

Marina Speranskaya



This is my daughter Marina. She turned 6, and I took her to a photo shop to have her photographed in the memory of her birthday. This photo was taken in Tallinn in 1976.

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.

When Marina was 20, she was paralyzed. She was taken to a hospital where she contracted some infection. She faded away within one month. She died in December 1990. My friends were telling me to sue the hospital, but I was too weak to deal with it. It wouldn't have given me my little girl back. My mother and my daughter were very close. My mother could not bear to live after Marina

died. She died 10 months later in 1991. The grandmother was buried next to her granddaughter in the Jewish cemetery in Tallinn.