



Temple B'nai Or

Congregational Holocaust Memorial Ceremony

# Yom HaSho'ah

יום השואה והגבורה



My God, My God  
May these never end...  
The sand and the sea  
The rustle of the waters  
The lightning of the heavens,  
The prayer of man.

אֱלֹהֵי, אֱלֹהֵי  
שְׁלֵא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם  
הַחֹול וְהַיָּם,  
רְשׁוֹשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם,  
בְּרָק הַשָּׁמַיִם,  
תְּפִלַּת הָאָדָם.

We come together to commemorate a period of history known as the Holocaust or in Hebrew the *Sho'ab*. We pause to remember what happened and to assert our commitment to a world in which all people will live side by side without hatred without bigotry without violence.

Together: We come together in sorrow.

We mourn those who lost their lives and we mourn an entire Jewish way of life that perished with them. We seek to make our own lives worthy of their incredible suffering and sacrifice. We seek to affirm our own humanity by recalling theirs.

Together: We come together in anger

For the loss of millions of people of various nationalities and backgrounds for a campaign of annihilation and destruction for years of systematic and relentless mass murder. We hope to create a future with no more genocides, no more Holocaust. We hope we will have the wisdom to recognize evil and the courage to resist it.

Together: We light six candles to remember the light of six millions souls extinguished in the Holocaust.

We remember all who were murdered – Jews and gentiles, victims, martyrs, heroes. We honor those who died because they were Jews...those who died because they helped Jews, those who died because they resisted the Nazis

Together: We come together in light

## **A SURVIVOR REMEMBERS INTRODUCTION:**

Norbert Friedman was born in Krakow, Poland in 1922. In September 1939, the Nazis invaded Poland and in June of 1942 Mr. Friedman was imprisoned in a forced labor camp. From 1942 until liberation by the American army in May 1945, Norbert survived in 11 concentration camps, including Dachau and Flossenbug.

For many years Mr. Friedman has shared stories about his experiences during the war. He has written his memoirs, entitled *Sunrays at Midnight* (2006), and proudly served for many years as a Gallery Educator at the Museum of Jewish Heritage — A Living Memorial to the Holocaust.

Mr. Friedman wrote these Statements of Remembrance that accompany our candle lighting ceremony.

Candle 1: In memory of the one-and-a-half-million innocent children whose lives were extinguished in the cruelest way, a candle is lit.

Candle 2: In memory of parents whose indescribable anguish of separation from their children was exceeded only by the torment of witnessing their murder, a candle is lit.

Candle 3: In memory of those saintly sages whose lives were dedicated to the teaching of Torah, and who went to their death with the cry of *Sh'ma Yisrael* on their lips, a candle is lit.

Candle 4: In memory of all the “Righteous Among the Nations” who risked their lives to save and protect their Jewish brothers and sisters, a candle is lit.

Candle 5: In memory of all the brave souls who perished offering physical and spiritual resistance, not in expectation of conquest, but for the honor and glory of the Jewish People, a candle is lit.

Candle 6: In memory of all those men, women, and children who have no one else to remember them or say *kaddish* for them, whose very names have been erased, but whose memory lives on in our hearts and in our thoughts, for them, a candle is lit.

## The Last Butterfly 🎵

The last, the very last,  
So richly brightly dazzlingly yellow, yellow;  
Such, such a yellow is carried way up high  
It went away I'm sure because it wishes to kiss the world goodbye.  
For seven weeks I've lived in here penned up inside this Ghetto  
But I have found my people here  
The dandelions call to me;  
Only, I never saw another butterfly

The last butterfly was written by Pavel Friedmann who was born in Prague and deported to Terezin Ghetto at age 11. Pavel perished in Auschwitz in 1944, but his poem remains to this day in the collection of the State Jewish Museum in Prague.

There were many Jews and Jewish children who expressed their suffering through the arts: poetry, drawing, music. The harsh living conditions in the ghetto, led children to express their dreams to escape from their reality.

In this next poem, Avraham Koplowicz, writes of his dreams to escape to freedom. A freedom that he was never able to attain. Avraham also perished in Auschwitz in 1944. He left us his words of hope

### **A Dream** / Avraham Koplowicz

When I grow up and reach the age of 20,  
I'll set out to see the enchanting world  
I'll take a seat in a bird with a motor.  
I'll rise and soar into space  
I'll fly, sail, hover,  
Over the lovely faraway world,  
I'll soar over rivers and oceans  
Skyward shall I ascend and blossom,  
A cloud my sister, the wind my brother.  
I'll see the Pyramids and the Sphinx,  
I'll fly over Niagra Falls,  
I'll drift over the cloud strewn cliffs of Tibet,  
By wind I'll cross the great kangaroo island  
I'll fly slowly, hovering lazily,  
And thus, basking in the enchantment of this world,  
Skyward shall I soar and blossom,  
A cloud my sister, the wind my brother.

The following well known Yiddish lullaby by Mark Warshawky (1848-1907) describes children learning the Hebrew alphabet, symbolic of passing down the Jewish tradition from generation to generation.

The song concludes, "When you grow weary and old, you will understand that this alphabet contains the tears and weeping of our people; when you grow weary and burdened with exile, you will find comfort and strength with the Jewish alphabet."

## At the Fireplace

In the glowing stove  
Flames leap merrily,  
And fill the house with heat.  
And the rebbe teaches all the  
little ones  
Our "Aleph-Beit."

Remember, little ones,  
Remember, precious ones,  
What you're learning now.  
Say it once again  
And even once again,  
"Kometz Aleph: O!"



*Oyfn pripetsbik brent a fayerl  
Un in shtub iz beys.  
Un der rebbe lernt kleyne kinderlekh Dem alef  
beyz*

*Zet zhe, kinderlekh, gedenkt zhe, tayere,  
Vos ir lernt do  
Zogt zhe nokh a mol un take nokh a mol:  
Komets-alef o!*

*Lernt, kinder mit groys kheyshek  
Azoy zog ikh aykh on,  
Ver s'vet gikber fun aykh kenen ivre,  
Der bakumt a fon.*

*Az ir vet, kinder elter vern  
Vet ir aleyn farshteyn,  
Vifl in di oysyes lign trern,  
Un vi fil geveyn*

*Az ir vet, kinder dem goles shlep'n,  
Oysgemutsbet zayn,  
Zolt ir fun di oysyes koyekh shepn,  
Kukt in zey arayn!*

אויפן פריפעטשיק ברענט אַ פֿײַערל,  
און אין שטוב איז הייס.  
און דער רבי לערנט קליינע קינדערלעך  
דעם אַלף-בית.

זעט זשע, קינדערלך, געדענקט זשע, טײַערע,  
וואָס איר לערנט דאָ,  
זאָגט זשע נאָך אַ מאָל און טאַקע נאָך אַ מאָל:  
קמץ-אַלף: אָ!

לערנט, קינדער, מיט גרויס חשק,  
אַזוי זאָג איר אייך אָן,  
ווער ס'וועט גיכער פון אייך קענען עברי,  
דער באַקומט אַ פּאַן.

אַז איר וועט, קינדער, עלטער ווערן,  
וועט איר אַליין פאַרשטיין,  
וויפל אין די אותיות ליגן טרערן,  
און ווי פיל געוויין.

אַז איר וועט, קינדער, דעם גלות שלעפן,  
אויסגעמוטשעט זײַן,  
זאָלט איר פון די אותיות כּוח שעפן,  
קוקט אין זיי אַרײַן!

Never Shall I forget that night, the first night in camp, which has turned my life into one long night, seven times cursed and seven times sealed. Never shall I forget that smoke. Never shall I forget the little faces of the children, whose bodies I saw turned into wreaths of smoke beneath a silent blue sky. Never shall I forget those flames which consumed my faith forever. Never shall I forget that nocturnal silence which deprives me, for all eternity, of the desire to live. Never shall I forget those moments which murdered my God and my soul and turned my dreams to dust. Never shall I forget these things, even If I am condemned to live as long as God Himself. Never.

(From Elie Wiesel, Night)

## First They Came

Pastor Martin Niemoller

First they came for the Jews  
And I did not speak out  
Because I was not a Jew.  
Then they came for the communists  
And I did not speak out  
Because I was not a communist

Then they came for the trade unionists  
And I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for me  
And there was no one left  
to speak out for me.

The Nazis were determined to not just wipe out the Jews of their generations, but to exterminate the Jewish future.

They failed and many of those children who survived have spent the years since telling their stories, educating Jews and non-Jews about the dangers of intolerance and the need to respect the dignity of difference. These survivors made a commitment to live for what the victims of the *Sbo'ab* died for.

As a people, we not only share a covenant of faith we also share a covenant of fate. Today, as the number of *Sbo'ab* survivors sadly declines, the duty of remembrance falls on our generation and on our future generations not yet born.

*Yom Hasbo'ab* is a vital day in the Jewish calendar providing us with a focal point for our remembrance. We cannot bring the dead back to life, but we can bring their memory back to life and ensure they are not forgotten. We can undertake in our lives to do what they were so cruelly prevented from doing in theirs.

In doing so we make a great affirmation of life. We ensure that out of the darkest night, the light of the survivors and their memories remains. Faced with destruction, the Jewish people, survived *Lo Amut ki Echyeh*, says the psalm, I will not die, but will live.

## Look After the World, Child 🎵

David Da'or

Look after the world, child,  
There are things you mustn't see,  
Look after the world, child,  
If you see, you'll cease to be,  
Hero of the world, child,  
With the smile of an angel,  
Look after the world, child,  
Because we are no longer able,

*Tishmor al ha'Olam yeled  
Yesh dvarim she'asour lir'ot  
Tishmor al ha'Olam yeled  
Im tir'e tafsik lib'yot  
Gibor shel ha'Olam yeled  
Im Chiyuch shel Mal'achim  
Tishmor al ha'Olam yeled  
Ki Anachnu k'var lo matzlichim*

תשמור על העולם ילד  
יש דברים שאסור לראות  
תשמור על העולם ילד  
אם תראה, תפסיק להיות  
גיבור של העולם ילד  
עם חיוך של מלאכים  
תשמור על העולם ילד  
כי אנחנו כבר לא מצליחים .

Look after the world, child,  
Don't exaggerate with your thoughts,  
Because the more you know, child,  
The less you will understand,  
And at a certain time,  
All the doors close,  
And all the love dies,  
Only you continue to wonder...

*Tishmor al ha'Olam yeled  
Al tagzim b'machshavot  
Ki kama sheteda yoter yeled  
Ata rak tavin pachot  
Uv'sha'a mesuyemet  
Nisgarot kol hadlatot  
V'chol ha'avavah nigmeret  
Rak ata mamshich lit'hot*

תשמור על העולם ילד  
אל תגזים במחשבות  
כי כמה שתדע יותר ילד  
אתה רק תבין פחות  
ובשעה מסוימת  
נסגרות כל הדלתות  
וכל האהבה נגמרת  
רק אתה ממשיך לתהות.

## The Oath

Avraham Shlonsky

By these eyes that have seen the Woe  
Their outcries heaving to my hearts Embrace  
By compassion which taught me condone and forgive  
Till days did come too awful for Grace

I've taken this oath as I breathe and live  
To remember everything, every place.  
Till the tenth generation – Forget no Jot  
Till Each of my insults be completely Assuaged

Till the Last of my Lashed has chastened their lot  
Cry Heaven, if in vain was this night outraged  
Cry Heaven if by Morning I resume my Trod  
And all this from my mind Disengage

# Sculpting Memory

Mourning by Harold M. Schulweis

Memory is our life  
Amnesia our death  
Memory is our strength  
Forgetfulness our attrition  
To remember is a mandate  
A commandment from within  
Memory is no camera  
No indiscriminate recording of the past  
Impartially registered

Memory is a searching for a perspective  
That will illuminate the present  
Memory is a winnowing  
Sifting through the ashes  
To find an ember of meaning  
A smoldering coal with which  
To kindle a fire and warm the spirit

Yiskor is a Hebrew verb written in the future tense  
For memory is not for the past  
But the sake of that which may happen  
Yiskor is no passive registry of yesterday  
But an active strategy for tomorrow.  
If memories are to make us stronger, wiser, kinder  
They must be picked carefully, lovingly.

Those moments of affection,  
those glorious embraces,  
Unrehearsed praised, confirming handshakes  
Raised to prominence  
And those recollections that make us sad  
Filling us with despair  
They too cannot be neglected to the ash-heap  
But must be confronted  
Worked on hard.

## I Still Believe

Marshall A. Portnoy/Susan M. Callen (Freely adapted from The Diary of Anne Frank)

Shining stars and cloudless skies of blue,  
Through the window crack I see you.  
And I long to run, and touch the sun,  
Dear Diary what else can I do?



Growing up and longing for a friend,  
Hoping that our secret life will end.  
In words of light written in the night,  
My thoughts and hopes and dreams to you I send.

Refrain: I still believe in spite of everything  
That people really are good at heart.  
And the skies will be bright  
And it will all come right,  
And a springtime of peace will start.

Dreaming of the precious air of freedom  
Waking and I feel like crying  
There's no place to go, but still I know  
Skies are clearing, birds are flying

Happiness and love that I can share  
In a world of truth and beauty.  
When the thunder's near,  
And when I fear,  
The light of morning dawn will come to me

## Words from our Community: Mark Elster

### *Eyl Malei Rachamim* for the Six Million 🎵

אל מלא רחמים, שוכן במקומים, המצא מנוחה נכונה תחת כנפי השכינה, במעלות קדושים וטהורים, כזהר הרקיע מזהירים, לנשמות כל אחינו בני ישראל שנטבחו בשואה, אנשים נשים וטף, שנהנקו ונששרפו וננהרגו, שמסרו את נפשם על קדוש השם, בגן עדן תהי מנוחתם. אנא בעל הרחמים, הסתירם בסתר כנפיך לעולמים. וצור בצרור החיים את נשמותיהם. ה' הוא גחלתם. וינוחו בשלום על משכבותיהם. ונאמר אמן.

God full of Compassion  
Shared by Rabbi Amy Loewenthal

G-d, full of mercy...  
You who dwell in the heights,  
Shelter them beneath the wings of Your presence  
high among the holy and the pure, who shine  
like the brilliant heavens.

Shelter them --  
shelter the souls of our sisters and brothers of the house of Israel  
who were slaughtered in the *Shoah*,

They revered Your name;  
Their souls passed into Your care.  
Let Eden be their resting place.

Master of Mercy,  
Drape them and keep them forever  
in Your protecting presence.  
Bind their souls to the living and to life.  
G-d, You are their inheritance;  
Where they rest, ease them with peace.

And we say:  
“Amen.”

We unite with the memories of the souls lost with the eternal One as we chant the words of *Kaddish Yatom*

## Mourner's Kaddish

Exalted and hallowed be God's great name  
in the world which God created,  
according to plan.

May God's majesty be revealed  
in the days of our lifetime  
and the life of all Israel –  
speedily, imminently,  
to which we say Amen.

Blessed be God's great name to all eternity.  
Blessed, praised, honored, exalted, extolled,  
glorified, adored, and lauded

be the name of the Holy Blessed One, beyond  
all earthly words  
and songs of blessing,  
praise, and comfort.  
To which we say Amen.

May there be abundant peace  
from heaven, and life, for us and all Israel,  
to which we say Amen.

May the One who creates harmony on high,  
bring peace to us and to all Israel.  
To which we say Amen.

*Yitgadal v'yitkadesh sh'mei raba.  
B'alma di v'ra chirutei,  
v'yamlich malchutei,  
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon  
uv'chayei d'chol beit Yisrael,  
ba'agala uviz'man kariv.  
V'im'ru: Amen.*

*Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach  
l'alam ul'almei almaya.*

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpaar  
v'yitromam v'yitnasei, v'yit'hadar  
v'yitaleh v'yit'halal sh'mei d'kud'sha  
b'rich hu,*

*l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata,  
tushb'chata v'nechemata,  
daamiran b'alma. V'imru: Amen.*

*Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya,  
v'chayim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael.  
V'imru: Amen.*

*Oseh shalom bimromav,  
Hu yaaseh shalom aleinu,  
v'al kol Yisrael. V'imru: Amen.*

יתגדל ויתקדש שמה רבא.  
בעלמא די ברא כרעותה,  
ונימליך מלכותה  
בחיכון וביומיוון  
ובחיי דכל בית ישראל,  
בעגלא ובזמן קריב, ואמרו אמן.

יהא שמה רבא מברך לעלם  
ולעלמי עלמאי.

יתברך וישבח ויתפאר ויתרומם  
ויתנשא ויתהדר ויתעלה ויתהלל  
שמה דקדושא בריך הוא,  
לעלא מן כל ברכתא ושירתא  
תשבחתא ונחמתא,  
דאמירן בעלמא, ואמרו אמן.

יהא שלמא רבא מן שמאי,  
וחיים עלינו ועל כל ישראל,  
ואמרו אמן.

עשה שלום במרומו,  
הוא יעשה שלום עלינו  
ועל כל ישראל, ואמרו אמן.

## Shimon Peres

At the laying of the cornerstone of the Museum of the Jewish People at Beit Hatzfutsot, May 2014

“There are no other people like the Jewish people, who have gone from destruction to destruction, who lost one third of their population in the Holocaust and yet still embrace a glorious history spanning thousands of years. I am proud to be part of the Jewish People wherever they are, and call upon them to partake in preserving our history.”

## The Hope

As long as in the heart, within,  
A Jewish soul still yearns,  
And onward, towards the ends of the east,  
An eye still gazes toward Zion;

Our hope is not yet lost,  
The hope of two thousand years  
To be a free people in our land,  
The land of Zion and Jerusalem



*Kol od balevav penimah  
Nefesh yehudi homiyah,  
Ul'fa'atei mizrach kadimah  
Ayin letziyon tzofiyah;*

*Od lo avdah tikvateinu,  
Hatikvah bat sh'not 'alpayim,  
Libhyot 'am chofshi be'artzeinu,  
'Eretz-Tziyon vityerushalayim*

## התקנה

כָּל עוֹד בַּלֵּבב פְּנִימָה  
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמִיָּה  
וּלְפָאֵתֵי מִזְרָח, קֹדִימָה  
עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה-

עוֹד לֹא אֲבָדָה תִּקְוַתֵּנוּ  
הַתִּקְוָה בֵּת שְׁנֹת אֶלְפִים  
לְהִיּוֹת עַם חֲפֹשֵׁי בְּאַרְצֵנוּ  
אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.

