

# Shlima Goldstein With Her Husband Dmitriy Goldstein



This is me with my husband Dmitriy Goldstein. This photo was taken before he was to go to the army in Kishinev in 1948. I kept this photo through the years of his military service and he also had this photo with him. When I was still an apprentice at the confectionery in Kishinev, there was a company of young men showing signs of attention to me. I distinguished a handsome short guy among them. He was Dmitriy Goldstein, who was a worker in our shop. On 1st May 1948 he invited me on a date. We walked along the festive Lenin Street. We saw each other for half a year. I got to know more about him and we fell in love with one another. He was born in Kishinev in 1929 and was given the Jewish name of Mordechai at birth. Dmitriy's father, Zelman Goldstein, was engaged in book publication and sales, and his mother, Zlota, was a masterful seamstress. Dmitriy's family was religious and observed Jewish traditions. He studied in a Romanian school. In the 1930s Dmitriy's family lived in Bucharest. They moved to Kishinev as soon as the Soviet regime was established. During the Great Patriotic War, Dmitriy's father was drafted to the army. Dmitriy, his mother and sister evacuated to Nizhniy Tagil. After the liberation of Moldova the Goldstein family returned to Kishinev. Dmitriy introduced me to his parents and sister and our relatives already thought us to be engaged. On 18th December 1948, Dmitriy and my brother, Grigoriy, were recruited to the army. I promised Dmitriy that I'd wait for him. A few days later Dmitriy returned home. He weighed 47 kilograms while the minimal allowable weight for a soldier was 50 kilograms. The medical commission demobilized him. We dated for another three years. We were seriously preparing for our future life as a family. We even bought a wardrobe from our few months' savings. We had the wedding appointed for 31st March 1951, when a few days before the wedding Dmitriy was summoned to the military registry office again. He had gained sufficient weight and was fit for the military service. 31st March 1951 was a Saturday. I was allowed to finish work a little earlier, and Dmitriy and I registered our wedding at the district registry office. We took each other's hand and walked home like we were used to walking holding hands. So we've gone through life hand in hand. In the evening we had a wedding party at Dmitriy's home. There were Jewish dishes on the

table. Our mothers borrowed some money and cooked sweet and sour stew, stuffed fish and salad with beetroots and prunes. There was no music; we just sang popular Soviet and Jewish songs sitting at the table. Our wedding was more like a farewell party.