



ISRAEL LICHTENSTEIN'S LAST TESTAMENT

With zeal and zest I threw myself into the work to help assemble archive materials. I was entrusted to be the custodian, I hid the material. Besides me, no one knew. I confided only in my friend Hersh Wasser, my superior.

It is well hidden. Please God that it be preserved. That will be the finest and best that we achieved in the present gruesome time.

I know that we will not endure. To survive and remain alive [after] such horrible murders and massacres is impossible. Therefore I write this testament of mine. Perhaps I am not worthy of being remembered, but just for my grit in working with the society Oneg Shabbat and for being the most endangered because I hid the entire material. It would be a small thing to give my own head. I risk the head of my dear wife Gele Seckstein and my treasure, my little daughter, Margalit.

I don't want any gratitude, any monument, any praise. I want only a remembrance, so that my family, brother and sister abroad, may know what has become of my remains.

I want my wife to be remembered. Gele Seckstein, artist, dozens of works, talented, didn't manage to exhibit, did not show in public. During the three years of war worked among children as educator, teacher, made stage sets, costumes for the children's productions, received awards. Now together with me, we are preparing to receive death.

I want my little daughter to be remembered. Margalit, 20 months old today. Has mastered Yiddish perfectly, speaks a pure Yiddish, At 9 months began to speak Yiddish clearly. In intelligence she is on a par with 3- or 4-year-old children. I don't want to brag about her. Witnesses to this, who tell me about it, are the teaching staff of the school at Nowolipki 68. . . .

I am not sorry about my life and that of my wife. But I am sorry for the gifted little girl. She deserves to be remembered also.

May we be the redeemers for all the rest of the Jews in the whole world. I believe in the survival of our people. Jews will not be

annihilated. We, the Jews of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, are the scapegoat for all Israel in all the other lands.

July 31, 1942

The eleventh day of the so-called "resettlement action." In reality, an annihilation action.



HOMELESS

Without a home, without a roof—
We tramped the whole night through,
Not knowing whereto
Or what our end would be.

At the station we were jammed in a pack
And held in leash by the SS police;
How much longer will our pain last?
Hell-fire surely can't be worse!

Without a home, without a roof . . .

No bread, no water did we get
They kept us there a day, a night,
Children torn from their mothers' arms
And dragged off who knows where.

Without a home, without a roof . . .

They hound us, they harass us,
They torment and torture us,
This is how they draw our blood.
Alas, our blood! Alas, our blood!

For without a home, without a roof . . .

To that staging area they drove us
And selected us like sheep;