

children of our own, some prosperity; for Mother and Father—some comfort and security and *nachis* and respect in their old age. But it was only years later, with the outbreak of a new war, that we all realized with a shiver the fate that we had escaped without knowing by leaving when we did. .

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This is January 18, 1975. It is a real winter day, five degrees below zero, and the wind is blowing at fifteen miles an hour. Altogether it comes out to about fifteen degrees below zero. Now I am under house arrest, sentenced by the weather, and to occupy my time there is so much to do. I can read, write letters, watch TV, talk on the telephone, and of course write about the past.

Like last night, I dreamed I was in Boryslaw and I met all the celebrities there: Eisik and Pynie Leiner, Reissaly and Gitele Leiner, Reb Myer Bander, the *Rebbitzin* and Brucha and Feige (her sister) Bander, Hersch (her brother) Bander, Eisik Shamus, Sruel Eli Brunengraber, Leitchy Brunengraber (what a good woman that was!), Yankel Gersten, Sruel Haberman, Rubin Mager, Yosel Mager, Psachye and his lovely wife, Moishe Aron the gravedigger and his son

the *machornik* (pimp), Sruel Liphchitz and his family, the Bloch family, Urin Itzik Freedlander, Leizer Getzeles, Hersch Yashky, Leib Holky, Zishe Leipundig, Moishe Leipundig, Itzik Hersch Koch, Schmiel Yasinitzer, Schaye Schuster and his lovely wife with the red apple cheeks, Rifka Leah and Myer Tzutzak and their daughter Hentshele, Koppela Vang, the Pantzer family—our close friends Araly and Scheindel Pantzer, and Avrum Leizer and Mendel Schloimy and Yankel Pantzer—all of them. I was with them last night. I walked with them. I had conversations with them. It was a wonderful dream.

When I woke from my dream I was happy. I knew that none of these people were alive today. Some of them died a natural death and the rest were exterminated by the Nazis. And a handful of people saved themselves through emigration. I was one of them. As for those who did not make it, I have tried to remember them. All that is left for me now is to leave a tear on their unknown graves.