

## Leonid Krichevskiy With His Daughter Olga Romanova



This is my husband Leonid Krichevskiy with my daughter Olga Romanova, nee Krichevskaya. The picture was taken in Moscow in 1956. I met my future husband at work. Leonid Krichevskiy was an engineer. He worked with medical X-ray and physiotherapy apparatus. Leonid graduated from college. He was a jack-of-all-trades. He was good at mechanics. Leonid previously worked in the military hospital and was responsible for equipment repair. In 1948 Leonid came to work in our hospital because of the mass dismissal of Jews. He was much older than me. Leonid was born in 1908 in Samara. After the revolution his family moved to Saratov. Leonid had stayed there before the war. He went in the lines as soon as the war began. After demobilization he was offered a job in the Moscow military hospital. Leonid was married. His wife was twelve years older than him. They

had a daughter. After the war Leonid divorced his wife, but they lived in the same apartment. Leonid wooed me for three years. First I didn't want to be with him, as I thought that he should live for his daughter. His child needed a father. Finally he broke down my resistance. His courtship was spectacular. There was a mail box with a slot on my door. Every morning when I went out, I saw a bouquet of flowers in my mailbox and the words on my fence, 'I was here,' and the date. I never saw him bringing the flowers or writing the words on my fence. Then we started seeing each other. We got married in 1952. We didn't have a wedding party. We just registered our marriage in the state registration office and had a festive dinner with our closest relatives afterwards. We didn't have a place to live, and my sister-in-law talked us into staying in her apartment. We made a partition and stayed in the room. In 1954 my daughter was born. She was named Olga after my perished sister. Olga went to school. She was growing up. My husband and I were atheists. Olga was raised without knowing anything about Jewish traditions, history and religion. Like the rest of the children she was a pioneer and a Komsomol member. We celebrated Soviet holidays such as 1st May, 7th November, Soviet Army Day, and Victory Day. When our daughter was little we had a family tradition: on 9th May we went to the Grave of the Unknown Soldier and laid down flowers at the monument. In the evening we had a modest dinner, and my husband and I told our daughter about the war, and the way our victory was gained. Olga was raised a patriot.