

Grigoriy Golod With His Granddaughter



This is a photo of me and my granddaughter Katia near our house in Vorzel in 2000. My second wife Taisia and I got along well. Her daughter, Rimma, who lived in the north with her husband, came to us when she gave birth to her baby. Regretfully she died at childbirth in 1972. Taisia and I adopted her daughter, Natasha. Rimma's husband had no objections because he got remarried shortly after Rimma died. When Natasha grew up I told her that I was her adoptive father. She hugged and kissed me and said, 'You've always been and will always be my Daddy'. I never saw my first wife Mirrah after the trial in 1961 and don't want to know anything about her anyways. Our son Yuri came to see me at the institute several times to ask for money. While I was giving him money he came to see me, but when I fell ill he stopped even calling me. He went to study at the Institute of Forestry in Moscow in the 1970s. He got married and stayed in Moscow. He lives in Moscow Region with his wife and two children: Pavel and Nikita. He never came to visit me. My wife Taisia died in 1999. Natasha loves me dearly and her daughter, Katia, and husband, Yuri, are my family. We live together. I have refurbished my house many times. I am leaving it to Natasha. A year ago I had a stroke. Natasha quit her job to look after me. She helped me to recover, and I am learning to walk and speak again. In the 1990s the Party was dismissed, and I threw my party membership card away. Perestroika was a breath of fresh air and freedom. We could read books that were not allowed before, speak our mind and hear about life abroad. We were even allowed to travel, but most people couldn't due to lack of money. Jews began to feel better though. There are Jewish organizations and newspapers. The synagogues are open, and there are many opportunities for people to lead a free life. In recent years I've had a lot of free time and I've turned to the history of my family and Jewish people. I've never been interested in Jewish history or religion in my life, but now I feel a need to be closer to it. I receive Jewish newspapers and I'm a member of the Association of Jewish Culture. Natasha respects my belief, and on Pesach she buys matzah and cooks traditional Jewish food for me. I've never faced anti-Semitism in my life. If it weren't for my condition I would go to live in Israel. But I don't want to go there because I'm an invalid. I sympathize with the people of Israel. Many innocent people die - I can understand what they feel.

I've been in the war and know what it's like.