalaj lalalalalalaj  
na proshetka vo Bitola.

Na proshetka vo Bitola,  
niz evrejskite maali.  
Traj lalaj la lala lala laj  
niz evrejskite maali.

Jam si sretnav moma Evrejka,  
so kosi rastureni.  
Traj lalaj lalala lala  
so kosi rastureni.

I je rekov na slavjanski  
da se storit slavjanka.  
Traj lalaj lalalalalalaj  
da se storit slavjanka.



## 5. EDNO VREME SI BEV ERGEN

*Traditional (Macedonian) ft. Sefedin Bajramov*

One time I was a bachelor,  
Even a job I didn't have.  
La, la, la, la, la,  
Even a job I didn't have.

So I left for a stroll,  
For a stroll in Bitola.  
La, la, la, la, la, la,  
For a stroll in Bitola.

For a stroll through Bitola,  
Through the Jewish neighborhoods.  
La, la, la, la, la, la,  
Through the Jewish neighborhoods.

There I met a Jewish girl,  
With messy hair.  
La, la, la, la, la, la,  
With messy hair.

And I told her in Slavonic  
For her to become Slavic.  
La, la, la, la, la, la,  
For her to become Slavic.

## 6. ESTREJA MARA

*Music: Snezana Ivanoska; Lyrics  
(Macedonian): Lidija Tfirst Mitrevska*

For you we sing  
For you we laugh  
For you we dream  
And live happy

Estreja Mara  
Estreja Mara  
You are our patron  
For respect and glory

You are our star  
Clean and shiny  
Clear sun  
And bright secret

*za tebe peeme  
za tebe se smeeme  
za tebe sonyvame  
I srečno živeeme*

*Estreja Mara  
Estreja Mara  
Ti si ni patron  
za počit i slava*

*Ti si ni zvezda  
Čista i sjana  
Slobodno sonce  
I svetla tajna*



En frente de mi te tengo  
No me afarto de te ver  
Dime ninja donde vijenes  
Ke te keho konosen

Kuando sale la morena  
Kuando sale a bajar  
Parese en una dzinganika  
De akejas ke akozen pan

Se amo kon pasjon  
A ti sola jo adoro  
I por ti jo sempre joro  
Muco muco te adoro  
Se amo kon pasjon  
Joro la despartijon

**7. EN FRENTE DE MI TE TENGO**  
*Traditional (Ladino)*  
*ft. Helena Susha*

I see you in my mind  
I never have enough of seeing you  
Tell me where you come from  
I want to know you

I love you with passion  
It is you alone I adore  
And for you I am always crying  
I love you so much  
I love you with passion  
I cry when we are apart

When the dark-haired girl leaves  
When she leaves to dance  
She seems like a gypsy  
Who collects the bread

## 8. ESPINELO

*Music: Sarah Aroeste*

*Lyrics: Traditional (Ladino)*

*ft. Yehuda "Shuky" Shveiky*

Paris is sleeping  
From the deep sleep that came over him,  
On a soft bed,  
With a coverlet of carnations.

Three ladies watch over him,  
The most elegant ladies of Turkey.  
One is combing his beard,  
The other is cooling him with a fan;  
The youngest of them,  
Is mopping his brow.

The Moorish king  
Went to visit him:  
"Who was your father, Espinelo,  
Who honored you so?"  
"I am the son of the King of France  
And the Queen of Turkey.  
My mother, with great pride  
Published a proclamation:  
'Every woman who bore twins,  
Was to be called an adulteress.'  
God will not favor injustice;  
The dishonor fell upon her.

She gave birth to me and to Diligdoze,  
Both at one time.  
She had Diligdoze cared for  
And threw me into the sea.  
Fishermen who were fishing,  
Saved me from the sea."

They took him to the king;  
He adopted him as his son.  
They put him in the high towers,  
The highest in the town.

Three ladies watch over him,  
The most elegant ladies of Turkey.  
One is combing his beard,  
The other is cooling him with a fan;  
The youngest of them,  
Is mopping his brow.

*Durmiendo s'istá Parizi,  
Dil isfueñu qui lu turnó.  
La carne tieni di colche,  
Cuviente tieni di graviyine.*

*Tres dames lu stá mirandu,  
Laz mijoris di Turquie.  
La uné li peine la barve,  
La otre frescu li fazie,  
La mas chiquitique di eyes,  
Las sudoris l'alimpiave.*

*Lu fueron a vijitar  
El moru di la muririe,  
Di quen sos fiju, spinerle,  
Qui tan onre vos fazie?  
-Yo so fiju dil rey di Fransie  
Y di la reine di Turquie.  
Mi madre, cun grandi visiu  
Mando aprigunar un die:  
Tode mujer qui dos parie,  
Qui la yami Diligdoze.  
El Dio no quiyu lu tuentu,  
An eye li cayó la dizonre.*



*Mi parió a mi y a mi Diligdoze,  
Todu dos in aqueye ore.  
A mi Diligdoze la dio a criar  
Y a mi mielcho pur la mar fonde.  
Piscadoris qui staven piscandu,  
Mi pisclarun in aqueye ore."*

*Si lu yivarun ondi il rey;  
Si l'aprifirió pur fiju.  
Lu mitierun in altas torris  
Maz altas qui une sivdad.*

*Tres dames lu stá mirandu,  
Laz mijoris di Turquie.  
La uné li peine la barve,  
La otre frescu li fazie,  
La mas chiquitique di eyes,  
Las sudoris l'alimpiave.*

## 9. MI MONASTIR

Music and Lyrics (Ladino):  
Sarah Aroeste

Monastir, we do not forget you  
Your children honor you.  
We breathe your smells,  
Waiting to return;  
We hold on to your voices,  
Waiting to return.

Monastir, bring me home  
Where the dusty streets call to me  
The stars on the walls speak to me  
The memories sing to me

I see you walking in the courtyard  
Laughing with cousins and friends.  
Eating taralikus  
And always standing tall;  
Playing little games  
And always standing tall.

Your spirit is pure joy  
Even flowers laugh with you.  
Tickling us with stories  
All the honor to you;  
Cherishing the moments  
All the honor to you.

Across my mind I see a fez, a crochet, a mezuzah,  
Kindness, knowledge and tzedaka.  
A tableau of mixed colors that is you, Monastir.

Monastir, nu tulvidamus  
Sus kriaturas ti unoran.  
Respiramus tus goloris,  
Aspirandu turnar,  
Dwardamus tus bozis,  
Aspirandu turnar.

Monastir, tráyimi a kaze  
Ondi las kayis mi yaman  
Las streyas mi avlan  
Las mimorias mi kantan



Si veyu kaminar in il kurtiju  
Lijendu kun primus i amigus.  
Kumiendu taralikus  
I siempre tan altu,  
Djugandu djugitus  
I siempre tan altu.

Su alme ia pure aligría  
Mizmu las floris riñin kun ti  
Kushkiyandumus kun kventus  
Kol akavod pare ti;  
Aprisyandu lus mumentus  
Kol akavod pare ti.

In mi tiru veyu une fez, un kruské, une  
mizuzá,  
Bwendá, saviduría i sidaká  
Un tabló di miskladas sus tu, Monastir.

## 10. BITOLA, MOJ RODEN KRAJ

*Music and Lyrics (Macedonian):*

*Ajre Demirovski*

Bitola, the city I was born in,  
I was born in you,  
You are Paradise for me.

Bitola, the city I was born in  
I love you from my heart.  
Bitola, the city I was born in  
I love you, I sing for you.

Many cities and villages I've passed,  
But as dear as you  
I could not find.

Is there anyone, my city,  
Who says good-bye to you  
And doesn't cry?

*Bitola, moj roden kraj  
Vo tebe sum roden  
Za mene si raj*

*Bitola, moj roden kraj,  
Jas te sakam od srce znaj.  
Bitola, moj roden kraj,  
Jas te sakam, za tebe peam.*

*Mnogu gradovi, sela jas projdov,  
Kako tebe mil za mene  
Nigde ne najdov.*

*Ima li koj, grade moj  
Zbogum da ti kaže,  
Da ne zaplače?*



## PRODUCTION CREDITS:

Executive Producer: Sarah Aroeste

Musical Producer and Arrangements: Shai Bachar

Mixing and Mastering Engineer: Tal Ethan Rom

Studio Engineer: Mimi Markovski, Studio Gimmel, Bitola, Macedonia

Art Design: Amos Funk



## MUSICIANS (in alphabetical order by last name):

Vevki Amedov - Macedonia (*clarinet, Tracks 2, 10; vocalist, Track 2*)

Sarah Aroeste - USA (*vocalist, Tracks 1, 2, 3, 5, 9, 10*)

Shai Bachar - Israel (*piano, keyboards, Tracks 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10*)

Sefedin Bajramov - Macedonia (*vocalist, Tracks 2, 5*)

Gergely Barcza - Israel (*saxophone, Balkan woodwinds, Tracks 2, 7, 10*)

Dan Ben Lior - Spain (*guitar, Track 3*)

Itamar Doari - Israel (*percussion, Tracks 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10*)

Yonnie Dror - Israel (*wind instruments, Tracks 1, 5, 7*)

Fima Ephron - USA (*electric bass, Track 9*)

Akiva Eskayo - Israel (*spoken word, Track 4*)

Yehoram Gaon - Israel (*vocalist, Track 3*)

Shay Hamani - Israel (*electric bass, baglama, Track 8*)

Rony Iwryn - Israel (*percussion, Tracks 1, 4*)

Sui Generis Women's Choir - Israel (*Track 9*):

Rinat Pardo Belinco

Sarit Chen

Michal Daboosh

Liron Levy Efrati

Elina Gal

Talia Yona Kliger (*choir leader*)

Dalit Adele Twizer

Odelia Dahan Kahila - Israel (*vocalist, Track 4*)

Talia Yona Kliger - Israel (*vocalist, backing vocal producer, Tracks 1, 2, 3, 7, 10*)

Rachel Kornberg - Monastir/USA (*spoken word, Track 6*)

Yael Lavie - Israel (*qanun, Track 8*)

Mimi Markovski - Macedonia (*vocalist, Track 2*)

Nasrine Rahmani - Spain (*percussion, Track 3*)

Dave Richards - USA (*acoustic bass, Track 3*)

Gilan Shahaf - Israel (*vocalist, Track 4*)

Uri Sharlin - Israel (*accordion, Tracks 2, 5, 7*)

Yehuda (Shuky) Shveiky - Israel (*vocalist, guitarra flamenca, Track 8*)

Yaron Suriano - Israel (*acoustic bass, Track 7*)

Helena Susha - Macedonia (*vocalist, Track 7*)

Tal Yadin - Germany (*guitar, Tracks 4, 9*)

Estreja Ovadija Mara Kindergarten Chorus - Macedonia (*Track 6*):

Anastasija Angelkovska

Anisija Delev

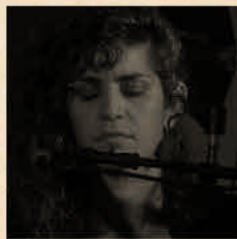
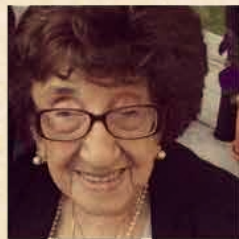
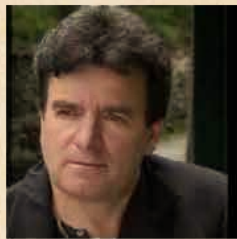
Mila Drogiski

Marija Georgievska

## THANK YOU

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1. OY QUI MUEVI MEZIS (3:41)
2. OD BITOLA POJDOV (3:26)
3. JO LA KERIA (3:17)
4. JOVANO, JOVANKE (4:49)
5. EDNO VREME SI BEV ERGEN (3:35)
6. ESTREJA MARA (2:19)
7. EN FRENTE DE MI TE TENGO (3:04)
8. ESPINELO (4:42)
9. MI MONASTIR (3:59)
10. BITOLA, MOJ RODEN KRAJ (4:01)