

My journey from Latvia to Riga



Every summer holiday from the age of eight I left my Mum and Dad in Riga in Latvia and travelled by train to my grandmother's village in Russia. I would leave Riga at 8 o'clock in the evening and arrive the next evening at 5 o'clock. It was a very long journey but fortunately my sister came too.

The people who lived in the village were mainly old people but in the summertime a lot of families would return with their children to visit their grandparents, just like me.

Grandmother's house was very old and I remember the HUGE Russian stove that she had in the kitchen. This was where she cooked and boiled water for washing and also where she got heating for her home.

I would meet my friends and we would go for long walks, go swimming in the river and go fishing.

I would go into the forest with my Grandmother and gather mushrooms and berries. She would make jam from the berries and she also sold any extra berries. She would always give me the money and that was the first time I had been given any money for myself.

My grandmother also had gardens where she grew lots of vegetables. She also kept animals. There were also hens and a goose that I helped to look after. There was also a pig called Detki. One day she ran away and I had to chase after her and bring her home. Smeliz was a cow that was kind and beautiful but I was afraid of her and couldn't help milk her.

In the community hall we would watch Indian Bollywood films, which were very popular. I don't know how they got to USSR. We would dance and we could also play chess there.

My grandmother died eight years ago. She was ninety. I really miss her but have lovely memories of the wonderful times I spent with her as a child.

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