

## Vladimir Goldman



This is me on my fifth birthday. The photo was taken in Odessa in 1939. My mother and my father got married in 1925. After the wedding they settled down in a very small apartment. They lived there until 1938. My sister, Tamara, was born in 1926 and I followed on 15th April 1934. I remember our yard and our apartment on the 2nd floor. It was a one-bedroom apartment with a very small kitchen. There was a stove in the kitchen that heated the whole apartment. Our neighbors were German colonists: the family of Berzer, father, mother and three sons, who were recruited to the Soviet army before the Great Patriotic War. My mother worked as a part time nurse before I was born. She didn't have any medical education, but she learned from my father. My mother came from a religious family and brought Jewish traditions into our family. I can't say that we observed all traditions, but my mother always celebrated Jewish holidays. She told us about the

history of these holidays. She was a kind woman and always shared what we had with other people. She always treated visitors to a meal. She used to make a big bowl of soup, and my friends always knew that they could have a bowl of soup at our place, even during the most difficult times. My mother cooked traditional food: chicken soup or broth, stuffed chicken neck, potato pancakes - latkes and forshmak. She also made soup with beans and used the beans from it for a second course. She was very handy about housekeeping and always had some savings. She made Gefilte fish on holidays. My father was a tall and thin man. He used to take me to the kindergarten teaching me numbers and letters on our way. He was an atheist and his 'Lord' was his conscience. He told me to be good to other people. He said that even if ten people would forget that you were good to them the eleventh would remember and pay you back tenfold for what you did for him.