

MY FATHER AVIGDOR GROMAN Z"L

*translated from the Yiddish by Carole
Turkeltaub Borowitz and David Shirman*

Out of my extended family, the image of my father, may he rest in peace, is engraved deep into my memory. I did not remember him from he was young, because when I was born, he was already the grandfather of two grandchildren. His great beautiful beard, his serene, serious face always showed his respectfulness.

A Radzyner chassid, born to elderly parents, he was left an orphan at the death of both parents a short time after he was born. He was brought up in the home of his eldest brother, Hershel Groman, who ran the largest paper business in Warsaw, and possibly even in Poland. Mr. Avigdor married Dachen, a grandchild of Rabbi Yehoshele Kutner – and his family became respected from that day on. He believed in God and was a good person, always ready to sympathize with others' distress. I

religious observance. My mother, may she rest in peace, was a great help to my father in his community affairs.

Out of us ten children, only my brother and myself, the youngest daughter, survived. May these lines be a remembrance candle lit to the memory of all other martyrs.

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Avigdor Groman z"l

remember him once, crying with great sadness. This happened when "Schuster Street" caught fire, when Jewish old age homes and property were burned down; this demanded more help and comforting words for the afflicted.

My father used to hear secret confessions: who could not afford to marry off a child, or who did not have the means to celebrate the Shabbat or a holiday. Avigdor went straight away to some well-to-do Jews and everything was done to wipe away a tear and diminish the hardship.

Every Passover eve and the second night of the New Year he organized the traditional feast to which all the chassidim came. Everyone sang and discussed the Torah.

My father was very religious but taught the children that honesty and a good will are more important than