Acknowledgments

When I was an undergraduate at the University of Missouri–Columbia, the local rabbi, Harvey Rosenfeld, taught a course on the Holocaust. Every time it was offered, he encouraged me to take the course, and every time I politely and steadfastly refused—usually with the excuse that 8:40 A.M. was too early in the morning for any class, let alone one on the Holocaust. I have the sneaking suspicion that karma (to borrow a concept from another tradition) has played a key role in keeping my attention focused on questions of Holocaust memory for more than a decade. Fortunately, I have been blessed with many wonderful conversation partners, as well as people who have offered comfort and support while thinking through the issues that occupy this book. I am especially indebted to my parents, Jan and Janet Gubkin, my brother, Josh Gubkin, my dear friend Michelle Brotzman and my husband, Richard Malicdem, for their love and generosity.

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For me, the various stages of this project are tied to a series of moments from the concluding years of my grandmother's life. In my dissertation, I

discussed her move to an assisted-living facility as an illustration of the material presence of memory. Sophie Rice Kellerman moved on her eighty-first birthday, and I returned to Los Angeles with lace shawls, photographs, and prayer books. Tellingly, an early draft of the chapter accidentally described her new home as "an assisted-leaving facility." At the celebration of my dissertation defense, I was confronted with the dementia she had feared for many years before its onset; she passed away at the age of eighty-eight as I was making final revisions to the manuscript; and my mother and I chose the inscription for her headstone ("her memory is treasured by all who knew her") the same day I completed review of the copy edits. Her astute mind and sense of humor are well-captured by the beginning words of her unpublished autobiography, written as part of a freshman composition assignment: "What I shall turn out to be, has yet to be foreseen. But to begin at the beginning I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a September morn 1917. Disappointment reigned throughout the household, as they were all wishing for a boy to carry on the family name. But, nevertheless, I received a warm welcome." While in college she also helped form the Amergers, a name that combines "Americans" and "Germans." She describes the Amergers in later additions to her autobiography as "a social group to help Americanize the boys and girls who had come to the U.S. from Germany or wherever they were persecuted by the Nazis." May her memory be for a blessing. This book is dedicated to Sophie Rice Kellerman.

You Shall Tell Your Children