

Irina Lidskaya And Her Mother Dina Itskovich



This is me, Irina Lidskaya and my mother Dina Itskovich. The photo was taken in Kiev in 1936. As often happens in the families of doctors, what the parents are afraid of happens to their children. I wasn't a healthy child. I had diathesis (a condition that predisposes the body to various disorders). My mother was a good pediatrician and she knew that if she felt sorry for me I would become a chronic invalid. She was very strict with me. I had to have meals at a fixed time, and I was always hungry, as they gave me very little to eat. My parents both worked, and they hired a nanny for me. I well remember my Russian nanny Sasha. She was a very nice and kind woman, and she liked

children. She was tall and very educated. She knew literature well and held me by my hand during our walks and read Pushkin's poems to me. I adored her. Once she went to the store to buy some bread. She bought a loaf of brown bread and gave it to me to hold while went back into the store. While she was there I began nibbling on this bread. It was great fun. When my nanny saw it she was at a loss. She bought another loaf, but she told my parents what had happened. My mother was horrified because this wasn't supposed to be in my diet. But nothing happened to me. I enjoyed it and felt full for the first time in my life. Unfortunately, Nanny Sasha didn't stay long with us. Something happened in her own family that she had to leave us.