

Raisa Roitman And Her Son David



This is a photo of me, Raisa Roitman, with my elder son David. It was taken in Kishinev in 1951.

In spring 1946 Nahman and I got married. We had a hard life. Bread was given out by cards: there was neither provision nor essential commodities. But we were young, we loved each other and hoped for the future.

We kept on living with my parents in their poky room. We made a kitchen from the small corridor, where Mother cooked on a Primus stove. We didn't feel the lack of space. Our relatives came over often. We kept late hours, having tea and they stayed overnight. Some of them were sleeping on the table, others on the floor. There wasn't enough room for everybody, but we had a good time anyway. I brought up my first-born son, David, in this room. He was born in 1948, and in 1952 I gave birth to another boy, Boris.

I didn't quit my studies when David was born. It was difficult to combine my studies at the Medical Institute with sleepless nights, laundry and changing swaddles. My parents helped me a lot. I became a Komsomol member at the institute and even found time for social work. Nahman became a member of the Communist Party after graduation. He began to teach at the Teachers' Training Institute, then at Kishinev University.