

Miriam Patova



This is me at home. This photo was taken in Tallinn in 2005.

In the 1970s many Jewish people were moving to Israel. My husband and I were very happy that people had this opportunity. We supported them as much as we could, but we didn't consider departure. Besides everything else, my husband was a professional military, and had no right to move abroad. There was also another reason. Henrich and I are rather conservative. We like stability. Our home is the best shelter in the world for us. When we travel to Moscow or Leningrad, we enjoy seeing new places and meeting new people, but a week later Henrich and I buy tickets to go home. When we visit our daughter, we enjoy staying with our grandchildren and great grandchildren for a week or two, but then after that we know it's time to go home. Our home means so much to us, and it's not only our apartment. My husband and I know that there are more beautiful places on earth. We fret about the nasty cold weather, but we love our country: where we were born and grew up, where our parents and grandparents were buried. We look after many graves in the cemetery. They are of our relatives and acquaintances who no longer live in Tallinn. This is all that we call our home.

Our home, our nature, the seashore that I love, even our disgusting climate give us our strength. We feel well in Estonia, and this is what matters. Of course, we wish our children lived nearer. Sometimes we grow very sad missing them. The older one gets, the more he wants to be surrounded with young people, but Henrich and I are happy. We raised good children. They are decent, intelligent, they have moral values and nice families. They have their traditions. We are happy that our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren stay together, need each other and that we are truly one big family.