



## ZOYA BROZDUKH

March 15, 1928 - March 17, 2025

SERVICES: 1:00 PM, Thursday, March 20, 2025 at HEBREW MEMORIAL CHAPEL

\*The funeral will be webcast live and recorded here for viewing later.

Zoya Brozdukh age 97, of Bryon, passed away on March 17, 2025

Beloved wife of the late Ufim Zusufovich.

Loving mother of Alexander (Alia) Zeldman.

Cherished grandmother of Alla (Thomas) Bush.

Devoted great-grandmother of Thomas Aleksander Bush.

Adored sister of the late Eugene Brozdukh and daughter of the late Joseph (Ekaterina) Brozdukh.

With profound sadness, yet immense gratitude, we honor the life of our beloved Mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, Zoya, who passed away at the age of 97 after a long and remarkable life. She was a woman of extraordinary strength, resilience, and unwavering love—a true role model who overcame unimaginable hardships yet carried an unbreakable spirit.

Born in a time of great turmoil, Zoya's early years were shaped by the brutal realities of World War II. As a young teenager, she faced dangers that most could never fathom.

Right before the war, she lost her older brother to an illness. She always remembered him and shared stories about him.

As WWII unfolded, she was forced to climb rooftops in the middle of the Russian winter while wearing her father's boots to remove incendiary bombs from her school and surrounding homes—that was her homework.

Also, during the war, access to food was almost nonexistent, and she said that her family

would make soup out of onion peels. No, it was not French onion soup—just onion peels and boiled water.

Then, after the war, she faced tremendous adversity and the difficulties of surviving under communist oppression as a young Jewish woman with limited opportunities and resources.

After the war, she met the love of her life, my grandfather, Chaim. He was her everything. They met by a complete twist of fate. My grandfather had returned from the front, having fought in one of the most brutal battles—Stalingrad. When he went to war, he left behind his family—his mother, sisters, wife, and child. They never expected him to return, but he survived—only to come home to Kharkiv and find out that his entire family had been brutally murdered by the Nazis.

My grandparents met by accident through the Moscow Synagogue when my grandfather decided to head to Moscow since he had nobody left in Kharkiv. They fell in love and got married, and thankfully, they had my father. He was their whole world—until I came along, and then everything changed.

I spent so much time with them as a child that sometimes I thought they were my actual parents. They always shared so many stories with me about their lives. Despite all the difficulties they had endured, they always had such a positive attitude and carried so much hope and so many dreams. I still have a hard time understanding how that was even possible.

I always looked up to my grandmother. She was the most patient and soft-spoken person I knew. No matter what was going on in life, she never yelled or said any bad words. Many of us would completely break under pressure—that wasn't her.

The hardest part for me about leaving the Soviet Union was leaving my grandparents behind. At the time, when we said our goodbyes, we didn't know what was to come—we thought we would never see each other again. Unfortunately, that turned out to be true. I never got to see my grandfather again. However, my grandmother mustered up the strength to make the journey to the United States at the age of 77.

When she arrived, she got to meet my son, Thomas, and they spent a lot of time together. She taught him how to speak Russian, and he taught her to speak English. She also took English classes through Jewish Family Services, where she learned to read and write. She even studied and passed her U.S. citizenship test—in her 80s.

We spent so much time with her, and we always forgot how old she actually was. We took her to California, where she went to Disneyland with us, walked the whole park, and rode the rides—which seems unbelievable to me now. She also joined us in all kinds of activities—yes, even Cedar Point and the rides! She loved attending Thomas's musical concerts and marching band performances. You name it, she did it.

I have no idea how she had all that energy because I already don't. But she gives me hope that anything is possible, no matter what life throws at you.

She was also my inspiration for going to business school. Without ever being taught by anyone, after communism fell, she learned how to buy and sell stocks and trade currencies. This saved her in post-Soviet Russia when the country experienced a horrible financial default. Many people became penniless, but she survived. No, she didn't become Warren Buffett, but she was able to withstand the economic collapse.

When she lived with us while I was going to grad school, she was an incredible help—I couldn't have done it without her. She spent time with my son, Tom. She walked to pick him up from school and made sure to share very educational stories with him. She also took amazing care of her other favorite person—my husband, Tom. Although they couldn't easily communicate with each other, they always had a great time together.

And of course, I'm very grateful to my parents, Alex and Alia, for taking such wonderful care of my grandmother in her old age. My mother, Alia, became like a mother to her—she did absolutely everything for her. Zoya called her her angel.

I still have so much to learn and improve about myself—mostly patience and calmness, no matter what life throws at me. That's how my grandmother always lived.

And despite having to part ways now, I couldn't be more grateful to G-d for allowing me and my family the opportunity to have my grandmother with us for so many years. Instead of being sad, I choose to be grateful. I will miss her tremendously, but if you don't miss someone, that means you never loved them.

I am thankful for the wonderful women in my life and the wonderful men who supported them—including, of course, the wonderful men in my life, Thomas and Thomas. There is nothing more important than strong families. Cherish and appreciate every second.

Fun fact: Before I left for classes in college, my grandmother would stand by the door and

say, “Don’t forget your keys, glasses, and phone.” Yes—because I used to forget!

Another one—because she lost her brother, Eugene, she wanted to honor her father’s last name. She made a decision: since her brother had died and there was nobody to carry on her family name, she would keep her maiden name.

I could go on and on, but maybe I’ll leave the rest for a book one day. Rest in peace, my beloved Babushka Zoya. Your love, strength, and wisdom will live on in all of us. You will never be forgotten.

**INTERMENT:**

Hebrew Memorial Park  
33230 S. Gratiot Avenue  
Clinton Township, MI 48035

**SHIVA:**

Information to follow

**CONTRIBUTIONS:**

If you wish to honor the memory of Zoya Brozdukh, you may do so by donating in her name to:

Hebrew Benevolent Society  
26640 Greenfield Road  
Oak Park, Michigan 48237  
<https://www.hebrewmemorial.org/donations/>

# Cemetery Details

## Hebrew Memorial Park Cemetery

33230 Gratiot  
Clinton Township, MI 48035

# Previous Events

## FUNERAL

MAR **20**. 1:00 PM (ET)

Hebrew Memorial Chapel  
26640 Greenfield Rd  
Oak Park, MI 48237  
(248) 543-1622  
info@hebrewmemorial.org  
<https://www.hebrewmemorial.org/>

# Tribute Wall



“ Hebrew Memorial Chapel created a Webcast in memory of ZOYA BROZDUKH



Hebrew Memorial Chapel - March 19, 2025 at 02:45 PM

KD

What a beautiful tribute to a beautiful and caring person.

Karen D. Davidson - March 20, 2025 at 09:04 AM

TB

“ 17 files added to the tribute wall



Tommy Bush - March 19, 2025 at 11:35 PM

AB

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Alla Bush - March 19, 2025 at 10:05 PM

AB

“ 11 files added to the tribute wall



Alla Bush - March 19, 2025 at 10:02 PM

AB

“ 8 files added to the tribute wall



Alla Bush - March 19, 2025 at 09:58 PM

AB

“ 7 files added to the tribute wall



Alla Bush - March 19, 2025 at 09:55 PM

AB

“ 5 files added to the tribute wall



Alla Bush - March 19, 2025 at 09:51 PM

AB

“ 5 files added to the tribute wall



Alla Bush - March 19, 2025 at 09:50 PM