

# Jan Sokal's Mother Bronislawa Sokal And Family



This is family photo of my mother. Unfortunately I don't recognize anyone but there should be my siblings and my mother. The photo was taken in village called Bachow in the 1930's.

I do not remember my grandparents from my mother's side. Simply, I have never seen them in my life. I only heard some stories about them. My mother came from the Schorrs, exactly the Przemysl Schorrs. The family of prof. Mojzesz Schorr. The whole family from my mother's side came from Przemysl. Grandfather's name was Ben Cijon. That was his name. My grandmother's name... I don't remember.

My mother's first name was Bronislawa. Broncia, Bronia, something like that. She was slim, slender. She didn't wear a wig, she had long hair. She used to dress normally, in a middle-class manner. She did housekeeping and looked after the children. It seems Mom's cooking was kosher. I suppose so. But I can't characterize it. She used to cook very tasty. I fed only on that cuisine. Mom worked till late, I remember. And she was doing everything herself. Such a martyr. As the girls, my sisters were growing up, they were surely helping her, they were involved, forced to do that. I know that as a young boy I also had my duties, because I was strong enough. I used to carry water. From a well, of course. I carried water since early childhood. I carried two buckets normally in hands. And it was not that I carried it from a building to home, but it was a good bit of the way, half a kilometer at least. And a lot of water was used. Especially when washing took place. Mother was an amazing woman. Good. Loving. Knowing how to raise children. Not old-fashioned, absolutely not. If I came to blows with someone, she used to say: 'Your fault, if you take up with such bounders, it's all right. Don't go barging over there'. Something like that. She was an angel, not a human being. She died probably in 1933, I don't remember exactly. She had a lot of problems, those life experiences related to certain matters that afflicted our home.

We were four brothers and four sisters. A typical Jewish, large, numerous family. Exactly as God told: 'Procreate and give birth.' We kept very close together. These memories of those young family years are still alive in me. Maybe it's my weakness.