

Vladimir Goldman's Parents Miron Goldman And Maria Goldman-Frenkel



My parents Miron Goldman and Maria Frenkel-Goldman. The photo was taken in Odessa in 1954. On the back it says, "To our dear beloved children Tamara and Zinoviya?". My father was born in 1888. He studied at the Medical Faculty of the Donskoy University in Rostov and later continued his studies at the Medical Institute in Odessa. Upon graduation from the Institute my father worked at the Skin Diseases and Venerological Hospital that became a Skin and Venerology Research Institute later. My mother and my father got married in 1925. 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. 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 mother didn't have any education, but she was smart and sensitive and very good at resolving everyday issues. My father could always rely on her. They lived a long life together and were always affectionate in the way they treated each other. My mother 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 parents had many friends; most of them were Jews. My parents were very close with my mother's sisters and brothers. My mother's brother Leo lived in Peresyp. My mother's sister Rosa lived in the center of the town. My parents were very close with my mother's sister Sophia and her husband Ilia. My father worked as a doctor throughout the war. 1952 was a difficult time because of the so-called Doctors' Plot. We were very concerned, but God was merciful, and my father kept his job. My mother died in 1972. My father died in 1990 when he was 102 years old. They were both buried in

the Jewish cemetery.