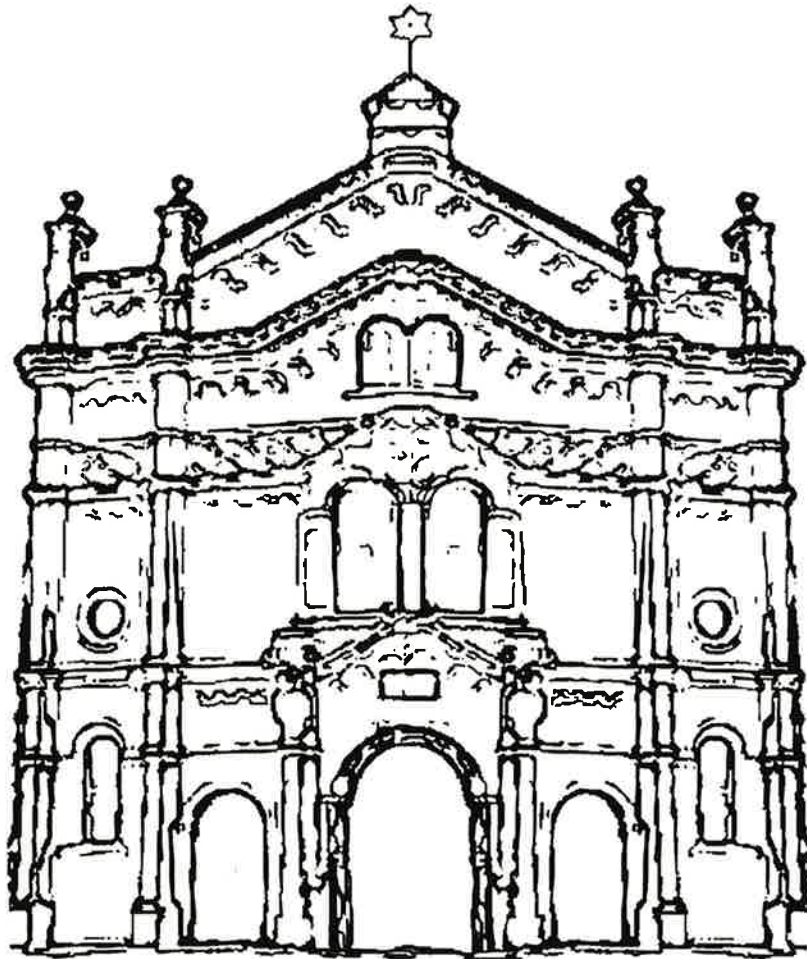


New Cracow Friendship Society



40th Anniversary Journal



May 2005

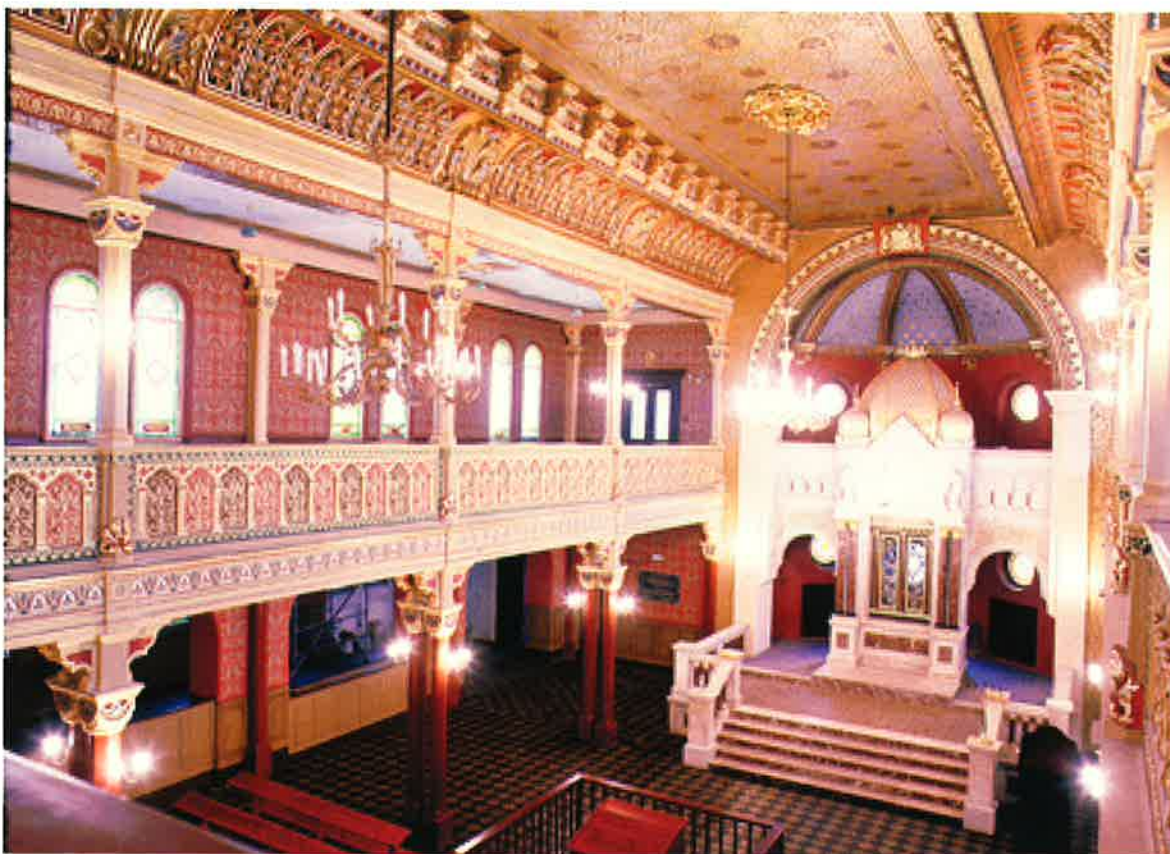


Tempel Synagogue

ul. Miodowa 24, Kazimierz

A proud and noble past, the Tempel stands today as a symbolic link in a culture that has spanned thousands of years. Its revival honors the memory of those that worshiped there and indicates rebirth.

Cover artwork: Anna V. Hilfstein Scheumann



Interior

Today, the Jewish community of Cracow owns the Tempel, which visiting Jewish groups now use with increasing frequency for religious services. It is one of the few intact synagogues in Poland, and the only intact synagogue remaining from the 19th century. It was built in 1860-62 just outside of the former "Jewish Town" of Kazimierz (now incorporated into the city), enlarged in 1893-94 and again in 1924.

The Tempel was among the finest synagogues of the Polish Jewish Progressive (Non-Orthodox) movement influenced by architectural developments in Germany. Able to seat about 800 people, it is famous for its architecture and as a centerpiece of pre-war 19th-century Poland. The Neo-Renaissance Aron ha-Kodesh, the memorial plaques, the candlesticks and the fence are original.

The original exterior as well as paintings from 1904 and the stained-glass windows (ca 1890 and 1909, the only ones of their kind in Poland) still remain. During World War II, the Nazis used it as a stable. At the invitation and urging of the Cracow Jewish Community headed by Pan Tadeusz Jakubowicz, the city of Krakow, in partnership with international preservation groups and private donors, carried out an extensive and meticulous renovation project beginning in 1990.

The Tempel remains as a synagogue for local and visiting Jews and hosts cultural events for the entire population of Cracow. Tempel is one of several restored Jewish buildings in Kazimierz and the surrounding areas. About 3.5 million Jews lived in Poland before World War II. About 20,000 Jews live in the country today.

The 40th Anniversary
Celebration Committee

Journal Chairpersons
Simone Hilfstein Scheumann and Bernice Slutzman

Journal Committee
**Al Bukiet, Victor Lewis, Arthur Spielman,
Henry Wiener, and Larry Zellner**

Journal Finance Committee
Manek Werdiger and Henry Wilner

Dinner Committee
Eric Schneider

President
Roman Weingarten

Published By
The New Cracow Friendship Society, Inc.
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and educational institutions upon approved application.

”עטרת זקנים בני בנים
ותפארת בנים אבותם”

משלי י"ז:ו

“Children’s children are the
crown of old men;
and the glory of children are
their fathers”

Proverbs 17:6



**Simone Hilfstein
Scheumann**



Bernice Slutzman

**MESSAGE FROM
SIMONE HILFSTEIN SCHEUMANN AND BERNICE SLUTZMAN**
Journal Chairpersons

The New Cracow Friendship Society is a Holocaust Survivor organization created to unite survivors from the Cracow, Poland vicinity. Accompanied by family and friends, the Society's founders strove to preserve the memory of our martyrs. Through education, social activities, and philanthropic means we teach the world about the Holocaust and its many lessons. Since its inception, the Society has vowed to keep its unique friendship, legacy, history, and ancestry alive. It is through the Society's *Newsletter*, website and journals that we and the survivors of the Shoah, our parents, have taken steps to add our voice to the vast number of publications that have made efforts to document this period.

The Society's first journal provided a meaningful historical background on the stages that led to the destruction of the Jewish Community of Cracow. The journal's intent was to give future generations a tangible and meaningful look into the normal life of this community, and to honor and give tribute to its fighters and martyrs.

The second journal commemorated the Silver Anniversary of the Society. Articles were submitted by survivors and their children along with memorials and tributes that celebrated the social, philanthropic, and cultural accomplishments of the Society since its inception.

It is with great humility that we undertook putting together a third journal that would give proper respect and tribute to our family members. This journal's theme was conceived by our President, Roman Weingarten, in the desire to give a voice to the children and grandchildren of this Society. We have been extremely gratified by the overwhelming response to the publishing of this journal. The various committees worked well to enhance this project and the 40th Anniversary celebration that accompanied it. These submissions will give those that read it a glimmer into the survivors' lives and the great impact that they continue to have on their loved ones and community.

We present the third journal to the Survivors of the Shoah, our dear parents, grandparents and family. With this publication we honor them and our other family members who survived. With their hard work, courage, determination and unbelievable inner strength, they helped to rebuild the remaining Jewish Community. We are hopeful that this journal will survive the passage of time and in your possession, will be a cherished document of lasting testimony to the courage and resolve of Holocaust survivors in denying the perpetrators even a semblance of victory.



**FROM LARRY ZELLNER
ON BEHALF OF THE JOURNAL COMMITTEE:
AL BUKIET, VICTOR LEWIS and HENRY WIENER**

At this point in our existence, I believe it is gratifying to celebrate this incredible milestone of 40 years in the life of our eminent organization.

The vision and dream of the thirteen *Founders* paid off handsomely. The members of our Society found a sense of belonging, friendship and came close together in a bond of common interests, backgrounds and life experiences.

It is almost incomprehensible, how our lives might have evolved being deprived of this important organization.

Over the past 40 years we made many great accomplishments, thanks to the hard work and great effort of many contributors. Many of them seemed unattainable but somehow we came through.

I would be remiss if I did not mention how fortunate this organization is to enjoy the leadership of Roman Weingarten *a.m.v'esrim shanah*.

His boundless energy, intensity and common sense approach to many issues facing our Society is beyond belief.

May *Hashem* grant him *aruchat yomim* in good health for many years to come.



**FROM ROMAN WEINGARTEN
PRESIDENT**

Perseverance as defined by Webster's dictionary is "to continue a course of action, in spite of difficulty." There is no more appropriate definition to describe the dedication of so many members of the New Cracow Friendship Society who have given freely of their time and resources in the service of this organization, which has become a beacon of hope to so many Holocaust survivors from the city of Cracow and its vicinity.

This applies to those known as the Founders, who had the foresight in 1965 to project an entity that would bring people together under the roof of an organizational structure that would not only be beneficial to individuals but also to newly created families in the re-establishment of their social and cultural lives. This perseverance also describes those who have served honorably in leadership positions since then. "To continue a course of action in spite of difficulty" also factually describes the efforts on the part of many to support the continuation of all programs conceived during the 40 years of our existence, despite the diminishing effects of the unavoidable losses due to the laws of nature.

And so it came to pass that by the grace of Hashem, we have reached a milestone in the existence of the New Cracow Friendship Society and are celebrating the 40th anniversary of its founding with the publication of this book, written by the descendents of Holocaust survivors. We have turned a new page in the glorious history of our eminent organization.

Whether by coincidence or by design, it was my good fortune to be part of the leadership of this great organization in 1990, the time of the publication of our Silver Anniversary Journal. It was dedicated to remembering the past, and is now complemented by this Journal projecting a message of hope to be carried over to future generations.

It is with great sincerity that I wish to express my thanks to Bernice and Simone, the Co-Chairs of this Journal, for their help in the compilation of tributes that make up the mosaic of this book. My thanks also go to the entire Journal committee for their help in bringing this project to fruition.

New Cracow Friendship Society
FOUNDERS

1965



Richard Abrahamer ז"ל



Elias Friedman



Ben Geizhals ז"ל



Roman Gunz ז"ל



Max Hilfstein ז"ל



Victor Lewis



Zigmund Morrow



Steve Murrow ז"ל



Emil Siegman



David Twersky ז"ל



Manek Werdiger



Sam Wertheim



Larry Zellner



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 10, 2005

I send greetings to those celebrating the 40th anniversary of the New Cracow Friendship Society.

The lessons learned from the Holocaust remain as true today as they were at the time of that dark chapter in history. The Holocaust teaches us that every nation has a responsibility to confront and denounce anti-Semitism and the violence it breeds. We must never lose the courage to oppose hatred, aggression, and murderous ambitions wherever we find them. The stories of the Holocaust also remind us that evil is real, but hope endures.

Since 1965, the New Cracow Friendship Society has gathered Holocaust survivors from Cracow, Poland, to remember lost loved ones, celebrate friendships, and help those in need. I commend members for your compassion, generosity, and dedication to preserving your heritage while working to build a new and successful life in America. Your efforts are a testimony to the perseverance and spirit of the Jewish community and have contributed to the strength and hope of our great Nation.

Laura joins me in sending our best wishes. May God bless you, and may we always remember.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Barack" or "Michelle", written in a cursive style.

ראש הממשלה
Prime Minister

January 19, 2005
ט' שבט, תשס"ה

Dear Friends,

On the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the founding of the New Cracow Friendship Society, Inc., it gives me great pleasure to send my warm greetings from Jerusalem, the eternal and undivided capital of the State of Israel and the Jewish people.

The Holocaust is a defining period in the history of the Jewish people. It is only through understanding its ramifications that we can understand our past and our future.

Through your generous contributions to numerous organizations in the State of Israel, you are helping us build our future, and strengthen the ties between the Diaspora and citizens of Israel.

We appreciate your support, and wish you many more years of fruitful work.

Sincerely,

Ariel Sharon

Ariel Sharon

Mr. Roman Weingarten, President
Ms. Bernice Slutzman, Journal Co-Chairperson
Ms. Simone Scheumann, Journal Co-Chairperson
New Cracow Friendship Society, Inc.
647 Dogwood Avenue
West Hempstead, NY 11552
USA

Boston University

ELIE WIESEL

University Professor and

Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities

147 Bay State Road

Boston, Massachusetts 02215

617-353-4561 Fax: 617-353-4024



February 7, 2005

The New Cracow Friendship Society
in care of: Mrs. Bernice Slutzman
3905 Arthur Avenue North
Seaford, NY 11783

To the Members of the New Cracow Friendship Society:

Let me join many, many others in congratulating you, the members of the New Cracow Friendship Society, on the joyful occasion of the Society's 40th anniversary. Imagine—in 1965, the Society was founded by Survivors from the Cracow area, many newly arrived in the States, as a means of support, congregation, and most importantly, *friendship*. Forty years later, I see an organization that has evolved along with the lives of its members and the needs of its community, as vitally important as ever.

What moves me especially is to contemplate the children and grandchildren of the original members. We are proud of you, the next generations, for all your accomplishments, your careers and your own families. But on this occasion, we are especially proud that you understand what it means to be the Second or Third Generations. You have not forgotten what brought us here to establish a new home. For its members, the New Cracow Friendship Society is part of that home. And with the energy of you, the Second and Third Generations, the Society will only continue to thrive and grow and take on even more dimensions.

That is why this 40th anniversary is surely an occasion to be celebrated and remembered. With my best, best wishes to all of you—

Elie Wiesel

EW/ros



RABBI ART VERNON

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER

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516 481-7448

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ICCRABBI@OPTONLINE.NET

May 15, 2005
6 Iyar 5765

Dear Friends,

Congratulations to the New Cracow Friendship Society on reaching this milestone anniversary! In Pirke Avot, the age of 40 is the age of understanding. Through the work of the Society, what do we understand now that we did not understand in the past? I believe an answer is found in the Biblical reference to Amalek in the book of Deuteronomy.

This passage from Deuteronomy, which we also read on the Shabbat prior to Purim, is the admonition to obliterate the memory of Amalek from the earth. Amalek, as we know, is a term for any form of unusual cruelty to human beings, including the Nazis and their partners. The passage begins with the admonition to 'Remember what Amalek did to you when you came out of Egypt...' and concludes with the admonition, 'Do not forget.' Is this a redundancy in the Torah?

The first admonition is directed to the survivors of the Amalekite attack, to those who experienced the cruelty and the atrocities. We are instructed not to suppress this memory, but to use this memory to inform our present and our future. To take measures so that the legacy of Amalek will be aborted.

The second admonition is directed to the Israelites who did not personally experience the attack, to the second and following generations, so to speak. These generations cannot remember, because they were not present at the time. But, they must never forget the story of the events and must become agents to remove the threat of the Amalekites among us in every generation.

It is, therefore, fitting that this year the Society has reached out to the children and grandchildren of the founders to involve them in continuing the legacy in their own way. This is what we have learned in 40 years, we must pass the watch to the next and future generations. Roman Weingarten certainly understands this lesson and is, therefore, very qualified to continue as President of the Society. I offer my best wishes and support to Roman and to the Society to help continue the important work that you have undertaken.

Tizku L'Shanim Rabot! May Roman and the Society merit many more years of creative and productive efforts.

Sincerely,

Rabbi Art Vernon

LAKE SUCCESS  JEWISH CENTER

כ"ס ט'

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Mr. Roman Weingarten, President
New Cracow Friendship Society
647 Dogwood Avenue
West Hempstead, New York 11552

Scott A. Hoffman
Rabbi

Abraham Lowensohn
Cantor

Dear Mr. Weingarten:

On behalf of the membership of the Lake Success Jewish Center, allow me to extend sincere congratulations to the New Cracow Friendship Society on the occasion of its fortieth anniversary. We are privileged to share a long history with the Cracow Society and are honored that you have held your annual event commemorating the liquidation of the Cracow ghetto in our sanctuary each spring for many years. Everything from the synagogue's stained glass windows donated by the Cracow Society to the long list of shared members testifies to the strong bonds of friendship formed over the last four decades.

The New Cracow Friendship Society has set for itself the twofold task of remembering the Holocaust and supporting the state of Israel. Whatever goals the society sets it manages not only to meet but even to exceed. You have set the bar high for the "second generation", though I do not doubt they will prove equal to the task.

On a personal note, I cannot tell you the many ways in which I myself have been enriched through my interactions with the New Cracow Friendship Society over the last decade. I am proud to call myself a friend and hope that in some small way I have reciprocated in kind.

I conclude by wishing you and your organization a hearty "yasher koach" on completing four decades of service to the Jewish people, and may the future see you go "from strength to strength."

Kindest personal regards,

Rabbi Scott Hoffman



ארגון יוצאי קרקוב בישראל
Association of Cracowians in Israel

ת.ד. 17209, תל אביב 69051, P.O.Box 17209

31.1.2005

Mr. Roman Weingarten, President
The New Cracow Friendship Society
647 Dogwood Avenue
West Hampstead,
N.Y. 11552, USA

Dear Friends

On behalf of our members, the Board and myself It gives me great pleasure to congratulate you on the occasion of your upcoming celebration of 40 years of activity. Your sister organization in Israel wishes you many more years of activity and achievements in the pursuit of your noble causes and aims.

We stand in recognition of your many years of important activities such as strengthening ties with brethren all over the world, help the poor and the needy and promote the principles of philanthropy, honor and patriotism. Yishar Koach!

Any anniversary, and especially this one of 4 decades, is a time of reckoning as well as a cause for celebration. I am sure that your organization must be reexamining now its past activities and agenda with a view of these in the future. I know that we here in Israel have been doing this for quite some time now.

Our organization, the Irgun Yotzei Krakow in Israel, has come up with a definite new agenda for our future activities. We believe that it's time now to put a greater emphasis on strengthening our ties with the younger generations (2nd and 3rd) of descendants of Krakowians and Polish Jewry, in order to commemorate, educate and shed light on our community's glorious history of 700 years.

In pursuit of this we have rejuvenated our membership and Board of Directors and have in the past few years worked vigorously in order to place these aims on the national agenda. The epitome of these activities to date was the recent celebration of 1000 Years of Polish Jewry and 700 Years of Cracow, which took place in Tel Aviv in last December. Many hundreds attended the various seminars that were held at the Tel Aviv University. For the main event, which took place in the Haaretz Museum's Auditorium more than 600 participants of all ages paid to attend and celebrate with us. Our list of honored guests and speakers was headed by Nobel laureates Wyslawa Symborska and Shimon Peres. The event was widely reported in the local media and Polish TV.

Encouraged by this and other successes we shall continue with many more activities and actions in order to constantly widen our membership and body of supporters. We sincerely hope that in the future your organization will join forces with us in these activities and help promote these aims.

Wishing you many happy returns, your brothers and sisters in Israel,

Lili Haber, Chairperson


Irgun Yotzei Cracow in Israel



BENJAMIN MEED
PRESIDENT

AMERICAN GATHERING of JEWISH HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS

אמעריקאנער צוזאמענקום פון דער שארית הפליטה

122 WEST 30th STREET
NEW YORK, NY 10001

Tel: 212-239-4230 Fax: 212-279-2926
email: mail@americangathering.org

December 20, 2004

Mr. Roman Weingarten, President
The New Cracow Friendship Society
647 Dogwood Avenue
West Hempstead, NY 11552

Dear Roman:

"We congratulate the members and leadership of the New Cracow friendship Society on your 40th Anniversary.

Cracow was the cradle of Jewish culture in Eastern Europe. Jewish life in Cracow before the Holocaust was rich in culture, education and the tradition for so many centuries, which was cut down by the murderous Nazi machine, but it left a legacy to be cherished by future generations.

We commend you for picking up the torch of remembrance of Cracow.

During all these years of our new lives we worked together with you on our national cause of remembrance. Let us continue to keep the torch of memory for many more years.

Congratulations and best wishes

Sincerely yours,

Benjamin Meed
President



JOSHUA MATZA
President and Chief Executive Officer

January 3, 2005

Mr. Roman Weingarten, Ms. Bernice Slutzman, Ms. Simone Scheumen
New Cracow Friendship Society, Inc.
647 Dogwood Avenue
West Hempstead, NY 11552

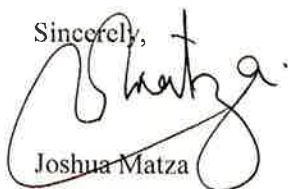
Dear Mr. Weingarten, Mmes. Slutzman and Scheumen:

It is a great privilege to congratulate you and say, *Yasher Koach* on the heartening occasion of the 40th anniversary of the founding of your splendid organization. The fulfillment of the lofty ideals of the New Cracow Friendship Society over the years has enriched Jewish communal life, substantially aided the nation and people of Israel and admirably served the noble cause of Jewish Solidarity.

Your support for the Israel Bonds program of strengthening the economy of the Jewish nations is legendary. We are deeply grateful for the millions of dollars in investment funds you and your dedicated members have raised.

You have cause to be proud of all that has been achieved. May you and your brother and sister communitarians continue to go from strength to strength.

Sincerely,



Joshua Matza

Development Corporation for Israel
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YIVO
Institute for Jewish Research



יִיבּוֹ
יִיבּוֹ וויסנשאַפֿטלעכער
אינסטיטוט יִיבּוֹ

*"We are a people with a memory and a past, and there can't be a future unless we know our history."
— Colette Avital*

„מיר זענען אַ פֿאָלק מיט אַ זכרון און מיט אַ נעכטן. און ס'קען קיין מאָרגן ניש זיך ווען מיר קענען ניש אונרוער אייגענע געשיכטע.“
— קאלעט אַװיטל

New Cracow Friendship Society, Inc.

On behalf of the Chairman of the Board and staff at YIVO, we want to congratulate you on your 40th Anniversary. Your dedication to Jewish heritage, Holocaust remembrance, the State of Israel and the world over is unsurpassed. We salute you.

Bruce Storn

Bruce Storn
Chairman of the Board

Ella Levine

Ella Levine
Development Director



קרן נכי צה"ל - בית הלוחם

Zahal Disabled Veterans Fund - Beit Halochem

עמותה רשומה מס' 58-005-273-6

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December 9, 2004

US - GE 31423

Mr. Roman Weingarten, President
New Cracow Friendship Society Inc.
647 Dogwood Ave.
West Hempstead, New York 11552
U.S.A.

Dear Friends and Supporters,

On behalf of Zahal Disabled Veterans Organization (ZDVO) and its Fund it is an honor and a pleasure for me to greet the New Cracow Friendship Society Inc. on its **40th anniversary**.

We deeply appreciate your great work towards the cause of remembering the Holocaust, treasuring the Jewish heritage and supporting the State of Israel and its institutions, among them Zahal Disabled Veterans Organization.

Z.D.V.O's main role and responsibility is to assist its 49,000 members, Zahal war disabled and victims of terror members of Beit-Halochem, throughout their long and difficult rehabilitation process and offer them sports, cultural and social activities as well as academic studies in order to support and inspire them along their never-ending process of rehabilitation.

On this special occasion, we would like to thank you for your many years of support toward our work and wish you much success and many achievements in the future.

Wishing you and your families good health and a very good year !

Yours sincerely,

Ilan Egozi, Col.(Res)
Fund Executive Director

SIR MARTIN GILBERT, C.B.E, D.LITT.

9 LYSANDER GROVE
LONDON N19 3QY

18 November 2004

Dear Roman Weingarten,

Thank you so much for your letter of October 22. It is with great pleasure and emotion that I write to congratulate you on the fortieth anniversary of the Journal.

Although I am not a survivor or a child of survivors, my grandmother, to whom I sang my Barmitzvah portion on her sick bed in 1949, was educated in Cracow before the First World War, and often spoke to me about the city. Since then I have written about it in several of my books, and your journal has always been a source of inspiration to me.

With all good wishes for the years ahead, in for all your endeavours.

Yours sincerely,

Martin Gilbert

Tributes

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INTRODUCTION

Bernice Slutzman

כבוד את אביך ואת אמך

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother

At Sinai our ancestors were commanded by Hashem to honor their parents. Interestingly enough this admonishment was placed with those mitzvot which are concerned with the dealings between human beings and Hashem. The mitzvot that follow are concerned with the interactions between human beings.

Hashem placed parents high in priority for He entrusted them to continue His work of creation by procreating. Through the millennia parents have brought children into this world, nurtured them and tried to set them on the right path. And now, *we* are here and we have chosen the 40th Anniversary of the founding of the New Cracow Friendship Society to produce this journal to honor and remember our parents. It is a work long overdue.

This book is the third published by the Society. The first book dealt with memorializing those who perished. The second, our 25th Anniversary Journal, was divided into three distinct sections. The first gave us wonderful insight to the life our parents had before the Shoah. It continued with their bitter wartime experiences and concluded with works from the second generation. We are proud to note that the 25th Anniversary Journal can be found in the libraries of many of our most prestigious universities numbering among them: Brandeis, Brown, Columbia, Cornell and Princeton.

This opus is given entirely to paying tribute to our parents who devoted their lives to us, their children. As you read the essays that follow, you will learn how they had to rebuild shattered lives and start anew. You will also see how, with hope and not much else, they came to the United States and gave their all for the children. *Alles far die Kinder* was not just an expression, it was their credo.

This 40th Anniversary Journal is definitive proof of the failure of Hitler and his Nazis to carry out his plan of ridding the world of the Jews. Whereas the previous journal was a work composed almost entirely by the survivors themselves, this effort is the result of the work of their children and grandchildren.

In paying tribute to the survivors, the second generation and the one which follows show the deep sense of responsibility they carry to perpetuate the memory of the Shoah and to insure the continuation of the Jewish People. They have created homes for their families brimming with the same Yiddishkeit that the Nazis sought to eradicate.

Now it is our turn. We honor our fathers and our mothers with this tribute. We offer this journal in the hope that it will become a legacy for the generations to follow so they, too, will know of the courage and fortitude it took for them to be here.

In Tribute to my Father Ernest Abraham

When I sat down to write this, the first thought that crossed my mind was that my father, Ernest Abraham, had already written his personal journal of his life for me. In that journal he recalled his life from age five to the present. I think of it as a great gift and I hope now to do the same for him.

Early on I learned from my father that we, as a family, were not as deprived as others were. I consider myself lucky to know all my cousins and I am very close with most of them. I still have two aunts and one uncle from my mother's side. My mother, who is now deceased, had four brothers who all survived the Holocaust. Unfortunately, I never got to know either set of grandparents or my aunt Lisa, (my father's sister), who perished.

When my father and his family were forced to leave Lodz with only one suitcase per person and move to Krakow, the devastation started to set in: no apartment, no store, no school, just the ghetto! Their new concerns were lice, typhoid fever, tattooed arms and shaved heads, hunger and thirst, barbed wire and no bathrooms. Gunshots were heard in the background all the time, walking past dead bodies was something you had to get used to and a quick way to lose some teeth was to drop a twig because you couldn't hold anymore, not to mention the bitter, bitter, cold. And the worst was yet to come!

Without going into any more vivid detail, I remember the story of how and when my father saw his parents and sister for the very last time. I cannot imagine a day like that for myself. I can't even think about a day like that. For my dad, a good day was farina, Glenn Miller, and a miracle or two.

On a lighter note, my father told me a story about how he and his sister used to make fun of the way their mother used to speak. Her grammar was never perfect because she kept switching languages between German and Polish. It's funny because I have a similar situation in my own home. My two teen-age boys tell me I speak like Fran Drescher in "The Nanny". (This is not a com-

pliment). It seems making fun of the way your parents speak is hereditary.

With such a background my parents were still able to raise my sister and me to be upstanding citizens as they were. Their recipe for success was a great big dollop of education, a big dash of hard work, and a sprinkle of ambition.

Though every family has had a lost opportunity here and there, my parents always gave me and my sister a beautiful home to live in, new clothes to wear, and cars to drive. And let's not forget the delicious Jewish food, candle-lit holiday dinners, birthday parties, and piano lessons.

In closing, my father reflects in his journal that all the silly things my sister and I did as children are to him, cherished memories. My father's memoirs to me are just as cherished.

Diane Leif



Heroes and Blessings A Tribute to My Parents Rafael and Ada Abrahamer

I feel honored to be able to write this piece for the New Cracow Friendship Society. As a child of survivors, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rafael and Ada Abrahamer, I have inadvertently been given the chance to bear witness to the Holocaust, one generation removed. While I will never know the depth of the pain caused by the Holocaust, having not lived through it, I have experienced the loss of family, knowing that my own grandparents, uncles and aunts perished, and feeling their absence in my own life and in the lives of my parents.

I have always felt privileged to watch and enjoy the support and friendship of this strong community of survivors from Poland. You all have made new lives for yourselves, looking forward, working hard, and raising your children to be

good citizens who make a positive contribution to the world. This community is like an extended family for me; you have replaced the grandparents, aunts and uncles that I lost in the Holocaust. I have marveled at your resilience and positive attitudes towards life. And, I have even learned some Polish, and a little Yiddish, just listening to your phone conversations and get-togethers, where you laughed, told jokes, discussed politics, family, and children, as you made your new lives here in America.

In my mind, the New Cracow Friendship Society serves as a standard of excellence as to how a community can function. I can remember early on how everyone, after often acquiring new skills and professions in the United States, helped each other out. Those who were in the clothing business gave coats to the children of their friends; those who were electricians, plumbers, or builders offered those services; those who were jewelers, like my father, made jewelry for others. And always, friendship and strength were available to support each other with the issues of the day.

And all gathered for the meetings of the New Cracow Friendship Society: for social events, for simchas, for Yahrzeit, for fundraising events for Israel, or for committee meetings, always caring for each other in sickness and in health, moving forward while preserving memories.

I would like to share one last, and perhaps the most important, thought. Years ago, on a Jewish Community Center of Greater Boston staff retreat, when I worked as the JCC's Director of Camping Services, one of the questions asked at a workshop was, "Who are your heroes?" Without thinking for more than a second, I realized that my heroes were my very own parents. I had never put it together before. My parents had the personal strength, luck and determination to survive Hitler's War on the Jews; they also managed to make a new life for themselves after the war. They had the courage to bring children into what for them had been an insane and brutal world only a few years before, and to try to create a normal life again. Their bravery and strength throughout their lives makes them more than heroic in my eyes. They taught

and inspired both me and my brother to always treasure life; they brought hope, faith and perseverance to everything they did. They are the role models for many of the values that we hold dear.

At the beginning of every holiday and life cycle event we say a blessing, Shehecheyanu, thanking G-d for once again bringing us to this new and special season. I want to say Shehecheyanu now, for all the blessings I feel grateful to have received.

Nora Abrahamer-Perlman



A Tribute to our Father and Grandfather Irving Badner, ל"ט

The 40th anniversary of the founding of the New Cracow Friendship Society should truly be a celebration to devoted parents and the second generation of Holocaust survivors. This organization has brought together people, not just from Cracow, to share life experiences.

Over the past 40 years our family attended many meetings, went to social events, shared simchas as well as tragic times and "friends" became our extended family. There was even a small group that purchased a bungalow colony in Monticello, New York where summers were spent together for over 20 years. We can remember the barbeques, celebrations, plays and Saturday evening socials. Our parents were part of this group and every summer our parents would be involved in all the festivities. These are wonderful and cherished memories.

Our parents traveled with the Society to Israel and to Washington, D.C. They supported Israel and taught us to do the same. In 1996 our parents were honored at an Israel Bond Drive. Our father spoke with such endearment for all who were present. He was a board member for many years and his dedication to the Society was sincere. My mother has been involved with the card parties and the bazaars. The Society didn't just get together for socializing but it

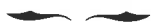
raised monies for various organizations to help the less fortunate in Israel. It is an organization that continuously shows the second generation that what our parents and grandparents suffered should not be forgotten or repeated.

In 2002, our father, Irving Badner, passed away. His funeral was standing room only, as the chapel was filled with many members of the Cracow Society among his family and friends. He was a quiet, gentle man with a big heart, a glimmer in his eye, and a great smile. He was a wonderful husband, father, grandfather, and cousin and is sorely missed by his family and those who knew him.

Our parents taught us that family, trust, loyalty, and appreciation of life are core values that must be held onto even when faced with the most harrowing of life's circumstances.

We dedicate this to our father, and to our mother, who continues to show us that despite tragedies, family and friends should be cherished.

*Dr. Victor Badner & Helen Badner Štreisfeld
& families*



“עטרת זקנים בני בנים”

“ותפארת בנים אבותם”

משלי י"ז:ג

In Tribute to My Wonderful Parents Herman and Rachelle Blavat

Nothing I can write can truly express all my parents have given to me.

For my family the war started the very first day of World War II, even before shots were fired in Poland. My parents lived just 15 miles from the German border and the blitzkrieg just rolled through town. My family suffered from that day on. At the end of the war, only my parents were left out of two large families.

Always be alert, everything changes!

My mother lives to this day with the pain from a back broken when she got hit by a German soldier's gun butt. Yet, even with the war raging, and my mother in a cast for 10 months, she married my father!

Always live for today!

At the war's end, my father was packed and leaving, with no one left, having come back to wait to see if my mother was to return. As he was coming down the stairs, she was on her way up, another few minutes and they would have missed each other.

Never give up hope.

With very little formal education, lots of hard work and careful investments my parents became a success here.

You always have enough, just appreciate what you have.

These are a few of the things my parents have given to me.

With good thoughts and love,

Benjamin Blavat

In Honor of Our Grandmother, Our Mema

Several years ago, I went to the Holocaust Museum in Washington and I made it through the whole place but when I got to the end, I broke down; not in a composed way, but gut-wrenching sobs, like an inconsolable child. Of course there was a lot to cry about. But I was crying for my Mema, my grandmother, Eugenia Boyman.

The single thought that ran through my head was "How did she do it?"

I am not talking about surviving the horrors of the Holocaust-which includes losing her parents, being sent to a work camp, and unspeakable things that I can only imagine - a feat that is so foreign to me that no matter how often I think about it, it just seems impossible. But what I was crying about was what happened after she survived.



She went on living. And she went on loving. And hoping. And giving.

To her, life is still an amazing journey to cherish. Beauty still exists, whether it's in a lily-of-the-valley flower or a bunch of seashells collected on an early morning walk on the beach. Her heart knows no bounds when she loves you. After everything she went through, she was still able to flourish.

This is what makes Mema the most beautiful, amazing, inspiring woman in my life.

Jennifer Leitzes

Eugenia Boyman (better known as Mema) is an 85 year young lady who is a mother of two, a grandmother of five and a great-grandmother of two (with another on the way). She is also much more than that, for she is also a true friend, a survivor, a believer, a confidant, and a teacher.

Mema possesses what I think are some of the most admirable traits that a person can have: bravery, strength, intelligence, and compassion.

Never afraid to voice her opinion (a trait she has passed down to my mother, my sister, and me), she speaks the truth about situations that we

all have faced and will face "in life". In times of disappointment, trouble, and despair, Mema always displays a stoic acceptance, in that "whatever happens, happens", and there is no point in moaning about it (or as she often says "Que sera sera"). This is probably the most important life lesson that she

has demonstrated to me through the years.

In sum, Mema has taught me so much about life and I treasure her for that. Don't get me wrong, she possesses all of those wonderful things that a grandmother is expected to, such as warmth and kindness, tenderness and wisdom, but what makes Mema so great is that she possesses so much MORE than that.

Simply said, that is what makes my grandma, my Mema, so special to me and to all that are lucky enough to know her.

Jacqueline Leitzes

When given the honor to write a few lines about Mema, I thought to myself; "Is it actually possible to portray this most fabulous woman in one small paragraph?" To even attempt this task would be doing an injustice to her character.

I do not think there is one adjective in the English dictionary that could possibly describe what a wonderful person she is. Never in my existence have I encountered such an amazing spirit. This woman has touched the lives of so many and I am so incredibly blessed that she is my grandmother. The devotion she possesses for her loved ones is like no other. Her strength alone is enough to carry an entire family, as it carries ours.

In my entire twenty-three years, I cannot think of one occasion in which a complaint has escaped her lips. Not only that, but I cannot think of one instance in which she has acted in a selfish manner. People like this do not come along very often, and it is for this reason that I would like the whole world to know how much I cherish my grandmother. I just hope that she realizes what an amazing human being she is.

I love you Mema!

Rachael Boyman



”שמע בני מוסר אביו”

”ואל תטוש תורת אמך”

משלי א:ח

My Hero Al Bukiet

Many people I know have to go back hundreds of years to find a hero. I am fortunate to know my hero personally. My hero was an ordinary teenager until extraordinary circumstances forced him to become an exceptional human being. My grandfather, Al Bukiet, was a Jewish teenager in Poland when the Nazis invaded his country. He had to endure enormous hardships while first living in a ghetto, then in a labor camp and finally in a concentration camp. After the war he was able to start a life with nothing and become a terrific husband, father and grandfather, and take over a successful business. He is very generous to his family as well as to all of his favorite charities. I had always known what a great grandfather he is; however, it wasn't until I accompanied my Poppy to Poland, that I understood what a real hero he is.

The town of Prozowice today looks very much as it did sixty years ago. The roads are paved with cobblestones, and donkeys pull carts full of food through the streets. There used to be many Jews living in this town but today, there are none.

I'm in Poland, and Poppy is explaining what his youth was like in his prewar town near Krakow. He shows me where he played soccer, and where he went to school. We try to visit his childhood house, but the current residents won't let us come in, so we look at it from the outside, and see where the old outhouse and the ice cellar were. I also see the field where he hid for three days when the Nazis came to deport the Jews of Prozowice.

We visit the Krakow Ghetto and he shows me how he escaped death on the day of the ghetto's liquidation, March 13, 1943. The Nazis sent most of the people, including my great-grandparents and great-uncle, that day to Auschwitz. The Nazis divided the remaining men into two groups: laborers and mechanics. Poppy was in the laborer group, but luckily decided that it was better to be a mechanic than a laborer. So he slid over to the other group. The Nazi officer, Goeth, questioned him, saying, "I thought you were a laborer." He

replied that he was a mechanic and gave the name of a factory and said he had worked there. Goeth replied, "If you are lying, I'll kill you tomorrow." Poppy thought, "Better tomorrow than today." Moments later the laborers were taken to a backyard and murdered. The "mechanics" had the job of cleaning up the dead bodies.

Poppy was later marched to the Plaszow labor camp, where he performed slave labor until he was sent to Matthausen concentration camp. He survived numerous brushes with death. Yet, from all this, he did not become a bitter man. He picked up the pieces and after the war, with his brother Joe, the only other survivor in the family, he started a new life.

After arriving in the United States in November 1948, my grandfather supported himself with menial jobs until he worked his way up and purchased the textile company he was working for. He married, and with my Nanny raised three children. He was able to send them all to college, hoping that they would have an easier life than he did. He tells me, as he told my father, that possessions can be taken away, but your education stays with you forever.

His life has taught me many lessons in how to live. First, I know that however unfairly I think life is treating me, I always remember not to dwell on the unfairness. After all, Poppy was treated the most unfairly of any person, but he was able to persevere. Poppy also taught me to be tolerant, and not to discriminate against people who are different from me. Lastly, I learned that if I work hard, I can control my own destiny and achieve anything I want.

Etan Bukiet

"Children's children are the crown of old men;
and the glory of children are their fathers"

Proverbs 17:6

A Tribute to Wonderful Parents and Grandparents Alex and Helen Finder

My parents are extraordinary people who have led extraordinary lives. The memories of their childhood in Poland, Dad's in Krakow and Mom's in Tarnow, are wonderful ones. They came from loving families and led happy, full lives. They both had goals and dreams for their futures. Then their lives were disrupted. Hitler and the Nazis destroyed the family life, the social relationships, the education, the professional goals, and the religious structure that had identified them. Everything and everyone they knew were gone - literally and figuratively.

Their tortured war years are not my story to tell. I know that they each suffered indescribable degradation and persecution, physical deprivation and emotional torment, but I am not able to adequately describe their suffering. I did not live through it. You see, I was born in the United States in January 1948, two years after my parents met and married in a displaced persons camp in Austria. My brother Charles and I, as all our second generation friends and relatives, are testaments to the fact that Hitler's dream of wiping out the Jewish people was a failure. Our children are confirmation that Judaism lives and thrives. Our success, however, is a direct result of the wisdom, strength and resilience of our parents.

Let me tell you a little about my childhood. Growing up as a child of Holocaust survivors always made me feel a little different than most of my friends. From a very young age I realized that my parents, aunts and uncles and all our family friends were unlike their "American" counterparts; they were (as they called themselves) greeners, with a personal history that left its special mark.

My parents, however, were very adaptable to their new homeland. My Dad started reading the *New York Times* the day he arrived in the United States. His knowledge of Latin and pre-law studies helped him in his quest to master the English language. While he was offered considerable college credit for his past education by the City University system, he was unable to take advantage of the offer because he had a family to support and no time for

the luxury of a formal education. I vividly remember the many occasions when his friends would come to our home for Dad's assistance in filling out their forms, whether for U.S. citizenship, German compensation or related issues. He was always able to help those who were reluctant or apprehensive in dealing with these governmental authorities.

He later went on to own several different businesses, and though his goal in life had not been to manage food establishments, he was able to support his family and build a comfortable cushion for the education of his children and a financially worry-free retirement. Unfortunately, to accomplish this he had to work extremely hard and overcome serious hardships. There was the fire that destroyed his business, the hold-ups at gunpoint, the late night arrivals at home in Brooklyn after working until 2 a.m. in his New York City deli.

Despite these hardships, however, he has been a great Dad. He taught me the wisdom of studying early in the day, rather than cramming late into the night. On the day of an exam, he would sometimes get up with me an hour earlier and review the relevant subject matter so that it would be fresh in my mind. It didn't matter that he had an accent or that English was not his first language. He taught me skills that have stayed with me through life and served me very well. He emphasized to me the importance of education, of being active physically, the love of Israel and Zionism, and the devotion to family and friends. These are just some of the traits that have made him the adoring and adored father that he is.

I am very lucky to have Helen Finder as my mother and role model. She has been a source of strength during difficult times, not only for me and our immediate family, but for numerous other relatives and friends who have turned to her to mediate situations in which their family members were unable to agree or resolve issues. She has always been able to see both sides of an issue and approach a solution with an open mind.

Because of her ability and willingness to adapt quickly to her new life in America, my mother became involved in activities a bit unusual for her

circle of friends. For example, when I was in my early years of elementary school, she became active in my Girl Scout troop. I was very proud to have her involved and knew even then that it was a very "modern" thing for her to be doing.

My mother is an exceptionally talented woman; she truly has "hands of gold." Whether it is painting a picture, creatively repairing some household item that is broken, cooking, baking, arranging platters of food or sewing, whatever she produces is with panache. Growing up, I was the best-dressed girl in the neighborhood, not because I had the most expensive clothes, but because my mother sewed much of my wardrobe, always in the most up-to-date styles. She always worked - whether it was as a pieceworker on neckties, master seamstress, helping in my father's store, or as owner of her own dress shop. For her own shop, she was the buyer as well as the salesperson. She easily developed an excellent rapport with the many manufacturers she dealt with, and a warm relationship with her demanding customers. She was successful because she is so personable and has a wonderful command of the English language.

In my opinion, however, her most outstanding trait has been her acts of chesed toward others. Her work for the New Cracow Friendship Society, including the famous bazaar, the Sunshine Committee and the card parties, has always been done whole-heartedly. Her volunteer work with Bikur Cholim, and the loving care she gave to her "Uncle Irving" and my father's single elderly cousins, serve as further examples of her selfless kindness. And throughout, she has maintained her commitment to Judaism and passed it on to her children and grandchildren. She has instilled in us her strong ties to tradition, and we are forever grateful.

Peter, Daniel, Jesse and Charles and his beautiful family are proud to be the recipients of the guidance and love of these two special people. We are honored to have the opportunity to share this testimonial with you.

With Love
Dolores Finder Berkowsky

In Honor of Mom and Dad Barbara and Allan Firestone

My sister, Sharon, and I grew up in suburban Maryland as the children of child survivors. My mother's immediate family all survived. My father and his sister Julia were the only ones who survived from his family. Sharon and I had a solid conservative Jewish upbringing. We went to Hebrew school at our local synagogue, Nevey Shalom; we spent summers at Jewish camps; we were active in the youth groups like Kadima and USY; we trained for our Bnei Mitzvot (and weren't they wonderful affairs!); we vacationed in Israel.

When we were growing up, my sister and I were the 'outcasts', the southern cousins of a larger extended family that lived in Brooklyn and Manhattan. We didn't have our grandparents, aunts, uncles or cousins near to us, but, thanks to my parents, our extended family was pretty tight-knit. We would always go to visit them at Passover or for other holidays, and for Bnei Mitzvot, weddings, and other simchas; our New York relatives would come down during the summers, spend some time at the swimming pool, have barbecues, and run their toes in the grass.

I think there was a sort of mutual curiosity and excitement among the family whenever we would go to New York or they would come visit us. I vividly remember wrestling cousin Barry to the ground one time; cousin Carrie bringing her whole class down to see Washington, D.C. and Mom preparing a huge picnic for them; Grandma Leica making challah in her tiny kitchen in Bensonhurst; Julia in her wonderfully crowded and magical shop in the Lower East Side or at her swanky condominium in Greenwich Village; cousin Allan coming to spend a very funny and memorable week with us; Zaida on his home turf leading the Seders and negotiating with us all for the Afikomen, or visiting us in Bowie and planting willows in the backyard.

Now that we are all living our own lives, we have spread around the globe; Sharon lives in New Jersey, I live in Australia. Some family members have passed away, yet many new family members

have been born. But it still holds true: my parents are the weft and weave of the family. They keep us all together despite our wanderings and let us know where everyone is, how they are doing, who is moving to Israel, who is getting married, who is sick, who just had another baby, a bris, a birthday, or a bat mitzvah.

In reality, the best tribute that I can offer to my parents, my grandparents and my other forebears is my four year old daughter, Jemima. She is the culmination, the best that I can give to say thanks to my parents, the real testimonial to the survival of a family and a people. Jemi is learning what it is to be Jewish. We light Shabbat candles and make challah (not nearly as good as Grandma Leica's, though we're trying), we go to Shabbat services at the local synagogue and sing songs with the Rabbi, we listen to the shofar at the close of Yom Kippur, we eat latkes at Chanukah, apples and honey at Rosh Hashanah, and matzo with haroset at Passover. She will learn even more at Hebrew school. She bears a rather cumbersome name: Jemima Rose Freida Rachel Firestone Greville. Rose, Freida, and Rachel were my father's sisters; the ones who didn't survive. But they still live on.

Karen

In Tribute to my wonderful Parents Barbara and Allan Firestone

Growing up as a daughter of Holocaust survivors, I always knew that I was different. That sense of difference changed over the years as I developed as a grown woman.

My sister and I grew up in the suburbs of Maryland, away from my parents' families. My Jewish roots were somewhere in New York with my relatives but I had a very different upbringing than our cousins who grew up with our grandparents and their other aunts and uncles. My family was my mother, my father, my sister and a small Jewish community, by which I mean a synagogue that my parents raised us in. I was part of a small Jewish group of friends that grew up in a non-

Jewish neighborhood.

Growing up Jewish in a non-Jewish neighborhood is tough enough for a young child. Growing up in that environment as a daughter of Holocaust survivors is even tougher. My gentile friends could not imagine my parents' world, which to them was so far away and so long ago.

This difference that I felt growing up turned me into a rebellious teenager. I did not want to be part of this history that made my family so different. I wanted to be like the other kids around me. I did not want to be reminded all the time how different we were. I wasn't like my relatives in New York and felt different from them too. I wanted to find my own way to fit in. I left my Jewish heritage and headed out to college.

One of my most unforgettable memories is seeing "Fiddler on the Roof" with my parents and my father saying to me: "See, this will happen to you if you marry someone not Jewish. You will be disowned."

Indeed, I did marry a man who was not Jewish. I hurt my parents deeply but they loved me nonetheless. They tried in their way to accept my "situation". I tried to convince myself that everything my parents brought me up with was behind me and that I was destined to live my own life. My marriage failed for many reasons but also because I came from a larger history that, as much as I tried, I could not deny.

For the first time in my life I was on my own and grew as a person. I saw deep inside myself and learned to embrace my history and Jewish heritage as more than a cultural essence. I have learned that from my mother and father and I learned to admire and respect them more than anyone else. I can not imagine the experiences they had and how they survived them and became the wonderful people that they are. They are the most courageous people I know.

Now that I am a grown woman, I look back at my upbringing and remember it with a full heart. My parents were leaders in our synagogue and in

our Jewish community that other families looked up to and respected. My sister and I were different and better because of that. I was raised with a solid religious base and became a good human being in the process.

If I can do something to give tribute to my parents it is my future marriage to Jay; a wonderful Jewish man with whom I will raise my children in a Jewish home surrounded by a rich Jewish history. I will try to do as good a job raising my children as my parents did with me and my sister. I will never let my children forget how different they are.

Sharon



A Tribute to our Parents Norbert and Marilyn Friedman

It was the "KL" tattooed onto the wrist of our father, Norbert, and grandfather Joseph that left the first indelible imprint of the Holocaust upon our young psyche. As children unaccustomed to seeing tattoos on a person's body, we were naturally curious and asked our father about his and our grandfather's special markings. The "KL," we discovered, was tattooed into their skin (as an abbreviation for "konzentracion lager") when they were imprisoned in Mielec, one of the many concentration camps endured by our father and grandfather. So started the beginning of many future questions and discussions about our father's experiences during the Holocaust. As we grew, we came to learn much more about our family's odyssey. Typically, after a Shabbat or holiday dinner, fortified by the comfort of a warm household, our father would talk about his own youth growing up in Poland and find the strength to share with us stories of life and death. In 1969, our father began to speak publicly about his experiences. He shared with others his own remarkable story of courage and acts of heroism, both physical and moral, which he witnessed and which sustained his strength during the terrors of the Holocaust.

Through his testimony and more recently, through his work as a docent and lecturer with the Museum of Jewish Heritage in New York City, he has touched the lives of so many people, both young and old, and inspired others to face and conquer their own tribulations.

As members of the second generation of Holocaust survivors we have been given a unique perspective on growing up in America, as well as a special obligation to appreciate the freedom and comfort of our lives, and fulfill our obligation to retell our family history and pass on our Jewish heritage. I guess one could say we are both Litvaks and Galicianers (and we enjoy either salt or jam on our matzah brei). On our father's side, the Friedman family tree has its beginnings in Poland. On our mother's side, our roots extend into Russia. My brother, David and I never really noticed that our father had an accent until we were in elementary school. Our mother, Marilyn, raised in New Jersey, and a former student of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, made certain that our own use of the English language was proper and grammatically correct.

My father used to call me "short stuff" when I was a kid playing Little League baseball in New Jersey. I wasn't quite sure if he was just mispronouncing the short stop position or giving me a new nickname. (It was a nickname.) In their desire to embrace America and all that it stood for, our father and mother always encouraged my brother and me to participate in sports from our early years. (Yes, we became American jocks.) Our mom grew up rooting for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Our dad became a NY Yankees fan. One of their favorite tales is to claim that on those occasions when the Yankees bested the Dodgers, our father had to take our mom out to eat because she refused to cook dinner for him. I guess our grandfather Joseph sided with our father because he also rooted for the Yankees (until he became a Mets fan). One of my fondest childhood memories was the day my grandfather took me to the 1964 World Series. I was only six years old. The Yankees were playing the St. Louis Cardinals. We sat in the stands along the right field sideline and Ken Boyer, the third basemen for the Cardinals launched a

home run that beat the Yankees and his brother Clete Boyer, who played third for New York. Although I was saddened that the Yankees lost, I will always remember and see that game in my reel of childhood highlights.

My brother and I grew up surrounded by love and encouragement. Shabbat was always a special time in our home. Our father, after a week of hard work, would recite the Kiddush and our mother would light the Sabbath candles and silently pray for the health and goodness of our household and family members. My brother or I would recite Hamotzi and after a bite of challah, the feast would begin. Our mom was and is a great cook. Our friends would love to be invited over to the house for a Shabbat dinner or for the holidays, because Marilyn's cooking always had



that special ingredient, her love. Not just a love of cooking for others, but of giving to others and making our guests, whether they were close family members or new friends, feel cared for and welcome. Of course, our friends and family also knew they were going to be well fed in our home. Shabbat dinner consisted of an array of delicious food and plenty of it. We would start with either chopped liver served on a bed of lettuce or fresh melon, followed by a bowl of soup (Mom's chicken soup was the best), then at least a choice of two entrees (maybe brisket of beef and roasted chicken), salad, an array of side dishes, and finally dessert, which never consisted of just one thing, but typically included a cake, cookies, fresh fruit and one of our mom's famous jelled mold creations.

A commitment to Jewish values was re-

inforced by our parents' active involvement in our synagogue and community. We regularly accompanied our parents to Shabbat services and attended rallies for Soviet Jewry. We remember our father's special way of "davening" as well as our mom's beautiful voice that would fill us with pride as she sang for the choir during High Holiday services.

Our father worked hard to provide us with the type of stability and comfort he had lacked as a child growing up in Poland before World War II. When the war ended, he joined up with his liberators, the American Army, and worked for them in Bavaria. Although he had decided he would emigrate to America, our father, after being encouraged by an American Captain to first get an education, gained admission to Frankfurt University.



He studied at Frankfurt University, with plans to obtain a Ph.D. in philology. But in January of 1950, after twice extending his visa to the United States, he was informed by the American consulate that this was his last chance to emigrate to the U.S. Otherwise, he would need to re-apply and be ineligible for another three years. On Monday, June 6, 1950, fittingly St. Norbert's Day, he stepped onto American soil in the port of New Orleans. He fell in love with America, embracing and taking in everything he could about the U.S., the food, clothing, music, sports, culture and the pursuit of the American Dream. He moved to New Jersey in 1951, finding employment in a machine shop, the only trade he had been trained for, before and during the War. He met our mom in New Jersey and they married on January 16, 1955. A few years later, when our mother was expecting their first son (yours truly), our dad, while still keeping his

regular job, started a small machine shop of his own. He would work for thirty-six hours in a row, sleep for about eight hours and then repeat this schedule. This went on for over a year until he was able, with the money he saved and a loan from a friend, to open up his own business.

My brother and I were supported in all of our endeavors by our parents (and still are). Getting good grades in school was also impressed upon us, as was a healthy respect for the value of a dollar. My brother and I both began working part time jobs in our teens to earn money for college and to gain an understanding of the working world. Importantly, a zest for knowledge and learning was a constant theme in our home. While our parents expected us to do well in our studies, aside from making sure we kept up with our homework, we never felt any excessive pressure from them to succeed (although, I do remember being tossed out of bed a few times in order to get to high school on time). However, with this base of love and support, both my brother, David and I had clearly mapped out paths for our own future. Study hard, play sports, have fun, get a good college and graduate school education, find challenging employment, meet a beautiful woman (or a number of beautiful women), get married and raise a family. Our accomplishments and beautiful families (my brother David and his wife Julie have three children, Carolyn, Joelle and Gavin; my wife Noelle and I have one son, Colin) have been a tremendous source of pride and joy for our parents. Well, Mom and Dad, we couldn't have done it without you! Happy 50th Anniversary!!

With our love and appreciation,

Gary S. Friedman - Santa Fe, New Mexico

David A. Friedman - Atlanta, Georgia

כי לוית חן הם לראשך

וענקים לגרגרתך

משלי א:ט

In Tribute to My Wonderful Grandmother Halina Frotiner

When I was about 5 years old, I asked my Grandmother Halina: "How does a Holocaust survivor look?"

My grandmother's answer was: "You are looking at one now." Since then, I grew and became more knowledgeable about the tragedy of the Holocaust, and also the importance of Israel and what "Never again" means.

David Frotiner Freund
(Just became a Bar Mitzvah)



For My Grandparents

All four of my grandparents are Holocaust survivors. The teachings of my parents and grandparents have instilled in me a love of America and Israel, a unique perspective on many issues and a commitment to Judaism.

From the time I was a little girl, my grandparents told me how they came to America, because they had family here, or because they had nowhere else to go. Regardless, at the end of each story my grandparents would always say how lucky they were to come here to the land of opportunity where their children and grandchildren could have such wonderful lives. Now that I am older, my grandparents continue to tell me that America is the best country in the world.

As my grandparents described their love of America, they also spoke to me about how important and glorious a country we have in Israel. I support Israel more strongly because I know how important it is to have a homeland for the Jewish people, a safe haven if it were ever needed. My family has taught me to support Israel in every way. They were honored by Israeli Bonds, and my father was the President of the ZOA (Zionist Organization of America) in Westchester. He accompanied me to the March on Washington to

show our solidarity with Israel and my family has sent me and my brother to Israel. (My brother is currently on a college trip in Israel.) My political views about Israel are also affected by my grandparents, who have taught from experience the importance of peace, but also the importance of fighting for what is right, and not allowing evil to overcome good.

In public school, my beliefs sometimes diverge from my non-Jewish peers, and even my Jewish peers whose families were not affected as severely by the Holocaust. Arguing about World War II, Israel or politics in my History classes, demonstrates the extent to which my upbringing has shaped my ideals.

While Jews today are not as religious as in past centuries, my parents and grandparents have instilled in me a dedication to Judaism and the need to continue the practice. My parents and grandparents brought me to synagogue when I was a baby and now I am usually at my temple ten hours a week, going to Hebrew School, youth group events and services. Judaism gives us a sense of community and a way to maintain the bond between Jews so even if we assimilate into society we can never forget our roots.

Because of my grandparents' experiences, I have become more connected with Judaism. One of the greatest lessons that I have learned from having grandparents who lived through the Holocaust is pride in myself and the Jewish people. More than half a century ago, Hitler tried to kill all the Jews, and I believe that my existence is a testimonial to the failure of the Nazis to achieve their goal. The Jewish people have become very successful and have left a mark on the world, winning Olympic medals and Nobel Prizes. The grandchildren of Holocaust survivors have a responsibility to continue this tradition.

From Lisa Gingold
Daughter of Faye and Jack Gingold
Granddaughter of Regina Gingold



A Tribute to My Champions: Henry and Carola Greenspan

Since I was a little girl, my mother, Carola, always told me that like royalty I was born with a title - "child of survivors." She was concerned about the impact this designation would have on my life.

My earliest memories of learning about the Shoah occurred when I was three years old. My grandmother, Golda, showed me the number tattooed on her arm. She told me never to forget that a bad man named Hitler had done this to her and that I should do something about it. At an early age I realized that life was complicated and that bad things happen and good people suffer. I felt the need to make my parents' life better by sharing their stories and the lessons they had learned from their experiences with others. Understanding my parents and charting a meaningful course of action for my life became my mission.

I kept focusing on several key questions: How can I make a difference with my life? How can my parents' suffering never happen to others? How can people act more humanely in their treatment of others? These became core issues for me.

While we were growing up, my parents told my brother Josh and me about their experiences. We were amazed at their ability to share their history and still remain positive in their belief about people. They taught us about love, humanity and responsibility. They also told us to speak up whenever we see an injustice. They never wanted others to suffer like they had. They impressed upon us that being a mensch was vital. We marveled at their strength and compassion.

In 1990 I went to Poland with my family. The trip changed me forever. After visiting Auschwitz and Birkenau, where my mother was incarcerated, I pledged to make a difference with my life. I felt compelled to dedicate myself to ensure that never again would such horrific events happen to any group. In April of 1995 I had the privilege of meeting Steven Spielberg. He encouraged me to create a grassroots organization that teaches youth from

all backgrounds the lessons of the Shoah. He encouraged me to identify and celebrate young people from high schools in Philadelphia who are involved in Tikun Olam and make them role models and heroes of our time. He told me that he would help with funding if I could create this type of organization. This encounter with Spielberg truly changed the course of my life.

I was so inspired by this meeting that I gave up running my national executive search firm and founded a not-for-profit organization in honor of my champions- my parents and called it Champions of Caring. (www.championsofcaring.org) The mission of the organization is to sensitize, educate and



empower young people to take active roles in improving their communities. By teaching the universal lessons of the Holocaust, Champions of Caring encourages and nurtures caring behavior to combat the "disease of indifference" which enabled and still allows such monumental human devastation to occur. We celebrate the accomplishments of young people in the greater Philadelphia region who have demonstrated character and an outstanding commitment to service and social justice. In partnership with the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C., we have brought thousands of students to Washington to learn first hand about the Shoah. My mother has shared her story and wisdom with over 2,000 Champions who have given half a million hours of service to their communities.

I feel fortunate that I have found a way to take my legacy and what I have learned from my parents and share it with thousands of young people

in my community. My parents have become mentors and role models for these students. The students have learned from them about caring, responsibility and *menschlichkeit*. They have also learned about the importance of speaking up and never being silent or indifferent in the face of evil. They have learned to become responsible citizens and advocates for social justice.

I thank my parents for having the courage to teach me and so many others their lessons. Yes, I am the "child of survivors" and I am proud of my legacy and how it has shaped my life. I am honored to be their daughter.

Barbara Shaiman

In Tribute to Miriam and Eddie Herman

The Book of Joel says that, "The old shall dream dreams, and the youth shall see visions." [Joel 3:1] There is no better quote to describe my family. My grandparents, Miriam and Eddie Herman, are Holocaust survivors. But to be a survivor means just to remain alive or exist. They, on the other hand, did not just survive; they thrived in all of their

endeavors. Hitler and the Nazis could not crush their dreams, so after the Holocaust they started a new life and planted the seed for a new generation.

From the very beginning, Judaism was part of our life whether my grandparents realized it or not. I was not brought up in an observant household. Although we got together as a family on Jewish holidays to eat, laugh and reminisce about old times, the religious traditions were not of utmost importance. But family was always important, and being together as a family showed that no tyrant could ever crush that spirit. Whether it was my grandpa teaching my sister and me to say *Ja cie Kocham* (I love you, in Polish), or eating my grandma's *Palushkis* (potato dumplings), we were always surrounded by their past and together we embrace our future. Because of their dreams, my mother married my father and together they created a third generation. It is because of their dreams that our holiday table is full and it is because of their dreams that I am able to write this today. No matter what the future holds, it is because of my grandparents' dreams that future generations will be able to see visions.

*Ken Yehi Ratzon – may this be God's will.
Lyle Rothman*



In May 2003, the Society donated yet another piece of life-saving equipment to the Red Magen David Adom.

Pictured here is the acceptance of a bloodmobile by the representative of Red Magen David Adom.

My Papa and Babunia

There are many times I think back on the life my grandparents lived, and nothing could make me more honored to be their grandson. Being that I make up one-fourth of the grandchildren I can only give my perspective on the two people who are my Papa and Babunia. My grandfather, Max Hilfstein, and grandmother, Dr. Erna Hilfstein, knew first hand the meaning of life. Through their endless love for one another they battled through the difficult times and relished in the joyous times. As emigrants from Poland arriving in America after the Holocaust they looked forward to starting a new life with endless possibilities in this new land.

When thinking about the people that helped to shape me into the person I am today, I, without pause, think of my grandparents who fought endlessly for what they believed in, and instilled in me the values of life. I can remember on the day of my Bar Mitzvah looking into my grandfather's eyes and seeing his overwhelming joy as I was called up to the Torah. I remember the long talks we would have about the importance of Judaism as he taught me to wrap tefillin in the summer mornings of the Catskill Mountains. Those are the things that made my Papa who he was; a man with the most endearing heart and caring soul that I have ever known. You know I often get reminded that I inherited my Papa's heart, which is all I could ever ask for. My future son will be honored with the name Max, and I can only hope that my grandfather will be proud of him and the man I have become. For all the gifts he left us I am most grateful, and there can never be another person like him.

When growing up in a family with such a rich heritage for our past it's hard not to love as much as we do, and without love surrounding the fabric that binds us together we would have no Papa or Babunia. When I think about the most influential person so far in my life I think no further than my grandmother, "Babunia" as we call her. Here is a woman who would never let anything stand in her way of accomplishing what it is she set out to achieve. The mind of a philosopher, the brain of an Einstein, the intellect of a brilliant writer, all these things were my grandmother. But I can still hear her

voice in her Polish accent, "David you can become whatever it is you put your mind to, but you will marry Jewish girl." This wasn't a request of hers; it was more of a command. That is one thing that I hold dear to my heart is the importance of my grandmother's feelings for me to continue the Jewish heritage in our family. I will uphold my grandmother's wishes which I deeply embody in myself and in my heart. Babunia would always instill in me the importance of education and finding out what it is you're supposed to do in life. Although my Babunia couldn't be there with me this past May as I accepted my diploma during my college graduation, I know she was there with me every step of the way. She would always say, "You are my favorite grandson". My response was always, "I'm your only grandson"; we would laugh about that every time. Being that I am the only male of four grandchildren I feel somewhat responsible to carry on the family name. This brings a lot of pressure which, in some ways, I have always carried with me. The values my Babunia taught me are endless as they enrich my life daily. Although I only saw my grandparents about twice a year I relished the time we spent together and wished it would never end. In some aspects my life has taken shape on its own whether it may be through choices I've made or the people I've met, but I know that without the love and guidance of my Papa and Babunia I wouldn't be the person I am today.

David Hilfstein

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים”

“ותפארת בנים אבותם”

משלי י"ז:ו

The following two poems are in memory of my
Papa and Babunia, Max and Erna Hilfstein, and
my earliest memories of visiting them.

Life Lesson

I run my hot fingers over the smooth,
cold windowpane
 that has begun to fog up
from my fevered breath.
I lean forward,
Pressing my forehead against the glass
Hoping that the shock of the cold would
clear the humidity
 in my head.

As
 memories almost forgotten replay
themselves in incoherent patterns in my
mind.
Several at the same time.

They are as an overplayed filmstrip
 scratched
 clumsily edited
 overlaid
 one
 on another.

And I'm not sure that the record being
played even corresponds to any of my
films.

I try to separate one remembrance from
another and piece it together like a
jigsaw puzzle
in the proper place in the timeline of my
life.

 Suddenly
one moment lifts off of the others and
the static begins to clear.

I can see the rain out the window.
Much like I do now.
He is standing beside me,
or at least he was then
I can feel his coaxing blue eyes
smiling
reassuring my unsteady mind
Despite his countless moments of

suffering.

His hands rough from more than a
lifetime's share of battle
and work
and pain
and loss.
Hands that still hold firm to spite it all.

I look to my hand where I feel I should
be able to find him
Loose fingers clench to a fist
Grasping at empty air
hoping
the vision in my mind's eye holds true.

But I seem to have confused a memory
with reality
Again.
Like a cat swatting at imagined prey
startled when nothing is caught under
paw.
Thrust into the realization that nothing
was ever there.
It had been another time
another place.
This was merely a cruel joke played by
the subconscious on the all too gullible
heart strings.

And the flood of reality returns.

Hospitals, medications, tears
summers in country bliss
Institutional green, waiting for doctor's
wise words of encouragement,
 which never arrive.

Hiking, fishing, horseback riding
More hospitals, tears, smells of
antiseptics and soaps
bonfires, blueberry pierogies
wishing, waiting, hoping, praying,
crying,
waiting over spoonfuls of jello
and more tears.
Learning how to grow up,
and watching him die.

I try to choke back the inevitable bitter

tears of
 sweet memory
 harsh reality
and a strangely warm hand.

I open the door.

This time not led by him,
 I carry him with me
And run between the raindrops

Just like he'd taught me.

Orange Night-Lite

There is orange,
Pouring from this New York night sky,
Tumbling into my window.
Bringing me a kind of peace
I haven't found in a while.

Back in a place where a little kid,
on a little cot,
lay entranced
in the corner of this room,
watching the orange light play off the lavender
walls,
And make the room glow gray.

I don't remember when it stopped being odd,
That orange glow,
I find it peaceful now.
Optimistic childish memories float to the surface,
Enticing me.

Back to a place where a little kid,
on a little cot,
listened
in the corner of this room,
to the stories of a place that no longer exists,
And maybe never had.

I never thought I would be back here,
Claiming this room,
And all its new found loneliness for my own.
It takes my breath and I fall into the past,
Where it's warmer.

Back to this place where a little kid,
on a little cot,
felt safe
in the corner of this room,
falling asleep to the orange glow,
And rhythmic tones of a clear voice.

**This piece was written after a trip I took to
Poland with my grandmother Erna Hilfstein.**

Auschwitz~6/02

Eerily calm,
Calm across a field of unnatural green.
The severity of the hellish place has combined
with stories
Not from my own memory.
The emptiness is oppressive
It makes me choke on the fresh countryside air.
Am I choking on thoughts?
Or is it the emptiness
Or is it the smell of death that lingers here after
over half a century?
This place has a past unparalleled

Hell.
Hell-on earth preserved for all to see.
Approaching the massive gates many only saw
from within,
I hear a train in the distance and shudder
As I realize that I am walking on the tracks that
lead to death
My anxiety grows as I draw closer
Closer-Incoherent thoughts flash through my
mind
Closer-someone is speaking, I can't respond, my
lips part but no sound emerges.
Closer-I see images of my family
Closer-images of that devil of a man with his Final
Solution
That stole me of family but did not rob me of my
faith.

Faith-Not faith that is of a book, of a religion, of a
God-I have that too, but
Faith in humanity that many here lost
In the humanity that did this

Here-Here all is suspended.
Here-thoughts of my grandmother's grief-stricken
face after 50 some-odd years
The nightmares that keep her wandering at night
Looking upon the face of her dying husband of 56
years
And my grandfather, my Papa, my mentor, my
friend,
Walking with a limp for the rest of his days
because of that leather, lead-filled whip.

Memories-Memories of my Papa's face in the the-
ater watching *Schindler's List*
Of walking out and hearing him say; "Well, that
was a nice story."
Story indeed.
Never knowing, never really understanding
Any words I can or could say are meaningless
Meaningless.
I cannot provide comfort from what I am unable to
know
My sympathy means nothing.

Inside I continue to choke on the smell of death.
Unable to catch my breath, I sit.
Sit down on the earth that witnessed it all that
swallowed the blood from those
Herded here
And slaughtered here
Here-on the ground upon which I sit
Upon which men became martyrs
And children were cut down like weeds

No longer able to sit on the cursed ground,
I rise to my feet, and attempt to steady myself to
no avail.
I want to cry
Cry out to silence the chirping crickets,
And still the wind,
And scold the grass for having the audacity to
grow here
Nourished by my decaying family
Here in hell.

Hell has a new meaning
Transformed from a hot place where people are
sent for sins
To a frigid field where innocence was taken

Here, where no rhyme or reason will ever live
Here, where morality does not exist
Where people were reduced to numbers
Numbers carefully documented for posterity.
Here in the wood barracks where the presence of
death lurks,
Where the odor of burnt flesh and decay envelope
my soul,
Here nightmares became reality

I can see the faces.
Faces behind the electrified barbed wire
In the barracks
In the bunks
Faces lying in the grass
In the gas chambers
In the crematorium.
Faces.
Emaciated, malnourished
Gray faces with shaved heads
Sickly, diseased
With pleading eyes and sunken cheeks.
Faces.

And then I open my eyes and the faces are still
there.
Among the endless rows of chimneys,
Among the barracks and fences
Pleading,
Imploring me to tell them why
Why?
But, I hold no answers
Only more questions.
The only reply that I can give is that I will not
forget
I must not
I cannot forget.
Forget them forget being here
In hell.
In this place, this cemetery without tombstones.
I will not forget.
I will remember to rise and say the Mourners'
Kaddish
I will stand, I must
I need to stand to remember.

And when I am asked why I speak these words
Why I stand
What family member am I mourning?

I will answer:

"I stand for those who have no one to stand for them,

for those who have no one to mourn them, no one to remember them."

Because I will remember.

Here, in this place

I am reminded of the demons of humanity

Of people, lives, souls-Taken.

My heart is heavy in my chest

The air which fills my lungs is thick with the presence of death

And my soul weeps

Here in the Polish countryside,

Hidden in the beautiful rolling hills of green

Here in hell,

I make a covenant, a pledge, a promise

For this place has a message

I will forever more hear it ringing loudly in my ears-

NEVER AGAIN.

Anna V. Hilfstein Scheumann

Tribute to My Papa and Babunia

How do I begin to express the feelings I have towards my grandparents and how they influenced my life? The sacrifices they made in their lives are the reason I am here today. It is still hard to believe they can't be here to see all the accomplishments their grandchildren have made because of them. My Babunia and Papa meant the world to me even though I didn't always tell them. I looked up to them and even when they thought I wasn't listening, I was. They were the most compassionate, driven, and smartest people I will ever know.

The things they endured in their youth were unimaginable. How they overcame adversity, to move to the United States and start a new life, go to school, raise two wonderful kids is beyond my grasp. To give their lives the most meaning possible is to live my life the way they did, by giving back to society and believing I can accomplish whatever I set my mind to do.

My Babunia was not the most affectionate person, but I knew she loved me and she expressed it in many other ways; by always remembering my birthday, giving me an Israeli bond, taking me on a month-long trip to Poland, spending time together in Fort Lauderdale, and always making sure I was never hungry. She always wanted me to do my best in every aspect of my life. Her love for astronomy evolved into translating works of Copernicus. She was a teacher for many years and pushed education as the best gift of life.

My Papa Max was the kindest person you could ever meet and always thought of others. I see him through my dad every time I look at him. Every year I give back to the community by donating items I no longer use. That is the most precious gift, to give to others. Papa Max took me on my first fishing experience and taught me how to pick blueberries in the country. He spent countless hours in the synagogue praying and teaching, and would always encourage me to go with him on Saturday mornings. He smiled every day even when he was in pain because he knew his smile would make you feel better about yourself. I think about my grandparents every day and how they influenced the world and me. I will never forget them and I hope one day someone will be writing about me and how I changed their life.

My Babunia and Papa were loved by so many people. They contributed so much to the world. I hope they knew how much they meant to me.

Delia Hilfstein

My Parents Remembered

It's true that opposites attract. Married on November 15th, 1942 in the Krakow Ghetto, my parents Max Hilfstein (19 years old) and Erna Kluger (16 years old) began their lives together with the promise that Dad would care for Mom. Once again Mordechai was taking care of Esther. Obviously their time together was short-lived before the ghetto liquidation, transfer to Plaszow, then Auschwitz and then to separate camps, until their liberation. Mom found Dad in Konstanz,

Germany where they began a new life together. They came to the United States in September 1949 with their young son Leon. They settled in the Bronx. Mom's mother, Anna Kluger joined them approximately a year later. I came along in November of 1954 to complete our small family. They worked hard to give us a stable, comfortable life, providing my brother and me with a good education, music and ballet lessons, Jewish values, and a sense of pride in our heritage. Their union lasted 56 years.

My father was the most decent and kindest individual I have ever met. Dad had a special gift for working with people, a peace maker, who had more friends than any other person I have ever known. He brought out the best in people, and he was loved. In his beauty salon he would give counsel to anyone in his chair. Always soft spoken, Dad taught charity through his tireless organization work. He was one of the founders of the New Cracow Friendship Society, and an active board member. He was proudest of his work to get additional disability insurance for the membership, as well as his work on the Social Committee. He also took tremendous pride in the physical work he accomplished, like rebuilding a stone wall around the country property or making a garden. Dad was president of the Pelham Bay Jewish Center for 26 years. The members became extended family.

Mom's passion for completing her education drove her to get a GED and continue on to earn a Ph.D. She was a forceful and driven individual. Her personal mission was intellectual growth. Mom was most fortunate, as we all were, to have her Mom, my grandma to be the stand-in Mom while she went to school. My mother was able to remove herself from her haunting, recurring memories by delving into her studies. She was an edu-

cator for over twenty five years and was a tremendous influence on her students. She gave the youth the education she was deprived in her teenage years. She devoted herself to the care of my father through his illnesses. Mom was a hard worker and a selfless person who possessed a brilliant mind. She gave freely to charity and her friends, and was respected in the academic community.

My parents and I shared a lot of lengthy conversations over the years. We laughed, argued and cried together. They were my best friends, confidants and mentors. We shared many secrets and dreams with each other. I know this was rare among my circle of friends. When my parents didn't go together somewhere, I was the logical stand in! Mom: to the theater, museum, conference, symposium, and trips to Poland. Dad: to shul, commemorations, organization meetings, the movies, and dinner. Of course there were countless occasions that we all went to shul, parties, dinners, or took trips together.



The best quality time for our family and friends was the approximately forty years that we spent summers in the beautiful mountains on my parents' property. Mom most elegantly named this property "Woodheaven". My parents and grandmother worked very hard to make each summer special. We picked blueberries, made huge bonfires, roasted marshmallows, counted stars, collected salamanders, swam, played badminton, had parties, went fishing and boating, barbecued, and enjoyed the mountain air and water. Over the years as I went from child to adult, wife and mother, my parents gave their essence and their love to my husband Lee, our children Anna and Alexandra, my brother Leon and his family, not to mention countless other dear friends and

family members. For this I am forever grateful.

Mom had two high priority dreams she shared with me. Her first was to achieve immortality. Immortality in my mother's eyes was through getting an education and authoring, and publishing books. ... Accomplished! The second dream was to not be hungry, die in a clean bed with clean white sheets surrounded by her loved ones Accomplished! Mom worked tirelessly to achieve this.

Dad also had two overriding dreams or philosophies. The first was to help rebuild a Jewish community, have friends, and rebuild his family Accomplished! His second was to memorialize the Holocaust victims and his family by speaking out ...Accomplished! Dad worked tirelessly to achieve this.

As fate would have it, I stood with my parents when in turn it was their time to leave this earth. They both expressed satisfaction with what they had accomplished in their lives. And both gave me great comfort in their kind last words.

Where am I today? I now have a full grasp of the influence my parents had on me. It seems I'm a true combo of the two. I'm very comfortable with this. I truly appreciate and admire their sacrifices and the courage they exhibited as they rebuilt their lives and raised us. As my brother and I, along with our families, move on with our lives, we find ourselves in Hurleyville on a warm summer day, picking blueberries, taking walks, collecting wood, and sharing stories. We continue to work to build and redefine our lives under our parents' watchful eyes, loving our families, cherishing memories, enjoying friends, working hard, dealing with life's stuff, doing organization work, and supporting Israel

Thanks Mom. Thanks Dad. I love and miss you very much.

Simone Hilfstein Scheumann

BABUSHA

Quincy, Florida, 1978

The telephone ring that evening seems so different in memory now. The telephone call that is never welcome, that informs of the need to hurriedly gather a few personal things, to move, to fly...home...to honor, to witness the passing of a loved one, to share in the memories with family and friends.

Anna Kluger, my Babusha, had joined the ages. So many stories...of her childhood and family mingled with our own. How many times had she pulled me out of the fire of my own design, how many times had she given me the unconditional love only a Babusha could. This unassuming, diminutive woman walked with giants. She often called herself a witch, a good witch. Somehow she knew things that could only be known by those intimately involved in the matter. Yet, she had that ability to know things, as if able to read a mind. She knew when to offer her help, be it solace, money, or information. While at Florida State University, I would call home just to talk with her, tell her what I was doing, to hear her voice. She taught me Polish while I helped her understand English. My favorite memory of Babusha occurred during my junior high school days. We both discovered a love for professional wrestling. I had a small black and white television in my room. We would stay up at night to watch



the wrestling stars of the late '50's. We loved Antonina Rocca, hated Killer Kowalski. We were sure that what we saw was real. It didn't matter that professional wrestling, as I later learned, was staged. We shared in the spectacle, a grandmother and her grandson. An unlikely connection brings warm memories and feelings to me as I remember those moments. It was a favorite thing to do. I looked forward to watching wrestling with her.

Babusha was a pillar of our family. She was the essential parent. She was the peacemaker. Family was everything to her. It was natural for our family to have Grandma live with us. It could have not been any other way. I missed those days, living in Florida. Babusha adopted Cassandra, a dog I secretly bought and bundled home during my high school years. Mother was fond of naming things classical names, thus, Cassandra became simply, Cassie. Babusha became Cassie's protector and support. Cassie was a loyal companion, always close to Grandma. They had a bond, non-verbal, universal. Cassie had a habit of running off. At personal risk, Babusha would track her down to bring her home safely often trekking some distance from home, sometimes perilously close to the highway (I-95) running nearby. Cassie knew that she would be there, as I always knew. Babusha knew how to make the perfect matzoh brei, picked the best meat at the market, and was ruler of the kitchen. I watched her have her drink of coffee with lots of milk and meticulously dip a piece of roll in it. One day she let me have my first drink of coffee with lots of milk. I felt so grown up at that moment. She took the time to listen without judging. It was during the daily kitchen events that she showed her mastery of communication while never mastering spoken English. Compassion and sensitivity brought about an understanding transcending language. I was certain that the years of deprivation allowed her to channel special senses. Thus, her proclamation that she was a "witch."

Anna Kluger (Schornstein) was a child of relative privilege in the Krakow of the early twentieth century. A senior survivor, she was around 50 when she immigrated to America. She was successfully employed in a custom dressmaking busi-

ness, cared for all of us, gave everything she had to foster our success...the backbone of the Hilfstein family, and my personal savior. I think about her every day and am honored to share these thoughts about my Babusha.

Leon Hilfstein

My Dad, David Hilfstein

My Dad. To me-the Best in the World. I imagine that most kids think that of their dads. My father gave with his heart to all, but especially to my mom, my sister and me. I know people loved his funny sense of humor in a quiet way. Dad absolutely loved his sports! He would lie on the living room floor, (not because there wasn't any furniture but because he liked it!) have the newspaper in front of him, the TV on, and sometimes a small radio



playing with the plug in his ear! This way, if a hockey, soccer, baseball, or horse race was on all the sports were covered and, hopefully, he wouldn't miss a thing; that is, until the dog would decide to sit right on top of his newspaper!

When I was growing up, our house was the place where my friends would hang out. We had a pool, so there was a lot of company- but my parents didn't mind because they were the best.

Our house was different from my friends, the furniture was of a different taste, there wasn't any chaos with a million kids running around and I think the things my friends liked about coming over to our house, beside the pool, was the food! Very different!

At first, they looked scared at the sardine sandwiches on fresh rye bread until they tried it! They would say, "What do you mean you don't have any sardines today?" if we were out. "Ok, we'll have the home grown tomatoes with rye bread and butter, and don't forget the Nestle's Quick!" Oh, yeah, there were the normal barbecues too, that Dad would cook up and, on occasion, the eggs with onions on Sundays.

That's just a small look into Dad's life. He worked hard and loved life, his family, his sports, the comics, and a zillion other things.

My lesson: life is sometimes shorter than we hope for, so make sure you are happy.

Live to the fullest, and pass on the best to family, friends and acquaintances.

My Dad, the BEST to me.

Sara Hilfstein Dickinson

Tribute to Edward Hilfstein

Growing up as the daughter of a survivor, my father, Edward Hilfstein was a man of few words regarding the Holocaust years. His actions and values spoke of what his experiences taught him about life. His legacy lives on in the way I lead my life and will continue to live on in the manner my children, his grandchildren, will lead their lives.

Wealth can be measured in dollars and material items but my father knew that true happiness was measured in other ways. Being a rich man was not evident by what he had or what he did but by the ways he lived each day of his life.

My father was:

Rich in family - He was a person who devoted time to his wife, to his children and to his grandchildren. He had and will continue to have a strong and happy family that will make him proud.

Rich in friends - He was a person who built friendships and who was a joy to be around. His many good friends made him feel rich beyond the

dreams of many others.

Rich in knowledge - He was a person who always wanted to learn, both through reading and through others.

Rich in skill - He was a person who practiced his profession daily and became successful in that area. Success is very rewarding.

Rich in character - He was a person who worked hard at being honest and truthful in any situation. My father's character was trusted and respected by all that knew him.

My father overcame a horrific experience and knew what in life would bring him true happiness. I feel so fortunate to carry on the legacy that he taught me. A devoted spouse, well-raised children, a home built on love and trust, good friends, a clear conscience, a career you enjoy, and caring for others brings wealth and contentment that is lasting and immeasurable. *Thank you Dad!*

Shelly Schapiro



A Mini-Tribute to My Mother, Dr. Cecile Insdorf

Most people reading this modest essay know my mother simply as Cesia. But in the academic world, she is known as Dr. Insdorf, a respected teacher for more than three decades at Hunter College. I am particularly interested in—or awed by—how the refugee Cesia overcame daunting obstacles to indeed receive her Ph.D. and become a celebrated public figure. At the end of the war, when she was liberated at Bergen-Belsen, everyone and everything had been taken from the young woman: her beloved mother Anna had died eleven days earlier, and her experiences at Auschwitz left her with little hope for the future. Penniless, emaciated and lost, she endured hospitals, D.P. camps and alienation. Then she ended up in Paris, where she met my father...

Ever since I began research in 1979 to write "*Indelible Shadows*"—my book about film and the Holocaust—I have been bothered by the stereotype of the damaged survivor. The images presented by movies have seemed suspect, for the simple reason that my mother represents resilience. Together with my father Michael, she has incarnated a life-affirming spirit; instead of being stuck in the terrifying memories of the World War II past in Poland, they constantly moved forward in their new world of New York—carefully raising a daughter, persevering professionally, and spreading personal warmth.

When my father died in 1985, she was once again struck by profound loss and emotional uprooting. But she faced the challenge by digging deeper in her work, adding to her courses in French literature a new class in film. She created festivals at Hunter, and is now Director of the Romance Languages Film Festival, bringing to campus celebrities who introduce favorite motion pictures.

It would have been easier for Cesia to yield to despair, on more than one occasion. But she is a shining example—to me and countless others—of will, courage and perseverance. Dr. Insdorf is a Holocaust survivor of whom Krakow can be proud.

Annette Insdorf



**In Honor of
Our Mother Carolina Jerud-Rubin
and In Memory of Our Father Solomon ל"ת**

On behalf of my brother David, my sister Betty, and myself, it is an honor to share our wonderful childhood and adult family memories with you. We are who we are because of the most instrumental and influential people in our lives—our mother, Carolina Jerud-Rubin and our father, Solomon Jerud. It is not because of chance that we became learned, respected, successful professionals, dedicated parents and spouses, loyal friends and loving siblings. Throughout our childhood and adult lives our parents lived a life of honesty, integrity, love, kindness, happiness and

devotion. They did not need to sit us down and describe the importance of these attributes—they lived by the motto of these words. We witnessed these positive experiences and now we aspire to emulate their wisdom and indescribable goodness.

Our lives are comprised of memories. I remember week-end trips to Bear Mountain for a Sunday picnic, a ride to the Lower East Side in Manhattan to get sunflower seeds and a kosher hot dog, Passover Seders that looked like banquets, searching the Bowery for the special salami my brother loved, moving into a new house in the suburbs when my sister was born, and my father getting his first gold car, a new Classic American Rambler. Most memorable are the walks to synagogue with my parents, siblings, spouses, nieces and nephews, and the solid Jewish upbringing we received. There were celebrations galore—Bar Mitzvahs and Bat Mitzvahs, sweet sixteens, high school, college, graduate school, law school, dental school graduations, vacations, weddings, parties, celebrations and more parties accompanied by more celebrations, holidays and special events.

The Jerud legend continued. We married wonderful people that we all considered as close to us as our siblings and our insurmountable love for each other and our respective spouses was and continues to be unique and extraordinary. David married Lorraine in excess of 31 years ago. They are truly the perfect couple in every way. Elliot, their son and Adrienne their daughter, are both attending Albert Einstein Medical School and Ilana, their youngest daughter is at The University of Pennsylvania. Perfection continued. Betty married Johnny 17 years ago and they are raising beautiful, smart Hannah and delicious, adorable Zachary in North Carolina. Nearly 18 years ago I met a wonderful man, Mel. We got married and had gorgeous twin girls, Sydney and Samantha, now 8 years old. Mel and I were raising our twins and Mel's daughters, Sandy, now 25 years of age, and Allison, now age 22. We all believed life could not be better. Holiday celebrations, festivities, family vacations were plentiful and represented enduring, unforgettable memories.

Then, tragedy struck-our father died on December 29, 1993. After nearly three years, our mother married a wonderful man, Cantor Max Rubin who is so much like our dear father, Solomon. He, also a Holocaust survivor, is kind, warm, loving, honest and wise. With him comes his loving children, their respective wonderful spouses and fantastic grandchildren. The Jerud clan expanded with more celebrations and festivities.

Unfortunately, on February 20, 1998 tragedy struck again when my sweet husband Mel died. What was so obvious to me during that time and now-is what my dear parents gave me. They gave me the gift to persevere and to take the responsibility of being the best parent, friend, sister and daughter I could be. They gave me the gift of not taking anything for granted and to be thankful for the positive forces in your life. They taught me to love deeply and to have the confidence to express my feelings without fearing judgment. They taught me the importance of family and the strength you can experience from them. They taught me how to believe in myself.

These life lasting memories are the result of our parents' wisdom, selfless emotional support, love, affection and sacrifices. They gave to us and thought of us before themselves. What greater gift can be bestowed upon a family-we are who we are because of you.

To my dear Mom and Dad, Max, David, Lorraine, Betty and Jon, thank you for giving me the gift of courage to cope with and survive trauma and most of all -for your selfless, unconditional love. Because of you, the celebrations, festivities, and happiness continue and our most special memories will endure through time.

*With all my love and gratitude,
Barbara Jerud-Lorch, Esq.*

Dedication to Helen Jonas-Rosenzweig

Coming to this country with nothing, Helen and Joseph Jonas made a life for themselves and raised three children. They both were great teachers in helping all of us become successful, responsible, motivated and strong individuals.

Our Mom was very nurturing and made a beautiful home for all of us in which to grow up in. Family was most important to her. Our Dad had great wisdom and had many interests like reading, fishing, gardening, listening to music and swimming, which he shared with all of us.

Since our Dad's death in 1980, our Mom showed her strength to rebuild her life again. When you think of the word courage, you think of our Mom. She has exemplified the word courage throughout her life. Her actions during the Holocaust, and her life after, have embodied what courage is all about.

She has continued to tell her story and the story of the horrors of the Holocaust. Her courage in doing so has been extraordinary. Her ability to do this has been amazing. People who have heard her speak have told us how great an experience it has been to hear her story. Seeing her on DVD and videotapes has made us very proud of her. Her work with the Shoah Foundation has been wonderful.

She has been a role model for us and our children. Her courage and determination and the ability to accomplish anything she sets her mind to, has been an example of how to live our lives.

She lives an extraordinary life and was truly chosen to be an example of courage and a proper belief system. She has been able to communicate that message to others which is truly a gift and a tremendous purpose.

We love her very much and are very proud to be her children and grandchildren.

*Steven, Shelly, Vivian, Holly, David, Jennifer,
Bryan, Joshua and Ariel*

In Tribute to and in Memory Leon Lewis (Leserkiewicz)

Excerpted from an editorial in The New York Post (1/15/98) written by Eric Breindel, the editorial page editor, who died in March 1998 at the age of 43:

"Leon Lewis (Leserkiewicz), a Westchester industrialist, who built a new life in America after losing his parents and younger brother (and older sister) in the catastrophe, died at the end of last year (December 17, 1997). In October 1942 Lewis and his older brother (Victor) had pried open the window of the steaming boxcar into which they and their family had been stuffed - the cattle train was carrying thousands of Krakow ghetto Jews to Belzec - and jumped. Their aging father urged the two brothers to make the dangerous leap from the train, which was packed with thirsty, frightened, ill-ravaged Jews. That cattle-car was the last place Leon and Victor saw their parents and older sister, Greta. The former perished at Belzec. Their younger brother died of disease and maltreatment near the end of the war.

Unconscious for a time after hitting the ground, Leon - aided by Poles who hid him - made his way back to the Krakow Ghetto. Victor, likewise, survived the jump. The Ghetto, however lacking even the tiniest resistance group to which Leon had previously belonged - provided but a temporary point of refuge. Eventually, he was re-arrested - and deported to a new camp just outside of Krakow: Plaszow.

The name will be familiar to those who saw "Schindler's List". ...As indicated in the film, Plaszow was a place of terror and wanton murder for those not included on Oskar Schindler's labor list. And while Victor secured a place on the list, Leon did not. Thus, before he was deported to yet another camp, and - finally - forced on a 1945 death march, Leon witnessed the unbridled sadism of Plaszow's SS commandant, Amon Goeth....



After liberation, Leon Lewis managed to secure a U.S. visa. Picking up the pieces and starting life anew, he married an American woman, who bore him two magnificent daughters. But tragedy struck again. Elaine Lewis died from a blood transfusion. To Leon fell the task of raising two little girls - in a new country and while starting a business.

While Lewis made sure his daughters - and eventually, his sons-in-law - knew the story of his past, he saw little virtue in forcing the details on them. So striking, in fact, was the absence in him of any trace of bitterness that his children even questioned him about the roots of his enduring optimism. As always, he had an answer. Leon believed that individuals are responsible for the outlooks that govern their lives. "The Germans murdered my family," he told his daughter, Barbara Lewis Kaplan. "Why should I let them ruin the rest of my life?"

As a survivor whose love of life transcended bitterness, Leon Lewis can be viewed not as normal, but - rather - as a miracle. He stood as a symbol of what's possible, as an illustration of the human spirit's indomitability. This explains the radiant outer glow that could not but strike those who encountered him; it explains his sparkling eyes.

George Orwell might well have been describing Leon Lewis when he wrote, "No bomb that ever burst can shatter the crystal spirit."

Our dear father is no longer here physically but he has passed on his love of life and unfailing optimism to his daughters and sons-in-law - Bonnie Lewis Rodney and Michael Rodney and Barbara Lewis Kaplan and Seth Kaplan - and his grandchildren - Elizabeth and Emily Rodney and Julia and Ben Kaplan. We miss him but are grateful for having had such an amazing father, who survived the worst but loved life and living in the United States of America.

A Loving Tribute to Victor and Rega Lewis, Our Dear Parents and Grandparents

Wonderful Parents with a Zest for Life

With love, from your son, Alvin

One rarely has the privilege to know people with such warmth, generosity, and integrity that both of you have. That's why you are so loved by your family and your significant group of friends.

One rarely has the privilege to know people with such resiliency to overcome adversity as both of you have done.

We will always remember the horrible stories about the Holocaust that you told us so many times...about the invasion, the ghetto, the roundups, the camps, the escape from a train to a death camp, the beating by a sadistic SS officer, the tip-off to not line up for a fatal roll call, and many other stories.

We were struck by the horror of these stories, but we also saw that you emerged from this awful experience with your values, commitment to family, love of life, and belief in God - completely intact. One could easily become angry at the world after experiencing what you did, but you transformed your hardship and hell into a zest for life...with love, happiness, wisdom, humor, and a genuine concern for others. This is truly an amazing achievement!

We are grateful for the comfort and joy that filled our home while we were growing up. You were always there to listen and share your wisdom about life. We are proud that you are our parents and we cherish and love you immensely.

Love, Alvin

Everything I Need to Know I Learn From You

With love, from your daughter, Ida

How true is the ancient teaching, "Children learn best through their parents' examples."

Though time and space may have us apart, there really is no separation. From you, dearest Mom and Dad, I have received the greatest gifts.

From you, I learn to.....

Love fully, unconditionally and with loyalty.

Feel deeply and express life passionately.

Have courage, and persevere through adversity.

Appreciate the good that is in everything.

Be in awe of nature's beauty and the Creation.

Be happy with one's lot and not lust for more.

Make home a Holy Sanctuary.

Welcome guests openly and graciously.

Cook with love, and share food with joy.

Give... generously, willfully, and happily.

Work diligently and patiently.

Act selflessly and righteously.

Assist people in their quest for livelihood.

Have compassion for the misfortunes of others.

Visit the sick and support the poor.

Remember and honor those

who are gone.

Try to be understanding.

Have faith and trust that everything will work out for the best.

Dance joyfully at simchas.

Love life and appreciate each day.

What a measure to reflect upon while walking on this path!

Love, Ida



Vic & Rega, Cracow, 1938



Lewis Family, 2004

from l to r: Victor, Alvin, Jennifer, Meryl, Regina



Ida

Dear Grandma Rega and Grandpa Victor

With love, from Your Granddaughter, Jennifer

It is difficult to express what a great impact you both have on my life. You are the most caring, loving, and overall amazing people that I have ever met, and I am so thankful for every moment I spend with you.

You are also two of the most influential people in my life, from teaching me how to walk and swim, to our many long conversations about what life was like for you during the Holocaust. Since your Holocaust stories are so scary, I didn't know how you could tell them with such strength. Recently, I realized that you are able to do this because you know that you can't constantly feel sorry for yourselves. You have to always look forward and be thankful for everything you have.

You taught me to be grateful for the everyday blessings people take for granted. You made me realize the importance of family and friends, who can help me through anything. You have given me more love and affection over the last 17 years than anyone can ever imagine.

I remember counting the number of times grandma kissed me during one visit: 106 times!

I look forward to every family dinner, knowing that there will always be chicken soup waiting for me as well as endless conversations about anything and everything. I am so grateful to have grandparents like you. You've helped me become the person that I am today, and helped me to realize how lucky I am.

I love you so much!

Love, Jen



With love, From Your Daughter-in-Law, Meryl

You have had hard lives, but you survived with a determination to live your lives to the fullest. You succeeded at what you set your minds to do – and you did it with honesty, love, and integrity. You welcomed me into your family nearly 30 years ago – it is a family that I am very proud to be a part of. It is a family that is full of love for life, and of love for family and friends. It is a family with a strong set of values that Al and I live by and try to pass on to your granddaughter, Jennifer.

When Al and I were first married, Mom told me that she was determined to be a good mother-in-law. You became a great mother-in-law, as Dad, you became a great father-in-law. From Mom's twinkle in her eye and bounce in her step, to Dad's warm smile and strong hand – you have always been there to listen, to care, and to open your hearts and home to us and to the many people that are dear to you.

I love and admire you both.

Love, Meryl



*"Hear, my child, the discipline
of your father,
and do not forsake the teaching
of your mother"*

Proverbs 1:8

**In Loving Memory of My Dear Father
Sam Mindel שׂמ
and in Tribute to
My Dear Mother Mary**

When you grow up as the child of a Holocaust survivor, you know right away you're different. When I was in elementary school, I remember the teachers in yeshiva, taking note that I was a child of survivors. There was a greater sense of loss that I had when studying the Holocaust than my peers had as children whose family had not come from Europe after the war. While discussing the specifics of the Holocaust with my parents was always taboo, they were always eager to talk about their lives before the war. They were equally eager to discuss their trials and tribulations after the war, and how they had come to America to make a life for themselves here. Though I always knew that there was a long and serious gap in the chronology I was being told, I rarely pressed the issue, even though I had a tremendous desire to know it.

As much as they tried not to discuss it, there were times that emotions would be too much for my parents, usually around the holidays. I will never forget the first instance that I had learned of the Holocaust. I was in Florida with my parents and another couple who were also survivors. I could not have been more than five at the time. They had just finished the Yizkor service, and came out to get me. They were all crying and decided to go home. I asked what I thought was an innocent question. "Why are all of you crying?" Slowly my father told me that they were sad because they were remembering family members who had perished. I asked how they had died. There was no response for a moment, then one of my parents' friends said, "Nu! Tell him!!" Slowly, the words dropped out of my mother's mouth, filled not just with sadness, but mostly with rage "HITLER." I had no idea what she was talking about. Nothing else was said that day, but a few days later I was given a more complete explanation. Now we were in a gift shop, and I asked my mother if she wanted to buy a small pottery bowl. My mother picked up the bowl, studied it and smiled. "See this," she said, pointing to a sticker on the bottom. "It says made in Germany. We can't buy it." I immediately

asked why, to which she replied: "Because Germany was where Hitler was from and it was he and his country that killed your grandparents and many other members of our family, and we can never forget what they did to us."

For a period of time there was little else I knew, but with each passing holiday, a little more would come out. I started to hear the names of those who didn't make it, the stories of the things they had to do to survive, and the things they had to do for others to survive. They never liked answering questions directly, but my father would tell me at the dinner table, "If you just listen long enough, you will know everything." For the most part he was right, and over time, the pieces of the stories fit together, and as I got older, I would hear them more regularly, but it always pained them to tell their story.

For some reason being a part of Holocaust related activities always made my parents feel better. Both of my parents went to great lengths to support the various organizations that told the story of the Holocaust. Even more interesting to me was that they seemed to find comfort in hearing other survivors' stories. I remember the satisfaction my father and mother felt at Yad Vashem. When I went with my mother to the Holocaust museum in Washington, she was smiling as we walked through the exhibits. To me all the images were painful. Somehow, she was comforted by them. I never really asked her why, but I surmised that she was comforted by the fact that the history she had so painfully lived through would not be so easily forgotten.

Similarly, my father would read countless books written by survivors, and genuinely seemed comforted by them as well. When a book was written that claimed the Holocaust never happened, my father became enraged. The thought of such propaganda spreading went to the heart of what each survivor feared most, which would be the WORLD FORGETTING THE CRIMES THAT IT HAD COMMITTED UPON THEM. He would not let the world forget, and spent considerable money and time to make certain they wouldn't.

Growing up in a survivor's home also meant that everything was considered more precious than other people believe it be. Food was never to be thrown out. Education and family were always at the forefront, and generally there was always an atmosphere that seemed to say, "We must live and succeed for those who did not have the opportunity." Life was just a little more serious for us, our time more respected, and there was a certain urgency to everything we needed to do. My parents are the most caring and driven people I have ever known. I often wondered; did they survive because they were so driven, or are they so driven because they survived. I wonder what their lives would have been like had the Holocaust not occurred, how would they have been different. I think they have wondered about that too.

My parents came out of the Holocaust with a tremendous belief in God. My experience with their friends taught me that there were two distinct opinions survivors had about God. Some, like my parents, had more faith, others lost all faith. I will never forget one couple that came to my parents' house for Shabbat dinner. The husband refused to wear a yarmulke. My father asked him if he believed in God. His friend responded, "I don't know if there is a god or not, but I will tell you this, if I see God when I die, I will spit in his face and ask him why he took my family away from me!" My father tried to stay calm as he answered his friend and told him, "I know there is a God, and when I die I will thank him for the blessings he gave me." My father didn't understand why the Holocaust happened, but he knew he wouldn't have survived without God's help.

Growing up as the second generation, it was important for us to learn our parents' memories of what they had suffered through. Now, it is upon us, to teach our children, the third generation. As difficult as it might be, we must also try to share with them not just the stories, but the same pain that we saw growing up, so that the memory becomes real and so that it becomes part of their own story.

Alan Mindel

Our Legacy

Children and grandchildren of Holocaust survivors are able, through their mere existence and great numbers, to give hope, a hug, a caress, a kiss, or a smile to the deeply injured souls of their parents/grandparents, respectively. Empowered with such an aura in bringing life and light into the world begets these two generations a bounty filled with responsibility.

Childhood permits one to grow and develop, while nurtured with unconditional love, devotion, and strength. My childhood, which was easily shared with my two sisters, was filled with the "normal" sibling bonds. Sharing the post of the second generation, hummed by an almost audible sad tune, remains distant and cloaked in secret. Yet, we always were aware of a hidden agenda.



One evening, when I was four years old, I remember hearing a group of people, which included my parents, speaking in Polish about the camps, "obozy", and I remember how ... "a pamiენტam jak..." And whenever "the friends" (an extension of what an extended family could be) gathered, the "camp" was the main subject. They had been liberated for over ten years, yet continued to struggle and come to terms with their nightmare.

I distinctly remember asking my mother what "obozy" meant. A deep, sad look would cloud her entire being, which would climb through me

because I was able to feel my mother's pain. She would keep a vacant look and say, "It's a camp. Not a good camp. A bad camp." So I realized something was different about us, all the Polish Jews who my parents knew. And I knew their children were like me.

Years passed until the enormous reality emerged when I read "Auschwitz, A Doctor's Eyewitness Account" by Dr. Miklos Nyiszli. My older sister, Beatrice, just finished reading it and passed it on to me. We never discussed it. Our mother was interred in Wieliczka, Mielec, Dubienka, Krakow Ghetto, Plaszow, Auschwitz, Birkeneau, Bergen-Belson, Gelsenau, and Mauthausen. She told us that the number on her arm was an old telephone number. We did not challenge that, even though we knew it was a false cover



to the unbearable truth.

There was always a silent, dark veil capturing the horror of memories. These subliminal subtleties accompanied us while they existed as shadows of dusk which blend with the night. There was a pulse, a beat, a difference between the "greener children" (nasze dzieci-our children) and the American children (Amerykanski dzieci). These were my school friends. If they were Jewish, I could play with them at their homes and eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. This occurred when I was ten years old.

Our maternal grandfather, Leib Storch z"l, was our hero. He was liberated from Buchenwald. He lived in the same apartment building as we did. He taught us our prayers. Every morning we would visit him in his apartment downstairs and watch him put on his tefilin, tallis, and pray. The power of

prayer gathered around us. When he emigrated to Ramat Gan, Israel in 1959, although we felt a loss, we knew that he was traveling to a special place for Jewish people and it would be good. He was also going to marry a nice Jewish lady. Though we were not going to be there, that climate would be more compatible for them.

Strong Jewish traditional values, in conjunction with kashrut, were paramount in our upbringing. Our formal Judaic education was limited. We learned how to daven. Clearly this was a bracha. Our youngest sister, Caroline, however, was afforded a Jewish day school education. The family budget could permit this opportunity.

A most impressionable memory occurred in August, 1969 when my parents, my younger sister, Caroline, and I traveled to Mauthausen Concentration Camp in Austria. This is from where my parents were liberated by the Americans on May 5, 1945. The echoes of those who died reverberate through my mind's ears. I cannot comprehend what it was like for my parents. In 1994, on Yom Hashoah, my oldest son, Barry, my dad, and I marched with the March of the Living. It was a powerful experience. On Yom Hashoah 1998, my parents, my husband and our two younger children marched with the March of the Living. This was emotionally charged as this was my mother's first true march of the living. She had participated in two death marches during the end of the war.

An insurance package, which can offer education in history, memory, tradition, values rooted in a Jewish life, presents a perfect plan. A strong Jewishly committed home, an academic environment where "our" history prevails, where our traditions are taught and lived, take root in knowledge and experience. We need to pass the Jewish torch of our people to our children, so that they can comfortably maintain and defend these ideals. We must never forget and we must never forgive the atrocities committed to our parents, their families and the six million Jews. Only the dead can forgive.

by Beatrice Mosberg; Louise and Skip Levine; Barry, Jocelyn, and Alex Levine; Caroline and Darren Karger; Jordana, Zachary, and Matthew Karger

**In Tribute to our Parents Pincus, ל"י,
and Regina Peterseil עמ"ש**

Growing up in the home of our parents Regina and Pincus Peterseil, humbled us at a very early age. We had role models whose courage and perseverance constantly inspired us and kept us in touch with our heritage-both rich and painful. We had a work ethic that never waned and a moral standard of behavior that we would only appreciate more and more as we got older and became parents ourselves.

Growing up in our parents' home was special against all odds. Our home was filled with Jewish observance, ritual and tradition even though it differed greatly from our parents' Bais Yaacov and Bobover Hassidic past. Every Friday night was filled with singing, laughter and warmth. The love that was showered on us and the acceptance that our parents had for us was unconditional. They gave us so much both spiritually and materialistically, even though their own childhoods had been so blemished. They encouraged us to be the best we could be both educationally and religiously. The manner in which they lived their lives was the template for our future. They epitomized the words "survivor" and "optimist" by always overcoming obstacles and believing in Hakadosh Boruchu that ultimately things would work out for the best. They instilled the strength of their convictions into our lives by always supporting us in our journey through life.

Our admiration for our parents is not based on their difficult past, but rather on the rich and plentiful gifts that they gave us, our children and our grandchildren. In America our parents became pillars of every community in which they lived. They were in the forefront of every Jewish charity: U.J.A., yeshivot and synagogues to name a few. Our mother, together with Saba Ehrlich, was the founder of Akim which is an organization dedicated to helping handicapped children in Israel. Our father worked tirelessly and achieved financial success beyond his imagination. Yet, although he spent his days in the secular world, he still maintained his daily learning of Talmud and established a name for himself amongst all his Rabbis as a "Talmud

Chochom". We can still remember when the Bobover Rebbe came to our home with his whole entourage and our parents hosted a fundraiser for him in North Woodmere. In our town most people had never come in contact with a Hassid. Our parents had a "sukkah" in a neighborhood that was just beginning to become observant. They were real pioneers and maintained their integrity and beliefs throughout. These actions of tenacity left tremendous imprints on our lives. Although our parents were becoming "Americans" and made changes in their lives, they still maintained close ties with their past. They joined and became active members in the New Cracow Friendship Society where they saw and connected with old friends. As children we were always amazed at the close network of friends our parents had; how they helped each other and were always available if needed. They helped each other emotionally and financially with open hearts and discretion. Their friends were their extended family and were treated accordingly. Upon our father's death we were in awe of all the "landsman" that he helped to put on their feet in order to make a living. The pride we felt for our parents was once again affirmed.

Needless to say, we could go on and on about our parents' virtues and how they helped mold us into adults filled with love; love for our families, love for Israel, love for Judaism and love for each other. A day does not go by without us sisters remembering an act of kindness that our father bestowed upon us- be it a bagel delivery, a toy for a great grandchild, a relevant d'var Torah to help us through the day, or just a phone call letting us know he cared. Our mother has assumed our father's role and has done it with elegance and dignity. She is the matriarch of our family, and her love for her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren knows no bounds. All of us depend on her advice and emulate the way she has conducted herself the past year and a half. She has displayed courage and the same survivor instinct that she had to utilize in the past. We wish our mother long and happy years A.M.V. and for always putting us first and loving us unconditionally.

*With love and admiration,
Susan and Mitchel, Helene and Abbey, Janet and Ira*

Memories of My Parents

Celebrating the 40th anniversary of the New Cracow Friendship Society is the perfect opportunity to reacquaint survivors with and introduce my parents to the new members of the Society.

Henek (Henry) and Eugenia Radwan were two members, who, while not giving birth to the Society, were influential and dedicated to nurturing it from its infancy, and helped lay the groundwork for the success the Society enjoys today. Although my parents' lives were short, they were like a huge, bright comet streaking through the sky, exciting the atmosphere and illuminating it for the briefest of moments, but whose tail lingers as its signature, long after the comet has passed. It affects all who see it and leaves a lasting memory of its visit to our planet. Together, my parents formed an effective team who led their personal and professional lives with the same energy and commitment they gave to the society. Their participation in the Society lasted less than eight years due to their untimely deaths.

During that short time, my father worked on many committees within the Society and, very quietly, without fanfare or need for recognition, helped shape its destiny. He also was an ardent supporter of my mother who became the first woman on the Executive Board of the Society, holding the position of Executive Secretary. Their ability to work tirelessly for the Society while building successful professional careers and nurturing family skills is a testament to the strength of their life experiences, especially those learned in the ghetto and concentration camps.

As survivors they learned many lessons. They learned how cruel humans can be to other humans. They learned the unthinkable is always a possibility. They learned that survival in the camps was 10% age and health, 10% cunning and 80% pure luck. They learned to live not just one day at a time, but one second at a time and how precious that one second was. My parents learned how important family and friends were as they futilely watched those precious people led to their untimely deaths. They learned tolerance and not to hate,

even though they were stripped of their freedoms and pride, robbing them of all the bits and pieces of their future, they still had hopes and made plans for a future. They learned generosity and sacrifice and together with the other inmates, protected themselves so that each person had the same chance of survival. Most of all they all learned to never let the world forget. It is this last lesson that was the impetus for the creation of the Society and others like it.

In spite of how life affected my parents they grasped every moment of opportunity and made the most of it. My father was known for his quick smile and open arms for everyone he knew. He truly had a heart of gold. He was the type of person that people trusted and often unburdened themselves to. Though not a trained professional, his advice was inevitably helpful and comforting. His advice came from his innate intelligence, life experience and just plain common sense. He was generous with money, supporting causes helping Israel, minority groups and the Heart and Diabetes Foundations. Our home became a free hotel for family members and friends who, like my parents, were survivors but emigrated later in life. At work he was the "goto" guy. He was the one who could fix any problem, turning a lose-lose situation into a win-win one. How? I can't explain it. He just had the knack. Most importantly it was as a husband and father that he shined. His love and compassion for my mother and me was obvious to anyone who ever met him. He was always there when needed. He was in the truest sense of the word a Mensch.

My mother was not your average stay at home mom. She was a pioneer in many respects and was a woman who was very competitive and was determined to succeed in a MAN's world.

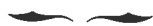
My mother's studies to become a doctor ended with her emigration to the United States. While she never became a doctor, she had taken what she had learned and started out as a lab technician in a small hospital in Queens. Her hard work, dedication and abilities were recognized and she rose to become supervisor of all of the labs. One year the State of New York decided to license all lab techni-

cians and supervisors. My mother passed the tests and became the only woman licensed to supervise all types of medical labs and did so for Mount Sinai Hospital. Her successes, both personal and professional, were evident on the day of her funeral. More than 400 people attended the service and the procession to the cemetery was so long that the limo driver asked if my mother was a celebrity. She was. To Me!

One of my sorrows is that my parents, wife and children never had the opportunity to know each other. Yet I see my parents' influence is very much a part of our lives as my children imbue many of their qualities. Both Jennifer and Gregory inherited the sensitivity, passion and unselfishness of my father and the intelligence, work ethic and determination of my mother. The ideals my parents held dear are a source of inspiration to my family.

Had my parents been able to be here today, they would rejoice in the success of the New Cracow Friendship Society. It's people like my parents we celebrate, admire and are encouraged to emulate. On this 40th Anniversary, I join you in celebrating all the members who support this organization now and those who came before us.

Steven Radwan



*"For they (parents) are an adornment of grace
for your head,
and chains for your neck"*

Proverbs 1:9

My Parents: Betty and Mel Reich

When my parents came to this country, they never sought old things for their house. They didn't want the old. They wanted to embrace the new. But this doesn't mean they never looked back. Still, even in remembering, my parents always gave life a positive spin. Expecting the worst? They were grateful for every blessing and took nothing for granted.

My parents made their living manufacturing button holes in the garment district of Manhattan and come to think of it, it was a very fitting profession. My parents built their entire lives fastening together all the people they loved. They held our family tight and close, as close as a pearl button fits into a hand-sewn button hole.

Knowing the importance of family and remembering how families could be destroyed....oh, so quickly....my parents created in America a house of love. We first lived in an apartment building in Queens filled with cousins and aunts and uncles. Then, my parents bought this two-family house, so I would always have a place to live. To this day I think my mother hopes I will move into that apartment above hers. And if it weren't for my work, I guess I would.

My parents were... are ... soul-mates. They had survived the worst and now, they are connected in a bond which goes beyond mere marriage. They were bound by a past they had no control over. Yet, today they control a strong, vibrant present which they have forged from their selfless love of family - and of each other.

My parents believed in education: a Jewish education. Because of their countless sacrifices, I went to the most prestigious Jewish day school in New York where I was taught Hebrew and Torah and the importance of Israel and tzedakah. They sent me to Jewish summer camps and to Israel. They introduced me to music and museums and dancing and Broadway. But most importantly, they taught me to live a meaningful life by treasuring family. I remember those Thanksgiving dinners at my mother's with a table that extended

well into the living room. There were... are... no two more generous people alive. They have absolutely no time for bitterness or blame. They thank God for the good. And because of their goodness, they have been blessed.

When I had my two children, my parents were very supportive and would tirelessly help take care of the babies. My friends were astonished. Shame on me, I took it for granted! All my life, I have always been saddened that the rest of the world was not as giving as my parents taught me people could be.

Now, my sons and I live in a Jewish house instilled with the timeless values of our people; values which, nowadays, I sometimes fear are as old-fashioned as those antiques my mother once eschewed. Now, the values my parents took with them from their birthplace are the values I teach my sons. The generosity they shared with others, I try to share, too. I suppose this is my way of keeping our family traditions alive. I am so proud of my parents, my mentors who chose faith and lived bounteous lives, leaving only good to all they've touched.

Gloria Reich

Tribute to My Parents Betty and Mel Reich

It is easy for me to say what is true for so many of my generation— that I have had great parents and a very special upbringing, that they worked very hard so that I could have educational opportunities that were unimaginable even after we arrived in the United States. But I also want to emphasize that they have given me much more: they also have wonderful values, a sense of tolerance of difference, receptivity to what is new and what needs to be new in the world, a great feeling for social justice, and generosity in all aspects of their life. With these elements in my being, my life has been infinitely richer.

I have been so pleased to watch in recent decades how my parents have become stronger and fuller participants in their community. The

very existence and good works of the New Cracow Friendship Society have been so important for them, a source of connection, a means of making new friends, and of course a place for remembrance. I salute the Society on this milestone.

Michael

A Tribute to Our Grandparents Betty and Mel Reich

Our grandparents, Betty and Mel Reich, have touched and enriched our lives in ways we are still discovering. We simply want to acknowledge two such ways here, in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of an organization that has always been very important to them, and thus to us too.

Our grandparents have always been major sources of inspiration and support. They have loved us, been proud of us no matter what, and shown unparalleled confidence in our journeys to adulthood. They have given us wisdom about how to take care of ourselves, and they have inspired us to work hard and to care for ourselves and others. Knowing even some of what life had thrown at them by the time they were our age, and how they have responded with courage, perseverance, conviction, but also compassion, has filled us with a strong pride in our Jewish heritage and an impulse to fight oppression in the world. Their personal qualities continue to amaze us, and we are grateful to have the privilege of being the recipients of love and support from two such incredible people.

We also want to recognize the power of family ties that comes with being a part of Betty and Mel's lives. We are of course directly impacted by the love and sacrifice they gave to their son, Michael Reich, that allowed a young immigrant from Poland to become an eminent economist and wonderful, caring father. But perhaps as meaningful are the vacations with our grandparents, aunt, and cousins, or Shabbat dinners in New York with thirty people, all of which have taught us the joy of close-knit families that care for each other and enliven each other. Everyone sits around laughing

and joking, discussing politics, lamenting the past, and of course eating heaps of amazing food that we are all the more grateful for, knowing how little food our grandparents once had access to. We truly hope in the future that we can keep our families and extended families as close together as Betty and Mel have kept ours.

There are numerous other reasons we could cite that make us so lucky to have Betty and Mel as grandparents. How many children today have heard their grandfather break out in Yiddish tunes, or sat with their grandmother as she took them through albums of photos taken before the war? How many people can truly say, "I am only here today because of all my grandparents have done?" Through their actions and stories we have learned about our Jewish heritage and, in this society that tries so hard to assimilate you, we have held strong to our Jewish identities and customs. We share and teach our culture to our friends and to children and teens so that they too can be proud of, and know more fully, who they are. We are so appreciative of all they give us. Betty and Mel: for what we have said above, and for everything we haven't, thank you.

*Gabriel Chodorow-Reich and
Rachel Chodorow-Reich*



*"Children's children are the crown of old men;
and the glory of children are their fathers"*

Proverbs 17:6

In Loving Memory of my Father Idek Rosenblum, ז"ר

My family and I would like to pay tribute to the memory of my father, Idek Rosenblum, an active member and contributor to the New Cracow Friendship Society since its inception.

Growing up, I remember my parents' social life would always revolve around SOCIETY EVENTS. There were dances, fundraisers, card games, meetings and other social events that were spoken of with much fondness and respect. Members of the organization were not just dear



friends but were considered our extended family.

To be sure, Idek Rosenblum, my idolized father, is not just missed by his close family but is also missed by members of the SOCIETY.

We hope that, for his sake and honor, the organization will continue to thrive according to the goals and ideals upon which it was built.

*With a sense of great loss,
Annette, Mark, Renee and Josh*



In Tribute To Our Father Max Rubin-Tilles and In Memory of Dear Mother Ann ז"ר

Surviving a living nightmare as horrific as the Holocaust can sometimes define a person. It can color a person's view of just about everything. Our father, Max Rubin-Tilles, experienced countless horrors as a teenager and a young adult. He lost his entire immediate family at the hands of the Nazis, and many other family members as well. Yet, as far back as we can remember, he always conducted himself without bitterness or anger. He shaped and lived his life grounded in family, love, faith and service as Cantor of his congregation and a clergy member in his community. In a nutshell, Dad has always chosen to look ahead, not back.

When our mother, Ann Rubin ז"ר passed away nearly ten years ago, we all mourned this tragic loss, especially Dad. It was the first year after our parents' joint retirement, and they had great plans for their future together. But it wasn't meant to be. Dad was heartbroken, but again he did not become bitter nor give up, perfectly reasonable reactions to being dealt yet another severe blow. Rather, after an appropriate period of time, he gathered himself and resumed looking ahead. For several years now, he has been married to a wonderful woman, Lena Jerud, whom we all love very much. Dad continues to optimistically look forward to a future filled with family simchas and other happy occasions.

We did not have many comforts growing up, but our parents made sure we always had whatever we needed. Highest among their priorities was a loving home, a Jewish education, proper values, and a good attitude and positive outlook. Mom and Dad taught us by example that one does not need to be wealthy to possess these most important life building blocks. And now, thanks to them, we are doing the same in our respective families.

A hearty Mazal Tov to the New Cracow Friendship Society on its 40th Anniversary. As second generation survivors, we are grateful for the support and friendship that you have given to our parents.

*With Love and Admiration,
Candy Fischel Larry Rubin Shimon Rubin*

A Tribute to Our Parents and Grandparents

To us, wealth is not a measure of money and success; rather it is the love and the warmth that consumes our family. We consider ourselves quite fortunate to have such loving and caring parents and grandparents who we can turn to for guidance and support.

The lives that our grandparents have lived serve as a testimonial to the strength of the human spirit. Despite the atrocities they experienced while in concentration camps during the Holocaust, they have remained compassionate and selfless individuals.

They are our source of inspiration and have been major role models for us throughout our adolescence. Aside from teaching us valuable lessons, they have instilled morals and values in us that we will never forget.

We cherish the time that we spend with them and know that they will continue to play important roles in our lives. Our family is strong because of the love that fills it; we are truly rich.

Sabrina and Eric Sass



In Tribute to My Wonderful Mom and Dad Eva and Fred Silberstein

Not too many days go by that I don't stop and look around and think of where I came from and how I got to be where I am. Krakow to California seems so improbable, yet here I am. Being born in Poland in 1952 (for that matter any year) with "stein" at the end of your name is not such a great deal. Seven years after 1945 seems fewer and fewer as every year passes.

What you have given me through your hardship and perseverance has much less to do with

the material things than with an approach to life. I have heard the stories of your survival in Siberia and Central Asia during the Holocaust and I have a sense of what you went through. But it is impossible to truly comprehend what it must have been like when I have not had to endure those horrors. Hunger and terror cannot be sufficiently described to one who has not experienced them. As you always tell me, you had it relatively easy compared to your friends who had to survive the concentration camps. I cannot possibly imagine how their children can comprehend that experience.

What you have given me is an identity and heritage that makes me immensely proud. You picked up the pieces in Poland after the war and moved to Israel and then to New York, with Babciu, Dudus and me. (Thanks for bringing me along.) Things were difficult. Mom had to find work with little knowledge of English. Dad had to go to Dental School again, work, and learn English all at the same time. Yet, you taught me that it is not the situation that matters, it is how you deal with it. You made it seem easy, because everything you did was to make life better for us.

You did it all with grace and love. You had the strength and perspective of surviving the Holocaust and you brought it with you to America. That outlook on life, your fortitude and your love are your greatest gifts to me. You are my heroes.

Love,
Rysiu

— —

"Hear, my child, the discipline
of your father,
and do not forsake the teaching
of your mother"

Proverbs 1:8

My Life in Response to Growing up in the Home of a Survivor

The other day I sat down with some friends to watch Roman Polansky's *The Pianist*, the amazing story about Vladislav Spielman (apparently no relation), who survived the war in Warsaw. This movie, like *Schindler's List*, brought the Holocaust to the average viewer in the most vivid fashion, in a way that people can relate to, since the magnitude of the tragedy is so great, and it has been extremely difficult for people to comprehend. Both movies have left deep impacts on those who have watched them. But for me, it was *Schindler's List* that made an even deeper impact on my personal life, as it was this



movie that triggered my father to decide to go to Krakow in 1997, a visit in which I participated, to revisit his childhood past and give details about how he survived the war, details that, until that time, I was not aware.

That trip to Poland, without question, had a lasting impact on my life and since then, I have spent considerable time exploring my roots and studying this terrible period in our history. But even prior to that trip, the fact that I grew up in a home of a Holocaust survivor deeply affected the way I led my life. I don't think it would be an exaggeration to say that everything I have done in my life since I was age 18 has derived directly from this experience. In a sentence, it boils down to this: my decision to live in Israel directly correlates to the experience my father had in the Holocaust in that I believe that I had the opportunity in my generation

to do what he never was able – to live and raise my family in a Jewish State that will guarantee that what took place in the Holocaust will never happen again.

The truth is that for most of my life, I found it difficult to deal with the subject of the Holocaust. I grew up hearing bits and pieces of stories of my father's escape during the war, of my uncle's survival of Auschwitz, but never did we really ever get too deep into the details. Growing up in New York and going to a Jewish day school, I certainly was exposed to the Holocaust. Each year we commemorated Holocaust Remembrance Day. I knew my father was very involved with the Cracow Society,



but that was more or less it. I had my share of anti-Semitic incidents as a child. I clearly remember walking home with my parents on Yom Kippur night, on Kings Highway in Brooklyn, as several youths started cursing us. We ignored them, looked the other way and kept walking. This happened many times as I was growing up, but I never was really exposed to anything worse.

Long before my trip to Poland, I formed my own response to the experience that permeated every aspect of my Jewish life in America, even if it wasn't always openly stated. Despite loving the U.S. for what it stands and for the wonderful home it has been to Jews, I made a choice of conscience to move to Israel, to be part of the building of the Jewish State.

When I first came to Israel and studied at Bar

Ilan University in the early 1980's, I remember the flood of emotions I had when I first walked the streets of Jerusalem or Tel Aviv, seeing everything in Hebrew, bearing witness to the revival of a nation, the rebirth of a people, my people, in their own land. Everything in Israel spoke to me. The blood of our people was everywhere, and yet here, unlike in Europe, that blood had led to the creation of an independent state, one in which Jews determine their own destiny.

Then there was the Israeli psyche. One of the things that I clearly remember from a course I took on the Holocaust at Bar Ilan was that many of the Israelis in the class, and especially the army officers, could not identify with or understand how the Jews of Europe could allow themselves to be butchered without a fight. In the Israeli experience, this was not an option. Israel was known for its no-nonsense response to terror, for its massive retaliation to attacks upon its people. It simply was not in the Israeli psyche to be helpless. This was a country that never held anything back to save Jews, wherever they may be; whether rescuing hostages at Entebbe or in abducting Eichmann in Argentina to bring him to justice, or through the long arm of the IDF striking at terrorists. The country has brought in immigrants from every country in the world, and it is the only country whose *raison d'être* is to save Jews and to serve as a Jewish homeland. It was partly due to this psyche that I too, made a career in the army, spending seven years in active service, rising to the rank of major, and spending the last nine years in the reserves.

Life in Israel has never been easy, and the past four years in particular have been among the hardest in the country's history. Not since the Holocaust has Jewish blood been spilled so often, with more than 1,000 Israelis having been killed in brutal fashion, most of them civilians including women and children. Still the numbers pale to what happened in Europe. Today, there are no faceless victims, each is remembered, each life is taken extremely personally by the entire country. And today, we fight back. No atrocity goes unanswered. The killers are hunted and found, and in the end they pay the price. Jewish life carries a high price tag today. And that is a major difference from the days of the Holocaust.

But it was on that trip to Poland in 1997, when the choice of living in Israel came face to face with my personal treatment of my family's Holocaust experience. As I was traveling to Poland on El Al, the official airline of Israel, I couldn't help but think that I was flying of my own free will to Poland on a plane flying the Star of David. Had Israel existed back then, how many people could have been saved? Would the Holocaust have happened at all? I was visiting Poland as an officer in the IDF, the world's best army, coming now from a proud country that had made a legend out of the slogan, "Never Again," and it gave me a strange feeling of satisfaction. I came as the son of a survivor. Together with my father and my brother, my aunt, uncles and cousins on that trip, we collectively made the statement that we had not been beaten, that we are still here, stronger than ever, and that what happened during the Holocaust, will never, ever, happen again.

Barry Spielman
Oranit, Israel

Second generation...growing up as children of Simon Unger...Holocaust survivor

We grew up in a loving and nurturing family in which our father was a Holocaust Survivor. When we were children, our Dad rarely spoke of the Holocaust and what we knew was primarily what we learned from our mother. We knew our Dad was somehow "different". He had an accent, was born in Poland, but, mostly we knew that he had been through something terrible about which we were hesitant to ask. As we were growing up we were drawn to literature which spoke of the Holocaust, such as Elie Wiesel's books, and began to understand what atrocities had taken place. It was then that we gained a greater sense of appreciation of our father... his spirit and drive which somehow allowed him to survive. We were in awe of his success and accomplishments ... arriving in the U.S. as a young man, educating himself and becoming a successful businessman. Most impres-

sive was the reputation he established for himself, both personally and professionally. He was a respected man who was and still is known for his honesty, integrity, generosity and kindness. He worked very hard to provide a comfortable life for his family, always striving for more... perhaps over-compensating for what he lost.

We encouraged our father to share his story for the benefit of his grandchildren and he completed an interview with the SHOAH Foundation ten years ago. In that interview, he opened up more



about his life both before and during the Holocaust, although painful, for the benefit of his grandchildren. Knowing that our children and their own children will be able to hear their "Zaydi" tell in his own words about his experiences is extremely special to us.

In June of 2004, we returned to Poland with our father and mother for the first time since the war. Our motivation was the dedication of a memorial at Belzec, where my father's entire family was exterminated. We also visited my father's home town of Grybow as well as Auschwitz-Birkenau, which he survived. This was a remarkable journey... both emotional and somewhat cathartic. We hope this trip provided our Dad with a sense of closure and some peace, particularly, being able to say Kaddish for his family in the place where they perished.

Howard Unger Lori Unger Aronovitz

Ciocia

My Ciocia Lusia, AKA Rachel Wald, has become, over the years, more than an aunt. She is a friend and confidant. When we first came to the United States my Ciocia lived with us until she married. Even then, she wasn't far away; just on the other side of the same apartment building.



When I was five years old, my cousin Paulette was born and she became my toy. She just fit into my doll carriage! It was always fun going to Ciocia's because over there one could have soda and candy! (At home there was only fruit, juice and milk.) Even after we moved to Queens, Ciocia and her family moved also and again we were not too far away; only five minutes by car.

In 1960 after my parents went into their own business, my pleasant summers in the bungalow colonies of the Catskills ended. Mommy certainly couldn't disappear from the store for two months. In stepped Ciocia! It was decided that a two bedroom bungalow would be secured and I went with Ciocia for the summers and my parents would come for the weekends. It was wonderful.

Now that I am "all grown up", we get together several times during the year when school is closed to go on outings in Manhattan; just the two of us. We go to the many museums the city has to offer, Broadway shows and sometimes the opera at the Metropolitan. A couple of years ago we went to the Museum of Natural History's exhibit on chocolate. After I read the descriptions of the processes used in the making of that marvelous, indispensable product, Ciocia would explain to me how her father, my grandfather Baruch Joseph Weingarten, made chocolate in their factory in Cracow before the war.

Although I know hardly anything about Ciocia's wartime experiences, I treasure the stories she has

told me about how it was at home before the Shoah. Hearing her tell me about how my father and his brothers prepared elaborate decorations out of blown-out egg shells for their Succah made me feel as if I were there watching them. I even laughed at the lament of having to eat all those eggs! I have a photograph of my paternal grandmother, Pessel Frimet, but my Ciocia has made her a fully dimensional person for me. (Now I really know where my voice comes from!)

My Ciocia came to this country as a young woman determined to make a life for herself here. She fell in love, married and raised a child. Life did not deal her the best of hands for she lost her beloved husband Martin in 1980 and, by choice, has remained single since then. But, nothing keeps her down. Even with diminished vision she goes when and where she wants. If you can't keep up with her, too bad! If there's a train or a bus-she's there.

She is a mother and a grandmother, but most of all, she is my Ciocia.

Breindel Slutzman



We Salute Stefan and Anna Weinberg

They survived the horrors of the Holocaust and considered their three sons the "revenge" and fulfillment of their survival.

They arrived in America in 1949 and were settled in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Stefan worked for the Holland Furnace Company, cleaning furnaces for \$25.00 per week. This was not a city or profession of opportunity. Even so, this did not deter Stefan and Anna in their quest—to provide the best of everything for their children. Stefan worked hard - through perseverance and hard work he rose through the ranks of this company, eventually turning down the presidency. Anna took in sewing piecework for \$26.00 per week while raising Saul, who was born in Germany in 1946, and later Bill, who was born in

Lancaster in 1953. Ted was born in 1956 in Danbury, Connecticut where the company had awarded Stefan's hard work with his own branch. Eventually, Stefan & Anna moved to Westchester and started their own heating and air conditioning company.

Stefan always said, "The streets of America were paved with gold -but you had to bend down to pick it up." Working long, hard hours with integrity and honesty he and Anna developed a successful business. That business became the foundation of the family business their three sons still run today. In addition, the brothers have built a real estate development company that has made their parents proud.

Stefan & Anna always saw that we, their sons, had the best of everything. The Weinberg household was a protected household. We were well fed with food and love. Our parents always supported us in any endeavor, large or small, and were beyond encouraging. Their hope, expectations and future were wrapped up in their precious boys. There was nothing that their sons could not achieve in their eyes. Today, it is the same not just with their sons and three daughters-in-law, but with their grandsons and granddaughters as well.

In less than ten years after their arrival in the United States, Stefan and Anna had a successful business and a growing family. Although they provided this family with a beautiful home in Scarsdale, New York, Anna & Stefan never lost track of where they came from. They never lost sight of their origins. We were instilled with a Jewish education and knowledge that we were survivors and owed a great debt to Israel, America and anyone in need. My parents emphasized the importance of family and all three sons continue to work together, live close to one another and remain a close-knit family.

Stefan and Anna's spirit is carried on by their precious grandchildren: Jordan, 14; Adam, who just became a bar mitzvah; Blake who is a sophomore at Duke University; and Taylor who is 14; all of whom continue the Weinberg tradition of excellence and not forgetting their roots.

We salute Stefan and Anna Weinberg...and we love them very much.

Bill & Franne Weinberg

In Honor of My Parents Stefan and Anna Weinberg

Where do you begin to write about a lifetime of wonderful memories? I could start by sharing my experiences with my mother and father.

Being the oldest child of Holocaust survivors is and will always be a humbling legacy to continue. My father and mother always regarded family as the center of our universe. As a young boy growing up in rural Pennsylvania, I was always implored to take care of my siblings, no matter what!

My mother, Anna, and father, Stefan, worked long and hard hours to survive in our small community of Lancaster, PA. As a Holland Furnace Cleaning and Repair Company salesperson, my dad led this national company in sales, not speaking the language that well. My mother worked as a seamstress for a fashionable boutique (Yetta Sachs). My parents would leave for the day early in the morning. I eventually would see them again late at night. My dad would always take me with him when possible so that we could enjoy each other's company. I remember falling asleep in his gray Oldsmobile, circa 1950s, while he was with a customer.

As my family grew and prospered we moved to and in Connecticut, twice. We eventually moved to Scarsdale. In the interim we added my two brothers, Bill and Ted.

My dad's success in life has been achieved through hard work and devotion to his family. If anyone ever met him, they would take away a unique insight into the value of human life and how to treat one's fellow man. On more than one occasion, people have approached me and said that "When your father speaks, people listen."

Well, his sons have listened and on his shoulders have built the family business into a successful company that will carry his and my mother's dream into the next generation.

Your son, Saul

In Honor of my Grandparents Stefan and Anna Weinberg

I am a fourteen year old living life as it comes; I play soccer, I go to school and my grandfather survived the Holocaust. It seems so regular for me to hear those words, just words but it is more, much more. I live my life everyday with the knowledge of the Holocaust and whenever I see my grandparents this knowledge is renewed.

When my family gets together we talk about food, college and a multitude of other topics that occur in everyday American life. But when talk turns to my grandfather's friends the conversation will sidetrack. This man was at Bergen-Belsen, he lived nearby before they came, and his sister was at Treblinka. It all goes back to the Holocaust; it still shocks me how vivid my grandparents' memories are. Everything is there like it was branded. With my own teenage experience of not remembering things from two days ago, 60 plus years shows how terrible and cruel the time known as the Holocaust was to impregnate itself in a person's mind to the last minute detail for life.

I went to Israel this past April and while there I visited some relatives. One of my cousins had a timeline of the family; my grandfather had over 12 aunts and uncles. After the war he had less than 5 cousins. I looked at this timeline with my grandfather, nearly everyone was dead. Today all the people you hear about are survivors; people don't comprehend the number of Jews murdered. To tell you the truth I never really understood either until I looked at that timeline. When my grandpa slowly told me about each dead name it struck home. My family is not large, but if the Holocaust hadn't happened my relatives would be in the hundreds now.

I try to understand and I hope I do. I heard it said by a survivor that grandchildren unlock the memories of their grandparents. I believe this to be true, for I know a large portion of my grandfather's story and have the obligation to pass it on. I have met four truly great people in my life, my grandparents are two of them and I will strive to

teach as they have asked me to for future generations.

Jordan Weinberg

In Honor of My Mima and Poppy, Stefan & Anna Weinberg

Growing up with Mima and Poppy was like having extraordinary grandparents. They were loving, kind and always making us eat. They think that my cousins, my brother and I can achieve any goal that we set and we can reach impossible greatness. We visit them every December in Florida and have a great time at their pool, on the beach and of course you can't forget the family favorite restaurant "Rascal House."

I will always remember the pride I felt when I had the honor of introducing my Poppy to my Temple so he could speak on behalf of the Jews who died in the Holocaust. I remember him coming to speak to my class and my whole grade one time. He educates Jews around the state about the horrors of the Holocaust.

With love from Adam

For Stefan and Anna Weinberg

Helping Poppy Stefan and Grandma Anna pack up their home, I revisited the kitchen that held my favorite raspberry-filled chocolates and the chair that always hid the afikomen. Boxing hundreds of cookies and meticulously collected family photographs, I packed the evidence of my grandparents' deep love of life and family that they bring wherever they go.

That passion emanates from their struggles to protect their lives and future with a family. My grandparents defeated the anti-Semitism of the Nazis with enduring strength and hope. They experienced hatred and cruelty that should never be acceptable. I am incredibly proud of my grandparents' will to survive and the wonderful life they

have made for us. Their determination to live and pass on the traditions of the Jewish faith gave me life and I promise to carry on these traditions and never accept hatred.

Love, Blake

Stefan and Anna Weinberg

My grandfather always says to my cousins, my sister and me that we are his revenge on the Germans. My Grandma Anna and Poppy Stefan are very special people to my family and me. I spend my entire year with them whether it is in Florida during the Winter or Scarsdale during the Fall, Spring and Summer.

Spending time with my grandparents is always an interesting experience when we are on the beach by their Florida apartment, having holiday dinners, or even stopping at their house to say "Hi!". I always enjoy hearing my grandparents' stories. I feel that even if I hear them over and over again they can never become old because the thought that these stories were once a reality is unbelievable. Every time my grandparents tell me a story I am shocked that my grandparents, not a friend's grandparents, but my grandparents had to deal with these stories every day for years.

Love, Taylor



*"For they (parents) are an adornment of grace
for your head,
and chains for your neck"*

Proverbs 1:9

Fela Weingarten

In 1949 I came into her life when most women had left off childbearing. She went out of mine when I was the same age she had reached when I was born. Thirty-four years was too brief a time for us, but each year was full of love.

In retrospect, I only now can appreciate how my mother, Fela Weingarten, struggled to make my life happy. She had come from a non-observant family, although one with much Yiddishkeit. Her home, with her parents, two sisters and a brother, was a happy one. My mother met my father at a wedding and they were married in 1940. Obviously their time together as a young married couple was short lived and they were separated during the Shoah. After liberation she returned to Cracow and had to face the awful realization that of the Family Warowicz, she was the sole survivor. The search for my father then began.

She was able to locate him in Munich where they stayed until their visas for the United States came. During that time, I came along. Mommy used to say that the Queen of England didn't have anything on her as her joy was completely unbounded at the prospect of having a child.

Once in the United States, we lived on the top floor of a five story walk-up apartment building in the Bronx. We didn't have a freezer but rather the small ice box compartment in the refrigerator then. Buying perishables in large quantities was not an option without the ability of freezing for later use. She used her ingenuity in managing a baby and the almost daily shopping. Shlepping me and the bags up all those stairs would have been almost impossible but our building had a dumb waiter! She loaded the bags on the dumb waiter and used the ropes to send it up to the apartment. When I was old enough for school, Mommy was always home at lunchtime and three o'clock. She must have rushed so to complete what had to be done to be ready for me.

I never realized all she had to do with no help for I did not want for anything. Even my dolls were the best dressed of all my friends as some-

how Mommy found the time to sew or crochet beautiful outfits for them. There was even a time when she made matching dresses for my favorite doll and me. I still have the doll and her dress fifty years later.

When Yom Tovim came around, one could tell right away from the aromas that came from the kitchen. For Kol Nidre night, Mommy mass produced her kreplach for my aunt's family as well as ours. What came from her oven in the way of cakes was heaven. (One Shavuot in recent years my father paid me the highest compliment possible on eating my cheesecake. He said, "It tastes just like Mommy's.")

In 1960 things changed when my father went into business for himself as a drycleaner in Queens. Mommy's days of being strictly a homemaker were over. She became the tailor in the store. I remember how every night, except Friday, after the store was closed and Daddy's workday was over, Mommy's continued. She brought her handwork upstairs. In spite of her busy schedule there was still time for me. I once remarked about a TV commercial where a mother and daughter spent a day shopping and eating lunch out. Mommy made sure such outings happened for me.

When we watched the old Errol Flynn movie, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, there was a scene where all were eating without benefit of utensils. I said something like "It must be fun to eat like that." That was enough for Mommy. One weekend when we sat down for dinner, the roast chicken was placed whole on the table with not a utensil in sight! (It was fun! Periodically, when my own children were young, I made "Robin Hood Chicken" for them.)

She was happiest when a new title was bestowed upon her: Bubbie. For seven years she shepped naches from my two children. For her the sun rose and set on them both. The author may have had **Tuesdays** with Morrie, but we had **Wednesdays** with Bubbie!

Although many times my mother apologized

to me for being an "old" mother, I never saw her that way. She was full of love, sensitive to the needs of others, and for me she was always "21." My mother made me the type of woman I am. I hope that she would be proud of me today.

Breindel Pessel Slutzman

A Tribute to Daddy

I don't really know how to begin this tribute to a man about whom so much has been said. Members of the Society have lauded him on many occasions. They made him president of the organization for an unprecedented third term. In 2004 his shul, The Jewish Community Center of West Hempstead, chose him and his wife Helena as their journal honorees. The response in ads showing support was phenomenal.

He is the patriarch of the Weingarten family, but for me, he's Daddy. At the recent marriage of my daughter, my supervisor wanted to congratulate him when she realized that she had forgotten my maiden name and knew him only as "Daddy!" Whenever I speak of him, that's how I refer to him.

Roman Weingarten. Perhaps it is no coincidence that the family's patriarch shares the same name as the patriarch of our people: Abraham [Avrum]. As our biblical ancestor took care of the family and helped it grow, so did Daddy. As with so many others, his experiences during the Shoah were harrowing. On more than one occasion his wits saved him. It is following that time when he became the glue that held the family together.

Daddy had grown up in a Hasidic family of six children: three boys and three girls, in that order. He was the eldest. After the war there were only the three brothers and one sister. It was Daddy who held them together and "took care of things." After our arrival in the United States, again it was Daddy to whom his brother and sister turned. (The youngest brother had emigrated to Sweden and then Israel.) We did not have any money to speak of but somehow there was always some to

spare to help a brother or a sister.

When the time came to file for reparations, it was my father who handled everything, not only for the family but also for other landsmen. He corresponded with the proper authorities in Germany in German. There was no need for translators.

Throughout his pre-retirement years Daddy didn't just work, he labored. In the beginning, for the first ten years, he worked for a landsman until he was able to buy a dry cleaning store and go into business for himself. He learned the trade and became the dry cleaner. My mother became the tailor. Long hours were spent in the store and the solvents took their toll on Daddy's hands as the skin on his fingers would split as if cut by a knife. During the spring when customers brought their winter garments for box storage, Daddy would go back down to the store after supper and continue the cleaning to get things out of the way so that when the store was open he could handle the regular in and out orders. We would never be rich but Daddy's labors now did give us trips to Israel. It was as a dream come true.

While I was growing up and going to school, there was never a time when my homework or reports weren't checked by Daddy before they were handed in. In those years it was he who made sure the grammar and spelling were correct. It was an irony that my papers, which were checked by one for whom English was maybe the fourth language, were always perfect in grammar and usage while the papers of my peers born of American parents were full of errors! Now I check Daddy's papers.

Since his retirement I think he is busier now than before. But now, they are labors of love. There is always some matter either in the Society or the shul that requires his attention. As President of the Society he has his finger on the pulse of everything that goes on. As editor of and major contributor to the Newsletter, he is always researching something. At the Jewish Community Center of West Hempstead he is a major force behind the Yom Hashoah observances. While still in his eighties, he would drive to Bushwick in Brooklyn to speak to

middle school children about his experiences during the Shoah. It took quite a toll on him but he did it anyway for he knew its importance.

When I was a child it was Daddy who sat by my bed fanning me until I fell asleep on hot nights when we had no air conditioner. It was Daddy who, though not a youngster, ran behind the bicycle teaching me to ride the two wheeler with no training wheels. And now, it's Daddy with whom I have discussions about Torah and religion. Given his background, I used to apologize for not being a son. I felt that our discussions might have taken place earlier. Although he agrees that it might have been that way and that I would have had more formal religious training, he certainly isn't sorry about my gender. As a matter of fact, he is proud that self-taught as I am, I can hold my own in our discussions.

Throughout his life he has taken care of the family. His concern has been that I be happy and he has always tried to make it so. He succeeded.

Breindel Pessel Slutzman



In Tribute to My Parents Sally and Henry Wiener

My name is Jack Wiener. I am 57 years old. I have a beautiful family of five: my wife Tina, and our children Ashley and Danny, both teenagers, and our youngest Olivia, who is 10 years old. My parents are Henry and Sally Wiener, both are "young" and full of energy. My mother is in business in Long Beach, New York with a clothing store and was just granted a new lease. This is a testament to her fortitude and perseverance. My mother and father have dreams. Their dreams revolve around their children, their children's spouses and their grandchildren.

From the first day their feet touched USA soil a dream came true for Henry and Sally. My mother was pregnant with me, her first born, and I could testify what a ride I had across the ocean—such a ride I would not recommend to anyone. This was the beginning of my mother's show of strength and fortitude. My father, with no money in his pocket, was equally determined to raise a Jewish family in America. It was a time to pass tradition to the next generation with the birth of their first born a few months after touching American



soil. The memories of their families being extinguished just for being Jewish was never to be forgotten. My mother's only family was her sister Tonia who also reached American soil. They remained close until her passing because of cancer 15 years ago.

Henry and Sally always kept close with their friends from Poland. Throughout the years their life revolved around their circle of friends. Every so often they would make it a habit to get together for a Bar-Mitzvah, a wedding, announcement of a birth of a newborn or a not so happy occasion. In addition they would spend summers in bungalow colonies in upstate New York. This was customary and it was here a new group of friends was formed. They made it a point to remain close and continue a strong bond between them all. The third group would be our relatives from Israel. Besides believing in the cause of a Jewish State, they made it a point to buy Israel bonds and visit Israel as often as possible.

Thank G-d my parents remain healthy and can witness the harvesting of their soil and witness

how tradition continues to pass on. Bless my parents, my parents' parents and all their families that contributed to the tradition we've come to know.

In Tribute to My Grandparents Henry and Sally Wiener

My name is Ashley Wiener. I am eighteen years old and I'm a freshman attending Touro College. My grandparents are Henry and Sally Wiener.

Living through such a tragic time period is an achievement beyond belief. Surprisingly my grandparents, who were survivors of this horrific extermination, did not let it affect their future lives. As I grew up I heard the stories. So many different versions were told but I had the chance to hear them first hand coming from two people that lived through it. Both of my grandparents have always been an inspiration to me. In spite of their painful past, they have come a long way making up for their lost loved ones.

I see my grandparents almost every day. During my high school years, my grandfather would always pick me up from school whenever I



asked him to. I cannot remember one single time where he said no. Now that I have graduated high school I miss the time I used to spend with him on those long rides home.

Every Shabbat, my family and my grandparents have Shabbat dinner together. Every week we alternate from their house to our house. Every time we go to my grandparents' house my grandmother always tries to prepare my favorite dessert; blueberry pie. My grandmother is a very unique woman. I have never seen anyone who loves life so much. No matter what situation she is in she only sees the good in it or derives something kind from it. She always gives whatever she can give even if it leaves her empty handed. She gives everything to her family. The only thing she does for herself is grow beautiful flowers and vegetables and even that she gives to us. She also has a business of her own and works hard to maintain it every day.

My grandparents are involved in every step of my life. I try to speak to them as often as possible. They love knowing my friends that I have. My grandfather loves to collect all my report cards and tests ever since I was young. I love having them both in my life. Sometimes I get caught up in my own agendas and they probably feel that I'm not listening, but I'm always listening. I spend so much time with them, that I see so many comparisons between my grandfather and my father. I am very fortunate to have such a close family who guides me toward the right paths throughout my life.

In Tribute to My Grandparents Sally and Henry Wiener

My name is Brian Wiener, I am 16 years old, and a junior at Half Hollow Hills High School

East. I am the proud grandson of Henry and Sally Wiener.

As I look back at the past years of my life, some of the best memories that come to mind are those I have shared with my grandparents. Although my grandparents hardly ever talk to us about their past, they are not to blame, for my cousins and I rarely ask. However, if there is one thing to say about my grandparents, it would be that they are among the most caring people in the world.



Although I do not know much of their past, I am aware of the great struggle they had to surpass in order to come to America, start a family, and maintain a healthy life. To do all of these things truly is a feat worth acknowledging, and although it is seldom said by us, we admire their strength to overcome the odds and become a successful couple.

When it comes to family gatherings, my grandparents are always the life of the party. For instance, at a recent celebration, while most of the adults were avoiding activity, Henry and Sally were as awake as when they arrived, and dancing vivaciously. In fact, at any family get-together, when all others are unenthusiastic, Henry and Sally are always there to cheer everyone up. Just by making simple conversation, Henry can revamp a depleted crowd. And Sally's upbeat personality is always available to lighten the mood of any heavy situation.

All in all, Henry and Sally Wiener are among the most loving, caring people in the world. They have overcome and surpassed many hardships and struggles just to uphold a healthy life and loving family, here in America.

In Tribute to My Grandparents Sally and Henry Wiener

My name is Danny Wiener, I am 16 years old, and I am a junior at Long Beach High school. My grandparents are Sally and Henry Wiener.

My grandparents are not only survivors of the Holocaust but have survived me. They have been dedicated to my two sisters and me throughout our entire lives. They have contributed a lot to the Jewish religion, whether it's going to temple or having a Shabbat dinner.

My grandmother is a quiet, sweet person who wouldn't hurt a fly. She would do anything for me as well as I would for her. My grandmother has been in business her whole life and was recently given a new lease, which is unheard of at her age. She survived the Holocaust and is living her dream of being free. Her sister died of cancer 15 years ago and she is living with that pain everyday.

My grandfather is on top of my every move. He always made sure I was doing well in school and that I was participating in sports, especially soccer. My grandfather loved to play soccer. He taught me how to play goalie. He would try to kick the ball past me in the living room, and once in a while would get it past me. He also loved to play ping-pong. I could never beat him because he put too much spin on the ball and it was very difficult to return. He lost both of his parents in the war but he didn't lose his dignity. Until this day he has been living his life to his ability.

My dad is the same way as my grandfather; he's athletic and is on top of my every move. He was ping-pong champion, and he played for the United States team. Occasionally I would win a game or two in ping-pong but that is as close as I would come. He's a businessman who got his degree at Baruch College in the city. He owns a meat business now and his recent coffee businesses were destroyed because of the World Trade Center attacks. He kept on going and that's what my grandfather and my dad have taught me.

My dad met my mom when he was on a busi-

ness trip in Las Vegas. They had three children: me, Olivia, and Ashley. We all have fun together and we are living a joyful life together as a family.

In Tribute to My Grandparents Sally and Henry Wiener

My name is Joshua Wiener. I am 19 years old, and am a sophomore at Cornell University. I am the proud grandson of Sally and Henry Wiener.

A few weeks before I first left for college, our family held a barbecue. Most everyone came and of course, this being their last chance to see me for a while, my grandparents Henry and Sally were sure to be there. As everyone else was enjoying the food and discussing various topics, Grandpa took me aside. He asked how I was doing, how I felt about going to college, and then he handed me an envelope with the words "From your Grandma and me, an early birthday present."

That was certainly not the first time he had privately slipped me a gift, or dispensed some words of wisdom, as he always does. But on that particular occasion, as I realized how they must feel that I was leaving for so long, it really hit home how much my grandparents both cared for me and the rest of our family. Since then, that feeling has been reinforced on my frequent return visits home, all of which invariably begin with my mother telling me, "Your grandparents will be here tomorrow to see you." Without fail, they will be there the next day, eager to see me just that one night. And should the whole family be over at once, as it was that day, they always display proud smiles on their faces.

It's those same smiles, that same pride, that was seen at each bar or bat mitzvah, at every high school graduation of one of us eight grandchildren. It's the same smile Grandma shares with us every time she takes a picture, and the same one that Grandpa has on in all of those family pictures. And despite the somewhat rare occurrence of these family get-togethers, their happiness is always apparent. And while I don't always show it as much as they do, it makes me happy to know they're always

glad to see me.

Truth be told, I don't really know all that much about my grandparents, or rather, I don't really know much about their history. But I do know from personal experience how Sally and Henry Wiener not only love this family very much, but do everything they can to keep it together. How there's always a Seder at their house on Pesach. How Grandma always does her best to reconcile differences between family members. How Grandpa always leads Shabbat dinner, and does everything in his power to gather us all there on the same night. And how they're both always there to provide love and support if anyone may need it.

It's clear to me now more than ever, the meaning of all those words of wisdom Grandpa dispensed to me at various family gatherings over the years. While my memory sadly denies me his exact words, I always remember the general idea. "Hold your family very dear, for you only get one in this lifetime." These words are especially meaningful coming from a man who lost most of his family before he could start one of his own. As I collect my thoughts and write them down, I understand more and more just how much our family means to my grandparents. They are happy just to be with us, and see us.

And so I close with a sincere thank you. I will be forever grateful for all the great things you have done for me simply so that I may be comfortable or happy. I'll never forget that zeal of yours which brings this family closer together. And I am glad to have you, Henry and Sally Wiener, as my kind, supportive, generous grandparents. *Thank you.*



Tribute to Frieda and Henry Wilner

I am writing to share with you my pride in the accomplishments of my parents, Frieda and Henry Wilner. They came to this country having survived the Holocaust, with painful memories of difficult times, harrowing experiences and the loss of

beloved family and friends. Their youth was taken from them when survival became the primary goal. Yet, despite this dark background, my parents committed themselves to renewal. They found each other, married, built a home for themselves, and took on the responsibilities of raising children, to contribute to building future generations. They surrounded our home with beautiful things and filled it with courage and hope.

My parents raised us with a strong commitment to our Jewish heritage, tradition and values. My father never worked on the Sabbath or any Jewish Holiday, despite the sacrifices to his business that this entailed. Through his skill, ingenuity and hard work, my father's business grew to significant success. My mother's support was invaluable to his efforts. When business required that he travel for lengthy periods of time, my mother made sure that everything was properly attended to at home.

Education was my parents' highest value. My brothers and I attended Yeshiva day school for elementary as well as high school, and went on to the finest schools of higher education. For them this was the greatest gift that they could bestow upon us.

My parents' greatest source of joy is their love and devotion to their children and grandchildren. They maintain close ties to many dear friends, most of them survivors, with whom they share bonds that span well over half a century. The New Cracow Friendship Society has been an important social and charitable outlet for them, channeling their love and support for the State of Israel and helping to meet some of Israel's critical needs. Israel has become their second home, and nothing makes them happier than spending weeks at a time in their home in Tel Aviv, relishing the sights, sounds and smells of contemporary Israel. This for them is truly a dream come true.

Thank you Mom and Dad for all that you have given to my brothers, my children and to me. It is a history and a legacy that makes us very proud.

Philip J. Wilner, M.D

In Tribute to Our Parents Joachim and Sally Wimmer

It is with pleasure and delight to recount how our parents, Joachim and Sally Wimmer (Romek and Salusia), raised us and guided us to become educated, self-reliant, fruitful Jewish American citizens.

Those of us who were fortunate to get some Torah education may recall the story of Noah and the Flood. Aside from Noah and his immediate family, the entire world was destroyed. Eli Wiesel called Noah the "first survivor." Rabbi Ephraim Z. Buchwald said, "It was with great difficulty that Noah left the ark because he knew that the entire world was one giant graveyard for all the people he had known and he just couldn't face it." It was up to Noah and his family to repopulate the world and set the example of the type of behavior for a new, improved Society that would avoid the evil and lawlessness that caused the destruction of the human race. After Noah stepped on dry land, gave thanks to G-d and offered sacrifices to G-d, what was the next thing Noah did? He planted a vineyard, drank the wine and got drunk. He was traumatized by what he lived through and sought escape from the real world that alcohol offered. Rabbi Berel Wein wrote that after the Holocaust, "It would have been perfectly understandable had the Jewish people just curled up and withered away."

Thankfully, with G-d's help, our parents did not curl up and wither away. Having lost so many family members our parents were resolved to bring a new Jewish family into this world. They didn't wallow in self-pity; they rolled up their sleeves and proceeded to learn a new language and do what had to be done despite the tragedies in their lives. They were determined to succeed in this new land to triumph over their enemies.

Our father subways all over the City of New York in order to make a living and to provide for his family. Mom kept a sparkling kosher home, prepared excellent meals, read stories to us, sang many songs to us, and was ready for company at the drop of a hat. After several years, with his

indomitable spirit and optimism, our father created a successful world-renowned dental laboratory and worked with leading dental schools, universities, and pioneered many of the dental implant materials and techniques used today. He still worked hard, but he always found time for us. Mom and Dad showed us how to be loving, caring parents.

We still remember that when our father went to night school to learn English, and he was asked to write about what he liked to do in his free time, he wrote that he liked to play with his children.

Our parents' *modus operandi* was "gezugt und geteen." If you say that you will do something, you better follow through. A promise is a commitment to be kept. Their word is their honor and whatever the task may be, it is done with alacrity and resolve. This characteristic has always been with them and has been essential to impart to us.

Education was high on their list of priorities for their children. Mom was always ready to quiz us for exams, critique our compositions, and helped with our math work. Mom loved to read and she often told us the plot of the novels she read. Many times she would cut out an article from a newspaper or magazine she thought would be helpful or interesting to us. Our parents, whose education was cut short, were intellectually curious and always enjoyed seeing new places, learning new things, and meeting new people. Having their children know their Jewish heritage was vital to our parents because they realized that our generation was the link to the future of the Jewish people. Getting a Jewish education, observing mitzvos, keeping Shabbos and the holidays, keeping kosher, loyalty and dedication to the Land of Israel—these activities were part of our lives because it's what our parents did. Living as committed Jewish American citizens, our parents successfully transmitted Torah Judaism to us.

We have maintained our Yiddishkeit and fortified our children with a thorough and extensive Jewish education. That our parents have knowledgeable grandchildren and great grandchildren

who are grounded with an unwavering dedication to the Torah way of life is the greatest victory over the evil ones who sought to destroy our people. Our parents are survivors who are incredible assets and treasures wherever they live and work. They have contributed in the most positive way to improve and build their Society. We love them so much and are so proud of them.

*Betty Wimmer Schloss of New York, and
Dr. Howard N. Wimmer of New Jersey*

A Tribute to My Parents Helen & David Winchester

Many second generation children of Holocaust survivors have had the benefit of those parents and grandparents who openly shared their experiences of the Holocaust. Those most painful experiences are not ones that can easily be expressed and passed on to the next generations as the "good old days." But yet they lay the groundwork, provide the love, warmth and guidance necessary in understanding human nature, where we came from, who we are and what we want ourselves and family to be. That has been the blessing of Helen and David Winchester.

My sister Carrie and I were fortunate and blessed. My mom's entire immediate family unit survived. My father's family unfortunately, except for some cousins, did not. We felt the warmth and closeness of the family (as small as it was) growing up in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. To this day, you can see how my mom's love, concern for and interest in the immediate and extended family are such an integral part of her life. If you want to know what's going on with anyone in the family a simple phone call to Mom will get you the answer. Growing up, she always stressed to do the right thing and to behave in the proper manner. One particular story comes to mind. Many years ago, I attended the wedding of a Chasidic cousin. There

were hundreds in attendance and my mom had wanted to introduce me to the Bobover Rebbetzin. (My grandfather had helped hide the Rebbe during the war and was instrumental in saving his life.) I'm not sure I knew why my mom was so insistent, but I suppose it was her way of kvelling. She sought out the Rebbetzin and me. As she was about to introduce me to her, my mom saw that I had been coddling a drink. She was aghast and said "Put down that drink! That's no way to meet the Rebbetzin!" That's my mom.

My dad always worked so hard to try to make ends meet. As difficult as it was, he and my mom



spent extra time in the schools helping out with Bingo or some other function which would help with the yeshiva tuition payments. My father has always kept abreast of current events and he has no trouble expressing his opinions on the politics of the day. However, discussing the Holocaust was a different matter. It did not come easy to him. I believe a recent trip to Poland with my mom, sister, aunt, uncle and cousins, his interview with Steven Spielberg's Shoah Foundation, and continued interest by the family (especially his grandchildren) in his experiences, has helped us all get a better understanding of my Dad. He may not be as expressive as my mom, but the look in his eyes tells another story. He and my mom provided and continue to provide the fabric and other materials to me, my sister and our families necessary to build families filled with Torah and a love for Israel.

Steven Winchester

A Tribute to My Parents Helen & David Winchester

The few words expressed here can never capture the true essence of our parents, aunts and uncles, all of whom are survivors of the Holocaust; nor can they convey what it meant, and continues to mean, to us, their children and grandchildren, to grow up in the shadow of the Shoah. One thing is clear, though. Our sheer existence is miracle enough. That we are Jews committed to Torah, Klal Yisrael (the Jewish people) and Am Yisrael (the nation of Israel), is nothing short of astounding and a true testament to the perseverance and dedication of our parents, Helen and David Winchester.

It was not unusual growing up as children of survivors. Indeed, when I was young, I assumed that everyone had the same background as I did. Our friends had European parents, all of whom had some "secret" of one kind or another. We never thought twice about our parents' accents because everybody else's parents had the same. We went to the bungalow colony with other children of survivors whose parents got together with ours to play pinochle and mah jongg. Our parents would get together with their friends (the "land-sleit") and in no time at all the conversation veered toward their early days in Poland. It was always the early days, as no one talked about the awful times that followed.

Through it all, our parents and grandparents valued the power of a Jewish education. Every family has its lore and this one in particular stands out in my mind. When it was time for me to start school, my older brother was attending Yeshiva Toras Emes in Boro Park. My parents could not afford to send two children to yeshiva, so instead, I attended kindergarten at PS 200 in Brooklyn. When I came home from school that first day, my grandmother asked me who my new friends were and I proudly rattled off the Italian names of my new Catholic friends: Connie, Maria, Anthony and the like. My grandmother, a very educated woman, who had attended "gymnasia" in Poland before the war, was not pleased. "That's it," she said. "You are not going any more. Tomorrow I am

going to get a job and you are going to a yeshiva." In short order, she got a job in a knitting factory trimming sweaters, making enough money to pay the tuition so I could attend Yeshiva Ohel Moshe in Brooklyn. She worked there for about three years until about one month before she died, after which, my parents struggled to pay the tuition payments so that I could continue to attend the yeshiva. Despite financial hardships, my brother and I graduated from yeshiva and continued on to complete college and post graduate work.

Needless to say, our commitment to Jewish education and Torah has continued. Our parents have six grandchildren all of whom are students or graduates of Jewish day schools. Our children have traveled to Israel and have also studied in yeshivot there. They are fine Torah-observing Jews who know who they are and from where they come. The miracle of our parents' survival can be seen every day in the faces of these fine young people who are the present and future of Klal Yisrael. But their commitment to Torah, Klal Yisrael and Am Yisrael is the direct result of our parents' values and love.

Carrie W. Teitcher



”שמע בני מוסר אבִיךָ

ואל תטוש תורת אמך”

משלי א:ח

Rich With Love
A Tribute to Our Dear Parents
Larry and Andzia

Rich from the start, we had love. Our parents gave love unconditionally and we could do no wrong. Food was abundant, only the best, from Mom's great stuffed cabbage to hot dogs from Surrey's Deli. Dad's favorite was the apple strudel. Don't forget the seven layer cake from the Hungarian Bake Shop on Hillside Avenue. Dinner time was set promptly at 6:00 pm when Dad came home from work. We all sat together at the kitchen table and would take turns catching up on the happenings that day.

The house was the center of our family's universe and there was always a lot of action. Yes, we were spoiled brats, with Baba and Zajda babysitting and Mom doing all the house work; we enjoyed ourselves all the time. Uncle Oscar was also living it up and, always dating and joking, he still remains the life of the party.

We grew up on 188th Street where cousins Izzy, Julius, and Alex stayed for years. Most notably, Julius taught us how to play ping-pong in the attic and he was very tough competition. Watching TV was a family affair especially Sunday nights with Jack Benny, Sid Cesar, and The (really big) Ed Sullivan Show.

Thanks to Julius, Mom learned to drive right away and when she got her new wheels we were mobile. Yes, she loved the Continental Wheel on the back of our '57 Chevy Belaire Convertible.

We loved the drives on weekends everywhere!

Dad took us food shopping to Bohack's and we had fun emptying the bags into the refrigerator and cabinets. We'd travel to Korvettes or Mays and buy clothes. When it got warm outside, blankets on the grass at Cunningham Park was enjoyment for an afternoon.

Mom and Dad loved the sand and the surf so summertime meant getting up early to beat the traffic to Jones Beach. Since Mom was a great swimmer, we learned at the pool in the Catskills. We even had private swimming and diving lessons.

For real excitement who needed a car? Dad got Yankees tickets and we took the bus and two subways up to the Bronx watching our favorites:

Mickey, Roger, Whitey, and Yogi, win, win, and win.

Things got better when Baba and Zajda moved with Oscar to Mexico; we spent our summers on the beach in Acapulco, and learned to speak Spanish. Muy Bien!



Mom loves music and dancing. She taught us to play on our Krakauer piano before Mr. Grillo started giving us lessons. Jackie played violin and Jamie clarinet in the school orchestra.

Jewish holidays remind us of the walks along beautiful tree lined Midland Parkway to Hillcrest Jewish Center. There we prayed together and listened to sermons by Rabbi Moshowitz. We remember the most delicious meals prepared by Mom, eating potato latkes on Chanukah and Matzah Brei on Passover. Mom even gave us haircuts (if Gus's Barber Shop was closed) making sure our clothes were clean, while Dad fixed our ties so we looked as well dressed as our parents.

We were excited to visit Dad's office in Manhattan at Renfield Importers. He was Treasurer of this major company devoting his career to accounting and perfectly fitting his current role as Treasurer of the Society. Dad still amazes us with his sharp mind and ability to figure numbers in his head faster than a calculator.

Our parents were very smart and taught us the best investment possible was to educate our children. Jackie became a Doctor of Chiropractic Medicine who heals with his hands. Jamie became an Eye Surgeon who restores people's vision.

We took it from there and the grandchildren benefited. Rachel graduated Lewis & Clark University in Oregon and is currently in Law School at UC, Davis. Joshua graduated The University of Michigan with a degree in Economics. Allison and Adam are next and will surely follow successfully.

With great pleasure we take this opportunity to honor our parents celebrating the 40th Anniversary of the founding of the New Cracow Friendship Society. The personal tragedies they suffered have brought us closer together.

Their focal point was devotion to each other and their children and, clearly, this enriched our lives.

*Let us remember the past with sadness
for those who died,
Rejoice in the present sharing health and
happiness together, and
Pray for a future filled with goodness for our children
and grandchildren.*

Jack and James Zellner

”כי לוית חן הם לראשך

וענקים לגרגרתך

משלי א:ט

Dedicated to Zaidie, William Z. Zimmerspitz

*By Granddaughter, Ricki Newman
At Auschwitz August 12, 2004*

“SHEMA ISRAEL HASEM ELUKEINU, HASHEM ECHAD”

HASHEM, I stand here before you on this cursed soil, where death was forced upon my brothers and sisters.

Nursing babies torn from shrieking mothers, left to cry in blistering loneliness.

Children neglected their play and laughter, only to face hunger.

Wives were raped, while husbands were beaten to death. Elders taken for humiliation.

Death was forced on all.

HASHEM, I can hear the silent scream, it fills the air, penetrates my soul - JEW.

Right here, under my feet, we were the chosen people.

Chosen for selection, chosen for terror, chosen for life.

Silence grows louder - a JEW.

And yet, here is where I stand, a strong, proud Jewish woman.

There is the gas chamber, over there are the train tracks and here is where we stand - the young generation of AM ISRAEL.

Look around you, see the beauty!

It is we, we are the living memorial for the Holocaust.

Zaidie, look at me, look at yourself,

I am here for you, for your name, it was nearly lost, nearly wiped away for eternity.

In Auschwitz I walk free and proud, you Zaidie - walked in fear and terror.

Zaidie - “Od yesh tikva le’acharitech” - there is still hope for your last ones, hope for your future.

I, you, we are the hope.

Hashem, here me as I cry, the Jewish flame did not die.

To Our Children, with Love

How does one confront the reality that the essay that one is about to write is in all probability the last of its kind, the last glimpse into the past and the last opportunity to address the vistas of the future? This journal, dedicated by the generations that we have spawned, is intended to be an accolade of our accomplishments. By its very nature it also becomes a testimony to our journey and our own successes and failures. It most likely will not be followed by a similar document.

Should we then resolve to delve into our memory, a repository bleached by its exposure to the light and darkness of the march of time, to summon the accuracy of past events? By doing so, can we remain unconstrained by an aggregate of perceptions that have suffered the mutant of diverse factors and experiences that each and every one of us has been affected by, to draw a veritable balance sheet? Should we bother at all to rehearse the familiar, thousand-fold told tale? Can we, or even may we, use it as the *raison d'être* for the dynamics of our demeanor?

Yes! We can and we should, no matter how faulty and how incomplete the account is. For what matters most is not what we went through, but who we were before and remained, after the chaos. Despite the disparate backgrounds from which we have come, despite the differences in religious, social and political milieu that we grew up in, we are all endowed with the same legacy of being the descendants of a people destined to be The Light to the Nations. We are all bearers of the burden of a common historical memory. The heroes of our past were the role models for all of us, be it of Biblical or of more recent history. Consciously or not we carried the noblest ideas of mankind, introduced by the most unique people, the Jews; despite, or maybe because of the fact that we have given the world its moral and ethical underpinning or perhaps because we have made the world face its image in the mirror of history. Violating the very premises that we introduced to mankind's vocabulary: freedom, fairness, hope and justice, both man-made and Divine, the world, in perfidious acts of duplicity, tried to silence us

and portray us in likeness of the very images that we abhorred. And still, in spite of all the attempts to decimate and eventually exterminate our people, despite all the efforts to assimilate and consequently to eradicate our race, we have prevailed. We survived the empires, the dictatorships, cultures and religions that oppressed us. We might have emerged smaller in numbers, but not in resolve and potency. And so, as we sing the praises of our children and grandchildren, at the same time we are also compelled to leave a legacy, a Tzevuah, an ethical will, to our descendants, the authors of this document.

Be the best that you can be! Guide your actions by the tenets of your tradition. Its ethical and moral imperatives are the values that have sustained our civilization. Be proud of your heritage and faithful to the land of your ancestors, Eretz Israel. Effectuate the plea contained in the blessing recited before the Shema: "O our Father, our King...for the sake of our fathers...imbue us with the will to understand, to discern, to hearken and to learn, to teach and to obey, to practice and to fulfill all the teachings of Thy Torah, B'Achavah: With Love."

Norbert Friedman

Sponsorships



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



We remember with reverence and affection

the past Presidents of the

New Cracow Friendship Society

who served this organization with great

dedication and devotion..

To their leadership we owe the accomplishments of 40 years.

Richard Abrahamer

Ben Geizhals

Max Hilfstein

Milton Hirschfeld

Michael Kluger

Steven Morrow

זכרונם לברכה

"עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם"



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In Memory of
Joseph Jacob Bukiet ז"ל

From his children

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965 ■ 40th Anniversary ■ 2005



*Celebrating the 60th Anniversary of Liberation
and in honor of the 40th Anniversary of the founding
of the New Cracow Friendship Society*



Al and Belle Bukiet and Family

"Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers"



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In loving memory of Edith Wertheim, ז"ל

Devoted Wife,

Loving Mother and Grandmother



and in tribute to the

Leadership of the New Cracow Friendship Society

Celebrating the 40th Anniversary of its founding

40 years of great achievements

The Wertheim Family



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



Congratulations on the 40th Anniversary of the New Cracow Friendship Society. We are honored to be members since its inception and to have been able to establish the Beit Hamidrash Synagogue and House of Learning (Yeshiva) in B'nai Brak, Israel, a living memorial in memory of the Cracow Jewry who perished in the Holocaust. We congratulate the Society, the President and all the officers on this occasion.



Abraham and Millie Zuckerman

Murray and Lucy Pantirer

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



*In Memory of
Oma Golda Greenspan*

*In Honor of our Parents, Grandparents
and Great Grandparents*

Henry and Carola Greenspan

*Who taught us about love and humanity and
the importance of remembering the Shoah*

With love and admiration,

*Josh, Barbara, Larry, Danny, Debbie,
Jeremy, Jacob, and Rebecca*



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In loving memory of

our dear grandparents

Simon and Celina Tauber

and

Jakob and Teofila Zellner

their children

Mojzesz, Josef, and Malka

and with deep everlasting love to our parents

Larry and Andzia Zellner

Jack & James Zellner

and

Families

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



*In loving memory of
our beloved Husband and Father*

Pincus Peterseil, ז"ל



"A man for all seasons"

Committed to his past through his support and devotion to the New Cracow Friendship Society. During his lifetime dedicated to numerous Jewish causes in his community as well as in Israel. Especially dedicated to the future by devoting all his energies to Jewish education to ensure the continuance of an observant, proud and moral people.

*A loving Husband, adored Father, doting Grandfather,
and Great Grandfather surpassed by none.*

Regina Peterseil

Susan & Mitchel Nerenberg

Helene & Abbey Berkowitz

Janet & Fra Grosser



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In loving memory of our Family

Berta and Ludwig Mosberg

Helena Mosberg and Karolina Mosberg

Hannah and Leib Storch; Berta Storch,

Mathilda Storch, Josef Storch

The Bohm Family

The Blumenkranz Family

The Landerer Family

The Mosberg Family

The Rosenfeld Family

The Rosenbaum Family

The Storch Family

and the six million Jews.

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



We salute the leadership of the
New Cracow Friendship Society
on 40 years of
great vision matched by
magnificent accomplishments.

Looking forward to the golden anniversary

אם ירצה השם

Roman and Helena Weingarten



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In Honor of your 40th Anniversary
Congratulations and Best Wishes

Rita and Morris Horowitz

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In Memory of
Albert and Helen Tilles ל"ר



Dan and Sandra Tilles
Sophie, Jacob and Isabela Tilles

We miss them each and every day.

"Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers"



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In tribute to
Helen - Jonas - Rosenzweig
for your love.

Congratulations
on your support and dedication to the
New Cracow Friendship Society.

With all our love,
from your children & grandchildren

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



Helen and Alex Finder
remember their loved ones who perished

זכרונם לברכה



Their Children and Grandchildren
Dolores, Peter, Daniel & Jesse Berkowsky
Charles, Darien, Max, Avi & Jake Finder
honor the survivors, who have taught
us so lovingly to carry on their tradition.



1965 ■ 40th Anniversary ■ 2005



Henry and Frieda Wilner



I am very proud to have been asked to serve on the Journal Finance Committee, celebrating the 40th anniversary of the founding of the New Cracow Friendship Society

As a member since its inception, I have been happy to participate in the noble work of our organization, supporting needy in the city of Krakow, Israel and in the United States.

This organization has also been in the forefront of helping the State of Israel, investing millions of dollars annually in State of Israel Bonds, supporting Israeli institutions and by sending medical equipment and ambulances to save Israeli lives.

We are looking forward to continuing this sacred work for years to come with the next generation sustaining these worthy efforts.

Henry Wilner

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In loving memory of our dear families
who perished during the Holocaust

**The Rosenbaums,
The Groners
and
The Brachfelds**

Remembered by
Lucy & Julius Ross



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In Honor
of our dear friends and their devotion to the
New Cracow Friendship Society
on their 40th Anniversary

Helen and Henry Rosenzweig

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In cherished memory of dear Husband
Father & Grandfather

Sam Mindel, ז"ל

A compassionate human being, a great humanitarian,
A prominent member of the leadership of the
New Cracow Friendship Society
now celebrating the 40th anniversary of its founding.

Remembered with love by the
Mindel Family
Mary, Joey, Marlene, Alan



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



We honor and salute

Stefan & Anna Weinberg

With love,

The Weinberg Family

Saul, Pamela, Franne, Bill,

Jordan, Adam, Ted, Audrey,

Blake and Taylor

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965



40th Anniversary



2005



In loving memory of

Our Families

They will be living in our hearts forever

Jack and Sally Tellerman



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In tribute to 40 years
of great accomplishments of the
New Cracow Friendship Society
whose dedication and devotion
to the memory of our past
and the constant
help to Israel
is widely known and appreciated.

Mazal Tov!

Cantor Max and Lena Rubin

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



Bar Mitzvah in Israel, 1962

In loving memory of
George Silberstein 5"ץ

Son and Brother

Although no longer with us in body,
his lightness of spirit, kindness
and loving memory
will be with us forever.

Fred, Eva and Rich Silberstein



1965 ■ 40th Anniversary ■ 2005



In Memory of **Leon Gams**



A legend of a gentleman,
epitome of honesty and kindness
beloved husband,
devoted father and grandfather
cherished by family and friends.

Love you forever

Ada, Helene, Susan and Murray

Rachel, Jesse and David

“עטרת זקנים בני כנים ותפארת כנים אבותם”



1965 ■ *40th Anniversary* ■ 2005



In honor of our dear parents
Simon and Rosalyn Unger

and

Extended Mazal Tov to the
New Cracow Friendship Society

on their 40th Anniversary

In tribute

to their sacred work towards
the preservation of

the memory of the Holocaust

Howard Unger

Lori Unger Aronovitz



1965 ■ 40th Anniversary ■ 2005



In Loving Tribute

to our Papa and Babunia
Max and Erna Hilfstein

who taught us about life, love, understanding, traditions,
our Cracovian heritage, the value of family and friendship,
and the love of Israel.



Alexandra, Delia, Anna, David

In Loving Memory of our parents
Max and Dr. Erna (née Kluger) Hilfstein
and grandmother
Anna Kluger (née Schornstein)

survivors who together taught us life's lessons and then set us free.

May we continue their legacy. Forever in our thoughts,

Leon and Simone

Congratulations on the 40th Anniversary

of the Society's Founding

Leon & Dena Hilfstein

Lee & Simone

Hilfstein Scheumann



"Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers"



1965 ■ 40th Anniversary ■ 2005



We honor my Parents

Roman & Fela Weingarten



for their love, guidance
patience and understanding

בריינרל

We remember Bubbie with love

מרים רות, יהונתן ברוך אליעזר

In sacred memory of our Families
who perished in the Holocaust
and in tribute to the survivors
in gratitude for 40 years of great achievements
under the leadership of
**Roman Weingarten, President of the
New Cracow Friendship Society**
Mazel Tov
Melvin and Betty Reich



1965 ■ *40th Anniversary* ■ 2005



In cherished memory of the
Blavat and Feuerstein Families
who perished in the Holocaust
and in tribute to the leadership of the
New Cracow Friendship Society
on their 40th Anniversary

Herman and Rachel Blavat

In Loving Memory
of dear husband
Michael ז"ל

Rose Kluger

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965 ■ 40th Anniversary ■ 2005



Congratulations and best wishes to our esteemed President

Roman Weingarten,

to the leadership and the

Board of Directors of our wonderful

New Cracow Friendship Society

on the occasion of the 40th anniversary

Fondly,

Claire and Isaac Fenster

In honor of all members of the

New Cracow Friendship Society

who worked so diligently to put the Society on the map.

May you continue to go from Strength to Strength.

Henry and Lola Tenenbaum



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



Congratulations on the 40th Anniversary of the
New Cracow Friendship Society.

Wishing you much success and may you continue your
wonderful work for many years to come.

Sally and Joachim Wimmer

In tribute to the leadership of the
New Cracow Friendship Society
on the 40th Anniversary of its founding

Proud to be a member
Eda Kaminski

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965 ■ 40th Anniversary ■ 2005



In tribute to the 40th Anniversary of the
New Cracow Friendship Society

dedicated to noble causes "**Tikun Olam**"

Scores of achievements in all spheres of Chesed

and all Jewish interests

Wishing continuing accomplishments for many years to come.

Andzia and Larry Zellner and Family

In Memory of our Families who perished in the Shoah

May they rest in peace,

knowing that they will never be forgotten.

Sydelle & Arthur Spielman

Helen & David Winchester

Barbara & Allan Firestone



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In Memory of my beloved Husband

Idek Rosenblum ל"ז

an active and dedicated member of

The New Cracow Friendship Society

served on its Board of Directors with

great distinction and generously supported all its programs

Celina

In Memory of our dear Father and Grandfather

Idek Rosenblum ל"ז

Who left a legacy of kindness and caring.

Annette, Mark, Renee and Josh

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



Irving (Ignac) Tyras • Our Hero

His dedication to his wife, daughter, son-in-law & grandchildren
as well as his commitment to his fellow men
has been an inspiration to us all.

With love and admiration,
his memory will be in our hearts forever.
Lola Tyras, Roz, Lenny, Avi & Lesly Spodek

In Honored Memory of

Leo (Poldek) Tyras and his beloved wife Olga (Agatstein) Tyras
on the 40th Anniversary of the New Cracow Friendship Society

For all they endured and for all they overcame
They gave their unending love and hope for the future.

With grateful appreciation, everlasting devotion and love

From their Daughter, Son-in-law and Grandson

Ella, Fred, Jamie & David Newman



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In loving memory of

dear Husband, Father & Grandfather

Benjamin Lehrer ז"ל

You will always be in our hearts.

Regina, our Children and Grandchildren

In Loving Memory of our parents and Sam's grandparents

Rela and Henry Zuckerman

Rachele, Marc, Sue and Sam Zuckerman

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In Memory of our of our Founding Fathers
and past Presidents

Richard Abrahamer, Ben Geizhals

Roman Gunz, Max Hilfstein,

Milton Hirschfeld, Michael Kluger,

Steven Morrow & David Twersky

May their Memory be for a blessing.

Ilona and Manek

In Loving Memory of our dear Parents

Szymon Zimmerspitz & Rozalia Zimmerspitz ה"י

from Krakow, Poland

Abraham Braunfeld & Miriam Braunfeld ה"י

from Nisko, Poland

Who devoted their lives to Torah & Chesed

William and Nancy Zimmerspitz

Cherry Hill, NJ



1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In honor and in memory of our dear Father and Mother

Leon Lewis Leserkiewicz · Elaine Lewis

In memory of our Grandparents, Aunt and Uncle who perished in the Holocaust.

We were robbed of having your love.

Abraham, Berta, Greta and Jacob Leserkiewicz

In memory of our dear Aunt · **Lola Kleinberger** · who emigrated to Israel before the war and built a beautiful life there

And in honor of our dear Uncle · **Victor Lewis** · for all his wonderful work for the New Cracow Friendship Society and Beit Halochem

We are the proud legacy of the Leserkiewicz Family and will always remember those who came before us. Your memory will live on through us and future generations.

Barbara, Seth, Julia and Ben Kaplan

Bonnie, Michael, Elizabeth and Emily Rodney

Congratulations and Thanks!

We wish to express our sincere gratitude to past and present leaders of The New Cracow Friendship Society for creating and sustaining a remarkable institution and an extraordinary environment that brought our parents, Victor and Regina Lewis, together with nearly 800 Holocaust survivors from their hometown, Cracow, for friendship and humanitarian causes.

The Society has played a very important role in helping our parents confront and deal with their losses and horrors from the Holocaust. The Society became a "surrogate family" that enabled our parents to feel more comfortable in their new American homeland, and it offered them a way to heal and grow through friendship, volunteering, and charitable giving.

We appreciate all that the society has done for the past 40 years!

Ida and Alvin Lewis

Thank You for 40 great years

We wish to offer our sincere and heartfelt thanks to the founders of the New Cracow Friendship Society - those alive as well as those who have passed on - who turned their vision into a truly great friendship and charitable institution.

Our thanks also go to the Society's many board directors, committee chairmen and chairwomen, and our many volunteers working behind the scenes, who have worked so diligently during the past 40 years to make the New Cracow Friendship Society the notable and worthy organization that it has become.

Victor and Rega Lewis

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



In Memory of our Father **Zevek Boyman** ז"ר
and in honor of our Mother **Genia Boyman**



She is the light, strength and love of our lives.

Our family has been our core.

Pauline and Ira

In loving memory
of my dear Wife

Andzia

I miss you very much

Henry Dorthheimer

As I compose this short essay, it's only been a few weeks since our beloved mother and grandmother has passed away. It's too short a time to reflect on the happiness that our mother and father have given us. They have shown their courage in survival through their younger years and throughout their entire lives. This enabled their children and grandchildren to grow and become part of their past, present and future. We are grateful that we are here to remember our parents and to honor them.

In Memory of Janet and Emil Stoeger
Loving Children,
Maria and Ally,
their husbands Kenneth & David
and grandchildren Marc, Aaron & Karlyn





1965

40th Anniversary

2005



In honor of our Son, Grandson's Bar Mitzvah

David R. Frotiner-Freund

October 23, 2004

Irv & Elizabeth Frotiner-Freund,

Halina Frotiner

In honor of our Father

Ernest Abraham

Whose life stories of the Holocaust will
stay in our minds and hearts forever

With love,

Vicky Lockwood & Diane Leif and

Families

In loving Memory
of my dear Parents, Sisters,
Brothers and Wife
who perished in the Holocaust
and my dear friends
Eva Witek & Sal Ross

Salo Nichtern

Congratulations for
40 Years
of
Great Achievements

Rena & Lew Fagen

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965 ■ 40th Anniversary ■ 2005



In loving memory

As we celebrate the 40th anniversary of the
New Cracow Friendship Society

we honor the memory of

Irving Badner

A man who brought joy to all who knew him

The Badner and Streisfeld Families

Ringelheim Family

Hilfstein Family

Bernard Ben Zvi

Elimelech Shlomo

Rosalie Klapper

Elka

Shimon Ram

Chaim

Molly Woshinsky

Rose Koenig

Shlomo Stalmach

Sala Tynki

Anna Klein

Ariel

Pepa Goldstein

Eva (Chaya) Witek

You will always be in our hearts.

Max Witek

In loving memory

Erna and Max Hilfstein

Jewish Center of Pelham Bay,

Bronx, NY

To

Dr. Cecile (Cesia) Insdorf

With Admiration and Love

From,

Annete and Mark



1965

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2005



In loving memory
of my Husband

Julian

My Brothers-in-Law

Henry & Joseph Grunberg

My Sister-in-Law

Genia Abraham-Klein

They are truly missed
May they rest in peace

Helga, Malin & Sonia Grunberg

We are honored to pay tribute to our Parents

Helen & David Winchester

Aunts & Uncles

Arthur Spielman

Barbara & Alan Firestone

Survivors all. We love you.

Carrie, Terry Michael, Adam & Josh
Steven, Shellie, Daniel, Elana & Deva

In honor of

Lola and Henry Tenebaum

who are our inspiration

with love

Shelly, Glenn, Jonathan and Sam

Dear Nathan and Gloria

Best wishes on your move

to your new home.

With love

Gail, Jeff and Jason

Klepfish

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



1965

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2005



Celebrating
60 years of our Liberation
and 40 years since the founding of the
New Cracow Friendship Society

Trudy & Eric Schneider

In Memory
of my Family perished in Belzec
Parents: **Joseph & Pessel Frimet**
Sisters: **Cesia & Rifka**

And in Honor of my Brothers:
Roman, Jechiel & Jacob

With love,
Rachel Wald,
Paulette & Howard, Allison & Rebecca Cagan

May the Society continue to thrive
and do good work for many years.

In honor of our loving and
wonderful Parents

Marilyn and Norbert Friedman

and in celebration of their
50th wedding anniversary on January 16, 2005

In memory of our
beloved Grandparents,

Joseph & Bertha Friedman and

David & Anna Ginsberg

and those members of the family who
perished in the Holocaust

Gary & Noelle Friedman

David Friedman & Julie Zweig

We salute the leadership of the
New Cracow Friendship Society

The Greatest

Keep it up for generations to come!

Eta and Henry Wrobel



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In loving memory
of our Dear Parents

**Jacob & Sara Wiener
Abraham & Malka Schoen**

by

Henry & Sally Wiener and their children
Jack & Tina, Mark & Lisa and Judy
and their grandchildren
Joshua, Ashley, Cody, Danny, Brian,
Tyler, Asia & Olivia

Congratulations on the
40th Anniversary

The Society and its members
are our friends and our family.

Dola and Dolek Poland

Congratulations!

You have played an important role in
Jewish life with your generous contributions
to the State of Israel Bonds, UJA,
Israeli Defense Forces and many other
Jewish causes. You helped to preserve
our Jewish heritage.

BRAVO The New Cracow Friendship Society

Sally A. Delson, Mentor, Friend and
Former Director of Israel Bonds

In memory of my dear parents
Henry & Eugenia Spanlang-Radwan
and in memory of
Uncle Israel & Aunt Rosa Taff

Congratulations on 40 years
of service to the Jewish community,
keeping alive the memory
of those who perished.

The Steven Radwan Family

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”



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In loving memory of our dear Husband, Father and Grandfather

Sol Neuwirth

Felicia, Nancy, Silvia, Michael, Mark and David

In Honor of our dear Parents

Henry and Sally Wiener

Jack, Tina, Mark, Lisa and Jody and the grandchildren

In loving memory of our dear sisters and brothers

Frania, Erna, Bernard, Simon, Leszek, Gienek and Martin Huppert

Regina Gingold and Karol Sass

In loving memory of

Julius Gingold

Faye, Jack, Julian and Lisa

In loving memory of my dear parents

Antonina and Hugo Sass and sister Lydia

Jerry, Karol, Richard, Michele, Sabina and Eric

We dedicate this in honor of the **Reder and Herman Families**.
Let this serve as a memorial and as a reminder to their existence.

In loving memory, Miriam & Eddie Herman

In loving memory
of **Ignacy Weiser**

by their descendents, Leonard, David, Benjamin, Martin, Samuel, Adam, and Joshuah



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40th Anniversary

2005



In honor of our dear Children

Henry & Nora Perlman, grandchildren of Prof. Dan Perlman & Jeremy Perlman

With love and pride, Rafael & Ada Abrahamer

In loving memory

of our dear husband **Herman** & dear brothers-in-law **Joseph & Julian**, sister-in-law **Gienna**

Josephine Gruenberg

In memory of my dear Brother

Marcel Muszynski

Maryla Singer Goldwasser

In memory of

our beloved Families lost in the Holocaust

Lucy & Jack Polaniecki

Deep thanks to my wonderful parents **Ed & Ruth Steiner**

Whom I love so much for making a new life after surviving horrors and for making me, my sister
and our families what we are today.

Irene Steiner

In loving memory of my Parents

Isak & Pepi Schwartz, my dear husband Sewek,

his parents Itzchak & Rochma Boyman, & Sisters & Brothers of a large family

Eugenia Boyman

www.krakowbedandbreakfast.com

We congratulate the New Cracow Friendship Society
in celebrating the 40th Anniversary of its founding.

“עטרת זקנים בני בנים ותפארת בנים אבותם”