

# Jerzy Bronislav Najberg



This is my, Helena Najberg's, son Jerzy Bronislav Najberg. This photo must have been taken in the 1960s. He is here about 5 years old and he was born in 1947. I don't remember who took it. Maybe my husband? Where was it? I think that on some summer holidays.

My son Jerzy was born on 19th June 1947 and our daughter Lila 10 years later, in July 1957. Our children were very much planned. My husband loved children very much and wanted to have 5 of them, but I was working, so I'd say: 'How are we supposed to raise these children?' Our son is named Jerzy Bronislav. After he was born I was the one who took care of him. Unfortunately, I only had three months of paid leave, so we had to employ someone to take care of the baby when we were not at home. We both had to work and we couldn't leave a baby alone. So after these 3 months we employed this German woman. My husband found her somewhere, I don't remember where. It didn't bother me that she was German. Anyway, she spoke Polish well. I had to have someone to help me and it was difficult to find someone then.

My son was active in Solidarnosc. We didn't forbid it. Later, when Solidarnosc became legal, he rode along Piotrkowska Street and appealed to people not to drink alcohol, he organized these anti-alcohol manifestations. Once they even arrested him for disturbing public order, because he was shouting at the top of his lungs that people should stop drinking. Now he's active in some conservative club. When my husband was alive and our son visited us I'd beg Jakub not to start discussing political issues with Jerzy. Because they'd always argue. My husband was a leftist from before the war and my son was and still is a rightist, and a leftist and a rightist usually don't agree. They always had different opinions. And later they just talked about the weather, cars and such

things.

My son changed his faith to Catholic several years after he got married. At first he changed his name, even before he got married. I don't know why he decided to do that. He asked us for permission to change his name. I think that was because of his wife. So I said: 'It's your will, you're an adult, you have to decide, we have nothing against it. It's your business.' Today his name is Nagorski. They baptized their child in a church, so they're a Catholic family. I even attended the christening. My husband didn't want to go.

My son didn't explain what he did. He asked for permission about changing his last name, but he only informed us about changing his faith, he said that he'd read a lot of newspapers about this religion, that he liked it a lot and that's why he decided to change his faith. Well, it's his life, he's an adult man. All in all, I didn't have anything against it, if he thinks that's what best for him, then why not. My husband wasn't that tolerant. He worried about all this, although he didn't practice religion himself. But what were we to do? Sometimes we talked about it, that it was perhaps our fault that it all turned out like that. We didn't teach our children any rules and we didn't follow them ourselves.