

Nina Polubelova With Her Father Meyer Levin And Pal



This picture was taken shortly before my father's death. I came to visit my parents in Yurmala resort during their stay at the Riga seashore. From left to right: my father Meyer Levin, me and my father's pal from the dacha. The picture was taken in 1964. I got married during my studies. My husband Vladimir was born in Leningrad in 1937. He spent his childhood there. During the war he and his mother were in evacuation and his father was in the lines. After the war they settled in Riga. Vladimir was an only child. He also studied at the Polytechnic Institute, the radio department. Neither my parents nor I cared that Vladimir was Russian. I was practically raised during the Soviet regime and went to a Soviet school with internationalist spirit. After the war my parents took it calmly as well. It was important for them that my husband and I got along. They were right. Vladimir wasn't only a good husband, but he became an excellent father to our daughter and loving son-in-law. After getting married, we lived with our parents. Upon graduation I started working in the laboratory of the chemistry plant in Riga. Vladimir worked as a radio engineer in the military unit. Our daughter Elena was born in 1964. Upon our return to Riga from evacuation my parents didn't stick to Jewish traditions and didn't mark Jewish holidays. Soviet holidays were celebrated such as 1st May, 7th November, Victory Day, Soviet Army Day, New Year. Of course, we marked birthdays of all members of the family. At that time Jewish holidays, Jewish religion, seemed obsolete to me and I thought it would be ridiculous for educated people to follow it. In 1964 my father died, shortly after Elena was born. He was buried in the Jewish cemetery in Riga. There was my grandmother's grave, so my father was buried next to his mother. My father's name was embossed on my grandmother's tombstone. His funeral was secular, not in accordance with the Jewish rites.