

# Hava Goldshtein With Her Granddaughter Sarah-Revekka Goldshtein And Husband Of Hava Goldshtein's Deceased Sister - Ruvim Tseitlin



I, Hava Goldshtein, and my great granddaughter Sarah-Revekka, in a week after her birth. Ruvim Tseitlin, husband of my deceased sister, is beside me. Photo made in Lvov in 2002. We lived together: my sister and her husband Ruvim in one room and my mother, Victor and I - in another. Except for few moths when I went to work in Brody, Lvov region and Khmelnytskyi I lived my life in this apartment. We were a close family. My sister and her husband supported me treating him to a meal, giving him toys and clothes, entertaining and spoiling him. My life wasn't easy. In 1979 I began to receive pension, but I continued working. I retired in 1989 when Perestroika began and our factory became unprofitable. Perestroika didn't bring anything good into my life. I get miserable pension enough to buy bread. My son Victor married a Russian girl Valia. They had two daughters: Sonia and Natasha. His first marriage failed, though. My son always identified himself as a Jew, but he came to the Jewish way of life after he got Jewish friends at 16 that observed Jewish traditions and were religious. He could not celebrate holidays at home since Valia teased him about it and happened to not turned out to be - no be anti-Semitic. In 1992 Victor divorced Valia and married Alla, a Jewish woman. Victor and Alla decided to move to Israel. They submitted their documents for obtaining permission to move to Israel. I was planning to go with them when Victor fell severely ill. He got arthritis and he was confined to bed. In 1999 my son died. I buried him near my mother's grave at the town cemetery. My sister Sheindlia died in 1986. She didn't have children. I live in this apartment with her husband Ruvim We wouldn't survive if it weren't for the Jewish charity center Hesed. They support us. All elderly Jews get charity meals and free medications. Sometimes they take us to the Daytime center where we can communicate with other old Jews. I observed Jewish traditions only after the war when I lived in Kalay. Recently we began to

celebrate Jewish holidays: Pesach, Purim, and Rosh Hashanah thanks to charity organizations. We get together in Hesed where we have visitors who tell us about Jewish rituals and traditions, they say prayers and conduct rituals, make traditional Jewish food, buy special kosher wine at a store near the synagogue. We watch films about Israel and Jews. We read Jewish newspapers. My granddaughters Sonia and Natasha often come to see us. They celebrate Jewish holidays with us. Natasha and Sonia identifies herself as a Jew. Sonia wrote her nationality as Jewish in her passport. She is a member of the Jewish cultural association and sings in a Jewish group. She married a Jewish man. My great granddaughter was recently born and Sonia named her Sarah-Revekkah. Natasha is married to a Russian man. They have a nice family. They don't have children as yet, but I am sure they will. Natasha is an accountant in a company. She does not take much interest in Jewish life. Valia, Victor's ex-wife was against such tendencies and even didn't communicate with her daughter for some time, but in due time she resigned herself or pretended that she did. In any case, I am happy that my granddaughters understand and support me.