

Yuri Bogdanov



That's me by the tomb of my parents in the Jewish cemetery in Moscow. The picture was taken in 2004.

In the 1990s the revival of Jewish life started in Russia. Though, it's a hard process. But there would be no revival without assistance provided by America and other countries. This process is more streamlined in Moscow than in other towns and cities.

There are no hungry Jews now. Jewish charitable organizations have arranged hospices where any Jew can have kosher dinner. There is a wonderful community building, Hesed, in Moscow.

A person of any age can come there and spend his leisure time by studying Yiddish and Ivrit, Jewish traditions as well as learning foreign languages and computer. I go there very often and see the

revival of the Jewish life in Moscow.

People are provided with food, medicine, consumer services, qualified medical treatment. They invite everybody and they are always willing to help. I enrolled in the circle on Jewish history studies. I was interested in that.

There was good company there, too. Then I found out that each member of the class was paid 500 rubles per month just for attending classes. I felt humiliated and stopped attending classes.

Now I am studying history at home via the Torah. I go to the community house for birthday parties of my friends. I don't mark religious holidays. I've always been an atheist and I don't want to prevaricate.

I think I'm a happy man. I'm 83 and I'm still willing to be active. There are very few front-line soldiers of my age. When I am unwell, I keep telling myself: you are a happy man, you shouldn't forget about it.

I'm trying not to make the life of relatives hard. I haven't succeeded in everything I wanted to, but still my wife and I were able to raise magnificent children.

My daughter and son are decent and honest people. Of course, everybody has his own view of moral. As for me I consider a man ethic when he has the gift from God to feel the pain of another person.

I'm also happy for having an opportunity to raise my grandchildren and now my great-grandchildren. The youngest great-grandson is a year and a half, the oldest turned five, and I think him to be my friend and good company. Maybe this is the greatest happiness ever possible.