

Polia Gersh And Her Son Grigoriy Gersh



This is my mother Polia Gersh with my brother Grigoriy Gersh. This photo was taken in Kishinev in 1947. After the war i learned that my dear ones were alive. I wrote my mother a letter. It's easy to say - I wrote a letter. I wrote the lines while crying, tore the paper and then rewrote the letter till I finally did it. Shortly afterward I received her response. She wrote that she, my grandmother and my brother had been in evacuation - I can't remember exactly where they had been, somewhere in Siberia. She had been looking for me and had also written to the central inquiry office in Buguruslan and they replied that Shlima Gersh had disappeared in the vicinity of Armavir. My

mother wrote that my brother, Grigoriy, was coming to take me home. One night the janitor of the dormitory woke me up, 'Your brother is here!' A handsome slender guy was standing by my bed. He had curly hair, bright eyes and had a pilot's cap on. He was handsome, but he wasn't the same person I remembered. Furthermore, I had forgotten my grandmother's name during the occupation. All I remembered was that my mother's name was Polia. In the morning my brother told me to go quit my job and we would go to Kishinev. My brother returned to Kishinev after his army service. He married Bella, a lovely Jewish girl. We were friends. Regretfully, Bella fell ill and died at the age of 48. Cancer 'burned' her down in one month. My brother never remarried, though recently he started living together with an old woman. He worked at the aerodrome. He had many friends among pilots and technicians. Recently, my brother had a heart attack. He is in hospital. His daughter Anna lives in the USA and his son Semyon lives in Tumen in Russia.