

Raissa Yasvoina And Her Mother Maria Lvovich



This is my mother Maria Lvovich and me, Raissa Yasvoina (Napuh). Photo made in Kiev approximately 1955. I was born in Kiev on 5 December 1934. My nee name is Napuh. My father's name was Samuil Napuh. My mother was a very beautiful and sociable woman. Her future husband was one her father's acquaintances. He proposed to her after my mother became a widow. My father Samuil Lazarevich Napuh was 10 years younger than my mother. He was born in Ekaterinoslav (Dnepropetrovsk) in 1904. I have dim memories of my father. I remember him pulling my sled with me on it. He bought me a 3-wheel bicycle - how happy I was! My kindergarten was not

far from where we lived. I was dressed up as a snowflake at the New Year party and I danced in my snow-white tutu. I was happy. My parents and Mishenka came to take me home . These were the happiest moments in my life. But our happiness did not last long. I was no different from the other children while I was at school. I was a pioneer and I studied well. But my mother was constantly telling me that the Soviet power expropriated all our family's property. She said if it hadn't been for the revolution we would have been very rich and wouldn't have to drag out this miserable existence. As a result, I didn't enter the Komsomol when I turned 14. We were in evacuation together with my little brother, who starved to death. We returned to Kiev in 1945 to find my father had been killed defending the city in 1941. My mother and I led a very modest if not poor life. However, my mother always found a way to celebrate Saturday with a festive dinner. There were always candles and dinner on Saturday. My mother followed the kashruth - she had kosher kitchenware. We never had pork in the house. My mother prayed every day, went to the synagogue, celebrated the main holidays (Pesah, Purim, etc.) at home. We fasted at Yom Kippur. My mother died in 1972.