

Zoya Lerman And Her Father Naum Lerman



My father Naum Lerman with me, Zoya Lerman, in a photo taken in Kiev in 1947. I was thirteen years old. My parents and my grandmother were happy to hear that Israel was established in 1948. My father often told me about the people who put so much effort into turning a desert into a

blooming oasis. We admired them. But we never considered emigration to that country. My father could draw, and he was happy that I studied at the art school. He began a collection of books on art. He was saving money to buy these books. When he had a day off he always went to bookstores to get a couple of books. We all loved to read. He would always bring me an interesting book, and later, he would always have one for my husband as well. This collection of books that I have is my father's. My mother always, when I was pupil, had to tell me to go to bed in the evening, but I still waited up until everybody else went to sleep to continue my reading.