

Hertz Rogovoy



This picture was taken by my patient and given to me as a keepsake. This is I, Hertz Rogovoy, receiving a patient. The picture was taken in Kiev in 1960.

In 1949 I was allotted to work as a therapist in Podol. My district was: Zhdanov street [today Sagaydachnogo street] and adjacent streets to the right: Andreyevskiy street, Pokrovskiy lane. Those streets are on the steep upland. It would be hard even for a healthy person to go up those streets without gasping for air and stopping for a respite. In winter when the earth is covered with ice, such an ascension would almost like a mounting climbing. It was difficult for me walk, the leg did not heal up. I propped on a stick, having a constant pain. Nonetheless I had worked on that district for 25 years and 3 months, before 1975.

In 1946 I met Elena Cherevo. Elena studied at medical university. In 1951 we both started practicing medicine, and then got married. After getting married we lived with Elena's parents for a while. Unfortunately we could not make a family. We did not get along, having quibbles since the first day of our life together. Our only daughter Irina was born 1952. I loved my daughter very much. I tried to spend with her a lot of time. She was reciprocal. Being a veteran of war I got a two-room apartment in Kiev on the left bank, Darnitsa. But it did not help, we had no mutual understanding. Elena filed for divorce in court. It was not mandatory, I would never object to giving money for my daughter. Nevertheless, we were divorced. The daughter stayed with her mother. I left them apartment, and came to live with my mother.

I joined the communist party in 1951. I have not done it because I was stickler of the party's ideas. Everybody knew that the person who was not the member of the party, did not have any prospects, and could not even dream of career. I wanted to become a doctor and achieve something in my profession. That is why I joined the party. I did not mark Jewish holidays, did not attended synagogue, worked in Sabbath and ate everything, but I always felt in my soul that there was God. Of course, you could ask how I could have been a member of the party and a believer? These two things seem to be incompatible, but not for me. I was the member of the party, only in

my card. There has always been God in my soul.