

Jakub Bromberg's Grandson



This is my grandson. The photo was taken in the 1980s somewhere in Israel, but I don't know where exactly, by whom and on what occasion. My grandson was in the Israeli army then.

My son had two children with his first wife. She didn't like my son teaching my grandson Polish, she didn't like many things. I went to see my son in America in 1976. That's when I saw my grandchildren for the first time. I have a grandson and a granddaughter. They didn't have a traditional upbringing. My son didn't want to. I'm not in touch with them. My grandson isn't on speaking terms with his father, because his mother set him to it. They quarreled with their father; probably he wasn't sending them enough dollars. I had some contact with my granddaughter. She used to write me letters: she wrote that she had cats. One was sick, she found him on the street. But she didn't ask her grandfather: 'Who cleans for you, who washes the windows, who washes

your shirts, how are you doing'. So I stopped writing back.

Also, my son is in one place and the children in another [the children live with their mother in Israel]. Their Jewish parents were too soft on them. They didn't ask to be called father, mother, but only used their first names. I wanted to be called Grandpa, Grandpa Jakub and not Jaakov. How can a young person be an old one's buddy? A 90-year-old lady and some kid are on a tram and he says 'you' to her, he doesn't get up, he laughs. When this happens to me, I approach this guy, take out my veterans' identity card and ask to check his ticket; they are afraid of that.