

Elena Mikhailova With Her Grandson Artyom And Her Daughter Victoria



This is my family: my wife Elena, grandson Artyom and a daughter Victoria. I took their picture when my daughter and her son came to see us. The picture was taken in Moscow in 2001.

In 1954 my wife Elena graduated from Moscow engineering and economic institute, production economy faculty. After graduation she stayed in Moscow and had a mandatory job assignment to design institute to work as an economist.

In 1963 our only daughter, Victoria, was born. Elena kept on working. Mother was retired at that time and helped us raising our daughter. Victoria grew up like other Soviet children. She went to school, joined Oktyabryata, Pioneers and Komsomol. My mother spent most time with her. My wife and I worked hard and were pressed for time. We tried to spend weekend with our daughter. We went for a stroll, to theatre and circus.

After school Victoria entered Moscow State Medical Academy of Veterinary and Bioengineering named after Skryabin. She got married during her last year of studies. I do not want to talk about her husband, as those recollections are hurting. Victoria's last name remained unchanged after getting married, but her son born in 1988 was given the surname of his father- Bogachev. When a 3-year old grandson was asked in the kindergarten: 'Who is your dad?', he replied: 'Grandpa.' Victoria stayed in Moscow after graduation. It was difficult for her to find a job, but her friends gave her a hand. When our grandson, Artyom, was born, Elena retired so that she could help our daughter. I tried to spend my spare time with Artyom. A boy needed to have a masculine upbringing because he was not very fortunate with his father... Of course, grandpa could not be the father, but I tried my best for my grandson not to feel that he was forsaken by father. I love Artyom very much and I think he loves me, too. Probably I did not raise him properly. I brought him up the way my parents did. My grandson is different from his coevals. He knows a lot about Great Patriotic War from my tales and from many books he read. My daughter did not have an easy life as we

brought her up way too intelligent for nowadays - not pushy. Artyom is like that as well. What can we do. Would it be better if we raised a mean person who would do anything to achieve the stated goal? His life would be difficult. I know it from my own experience. Because I am the same, and I am not going to change. I did not betray, did no harm to anybody. I have a clean conscience with myself and with my kin. It is the most important. My grandson is with me, sharing my principles. Once my grandson and I were walking together, and one woman said to my grandson that he was lucky to have such a grandfather. I replied that I was a happy grandfather for having such a wonderful grandson. Now Artyom is 16. He is in the 10th grade. In a year he will have to choose his profession. I hope he will be happy.

We used to celebrate birthdays of our family members and soviet holidays - May 1, November 7, Soviet Army Day, New Year's Eve, but the most festive occasion for us was the 9th of May, the Victory day. The whole family goes to the tomb of Unknown Soldier, where we meet with front-line soldiers. My grandson has attended the tomb of unknown soldier since the age of three. The rest of the holidays were just mere days-off - an occasion to get together with friends and have fun. We danced, sang, enjoyed having a chat with dear people. Neither Elena nor I thought of the gist of the holiday.