

Tsylia Shapiro With Her Daughter Raissa Motylyova



My daughter Raissa and I, photographed on the eve of New Year 1955 in Malin.

In fall 1946 I was visiting my relatives in Korosten and my two friends and I went to a photo shop to have our picture taken. On the next day a young man came to the house where I was staying. He introduced himself: Natan Shapiro, director of an industrial association, and the photo shop was within the structure of this association. Natan and I began to see each other.

Natan came from a small village in Zhytomir region. He was born in 1918. His father died when Natan was a small boy. After finishing school Natan studied at the accounting school and became an accountant and then an auditor. After the war he became director of the industrial association within the system of military trade department.

He was an atheist and a Komsomol member. He was going to become a member of the Communist Party. I didn't actually want to marry him. – He was handicapped – he was lame – and I didn't find him handsome. He was far from the man of my dreams – a tall handsome Mr. Right. But Natan didn't give up. When I left for Malin he began to write me nice and warm letters full of words of love.

At the end of December he came to Malin. He met my brother and mother and asked their consent to our marriage. My mother liked him a lot and she talked me into marrying a wealthy stable man like Natan. On 31st December 1946 our relatives came to our wedding party. And on 1st January 1947 Natan and I went to Korosten. We had a civil ceremony. We didn't have a religious wedding. On that evening Natan's friends and relatives came to his home to celebrate our wedding.

I wasn't really in love with my husband in the first years of my marriage while later I learned to value his kindness and noble character. He became a close friend of mine and I never regretted marrying him. Natan became particularly dear to me after our children were born. In 1947 our daughter Raissa was born and named after my father's sister Raitsa. In 1956 our son Igor was born.

We were a friendly family. My husband's colleagues often visited us. We celebrated Soviet holidays: 1st May, 7th November and 5th December – Constitution Day. From 1965 we began to

celebrate 9th May – Victory Day.