

Boris Goldshmidt



This is my son Boris Goldshmidt. He is three years old here. My husband and I observed Jewish traditions and didn't cut his hair before he turned three. He didn't like it that he was often confused for a girl. We photographed our son before the upsheren ritual. This photo was taken in Riga in 1965. I got married in 1961. I met my future husband Samuel Goldshmidt at work. He was a tailor and worked in the shop. I made women's overcoats, and Samuel made men's wear. We had a traditional Jewish wedding. In 1962 our son Boris was born. We named him after my mama, by the first letter of her name. His Jewish name is Boruch. He had the brit milah according to the rules. We spoke Yiddish at home, and my son knows Yiddish well. My husband taught him Jewish traditions, history and religion. We always celebrated Jewish holidays at home. I didn't have as much time as my uncle's wife to prepare for holidays, though. My husband and I worked, and I had no time to stand in long lines to buy food products, but I did my best. We always had matzah at Pesach and

no bread. We went to the synagogue on holidays and took our son with us. The Jewish religion and traditions have always been a part of our life even during the period of the Soviet regime. My son and I sat on the upper tier at the synagogue, and my husband sat on the ground floor. When our son grew older, he stayed with his father at the synagogue. We did not celebrate Soviet holidays at home. We were happy to have another day off, though.