

Seraphima Gurevich With Her Husband, Isaac Tomengauzer And their Son, Roman Tomengauzer



This is a photo of me with my husband, Isaac Tomengauzer, and our son Roman Tomengauzer. The photo was taken in 1959 in Chernovtsy on my son's 4th birthday. I graduated from the Medical Institute in Chernovtsy in 1948. I got a job assignment in the village of Storozhenets. In 1949 I returned to Chernovtsy and got a job as a physician at a polyclinic. Our neighbors in Chernovtsy

liked me a lot. Many of them did their best to introduce me to the young men they knew, their relatives and friends. Once I came home for a weekend and our neighbor came to see me. She was with a young man. It was Isaac Tomengauzer, my future husband. We got married in 1949. We had a civil ceremony and my mother prepared a dinner for our family and closest friends. I didn't have children for a long time. My family was very worried about it. They loved me a lot and wished me the best. In 1955 I finally gave birth to a son. We named him Roman, in memory of my husband's mother Rachel, his name begins with the letter R, like hers. My son was a very sickly boy. We gave him a lot of care and attention. I continued to work after my son was born. My mother helped me with the housekeeping. I had to read and study a lot to be a good doctor. I came home late from work. I had to visit patients at home and spend more time with them after my duties. There were lines of patients at the clinic. I worked hard. When I came home, people called me to ask for medical advice. When my son's teacher asked him how we spent our evenings, he replied that his mother sits in the kitchen filling in her patients' record books. I believed that I had to give all my time to other people. Now I understand that I ought to have spent more time with my son. Roman was a good pupil and finished school very well. After school he wanted to study at the University of Chernovtsy. At that time I was director of the University Polyclinic. I knew many officials and had connections with the admission commission. My son was not admitted, despite his good knowledge and my connections. It was 1972, when it was almost impossible for a Jew to enter a higher educational institution. Roman went to work at the factory where his father was working. He studied with a private teacher and the following year he entered the Faculty of Economics at the Moscow University of Oil and Gas. He lived in the hostel in Moscow. He came home on vacations. Upon graduation in 1978, he returned to Chernovtsy and got a job at the machine building plant.