

Ludwik Krasucki And Relatives



This is a picture of me and my relatives.

On the photo from right: my father Jakub Kaferman, I at the age of ten, my father's sister Jozefa Kaferman, grandmather Hena Kaferman, nee Roter, father's sister Lucja Margulies, nee Kaferman, our neighbour, my father's sister Pola Blumenkopf, nee Kaferman and her daughter Jadwiga.

The photo taken in Warsaw, probably in Grandma Kaferman's apartment in Ciepla Street.

This photo must have been taken during a Sabbath dinner sometime in the 1930s.

Grandma Kaferman was a charming, rather short lady, who was very good and warmhearted towards me.

She managed the household. Her apartment wasn't far from my school and I used to drop by frequently for Sabbath dinner.

It is with Grandma's apartment that I associate traditional Jewish holidays and traditional Sabbath dinners.

Grandma was more religious, but she didn't wear a wig. She would bless the candles, the entire family would sit down around the table; Grandma's sons had their heads covered - something that wasn't required from me.

One of my father's brothers would say what was supposed to be said on the occasion.

He was very religious and went to the synagogue every Friday.

If I were to describe my own point of view on this matter, I would say that I understood that I was a Jew and that the holidays and the Sabbath represented tradition, but in my mind it was all very loosely connected with the issue of religious beliefs.

I was a boy and came under the authority of my parents, especially that of my father, and Grandma didn't dare to actively shape my religious views.

Grandma was a great cook. If my own mom was a dunce in culinary matters, Grandma Kaferman was a genius. The food she served was incredibly delicious.

To this very day I remember her Jewish-style goose and caviar, cholent, her fantastic carp, a meat-based dish, which was called 'shalei moostet' [shelakhmones], and more.

Grandma didn't have a servant in the house, but there were her daughters, my aunts, who were very good; they had jobs and helped to keep house.

The eldest son in the family was my father, Jakub Janusz.

One of the daughters, Chawa, or Ewa, who was his elder, married a Mr. Lewin and moved to Cracow.

Next came a whole galaxy of sisters.

The youngest girl and another slightly older sister were the only ones who survived, stayed alive through the Holocaust, in the following way:

in 1936 Wonia married a Mr. Richter, who had emigrated to Palestine previously and then come to Warsaw in the hope of getting married here; he met Wonia and together they left for Palestine.

My father's youngest sister, Lucja, married a Mr. Margulies; they both survived the war in Siberia, and immigrated to Palestine in 1948.

Besides those two sisters, there was Aunt Natalia, Aunt Jozefa, and Aunt Pola, who married a Mr. Blumenkopf.

Their daughter - Dzikka or Jadwiga Blumenkopf - was in the ghetto in Korczak's orphanage and died with the rest of the orphanage.

In addition to those sisters, my father had two younger brothers: Jozef and Tadeusz.

All of them were killed in the Warsaw ghetto, with the exception of the Richters and the Margulies.