

We wake up and have our morning tea in the kitchen. Mom and I discuss her dreams from the night before, what we're about to do that the day, our plans. To me this is meaningful time as life in Moscow goes fast.

My mother was born on June the 6th, in 1936. She was born in a village in the area of Krasnodar. Cossacks lived there originally, but now multiple ethnic groups have settled there. When she was born it was a Cossack-Staniza. A Cossack settlement. Her name is Sinaida. She attended elementary school in said village, then she went to Maikop for higher education. Her first job was as a technician in the tobacco industry. I remember a dark blue fitted dress with a high wide collar. It accentuated her figure and had big white polka dots on dark blue background. Somebody randomly brought it from Italy. Mom bought this dress. I remember she looked like a queen wearing it. Mom always used to dress fashionably. She was the most fashionable woman of Rostov-on-Don.

Unfortunately I never got to know my grandmother. She died very young, at age 42. Back then they had a cow, which was great help. If you own a cow you have milk and butter. My grandmother, mothers mother, always supported people and found this to be very important because during the war there were many refugees.

It was told she was capable of witchcraft. She had this special gift, she could heal people. She as well could foresee the future. Of course she was not a witch, those are myths. But she did have a very strong intuition, just as my mother. I think this is passed from one generation to the other. This is very important to me. Generations of women in our family were remarkably strong. My great-grandmother, my grandmother, my mother. I think of myself as a strong woman, too. And I think of my daughter Zlata just the same way.

When my grandmother, Zlata's great-grandmother, was upset about something in our house, she tried to change it, to convert it, to renovate it or move altogether to a better way of life. When I was little, my mother used to be very strict. I knew there were certain rules I had to follow. When I was 20 years old, my mother gave me great freedom, but I always knew about the rules and acted accordingly. Now the situation has changed and I am the head of the family. But I still remember the rules my mother taught me when I was a child. Now she simply has less strength, by now she is 84 years old. She starts delegating more and more tasks and trusts me more. I now start playing her part.

My mother met my father by chance. I think it was fate. She went to work by bus. On the bus there were many people. All of a sudden the bus stopped and my mother landed in my father's arms. He held her and their eyes met. Then they separated. She got off the bus at her stop and he was still on. In the evening they happened to be on the same bus back and so they saw each other again.

When my husband saw us, my mother and me, preparing a „revolution“ in our apartment, he took Zlata and our two dogs out for a walk. My mom and I stayed there by ourselves to put new wallpaper on. I stood there, doing that wallpaper work under my mother's directions, without any kind of experience. But my mother said: „This has to be done!“ And we did a wonderful job.