

Evgenia Gendler With Her Husband Lev Gendler And Son Arkadi Gendler



Our golden wedding anniversary, 50 years of life together. From left to right: my husband Lev Gendler, our son Arkadi Gendler, and I, Evgenia Gendler. This photo was taken in Uzhhorod in 1996. Our son finished school with all excellent but two good marks. He always liked studying. After finishing school he decided to follow his father's steps and entered the Forestry Engineering College in Lvov. Arkadi passed his entrance exams successfully and enrolled to the Mechanical Faculty. We rented a room for him. He studied well and got a job assignment to Uzhhorod even before graduation. My son got married in his 30s. His wife Laura is a Jew. In 1988 Arkadi and Laura's daughter Victoria was born. She was named after my daughter. My granddaughter studies in the 9th grade. After finishing she wants to enroll in the Stomatological College in Uzhhorod. My daughter Victoria died of anaphylactic shock during a trivial larynx flushing with penicillin in 1979. I won't even mention what a hard blow Victoria's death was on us. We buried her in the town cemetery in Uzhhorod. It wasn't a Jewish funeral. After my daughter died I lost interest in life. I became of retirement age and submitted my letter of resignation at work. My colleagues told me that I would feel better being among people, but I left. In 1980s, during perestroika I went back to work in the House of Officers. The Director gave me a job offer and my husband told me to accept it. When our daughter died my husband wanted me to be among people to get distracted from our terrible loss. I worked another 10 years and quit when my husband fell seriously ill. He died in 1998. I buried him near our daughter. It wasn't a Jewish funeral. Since then I've lived alone.