

Rahmil Shmushkevich



I, Rahmil Shmushkevich, in Kiev in 1973. Photo made on my 60th birthday and was published in my books.

In 1965 I became a member of the Soviet writers' Union. I could rest and write in the so-called Creativity homes for writers and travel around the country being paid for such trips. I also conducted meetings with my readers. Our life was improving.

I live alone. My daughter lives in another part of the city. Unfortunately, in 1990s many institutes and publishing homes were closed and my daughter lost her job. Also, at that time many preachers of various religious came to the country and my daughter was converted to Christianity. She attends a Christian church and she was baptized. Her son Evgeniy followed her. I try to explain to her that she is a Jew and she should turn to Judaism, but she wouldn't listen to me. I am so unhappy about this.

In 1920s I stopped identifying myself a Jew after I moved to Kiev. The word "Jew" came back to me during and after the war. I only remembered that I was a Jew when there was much ado about the issue of Jewry. But now, when I am alone, Jewish organizations stretch their hand of help to me. They help me with medication and food. A woman visits me to do the apartment and shopping. I feel myself again as a Jew. I am interested in the events in Israel. I correspond with my sister and friends in Israel. I am too old to go there. I shall turn 90 soon. I have been to two hells in my life: German-fascist and Stalin - GULAG I am thinking about my life and I can finally write the truth about my life. I hope somebody will need it.