

Stanislav Kristin



This is a picture of my son Stanislav Kristin photographed on his third birthday just before the war, in Chernigov in May 1941 I got married to Boris Kristin in 1936 when I was 17 years old. Our son, Stanislav, was born in 1938. My mother adored him and helped me with everything. When my son turned a year and a half I decided to go to work. My husband believed that I had to be among people and find a job that I liked. I became an assistant accountant with a bookselling company where I worked for almost two years. My mother looked after my son. When war was declared on 22nd June I was alone at home: my husband was in a barrack, my mother was at the market and my father went for a walk with my son. I was optimistic about this announcement: I just didn't know what a war was about. I heard that there was a war going on, but it seemed to be so far away. I

couldn't imagine that somebody dared to attack our powerful country. I went to weed radishes and onions in our kitchen garden. When I went back home my mother was already in. She was crying bitterly since she knew what a war was like, but she couldn't imagine how horrible this one was going to be. Soon residents of the town began to panic, especially Jews. They said that the Germans exterminated the Jewish population in the occupied territories and that it was necessary to evacuate. A few days after the war began Sonia and Edward arrived. They fled from Rava-Russkaya where Leonid was on military service without any luggage. We were in town until 20th August. That day we left for the unknown. On 7th November 1941 we reached the town of Mirzachul in Uzbekistan, 3,500 kilometers from home. Some locals were sympathetic with us, others were indifferent. Uzbeks didn't speak Russian and we couldn't speak their language, so we didn't mix. We rented a small room of nine or ten square meters and a kitchen in a pise-walled hut. In late December 1941 my son fell ill with measles and then pellagra. There were no medications available. David and I took our son to a doctor, but he couldn't do anything. Almost all children under five died from pellagra in Mirzachul at that time. At the beginning of January 1942 my son died. My father made a small casket and buried my little son in the Uzbek cemetery. My father said a prayer.