Over the Rockies Air & Space
April 17, 8 a.m., at the Wings
the JNF breakfast on Friday,
States, is the guest speaker at
Ambassador to the United
Ron Dermer, Israeli
breakfast
JNF annual
at Temple Emanuel.
April 16, 6 p.m.,
Forgiveness,'’ is Thursday,
Eva Mozes Kor, who will
and highlighting Mengele twin
program hosted by the ADL
Holocaust remembrance
The Governor’’s 34th annual
Holocaust program
4 p.m., at the JCC.
keynoter Rabbi Avraham
Future,'' the annual Holocaust
Past and Celebrating the

LOCAL EVENTS
Survivors Memorial
‘70 Years: Remembering the Past and Celebrating the Future,’ the annual Holocaust survivors’ memorial featuring first-, second-,
and third-generation speakers and
keynoter Rabbi Avraham
Mintz, is Sunday, April 12,
4 p.m., at the ICC.
Governor’s Holocaust program
The Governor’s 34th annual
Holocaust remembrance
program hosted by the ADL

JNF annual breakfast
Ron Dermer, Israeli
Ambassador to the United States, is the guest speaker at
the JNF breakfast on Friday,
April 17, 8 a.m., at the Wings
Over the Rockies Air & Space Museum.

INSIDE
PAGE 13
Business ....................................... 13
Classifieds ........................................ 19
Columns ........................................... 4, 23
Editorials .......................................... 24
Letters ............................................. 12
Obituaries ........................................ 20
 Readers Speak .............................. 5
Shemos ............................................. 22
Super Shabbos ................................. 15
Synagogues & Calendar .................. 21
Today’s Life .................................... 16, 14
Weekly Calendar 14

President Barack Obama speaks April 2 in the Rose Garden about the framework agreement with Iran.

Obama rejects
Iranian recognition of Israel
WASHINGTON (JTA) — President Barack Obama dismissed a demand by Prime Minister Benjamin
Netanyahu of Israel that a nuclear deal with Iran include its recognition
of Israel.

Hate mail
in Boulder
Powder at JCC, Har HaShem — not toxic

Iran, six world powers, agree to
an Iranian nuclear ‘framework’
WASHINGTON (JTA) — A framework for a nuclear deal with Iran has been reached, but
significant hurdles remain. At a White House
news conference on April 2, President Barack
Obama said that the US and the five other world powers
negotiating in Switzerland had reached a ‘‘historico-
understanding with Iran on a deal that, if fully implemented, would
prevent Iran from acquiring nuclear weapons.’’
The deadline for a comprehensive agreement is June 30.
‘‘It is a good deal’’ that would ‘‘cut off every pathway’’ to an Iranian nuclear weapon, Obama said of the deal reached in Lausanne two
days ago after the negotiators’ self-imposed deadline.
‘‘If this framework leads to a final comprehensive deal, it will
make our country, our allies and our world safer.’’
Cautioning, ‘‘Nothing is agreed till everything is agreed,’’ Obama
provided the basic outlines of the accord:
• Iran will not develop weapons-grade plutonium, and
the nuclear facility at Arak will be dismantled and its fuel shipped
out of the country.
• Iran will not deliver advanced centrifuges for at least
10 years.
• International inspectors will

Schumer backs
Congressional review of Iran deal
WASHINGTON (JTA) — Sen. Chuck Schumer is
backing a proposal that would allow Congress to
approve or reject any deal signed with Iran on curbing its nuclear program.

Israel Arab
blasts ISIS
Blames Arab countries for Palestinians’ deaths
JERUSALEM (JTA) — Arab-
Israeli lawmaker Ahmed Tibi
called the Islamic State
takeover of the Yarmouk Pa-
lestinian refugee camp in Syria “a crime
against humanity.”
Tibi, a member of the Arab Joint
List party, said on Monday, April 6,
that the international community,
and Arab countries specifically, bear
responsibility for allowing the vio-
lence in Yarmouk to occur.
More than 1,000 Palestinians have
been killed since the Islamic State
took over about 90% of the camp in the last week.
Where no tourist goes
Wrenching Journey: Seeking the site of my great-grandmother’s death

By SHANA R. GOLDBERG
IJN Assistant Publisher

I
n 2012 I travelled to a region of Hungary where no tourist goes. It is nigh impossible to convey the desolation of this region, just north of Hungary’s second largest city, Miskolc, and stretching toward the Slovakian border. Despite what news we’ve fed about the successes of the EU, Europe is not equally prosperous. Far from it.

I travelled to this depressed region to track down the final resting place of my great-grandmother, known to me as Shaindel “Jenny” Marcus. (What could the Jenny be short for, I wondered?) Jennifer is certainly not a traditional Hungarian name. After a fair amount of online research I got no further; it was only when I saw her death certificate that I learned her Hungarian name, Eugenia. (So I decided to make the trip, to do this search for my grandmother; for her to have, in her lifetime, the peace of knowing that someone had visited her mother’s resting place, that someone had prayed at her mother’s grave.

After the war, my grandmother was informed of her mother’s passing by Auschwitz survivors who had been together with Shaindel in the Edeľény ghetto. But where she was laid to rest my grandmother never knew. Bubbie felt an immense relief that her mother died “naturally,” but not knowing where her mother was buried — that left a gaping hole in her heart.

No family member had ever said kaddish at Shaindel’s grave. In 2012 Bubbie was in her early nineties. Though she desperately wanted to make another trip to Hungary, it was too late for her. Like any nonagenarian, her stamina and mobility had decreased, though she remained present and engaged, and never lost that twinkle in her blue eyes. So I decided to make the trip to do this outreach for my grandmother; for her to have, in her lifetime, the peace of knowing that someone had visited her mother's resting place, that someone had prayed at her mother’s grave.

II. The Ledger

By 2012 the region I travelled to was quintessential Jobbik territory, Jobbik is Hungary’s extreme right-wing political party known for its anti-Semitic and anti-Gypsy rhetoric, its popularity fuelled in this region by high unemployment rates and tensions with a large ethnic minority (primarily Gypsy Roma) population. Later during that trip, when I met my genealogy contact in Budapest, he told me that this region was plagued by third-generation unemployment — a term utterly foreign to me. Apparently there are families where grandfather, father and son have never held jobs.

The entire concept of gainful employment is as foreign to them as their inherited idleness was to me. In Edeľény, only a quarter of the population was employed, and the unemployment plaguing by third-generation unemployment — a term utterly foreign to me. Apparently there are families where grandfather, father and son have never held jobs.

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majority of those were government employees. The rest, I presume, were the entire family who also worked there.

So this corner of Hungary, Engli-

sh is not spoken. Neither is Ger-

man, French, Italian nor, most

surprising, Russian. Another myth

busted — the national language.

I arrived in Edelény after consult-

ing with András, the genial boxer

in Budapest who assisted me immense-

ly in all aspects of the trip, not

least in navigating the bewildering

Hungarian language.

He spoke with the municipal office

and had access to things like the town

cemetery, which was far from the

building to which I had been

shown. There was a place —

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Genealogy, Hungary, Holocaust Series
Part Two
‘Searching for Life’
December 4, 2015
Searching for Life

Genealogy is more than a tree

BY SHANA R. GOLDBERG

History is a glimpse into bygone lives.

Genealogy tries to bring them back.

EDELÉNY

What are the chances of a Jewish community of a mere 50 families — destroyed in the Holocaust — finding two local touchstones?

O

n April 10, 2015, in the JIN issue proceeding Yom HaShoah, I wrote an essay about my travels to Hungary a few years earlier in search of my great-grandmother Shaindel Marcus’ burial site. As I set off on my trip, I considered genealogy primarily an avocation of dates and lists. By the time the implications of my trip unfolded, I learned that genealogy is so much more.

Shaindel’s daughter, my grandmother Lila Silberstein, was a Holocaust refugee who left her family behind in eastern Hungary, never to see them again. After the war, someone wrote to tell her of her mother’s demise in the ghetto of Edelény, where she was on an extended visit with her married daughter, Esther.

While my journey did not end in a fairy tale full cirle, I felt a sense of accomplishment, especially after I spoke to my grandmother about the trip and presented her with her mother’s death certificate, nearly 70 years after the fact.

The mystery of my great-grandmother’s final days remained, yet, for me, the story was over — or at least on hold.

Despite not fulfilling its initial goal, my journey to Hungary was far from fruitless. Writing about my trip connected me in a new way to people I had known nearly my whole life and ultimately led me to contact the one woman still alive who knew the family whose story I was seeking.

On the Saturday evening after the article came out, I got a call from my mother: “Did you see Dov Mogyoros in synagogue? He was looking for you; you’ll never believe it — my family is from Edelény!”

The Mogyoros family, whom we have known since settling on Denver’s East Side in 1983, is from Edelény? Of course, I knew they were Hungarian; the whole family, including all four sons, is fluent in that mystifying Magyar tongue. They also have that genteel Hungarian je ne sais quoi.

But from Edelény — the same tiny town of around 50 Jewish families where my Great Aunt Esther had lived? A remarkable coincidence, indeed.

In the meantime, other extraordinary developments were underway.

In the mid-2000s, my mother had asked me to search the Yad Vashem database for information about my grandmother’s beloved sister, Esther Marcus Klein, and her children. I am a lover of history and of genealogy and this was the moment that my journey into my grandmother’s family took off. As a child, I had been mesmerized by my grandmother’s black-and-white photo album stored in the bottom drawer of a cupboard, a relic of another time, filled with unknown stories about unknown people.

Tragically, through Yad Vashem, I found testimonies of Esther’s death, along with the deaths of her four children.1 Date of death: 1944. Place of death: Camp, Auschwitz. Signed: Miriam Glattstein. Address: A neighborhood in Jerusalem . . . around the corner from where I lived as a young child. I told myself I would try to find this Miriam Glattstein. But then I told myself there’s no way she’s living there anymore; in fact, what is the likelihood that she is even still alive? (Turns out I was wrong on both counts.) Then, on my trip to Hungary, I discovered that one Chaim Glattstein had reported

I

my great-grandmother’s death to the municipality. Back home after my trip, my grandmother confirmed that Miriam Glattstein was the person who informed her about the tragic demise of the Edelény branch of her family. Somehow, I was led to believe or assumed that Miriam Glattstein was the sister of my grandmother’s brother-in-law, Ferenc Klein. This mistaken notion cemented my assumption that Miriam Glattstein was no longer living, as my great-uncle would have been well past 100. Publishing the article rekindled my interest in finding Miriam Glattstein or, at the very least, her family. With the help of online tools I began to reconstruct the family tree. I made an important discovery: Miriam Glattstein was not the sister of Ferenc, but his niece. My stomach dropped. Suddenly, there was a chance she was living.

I posted a few notes on genealogy message boards.

1

See GENEALOGY on Page 3

Esther Marcus Klein and Ferenc Klein, subjects of search.

Aunt Esther had lived? A remarkable coincidence, indeed. I

ill

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Searching for Life

Overlapping lives: Memories of two families intersect 70 years later

and an email came back: “Miriam’s mother performed the bris. There is the image she will never forget: riding in a train with Esther and her four children, en route to Auschwitz. ‘None of them returned,’” says Miriam now, somberly, more than 70 years later, just a few months short of celebrating her 90th birthday.

Tibi (Tibor). It was clear that whoever filled out these forms maintained by descendents of Edelény families, rendering it impossible to find someone still living.”

The building that housed the synagogue of Edelény, pictured left, survived the war, but was torn down in the 1980s.

The first time my great aunt’s children became real to me was when I read their names on the Yad Vashem Pages of Testimony. They were no longer an amorphous group of victims, but individuals, each with his or her own name.

And the nicknames! Kati (Katherine), Zsöfia (Zsöfi) and Tibi (Tibor). It was clear that whoever filled out these forms knew these children well, and that these children were beloved by their parents, their names diminutive tokens of affection.

Their tragic fate in the Holocaust cruelly robbed them of the opportunity to live their lives, and robbed their future extended family, myself included, of ever knowing them — or, even worse, of even knowing what we were missing.

The Holocaust transformed them for future generations into statistics, numbers.

For me, this genealogy journey brought them back to life and gave them identity.

Miriam’s grandmother, Lila, who passed away on August 19, 2014, had been the last known living link to her sister Esther and to Esther’s eldest child Edith. It’s unclear whether Lila met Esther’s second child, but she certainly never met the youngest two, who were born after my grandmother fled Europe.

When Miriam Glattstein recollected babysitting these four children, the affection discernable in her voice, I, for the first time, recognized these children, my first cousins once removed, as real, living people. They are no longer forgotten.

Seeing the image she will never forget: riding in a train with Esther and her four children, en route to Auschwitz. ‘None of them returned,’” says Miriam now, somberly, more than 70 years later, just a few months short of celebrating her 90th birthday.

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IV.

The time I sat down with Aniko and Dr. Miguel Mogoryos to hear their story of Edelény, this remote northern Hungarian town had become a familiar place, and not just because I had visited it.

The Mogoryos knew the Glattsteins, the family to whom I am related by marriage; in fact, the Mogoryos knew just about every Jewish family that lived in Edelény. It turns out that Edelény was incredibly close-knit and the families who managed to survive kept in very close contact following the war, across the continents.

“Listening to all the people from Edelény, you would have thought it was the middle of the universe,” recalls Aniko with a chuckle. “I mean they talked about Edelény as the most wonderful place.”

One only has to visit Edelény today to see the humor in the statement — Edelény has slipped far, far from its former glory days — but Aniko’s perception is testament to the larger-than-life role a place can play in family lore.

Miguel Mogoryos’ father, Alejandro (Sandor in the original Hungarian), was from Edelény.

So is Aniko’s mother, Aranka Jonap nie Szoffer, who now lives in Denver. Miguel and Aniko are Edelény originals. Growing up, Aniko in Miskolc, Hungary, Miguel in Mexico City, they each heard endless tales of this fabled town: summer swims in the Bodva River, the coal mine that Aniko’s father owned, one-room schoolhouses, streets inhabited by large families with children of the same age — and the corresponding friendships.

The style they described reminded me of my grandmother’s tales of her hometown, Nyírmegyeg: her father’s successful farm; cherry orchards surrounding their home; close childhood friends down the dirt road. It seems almost a bucolic existence, in my grandmother’s case marred by her father’s untimely passing. Indeed, it was a pastoral life, because many Hungarian (and other European) Jews, unlike most Jews today, did not live urban lives. Their lives were of small villages and the countryside, for some about local industry, for others agrarian.

Twists of fate wind through the Mogoryos’ story: Miguel’s mother, originally from Slovakia, ended up in Edelény because war broke out and the borders were sealed. Unrequited love
Wherever you went, the first thing you did was find people from Edelény.

The Mogyoros family, 1928. Seated at the front left is Shani, or Sandor, Miguel Mogyoros' father.

The swimming hole where their parents once frolicked during summer days is now a trickle; the majestic castle was transformed during communist times into a military barracks.

The Mogyoroses have made several trips back to Edelény. Aniko once as a child together with her parents, to visit her grandfather's grave before the family fled Hungary; the two of them during the communist era; and later as a family with their four sons.

The Mogyoros family.

To feel a true connection to someone I've never met, I need to meet someone who actually knew this person.

pesticides, soil or lumber. Most of the families were religious; some were not, or one or two were chasidic. Notwithstanding small town gossip, everyone, according to the stories the Mogyoroses heard as children, got along. Most families were in business — chiefly textiles, coal or lumber.

People looked out for each other, says Aniko. Miriam Glattstein's recollections mirrored this sentiment. She told me that her Uncle Ferenc came to Edelény after his brother-in-law, Miriam's father (probably Miguel's father), offered to Edelény after his brother-in-law with their four sons.

The swimming hole where their parents once frolicked during summer days is now a trickle; the majestic castle was transformed during communist times into a military barracks.

The Mogyoroses have made several trips back to Edelény. Aniko once as a child together with her parents, to visit her grandfather's grave before the family fled Hungary; the two of them during the communist era; and later as a family with their four sons.

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