

Eva Ryzhevskaya



This is me. This is my passport photograph. The picture was taken in Moscow in 1976. In 1960 I was assigned chief of the physiotherapy department of the hospital. Of course, it was a promotion, but I didn't get a pay rise. We didn't have enough money for a comfortable living. So I had to look for additional work. When my daughter turned one, I went to work half time for the military academy of chemical defense. I held lectures there three times a week for four hours. I worked there for thirteen years. My husband died in 1964, when my daughter Olga turned ten. He was buried in the city cemetery. I remained by myself. I had to provide for my daughter and for myself. After my husband's death I took another job. A medical school was opened by our hospital. After work I taught neuropathology and physiotherapy. I coped with my work. When I was young I was very

energetic. Shortly before my husband's death, we received a one-room apartment in Moscow. We lived there for nine years. Being a veteran of the war, I was given a two-room apartment in a new Moscow district, Novogireyevo, on the occasion of the anniversary of our victory over Germany. As compared to the modern apartments mine is rather bad, poky with inconvenient layout. But I'm happy to have a roof over my head and my own lodging. I live with my daughter.