

Meier Leib Rosenberg's Tombstone



This is the tomb stone of my paternal grandfather, Meier Leib Rosenberg, in the Jewish cemetery in Bacau.

He was born in 1861, in the countryside, I think in Bacau county. He was well off, and later in his life moved to Bacau, where he owned a small family-run restaurant. They didn't live in the Jewish neighbourhood, but on a very nice street inhabited by Romanian gentry, in the center of the town. They had an ordinary house, simple, like all normal houses back then. They got along very well with their neighbors.

My paternal grandfather was more of an austere man, but people thought highly of him and treated him with respect. He was very religious. He chaired the community for many years! Not observing the holidays, the tradition was out of the question, inconceivable! He didn't visit us too often. When he did, he wouldn't even accept a glass of water from my father, because it wasn't kosher. And my mother would argue 'But, father...' 'No way,' he would reply, 'because you never know...' - 'Father, but I don't...' - 'No, no and no! Let it be, I know better!'

My grandfather committed suicide the day the war was declared, in 1941, that very Sunday! He was 80. He hanged himself because of the war. He had many grandchildren and knew what misfortunes were waiting for us. There, in Bacau, we had had troubles with the Legionaries even before the war; now that the war had started, things were going to get worse.