



MUSEUM OF
JEWISH HERITAGE
A LIVING MEMORIAL
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About JewishGen

JewishGen is the genealogical research division of New York's Museum of Jewish Heritage – A Living Memorial to the Holocaust, and serves as the global home for Jewish genealogy.

Featuring unparalleled access to 30+ million records, it offers unique search tools, along with opportunities for researchers to connect with others who share similar interests. Award winning resources such as the Family Finder, Discussion Groups, and ViewMate, are relied upon by thousands each day. In addition, JewishGen's extensive informational, educational and historical offerings, such as the Jewish Communities Database, Yizkor Book translations, InfoFiles, Family Tree of the Jewish People, and KehilaLinks, provide critical insights, first-hand accounts, and context about Jewish communal and familial life throughout the world. Offered as a free resource, JewishGen.org has facilitated thousands of family connections and success stories, and is currently engaged in an intensive expansion effort that will bring many more records, tools, and resources to its collections. In addition, JewishGen offers study/volunteer immersive travel experiences to Poland in order to help inspire the next generation of Jewish genealogical leadership.

For more information, and to get started with your research, please visit www.JewishGen.org.



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This menorah was used in the old synagogue of Brody (today in Ukraine). It appears in “An Eternal Light: Brody, in Memoriam (Ukraine)” the translation of *Ner Tamid: Yizkor leBrody*, and is described as a “magnificent Hanukkah Menorah, richly decorated with ornaments from the animal kingdom (including winged lions).”

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INTRODUCTION

CHANUKAH COMPANION 2024/5785

Dear JewishGen Community,

Last year, Chanukah came on the heels of October 7th, and it was particularly challenging to find joy when surrounded by such darkness. Today, in 2024, the darkness is still here. The war is ongoing. The hostages are yet to be returned. And antisemitism continues to rise.

But as Jews, we learn from those who came before us. Chanukah reminds us to be proud of who we are, to recommit to preserving our Jewish identity, to appreciate our families, and to stand strong against those who would seek to do us harm – despite, and in the face of, the most difficult of circumstances.

This started from the time of the Maccabees, and continues until this very day.

When reading through this Chanukah companion, which contains a small collection of historical and inspirational vignettes about Chanukah that are contained within Yizkor Books that JewishGen has translated, we hope that you will draw strength from how our collective ancestors living in Poland and Lithuania overcame significant trials and tribulations to not only observe the Holiday, but to do so with a sense of joy, faith, excitement, kindness, and by infusing the darkness of their surroundings with a spirit of light.

Yizkor Books offer a “window” into the lives of our ancestors, and have inspired countless people to gain a better appreciation of who they are, and what it means to be part of the Jewish people. No matter whether you are Ashkenazi or Sephardi, this is a shared experience across generations, and one that the Museum is proud to make

accessible – for free – to thousands of genealogists, scholars and members of the broader community who visit the JewishGen site.

And the impact can be unexpected. Last year, also shortly after October 7th, we opened the Peter and Mary Kalikow Jewish Genealogy Research Center at the Museum, where visitors can seek guidance from onsite professional genealogists. In

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many cases, they point visitors to our translated, published Yizkor Books – and there have been some exceptional moments. A few months ago, a visitor from Moravia found a photograph of herself in the book. Another saw a copy of an obituary his father had written for his grandfather, published on the pages of a Yizkor book he never knew existed.

Please take the time to read this companion, share it with friends—and perhaps consider reading an excerpt aloud during a Chanukah party or other time when you are together with friends and family. When you have more time, please explore the treasure troves of information contained in these books by visiting www.JewishGen.org/Yizkor. And if you are in the NY area, please come visit us in person.

Special thank you to Bruce Drake for organizing the introductions and publishing the “Weekly Yizkor Book Spotlight” throughout the year, and to Karen Franklin and Gayle Justman for proofreading and editing. In addition, thank you to Lance Ackerfeld for coordinating the Yizkor Book translation project, and to Joel Alpert and Susan Rosin for coordinating the JewishGen Press.

Wishing everyone a Happy Chanukah, with thoughts and prayers for our brothers and sisters in Israel.

Jack Klinger Avraham Groll *President & CEO Vice President for JewishGen*



CHANUKAH IN THE SHTETL

Kałuszyn, Poland

The following account was written by Yechiel Granatovitch.

Towards the evening of Chanukah, the streets of Kałuszyn in Poland came alive. People converged on the town's old *beis-hamedresh* to take part in the lighting of the holiday's first candle. The faces of the congregants reflected the glow of the festival. The small candles in the house of study conveyed the message of hope.

"Chanukah in Shtetl" from Kałuszyn's Yizkor book celebrates the joy of the children who shouted with pleasure and stamped their feet as the *chazzan* recited the blessings and lit the candle in the *hanukiya* (menorah). The children's joy also infected the grown-ups, many of whose faces, worn from the toil and worries of life, brightened up with smiles. At night, the smell of *latkes* wafted from windows until late in the night when the candles flickered out and the shutters were closed.

Kałuszyn is in eastern Poland about 35 miles from Warsaw and became a stopping point in 1939 for refugees from the capital as the German army advanced. The Germans established a ghetto in Kałuszyn in 1940 where many suffered and died. In 1942, the ghetto was liquidated and the remaining inhabitants were sent to Treblinka. The "Chanukah in Shtetl" chapter ends with a premonition of what was to come.

As soon as the autumn rains ended, the soaked ground was covered with frost, and the first snow dressed up the shtetl for Chanukah.

Towards the evening our streets came alive. People began to converge on the old *beis hamedresh* to take part in lighting the first Chanukah candle. In spite of the everyday clothing worn by the congregants, their faces

reflected the glow of the festival. The small candles conveyed the message of hope...

The children were the ones to enjoy Chanukah the most. Those dear bright kids of Kaluszyn that used to walk the cold autumn night from cheder in torn shoes and often hungry – in the night of Chanukah they beamed with happiness, as they helped their fathers to light

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Warsaw Street in Kaluszyn



Area around the courtyard of the synagogue.

the candles and place them in the *hanukiya* that

here was made from hollowed out potatoes filled with cottonwool dipped in oil. The eyes of the children sparkled with joy as they played with dreidles which used to be made of cotton

bobbins.

On Chanukah night there were no *heder* classes, so straight after the day lessons the children went into the *beis-hamedresh*, each class

separately. First to arrive were the youngest children who learned the *aleph-beys* with Reb Nachman. They were followed by the *Humash* and *Rashi* boys who learned under the strict

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melamed Yisroel Dovid. The last to arrive were the *Gemara* and *Tosafos* students, those that studied under the scholars Reb Moyshe Layzer and Reb Shmul Kalman – firmly girded by *gartelech*, wearing flat cloth caps under which could be seen curly little *payes*.

The old *beis-hamedresh* looked festive with bright lamps placed in the lecterns of the reading desk. The two tiled ovens gave out a lot of heat. Even the ever-grumpy beadle, who always scolded the children for the trouble they used to cause him, now looked smiling on the little ones who took all the seats near the bright brass Chanukah lamp.

Everybody fell silent when the *hazzan* Yechiel Shmerl started to move with the *shamas* light towards the big *hanukiya*. Hundreds of children's throats thundered: "He is coming! He is coming!" The shouting became louder as the flame got nearer. The ecstasy reached

crescendo when the *hazzan* recited the blessings. In response came a mighty amen that resounded like hundreds of silver bells followed by shouts of: "He kindles, he kindles! He did it, he did it!" The fired-up children stamped their little feet shrieking.

The children's joy also infected the grown-ups. You could see how the embittered toilers with faces crumpled from worry suddenly brightened up with smiles, some breaking out in laughter. Hershl Tomak and Moyshe Bedner like little pranksters have stealthily extinguished the *shamas* so that the entire spectacle would have to be repeated. Efroim, the *melamed*, the one with the bushy eyebrows and a membrane on one of his eyes kept waving his hands as if conducting thereby encouraging the children to scream stronger and louder. Even the most respectable members of the community, headed by the rabbi himself allowed themselves a smile, hidden by





The old "shulhoif."

their gray whiskers – not trying to stop the kids from having some fun on Chanukah, as was once enjoined in his testament by a Kaluszyn wonder-working rebbe...

Soon after candle-lighting, the students of the Kaluszyn yeshiva under the direction of the principal Reb Tzvi Dantziger gave a performance of songs and Hassidic dances. The face of the great noble sage was pale and full of sadness. He wasn't very keen on the latest innovations. In his splendid sermons, attended also by the youths from all movements he used to analyse sarcastically the secular cybelesation. But even he so strict and refined, used to relax and enjoy himself on the

night of Chanukah.

The Chanukah nights were studded with stars. The snow glistened as if to light up God's little acre. The trees in Royzman's court were covered as with white blossom and the nearby brook flowed rapidly as if to escape being frozen over. On Layzer Farber's hill squeaked little sleighs and on the sidewalks of the main street unhurriedly promenaded young couples dreaming of their future happiness. From the party meeting halls emerged youngsters carrying books, their faces etched with hardship and meditation on the problems of the world. Life doled them out joy in very small portions, and full of yearnings they made use of such nights to let their hair down – throwing snow balls with such fervour and spirit that their pale cheeks turned red.

The Chanukah nights were bright and joyful. The smell of *latkes* wafted from all windows until late into the night. The Chanukah candles flickered slowly; one by one the shutters closed, and the night enfolded the little wooden houses of the town. From a distance one could hear only the creaking of the train wheels at the station at Mrozy. Or was it already the sound of the Angel of Death flapping his wings on his way to the shtetl...

To learn more about **Kałużyn, Poland**, please visit:

<https://www.jewishgen.org/Yizkor/kaluszyn/kaluszyn.html>



THE SAD CHANUKAH EVENING

Švenčionys, Lithuania

The following account was written by Esther Kovarski–Katz.

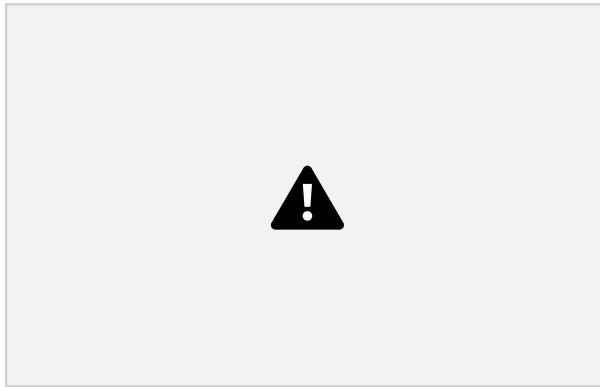
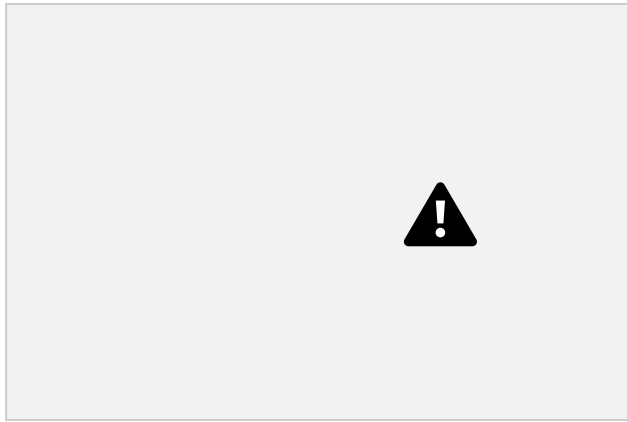
Chanukah is a joyful time but it can also be tinged by sadness for families who have suffered a loss. Such is the story of “The Sad Chanukah Evening” from the book of Švenčionys in Lithuania.

In the shtetl, Chanukah is in the air. The wind howls outside but inside the homes are cheerful and lively. The Chanukah lights burn brightly.

Only in one house, there were no candles, just a small lamp, glowing eerily over the lonely walls.

Švenčionys is in the eastern part of Lithuania about 50 miles south of Vilnius. Before World War II, there were about 3,000 Jews in Švenčionys but, by one estimate, that number swelled to 6,000 in 1941 as many Jewish refugees from Poland sought to escape the Nazis. Most did not.





Top: This is the northeast side of the market place in Strzyzow. Bottom: The Bais Yacov School for girls in Strzyzow.

The stars, scattered in the night sky, sparkling with fire and brightness! Suddenly, our eyes stare over the vastness! The trees are covered in white, dressed in *Tachrichim* (shrouds of the dead), shaking their half-naked branches, in order to throw off the snow. The bitter winter spread its wings over the world, blocking the sun with its frozen haze, and even chased away the birds, to far-off lands.

A howling wind sings her painful song and cries out to its people, who is going to suffer from my cold and frost? In the entire shtetl, Chanukah

is in the air. The gates to all these homes are closed, but inside it is cheerful and lively. The Chanukah lights are burning brightly, and the *Moisheles* (a reference to children) are telling stories of long ago. Fathers are giving their children Chanukah *gelt*, mothers are baking *latkes* from potatoes and flour. A Moishe in every corner, in holiday mode....

Only in one house there were no candles, just a small lamp, glowing eerily over the lonely walls. The mother is sitting next to the baby cradle and cries. At least the other children are asleep. Just her elder son of 12 years is still awake. He looks lonely and remembers the other Chanukah evenings.

Father comes from the synagogue in a good mood, but tired, lights the candles and sings the Chanukah songs with such a beautiful voice.

Oh, it was so nice and warm in the house! So happy and festive!

And today...

Father is no longer with us...

A deep sigh from a small orphan suddenly breaks the silence of the dark night.

For one family, that Chanukah was a sad and spoiled holiday!

To learn more about Švenčionys, Lithuania, please visit:

<https://www.jewishgen.org/Yizkor/svencionys/svencionys.html>

CHANUKAH

Siemiatycze, Poland

The following account was written by Michel (Mikhl) Radzinski.

“Chanukah” is from a memoir in the Yizkor book archive written by Michel (Mikhl) Radzinski who, in his 70s, set down his memories of shtetl life in Siemiatycze, Poland. “When you start to write memoirs,” he says in its first chapter, “the years of childhood and youth waken like old unforgettable tunes ... For in our hearts we all carry the golden threads that have bound us to what we call the old home.”

In this chapter, he recalls the Chanukah of his childhood. He describes the winters of brutal cold and blizzards that made the entire town look as though it had been wrapped up in a great white coat. He sees again the Chanukah candles in silver and brass candelabras shining through the frozen windows at night. To him, Chanukah was a holiday of the Jewish home where it was warm and bright, guests visited, feasted on latkes, blintzes (blintses) with cheese or jam filling, and dumplings with roasted goose-skin bits (varenikes mit grivn). Around the table, stories were told and all kinds of events were described.

But Radzinski also fills in the history, context and traditions of the holiday and the symbolic role of the menorah for Jews. When the candelabra in the Second Temple in Jerusalem was extinguished by brutal oppressors, candelabra were lit in homes throughout the land. The Chanukah candelabra replaced the Temple candelabra and virtually brought the Temple into the Jewish home.

Siemiatycze is in eastern Poland about 55 miles south of Bialystok. On the eve of World War II, about 4,300 Jews lived there, a number that swelled to 7,000 as refugees from western Poland arrived. The Germans occupied it in 1941 and the town was to a large extent destroyed during the war and its Jewish community almost completely exterminated by the Nazis.

Winter crept up on us with its freezing weather and its snow storms, and there were days when there was danger of coming to harm. Winter in Semyatitsh lasted long and the days and nights

lingered and were hard, until the Feast of Lights (kha'nike) arrived. The weather was mainly dry and frosty and the snow on the ground was already frozen hard. The entire town looked as

though it had been wrapped in a great white coat. True, as I already mentioned, blizzards sometimes caused the market day to be cancelled, thus causing anguish to our parents, but the children did not allow anything to quell the holiday mood which came with Chanukah. The Chanukah candles in silver and brass candelabra shone through the frozen windows at night.

In the kheyder, year in and year out, just before the holiday, the history books were reopened at the story of how our ancestors in the days of the Second Temple threw off the yoke of the Syrian Greeks and cleansed the Temple of pagan elements. During Chanukah it was usual for children to be let out of kheyder early, giving more time for play. I recall my mother reading me an old Jewish legend from the Yiddish Pentateuch (tsenerene) about the heroine Judith who killed the Greek general Holofernes, saving her people and inspiring Jewish heroes to fight and win.

In Semyatish, Chanukah was also the holiday of play. Even the most devout (frume) Jews let themselves relax for a while and play games. Like all the other Jewish children I enjoyed spinning teetotum tops (dreydlekh). The top had Jewish letters and was a part of the Chanukah ritual.

When I became older I understood better the candelabra, the most important symbol of Chanukah. Archaeological excavations which have been carried out in Israel and in other

lands in the past few decades have shown the symbolic role played by the candelabra in Jewish life. At every step we encounter the image of the candelabra, handiwork of ancient artisans. The Greek rulers believed that by occupying Jerusalem and introducing icons of the Greek idols into the Temple, they would ultimately break the moral resistance of the tiny people of Judea. Their calculation was wrong.

The Temple was indeed sacred, but the people found a way to God outside it. When the candelabra in the Temple was extinguished by the brutal oppressors, candelabra were lit in homes throughout the land. The eternal light (neyrtomed) of Jewish life was not affected. The Chanukah candelabra replaced the Temple candelabra. The Chanukah candles virtually brought the Temple into the Jewish home.

At the conclusion of the afternoon-and-evening prayers (minkhe-mayrev), people hurried to get home from the besmedresh in order to light the Chanukah candles. Often, guests were already waiting at home and mother was serving Chanukah dishes – pancakes (latkes), puffs (pontshkes), blintzes (blintses) with cheese or jam filling, dumplings with roasted goose-skin bits (varenikes mit grivn), pastries and sweets, and also various beverages. On Chanukah nights the hot tea had a special taste.

In our house I felt that Chanukah was a holiday of the Jewish home. It was warm and bright. Guests visited and at table exciting stories were

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told and all kind of events were described. We youngsters received gifts of money (khanuke gelt) from Mother and Father and from aunts and uncles. The warm home atmosphere robbed you of all desire to go out of doors, where cold winds raged and the frost cracked.

When we grew older my appreciation of the significance of Chanukah grew as well. I was by

then a member of the Zionist movement and understood that the Chanukah candles nursed the flame that the Hasmoneans had kindled in Modiin hundreds of years ago. This was the flame of Jewish national consciousness and of the fight for freedom. For us, young pioneers (khalutsim) at a Zionist training farm (hakhshore), those Galilee villagers served as an example. Precisely because they were molded by

their faith, in Jewish spirituality, they became forerunners for all later struggles in Jewish history.

Jewish youth in Semyatitsh turned Chanukah into an occasion for raising money for the Jewish National Fund (keren kayemes leyisroel). Literary-artistic evenings were organized in which works by Hebrew and Yiddish authors

were read. Hebrew and Yiddish songs were sung and the drama circle put on plays. Thus I have also remembered the days and nights of Chanukah as a lesson left by the ancient Hasmoneans for the Hasmoneans of the present day. That is how we saw ourselves in our youth – as the future fighters for a Jewish land.

To learn more about **Siemiatycze, Poland**, please visit:

<https://www.jewishgen.org/Yizkor/siemiatycze/Siemiatycze.html>

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CELEBRATING CHANUKAH IN THE SHTETL

Strzyżów, Poland

The following account was written by Harry Langsam.

On Chanukah in Strzyżów, Poland, townspeople would attend a rabbi's candle lighting ceremony. The rabbi poured oil into the bright and shining silver Chanukah menorah. To the author of "Chanukah in Shtetl" from the town's Yizkor book, it seemed the little wicks that were burning in oil brought a ray of hope and told how somewhere far away, there was a land which, a long time ago, belonged to us. The gentiles had tried to expel the Jews but a miracle occurred and a small vial of oil, not bigger than the one the rabbi used, was found and that miraculously found vial of oil has kept bringing light for the Jews until this day.

Strzyżów had been part of Galicia in the Austrian-Hungarian empire but was absorbed into Poland when that country was reconstituted after World War I. It is in the southeast of the country about 27 miles from Krakow. On the eve of the Second World War, Strzyżów's Jewish population was 1,300 out of the total 2,905 inhabitants. No Jews remain.

Can someone imagine the joy of us children when Chanukah was approaching? The joy was overwhelming for many reasons. First of all, we were free from studying in the evening because soon after services, the lighting of the candles was required. Afterwards, we were supposed to gaze at the burning candles and sing songs for at least half an hour. Therefore, there was not much time left to return to the *beder*.

The air was frosty outdoors and tiny, crisp snowflakes were falling from heaven. It was only

the beginning of the brutal winter. The ovens in *kloz* and in the *Beit HaMidrash* were warm and cosy and the regular occupants of the benches nearby sat there before the services and talked politics or reminisced about World War I, stories that had been told many times. It seemed that every winter, these same stories were re-told. How they evacuated to Bohemia and Hungary and how some escaped from prisoner-of-war camps in Italy.

Of course, the rich had not needed to sit around the ovens in the *Beit HaMidrash* because their homes were warm enough and, at Chanukah

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time, they already enjoyed the taste of Passover food. Chanukah was the time when housewives prepared *schmaltz* for Passover and the goose cracklings were devoured immediately.

When Chanukah eve arrived and the Almighty was good to us children and sent us down the first pure white snow, it was for us the greatest happiness and exhilaration. Snowballs were thrown at the sextons while they were reciting the blessings during the candle lighting ceremony.

I have no idea how such a tradition of throwing snowballs at the sexton started. Maybe tens or hundreds of years ago. One thing we were sure of was that the sexton would have felt deprived if, Heaven forbid, nobody threw snowballs at them! No sexton would have relinquished the privilege of being hit with a snowball on his head. And, when snow was not available, a wet towel or a bucket of cold water, which someone dared to spill over them from the women's gallery, was also acceptable. In addition, the sexton was forced to stay under

such an avalanche and still try to light the wet Chanukah candles. In later years, the Rebetzin, of blessed memory, made sure that the gallery was closed thinking that what the sexton received downstairs in the sanctuary was enough without the additional bucket of water.

The festivities began an hour or so before the services while Reb Itzikl, the sexton, was busy preparing the big metal Chanukah lamp, and putting in the candles. We, the youngsters, began to carry ammunition into the *kloyz* and storing them under the benches. Until this day, I cannot understand how these snowballs did not melt. When the services were over and the mourners finished saying Kaddish, Itzikl Dayches, the sexton, (Dayches was his wife's name by which he was called), was standing with a candle in his hand like a conductor with his stick ready to begin. He began with a drawn-out and festive voice: "Baaruch A-a-ta". Soon the children began yelling and screaming and the show began.

Chanukah possessed many more pleasurable activities. For instance, attending the official City Rabbi's candle lighting ceremony or, as

my father and I did, attending the ceremony at the home of Rabbi Nechemiah from Sassov. To be present when the rabbi lit the candles was a spiritual uplifting. Every night a few quorums gathered in the rabbi's house to hear him recite the blessings and light the candles in the beautiful silver menorah. Until the ceremony began, the Hassidim sat around and told Hassidic tales. The room was warm and cosy and a festive mood reigned everywhere.

Meanwhile, we, the children, were playing with the dreidel and many of us lost our Chanukah *gelt*.

Soon, the rabbi was slowly putting on his Sabbath fur hat and his wide silk belt on his long silk coat. He poured oil into the bright and shining silver Chanukah menorah while the Hassidim rose and began to sway back and forth, like a wave. The rabbi then recited the blessings with devotion and sang *Al Hanisim*.

The soul felt so good during the ceremony. It seemed to me that these little wicks that were burning in oil brought a ray of hope and told

the people who gathered here in the rabbi's house that somewhere far away, there was a land which, a long time ago, belonged to us. Then the gentiles tried to expel us but a miracle occurred and we overcame them. Afterwards, a small vial of oil was found, surely not bigger than the vial that the rabbi used and that miraculously found vial of oil keeps bringing light for the Jews until this day.

The rabbi sang *Maoz Tzur* and asked Reb Moshe Yacov Mandel to sing *Mizmor Shir*. Reb Samuel Moshe Grosskopf sang *Or Haganuz*.

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Next, Reb Elazar Wurtzel began a Torah discourse with the participation of Reb David Wiener and the rest of the congregation.

On Chanukah, it was also permitted to play cards. It was not a sin. On this account, gambling was taking place in several candy stores and it lasted longer than Chanukah. The Hassidic young men played in private homes but only on Chanukah and on Christmas Eve. The days of Chanukah were over and were followed by harsh winter days but the pleasant experience of Chanukah remained in our memory forever.

To learn more about **Strzyżów, Poland**, please visit:
<https://www.jewishgen.org/yizkor/strzyzow/strzyzow.html>

WE HAD A FABULOUS
PROGRAM THIS PAST
SUMMER. INFORMATION
ABOUT THE 2025

JewishGen Yizkor Book Project

About the JewishGen Yizkor Book Translation Project



Yizkor Books (Memorial Books) were traditionally written to memorialize the names of departed family and martyrs during holiday services in the synagogue (a practice that still exists in many synagogues today).

Over the centuries, as a result of countless persecutions and horrific atrocities committed against the Jews, Yizkor Books (*Sifre Zikaron* in Hebrew) were expanded to include more historical information, such as biographical sketches of famous personalities and descriptions of daily town life.

Following the Holocaust, the idea of remembrance and learning took on an urgent and crucial importance. Survivors of the Holocaust sought out other surviving residents of their former towns to memorialize and document the names and way of life of those who were ruthlessly murdered by the Germans and their accomplices.

These remembrances were documented in Yizkor Books, hundreds of which were published in the first decades after the Holocaust. Most of these books were published privately, or through *landsmanshaftn* (social organizations comprised of members originating from the same European town or region) that still existed, and were often distributed free of charge.

Sadly, the languages used to document these crucial histories and links to our past, Yiddish and Hebrew, are no longer commonly understood by a significant percentage of Jews today. It is our hope that the translation of these books into English (and other languages) will assist the countless Jewish family researchers who are so desperately seeking to forge a connection with their heritage.

Thank you to Lance Ackerfeld for overseeing the Yizkor Book Translation project, and to Joel Alpert and Susan Rosin for overseeing the JewishGen Press.

At the end of each week, we have been distributing “A Window into our Treasured Past” emails, which feature timely excerpts from Yizkor books in JewishGen’s archive. In choosing the weekly excerpts, JewishGen volunteer Bruce Drake tries to balance selections that recall the suffering of the Holocaust with chapters that paint pictures of what daily life was like in the communities of Europe, such as market days, how Jews made their living, the joys and sadnesses of every day life and portraits of memorable characters. Bruce has also overseen the completed translation of the Kover Yizkorbook and created Kehilalinks sites for Kovel and Wojnilow, now known as Voynilov in Ukraine.

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Yizkor Book Volunteers



Lance Ackerfeld was born in Australia and settled on Kibbutz Yiftah, Israel in 1977 where he has lived with his family since then. In 2024, he retired from his day job as a senior database and BI expert in the global “Netafim” company. He now devotes time to the Yizkor Book Project in which he has been involved in various capacities since 1999 and has led the project for more than 15 years.



Joel Alpert is a retired electrical engineer, who worked for MIT, Raytheon, the Israeli Armaments Authority and Bell Laboratories. He was born and educated in Wisconsin, lived in Israel, Boston and Tucson. He created the Yizkor-Books-in-Print project in 2012 and is now the coordinator of the project.



Bruce Drake spent most of his career in journalism, as a reporter and later White House correspondent for the *New York Daily News*, as Vice President for News at NPR, as executive editor at *Congressional Quarterly* and most recently as a senior editor at the Pew Research Center.



Susan Rosin learned about JewishGen after retiring from her role as a Software Development Manager at a major corporation. She soon began volunteering, and has translated Yizkor books (from Hebrew to English), and led the Last Name Indexing project. She now serves as the JewishGen Press Publications Manager.

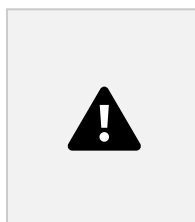
To learn more, and to access the translations at no cost, please visit:

www.JewishGen.org/yizkor/translations



To purchase hard copies of Yizkor Books translated by JewishGen, please visit:

www.JewishGen.org/press



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