

Rosa Shkop With Her Grandson Oleg



This is my mother Rosa Shkop (nee Rosenko) with my first baby, my son Oleg. The picture was taken in our place in Tallinn in 1952. My mother was a housewife after World War. She was flatly against my marriage to an Estonian. She did not think of the material side of things. Aunt Sarah was also against it, but not as ardently as mother. We argued for a long time, and eventually Mother told me, 'Leave, and you are not our child any longer.' I cried, but still I did not want to let my beloved go. We got married in 1947. Of course, we did not have a posh wedding. It was the time of hunger and the attitude of our kin did not allow us to feel like having parties. After the registration of our marriage we came home, to the room where I was living with my mother. The three of us shared one room. I finally resumed my previous relationship with Mother only after my

son Oleg was born in 1949, when I finished my studies. Oleg reconciled us all. Mother adored him and Victor's parents also liked him a lot. In general, they were happy to have a grandson. Victor's Dad met me in the maternity ward and led me to the car supporting me. My father-in-law was a good person. He often sat in for my pictures. My mother helped me a lot. She took care of my son Oleg and loved him. When in 1956 my daughter Zoya was born, Mother did not like her as much. She took after my mother-in-law: fair-haired, gray-eyed. Oleg looked like my father. I chose Russian names for my children. During the war the novel 'The Young Guard' by Fadeyev came out, and we enjoyed reading it. The main character was Oleg. I named my son after him. My daughter was named after the famous partisan Zoya Kosmodemianskaya, who was shot by Germans. My husband did not mind that, but our relatives were not pleased. My aunt wanted my kids to have Jewish names and my husband's kin - Estonian. Anyway, none of them bore a grudge.