My grandfather, Reb Kasriel, was a follower of the Rebbe Reb Awrum Landau in Ciechanów. He was a fine singer, and all his days, especially on the “High Holidays”, he both led the prayer services and read the Torah scroll at his shtiebel.

The rabbi, Reb Menachem Mendel Landau, the Rabbi of Zawiercie, who succeeded his father as Rebbe, when visiting Częstochowa, would stay at grandfather’s home. At these times, his house was turned into a meeting place for the Zawiercie Chassidim.

I should mention that grandfather’s house was generally open to all wayfarers and that, at his “restaurant” in the Old Market, all the Jews of the vicinity would congregate on market day, eating and drinking to their pleasure.

Also, all the rabbis in the region would come to him when visiting in Częstochowa and he received them well with food and drink, without expecting any remuneration.

In his youth, he experienced a great miracle. A fire broke out in town and he went out to see it with his father-in-law, Reb Zyndel Rapoport [should say Proport]. A wall fell, killing several people, including his father-in-law. In commemoration of the miracle he had experienced, every year on the last day of Pesach, the anniversary of the event, he held a Kiddush to make the miracle known and to recite a blessing of gratitude.

Three sons and three daughters were born to him. The sons, Icyk Majer, Zvi and Heinrich all died in his own lifetime, and he had a Torah scroll written in their memory, which he donated to the Zawiercie shtiebel. The daughters were my mother Itta (my father Menachem Mendel’s wife), Golda (wife of Reb Dov Berysz Goldrajch) and Raszka (wife of Reb Abram Juda Szczupak).