

In this essay, I have sought to recreate a picture of what life was like for our ancestors in Mariampole—and to trace some of the branches of that great Mariampole tree which have enriched the many places in America, and Israel, and elsewhere, where the sons and daughters of Mariampole have settled and made vital contributions to society. By the same token, this essay also reminds us of the branches that were cut off and never allowed to make their contributions to the world: The Mariampoler victims of the Holocaust—and their descendants who might have been. How much the poorer is our world for the loss of those branches!

This is the town name in Hebrew letters

מַאֲרִיאַמְפּוֹל

In the English the town name is “Miriampole” or “Mariampole”