

Yakov Voloshyn With Son Rafail Voloshyn And His Wife Irina Voloshyna



This photograph was taken in my son's house when we were visiting him. From left to right: I, my son Rafail Voloshyn and his wife Irina Voloshyna. This photo was taken in Moscow in 1995. My son Rafail was married twice. His first wife was a ballerina of the Bolshoy Theater in Moscow. Unfortunately, their marriage failed. When my son came home from work his wife was leaving for work. She returned when he was asleep and he left in the morning when she was sleeping after a performance. They hardly ever saw each other and a few years later they divorced. Their daughter Victoria was born in 1964. Victoria is married. Her surname in marriage is Logvinskaya. Her older son Boris was born in 1985 and her younger son Alexandr in 1987. In 1995 Victoria, her son Leonid and their sons moved to America. They live in New York. They are doing very well. Rafail's second marriage is successful. His wife Irina is Russian. I don't remember her maiden name. Irina was born in Moscow. She is a little younger than Rafail. Irina is an editor. They don't have children, but it is all right with them. I was a personal pensioner of the republic, since before retiring I was chief of department of a newspaper of the Central Committee of the Party. This didn't mean that I received a higher pension. There were standard pensions for all, but I did have some privileges. My wife and I could enjoy services of the best polyclinic at the time. Once a year I got a free stay in one of the best recreation centers of the USSR. I bought a stay for my wife and we went there together. Every year we visited my son and his wife in Moscow. In 1992 my wife Lilia died. I still feel this loss acutely. She was my dear one and made up a significant part of my life. Lilia was buried in the town cemetery. There was no Jewish funeral. Since then I've lived alone. Drawing and pigeons living on my balcony fill up my life. Pigeons have been my hobby since childhood. Well, they are not ordinary pigeons that need to fly. These are decorative pigeons that adjust well to the life they have.