

## Naum Bitman's Wedding



This is my wedding in Kiev in 1964. Center - myself, Naum Bitman, and my wife Victoria Sapozhnikova, wearing a white dress. To the left from me my father Shyka Bitman, my mother Basia standing behind him.

My personal life, basically was not good. I got bad luck twice. It was bad luck indeed. I wanted to have a good life but I failed. I met a girl in 1964. I liked her very much. Besides, she was Jewish. She was 7-8 years younger than I was. It was important for that age. I was 26 and she had just finished school. Her name was Victoria Sapozhnikova. We got married and had a wedding. All our relatives and friends attended it. Victoria was a very pretty girl. She was wearing a lovely white dress and everything was just fine. In 1966 our son Valeriy was born. But we didn't have a good life. As I said Victoria was a very pretty girl and I loved her dearly. But she didn't like the idea of family. She loved to visit people and show off her new dresses. However, family is something different. But Victoria didn't understand it and didn't want to do the housework. Perhaps, I was wrong somewhere as well. We got a divorce in some time, but I suffered a lot. Later I got married a second time. I married a Russian girl that came from Lvov. My second marriage failed, too. My second wife met all my requirements to the wife and hostess of the house, but.. In this case I must have taken attraction for love. I grew totally indifferent to her in the course of time. And I can't live in marriage without love. We separated.

My first wife Victoria married a Jewish man and they emigrated to Israel. They failed to make a good life in Israel. I don't think this happened because they faced some objective hardships. They were just very different people. The three of them - Victoria, her husband and my son Valeriy moved to Germany. Hoping that life would improve. There she left her husband. I keep in touch with her., we are friends. She meets with other men but I remain her friend. I even visited her and my son in Germany.

My son married a German girl and he got adapted to life in Germany. My son identifies himself as a Jew, he loves Israel and goes there almost every year. He probably took this anxious attitude towards the Jewish state from me.