

Maria Mikhailova



This is my mother Maria Mikhailova. I took her picture for the family album in Moscow in 1965.

When we moved to Moscow in 1929, my mother started working.

She worked for some company for a while, and then she was offered the position of an economist in the planning department of the Ministry of Foreign Trade.

Mother worked there until her retirement. She was loved and respected.

No matter that my mother was offered to join the party for a number of occasions, she refused it saying that she was apolitical.

I was closer to my mother than to my father. She was an open-hearted and benevolent person. I always felt her love. Father was different. He also was very decent and honest, but he was constantly busy and he couldn't find time for me. Mother also was very busy. Before the war, I saw my parents once a week, on Sunday. They went to work two hours after I left for school. When I left, they were asleep. When they came back, I was asleep. Nevertheless, I think my parents taught me a lot, and influenced my mettle.

In 1963 my 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 the Oktyabryata, the pioneers and the Komsomol. My mother spent most time with her. My wife and I worked hard and were pressed for time. We tried to spend the weekend with our daughter. We went for a stroll, to the theater and the circus. My mother died in 1981, the year when Victoria finished school. We buried her next to my father in the city cemetery.