

Agnessa Margolina And Her Family



This is a picture of me, my husband, Israel Katz, and our son, Semyon Katz. The photo was taken in Kiev in 1947. I met my future husband at the home of my former school friend. I bumped into her on the street in 1944. I was very glad to see her again. I came to see her after work sometimes. On one of those evenings she introduced me to Israel Katz, a Jew and student at the Military Medical Academy. In 1939 after finishing school Israel entered Kiev Military Medical Academy. When the Great Patriotic War began the academy evacuated to Middle Asia. Israel was there, too. The Academy returned to Kiev in 1944 and so did Israel. Israel finished the academy in February 1945. We got married a few days before he graduated. We just had a civil ceremony in a registry office. My husband got a job assignment as a military doctor in a division in Budapest. He left. I couldn't follow him since my brothers hadn't finished school and I didn't want to leave them. My husband came to see me about twice a year. I began to look for a job. I got an offer: there was a vacancy of an accountant at the forestry office. I was happy to get this job. I lived with my brothers in their

room in the hostel. In January 1947 my son Semyon was born. After he was born my brothers and I moved to a small dark room in a communal apartment that we received from the health department. We repaired and refurbished it. There was a kitchen, bathroom, running water and toilet in the apartment that we were very happy about. I corresponded with my husband. Two months after my son was born I had to go back to work. I got a job as a nurse in the same nursery where my two-month-old son went. When my son went to kindergarten I got a job as an accountant at the canteen there and later I became the director of this canteen. When my son went to school I went to work at the accounting office of a printing house. I worked there until I retired. My marriage failed. My husband was on military service abroad and couldn't visit me often. I couldn't go to see him either. We met twice a year maximum. After a few years he suggested that we should divorce. I was so used to my status of a loner that I agreed. We got divorced. He supported me sending money until our son grew up. He sometimes came to see our son. That's all I can tell about him. I don't know what happened to him afterwards. I don't even know if he's still alive. It's sad, but what can one do about things?