

Since childhood the respect has been instilled in me for all war veterans. They told me a lot about the war, and when I grew up I began to be interested in the history of the war. I read many books, watched many films.

I thought that in our family there were only home front workers, because my grandmother never told me anything about her father, and I would never have known if it were not for one accident. Mom and I went to the village club. And there was an exhibition of portraits of veterans, our eyes settled on one portrait. There was the last name as we have. We found it strange until the club director (our relative) came up and said: “Yes, he was ours, didn’t you know?” Then my mom and I jumped for joy, cheers, as there appeared a hero in our family.

Dmitry Alekseevich Popov, my great-grandfather, was taken to the front from the paradise center (Wuxi-Kul), when my grandmother was very small and did not remember anything about him. In the gymnasium the teacher helped me to find information about him, we found out where he was buried, surprisingly in the cemetery. My mother and I went there, but unfortunately did not find anything. But now I have a portrait of a man who is likely my great-grandfather, the one who gave his life for his homeland.

Now I can proudly carry a portrait of the family hero in an immortal regiment.



Kuznetsova Karina, 9 g (on the photo you can see me with a portrait of Dmitry Alekseevich Popov)