



Doctor Liza's

charity foundation

"A nun once said: "Charity is freedom." This is key to the work of our foundation. We value our patients and those who help them in equal measure. Because any assistance to our wards is priceless. Any at all. We try to help those whom no one else will. Without regard to religion, nationality, or social status."

Elizaveta Glinka (Dr. Liza)



What is there in common between these people: a boy from Donetsk with heart disease who has seen war; a 20-year old girl, a gifted pianist, dying from sarcoma; a homeless man from Moscow with terrible open wounds on his legs, singing songs in a lovely voice among trash and rats?

They all came to Dr. Lisa at one time for help.

It was in 2007 when Elizaveta Glinka with some volunteers, assistants, and kind-hearted founded her International non-governmental organization. All these years Doctor Liza has been helping those who have lost hope, those who were abandoned by everyone, those whom no one would help.

A well-fed homeless man with bandages on his legs. Fragile Valya, on painkillers, is sitting at the piano for the first time in 6 months. A boy from Donetsk with his happy parents. All these people came to feel that they are not alone in their grief, that they are needed, that they are loved. Thanks to Elizaveta Glinka's work, her service to people, there are thousands of similar stories.

Elizaveta Glinka's colleagues, volunteers, friends, and loved ones regarded it as their duty and a matter of honor not only to continue Dr. Liza's life's work, but also to preserve gingerly the experience she bequeathed, to maintain her principles, her unique approach to her wards and patients. And this not only when directly helping those in need, but also sharing this experience as widely as possible among volunteers, nonprofit organizations' staff, those who are just beginning on their path in charity. Supporting those who are inspired by Doctor Liza's example and who are likely to continue her work.

“The purpose for any charitable organization to exist is in the work it performs. Work means not only raising funds and answering telephone calls, but real work.”
Elizaveta Glinka (Dr. Liza)

OUR GOALS

- ❖ Targeted and dedicated assistance to socially unprotected civilians, people in difficult circumstances, the homeless, including social rehabilitation
- ❖ Providing medical, social, material, psychological, and spiritual assistance to palliative patients and those in need of constant care, as well as creating the healthiest and most comfortable environment possible to improve the quality of the patient's and his family's life.
- ❖ Providing humanitarian, medical and any other benevolent support for children and families with children in critical circumstances, including war, natural disasters, catastrophes, epidemics, and poverty.
- ❖ Targeted assistance to medical, social, and rehabilitative organizations established with the help of Elizaveta Glinka, named in her honor, or using her methods and approaches in helping the sick and needy.
- ❖ Awareness-raising actions dedicated to spreading information about the principles, rules and approaches in working with those in need that Elizaveta Glinka adhered to, maintaining her archives and methodologies, creating educational programs and materials.



OUR PRINCIPLES

Our foundation was created to help those who for various reasons have found themselves in difficult living conditions and also those unfortunate victims of wars, natural disasters, pandemics, and catastrophes, to unite the efforts of volunteers, non-profit organizations' staff and the authorities, mass media and experts in order to accomplish the goals of our foundation and the effective functioning of its programs based on the principles and values Elizaveta Glinka (Doctor Liza) herself applied and passed on to us.

- ❖ A targeted and individual approach to the needs of our wards.
- ❖ Gratuitousness and impartiality.
- ❖ Sincerity, responsibility, and a professional approach in working with wards.
- ❖ Compassion, respect for human dignity, and ethics.
- ❖ Openness, collaboration, dialogue, and cooperation with volunteers, partners, charities, and mass media.





FOUNDATION PROGRAMS

GIVE A HUG

A program to assist people with incurable illnesses and palliative patients was one of the priorities in the work of the foundation during Elizaveta Glinka's lifetime.

The program is dedicated to comprehensive support for disabled people and pensioners living alone, palliative patients, and the incurably ill in need of constant medical or nursing care; to help and provide targeted support to people with serious chronic illnesses who have no access to palliative or other medical care where they live.



“Sometimes I see so much love in families of patients that the concept of love's infiniteness becomes palpable. It's not the fluffed pillow or the patient turned on her side in time, not the bowl of broth, or caviar, or flowers. Not clean linens or washed hands. Not fashionable medicines and doctors and aides. It's loyalty, forgiveness, patience, and closeness. A whole that cannot be divided. The impossibility of ceasing to love under any circumstances. There are no insults or misunderstandings, no sighs, and no complaints. One thing is a given. Love

Elizaveta Glinka (Dr. Liza)



FOUNDATION PROGRAMS

SAVE A CHILD

The program “Save a Child” has been created to help children and families with children who are suffering because war, natural disasters, epidemics, or catastrophes. These are refugees from Donbass, children from Syria receiving medical treatment in Moscow, families in Russia affected by floods, fires, or other emergencies.

The goodwill of kindhearted people and material support from sponsors are not enough to enable us to deliver humanitarian aid for the victims of wildfires in Transbaikalia or floods in Krymsk, for children with severe illnesses in Donetsk or Syria. We need people who are ready to take responsibility and, possibly risking their own lives, travel to the location of a catastrophe or into a war zone. We need those who can quickly make a decision and bring what is needed to victims at once.

We continue to work in war zones (around the world) and with catastrophes (mostly in Russia) under this program. Assistance includes not only delivering humanitarian cargo, but also providing medical aid to victims and refugees. Since 2010 the foundation’s workers have regularly been involved in fighting fires, floods, evacuating injured and sick children from war zones.



“I am determined to rescue children until the war is over. Or until I am killed. Because there they will not survive. They have no other options.”

Elizaveta Glinka (Dr. Liza)



FOUNDATION PROGRAMS

DO NOT LEAVE IN THE LURCH

People from every part of the country come to Moscow in search of justice, hoping for a miracle, to get a highly qualified medical care in the capital that is inaccessible in the provinces. In order to get a child with a difficult spinal surgery back on his feet, to find desperately needed medicines that the life of a child's mother depends on, or to buy basic food and survive.

Many people spend months here, use up all their savings, lose hope and the strength to keep struggling, grow so weak that they cannot manage the trip back home. The loss of the sole breadwinner, permanent disability, damaged or lost housing, defrauded – many do not have the strength to overcome such misfortune that has befallen them.



“I am often asked: “Why do I help those whom I help? All those strange, scary people.”

My answer: “Because they’re people too.” No other reason. You can’t reproach anyone wanting a slice of bread, even a homeless person.

Rather, especially a homeless person. Just do it and go on.

Even if I am being deceived. It’s better to feed someone who isn’t actually hungry, than inadvertently to deny someone who really has nothing to eat.”

Elizaveta Glinka (Dr. Liza)



We continue working with these people, whom no one will help, for whom Doctor Liza was for many years the last hope, the last place to turn, where they went and were never rejected.

A major part of our work, as when Elizaveta Glinka was alive, adheres to the principle “from one heart to another”; through the efforts of volunteers, social networks, thanks not so much to financial support as to the direct contribution of necessities, such as a wheelchair, prepared food, a mattress for someone with bedsores – all these things can be bought or donated by ordinary people who are not indifferent.

This approach also allows us to attract hundreds of ordinary civilians to help the needy, involve them in the work of our and other charitable organizations, and enable them to serve others.



Story of Dr. Liza's Live Journal

The Mirror

June 12, 2006 3:08 PM

The woman's name was Varya, and she worked at a confectionery factory in the chocolate-covered halvah department. Divorced, no children. That was the whole story of her life as she told it. When her chattering friends from work came to visit, the room was redolent of chocolate and caramel long after they left.

Her hair had not grown back after the last round of chemo, and she looked like a windblown dandelion.

Varya asked for a phone.

"I'll call him. What do you think?"

"Whom?"

"Him. We were married for ten years. To say good-bye. I'll be dead soon."

After the call she asked if she could wear non-hospital clothes. On Monday night. At 7.

"Varya, he's coming?"

"Yes," she said, looking down and turning pink.

Happily I hurried to the market that evening to buy her a wig because Varya did not like any of the kerchiefs we gave her to try on after the call.

I bought one. Ash blonde with bangs.

Varya put it on and asked for a mirror. There are no mirrors in the room, and I took her to the doctors' room.

I left her there to try on the clothing, too. I was in the next room.

"Varya, is that really you?" I heard her voice through the door. "Is that really you, you've lost so much weight, but you're just as beautiful!"

I walked away from the door. I never did learn if she was talking to herself or an imaginary person. I felt uncomfortable, as if I had been eavesdropping on something very personal.

Monday we helped Varya dress up. From lunchtime until late evening she sat in the hallway, refusing so much as a cup of tea.

He finally did come, two weeks later. Varya was gone by then.

For a long time, I couldn't buy chocolate-covered halvah.



Story of Dr. Liza's Live Journal

The Karasiks

March 28, 2006 3:17 PM

Samuil Arkadyevich Karasik and Fira (Esfir) Karasik. From Odessa who God only knows how ended up in Kiev in their old age. He brought her in a wheelchair to the hospice, thoroughly examined all the rooms and chose one that was the brightest but much smaller than the rest.

"Fira loves the sun. You know what the sun is like in Odessa?" Karasik threw back his head and looked at me, his clever eyes narrowed. "No, you do not, doctor. Because you don't have sun like that here in your Kiev."

"Shmuil, don't give her a hard time," Fira interjected, "or she won't take us in."

A heated bickering between the old couple followed, and it was almost impossible to get a word in.

Looking around, Karasik announced that the next day they were moving in.

"You mean, being hospitalized?" I corrected.

"Mo-ving-in, doctor. The Karasiks are now going to be living here, in your place."

The next morning the hospital aides saw Karasik in hat and tie and Fira in her wheelchair with a canary in a small cage on her lap.

"She's our little girl, she won't be a bother."

An orderly from reception silently carried a bundle of books, a shoebox of the Czech brand Cebo labeled PHOTOS by hand, a roll of toilet paper, and an accordion.

"We're here for good. So we brought everything so that we don't have to go back and forth a hundred times."

"Listen, Karasik, you can't move in for good."

"Hah! Doctor, I'm not a little boy. Lay off."

And so they moved in. Fira never left the room, in the evenings we could hear them having long conversations, laughing or arguing.

Karasik, unlike his wife, went into town and he picked flowers from the hospital garden, giving them to Fira with a story about buying them at the market. The flowers, of course, were not as nice as the ones in Odessa.

I understood from them that Odessa was an unattainable paradise where everything was better than anywhere else on earth. Herring, eggplant caviar, the weather, flowers, and women. Even the Jews. Jews in Odessa were the real thing. Karasik said nothing good about Kiev.

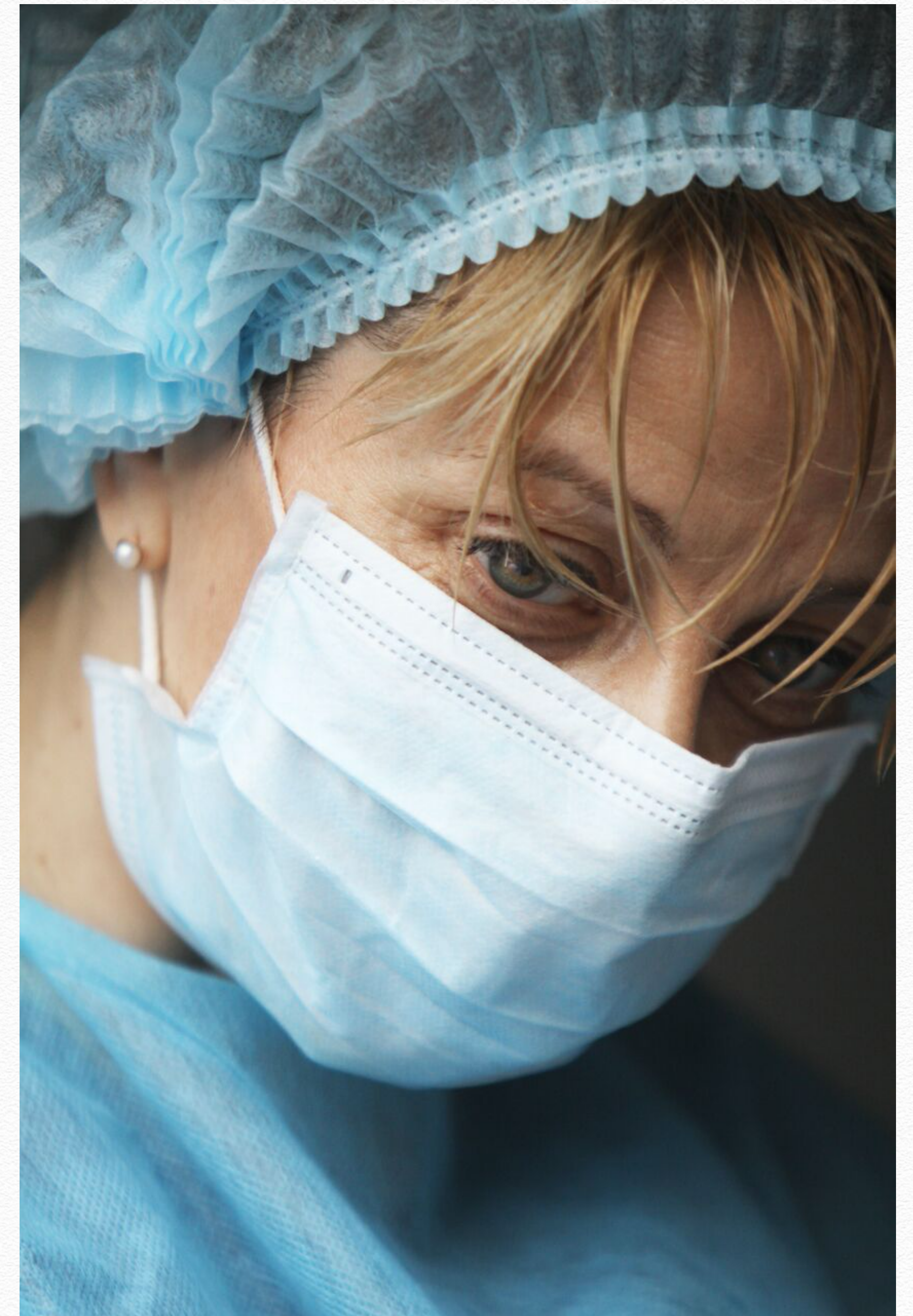
Once they asked me, "Are you Jewish, doctor?" When I answered in the negative, they chorused, "What a shame, you're not a bad woman."

Behind my back, Karasik visited consultants, persuading them to give Fira chemotherapy, weeping, and making scenes. They would call and ask me to take Karasik back, because he wouldn't let them work in peace.

Karasik would come back, averting his gaze, and telling me that he went to the wrong department, got the wrong floor. He regularly mixed up the second and seventh floors, because he couldn't believe that Fira was dying. He really wanted to save her, bringing reports from the last examination to various doctors.

In the evenings Fira played the accordion and Karasik sang in Yiddish.

Then Fira died. Karasik took away his few belongings. The canary lives in the hospice. I sometimes run into him when I'm called to a patient in Svyatoshino.



Story of Dr. Liza's Live Journal

Life Goes On

April 25, 2006 8:12 AM

There are things that cannot be explained. By virtue of circumstances I am on the side of the patients and try to share their feelings. In any case, it is hard for me to be a dispassionate observer and not divide the world into good people and bad.

Olga was twenty-five. Two children. A boy and a girl, a year apart, four and five. Her husband was about ten years older than she was. She didn't work. Married young, took care of the children and the house.

It was a melanoma, she had been sick for three years, they couldn't stop the process. They brought her from home, they had a small apartment and he didn't want the children to see how their mother was dying.

Thin, with big dark blue eyes. Metastases in the spine, pain. She kept waiting for the children. She put on lipstick and changed into clothing brought from home. She set aside fruit from the hospice lunch for them. She kept a mirror under her pillow and always checked herself when she heard steps near the room.

Her husband brought them, almost every day. On the first visits the children pressed close to the bed, brought drawings for their mother. They came and left quietly, holding their father's hands.

After a week, they grew accustomed—they played with the fish and canaries in the hospice corridor, they liked looking into the other rooms, and often asked what we were serving for dinner. The aides wept and fed them the food they had brought for themselves for their overnight shifts. They redid the girl's clumsy braids, which the father couldn't make.

Then they came less frequently. Olga wept and kept silent. The husband did not phone often.

About two weeks later, he brought the children again. The girl had pretty ribbons in her hair, the boy was wearing a neatly pressed shirt. They weren't hungry. They didn't bring any drawings with them. They stood by Olga's bed for a while and said that they were going to the zoo.

I walked them to the elevator and came back to the department. An aide was looking out the window.

"Look, doctor!" she said.

I went over and saw a young woman at the hospital gate.

The children ran over to her and each took a hand. Skipping, they went on their way.

We said nothing.

Then we returned to the room where Olga was sobbing.



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