

Pesia Speranskaya And Her Daughter Marina



This is my daughter Marina and I. My daughter turned 6 months, and my husband photographed us on this day. This photo was taken in Tallinn in 1971.

I met my husband Alexandr Speranskiy incidentally. Director of our store awarded me with a vacation in a recreation center in Iza, a resort on the Baltic Sea, for good performance. I shared a room with a couple of ladies. We went to a cafe in the evening. We had coffee, ice-cream and danced. I liked dancing. I noticed a guy continuously watching me in this cafe. He invited me to dance and that was when we met. Alexandr and I saw each other every day. When it was time for me to leave, I told Alexandr where I worked. On my first day at work he came to see me at the end of my day. We saw each other for over three years before getting married. Alexandr was Russian, but this didn't embarrass my mother. She liked Alexandr. Mama said he was quiet, intelligent and reliable. Alexandr and I got married in 1967, and he moved in with us. After we got married Alexandr went to work in construction. I worked in a commission store as a shop assistant.

Our only daughter was born in 1970. My pregnancy and delivery were hard on me. I was about 35, when our girl was born. We gave her the name of Marina. She was very little at birth, but she developed all right. I had to go back to work, and my mother agreed to retire and take care of Marina. Marina was a very pretty girl. She had thick heavy wavy hair with an auburn tint. When we walked in the street, her hair always drew attention. People thought I curled her hair. We adored Marina. She was the apple of our eyes. At the age of 5 she fell ill with scarlet fever, and had to take antibiotics. The girl started gaining weight. Before long we noticed that our former vivid and quick to laugh girl turned into a slow dumb girl. At that time Marina was in the first form. Initially she managed the school load, but later her teachers started complaining that she was far behind her classmates. They suggested that I took my daughter to a school for retarded children. I decided to be in no hurry in this regard and hired a teacher to give our daughter individual classes. This teacher spent a lot of time with my daughter. Gradually, my daughter's performance at school improved, but then things grew worse. She couldn't stay still 45 minutes in class. Her memory grew

worse. I quit my job and stayed at home for 3 years to look after my daughter. She could go to school no longer. My mother helped me a lot. I can't imagine what I would have done without her.