

Jacob Mikhailov With His Grandson Artyom



This is me with my grandson Artyom at our dacha.
The picture was taken in the village of Zavidovo (near Moscow) in 2002.

My daughter Victoria got married during her last year of studies.
I don't want to talk about her husband, as those recollections are hurting.
Victoria's last name remained unchanged after she got married, but her son,
born in 1988, was given the surname of his father:
Bogachev. When my three-year-old grandson was asked in the kindergarten,
'Who is your dad?' he replied, 'Grandpa.' Victoria stayed in Moscow after her graduation.

It was difficult for her to find a job, but her friends gave her a hand.

When our grandson, Artyom, was born, my wife Elena retired so that she could help our daughter. I tried to spend my spare time with Artyom. The boy needed to have a masculine upbringing because he wasn't very fortunate with his father?

Of course, Grandpa couldn't be the father, but I tried my best for my grandson not to feel that he was forsaken by his father.

I love Artyom very much and I think he loves me, too. Probably I didn't raise him properly. I brought him up the way my parents did.

My grandson is different from his coevals. He knows a lot about the Great Patriotic War from my tales and from many books he read.

My daughter didn't have an easy life as we brought her up way too intelligent for nowadays - not pushy. Artyom is like that as well.

What can we do? Would it be better if we raised a mean person who would do anything to achieve the stated goal? His life would be difficult.

I know it from my own experience. Because I'm the same, and I'm not going to change. I didn't betray, did no harm to anybody.

I have a clean conscience with myself and with my kin. That's the most important. My grandson is with me, sharing my principles.

Once, my grandson and I were walking together, and one woman said to my grandson that he was lucky to have such a grandfather.

I replied that I was a happy grandfather for having such a wonderful grandson. Now Artyom is 16. He is in the tenth grade.

In a year he will have to choose his profession. I hope he will be happy.