

[Written some time after 1920...]

To my dear daughter Yehudeske, your husband and children, may they all live and may you have *naches* from them:

My dear daughter, I've received your two letters with great joy. May the Living One grant you great joy and satisfaction from your children throughout your life. I, thanks to Him, am healthy, not any worse since you improved my poor life with the first installment of your aid, and thus I pray to the *Rebaynu Sheloylem* to answer all of your fondest desires, all of you.

Auntie is very weak, she can barely drag herself out of bed. About coming to America: First, its very difficult to travel in good conditions - it costs people to travel thousands of miles, and again, how can you travel with a sick woman? Drag her out of bed? Of her children I can write you that Fesl and her husband and two children came from Rusaya to Dvinsk. They're poor and they're staying at their mother's in Dvinsk. They have a brother in America who sends them help and writes that he'll bring them over to America. He can do this since her brother-in-law is a very fine man who sends 6,000 rubles sometimes. Of Auntie's son Menachem, his wife and children, we don't know. They were in [undecipherable] province...since then they've had terrible sorrow there, pogroms against Jews. We don't know what's become of him. Chaim Oser and his family barely make a living. Of Faygeh and her family, she is with her family in Astrevetz, near Vilna. For them, things aren't so great either; their possessions were stolen.

About the \$55, I haven't received it yet, but God willing, as soon as I do, I'll write you a receipt. May the Living One give you *naches* from your children and pay you back many times over, since you haven't abandoned your old father. Each time I see myself eating and remember the wretched times we've come through, when horses didn't have to eat what we ate, I raise my hands and say thanks to the Living One for all my children in America. Just as the Creator sent Joseph into Egypt to feed his father Jacob and his brothers, to save them from hunger, so it is with my children in America. Be healthy and happy all of you, my children.

From your father, Y.A.

July 10, 1923 Panevezys

My dear daughter Yehudeske, my dear son and your wife and children, may you nourish them away from sorrow, and have satisfaction from them all of your lives:

For our life my dear children, may the Living One not withdraw His mercy, make things a little better. Thanks to Him my health is alright, though as is the case with old people, a person weakens. At least I'm not in any pain. Auntie, though is sick; she barely makes it out of bed.

I sent you a card a few days back, a receipt to your wonderful letter. (I forgot to put a stamp on the card, then found the stamp in my pocket!) Today, July 10, the package arrived intact: the 20 arshin<sup>4</sup> cloth, the three shirts, the five pairs of socks, the three pairs of leg warmers, the three packages of tea. Everything arrived. What shall I tell you? Know that Auntie and I prayed that the Almighty would see to it that the package came. We're grateful for His blessing and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts. Believe me, with that 20 arshin you saved us - for three weeks we'd been going around without a change of clothes. Things are too expensive to buy, Auntie says.

Lets look at how the Almighty conducts the world with His compassion: He's given us many years, He's sent our children to America so that they'll be able to support us for however many years more we're fated to live, so that they'll be able to rear their children. (Auntie) blesses you and your children and grandchildren. "May they wear diamonds and jewels to their weddings", she says, "for each cent it cost to send us this package." I tell you truly what a blessing the package is, though I admit I even have some regret for it because I understand from your letter that you could barely send all that - but what can I do? Things are so hard around here, especially in old age.

These are dangerous times here in Lithuania. People who own businesses and houses are throwing them over and fleeing *wherever the roads take them*. As for the talk of one Lithuania under one government - Kovner province - that's not the whole of Lithuania - they don't have the wherewithal to support an army and bureaucracy the way a large nation can. Taxes for individuals here have risen enormously, and for houses and stores they've increased three fold. Property owners, merchants are clearing out. It costs a storekeeper in Lithuania \$10 a month just to stay open! Dangerous times...

This summer has been, until recently, quite cold. The crops haven't grown, have spoiled and are now full of worms. No word from my son Eliohu since a year ago Passover. The mail though does not always arrive from Russia. Write him that he should write me a letter care of you and you can forward it to me. I have great sadness because of this. It's been 17 months since I've heard from him. Your letters, my darling daughter, for them with news of all your children, for these letters which sustain me may you be repaid with everything good and joyous. I read your letters every day and say that one should kiss every word of my daughter, Yehudeske's letters.

Nothing more to write. Be healthy all of you my dear children, be healthy and happy with your families.

From your father who wishes you all the best. Y.A.

A greeting deep and heartfelt to my daughter Shprintze and her husband Yankev, your children, the older and the younger - live happily, have satisfaction and pleasure from your children all of your lives:

Nothing to write about here and I ask Yehudeske to give you my letter to read so that you know of our lives and our health.

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4. A Russian measure of length equal to 28 inches.

I stay at home, I don't go into town any more to daven or to shop. The time I have, I study and pray to the Living One, for all of you, your husbands and children, for your health and livelihoods, and that you'll be able to fulfill the commandment of sustaining your old parents. There is no better thing one can do than this, and it will be *honored in this world* and even more in the next world.

From me, your father who wishes you all the best. Y.A.