

Yakov Voloshyn



This is me, Yakov Voloshyn, at home. Behind me there are pictures that I've painted on the wall. This photo was taken in Kiev in 2002. I worked with "Kievskaya Pravda" newspaper as an artist until I retired. My career started and ended at this newspaper. I was the oldest journalist not only with this newspaper, but also, in Kiev. In 1975 I turned 60, but my editor didn't let me go until he found a decent replacement. I had to work for another year until they found a replacement. I still keep in touch with my newspaper. I've always helped them when they needed my expertise. They invite me to celebrations, congratulate me and give me presents on Victory Day. I feel that my former colleagues care for me and I appreciate it. I am the oldest employee of this newspaper and I

guess, the oldest journalist in Kiev. After I retired I continued doing work for other editorial offices. I began to draw when I retired. I often went out to draw picturesque landscapes in Kiev. I also made still life pictures and portraits of my relatives. I always enjoyed drawing. Every year at the anniversary of the mass shooting, the Day of Grief, on 29th September, we, war veterans, go to Babi Yar to commemorate the victims. We lay flowers on the memorial for those who perished. As for state organizations, we get an impression that nobody cares about veterans. They only invite us on Victory Day: they greet us and give us flowers and presents. Then they forget us until another celebration. In the past veterans were invited to schools to tell children about this horrible war and our victory, but nobody needs it now. Who will tell them about this war when all veterans are gone? How much longer will we live? I am 88 and I hope to live until 90. We'll see what happens?