

ARTICLE PUBLISHED IN THE MEMORIAL BOOK ROZYSZCZE MY OLD HOME

WE, THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWN

We are the children of the town of Rozyszcze—where we were born, grew up and educated. In the alleys of Rozyszcze we played with other Jewish children. From the dawn of our childhood we breathed the ambience of the place and drank the waters. Every stone of the town's alleys forms a part of our childhood imagery. Every house, fence, garden and tree is a morsel of the lives we left behind.

From the windows, we no longer see the images of our Fathers and Mothers, Sisters and Brothers. No longer do we hear the sound of the busy Jewish workers, the artisans, the shopkeepers and village customers. Gone are the Jewish children who filled the air with their tumult.

When we visited the town, we imagined that we would once again see familiar figures at doors, familiar faces at windows and they would smile to passers-by but instead we see foreign figures sour and cold, who cast piercing looks.

Rozyszcze Jews had their way of life and lived within themselves, experiencing their own happiness and sorrow, their own worries and happy occasions. They handled their own disagreements-the adults, their rabbinical "shochet" issues, and administration issues, and the younger generation-their political matters, world views and

world justice. They lived proudly and sought justice for all.

Before the war, there existed in Rozyszcze a network of organizations and institutions: a fund for the needy; a very large school named "Tarbut;" and a Yiddish elementary school. The young were involved in various movements-on both the right and left of the political spectrum; "Agudah," "Hamizrachi," "Poalei Tzion," revisionists, "Hechalutz"," Hashomer Hatsayir", "Betar." They had their own meeting places and cultural activities. They were knowledgeable and proud youth-idealistic, ebullient, full of life and they filled the air with joy and singing.

There is no longer a Jewish community in Rozyszcze. It was decimated and with that came the erasure of accomplishments of Jewish generations. There is no one left to recount tales and legends of Rozyszcze from its early existence, stories were handed down from generation to generation. There are no more grandfathers left to share with the younger generations their childhood memories and the stories they had once learned from their own fathers and grandfathers. The local Rozyszcze cemetery itself has been desecrated. Today we are left with only the ability to hold memorial candles in our hands and to search for memories of what was once and is no more.