

Isroel Glezer With Jews Of Birzai



My father Isroel Glezer is second on the right. Jews of Birzai are sitting at the table commemorating the deceased ones. On the right is my cousin Fayvel, my uncle Meishe Glezer's son. This photo was taken in Birzai in the early 1950s. My father didn't work after he returned from evacuation. He was helping my sister to raise her son. When Simon was born, he moved in with us. When I went to work, he was babysitting. My sister didn't get along with her husband. She decided to get a divorce. In 1948 Hanna and her son moved to Birzai. Formerly we had made up our mind to never go back to our hometown, where even stones seemed to have been soaked in the blood of our dear ones and acquaintances, but then my mother decided to join my sister. She wanted to be of help to her. As for my father, he decided to stay with me. My mother never recovered from her sons' death. She walked along the streets recalling who lived there and what happened to him or her. One day she had a stroke right there in the street. My mother died. This happened in 1949. After her death my father moved in with Hanna. There were few Jews left in Birzai, but they stayed together, remembering their deceased friends. They collected money to install a monument in their memory at the burial place. My father didn't work. He received a pension for his sons. In the middle of the 1950s Hanna's husband arrived in Birzai. He made an attempt to make up with her. As it turned out later, he wanted this for the sake of the apartment. My sister believed her husband. She, her son and her husband moved to Kaunas where they received a nice apartment. My father moved to Zarasai to live with me some time later. He was of great help to me. He was my best friend and companion. He lived many years before he died in 1976 at the age of 85. We buried my daddy at the Jewish cemetery.