

Golda Gershberg And Igor Pizman



My mama Golda Gershberg photographed with her first grandson, my son Igor. This photo was taken in Mogilyov-Podolskiy in 1952.

After the war my mother began to sew again. Of course, it was still hard. If not hands of my mother, we would not have survived. Mama altered clothes or made new clothes, which she sell at the market. But we were happy that we didn't have to be afraid of air raids, Germans or camps. My mama died in 1984. We buried her in the Jewish cemetery, but arranged a secular funeral for her. Mama remained an atheist to the last days of her life.

In 1951 my husband was recruited to the army. I was already pregnant. Our first son Igor was born in 1952, when my husband was away from home. My husband and I did not observe Jewish traditions and our sons were not circumcised. Aron didn't want me to go to work. He believed that a married woman had to take care of the household and the husband had to provide for the family. I had to quit my job, when my son Igor was born. At that time the maternity leave was one month before and one month after the birth. There was no children's food sold and I had to breastfeed the baby. I had to walk 5 km to work and could not come home to feed the baby. I had to choose between my son and my job and I made my choice. I have devoted all my life to my family.