



Parents in Pain

I recently came across a fascinating piece of writing in *Inyan* (*Parashas Shelach*/June 17) by Rabbi Avraham Y. Heschel. In his article Rabbi Heschel depicts the impact American culture has had on today's youth, giving them license to negatively pass judgment on their parents. These were truly courageous words spoken in an age where endless theories prevail, condemning parents for every flaw or mood disorder prevalent in their child. Sadly, I have heard this expressed in anguish by countless friends. Many of them have sacrificed greatly to raise respectable young adults, yet these same parents lament their continued failed attempts to reach their children. It has come so far that practically everyone I know knows someone who is being harshly judged or rejected by a child. This pains me greatly.

In his article Rabbi Heschel writes that *kibbud horim* is about giving to our parents. He brilliantly adds that so many hard feelings would evaporate once we internalize this. I personally feel this can be a game changer in parent-child relationships. It would give the child an opportunity to see the true love his parents have for him. Once we build on this ladder there's no telling how far and how beautifully this relationship can grow. I truly hope that today's youth will see this article and take Rabbi Heschel's guidance to heart.

I also think it fair to share that this article was passed around to many grieving parents and has given them much-needed *chizuk*.

Thank you again, Rabbi Heschel, for your courage to present your thoughts. *Klal Yisrael* needs more thinkers like you.

Wishing you continued *hatzlachah*,

S.S.

Ebensee

Dear Mrs. Junger

Thank you for your comprehensive article on Ebensee (*Parashas Va'eschanan*/July 29) It has aroused strong emotions in me because my grandfather *Hy"d* was murdered there.

Last year, among other family documents found in an archive by a genealogist, I received a document that was found in Ebensee after the war. It is a "death certificate" of an inmate, my grandfather. It coldly states the name, age, occupation, state of birth, and of course reason for arrest — *jude*. The number he was given, the work he was assigned (*zement* — stones, in German) and the most important detail for us descendants — the date of his death.

My late father knew to say *Kaddish* more or less around the time when someone last saw him. But now that the Nazis in their famous "orderliness" provided us with the exact date (that can be converted according to the Jewish calendar), for the first time my grandfather merited to have his grandson say *Kaddish* for him on the right day.

My grandfather, Itchak Moshkovits from Svidnik, Czechoslovakia, was a righteous man, admired by all who knew him, including gentiles who called him "the saintly." He had been drafted into the army in World War I and was exiled to Siberia. When he arrived in Mauthausen — Ebensee, he was already 55 years old — he had no chance of surviving.

The only comfort I have when I read about the torture a man his age must have gone through is that now in the lofty place he must be in, he sees the generations of his descendants living lives of Torah, *mitzvos* and Torah learning.

A. Livne
B. Israel

Author's Response:

Dear Ms. Livne,

I apologize for the late reply. I was away and did not have my regular access to emails. Thank you so much for your very moving letter on your very special grandfather, *Hy"d*, in reaction to my article on Ebensee.

You mentioned he worked with *zement*. To give you a bit of information what that work entailed: the large boulders that were removed from the mountains were transported to the bottom of the mountain and there ground into cement.

While surely painful, it must be a great solace to your family finally knowing the exact *yahrtzeit*. The reason for his arrest — being a Jew — will always be painful to read. But the continuance of his Torah ways by your family is a true testimony to his *kiddush Hashem* — in life and in his tragic death. May we continue being *mekadesh shem Hashem* through *living* for His sake.

Wishing you all the best.

Sincerely,

Rifka Junger

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