Yizkor!

In memory of the little bustling town of Żarki, which once was and is no more …

Will we remember?

Will we remember you, our little town of Żarki, where we spent the best years of our childhood?

Will we remember you, all the Jews of the shtetl, filled with suffering, working people, who toiled all week long, fighting hard for their livelihood so that, come Shabbes, they would enjoy Torah study, tranquillity and love? Will we remember the scenery of our town, its endless forests, its clear and pure waters, which flowed from the springs in Leśniów and passed through the whole length of the town? Will we remember the broad marketplace and the narrow and dark alleys, along which we strolled long nights from end to end?

Will we remember the ebullient youth in the 20’s and 30’s, blazing its trail from the darkness of exile to the wider world? The generation who rebelled against much of what had been accepted for decades and centuries, and set out to find new paths - in enlightenment, in implementation [of Zionism?], in aliya?

And, when we come to gather old memories from the few who survived the great Holocaust, what will we say, and yet not say?

“Generation unto generation uttereth speech!1”

Pleasant memories and ones as bitter as wormwood already accompany us twenty years, and we have not yet found the wording with which to raise a testimonial monument to that wonderful town, to which we have been connected by thousands of threads to this day. The language is poor, to express oneself is difficult, and the survivors who could collect them and assemble them are few!

But the heart does not give one respite and rest - not to forget and not to allow others to forget what Amalek has done to us!

We shall remember this evermore. This we owe to those who did not have the fortune to make it this far.

We shall remember!

A. Ajzenberg

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1 [TN: This is not an actual verse in Scripture, but a Jewish saying which is derived from the verse: “Day unto day uttereth speech.” (Psalm 19:2).]