

## Bronislava Chepur's Nanny And Borislava Chepur In Their Yard In Kiev



My nanny and I in our yard in Kiev in 1935. Our neighbors' children and their nannies. I in leucorrhoea to the fur coat, in lower row second on the left. I was raised by housemaids and yard janitors. The housemaids were young girls that managed to escape from their villages during famine and move to Kiev. They came and went away. There was a "club of atheists" in the Lutheran church. I remember well that my nannies went to communicate there, taking the children they were taking care of with them. I remember a gypsy choir performance in the club and that their bright silk costumes did not quite match with the plain walls and high back chairs. At home my father played the "flying caps" game with me. There was a box with round holes with numbers in them and one gained points when the cap got into a hole). In this way I was learning my numbers. Once my father brought me a puzzle alphabet. I couldn't read but I cut out and put together the letters. Once my father made a cigarette using one of my letters that resulted in my bursting into tears. I felt so sorry to have lost one of my letters. Perhaps, I had an inclination then that I would have to deal with letters for the rest of my life. My mother and father tried to bring good books into the house. We had a whole bookcase full of good books. I read books by Gorky when a child. We had classical and modern Soviet literature books. I loved books.