

Rachela Steinhendler



This is my sister, Rachela Steinhendler. This photo was taken in Zelechow in the 1930s; I don't know the exact date. My sister was three years older than me. She was born in 1920. My sister, she was a very nice girl. An intelligent girl. She was a good student. She was very active in youth organizations. My sister belonged to some youth organization. Hahalutz? Or Hashomer Hatzair? Something like that. And they had their place, a club, where they used to get together on

Saturdays. They organized events there. Some discussions, dances, singing. I didn't go there. My sister did. I was more active on the soccer field. We lived in Zelechow, it was a small town. There was one special alley in Zelechow. Young people used to go there for 'rendezvous.' There were benches on both sides - very pretty. Grass, flowers - elegant. After dinner, young people used to spend time there. You had to agree it was very nice there: trees on one side, trees on the other side, and paved sidewalks. You didn't just walk on sand. It was very elegantly done. My sister, before she went to Luboml in 1937, was a frequent guest there. When my sister wasn't at home, you could find her there. My sister graduated from our school in Zelechow, and she went to our uncle's, to Luboml. In the eastern territories, near Kowel, that's where they lived: my mom's brother Rafal Iglicki and his wife. They had no kids. It was a childless marriage. That's why they wanted very much for my sister to go there. She worked in their shop. Unfortunately, I saw my sister in 1938 for the last time. That's it. I know nothing more about her. She was in Luboml, and there, I don't know: did she go to the Soviet Union, as Russian soldiers were trying to talk her into when they were retreating from Luboml, or did she stay? I don't know that. I searched after the war, even when I was in the United States, I got in touch with the president of a society of Luboml inhabitants. Nothing. I never found out what happened to that girl.