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This is me in 2000, shortly before my husband's death.

I never gave up teaching. I taught French and practical French grammar. It was a difficult job. I would not wish anybody such a job. I worked as a senior teacher, and my salary was inconsiderable increased.

I was very happy to make two useful things during my pedagogical career. We did not have French textbooks. We had to publish our own. I along with the coauthor prepared student manual with exercises for the French department and French Grammar textbook.

Those books were used for quite a while. Then there were couple of editions for our students to be provided with the manuals. We received rather skimpy emolument for such work, but the pleasure was entirely ours.

We did a good job that made teachers' and students' lives easier. I began to work with post-graduate students. They were very different- gifted and totally without penchants. Some people from province also referred to our institute.

They came to improve qualification without being prepared. Some of them were more capable, others were totally incapable. Of course, It took a lot of time to have classes with them.

A number of those teachers intending to refresh their knowledge, became post-graduate students, wrote dissertations and defended them. Some of them were seeking even doctorate. So, I was

satisfied with my job. It was difficult for me hold lectures.

I did not enjoy it at all! The team of our teachers was very friendly. We lived like one family, being there for each other assisting and encouraging. I remained in the institute until 1977. Then I got unwell and retired.

In 2000 my husband passed away. Now I am sick, helpless and lonely. The charitable organization "Yad Ezra" from Joint has helped me a lot.

When my husband was severely ill, there was a nurse who gave him injections, and bathed him. He also helped me, the helpless at that time. He brought us food.

They have been taking care of me since 1987. This organization monthly gives products. A house-keeper lives with me. She cleans apartment, does the laundry and cooks. Organization Joint does a very good job, and I am very grateful.

I am really worried about large archive that I keep at home. There are my documents pertaining to my parents, grandparents and their ancestors, their letters, pictures, belongings. This archive is the only precious thing I've got.

I have kept all those things all my life, and now there is nobody I can demise it to. Nobody from my grand-nephews, mostly residing in France, knows anything about our family's history.

They are not interested in the past. Some of the documents in this archive were given to Sevastopol museum. But now it is a different state [Ukraine], and things are overly complicated.