

Miriam Patova



This is me. This photo was taken in Rakvere in 1932.

My mother brought us up to be hardworking. She often repeated that she would be happy if I didn't have to work hard in my life, had nicely groomed hands, different from her worked out hands. However, she wanted me to know everything and to be able to do things. I wasn't so good in handicrafts, and was jealous about my older sister who could do everything including sewing, knitting, embroidering and cooking. There was hardly anything which she couldn't do. She was very pretty. She was slim and had thick black wavy hair and beautiful features. Rachil was very smart and was as quick as my mother in doing things. I admired her, but Beines and I were closer. I loved him dearly, and he spent a lot of time with me. I was often ill as a child, and I was tiny and weak, and my older brother wanted me to grow stronger. He did sports and involved me in various sporting activities.

In winter we went skiing, and he taught me to ski down the hill. Before we went home, Beines undressed me to rub snow onto my body, and then at home put me in hot water. My mother didn't object to this, and his efforts had their results. I stopped catching a cold so frequently. In summer we rode bicycles, and my brother taught me to climb trees. I didn't fear anything when my brother was with me. Beines taught me to love nature. We had a jar with a wide neck, and there were frog eggs in drift weed at its bottom. Beines and I used to watch tadpoles emerge from their eggs. When they grew a little bigger, we used to let them go into the river. We had dogs and cats at home. My brother and I loved animals. I was the youngest and everybody spoiled me, but I remained a cheerful and easy-going child. I was loved and loved everybody in return.