

# Jacob Goldenberg And Rosalia Geftman's Marriage Certificate



My parent's marriage certificate. It is written:

'Marriage Certificate

Issued by Rabbi of Sevastopol eparch duly signed and stamped statement of two Jewish people marriage taken place in Sevastopol,

line #14 reads the following on " 15 June of the year nineteen fourteen, a doctor Jacob Adolfovich Goldenberg was legitimately married to a maiden Rosalia Geftman.

The city of Sevastopol, 16 June, 1914.

Sevastopol rabbi D. Polnskiy

Based on the article 0.9 1086 as of 1876 Sevastopol Municipal Administration certifies that the present certificate is duly issued as of 1914,

Member of Municipal Administration  
Secretary'

I do not know how my parents met. I think, it was a prearranged marriage, though a love wedlock. They got married in 1914. My mother's parents were religious, and I think their wedding was in accordance with all Jewish rites.

They both were very successful and educated young people. Parents recently came back from Europe. Father was in France, then went to Kazan. He also worked in Saint-Petersburg. Mother studied in Germany.

The honey-mooners went to Paris to father's uncle Michel. Father was to improve his knowledge in medicine in France. But his plan remained unrealized as the first world war was unleashed. Parents came back to Simferopol.

He was in the army in Caucasus military field and in 1915 the 10th army. He was demobilized in 1916, and in Batoumi [about 1600 km to the south from Moscow], he got ill. He had a problem with his legs, and there he was treated with therapeutic mud.

Only in 1917 father came back home and my parents could feel themselves a family. They settled in Sevastopol. Father began to work in the venereal department of the hospital. Then he established a hospital for treatment of venereal diseases.

He did a lot in that field and also worked as a advisor for the institute of physical therapy. Father was a remarkable expert in that field. There was also a school by his department. A lot of qualified experts came from that school.

Father was highly appreciated and loved. Many times he was selected as a chairman of burlaw court, [In the USSR there were comrade's courts, consisting of the most respectable members of the team.

Those courts were meant for minor delinquencies and violations of certain order or standards by the employees of the enterprise. They could make an administrative penalty: deprive of bonus, make a reprimand etc.] and a deputy in the municipal authorities.

In 1917 my maternal grandfather Pincus Geftman immigrated with his family. All Geftmans left, but my mother. My relatives did not approve of revolution. My parents refused to leave the motherland.

They thought that such educated and prosperous people would do well in Soviet Russia, and besides he did not want to sever with his relatives. He also was sure that the doctor of such a level would always be in demand no matter who was wielding the scepter.

Our life was not all beer and skittles. First of all these were the times of starvation and drought in the country, and the salary of my father was very skimpy no matter how well-qualified my father was.

His salary was not enough to make a living, and mother tried real hard to feed us. She sold some of the things left by our relatives in the commissioner shops or swapped them in the market for food.

My parents were not religious. We did not mark any religious holidays or rites at home. Though, my father's friends got together in our house. My father was a mirthful and an interesting man. He was loved by people. Doctors, patients and friends came to see my father,

These were not only Jews, but also Ukrainians and Russians.

The doors were open for people. The boiling kettle was in the kitchen, though there were no a lot of

tasty things.

People brought what they could. All nights through they used to have boiling water with home-made jam and bread, having a chat and joking around.