

Document Issued To Tsyliya Spivak's Mother Nehama Rozhavskaya



This is a document issued to my mother Nehama Kogan by Grimaylovo district executive committee: 'This is issued by Grimaylovo district executive committee to Nehama Boruchovna Kogan, resident of Chernigov town, to confirm that her husband Zachariy Gersheвич Kogan resided in Strizhalovka village before 1917 dealing in farming. However, in 1919 during Denikin invasion to Ukraine, the above mentioned Zachariy Gersheвич was killed by Denikin troops in Grimaylov town and his property was looted. However, his wife and children escaped from Denikin troops and now they don't have means to...'

In 1918 my mother married Zachariy Kogan, a Jewish man. He came from Strizhalovka village. Regardless of hunger, devastation and pogroms they had a real Jewish wedding with a chuppah, music and feasting. My mother and her husband settled down in Grimaylov village with her husband's distant relatives. Their son Aron was born there. During a Denikin troop attack Zachariy was killed before his wife and son's eyes and Denikin soldiers raped my mother. My mother kept an official paper saying: 'This is issued by Grimaylov district executive committee to Nehama Boruchovna Kogan, resident of Chernigov town, to confirm that her husband Zachariy Gersheвич Kogan resided in Strizhalovka village before 1917 dealing in farming. However, in 1919 during Denikin invasion to Ukraine, the above mentioned Zachariy Gersheвич was killed by Denikin troops in Grimaylov town and his property was looted. However, his wife and children escaped from Denikin troops and now they don't have means to... Chairman of the village council...Signature'. Behind those few words there is a huge personal tragedy of my mother. She hardly ever talked

about it. I know that after this happened my mother lived with grandmother and grandfather for almost ten years. She had a physical and moral trauma and it took her a long time to recover. She didn't work. She did housework, raised her son and looked after her younger sisters. My mother hardly ever went out or socialized with others. Her only joy was her sonny Aron.