

that she gave her children; she taught the beautiful habit of *tzedaka* and help to the needy. When I was ten years old, my mother used to wake up all her children very early each Shabbat morning, and gave every one of us a package of food, sometimes clothing for poor and lonesome men. Each one had "his" poor person to care for. "My" poor was a dear old blind woman who lived in a cellar in Podrzeczna street. While I climbed the steps, she used to recognize me and asked: "Yadshiele, is it you?" I stayed a long time with her. For me they were interesting and pleasant conversations. (I often tell my children and grandchildren of my mother's admirable customs (O'E)).

My eldest brother Yaakov Asz escaped to Russia. Later we learned that he wanted to come home, but he died in a mysterious way.

My youngest brother Yitzhak Asz, his wife and children didn't want to be dispersed – and they all died in a gas chamber.

The only one of my siblings who was saved from hell and survived the concentration camps was my sister Esterke, who lost her husband and child.

My heart suffers due to the loss of my uncle and aunt and other relatives. I often remember my uncle Chaim Rabbe and my aunt Saltshe; my cousin Freidke Rabbe, who married Moniek Rasz from Kutno. She was, from my earliest age, a very close friend...

In Kutno are the graves of my two beloved sisters, Baltshe and Franie, who died during the "Spanish influenza" epidemic, in 1918.

These memories are sent to Israel where my beloved and honorable grandparents, Wolf Leib Rabbe and Ester-Fejgl from Konin, wanted to finish their highly esteemed lives. My grandfather studied in Frankfurt-am-Main to become a Rabbi and was a very close comrade and friend of 'Shiele Kutner and of Y. Y. Trunk. He informed his children: "Up to my 70 years of age, I will be together with you – but not even one more day, because I plan to dedicate the years that God will grant me afterwards to study (which he certainly always did...). I will finish my days in the Holy Land". He kept his word, took his books and clothing, and divided his possessions among his children. They protested, because they didn't need his inheritance. He assigned the duty to fulfil his will to my mother, knowing that she was going to comply faithfully and honorably with all his stipulations.

I will never forget the farewell meeting. All his children, daughters and grandchildren from Kutno, Konin, Kalisz and Sompolno came home. My grandfathers' farewell words were:

"I have sown a beautiful garden and the fruits are good and mature. Now, I can travel in peace to *Eretz-Israel* with the hope that my children and grandchildren will follow my example".

Yadsha GRABINSKY, Mexico

IN MEMORY OF A JEWISH FAMILY

translated from the Yiddish by Jaime Grabinsky Steider

I, Yadsha Grabinsky, daughter of Shmuel Asz and Ryvka Rabbe-Asz, want to present several personalities from our greatly ramified family that the inhabitants of Kutno will, even now, certainly remember.

My parents were killed during the frightening Hitlerera in Żychlin, where they had to relocate due to the loss, by theft of their possessions. The death of my father (O'E) [*Olam Emet*; In the True World; In Heaven], happened thus: the Germans had prohibited Yom Kippur services in synagogues or in locals with a *minyan*. Such a sacrilegious transgression was unacceptable for my father and he prayed at home with a group of Jews. During *Nehila*, the Germans irrupted in the house and they forced the group of praying men to keep fasting for 24 more hours while remaining on their feet. My father's poor health couldn't stand this great effort and died after a few days, his soul went to Heaven...

Not long after his death, my blessed mother followed him. I will never forget the fine education and high culture