

War is a terrible word that makes our hearts beat faster, and our memory revives the events of past years. Its path was paved by thousands of innocent lives of ordinary people who wanted to exist not in military archives but in reality.

In our family, this harsh share went to my great grandfather **Elokhin Vasily Filippovich**. In June 1944, he was called up into the Red Army and sent to Karelia. In peacetime students from Karelia sent him many letters, and he also went to the local schools and told the children about the harsh years of the War. His rank was Sergeant in the Soviet Army. My great-grandfather got a large number of awards.

Memories of the war years were too painful and he didn't like to think and talk about them. He passed all the tests sent to him by fate. He was not broken by any difficulties or obstacles, though they weren't easy. He confidently kept pace with his life. I'm proud of him.



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