

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur
and
Community Program Resource



DEDICATION

As the only child of Holocaust survivors, Jacob and Rachel Rosenberg, I have created the Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur to preserve the memory of the Holocaust. The best way to preserve the memory of the Holocaust is to link it to Jewish ritual. Please insert the poems, essays, songs and candlelighting programs which I have provided into your Maariv service. This Siddur service is dedicated to the memory of my parents. Thank you to my wife, Charlene for her support and encouragement.

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard Rosenberg

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication	p. 2
The Rosenberg Family זת"ל	p. 4
Patrons and Sponsors	p. 6
About the Author	p. 7
The Daily Evening / Maariv Service	p. 8
Appendix I: Model Shoah Programs	p. 32
Appendix II: Readings, Poetry, Essays	p. 77

The Rosenberg Family

My maternal grandparents, Jacob and Bluma Frankel lived in Slomnicki, Poland, not far from Krakow, where they owned and operated a successful shoe factory. My mother Rachel, was one of five siblings, Frimit, Chana, Chaim and Alter. All of them married, had children, and lived normal, happy, observant Jewish lives until the war began. After being increasingly restricted and losing their business to Aryanization, they were deported and went through a selection. All of them were murdered, except my mother.

Rachel was sent to Skarzysko-Kamienna Werk C, a slave labor munitions factory. She worked with chemicals for so long, they wrinkled her skin and turned it yellow. Then, on August 4, 1944 she was sent to Buchenwald concentration camp as part of commando group Leipzig-Schonefeld. She was classed as a political prisoner and ordered to wear a red triangle. Her prisoner number was 677-/-, and she remained in Buchenwald until she was liberated by U.S. General Patton's Third Army.

My paternal grandparents were Berish (Berek) and Feiga (Feigel Miriam nee Neumark). Berish had two children, Rivka (Regina) and David, from his previous marriage to Malka Szlanski, and four children with his second wife, Feiga: my father Jacob, and his siblings, Hinda, Bluma and Yehudit (Yetka). They were an ultra-Orthodox family, and my grandfather made his living as a scribe at the local courthouse. My father, Jacob, was born September 14, 1910 in Wodzislaw, District Kielce, Poland

Regina's daughter, Maria, told us that my grandfather was murdered by the Germans on Yom Kippur 1942. The Germans just pushed in the door of the house and shot him. A year later, the remaining Jews in the town were deported to Treblinka.

By the time the war began in 1939, my father was married to Rajzla (nee Goldblum) Rosenberg. They had two small children and lived at 26 Krewzstrasse, Dabrowa Gornicza (Dombrova), in the same town as his Uncle Jacob, who was a lawyer. My father made his living in the meat business, and tried what he could to save his family. After he was arrested he escaped twice, joined partisans, and eventually was recaptured. He was prisoner 124577 in Auschwitz and was moved to Buchenwald on February 10, 1945. On April 6, 1945 he was sent to Kommando Buchenwald II and was liberated, like my mother, by Patton's Third Army.

After the war my parents registered in the Displaced Person's camp and with the International Tracing Service in Regensburg, Germany, but there were no records of any survivors on either side of the family, except for my father's half sister, Rivka (Regina) who spent the war in hiding with her daughter and son-in-law. After my parents met in the camp, my mother discovered that she was distantly related to the family through Regina's mother.

My parents were married in the DP camp, and I was born there on August 25th 1948. Eventually we moved to an apartment in Regensburg, at Am Sterzenbach 10 and remained there until we left for the United States on April 24th, 1950, right after Passover. On April 24th 1950 the three of us emigrated from Bremerhaven to the USA aboard the ship "General Blatchford". We were sent to Tennessee because the Jewish community was in need of someone to work for the kosher butcher.

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

5

HIAS, the agency that helped Jewish immigrants, located Regina Braun, my father's half sister, and her children, Maria and Fred Devinki in Kansas City, Missouri, and transferred us to be near her.

My father first opened a fruit store, then worked for Wilson Meat Company. Eventually he went into real estate. My mother worked in the garment industry. I attended public schools and Kehilat Israel Synagogue religious school. Early on, I decided to become a rabbi because of what had happened to my family during the Holocaust. "Never Again" became my mantra. I would do my best to fight prejudice and hatred and prevent another genocide from ever happening again.

My parents taught me to fight for Jewish causes and never give up. They were both very proud when I was ordained. I received my Ed.D from Yeshiva University after my father's death. My father lived to see his firstborn granddaughter, and my mother lived to see all four of her grandchildren. They are all named after relatives murdered in the Holocaust.

Several years ago, I went to Poland and hired a guide to help me find my parents' home towns. In Wodzislaw, my father's town, we found the original synagogue partly demolished but still standing on the main road. My father's family and relatives lived in several homes on one street which is now a parking lot for the municipal building, where I found a copy of my father's birth certificate. In my mother's town, Slonicki, the main synagogue was also falling down. On one wall there was a plaque commemorating the memory of the Jews who were taken away by the Nazis. We could not find any record of any remaining Jewish presence in the town or in the town hall records. During the summer of 2010 my wife and I went to Regensburg and found the house I grew up in. We also went to the town hall and found my parents marriage documents.

I wish my parents were alive today to enjoy the nachas of their grandchildren and great grandchildren. I promised them that one day I would have enough children to fill a station wagon. Thanks to G-d and my wife, Charlene, I have fulfilled this promise.

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard Rosenberg

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

6

PATRONS

Murray and Mirah Becker
Sam Devinki and Mary Stahl
Maria Devinki
Aaron and Kathleen Dulberger
Ari and Ayelet Feder
Michael Kesler and Barbara Reed
MRK Investments
Midlantic Property Management Inc.
Craig and Shayna Prupis
Walmart
Eric and Fern Weiss

SPONSORS

Josef and Sheila Beer
Norbert and Gerda Bikales
Russell and Sharon Browning
Aliza and Zephyr Chomsky
Elliot and Sharon Feder
John Gorman
Irwin and Denise Hametz
Craig and Ida Kolkin
Melvin and Evelyn Lowenstein
Joshua and Ilana Merl
Steve and Karen Pack
Alex and Eva Raden
Ari Rosenberg
Yaakov and Avital Rosenberg
Bernard and Rosie Ross

Acknowledgment must be given to **Davka Corporation** who gave permission and technical support for their software - specifically Davkawriter Platinum 6.6.3 and their software library of Rabbinic and Siddur CD-ROMs - in addition to their Tech Support which was used extensively to prepare this Holocaust Service and Resource effort [http://www.davka.com/cgi-bin/index.cgi].

Thanks are offered to **Rabbi Barry Dov Lerner** for preparing this work for printing and also hosting this work on his website, <http://www.jewishfreeware.org/>. The PDF is available for a free download and copying. **Rabbis Stephan Parnes and Michael Roscoe** were very helpful with transliteration, proofing, editing and translations.

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

7

About the Author Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg, is the spiritual leader of Congregation Beth-El, Edison, New Jersey.

He received his Ordination and from Yeshiva University in New York. He also received advanced degrees in Speech and Communication, a Doctorate of Education from Yeshiva University and a Doctor of Divinity from The Jewish Theological Seminary, New York. He teaches at Rutgers University in New Jersey and Yeshiva University in New York.

Rabbi Rosenberg's book, "Theological and Halachic Reflections on the Holocaust" is now in its second printing. He is the author of "A Guide for the Jewish Mourner", "Contemplating the Holocaust", "What the Holocaust Means to Me: Teenagers Speak Out" and "Thoughts on the Holocaust - Where Was God Where Was Man—Teenagers Reflect on Major Themes of the Holocaust and "The Holocaust as seen Through Film". His newest book is "Public Speaking – A Guide for Study". He recently received the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Humanitarian Award. He received the Chaplain of the Year Award from The New York Board of Rabbis for his efforts during and following 9-11. On June 10, 2002 Rabbi Rosenberg was presented with the annual Rabbi Israel Mowshowitz Award by The New York Board of Rabbis. Rabbi Rosenberg appears frequently on radio and TV and has published hundreds of articles regarding the Holocaust. Rabbi Rosenberg is National Holocaust Chairman for the New York Board of Rabbis and serves on the New Jersey State Holocaust Commission.



Bubby and Zady



Bubby, Zeidy, Daddy



Bubby, Zeidy, Daddy,



Rabbi Rosenberg



Daddy's Parents

מעריב לחול

וְהוּא רַחוּם יְכַפֵּר עֲוֹן וְלֹא יִשְׁחִית, וְהִרְבָּה לְהַשִּׁיב אָפּוֹ, וְלֹא יַעֲרִיר כָּל חַמָּתּוֹ. יְיָ הוֹשִׁיעָה,
הַמֶּלֶךְ יַעֲנֵנוּ בַּיּוֹם קִרְאָנוּ.

And He being merciful, forgives iniquity, and does not destroy; He withholds His anger, and He does not increase His anger. The Lord will deliver us; the King will answer us whenever we call.

בָּרְכּוּ Barkhu

ש"ץ בָּרְכוּ אֶת יְיָ הַמְּבָרָךְ.

Leader: *Barchu et Adonai hamvorach.*

Praise Adonai who is exalted.

קהל וש"ץ בָּרוּךְ יְיָ הַמְּבָרָךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Congregation and Leader: *Baruch Adonai hamvorakh l'olam va-ed.*

Praised is Adonai who is exalted for all time.

Maariv Aravim מעריב ערב

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר בדברו מעריב ערבים, בחכמה פותח שערים, ובתבונה משנה עתים, ומחליף את הזמנים, ומסדר את הכוכבים במשמרותיהם בקיע כרצונו. בורא יום ולילה, גולל אור מפני חשך, וחשך מפני אור. ש"ץ ומעביר יום ומביא לילה, ומבדיל בין יום ובין לילה, יי צבאות שמו. אל חי וקים, תמיד מלוך עלינו לעולם ועד. ברוך אתה יי, המעריב ערבים.

Baruch atah Adonai, Eloheinu melech ha-olam, asher bidvaro Maariv aravim, b'choch'mah potei-ach sh'arim, uvitvunah m'shaneh itim, umachalif et haz'manim, um'sadeir et hakochavim b'mishm'roteihem baraki-a kirtzono. Borei yom valay'lah, goleil or mip'nei choshech, v'choshech mip'nei or. Leader Uma-avir yom umeivi ay'lah, umavdil bein yom uvein lay'lah, Adonai tz'va-ot sh'mo. Eil chai v'kayam, tamid yimloch aleinu l'olam va-ed. Baruch atah Adonai, haMaariv aravim.

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe who at thy word brings on the evening twilight, with wisdom opens the gates of the heavens, and with understanding changes times and varies the seasons, and arranges the stars in their watches in the sky, according to thy will. Thou creates day and night; thou rolls away the light from before the darkness, and the darkness from before the light;

Leader you make the day to pass and the night to approach; you divide the day from the night; the Lord of hosts is thy Name; a God living and enduring continually, may thou reign over us for ever and ever. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who brings on the evening twilight.

Ahavat Olam אהבת עולם

אהבת עולם בית ישראל עמך אהבת, תורה ומצוות, חקים ומשפטים
 אותנו למדת. על כן יי אלהינו, בשכבנו ובקומנו נשיח בחקיך, ונשמח
 בדברי תורתך ובמצותיך לעולם ועד. כי הם חיינו וארך ימינו, ובהם
 נהגה יומם ולילה, ש"ץ ואהבתך אל תסיר ממנו לעולמים. ברוך אתה
 יי, אוהב עמו ישראל.

*Ahavat olam beit yisra-eil am'cha ahav'ta, torah umitzvot, chukim umishpatim otanu
 limadta. Al kein Adonai Eloheinu, b'shoch'veinu uv'kumeinu nasi-ach b'chukecha,
 v'nismach b'divrei toratecha uv'mitzvatecha l'olam va-ed. Ki heim chayeinu v'orech
 yameinu, uvahem nehgeh yomam valay'lah. Leader V'ahavat'cha al tasir mimenu
 l'olamim. Baruch atah Adonai, oheiv amo yisra-eil.*

With everlasting love you have loved the house of Israel, teaching us your Torah,
 its mitzvot, laws and judgments. Therefore, when we lie down and rise up we shall
 speak of your commandments. We will rejoice forever in your Torah and mitzvot,
 for they are our life and the length of our days. We will meditate on them day and
 night. **Leader** May your love never depart from us. Blessed art thou, who bestows
 love upon your people Israel.

(יחיד אומר: אל מלך נאמן)

Sh'ma שמע

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יְיָ אֶחָד.

Sh'ma Yisra-eil, Adonai Eloheinu, Adonai Echad.

Hear O Israel, Adonai is our God, Adonai is One

[Silently]

ברוך שם כבוד מלכותו לעולם ועד.

Baruch sheim k'vod malchuto l'olam va-ed.

Praised be God's glorious sovereignty forever.

וְאַהַבְתָּ אֶת יְהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ בְּכָל-לִבְבְּךָ וּבְכָל-נַפְשְׁךָ וּבְכָל-מְאֹדְךָ:
וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה אֲשֶׁר אֲנִי מְצַוְךָ הַיּוֹם עַל-לִבְבְּךָ: וְשִׁנַּנְתָּם
לִבְנֶיךָ וְדִבַּרְתָּ בָּם בְּשִׁבְתְּךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ וּבִלְכֻתְךָ בַּדֶּרֶךְ וּבְשֹׁכְבְּךָ
וּבְקוּמְךָ: וְקָשַׁרְתָּם לְאֹזֶן עַל-יָדְךָ וְהָיוּ לְטֹטְפֹת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ:
וְכָתַבְתָּם עַל-מְזוֹזֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ: (Dt. 6:4-9)

*V'ahavta eit Adonai elohecha, b'chol l'vav'cha, uv'chol nafsh'cha, uv'chol m'odecha.
V'hayu had'varim ha-eileh, asher anochi m'tzav'cha Hayom, al l'vavecha. V'shinantam
l'vanecha, v'dibarta bam, b'shiv't'cha b'veitecha, uv'lecht'cha vaderech, uv'shochb'cha,
uv'kumecha. Uk'shartam l'ot al yadecha, v'hayu l'totafot bein einecha. Uch'tavtam al
m'zuzot beitecha u-visharecha. (Dt. 6:4-9)*

And you shall love Adonai your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your might. These words, which I command you this day, shall be upon your heart: and you shall teach them diligently to your children. You shall teach them when you sit in your house and when you walk by the way; when you lie down and when you rise up. You shall bind them for a sign upon your hand, and they shall be for frontlets between your eyes. And, you shall write them upon the door-posts of your house, and upon your gates. (Dt. 6:4-9)

וְהָיָה אִם-שָׁמַעַתְּ תִשְׁמְעוּ אֶל-מִצְוֹתַי אֲשֶׁר אֲנֹכִי מֵצִוְהָ אֶתְכֶם הַיּוֹם לְאַהֲבָה
 אֶת-יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵיכֶם וּלְעֲבֹדוֹ בְּכָל-לִבְבְּכֶם וּבְכָל-נַפְשְׁכֶם: וְנָתַתִּי
 מִטֶּר-אֲרָצְכֶם בְּעֵתוֹ יוֹרֶה וּמִלְקוֹשׁ וְאִסְפַּת דְּגָנָה וְתִירְשָׁה וְיִצְהָרָה: וְנָתַתִּי
 עֵשֶׂב בְּשִׂדְךָ לְבִהְמֹתֶךָ וְאֹכֶלֶת וְשִׁבְעֶת: הִשְׁמְרוּ לָכֶם פֶּן-יִפְתֶּה לִבְבְּכֶם
 וְסָרְתֶם וַעֲבַדְתֶּם אֱלֹהִים אֲזֻזִּים וְהִשְׁתַּזְוִיתֶם לָהֶם: וְזָרָה אִף-יְהוָה בְּכֶם
 וְעָזַר אֶת-הַשָּׂמִים וְלֹא-יִהְיֶה מִטֶּר וְהָאֲדָמָה לֹא תִתֵּן אֶת-יְבוּלָהּ וְאֲבַדְתֶּם
 מִיָּדָה מֵעַל הָאָרֶץ הַטֹּבָה אֲשֶׁר יְהוָה נָתַן לָכֶם: וְשִׁמַּתֶּם אֶת-דְּבָרֵי אֱלֹהֵי
 עַל-לִבְבְּכֶם וְעַל-נַפְשְׁכֶם וְקִשְׁרְתֶּם אֹתָם לְאוֹת עַל-יְדֵיכֶם וְהָיוּ לְטוֹטְפוֹת
 בֵּין עֵינֵיכֶם: וּלְמִדְתֶּם אֹתָם אֶת-בְּנֵיכֶם לְדָבָר בָּם בְּשִׁבְתֶּךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ
 וּבְלִכְתֶּךָ בְּדֶרֶךְ וּבְשִׁכְבְּךָ וּבְקוּמָךְ: וְכִתְבֹתֶם עַל-מִזְוֹזוֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ:
 לְמַעַן יִרְבוּ יְמֵיכֶם וְיָמֵי בְנֵיכֶם עַל הָאֲדָמָה אֲשֶׁר נָשָׁבַע יְהוָה לְאַבְתִּיכֶם
 לֵאמֹר לָהֶם כִּימֵי הַשָּׂמִים עַל-הָאָרֶץ: (Dt. 11:13-21)

V'hayah im shamoa tishm'u el mitzvotai, asher anochi m'tzaveh etchem Hayom, l'ahavah et Adonai eloheichem ul'ov'do, b'chol l'avchem uv'chol nafsh'chem. V'natati m'tar artz'chem b'ito, yoreh umalkosh, v'asafta d'ganecha v'tirosh'cha v'yitzharecha. V'natati eisev b'sad'cha livhemtecha, v'achalta v'sava'ta. Hisham'ru lachem pen yifteh l'avchem, v'sartem va-avadtem elohim acheirim v'hishtachavitem lahem. V'charah af Adonai bachem, v'atza et hashamayim v'lo yihyeh matar, v'ha-adamah lo titein et y'vulah, Va-avadtem m'heirah mei-al ha-aretz hatovah asher Adonai notein lachem. V'santem et d'varai eileh al l'avchem v'al nafsh'chem, uk'shartem otam l'ot al yedchem, v'hayu l'totafot bein eineichem. V'limadtem otam et b'neichem l'dabeir bam, b'shivt'cha b'veitecha, uv'lecht'cha vaderech, uv'shochb'cha, uv'kumecha. Uch'tavtam al m'zuzot beitecha uvisharecha. L'ma-an yirbu y'meichem vimev'neichem al ha-adamah asher nishba Adonai la-avoteichem lateit lahem, kimei hashamayim al ha-aretz.

It shall come to pass, if you shall hearken diligently to my commandments which I command you today, to love Adonai your God, and to serve him with all your heart, with all your soul, that I will give the rain of your land in its proper season, both the former rain and the latter rain, that you may gather in your corn, your wine, and your oil. I will give grass in your field for your cattle, and you shall eat and be satisfied. Take heed lest your heart be deceived, and you turn aside, and serve other gods to worship them. Then the anger of Adonai will be kindled against you, and he will shut up the heavens that there be no rain; then the land will not yield her fruit; and you will perish quickly from off the good land which Adonai gives you. Therefore, remember my words in your heart and in your soul. Bind them for a sign upon your hand, and they shall be for frontlets between your eyes. Teach them to your children, talking of them when you sit in your house, and

when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise up. Place them upon the door-posts of your house and upon your gates. Then your days and the days of your descendants will be increased on the land which God promised to your ancestors to give them, for as long as the days of the heavens are above the earth. (Dt. 11:13-21)

וַיֹּאמֶר יְהוָה אֶל־מֹשֶׁה לֵּאמֹר: דַּבֵּר אֶל־בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאָמַרְתָּ אֲלֵהֶם וְעָשׂוּ
 לָהֶם צִיצִית עַל־כַּנְפֵי בְגָדֵיהֶם לְדֹרֹתָם וְנָתַנּוּ עַל־צִיצִית הַכַּנָּף פֶּתִיל
 תְּכֵלֶת: וְהָיָה לָכֶם לְצִיצִית וּרְאִיתֶם אֹתוֹ וְזָכַרְתֶּם אֶת־כָּל־מִצְוֹת יְהוָה
 וְעָשִׂיתֶם אֹתָם וְלֹא תִתּוּרוּ אַחֲרַי לְבַבְכֶּם וְאַחֲרַי עֵינֵיכֶם אֲשֶׁר־אַתֶּם זֹנִים
 אַחֲרֵיהֶם: לְמַעַן תִּזְכְּרוּ וְעָשִׂיתֶם אֶת־כָּל־מִצְוֹתַי וְהָיִיתֶם קְדוֹשִׁים
 לֵאלֹהֵיכֶם: אֲנִי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵיכֶם אֲשֶׁר הוֹצֵאתִי אֶתְכֶם מֵאֶרֶץ מִצְרָיִם לְהָיוֹת
 לָכֶם לֵאלֹהִים אֲנִי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵיכֶם: (Num. 15:37-41) ש"ץ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵיכֶם אָמֵן.

Vayomer Adonai el mosheh leimor: Dabeir el b'nei yisra-eil v'amarta aleihem, v'asu lahem tzitzit al kanfei vigdeihem l'dorotam, v'nat'nu al tzitzit hakanaf p'til t'cheilet. V'hayah lachem l'tzitzit, ur'item oto uz'chartem et kol mitzvat Adonai, va-asitem otam, v'lo taturu acharei l'avchem v'acharei eineichem, asher atem zonim achareihem. L'ma-an tizk'ru va-asitem et kol mitzvotay, vihyitem k'doshim leiloheichem. Ani Adonai eloheichem, asher hotzeiti etchem mei-eretz mitzrayim, lihyot lachem leilohim, ani Adonai eloheichem. (Num. 15:37-41) Leader Adonai eloheichem emet.

And Adonai spoke unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and instruct them that they make for themselves a fringe upon the corners of their garments throughout their generations. Put upon the fringe of each corner a cord of blue; and it shall be unto you for a corner fringe; This you shall do in order that you look at it, and remember all the commandments of Adonai, and do them. Go not about after your own heart and desiring whatever your own eyes see; do not be led astray. This is to be done in order that you remember and do all my commandments, and be holy unto your God. I am Adonai your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, to be your God: I am Adonai your God. (Num. 15:37-41)

אֱמֶת וְאֱמוּנָה כָּל זֹאת, וְקִיָּם עָלֵינוּ, כִּי הוּא יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֵין זִוְלָתוֹ, וְאֶנְחֵנוּ יִשְׂרָאֵל
 עִמּוֹ. הַפּוֹדֵנוּ מִיַּד מְלָכִים, מַלְכֵנוּ הַגּוֹאֲלֵנוּ מִכַּף כָּל הָעָרִיצִים. הָאֵל הַנִּפְרָע לָנוּ
 מִצָּרֵינוּ, וְהַמְשַׁלֵּם גְּמוּלָה לְכָל אִיבֵי נַפְשֵׁנוּ, הָעֹשֶׂה גְדוּלוֹת עַד אֵין חֶקֶר, וְנִפְלְאוֹת
 עַד אֵין מִסְפָּר. הַשֵּׁם נִפְשָׁנוּ בַּחַיִּים, וְלֹא נָתַן לְמוֹט רַגְלָנוּ. הַמְדְּרִיכֵנוּ עַל בָּמוֹת
 אוֹיְבֵינוּ, וַיֵּרֶם קֶרְנֵנוּ עַל כָּל שׁוֹנְאֵינוּ. הָעֹשֶׂה לָנוּ נִסִּים וְנִקְמָה בַּפָּרֶעָה, אוֹתוֹת
 וּמוֹפְתִים בְּאֶדְמַת בְּנֵי חָם. הַמַּכֶּה בְּעֶבְרָתוֹ כָּל בְּכוֹרֵי מִצְרַיִם, וַיּוֹצֵא אֶת עַמּוֹ
 יִשְׂרָאֵל מִתּוֹכָם לְחֵירוֹת עוֹלָם. הַמַּעֲבִיר בָּנוּ בֵּין גְּזְרֵי יָם סוּף, אֶת רוֹדְפֵיהֶם וְאֶת
 שׁוֹנְאֵיהֶם בְּתַהוֹמוֹת טֶבַע. וְרָאוּ בָנוּ גְבוּרָתוֹ, שִׁבְחוּ וְהוֹדוּ לְשִׁמּוֹ. וּמַלְכוּתוֹ
 בְּרָצוֹן קִבְּלוּ עָלֵיהֶם, מֹשֶׁה וּבְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל לֶךְ עָנוּ שִׁירָה בְּשִׂמְחָה רַבָּה, וַאֲמָרוּ כָּלם:

Emet ve-emunah kol zot, v'kayam aleinu, ki hu Adonai Eloheinu v'ein zulato, va-anachnu yisra-eil amo. Hapodeinu miyad m'lachim, malkeinu hagoaleinu mikaf kol he-aritzim. Ha-eil hanifra lanu mitzareinu, v'hamshaleim g'mul l'chol oy'vei nafsheinu, ha-oseh g'dolot ad ein cheiker, v'nifla-ot ad ein mispar. Hasam nafsheinu bachayim, v'lo natan lamot ragleinu. Hamadricheinu al bamot oy'veinu, vayarem karneinu al kol son'einu. Ha-oseh lanu nisim un'kamah b'faroh, otot umof'tim b'admat b'nei cham. Hamakeh v'evrato kol b'chorei mitzrayim, vayotzei et amo yisra-eil mitocham l'cheirut olam. Hama-avir banav bein gizrei yam suf, et rod'feihem v'et son'eihem bithomot tiba. V'rau vanav g'vurato, shib'chu v'hodu lishmo. Umalchuto v'ratzon kib'lu aleihem, mosheh uv'nei yisra-eil l'cha anu shirah b'simchah rabah, v'am'ru chulam:

True and trustworthy is all this, and it is established with us that he is the Lord our God, and there is none beside him, and that we, Israel, are his people. It is he who redeemed us from the hand of kings, even our King, who delivered us from the grasp of all tyrants; the God, who on our behalf dealt out punishment to our adversaries, and requited all our mortal enemies; who doeth great things past finding out, yea, and wonders without number; who maintaineth us in life, and hath not suffered our feet to slip; who made us overcome and conquer our enemies, and exalted our strength above all them that hated us; who wrought for us miracles and retribution upon Pharaoh, signs and wonders in the land of the children of Ham; who in his wrath smote all the first-born of Egypt, and brought forth his people Israel from among them to everlasting freedom; who made his children pass through the divided Red Sea, but sank their pursuers and their enemies in its depths. Then his children beheld his might; they praised and gave thanks unto his Name, and willingly accepted his sovereignty. Moses and the children of Israel sang a song unto thee with great joy, saying, all of them.

מי כמֹכָה מִי כְמֹכָה

מִי כְמֹכָה בְּאֵלִים יְיָ, מִי כְמֹכָה נֶאֱדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ, נֹרָא תְהִלָּת, עֹשֶׂה פִלְא.

Mi chamochah ba-eilim Adonai, mi kamochah nedar bakodesh, nora t'hilot, oseih fele.

“Who is like you among all who are worshipped as gods! Who is like you, so awesome in splendor, working wonders.”

מַלְכוּתְךָ רָאוּ בְנֶיךָ, בּוֹקֵעַ יָם לִפְנֵי מֹשֶׁה, זֶה אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאָמְרוּ:

Malchut'cha ra-u vanecha, bokei-a yam lifnei mosheh, zeh eili anu v'am'ru:

Your children beheld your sovereignty. “This is my God,” they proclaimed.

יְיָ יִמְלֹךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד וְנֶאֱמַר: כִּי פָדָה יְיָ אֶת יַעֲקֹב, וּגְאָלוֹ מִיַּד חֲזָק מִמֶּנּוּ.
בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, גֹּאֲלֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל.

Adonai yimloch l'olam va-ed V'ne-emar: ki fadah Adonai et ya-akov, ug'alo miyad chazak mimenu. Baruch atah Adonai, ga-al yisra-eil.

“And Adonai shall reign forever.” And thus it is written: “Adonai has rescued Jacob; God redeemed him from those more powerful.” Blessed art thou, redeemer of the people Israel.

הַשְׁכִּיבֵנוּ Hashkiveinu

הַשְׁכִּיבֵנוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם, וְהַעֲמִידֵנוּ מַלְכֵנוּ לְחַיִּים, וּפְרוֹשׁ עָלֵינוּ סִכַּת
שְׁלוֹמְךָ, וְתִקְנֵנוּ בְּעֶצֶה טוֹבָה מִלְּפָנֶיךָ, וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ לְמַעַן שְׁמֶךָ. וְהִגֵּן בְּעַדָּנוּ, וְהִסֵּר
מֵעָלֵינוּ אוֹיֵב, דָּבָר, וְחָרָב, וְרָעָב, וְיָגוֹן, וְהִסֵּר שָׁטָן מִלְּפָנֵינוּ וּמֵאַחֲרֵינוּ, וּבָצַל
כְּנָפֶיךָ תַּסְתִּירֵנוּ, כִּי אֵל שׁוֹמְרָנוּ וּמַצִּילֵנוּ אַתָּה, כִּי אֵל מֶלֶךְ חַנוּן וְרַחוּם
אַתָּה. Leader וְשֹׁמֵר צִאֲתָנוּ וּבּוֹאָנוּ, לְחַיִּים וּלְשָׁלוֹם, מַעֲתָה וְעַד עוֹלָם. בָּרוּךְ
אַתָּה יְיָ, שׁוֹמֵר עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל לָעַד.

*Hashkiveinu Adonai Eloheinu l'shalom, v'ha-amideinu malkeinu l'chayim, uf'ros aleinu
sukat sh'lomecha, v'tak'neinu b'eitzah tovah mil'fanecha, v'hoshi-einu l'ma-an
sh'mecha. V'hagein ba-adeinu, v'haseir mei-aleinu oyeiv, dever, v'cherev, v'ra-av,
v'yagon, v'haseir satan mil'faneinu umei-achareinu, uv'tzeil k'nafecha tastireinu, ki eil
shom'reinu umatzileinu atah, ki eil melech chanun v'rachum atah, Leader ush'mor
tzeiteinu uvoeinu, l'chayim ul'shalom, mei-atah v'ad olam. Baruch atah Adonai, shomeir
amo yisra-eil la-ad.*

Help us Eternal One to lie down in peace;
And we pray you awaken us to life again tomorrow.

May we always be guided by your good counsel,
And thus find shelter in your sanctuary of peace.

We pray that you shield us against our foes,
And against disease, destruction and sorrow.

Strengthen us against the forces of evil which abound on every side.
May we always sense your loving care for you are our merciful God.

Guard us always and everywhere,
Bless us with life and peace.

Praised are you, God of peace,
Who guards your people Israel forever.

בְּרוּךְ יְיָ לְעוֹלָם, אָמֵן וְאָמֵן. בְּרוּךְ יְיָ מַצִּיּוֹן שֶׁכֵּן יְרוּשָׁלַיִם הַלְלוּיָהּ. בְּרוּךְ יְיָ
 אֱלֹהִים אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל, עֲשֵׂה נִפְלְאוֹת לְבָדּוֹ. וּבְרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹדוֹ לְעוֹלָם, וַיִּמְלֹא
 כְּבוֹדוֹ אֶת כָּל הָאָרֶץ, אָמֵן וְאָמֵן. יְהִי כְבוֹד יְיָ לְעוֹלָם, יִשְׁמַח יְיָ בְּמַעֲשָׂיו. יְהִי שֵׁם
 יְיָ מְבָרָךְ, מֵעַתָּה וְעַד עוֹלָם. כִּי לֹא יִטָּשׁ יְיָ אֶת עַמּוֹ בְּעַבּוּר שְׁמוֹ הַגָּדוֹל, כִּי
 הוֹאִיל יְיָ לַעֲשׂוֹת אֲתָכֶם לוֹ לְעַם. וַיֵּרָא כָּל הָעָם וַיִּפְּלוּ עַל פְּנֵיהֶם, וַיֹּאמְרוּ, יְיָ הוּא
 הָאֱלֹהִים, יְיָ הוּא הָאֱלֹהִים. וְהָיָה יְיָ לְמֶלֶךְ עַל כָּל הָאָרֶץ, בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא יִהְיֶה יְיָ אֶחָד
 וּשְׁמוֹ אֶחָד. יְהִי חֲסִדְךָ יְיָ עָלֵינוּ, כַּאֲשֶׁר יַחֲלֵנוּ לָךְ. הוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, וְקַבְּצֵנוּ
 מִן הַגּוֹיִם, לַהּוֹדוֹת לְשֵׁם קֹדֶשְׁךָ, לְהַשְׁתַּבַּח בְּתִהְלָתְךָ. כָּל גּוֹיִם אֲשֶׁר עָשִׂיתָ יִבְאוּ
 וַיִּשְׁתַּחֲווּ לְפָנֶיךָ אֲדֹנָי, וַיִּכְבְּדוּ לְשִׁמְךָ. כִּי גָדוֹל אַתָּה וְעֲשֵׂה נִפְלְאוֹת, אַתָּה אֱלֹהִים
 לְבָדְךָ. וַאֲנַחְנוּ עִמָּךְ וְצֵאן מִרְעִיתְךָ, נוֹדָה לָךְ לְעוֹלָם, לְדוֹר וָדוֹר נִסְפֵּר תִּהְלָתְךָ.

Blessed be the Lord for evermore. Amen, and Amen. Blessed be the Lord out of Zion, who dwelleth in Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who alone doeth wondrous things: and blessed be his glorious Name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen. Let the glory of the Lord endure for ever; Let the Lord rejoice in his works. Let the Name of the Lord be blessed from this time forth and for evermore. For the Lord will not forsake his people, for his great Name's sake; because it hath pleased him to make you a people unto himself. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The Lord, he is God; the Lord, he is God. And the Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day shall the Lord be One, and his Name One. Let thy lovingkindness, O Lord, be upon us, according as we have hoped for thee. Save us, O God of our salvation, and gather us and deliver us from the nations, to give thanks unto thy holy Name, and to triumph in thy praise. All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and they shall glorify thy Name: for thou art great and doest marvellous things; thou art God alone. But we are thy people and the sheep of thy pasture; we will give thanks unto thee for ever: we will recount thy praise to all generations.

בְּרוּךְ יְיָ בַּיּוֹם, בְּרוּךְ יְיָ בְּלֵילָהּ, בְּרוּךְ יְיָ בְּשַׁכְבָּנוּ, בְּרוּךְ יְיָ בְּקוּמָנוּ. כִּי בִידְךָ
 נִפְשׁוֹת הַחַיִּים וְהַמֵּתִים, אֲשֶׁר בִּידְךָ נִפְּשׁ כָּל חַי וְרוּחַ כָּל בָּשָׂר אִישׁ. בִּידְךָ אֶפְקִיד
 רוּחִי, פְּדִיתָה אוֹתִי, יְיָ, אֵל אֱמֶת. אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׂבִשְׁמִים, יַחַד שְׁמֶךָ, וְקִים מַלְכוּתְךָ
 תָּמִיד, וּמְלוֹךְ עָלֵינוּ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Baruch Adonai bayom, baruch Adonai balay'lah, baruch Adonai b'shoch'veinu, baruch Adonai b'kumeinu. Ki v'yad'cha nafshot hachayim v'hameitim, asher b'yado nefesh kol

chay v'ruach kol b'sar ish. B'yad'cha afkid ruchy, paditah oti, Adonai, eil emet. Eloheinu shebashamayim, yacheid shimcha, v'kayeim malchut'cha tamid, um'loch aleinu l'olam va-ed.

Blessed be the Lord by day: blessed be the Lord by night; blessed be the Lord when we lie down; blessed be the Lord when we rise up. For in thy hand are the souls of the living and the dead, as it is said, In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the spirit of all human flesh. Into thy hand I commend my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. Our God who art in heaven, assert the unity of thy Name, and establish thy kingdom continually, and reign over us for ever and ever.

יְרֵאוּ עֵינֵינוּ, וַיִּשְׁמַח לִבֵּנוּ, וְתִגַּל נַפְשֵׁנוּ בִישׁוּעַתְךָ בְּאַמֶּת, בְּאַמּוֹר לְצִיּוֹן, מֶלֶךְ
אֱלֹהֵינוּ. יְיָ מֶלֶךְ, יְיָ מֶלֶךְ, יְיָ מֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד. כִּי הַמְּלָכוֹת שְׁלֹךְ הִיא, וּלְעוֹלָמִי
עַד תִּמְלֹךְ בְּכָבוֹד, כִּי אֵין לָנוּ מֶלֶךְ אֶלָּא אַתָּה. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הַמֶּלֶךְ בְּכָבוֹדוֹ,
תָּמִיד יִמְלֹךְ עָלֵינוּ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד, וְעַל כָּל מַעֲשָׂיו.

Yiru eineinu, v'yismach libeinu, v'tageil nafsheinu bishuat'cha be-emet, be-emor l'tziyon, malach elohayich. Adonai melech, Adonai malach, Adonai yimloch l'olam va-ed. Ki hamalchut shel'cha hi, ul'ol'mei ad timloch b'chavod, ki ein lanu melech ela atah. Baruch atah Adonai, hamelech bichvodo, tamid yimloch aleinu l'olam va-ed, v'al kol ma-asav.

May our eyes behold, our hearts rejoice, and our souls be glad in your true salvation, when it shall be said to Zion, Your God reigns. The Lord is king; the Lord was king; the Lord shall be king forever. The kingdom is yours, and to everlasting you will reign in glory; we have no king but you. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the King, who constantly in his glory will reign over us and over all his works for ever and ever.

Reader's Half Kaddish קדוש

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתֵיהּ, וַיְמַלִּיךְ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ
בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ
אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.
יְתְּבָרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל
שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעֵלָא מִן כָּל בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא
וְנַחֲמָתָא, דְּאִמְרֵן בְּעֶלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba. B'al'ma di v'ra chiruteih, v'yamlich malchuteih
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chayei d'chol beit yisra-eil, ba-agala uvizman kariv,
v'imru amen.*

Unison: Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal
sh'meih d'kudsha b'rich hu, l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata,
da-amiran b'al'ma, v'imru amen.*

Translation of Half Kaddish קדוש

May God's name be exalted and hallowed throughout the world that he created, as is God's wish. May God's sovereignty soon be accepted during our life and the life of all Israel. Amen.

Unison: May God's great name be praised throughout all time.

Glorified and celebrated, lauded and worshiped, exalted and honored, extolled and acclaimed may the Holy One be, praised beyond all song and psalm, beyond all tributes that mortals can utter. Amen.

עמידה Amidah

[We recite together the Amidah silently. We remain standing to conclude together singing in unison softly Oseh Shalom.]

[Silently: אֲדֹנֵי שְׁפָתַי תִּפְתָּח וּפִי יִגִּיד תְּהִלָּתְךָ.]

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ, אֱלֹהֵי יִצְחָק, וְאֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב, הָאֵל הַגָּדוֹל הַגִּבּוֹר וְהַנּוֹרָא, אֵל עֲלִיּוֹן, גּוֹמֵל חֲסָדִים טוֹבִים, וְקִנְיָה הַכֹּל, וְזוֹכֵר חֲסָדֵי אֲבוֹת, וּמֵבִיא גּוֹאֵל לְבְנֵי בְנֵיהֶם, לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ בְּאַהֲבָה. מְלַךְ עוֹזֵר וּמוֹשִׁיעַ וּמַגֵּן. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מִגֵּן אֲבֹרָה. אַתָּה גִּבּוֹר לְעוֹלָם אֲדֹנֵי, מַחֲיָה מֵתִים אַתָּה, רַב לְהוֹשִׁיעַ.

מְכַלְכֵּל חַיִּים בְּחֶסֶד, מַחֲיָה מֵתִים בְּרַחֲמִים רַבִּים, סוֹמֵךְ נוֹפְלִים, וְרוֹפֵא חוֹלִים, וּמַתִּיר אֲסוּרִים, וּמַקְיֵם אֲמוּנָתוֹ לִישׁוּעֵי עֶפֶר, מִי כְמוֹךָ בַּעַל גְּבוּרָה וּמִי דוֹמָה לָךְ, מְלַךְ מַמִּית וּמַחֲיָה וּמַצְמִיחַ יְשׁוּעָה. וְנֶאֱמָן אַתָּה לְהַחְיֹת מֵתִים. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מַחֲיָה הַמֵּתִים.

אַתָּה קְדוֹשׁ וְשִׁמְךָ קְדוֹשׁ, וְקְדוּשֵׁים בְּכָל יוֹם יִהְיֶה לְךָ סֵלָה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, הָאֵל הַקְּדוֹשׁ.

אַתָּה חוֹנֵן לְאָדָם דַּעַת, וּמְלַמֵּד לְאִנּוּשׁ בִּינָה. חֲנֻנוּ מֵאַתָּה דַּעַת, בִּינָה וְהַשְׁכָּל. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, חוֹנֵן הַדַּעַת.

הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ אֲבִינוּ לְתוֹרָתְךָ, וְקִרְבָּנוּ מִלִּכְנוּ לַעֲבוּדָתְךָ, וְהַחֲזִירֵנוּ בְּתַשׁוּבָה שְׁלֵמָה לְפָנֶיךָ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, הַרוֹצֵה בְּתַשׁוּבָה.

סֵלַח לָנוּ, אֲבִינוּ, כִּי חָטְאָנוּ, מְחַל לָנוּ, מִלִּכְנוּ, כִּי פָשַׁעְנוּ, כִּי מוֹחֵל וְסוֹלֵחַ אַתָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, חֲנוּן הַמֵּרַבֵּה לְסִלָּח.

רְאֵה בְּעֵינֵינוּ, וְרִיבָה רִיבָנוּ, וּגְאֹלָנוּ מִהֶרֶה לְמַעַן שְׁמֶךָ, כִּי גּוֹאֵל חֲזָק אַתָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, גּוֹאֵל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

רַפָּאנוּ, יי, וְנִרְפָּא, הוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ וְנוֹשְׁעָה, כִּי תִהְיֶה אַתָּה, וְהַעֲלֵה רְפוּאָה שְׁלֵמָה לְכָל מַכּוֹתֵינוּ. כִּי אֵל מְלַךְ רוֹפֵא נֶאֱמָן וְרַחֲמָן אַתָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, רוֹפֵא חוֹלֵי עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל.

בָּרוּךְ עֲלֵינוּ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, אֵת הַשָּׁנָה הַזֹּאת וְאֵת כָּל מִיָּנִי תְּבוֹאָתָהּ לְטוֹבָה, וְתֵן טַל וּמָטָר
לְבָרְכָהּ

עַל פְּנֵי הָאָדָמָה, וְשִׁבְעֵנוּ מְטוֹבָה, וּבָרוּךְ שְׁנַתְנוּ כְּשָׁנִים הַטּוֹבוֹת. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מְבָרֵךְ
הַשָּׁנִים.

תִּקַּע בְּשׁוֹפָר גָּדוֹל לְחֵירוֹתְנוּ, וְשֵׂא נֶס לְקַבֵּץ גְּלִיּוֹתֵינוּ, וְקַבְּצֵנוּ יָחַד מֵאַרְבַּע כְּנָפוֹת הָאָרֶץ.
בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מְקַבֵּץ נִדְחֵי עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל.

הַשִּׁיבָה שׁוֹפְטֵינוּ כְּבִרְאשׁוֹנָה וְיוֹעֲצֵינוּ כְּבִתְחִלָּה, וְהִסֵּר מִמֶּנּוּ יָגוֹן וְאַנְחָה, וּמְלוֹךְ עֲלֵינוּ
אַתָּה, יי, לְבָרֶךְ בְּחֶסֶד וּבְרַחֲמִים, וְצַדִּיקְנוּ בְּמִשְׁפָּט. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מֶלֶךְ אוֹהֵב צִדְקָה
וּמִשְׁפָּט.

וּלְמַלְשִׁינִים אַל תִּהְיֶה תִּקְוָה, וְכָל הַרְשָׁעָה כִּרְגַע תִּאֲבֹד, וְכָל אוֹיְבֶיךָ מִהֲרָה יִכָּרֶתוּ, וְהַיּוֹדִים
מִהֲרָה תַעֲקֹר וּתְשַׁבֵּר וּתְמַגֵּר וְתַכְנִיעַ בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, שֶׁבֶר אֵיבִים וּמִכְנִיעַ
יָדִים.

עַל הַצַּדִּיקִים וְעַל הַחֲסִידִים וְעַל זִקְנֵי עַמְּךָ בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְעַל פְּלִיטַת סוֹפְרֵיהֶם, וְעַל גְּרֵי
הַצֶּדֶק וְעֲלֵינוּ, יְהִמּוּ נָא רַחֲמֶיךָ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, וְתֵן שָׂכָר טוֹב לְכָל הַבוֹטְחִים בְּשִׁמְךָ בְּאַמֶּת,
וְשִׁים חֲלָקְנוּ עִמָּהֶם לְעוֹלָם, וְלֹא גִבוּשׁ כִּי בָךְ בְּטַחָנוּ. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מִשְׁעֵן וּמִבְטָח
לַצַּדִּיקִים.

וּלְיְרוּשָׁלַיִם עִירְךָ בְּרַחֲמִים תְּשׁוּב, וְתִשְׁכּוֹן בְּתוֹכָהּ כְּאַשֶׁר דִּבַּרְתָּ, וּבִנְיָה אוֹתָהּ בְּקֶרֶב
בְּיָמֵינוּ בְּנֵן עוֹלָם, וְכִסֵּא דָוִד מִהֲרָה לְתוֹכָהּ תָּכִין. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, בּוֹנֵה יְרוּשָׁלַיִם.

אֵת צָמַח דָּוִד עַבְדְּךָ מִהֲרָה תַצְמִיחַ, וְקִרְנוֹ תִרּוֹם בִּישׁוּעָתְךָ, כִּי לִישׁוּעָתְךָ קוֹיָנוּ כָּל הַיּוֹם.
בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מַצְמִיחַ קֶרֶן יִשׁוּעָה.

שִׁמְעֵ קוֹלְנוּ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חוּס וְרַחֵם עֲלֵינוּ, וְקַבֵּל בְּרַחֲמִים וּבְרָצוֹן אֶת תְּפִלָּתְנוּ, כִּי אַל
שׁוֹמֵעַ תְּפִלּוֹת וְתַחֲנוּנִים אַתָּה, וּמְלַפְנֶיךָ, מְלַכְנוּ, רִיקָם אַל תִּשְׁיבֵנוּ. כִּי אַתָּה שׁוֹמֵעַ תְּפִלַּת
עַמְּךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּרַחֲמִים. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, שׁוֹמֵעַ תְּפִלָּה.

רְצֵה, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, בְּעַמְּךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל וּבְתַפִּלָּתָם, וְהַשֵּׁב אֶת הָעֲבוּדָה לְדָבִיר בֵּיתְךָ, וְאַשִּׁי יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וּתְפִלָּתָם בְּאַהֲבָה תִקַּבֵּל בְּרָצוֹן, וְתִהְיֶה לְרָצוֹן תָּמִיד עֲבוֹדַת יִשְׂרָאֵל עַמְּךָ.

וְתַחֲזִינָה עֵינֵינוּ בְּשׁוּבְךָ לְצִיּוֹן בְּרַחֲמִים. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הַמַּחֲזִיר שְׂכִינָתוֹ לְצִיּוֹן.

מוֹדִים אֲנִיחֵנוּ לָךְ, שְׂאֵתָהּ הוּא, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ, לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד, צוּר חַיֵּינוּ, מָגֵן יִשְׁעֵנוּ, אַתָּה הוּא לְדוֹר וָדוֹר, גּוֹדֵה לָךְ וְנִסְפֵּר תְּהִלָּתְךָ, עַל חַיֵּינוּ הַמְּסוּרִים בְּיָדְךָ, וְעַל נַשְׁמוֹתֵינוּ הַפְּקוּדוֹת לָךְ, וְעַל נִסִּיךָ שֶׁבָּכַל יוֹם עֲמָנוּ, וְעַל נִפְלְאוֹתֶיךָ וְטוֹבוֹתֶיךָ שֶׁבָּכַל עֵת, עָרֵב וְבִקֵּר וְצַהֲרָיִם, הַטּוֹב, כִּי לֹא כָלוּ רַחֲמֶיךָ, וְהַמְרַחֵם, כִּי לֹא תָמוּ חֲסִדֶיךָ, מַעֲוֹלָם קוֹיֵנוּ לָךְ.

וְעַל כָּלֵם יִתְבַּרְךָ וְיִתְרוֹמֵם שְׁמֶךָ מִלִּכְנֹס תְּמִיד לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד. וְכָל הַחַיִּים יוֹדוּךָ סִלָּה, וְיִהְלְלוּ אֶת שְׁמֶךָ בְּאַמֶּת, הָאֵל יִשׁוּעָתָנוּ וְעֲזָרָתָנוּ סִלָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הַטּוֹב שְׁמֶךָ וְלָךְ נָאֶה לְהוֹדוֹת.

שָׁלוֹם רַב עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל עַמְּךָ תְּשִׁים לְעוֹלָם, כִּי אַתָּה הוּא מֶלֶךְ אֲדוֹן לְכָל הַשָּׁלוֹם. וְטוֹב בְּעֵינֶיךָ לְבָרֶךְ אֶת עַמְּךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּכָל עֵת וּבְכָל שָׁעָה בְּשָׁלוֹמְךָ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הַמְּבָרֵךְ אֶת עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּשָׁלוֹם.

אֱלֹהֵי, נִצּוֹר לְשׁוֹנֵי מִרְעָ, וּשְׁפָתֵי מַדְבַּר מִרְמָה, וְלִמְקַלְלֵי נַפְשֵׁי תוֹם, וְנַפְשֵׁי כַּעֲפָר לְכָל תַּהֲוָה. פֶּתַח לְבִי בְּתוֹרָתְךָ, וּבְמִצְוֹתֶיךָ תִּרְדּוּף נַפְשִׁי. וְכָל הַחוֹשְׁבִים עָלַי רָעָה, מִהֲרָה הִפֵּר עֲצָתָם וְקִלְקַל מַחֲשַׁבְתָּם. עֲשֵׂה לִמְעַן שְׁמֶךָ, עֲשֵׂה לִמְעַן יְמִינְךָ, עֲשֵׂה לִמְעַן קִדְשָׁתְךָ, עֲשֵׂה לִמְעַן תוֹרָתְךָ. לִמְעַן יִחַלְצוּן יְדִידֶיךָ, הוֹשִׁיעָה יְמִינְךָ וְעֵינֶיךָ. יִהְיוּ לְרִצּוֹן אֲמָרֵי כִּי וְהִגִּיוֹן לְבִי לִפְנֶיךָ, יְיָ צוּרֵי וְגֹאֲלֵי. עֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Meditation

May it be Your will Adonai, my God and God of my ancestors, that Your compassion extend toward us all. Look kindly upon me, my family and my community. Help us to avoid heartlessness. Lead us along a righteous path. Keep us from deceitfulness and from false perceptions. Open my eyes to the wonders of Your Torah. Enlighten me with Your wisdom so that I may merit kindness, compassion and love from You and from all who know me. May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be pleasing to You, Adonai, my rock and my redeemer.

(We sing in unison at the conclusion of the Amidah)

עֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu, v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru Amein.

May he who creates peace in his high places create peace for us, Israel and all mankind. Amen

Amidah עמידה

[We recite together the Amidah silently. We remain standing to conclude together singing in unison softly Oseh Shalom.]

[Silently: Adonai, open my lips that my mouth may declare Your praise.]

Blessed art thou O Lord our God and God of our ancestors, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and God of Jacob, the great, mighty and revered God, the most high God, who bestows loving-kindness and are Master of all things; who remembers the pious deeds of our ancestors, and in love will bring a redeemer to their children's children for Your name's sake. O King, Helper, Savior and Shield. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the Shield of Abraham. You, O Lord, are mighty forever, capable of restoring life anew to the dead; You are mighty to save.

You sustain the living with loving-kindness, revive the dead with great mercy, support the falling, heal the sick, free the imprisoned and keep Your faith to them that sleep in the dust. Who is like You, Lord of mighty acts, and who can be compared to You, O King, who determines the cycles of life and death and who will bring about our salvation? You are certain to revive the dead. Praised are You, O Lord, master of life and death.

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God and God of our fathers, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and God of Jacob, the great, mighty and revered God, the most high God, who bestows loving-kindness, and are Master of all things; who remembers the pious deeds of our ancestors, and in love will bring a redeemer to their children's children for Your Name's sake. O King, Helper, Saviour and Shield. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the Shield of Abraham.

You, O Lord, are mighty for ever, You revive the dead, You are mighty to save.

You sustain the living with loving-kindness, revive the dead with great mercy, support the falling, heal the sick, free the bound, and keep Your faith to them that sleep in the dust. Who is like unto You, Lord of mighty acts, and who resemble You, O King, who orders death and restores life, and causes salvation to spring forth? Yes, faithful are You to revive the dead. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who revives the dead.

You are holy, and Your Name is holy, and the holy praise You daily. Blessed are You, O Lord, the holy God.

You favor man with knowledge, and teach mortals understanding. Favor us with knowledge, understanding and discernment from You. Blessed art thou, O Lord, gracious Giver of knowledge.

Cause us to return, O our King, unto Your service, and bring us back in perfect repentance unto Your presence. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who delights in repentance.

Forgive us, O our Father, for we have sinned; pardon us, O our King, for we have transgressed; for You pardon and forgive. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who is gracious, and abundantly forgives.

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

24

Look upon our affliction and plead our cause, and redeem us speedily for Your Name's sake; for You are a mighty Redeemer. Blessed art thou, O Lord the Redeemer of Israel.

Heal us, O Lord, and we shall be healed; save us and we shall be saved; for You are our praise. Grant a perfect healing to all our wounds,

[The following Prayer for a Sick Person may be inserted here:]

May it be Your will, O Lord our God, and God of our fathers, speedily to send a perfect healing from heaven, a healing of soul and body unto the sick .
[insert names for whom you are expressing hope for healing] . . . among the other sick of Israel.

for You, almighty King, are a faithful and merciful Physician. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who heals the sick of Your people Israel.

Bless this year for us, O Lord our God, together with every kind of the produce thereof, for our welfare; give a blessing upon the face of the earth. Satisfy us with Your goodness, and bless our year like other good years. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who blesses the years.

Sound the great horn for our freedom; raise the ensign to gather our exiles. May You gather us from the four corners of the earth. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who gathers the dispersed of Your people Israel.

Restore our judges as in former times, and our counsellors as at the beginning; remove from us sorrow and sighing; reign You over us, O Lord, You alone, in loving-kindness and tender mercy, and clear us in judgment. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the King who loves righteousness and judgment.

And for slanderers let there be no hope, and let all wickedness perish as in a moment; let all Your enemies be speedily cut off, and the dominion of arrogance do You uproot and crush; cast down and humble speedily in our days. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who breaks the enemies and humbles the arrogant.

Towards the righteous and the pious, towards the elders of Your people the house of Israel, towards the remnant of their scribes, towards true proselytes, and towards us also may Your tender mercies be stirred, O Lord our God; grant a good reward unto all who faithfully trust in Your Name; set our portion with them for ever, so that we may not be put to shame; for we have trusted in You. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the stay and trust of the righteous.

And to Jerusalem, Your city, return in mercy, and dwell in it as You have spoken; rebuild it soon in our days as an everlasting building, and speedily set up therein the throne of David. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who rebuilds Jerusalem.

Speedily cause the offspring of David, Your servant, to flourish, and lift up his glory by Your divine help because we wait for Your salvation all the day. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who causes the strength of salvation to flourish.

Hear our voice, O Lord our God; spare us and have mercy upon us, and accept our prayer in mercy and favour; for You are a God who listens to prayers and supplications: from Your presence, O our King, turn us not empty away; for You hearken in mercy to the prayer of Your people Israel. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hears our prayer.

Accept, O Lord our God, Your people Israel and their prayer; restore the service to the inner sanctuary of Your house; receive in love and favour both the offerings of Israel and their prayer; and may the worship of Your people Israel be ever acceptable unto You.

And let our eyes behold Your return in mercy to Zion. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who restores Your divine presence unto Zion.

We give thanks unto You, for You are the Lord our God and the God of our fathers for ever and ever; You are the Rock of our lives, the Shield of our salvation through every generation. We will give thanks unto You and declare Your praise for our lives which are committed unto Your hand, and for our souls which are in Your charge, and for Your miracles, which are daily with us, and for Your wonders and Your benefits, which are wrought at all times, evening, morn and noon. O You who are all-good, whose mercies fail not; You, merciful Being, whose loving-kindness never cease, we have ever hoped in You.

For all these acts Your name, O our King, shall be continually blessed and exalted for ever and ever. And everything that lives shall give thanks unto You for ever, and shall praise Your Name in truth, O God, our salvation and our help. Blessed art thou, O Lord, whose name is all-good, and to whom it is becoming to give thanks.

Grant peace, welfare, blessing, grace, loving-kindness and mercy unto us and unto all Israel, Your people. Bless us, O our Father; even all of us together, with the light of Your countenance; for by the light of Your countenance You have given us, O Lord our God, the Torah of life, loving-kindness and righteousness, blessing, mercy, life and peace; and may it be good in Your sight to bless Your people Israel at all times and in every hour with Your peace. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who blesses Your people Israel with peace.

O my God! guard my tongue from evil and my lips from speaking guile; and to such as curse me let my soul be dumb, yea, let my soul be unto all as the dust. Open my heart to Your Torah, and let my soul pursue Your commandments. If any design evil against me, speedily make their counsel of no effect, and frustrate their designs. Do it for the sake of Your Name, do it for the sake of Your power, do it for the sake of Your holiness, do it for the sake of Your Torah. In order that Your beloved ones may be delivered, O save by Your power, and answer me. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable before You, O Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer. He who makes peace in his high places, may he make peace for us and for all Israel, and say ye, Amen.

(We sing in unison at the conclusion of the Amidah)

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu, v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru Amein.

May he who creates peace in his high places create peace for us, Israel and all mankind. Amen

קדיש תתקבל Reader's Kaddish

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתֵיהּ, וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ
וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya*

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ
דְּקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכָּתָא וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא, דְּאָמִירָן
בְּעָלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

תִּתְקַבֵּל צְלוֹתָהוֹן וּבְעוֹתָהוֹן דְּכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל קֳדָם אָבוּהוֹן דִּי בְּשִׁמְיָא וְאָמְרוּ
אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba. B'al'ma di v'ra chiruteih, v'yamlich malchuteih
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chayei d'chol beit yisra-eil, ba-agala uvizman kariv,
v'imru amen.*

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal
sh'meih d'kudsha b'rich hu, l'eila min kol (during the Ten days of Penitence, l'eila u l'eila
mi kol) birchata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata, da-amiran b'al'ma, v'imru amen.*

*Titkabeil tz'lot'hon uvaut'hon d'chol (beit) yisra-eil kodam avuhon di vishmaya v'imru
amen.*

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya, v'chayim (tovim) aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

*Oseh shalom (during the Ten days of Penitence, some say ha-shalom) bimromav, hu
ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.*

After *Maariv* from the second night of *Pesah* until the night before *Shavuot* it is traditional to recite at this point in the service the Counting of the Omer / סְפִירַת הָעוֹמֵר. Check with your Rabbi regarding your community's introduction, to the blessing /*berakhah* and the correct day in the Omer calendar.

עלינו Aleinu

עֲלֵינוּ לְשַׁבַּח לְאֲדוֹן הַכֹּל, לְתַת גְּדֻלָּה לְיוֹצֵר בְּרֵאשִׁית, שֶׁלֹּא עָשָׂנוּ כְּגוֹיֵי
הָאָרְצוֹת, וְלֹא שָׁמְנוּ כְּמִשְׁפָּחוֹת הָאָדָמָה, שֶׁלֹּא שָׁם חִלְקֵנוּ כָּהֶם, וְגִרְלָנוּ כָּכָל
הַמוֹנֵם, (שֶׁהֵם מִשְׁתַּחֲוִים לְהֶבֶל וְרִיק, וּמִתְפַּלְלִים אֶל אֵל לֹא יוֹשִׁיעַ,) וְאַנְחָנוּ
כּוֹרְעִים וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִים וּמוֹדִים, לְפָנֵי מֶלֶךְ מַלְכֵי הַמְּלָכִים, הַקָּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא. שֶׁהוּא
נוֹטֵה שָׁמַיִם וְיָסַד אֶרֶץ, וּמוֹשֵׁב יִקְרוּ בְּשָׁמַיִם מִמַּעַל, וְשֹׁכֵנֵת עָזוֹ בְּגִבְהֵי
מְרוֹמִים, הוּא אֱלֹהֵינוּ אֵין עוֹד. אָמֵת מִלְכָּנוּ, אָפֶס זוּלָּתוֹ, כִּפְתּוּב בְּתוֹרָתוֹ: וַיִּדְעָתָ
הַיּוֹם וְהַשַּׁבָּת אֶל לְבָבָךְ, כִּי יְיָ הוּא הָאֱלֹהִים בְּשָׁמַיִם מִמַּעַל, וְעַל הָאָרֶץ מִתַּחַת,
אֵין עוֹד.

*Aleinu l'shabei-ach la-adon hakol, lateit g'dulah l'yotzeir b'reishit, shelo asanu k'goyei
ha-aratzot, v'lo saman u k'mishp'chot ha-adamah, shelo sam chelkeinu kahem,
v'goraleinu k'chol hamonam, (sheheim mishtachavim l'hevel varik, umitpal'lim el eil lo
yoshi-a,) va-anachnu kor'im umishtachavim umodim, lifnei melech malchei ham'lachim,
hakadosh baruch hu. Shehu noteh shamayim v'yoseid aretz, umoshav y'karo
bashamayim mima-al, ush'chinat uzo b'gav'hei m'romim, hu Eloheinu ein od. Emet
malkeinu, efes zulato, kakatuv b'torato: v'yadata Hayom vahashevota el l'vavecha, ki
Adonai hu ha-elohim bashamam mima-al, v'al ha-aretz mitachat, ein od.*

It is for us to praise the Lord of all things, to acclaim the author of all existence. He did not make us like the heathen, fashioning us like the world's pagans. Our portion is not like theirs, our lot is like that of their numbers. Rather, we bend the knee and bow, acclaiming the supreme King of kings, the Holy One, praised be He. It is the Lord who stretched the heavens and established the foundations of the earth. God's glorious presence is in the heavens above, in the loftiest heights. He is our God; there is none else.

על פן נקוה לך יי אלהינו, לראות מהרה בתפארת עזך, להעביר גלולים מן הארץ, והאלילים כרות יכרתון, לתקן עולם במלכות שדי, וכל בני בשר יקראו בשמך, להפנות אליך כל רשעי ארץ. יכירו וידעו כל יושבי תבל, כי לך תכרע כל ברך, תשבע כל לשון. לפניך יי אלהינו יכרעו ויפלו, ולכבוד שמך יקר יתנו, ויקבלו כלם את עול מלכותך, ותמלך עליהם מהרה לעולם ועד. כי המלכות שלך היא, ולעולמי עד תמלוך בכבוד, ככתוב בתורתך, יי ימלך לעולם ועד. ש"ץ ונאמר, והיה יי למלך על כל הארץ, ביום ההוא יהיה יי אחד, ושמו אחד.

Al kein n'kaveh l'cha Adonai Eloheinu, lirot m'heirah b'tiferet uzecha, l'ha-avir gilulim min ha-aretz, v'ha-elilim karot yikareitun, l'takein olam b'malchut shadai, v'chol b'nei vasar yikr'u vishmecha, l'hafnot eilecha kol rishei aretz. Yakiru v'yeid'u kol yosh'vei teiveil, ki l'cha tichra kol berech, tishava kol lashon. L'fanecha Adonai Eloheinu yichr'u v'yipolu, v'lichvod shimcha y'kar yiteinu, vikab'lu chulam et ol malchutecha, v'timloch aleihem m'heirah l'olam va-ed. Ki hamalchut shel'cha hi, ul'ol'mei ad timloch b'chavod, kakatuv b'toratecha, Adonai yimloch l'olam va-ed. Leader V'ne-emar, v'hayah Adonai l'melech al kol ha-aretz, bayom hahu yihyeh Adonai echad, ush'mo echad.

We hope in you, Adonai, our God, that soon we will see your splendor. We pray that you will sweep idolatry away and false gods will utterly be destroyed. May the world be perfected under your sovereignty and all humanity will invoke your name. All the world's wicked will return to you, repentant. Then all who live will know that to you every knee must bend, every tongue pledge loyalty. To you, Adonai, may all bow in worship. May they give give honor to your glory, soon and for all time. Such is the prophecy Adonai shall be one and his name one."

A Meditation

Memory is the ridge that links the living and the dead. When we remember those who are no longer with us their spirit continues to influence our lives. For that reason we observe the rituals of mourning, kaddish and yahrzeit.

The Kaddish is only one prayer in the entire service. However, it brings the meaning of the worship to a climax, proclaiming the majesty of God and assuring us of His continuing care even in our sorrow. And, the recognition of God's majesty implies the highest goals for living to which a human being may be summoned.

Help us to cherish in loving and abiding memory the good that was in those whom we love and remember. May we honor them in deeds of righteousness. May we be sustained with an unfaltering faith in God's goodness, today and for all time.

קדיש יתום Mourner's Kaddish

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתֵיהּ, וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְנ קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלָם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמָיָא.

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

May his great name be blessed forever and to all eternity.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ
הוּא, לְעָלָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשֻׁבָּחָתָא וְנִחְמָתָא, דְאָמְרִין בְּעָלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמָיָא, וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵינוּ, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba. B'al'ma di v'ra chiruteih, v'yamlich malchuteih
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chayei d'chol beit yisra-eil, ba-agala uvizman kariv,
v'imru amein.*

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal
sh'meih d'kudsha b'rich hu, l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata,
da-amiran b'al'ma, v'imru amein.*

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya, v'chayim aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amein.

*Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amein.
amein.*

THE HOLOCAUST KADDISH

Yit-gadal

Auschwitz-Birkenau-Buna, Balanowka, Belsen **Ve-yit-kadash**

Belzec, Bialystok, Babi Yar **Shmei Raba**

Bochini, Bogdanovka, Buchenwald

B'alma divra chir-utei *Chelmno, Kracow, Dachau* **V'yamlich mal-chutei**

Dakovo, Danica, Dora

Be-chayei-chon uv'yomei-chon *Dumanovka, Ebensee, Edineti, Flossenburg*

U'vchayei de chol beit Yisrael *Gross Rosen, Gunzkirchen, Gurs* **Ba-agala**

u-vizman kariv

Herzogenbusch, Iasi, Jadovno, Kaiserwald

V'imru Amen.

Ye-hei shmei raba m'vorach l'olam ul'olmei alma-ya

Yitbarach ve-yishtabach *Kamanetz-Podolsk, Kishniev, Kovno, Klooga*

Ve-yitpa-arve-yitromam

Lodz, Lubin, Lublin, Lvov, Lyons **Ve-yit-nasei ve-yit-hadar**

Majdanek, Mauthausen, Minsk, Natzweiler, Neuengamme **Ve-yit-aleh ve-yit-halal**

Ohrdruf, Plashov, Papenburg, Ponary

Shmei d'kudesha b'rich Hu

Prague, Radom, Ravensbruck, Rehmsdorf, Riga

L'eila

Sachensburg, Sachsenhausen, San Sabba, Shauliai

Min kol birchata v'shirata

Skarzysko Kameinna, Sobibar Stutthof

Tush-bechata ve-neche-mata *Theresienstadt, Transnistria, Treblinka, Vilna*

Da-amiran b'alma

Viavara, Warsaw, Zemun, Zhitomir, and the scores of other camps.

V'imru Amen.

Yehei shlama raba min shmaya Ve-chayim aleinu

V'al Kol Yisrael V'imru Amen.

Oseh Shalom bim-romav Hu ya-aseh shalom

Aleinu ve-al kol Yisrael V'imru Amen.

APPENDIX I

MODEL INTER-FAITH MEMORIAL SERVICE FORMATS

The following pages provide models for (1) community inter-faith and (2) memorial programs for a Jewish institution and/or Jewish communal memorial.

You should feel free to change the contents of the model programs. In addition, feel free to use individual selections from each of the model programs as appropriate to your needs.

Additional model programs will be welcomed for future editions of this collection.

Page 2.	2010	Metuchen Edison, N.J. Area Interfaith Clergy Association; Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County; Jewish Federation of Middlesex County
Page 15.	2009	Metuchen Edison, N.J. Area Interfaith Clergy Association; Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County; Jewish Federation of Middlesex County
page 27.	2008	Metuchen Edison, N.J. Area Interfaith Clergy Association; Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County; Jewish Federation of Middlesex County
page 43	2010	Congregation Sons of Israel, Briarcliff Manor, New York

**Metuchen Edison Area Interfaith
Clergy Association**

Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County

Jewish Federation of Middlesex County

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL PROGRAM



April 12, 2010

Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County
1775 Oak Tree Road
Edison, NJ 08820

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

33

Opening Niggun (A Song without Words) Welcome	Rabbi Deborah K.Bravo Temple Emanu-El, Edison President, Metuchen-Edison Area Interfaith Clergy Association
JCC's Welcome	Eric Nacht President, JCC of Middlesex County
Brief Remarks	Dorothy Rubinstein Executive Director, JCC of Middlesex County
From Silence	Rev. Dr. Ronald Owens New Hope Baptist Church, Metuchen
Not Today!	Cantor Sheldon Levin Congregation Neve Shalom, Metuchen
<i>Walk to Caesaria</i> <i>Birdsong</i>	Tzur Emanu-el of Temple Emanu-el in Edison Cantor Jacqueline Shuchat-Marx, Director
"Our Helpers" in the Secret Annex Hermine (Miep) & Jan Augustus Gies	Rev. John D. Painter Centenary United Methodist Church, Metuchen
On a Sunny Evening Park	Rev. Janice Sutton Trinity United Methodist Church, Highland
<i>New Hope Baptist Church Traveling Choir</i>	New Hope Baptist Church, Metuchen
Our Heart Generated the Necessary Courage Pierre Nicolini, France	Imam Moustafa Zayed Muslim Center of New Jersey
An Affirmation for the Future	Rev. Mark McCreary Second Baptist Church, Metuchen
<i>One Voice</i> (From "Sing for the Cure") Words by Pamela Martin Conductor Music by Joseph M. Martin <i>One World</i> Words and Music by Mark Hayes	New Jersey Gay Men's Chorus Steven A. Russell, Artistic Director and
Rescue in a Royal Palace Princess Alice of Greece	Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg Congregation Beth El, Edison

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

Program Resource: Appendix I - Model Community Services

Greetings From Our Civic Leaders

Presentation of Mayoral Proclamation
Mayor Antonia Ricigliano, Edison Township

El Shaddai/Bashana Haba'ah

Praise Team
Trinity United Methodist Church, Highland

Park

Michelle Naples, Director, Music Minister

Candle Lighting Service

Lucy Breitbart and Caroline Seidner
Holocaust survivor and daughter of survivors

Bernard Kalfus
Holocaust survivor

Emil Kalfus
Holocaust survivor

Esther Samson
Holocaust survivor

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg
son of Holocaust survivors

Jacob Eisenstark
son of Holocaust survivor

Ronit Thor
daughter of Holocaust survivors

Raya Warner
daughter of Holocaust survivors

Joe Grodzicki
son of Holocaust survivors

Milton Leibowitz
grandson of Holocaust survivors

Cathy Salamon-Geardino
daughter of Holocaust survivors

“*El Malei Rachamim*” prayer

Cantor Sheldon Levin
Congregation Neve Shalom, Metuchen

We Remember
Mourner’s *Kaddish*

Rabbi Melinda Zalma
Congregation Beth Mordecai, Perth Amboy

*Metuchen Edison Area Interfaith Clergy Association assists in meeting emergency needs of
individuals and families throughout our communities.*

Your donation this evening will help us in these efforts.

Please make checks out to Metuchen Edison Interfaith Clergy Association

From Silence

We begin our service in the remembrance of the Holocaust in silence. Let us surround our worship, our community in prayer, with silence in preparation for the presence of God.

Silence does not just bring to a standstill words and noise. Silence is more than the temporary renunciation of speech. It is a door opening before prayer, toward the very realms of the spirit and the heart. Silence is the beginning of a reckoning of the soul, the prelude to an account of the past and the consideration of the present, may our shared silence lead us to awareness of a time of total evil that degraded out most precious values, the very meaning of religious existence, and life itself. Our silence is to be a committed accounting for other silences, that accepted persecutions and were indifferent to debasement and crime. For there was a time when silence was a crime.

We think particularly of one night of silence, over half a century ago: *Kristallnacht*, the night of the broken glass, the 9th of November, 1938. Then, all the synagogues in Germany rose up in flame and smoke to the skies. The churches next to them stood in darkness, and in silence. Glass littered the streets-the broken shop-windows of the Jewish community. The neighbors walked upon the crunching splinters and were silent. A few prayed. Some churches courageously expressed their grief. But a dark cloud of silence filled the world. When will that silence end? When will we speak out on behalf of suffering neighbors? Not until we affirm God together, not until we acknowledge that we are all God's children. From the silence of uncaring, let us move on to the silence, which is the search for God, the search for ourselves. Then we can move beyond that silence and affirm the One God, we can proclaim God's name to the world.

Not Today!

From tomorrow on, I shall be sad
From tomorrow on!
Today I will be joyful.

What is the use of sadness – tell me that?
Because these evil winds begin to blow?
Why shall I grieve for tomorrow – today?
Tomorrow may be so good, so sunny,
Tomorrow the sun may shine for us again;
We shall no longer need to be sad.

From tomorrow on, I shall be sad –
From tomorrow on!
Not today; no! Today I will be glad.
And every day, no matter how bitter it be,
I will say:
From tomorrow on, I shall be sad,
Not today!

By Motel

Walk to Ceasaria

text by Hannah Szenesh

music by David Zehavi, arranged by Bonia Shur

Eili, eili, she-lo yi-ga-mer l'olam

Ha-chol v'-ha-yam, rish-rush shel ha-ma-yim

B'-rak ha-sha-ma-yim, t'-fi-lat ha-a-dam

Oh God, my God, I pray that these things never end:

The sand and the sea, the rush of the water, the crash of the heavens, the prayer of the heart.

Birdsong

text by an anonymous prisoner at Terezin Concentration Camp;

music by Cantor Raymond Smolover

He doesn't know the world at all

Who stays in his nest and won't come out

He doesn't know what birds know best

Nor what I want to sing about

What I want to sing about

Is that the world is full of loveliness

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass

And earth's aflood with morning light

A blackbird sings upon a bush

To greet the dawning after night

Then I know how good it is to be alive.

Open up your heart to beauty

And go to the woods someday

And weave a wreath of mem'ry there

And if the tears obscure your way

You will know how good it is to be

alive.

"Our Helpers" in the Secret Annex

Hermine (Miep) & Jan Augustus Gies

from The Diary of Anne Frank, entry of Jan. 28, 1944

“The best example of this is our own helpers, who have managed to pull us through so far and will hopefully bring us safely to shore, because otherwise they'll find themselves sharing the fate of those they're trying to protect. Never have they uttered a single word about the burden we must be, never have they complained that we're too much trouble. They come upstairs every day and talk to the men about business and politics, to the women about food and wartime difficulties and to the children about books and newspapers. They put on their most cheerful expressions, bring flowers and gifts for birthdays and holidays and are always ready to do what they can. That's something we should never forget; while others display their heroism in battle or against the Germans, our helpers prove theirs every day by their good spirits and affection.”

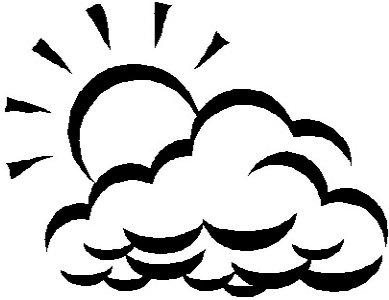
Not long ago Miep Gies told about her friends hiding in the Annex:

“I have no word to describe these people who were still always friendly and grateful. Yes, I do have a word, *Heroes*. True heroes they were. People sometimes call me a hero. I don't like it .. , I, myself, I'm just a very common person. I simply had no choice. I could foresee many, many sleepless nights and a life filled with regret if I would have refused to help the Franks. And this was not the kind of life I was looking for at all.

However, I did save her diary and by that I could help her most important dreams to come true. She tells us that she wants to live on after her death. Now, her diary makes her really live on in a most powerful way. And that helps me in those many hours of deep grief.”

On a Sunny Evening

On a purple, sun shot evening
Under wide-flowering chestnut trees



Upon the threshold full of dust
Yesterday, today, days are all like these.

Trees flower forth in beauty,
Lovely, too, their very wood all gnarled and old
That I am half afraid to peer
Into their crowns of green and gold.

The sun has made a veil of gold
So lovely that my body aches.
Above, the heavens shriek with blue
Convinced I've smiled by some mistake.
The world's abloom and seems to smile.
I want to fly but where, how high?
If in barbed wire, things can bloom
Why couldn't I? I will not die!

Anonymous 1944

*Written by the children in Concentration Camp Terezin
Barracks L318 and L417, ages 10-16 years*

“Our heart....generated the necessary courage”

Pierre Nicolini, France

Pierre Nicolini was one of the French political prisoners that were deported by the Germans to Poland. He was put in Halbstadt, one of the many a sub-camps of Gross-Rosen concentration camp. In the same camp were several hundred young Jewish girls that had been brought from Auschwitz in October 1944 as slave laborers in the Halbstadt munitions factory.

Ruth Eldar was one of these girls. Born in Lodz, she had survived life in the ghetto and had been deported to Auschwitz when the ghetto was liquidated in summer 1944. She was 16 years old when she and other girls and women were brought to this camp.

The Jewish prisoners had to work twelve hours a day, were badly treated by the SS supervisors, and received only very meager food rations.

The French political prisoners had better conditions than the Jewish inmates, who were at the bottom of the hierarchy of the Nazi camp system. Pierre Nicolini and his friends decided to help the Jewish girls in any possible way to survive until liberation. At one time the German SS guards decided to lock the girls in the factory hall and to deny them food. Ruth Eldar and two other survivors described that the French workers intervened on their behalf and threatened to shut down the machines, until the Germans brought food to the starving inmates.

Even though Pierre Nicolini and his friend were themselves victims of the Nazi system they preserved their human dignity and felt that, no matter how difficult their own situation was, they had a moral obligation towards others.

An Affirmation for the Future

I pray for courage, and for strength.
When I remember the evils in the past,
The innocent people tortured and murdered,
I am almost afraid to make myself remember.
But I am even more afraid to forget.
I ask for wisdom, that I might mourn,
And not be consumed by hatred.
That I might remember,
And yet not lose hope.
I must face evil—
And, so doing, reaffirm my faith in future
good.
I cannot erase yesterday's pains,

For those who were given death,
I choose life—
For me and for generations yet to come.
For those who found courage
to stand against evil—
Often at the cost of their lives—
I vow to carry on their struggle.
I must teach myself, and others
to learn from hate that people must love,
to learn from evil to live for good

But I can vow that they will not have suffered
in vain.
And so I pray:

Rescue in a Royal Palace Princess Alice of Greece

Haimaki Cohen, was a Jew and former member of Parliament, from Tricala, in northern Greece. In 1941, when Germany invaded Greece, the family fled to Athens where he died. His widow, Rachel, and her five children were looking for a place of refuge. The family's four sons wanted to cross to Egypt, and join with the Greek government in exile that was in Cairo. But the trip proved too hazardous for Rachel and their sister.

Princess Alice heard of the family's desperate situation and offered to shelter Rachel and her daughter, Tilde, at her home. They were later joined by another son who was unable to make the journey to Egypt and had to return to Athens.

The Cohens stayed in Princess Alice's residence until liberation. There were times when the Germans became suspicious, and Princess Alice was even interviewed by the Gestapo. Using her deafness, she pretended not to understand their questions until they left her alone.

Prince Philip said of his mother, Princess Alice: "I suspect that it never occurred to her that her action was in any way special. She was a person with deep religious faith and she would have considered it to be a totally human action to fellow human beings in distress."

El Shaddai/Bashana Haba'ah Medley

El shaddai, el shaddai,
El-elyon na adonai,
Age to age you're still the same,
By the power of the name.
El shaddai, el shaddai,
Erkamka na adonai,
We will praise and lift you high,
El shaddai.

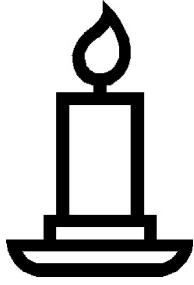
Through your love and through the ram,
You saved the son of Abraham;
Through the power of your hand,
Turned the sea into dry land.
To the outcast on her knees,
You were the God who really sees,
And by your might,
You set your children free.

Od tire od tire kama tov yiye
Bashana bashana haba'ah
Od tire od tire kama tov yiye
Bashana bashana haba'ah

Bashana haba'ah
Neshev al hamirpeset v'nis por tsiporim nod'dot
Y'lاديم b'chufsha y'sachakuto feset ben habayit l'ven hasadot

Wait and see, wait and see
What a world this will be
If we care, if we share, you and me.
Wait and see, wait and see
What a world this will be
If we care, if we share, you and me.

El shaddai, el shaddai,
El-elyon na adonai,
Age to age you're still the same,
By the power of the name.
El shaddai, el shaddai,
Erkamka na adonai,
We will praise and lift you high,
El shaddai.



Candle Lighting Ceremony

We now light six candles in memory of the six million Jews whose lives were extinguished during the Holocaust. As we light these candles, we commit ourselves to responsibility for one another to build on this earth a world that has no room for hatred, no place for violence. Together, we pray for the strength to fulfill this vocation.

El Malei Rachamim*In memory of the six million:*

אֵל מָלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה
 בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים כְּזֹהַר הָרָקִיעַ מְזַהֲרִים, אֶת נִשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי
 יִשְׂרָאֵל, אָנָּשִׁים נָשִׁים וְטָף, שְׁנֵטְבָחוּ וְשִׁנְחָנְקוּ וְשִׁנְשָׂרְפוּ וְשִׁנְהָרְגוּ, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן
 תִּהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בָּעַל הָרַחֲמִים, הַסֵּתִירַם בְּסֶתֶר כְּנָפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים וָצָר בְּצָרוֹר
 הַחַיִּים אֶת־נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. יְיָ הוּא נִחַלָתָם, וַיְנַחֲחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכְּבוֹתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמַר
 אָמֵן:

*El malei raḥamim shokhen ba-m'romim, hamtzei m'nuḥah n'khonah taḥat
 kanfei ha-sh'khinah b'ma'alot k'doshim ut-horim k'zohar ha-rakiah
 maz'hirim, et nishmot kol aḥeinu b'nei Yisrael, anashim nashim v'taf,
 she-nitb'bḥu v'sheneḥenku v'shenisrafu v'shenehergu, b'gan eden t'hei
 m'nuḥatam. Ana ba'al ha-raḥamim, has-tirem b'seter k'nafekha l'olamim
 utzror bitzror ha-ḥayim et nishmotehem. Adonai hu naḥalatam. V'yanuḥu
 v'shalom al mishk'votehem. V'nomar amen.*

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering Presence, among the holy and the pure, to the souls of all our brethren, men, women, and children of the House of Israel who were slaughtered and suffocated and burned to ashes. May their memory endure, inspiring truth and loyalty in our lives. May their souls thus be bound up in the bond of life. May they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

This translation is taken from Siddur Sim Shalom.

We Remember/Mourner's Kaddish

We remember the six million Jews and five million others by reciting the *Kaddish*, the traditional Jewish prayer for the dead. This prayer is not a funeral hymn but an affirmation of God's everlasting Presence and dominion, praising God's existence and creative love. It is in this spirit that we pray the *Kaddish*, remembering the victims of the Holocaust. We also pray for the survivors, whose faith in life enabled them to rebuild in other countries their shattered lives, their destroyed worlds. Joining together they brought about new life, they raised new families in new lands, in defiance of absolute terror and despair, an invincible hope. Exalted by that spirit of life-giving and faith, we pray today.

Mourner's Kaddish קדיש יתום

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתֵיהּ, וְיִמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמָיָא.

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

May his great name be blessed forever and to all eternity.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ
הוּא, לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשׁוּבָתָא וְנִחְמָתָא, דְּאָמְרִין בְּעָלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵינוּ, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba. B'al'ma di v'ra chiruteih, v'yamlich malchuteih
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chaye d'chol beit yisra-eil, ba-agala uvizman kariv,
v'imru amen.*

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal
sh'meih d'kudsha b'rich hu, l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata,
da-amiran b'al'ma, v'imru amen.*

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya, v'chayim aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

**Metuchen Edison Interfaith
Clergy Association**

Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County

Jewish Federation of Middlesex County

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL PROGRAM



April 20, 2009

Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County
1775 Oak Tree Road
Edison, NJ 08820

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

47

Opening Niggun (A Song without Words) Welcome Association	Rabbi Deborah K.Bravo Temple Emanu-El, Edison President, Metuchen Edison Interfaith Clergy
JCC's Welcome	Eric Nacht President, JCC of Middlesex County
Brief Remarks	Dorothy Rubenstein Executive Director, JCC of Middlesex County
Reading: From Silence	Rev. Janice Sutton Trinity United Methodist Church, Highland Park
<i>Eili Eili</i>	Temple Emanu-El Choir David Bravo, Accompanist
Reading: This is Your Heritage	Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg Congregation Beth El, Edison
Reading: When They Came for Me	Imam Moustafa Zayed Muslim Center of New Jersey
Ministry in Music	New Hope Baptist Church, Metuchen
Reading from <i>Salvaged Pages</i>	Rev. Jim Thomas First Presbyterian Church, Iselin
Poem: On a Sunny Evening	Rev. Dr. Ronald Owens New Hope Baptist Church, Metuchen
<i>Inscription of Hope</i> <i>by Z. Randall Stroope</i>	First Presbyterian Church in Iselin Choir Colonia High School Chorus Alain Bolton, Conductor
Reading: An Affirmation for the Future	Rev. Kathleen Tice Stelton Baptist Church, Edison
Greetings From Our Civic Leaders	Presentation of Mayoral Proclamations
<i>Medley of Songs</i>	Praise Team Trinity United Methodist Church, Highland Park Michelle Naples, Conductor
Candle Lighting Service	Dorothy Rubinstein <i>daughter of Holocaust survivors</i>

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

Program Resource: Appendix I - Model Community Services

47

Marvin Rubinstein
son of Holocaust survivors

Yehuda Shpigel
son of Holocaust survivors

Ronit Thor and Ernest Bokor
Holocaust survivor and daughter of Holocaust survivors

Michael Grodzicki and Gladys Leibowitz
Holocaust survivor and daughter of Holocaust survivors

Emil Kalfus
Holocaust survivor

Bernard Kalfus
Holocaust survivor

Hank Karger
son of Holocaust survivors

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg
son of Holocaust survivors

Esther Samson
Holocaust survivor

Ellen Romm
daughter of Holocaust survivors

“*El Malei Rachamim*” prayer

Rabbi Deborah K. Bravo
Temple Emanu-El, Edison

Mourner’s *Kaddish*

Rabbi Melinda Zalma
Congregation Beth Mordecai, Perth Amboy

Hatikvah – Israel’s National Anthem

Jennine Shpigel
Congregation Neve Shalom, Metuchen
JCC of Middlesex County

Additional Clergy

Rabbi Gerald Zelizer
Congregation Neve Shalom

From Silence

We begin our service in the remembrance of the Holocaust in silence. Let us surround our worship, our community in prayer, with silence in preparation for the presence of God.

Silence does not just bring to a standstill words and noise. Silence is more than the temporary renunciation of speech. It is a door opening before prayer, toward the very realms of the spirit and the heart. Silence is the beginning of a reckoning of the soul, the prelude to an account of the past and the consideration of the present, may our shared silence lead us to awareness of a time of total evil that degraded out most precious values, the very meaning of religious existence, and life itself. Our silence is to be a committed accounting for other silences, that accepted persecutions and were indifferent to debasement and crime. For there was a time when silence was a crime.

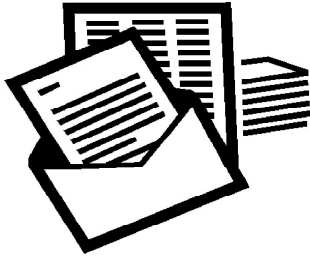
We think particularly of one night of silence, half a century ago: *Kristallnacht*, the night of the broken glass, the 9th of November, 1938. Then, all the synagogues in Germany rose up in flame and smoke to the skies. The churches next to them stood in darkness, and in silence. Glass littered the streets-the broken shop-windows of the Jewish community. The neighbors walked upon the crunching splinters and were silent. A few prayed. Some churches courageously expressed their grief. But a dark cloud of silence filled the world. When will that silence end? When will we speak out on behalf of suffering neighbors? Not until we affirm God together, not until we acknowledge that we are all God's children. From the silence of uncaring, let us move on to the silence, which is the search for God, the search for ourselves. Then we can move beyond that silence and affirm the One God, we can proclaim God's name to the world.

Eili Eili

Eili, Eili, shelo yigameir l'olam
 Hachol v'hayam, rishrush shel hamayim,
 B'rak hashamayim, t'filat ha'adam.
 Hachol v'hayam, rishrush shel hamayim,
 B'rak hashamayim, t'filat haadam.

*O God, my God, I pray that these things never end.
 The sand and the sea, the rush of the waters,
 The crash of the heavens, the prayer of the heart.
 The sand and the sea, the rush of the waters,
 The crash of the heavens, the prayer of the heart.*

This is Your Heritage



This is a letter I sent to my youngest son, Ari, 18, who is a student at Yeshivat Shaarei Mevaseret Zion in Israel. He went on the Heritage Tour to Poland last month with hundreds of other students. Each is asked to speak about their family's heritage on the trip.

Dear Ari:

This is your heritage as we know it: Your grandparents, Rachel and Jacob Rosenberg of blessed memory did not speak much about their families who were all murdered, and I did not ask questions since I knew it would hurt them terribly.

They died before the Shoah programs of getting parents to give witness were started by (Steven) Spielberg.

Out of both their large families, only one half sister of Zeide's, his aunt, Regina, survived. She and her daughter, Maria Devinki, and Maria's husband, Fred Devinki, were able to pay a farmer to hide them during the war.

Jacob Rosenberg, your grandfather, was born in Wodzislaw or Wrodzislaw (spelled many different ways), Poland. His parents, Berish and Feigel Miriam lived with their children on a street next to several other of their relatives. At least five houses were owned by their extended family.

We visited the town several years ago and found Jacob's original birth certificate in the town hall records. Maria and her family hired someone years ago who found the original deed to the land our family owned, which is now the parking of the town hall.

Jacob had four brothers and sisters, all married with children before the war. Jacob also was married before the war and had two children who were murdered. We do not know their names, but he worked in the town of Bezdin in the meat business.

Jacob was in several concentration camps, escaped, was a partisan fighter, was shot and captured again and ended up in Auschwitz from which he was liberated. He had a tattooed number on his arm, but we cannot find the records at this point. We did find the old large shul in the town, which is falling down and dangerous to enter. There was a plaque on the outside wall indicating the Jews who were rounded up and taken to Treblinka.

Rachel Rosenberg's maiden name was Frankel. Her parents were Jacob and Bluma. She had four brothers and sister who also were married with children. Her family was well off and owned a leather factory in Cracow. They lived in Slomnicki, Poland, near Cracow.

We could not find any record of her family's existence when we went to the town to visit several years ago. When our guide asked someone where the shul in the town was, they replied there wasn't any. As we drove out of the town though, I noticed a large building that also was crumbling. It had a Jewish star and turned out to be the shul. When we went to the town hall, there were no records of any Jews ever having lived there.

Bubby was sent to the labor camp Plassau/Krakowa. It was the worst work camp. They made ammunition that turned your skin yellow and wrinkled. It made her sick. She was liberated from Skazyskokarmiene Werk C. They never thought she would be able to have any children after that.

There were no survivors of any of their immediate families.

After the war, both of your grandparents were sent to a detention camp in Germany, Regensburg. They met there. Relatives of both apparently had known each other. They married, and I was born in Regensburg.

Jacob worked for a couple of years. They were sent by the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society to Memphis, Tenn., where they lived for two years. Jacob worked in the meat business there. After two years, they traced his half sister, Regina, to Kansas City, Mo. That is how your father and grandparents ended up in Kansas City.

Though they both grew up very religious, your grandparents became less so after the war due to economics and the terrible memories that they had. At 12, I decided to become a rabbi because of the Holocaust to make sure that "never again" would this happen. My parents became kosher and religious again.

Take this with you when you go to Poland.

Love,

Daddy

When They Came For Me

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

Then they came for the socialists
And I did not speak out...
Because I was not a socialist

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

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

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

for me.

Pastor Martin Niemoeller

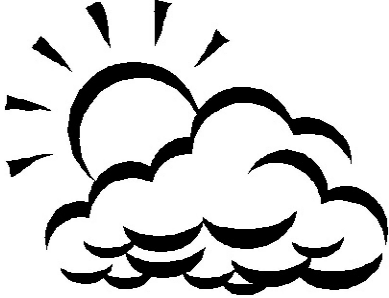
From *Salvaged Pages: Young Writers' Diaries of the Holocaust*

When fear crawls out in the evenings from all four corners, when the winter storm raging outside tells you it is winter, and that it is difficult to live in the winter, when my soul trembles at the sight of distant fantasies, I shiver and say one word with every heartbeat, every pulse, every piece of my soul—*liberation*. In such moments it hardly matters where it is going to come from and who will bring it, so long as it's faster and comes sooner. Doubts are growing in my soul. Quiet! Blessed be he who brings good news, no matter from where, no matter to...where. Time, go ahead. Time, which carries liberation in its unknown tomorrow; not for Cip, who was happy to live in interesting times, maybe not for me, but for people like me. The result is certain. Down with any doubts. Everything comes to an end. Spring will come.

*by Yitskhok Rudashevski
Vilna Ghetto, Lithuania, age 14*

On a Sunny Evening

On a purple, sun shot evening
Under wide-flowering chestnut trees



Upon the threshold full of dust
Yesterday, today, days are all like these.

Trees flower forth in beauty,
Lovely, too, their very wood all gnarled and old
That I am half afraid to peer
Into their crowns of green and gold.

The sun has made a veil of gold
So lovely that my body aches.
Above, the heavens shriek with blue
Convinced I've smiled by some mistake.
The world's abloom and seems to smile.
I want to fly but where, how high?
If in barbed wire, things can bloom
Why couldn't I? I will not die!

Anonymous 1944

*Written by the children in Concentration Camp Terezin
Barracks L318 and L417, ages 10-16 years*

Inscription of Hope

I believe in the sun, even when it's not shining,
and I believe in love even when there's no one there.
I believe in God even when he is silent, I believe in any trial there is always a way.

But sometimes in this suffering and hopeless despair, my heart cries out for shelter
to know someone's there. But a voice rises within me saying hold on my child,
I'll give you strength, I'll give you hope. Just stay a little while.

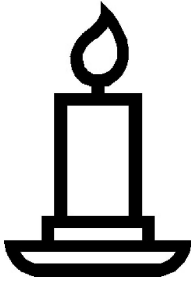
May there some day be sunshine, May there some day be happiness,
May there some day be love, May there some day be peace.

An Affirmation for the Future

I pray for courage, and for strength.
When I remember the evils in the past,
The innocent people tortured and murdered,
I am almost afraid to make myself remember.
But I am even more afraid to forget.
I ask for wisdom, that I might mourn,
And not be consumed by hatred.
That I might remember,
And yet not lose hope.
I must face evil—
And, so doing, reaffirm my faith in future
good.
I cannot erase yesterday's pains,

to learn from hate that people must love,
to learn from evil to live for good

But I can vow that they will not have suffered
in vain.
And so I pray:
For those who were given death,
I choose life—
For me and for generations yet to come.
For those who found courage
to stand against evil—
Often at the cost of their lives—
I vow to carry on their struggle.
I must teach myself, and others



Candle Lighting Ceremony

We now light six candles in memory of the six million Jews whose lives were extinguished during the Holocaust. As we light these candles, we commit ourselves to responsibility for one another to build on this earth a world that has no room for hatred, no place for violence. Together, we pray for the strength to fulfill this vocation.

El Malei Rachamim*In memory of the six million:*

אֵל מָלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בַּמְרוֹמִים, הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה
 בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים כְּזֹהָר הָרָקִיעַ מְזַהֲרִים, אֶת נִשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי
 יִשְׂרָאֵל, אָנָּשִׁים נָשִׁים וְטָף, שֶׁנִּטְבְּחוּ וְשֶׁנֶּחֱנְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ וְשֶׁנֶּהָרְגוּ, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן
 תִּהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בָּעַל הָרַחֲמִים, הַסֵּתִירַם בְּסֵתֶר כְּנָפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים וָצֹר בְּצָרוֹר
 הַחַיִּים אֶת־נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. יְיָ הוּא נִחַלָתָם, וַיְנַחֲחֵם בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכַּבּוֹתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמַר
 אָמֵן:

*El malei raḥamim shokhen ba-m'romim, hamtzei m'nuḥah n'khonah taḥat
 kanfei ha-sh'khinah b'ma'alot k'doshim ut-horim k'zohar ha-rakiah
 maz'hirim, et nishmot kol aḥeinu b'nei Yisrael, anashim nashim v'taf,
 she-nitb'bḥu v'sheneḥenku v'shenisrafu v'shenehergu, b'gan eden t'hei
 m'nuḥatam. Ana ba'al ha-raḥamim, has-tirem b'seter k'nafekha l'olamim
 utzror bitzror ha-ḥayim et nishmotehem. Adonai hu naḥalatam. V'yanuḥu
 v'shalom al mishk'votehem. V'nomar amen.*

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering Presence, among the holy and the pure, to the souls of all our brethren, men, women, and children of the House of Israel who were slaughtered and suffocated and burned to ashes. May their memory endure, inspiring truth and loyalty in our lives. May their souls thus be bound up in the bond of life. May they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

This translation is taken from Siddur Sim Shalom.

We Remember/Mourner's Kaddish

We remember the six million Jews and five million others by reciting the *Kaddish*, the traditional Jewish prayer for the dead. This prayer is not a funeral hymn but an affirmation of God's everlasting Presence and dominion, praising God's existence and creative love. It is in this spirit that we pray the *Kaddish*, remembering the victims of the Holocaust. We also pray for the survivors, whose faith in life enabled them to rebuild in other countries their shattered lives, their destroyed worlds. Joining together they brought about new life, they raised new families in new lands, in defiance of absolute terror and despair, an invincible hope. Exalted by that spirit of life-giving and faith, we pray today.

Mourner's Kaddish קדיש יתום

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ, וְיִמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמָיָא.

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

May his great name be blessed forever and to all eternity.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקַדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ
הוּא, לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשֻׁבָּחָתָא וְנִחְמָתָא, דְאָמְרִין בְּעָלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba. B'al'ma di v'ra chiruteih, v'yamlich malchuteih
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chayei d'chol beit yisra-eil, ba-agala uvizman kariv,
v'imru amen.*

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal
sh'meih d'kudsha b'rich hu, l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata,
da-amiran b'al'ma, v'imru amen.*

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya, v'chayim aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

Hatikvah

כָּל עוֹד בְּלֵב בְּנִימָה
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמִיָּה,
וּלְפָאֲתֵי מִזְרַח, קְדִימָה,
עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה,

עוֹד לֹא אֲבָדָה תְּקוּתָנוּ,
הַתְּקוּהָ בַת שָׁנוֹת אֲלֵפִים,
לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֲפָשִׁי בְּאַרְצֵנוּ,
אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.

*Kol od baleivav p'nima
Nefesh y'hudi homiya
Ul-fa-atei mizrach kadima
Ayin l'tziyon tzofiyah*

*Od lo av'da tikvateinu
Hatikvah bat sh'not alpayim
Lih-yot am chofshi b'artzeinu
Eretz Tziyon Virushalayim.*

THE HOPE

As long as deep within the heart
A Jewish soul stirs,
And forward, to the ends of the East
An eye looks out, towards 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.

**Metuchen Edison Interfaith
Clergy Association**

Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County

Jewish Federation of Middlesex County

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL PROGRAM



May 1, 2008

Jewish Community Center of Middlesex County
1775 Oak Tree Road
Edison, NJ 08820

Opening Niggun
(A Song without Words)

Rabbi Deborah K.Bravo
Temple Emanu-El, Edison

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur
Program Resource: Appendix I - Model Community Services

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

60

Welcome	Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg Congregation Beth El, Edison President, Metuchen Edison Interfaith Clergy
Association	
JCC's Welcome	Eric Nacht President, JCC
Reading: From Silence	Rev. John Painter Centenary United Methodist Church, Metuchen
<i>Eili Eili</i>	Temple Emanu-El Choir Cantor Karen Kumin, Conductor David Bravo, Accompanist
A Prayer	Imam Raouf Zaman Muslim Center of Middlesex County
A Letter from Auschwitz	Deacon Paul Licamel St. Frances Cathedral, Metuchen
Reading: Never Forget!	Rev. Jim Thomas First Presbyterian Church, Iselin
<i>Thirsty Boots</i> <i>by Eric Anderson</i>	Gracenotes, The Reformed Church of Metuchen Rev. Richard Ruch, Deacon Philip Ridder
Reading: When They Came for Me	Rev. Kathleen Tice Stelton Baptist Church, Edison
Reading by Anne Frank	Priscilla Glinn Jewish Community Center
<i>Something Inside So Strong</i> <i>by Labi Siffre</i> <i>arranged by Landau</i>	New Jersey Gay Men's Chorus Steven A. Russell, Artistic Director and Conductor Thomas G. Myers, Assistant Conductor Paul Villarreal, Accompanist
Reading: Not Today	Rev. Janice Sutton Trinity United Methodist Church, Highland Park
Poem: "The Butterfly"	Amalia Schiff and Genna Rivera Temple Emanu-El
<i>Inscription of Hope</i> <i>by Z. Randall Stroepe</i>	First Presbyterian Church in Iselin Choir Colonia High School Chorus

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

61

	Alain Bolton, Conductor
An Affirmation of the Future	Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg Congregation Beth El, Edison
Greetings From Our Civic Leaders	Presentation of Mayoral Proclamation
23 rd Psalm	Choirs, Trinity United Methodist Church, Highland Park Oak Tree Presbyterian Church, Metuchen Michele Naples, Conductor
Candle Lighting Service	Casey Quinto Temple Emanu-El, Edison
	Amalia Schiff Temple Emanu-El, Edison
	Genna Rivera Temple Emanu-El, Edison
	Karen Shpigel, Granddaughter of Holocaust survivor Congregation Neve Shalom, Metuchen
	Naomi Kammer Jewish Community Center
	Shira Kafker Congregation Neve Shalom
	John Maddela First Presbyterian Church of Iselin
	Ruperto Figueroa III First Presbyterian Church of Iselin
	Imran Uddin Muslim Center of Middlesex County
“El Malei Rachamim” prayer	Cantor Karen Kumin Temple Emanu-El, Edison
Remembering	Rev. Jill Hedlund Kitsko Oak Tree Presbyterian Church, Metuchen Roosevelt Care Center, Edison
Mourner’s Kaddish	Rabbi Deborah K. Bravo Temple Emanu-El, Edison
Hatikvah – Israel’s National Anthem	Jennine Shpigel

Congregation Neve Shalom, Metuchen
JCC of Middlesex County

Conclusion

Gabriela Sadote-Sleppin
Director of the Community Relations Council,
Jewish Federation of Middlesex County

Additional Clergy

Rabbi Melinda Zalma
Congregation Beth Mordechai, Perth Amboy

Rabbi Gerald Zelizer
Congregation Neve Shalom

From Silence

We begin our service in the remembrance of the Holocaust in silence. Let us surround our worship, our community in prayer, with silence in preparation for the presence of God.

Silence does not just bring to a standstill words and noise. Silence is more than the temporary renunciation of speech. It is a door opening before prayer, toward the very realms of the spirit and the heart. Silence is the beginning of a reckoning of the soul, the prelude to an account of the past and the consideration of the present, may our shared silence lead us to awareness of a time of total evil that degraded out most precious values, the very meaning of religious existence, and life itself. Our silence is to be a committed accounting for other silences, that accepted persecutions and were indifferent to debasement and crime. For there was a time when silence was a crime.

We think particularly of one night of silence, half a century ago: *Kristallnacht*, the night of the broken glass, the 9th of November, 1938. Then, all the synagogues in Germany rose up in flame and smoke to the skies. The churches next to them stood in darkness, and in silence. Glass littered the streets-the broken shop-windows of the Jewish community. The neighbors walked upon the crunching splinters and were silent. A few prayed. Some churches courageously expressed their grief. But a dark cloud of silence filled the world. When will that silence end? When will we speak out on behalf of suffering neighbors? Not until we affirm God together, not until we acknowledge that we are all God's children. From the silence of uncaring, let us move on to the silence, which is the search for God, the search for ourselves. Then we can move beyond that silence and affirm the One God, we can proclaim God's name to the world.

Eili Eili

Eili, Eili, shelo yigameir l'olam
 Hachol v'hayam, rishrush shel hamayim,
 B'rak hashamayim, t'filat ha'adam.
 Hachol v'hayam, rishrush shel hamayim,
 B'rak hashamayim, t'filat haadam.

*O God, my God, I pray that these things never end.
 The sand and the sea, the rush of the waters,
 The crash of the heavens, the prayer of the heart.
 The sand and the sea, the rush of the waters,
 The crash of the heavens, the prayer of the heart.*

A Prayer

In the presence of eyes
which witnessed the slaughter,
which saw the oppression
the heart could not bear,
and as witness the heart
that once taught compassion
until the days came to pass
that crushed human feeling,
I have taken an oath: To remember it all,
to remember, not once to forget!
Forget not one thing to the last generation

when degradation shall cease,
to the last, to its ending,
when the rod of destruction
shall have come to conclusion.
An oath: Not in vain passed over
the night of terror.
An oath: No morning shall see me
as flesh-pots again.
An oath: Lest from this we learned nothing.

From The Gates of Prayer

A Letter from Auschwitz

There I stood on a little hill
In the Auschwitz death camp
Surrounded by blocks and barracks
Where inmates lived, suffered, died
Under the black smokestacks of the ovens,
Encircled by the stark whiteness of the snow and ash and bone
The polish guide explained
“The grass on these plains
Grows abundantly in the summer and spring,
Blue grass fed by the fertilizer under the soil.
Come back after winter and see how lovely it is!”

There I stood, praying the ashes could somehow cohere,

Recalling the question
posed to Ezekiel in the valley,
“Can these bones live?”
And there came a noise, a shaking, and the
bones
Came together, bone to his bone,
The sinews and the flesh upon them,
And the skin covered the above,
And the breath came into them and they lived,
And stood up upon their feet ,
an exceeding great army.
“Behold O my people,
I will open your graves,

And cause you to come out of your graves,
And bring you to the land of Israel.”

There I stood, on a lofty mountain
In Jerusalem
Before me, the vast host of the Jewish people
In school rooms, in cities, in factories, in
villages,
In battle, in peace.
God, remember the souls of the departed
And guard over the resurrected children of
Israel
In the land of Israel

Never Forget!

On November 7, 2003, my daughter Anna Maria, then a teacher at the American school in Rome, chaperoned 24 seventh and eighth graders during a cultural trip to Poland, which included a visit to Auschwitz. I share with you her reflections:

Friday, November 7th, 2003

"Shoes. I think of the shoes now at Auschwitz. There was a white pair of what I'd call old fashioned ladies' shoes with high heels. They made me think of how delighted their owner must have been when she first got them. Now they are a museum memorial-physical proof of crimes committed—a sign that she died too young, senselessly, horribly, and bereft of even her shoes. They are just a speck in a huge pile of shoes kept on display behind glass, shoes of so many sizes, shapes and styles, that walked with so many different people-once!"

"I walked into a gas chamber. I walked out again, wearing my sturdy brown shoes that I got at home last Christmas. Now they have walked the ground at Auschwitz and Birkenau. They walked into prisoners' barracks and out again; into a gas chamber and crematorium, and out again; up to the firing wall where intellectuals were shot for their so-called crimes; past the gallows where the leader of that camp was hanged."

"I wondered—though not for long- where I would have been and reacted or acquiesced had I been a prisoner there. "These were my sisters and...MY brothers. And so were the Nazis weren't they?"

"Television show us images of people suffering injustice and persecution in various parts of the world today. It's easy to turn it off when the news is over. Perhaps it was seeing the shoes, toothbrushes, suitcases, baby cloths- the Jewish prayer shawls... those things made the victims of Auschwitz more real to me as human beings, just like myself and all of you, my family and my friends."

"A sixth grade girl asked me before we went. 'Why is Auschwitz still there- why did they keep it?' several students agreed that this was hard to understand. After our visit, I don't think any of them had that question anymore, even if they couldn't put the answer into words. Several remarked on the way back to Rome that Auschwitz is something everybody should see."

"Like my students, I left Auschwitz full of questions- questions about the history, yes, even more, questions about my current world and my own life in it."

Thirsty Boots

You've long been on the open road,
You've been sleeping in the rain,
From the dirty words and muddy cells
Your clothes are soiled and stained,
From the dirty words and muddy cells
Will soon be judged insane
So only stop to rest yourself
Till you'll go off again

Chorus:

*So take off your thirsty boots
and stay for a while,
Your feet are hot and weary,
from a dusty mile,
And maybe I can make you laugh,
maybe I can try,*

*I'm just looking for the evening,
the morning in your eye.*

But tell me of the ones you saw
As far as you could see
Across the plain from field to town
A marching to be free
And of the rusted prison gates
That tumbled by degree
Like laughing children, one by one,
They looked like you and me. *Chorus.*

I know you are no stranger down
The crooked rainbow trails
From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills
Of slandered, shackled jails

But the voices drift up from below
As the walls they're being scaled
Yes, all of this, and more, my friend,
Your song shall not be failed. *Chorus.*

When They Came For Me

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

Then they came for the socialists
And I did not speak out...
Because I was not a socialist

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

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

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

Pastor Martin Niemoeller

From the Diary of a Young Girl

It's difficult in times like these: ideals, dreams, and cherished hopes rise within us, only to be crushed by grim reality. It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart. It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death.

I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that, one day, will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions, and yet, when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty too shall end, that peace and tranquility will return once more. In the meantime, I must hold onto my ideals. Perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them!

by Anne Frank

Something Inside So Strong

The higher you build your barriers, the taller I become.
The farther you take my rights away, the faster I will run.
You can deny me. You can decide to turn your face away.
No matter 'cause there's something inside so strong.
I know that I can make it.
Tho' you're doin' me wrong, so wrong.
I thought that my pride was gone, oh no.
There's something inside so strong.

The more you refuse to hear my voice, the louder I will sing.
You hide behind walls of Jericho. Your lies will come tumbling.
Deny my place in time, you squander wealth that's mine.
My light will shine so brightly it will blind you.
Because there's something inside so strong.
I know that I can make it.
Tho' you're doin' me wrong, so wrong.
I thought that my pride was gone, oh no.
There's something inside so strong.

Brothers and sisters, when they insist we're just not good enough,
Tho' we know better just look 'em in the eyes and say
we're gonna do it anyway.
Something inside so strong. I know that I can make it.
Tho' you're doin' me wrong, so wrong.
I thought that my pride was gone, oh no.
There's something inside so strong.

Not Today!

From tomorrow on, I shall be sad
From tomorrow on!
Today I will be joyful.

What is the use of sadness – tell me that?
Because these evil winds begin to blow?
Why shall I grieve for tomorrow – today?
Tomorrow may be so good, so sunny,
Tomorrow the sun may shine for us again;
We shall no longer need to be sad.

From tomorrow on, I shall be sad –
From tomorrow on!
Not today; no! Today I will be glad.
And every day, no matter how bitter it be,
I will say:
From tomorrow on, I shall be sad,
Not today!

By Motel

I Never Saw Another Butterfly

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone...

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to
kiss the world good-bye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto.
But I have found what I love here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut branches in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
in the ghetto.

By Pavel Friedmann, 4.6.1942

Inscription of Hope

I believe in the sun, even when it's not shining,
and I believe in love even when there's no one there.
I believe in God even when he is silent, I believe in any trial there is always a way.

But sometimes in this suffering and hopeless despair, my heart cries out for shelter
to know someone's there. But a voice rises within me saying hold on my child,
I'll give you strength, I'll give you hope. Just stay a little while.

May there some day be sunshine, May there some day be happiness,
May there some day be love, May there some day be peace.

An Affirmation for the Future

I pray for courage, and for strength.
When I remember the evils in the past,
The innocent people tortured and murdered,
I am almost afraid to make myself remember.
But I am even more afraid to forget.
I ask for wisdom, that I might mourn,
And not be consumed by hatred.
That I might remember,
And yet not lose hope.
I must face evil—
And, so doing, reaffirm my faith in future
good.
I cannot erase yesterday's pains,

But I can vow that they will not have suffered
in vain.
And so I pray:
For those who were given death,
I choose life—
For me and for generations yet to come.
For those who found courage
to stand against evil—
Often at the cost of their lives—
I vow to carry on their struggle.
I must teach myself, and others
to learn from hate that people must love,
to learn from evil to live for good

23rd Psalm: An Interpretation

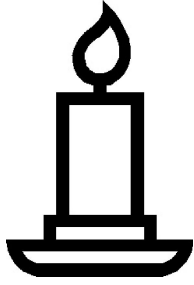
[Refrain] *My shepherd is the Lord, nothing indeed shall I want.*

The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want.
Fresh and green are the pastures where He gives me repose
Near restful water He leads me, to revive my drooping spirit. [Refrain]

He guides me along the right path; He is true to His name.
If I should walk in the valley of darkness, no evil would I fear.
You are there with Your crook and Your staff; with these You give me comfort.
[Refrain]

You have prepared a banquet for me in the sight of my foes.
My head You have anointed with oil, my cup is overflowing. [Refrain]

Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life.
In the Lord's own house shall I dwell forever and ever. [Refrain]



Candle Lighting Ceremony

We now light six candles in memory of the six million Jews whose lives were extinguished during the Holocaust. As we light these candles, we commit ourselves to responsibility for one another to build on this earth a world that has no room for hatred, no place for violence. Together, we pray for the strength to fulfill this vocation.

El Malei Rachamim*In memory of the six million:*

אֵל מָלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְּפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה
 בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים כְּזֹהַר הָרָקִיעַ מְזַהֲרִים, אֶת נִשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי
 יִשְׂרָאֵל, אָנָּשִׁים נָשִׁים וְטָף, שֶׁנִּטְבְּחוּ וְשֶׁנֶּחֱנְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ וְשֶׁנֶּהָרְגוּ, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן
 תִּהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בָּעַל הָרַחֲמִים, הַסֵּתִירַם בְּסֵתֶר כְּנַפֶּיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים וָצָר בְּצָרוֹר
 הַחַיִּים אֶת־נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. יְיָ הוּא נִחַלָתָם, וַיְנַחֲחֵם בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכַּבּוֹתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמַר
 אָמֵן:

*El malei raḥamim shokhen ba-m'romim, hamtzei m'nuḥah n'khonah taḥat
 kanfei ha-sh'khinah b'ma'alot k'doshim ut-horim k'zohar ha-rakiah
 maz'hirim, et nishmot kol aḥeinu b'nei Yisrael, anashim nashim v'taf,
 she-nitb'bḥu v'sheneḥenku v'shenisrafu v'shenehergu, b'gan eden t'hei
 m'nuḥatam. Ana ba'al ha-raḥamim, has-tirem b'seter k'nafekha l'olamim
 utzror bitzror ha-ḥayim et nishmotehem. Adonai hu naḥalatam. V'yanuḥu
 v'shalom al mishk'votehem. V'nomar amen.*

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering Presence, among the holy and the pure, to the souls of all our brethren, men, women, and children of the House of Israel who were slaughtered and suffocated and burned to ashes. May their memory endure, inspiring truth and loyalty in our lives. May their souls thus be bound up in the bond of life. May they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

This translation is taken from Siddur Sim Shalom.

We Remember

We remember the six million Jews and five million others by reciting the *Kaddish*, the traditional Jewish prayer for the dead. This prayer is not a funeral hymn but an affirmation of God's everlasting Presence and dominion, praising God's existence and creative love. It is in this spirit that we pray the *Kaddish*, remembering the victims of the Holocaust. We also pray for the survivors, whose faith in life enabled them to rebuild in other countries their shattered lives, their destroyed worlds. Joining together they brought about new life, they raised new families in new lands, in defiance of absolute terror and despair, an invincible hope. Exalted by that spirit of life-giving and faith, we pray today.

Mourner's Kaddish קדיש יתום

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתֵיהּ, וְיִמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמָיָא.

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

May his great name be blessed forever and to all eternity.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ
הוּא, לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשֻׁבָּחָתָא וְנִחְמָתָא, דְּאָמְרִין בְּעָלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵינוּ, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba. B'al'ma di v'ra chiruteih, v'yamlich malchuteih
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chaye d'chol beit yisra-eil, ba-agala uvizman kariv,
v'imru amen.*

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal
sh'meih d'kudsha b'rich hu, l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata,
da-amiran b'al'ma, v'imru amen.*

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya, v'chayim aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

Hatikvah

כָּל עוֹד בְּלֵב בְּנִימָה
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמִיָּה,
וּלְפָאֲתֵי מִזְרַח, קְדִימָה,
עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה,

עוֹד לֹא אֲבָדָה תְּקוּתָנוּ,
הַתְּקוּהָ בֵּת שְׁנוֹת אֲלֵפִים,
לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֲפָשִׁי בְּאַרְצֵנוּ,
אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.

*Kol od baleivav p'nima
Nefesh y'hudi homiya
Ul-fa-atei mizrach kadima
Ayin l'tziyon tzofiyah*

*Od lo av'da tikvateinu
Hatikvah bat sh'not alpayim
Lih-yot am chofshi b'artzeinu
Eretz Tziyon Virushalayim.*

THE HOPE

As long as deep within the heart
A Jewish soul stirs,
And forward, to the ends of the East
An eye looks out, towards 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.

APPENDIX II

Collected Readings, Poetry, Essays

Those planning a Holocaust Memorial worship service for a congregation, the Jewish community and/or a community Inter-faith Memorial Program may wish to select from the following selections of readings, poetry, essays and materials that may add deeper meaning to your memorial.

In addition to these following readings, you are encouraged to review the model Inter-Faith Community services where you will find readings and poetry with which to inspire your participants.

Please note that in planning a program in which a worship service, perhaps the Evening Service - Maariv presented in this book. There are a variety of opinions concerning exactly at which point(s) in the worship one may pause or stop for a supplementary reading or comment. Please check with your Rabbi(s) as you plan your Maariv/Evening Service to insure that Jewish law and the custom of your congregation and community are respected.

If you have found other materials that are appropriate for such a service or program, please feel encouraged to submit them in email - and with attributed authorship where possible - for future editions and sharing. Submit to "Rabbi Bernhard Rosenberg" <chaimdov@aol.com>.

BENEDICTION

Chaplain Arnold E. Resnicoff, U.S. Navy

O Lord our God,
help us pray, as our ceremony ends,
that our service might begin.
And keep us from forgetting the difference.

Keep us from feeling too good
about what we say and do today,
for words are not enough,
and it is far too easy to recall
gigantic evil done by others,
yet miss the link to seeds of future horror
in our own lives:
in apathy, in the careless racial slur,
in blindness to a neighbor's wound,
or deafness to his cry....

And yet,
let us take some pride--and hope--
in what we do today,
for sometimes, words can pave the way:
songs and prayers
can bear witness to the good within us still,
can give dreams a voice--
a call which might be, must be, heard,
to give direction to our lives.

So, from the Holocaust, we learn:
when we deny humanity in others,
we destroy humanity within ourselves.
When we reject the human, and the holy,
in any neighbor's soul,
then we unleash the beast, and the barbaric,
in our own heart.
And, since the Holocaust, we pray:
if the time has not yet dawned
when we can all proclaim our faith in God,
then let us say at least
that we admit we are not gods ourselves.
If we cannot yet see the face of God in others,
then let us see, at least,
a face as human as our own.

So long ago
the Bible taught that life might be
a blessing or a curse:
the choice is in our hands.

Today we vow:
the curse will be remembered.
But our prayer must also be;
to fight despair;
to find the strength, the courage,
and the faith,
to keep alive the dream
that--through us and through our children--
the blessing might still be.

We Commune

Today, Holocaust Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Day, we commune with the memory -
Of the six million members of our nation who perished as tormented martyrs at the hand of the Nazis and
their helpers;

Of the communities and families of the House of Jacob that were destroyed and obliterated in a
malevolent scheme to eradicate the name and civilization of Israel from under heaven.

We remember with respectful awe -

The fortitude of our brethren who gave their lives for their people in sanctity and purity;

The sublime valor of those quarantined in the ghettos and of the fighters who rose and
kindled the flame of rebellion to redeem their people's honor.

The lofty relentless struggle of the Jewish masses for their humanity and their Jewish
civilization. And the Righteous among the nations, who saved Jews at the risk of
their own lives.

Responsive reading

The ark of the *Torah*, of faith, of learning, stands empty and bereft.
We have come here to remember those who cannot be forgotten

We have come to speak of that which cannot be spoken but must not be left unsaid.
We have come to remind not others but ourselves of what was done and what was not done.

We have come to ask questions that cannot be
answered but cannot be left unasked.

We know how to remember the dead we have known.
We know how to commemorate the death of one person.

But all of us are mourners;
all of us recall not one but six million ones.

Not only those we have known, but those no one can know,
the names that are forever lost.

Megilat Ha-Shoah, Rabbi Reuven Hammer

Lighting of Six Memorial Candles

Candles we light
Wherever we are,
Candles for Chanukah,
Candles for *Shabbat*,
Candles for *Havdalah*,
Braided like a *challah*,
Or candles for pure delight.
So many, many candles.
All kinds of shape,
All kinds of color,
All of them candles of joy.

Only one candle is right
To remember someone who died
A candle for the soul.
And more candles we light
In silence and in honor,
Six candles, a memorial
To the myriads who are gone, Six
million. All of them candles of sorrow.

Batsheva Dagan

Shomer Yisrael

Guardian of Israel,
guard the remnant of Israel
and preserve the people Israel, who
proclaim: *Sh'ma Yisrael*.
Guardian of a unique people,
guard the remnant of that people;
and preserve that people who affirm:
Adonai is our God, *Adonai* alone.
Guardian of a holy people,
guard the remnant of that holy people;
and preserve that holy people
who chant in praise of the Holy
One: *Kadosh, Kadosh, Kadosh*.

The King of Children: Janusz Korczak

Janusz Korczak (the pen name of Henryk Goldszmit) was a Polish-Jewish doctor, author, and educator who believed that children should always be listened to and respected. Korczak became the director of a Jewish orphanage in Warsaw. When the war broke out, despite offers from Polish friends to hide him on the “Aryan” side of the city, Korczak refused to abandon the children. On August 5, 1942, the Nazis rounded up Korczak and his 200 children. They marched to the Umschlagplatz with Korczak in the lead; he never abandoned his children, even to the very end. Korczak and the children were sent to Treblinka, where they were all murdered.

At Terezin:

When a new child comes
Everything seems strange to him.
What, on the ground have I to lie?
Eat black potatoes? No! Not I!
I've got to stay? It's dirty here!
The floor – why, look, it's dirt, I fear!
And I'm supposed to sleep on it?
I'll get all dirty!
Here the sound of shouting, cries,
And oh, so many flies.
Everyone knows flies carry disease.
Oooh, something bit me! Wasn't that a bedbug?
Here in Terezin, life is hell
And when I'll go home again, I can't yet tell.

Teddy L 410, 1943

Reflections:

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 life forever.
Never shall I forget that nocturnal
Silence which deprived me, for all
Eternity, of the desire to live. Never shall
I forget those moments which murdered
My God and my souls 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.

Expulsions: Departure 1940 - Testimony of Harry Lenga

My mother she won't leave her mother.
Her sister can't go away and leave the
mother with the sister. My father can't go
away and leave his wife with her mother.
The day after the synagogue was burned
my father took everything together
and gave it to us, tools, watches,
rings, you know, whatever he had,
he gave it to my brother and me.
Without his tools, a watchmaker is nothing.
"I don't need them - you're young, one day
you might have a use for it."
My mother, she smiled, "It's not so
bad, don't worry, tomorrow we'll all
probably go on the train
without having to pay for a ticket."
She took a photograph of my father in his caftan
and her in her new Shabbat dress,
and put it in my shoe, that they should
always walk with me. Then she kissed me
goodbye.
It was the second night of Sukkoth.

January 26, 1942

Yet, in spite of everything, we survive. We live like pariahs but none of us wants to die. It is a fact which puzzles the Nazis not a little - why are there no suicides in the ghetto? Because everyone wants to remain alive under any circumstances just to witness the end of the war and the end of Hitler! That is why this freezing cold which brings us disease and death also brings us a measure of comfort. This same cold is decimating the armies of the Fuhrer on the plains of Russia. It is a hope we cling to.

The Warsaw Diary Chaim Kaplan

EILI EILI

Eili Eili

Shelo yigameir l'olam, Hachol v'hayam

rishrush shel

hamayim,

Brak

hashamayim

t'filat ha-adam

O Lord, my God, I pray that these things
shall never end. The sand and the sea,
the rush of the waters,
The crash of the heavens,
the prayer of man.

The Jewish Shtetl

And once
there was a garden, and a child,
and a tree.

And once,
there was a father, and a mother,
and a dog.

And once,
there was a house, and a sister,
and a grandma.

And once, there was life

Anonymous

The Butterfly

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow, Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing against a
white stone . . .
Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished 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
And the white chestnut candles in the court. Only I never saw another butterfly.
That butterfly was the last one. Butterflies don't live in here,
In the ghetto.

Pavel Friedman 4/6/42

Zol Shoy'n Kumen Di Ge'uleh

Let The Redemption Come Soon

Verse 1

*Ongezolyet oyfn hartsn,
makht men a lekheyim.
Oyb der umet lozt nit ruen
zingen mir a lid.
Iz nito keyn bisi bronfn,
lomir trinkn mayim.
Mayim khayim iz dokh khayim:
vos darf nokh der Yid?*

Though our hearts are heavy,
we will drink a toast.
Even if the gloom gives us no rest,
we will sing a song
If there's not a drop of whisky
let's drink water,
After all, fresh water is life.
What else do we need?

Refrain

*Zol shoy'n kumen di ge'uleh,
zol shoy'n kumen di ge'uleh,
zol shoy'n kumen di ge'uleh.
Meshiakh kumt shoy'n bald!*

Let the redemption come soon!
Let the redemption come soon!
Let the redemption come soon!
The Messiah will come very soon!

Verse 2

*S'iz a dor fun kule-khaiyev,
zait nit keyn naronim -
Un fun zindiken - Meshiakh
gikher kumen vet!
Akh, du tatele in himel,
s'betn bneyrakhomin:
Ze, Meshiakh zol nit kumen
a bisele tsu shpeyt!*

In this generation so many are guilty;
don't be fools.
After all these sins, the Messiah
surely will come!
Ah, dear Father in Heaven,
The children of Your mercy beseech you:
See to it that the Messiah doesn't come
a little too late!

*S'tantsn beymer in de velder,
shtern oyfn him.
Reb Yisro'el, der mekhutn,
dreyt zikh in der mit.
S'vet zikh oyfvekn Meshiakh
fun zain tiffn drim!
Ven er vet derhern
undzer tfiledike lid.*

Verse 3
Trees are dancing in the
forest, stars are dancing in
the sky. Mr. Yisro'el, the
celebrant, dances among
them.
The Messiah will surely waken
from his deep slumber
when he hears
our prayerful song.

The Diary of a Young Girl

"That's the difficulty in these times: ideals, dreams, and cherished hopes rise within us, only to meet the horrible truth and be shattered.

It's really a wonder that I haven't dropped all my ideals, because they seem so absurd and impossible to carry out. Yet I keep them, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart. I simply can't build up my hopes on a foundation consisting of confusion, misery, and death. I see the world gradually being turned into a wilderness, I hear the ever approaching thunder, which will destroy us too, I can feel the sufferings of millions and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty too will end, and that peace and tranquility will return again."

Anne Frank

EXCERPT FROM: *MEGILLAT HASHOAH* - THE *SHOAH* SCROLL

For these do I weep, and for the millions crowded in ghettos and in detention camps; for those wandering in forests and those hidden in attics and in the underground bunkers, for those who found refuge in the bosom of another faith or who lost their God; for those who were given over to experiments at the hands of wild beasts called doctors and scientists; for those who died of hunger and of thirst, smothered to death in freight trains or in gas chambers, shot, buried alive or cremated; for those who were brought out to be killed by hanging so that they would be seen, and for those who sanctified God's name and the name of the people Israel, refusing to be subdued, fighting to the death. For those who lost their homes, their dignity, and their hope, and for those left alive to live the horror anew, day after day, moment after moment.

For these do I weep, for infants who never learned to say "Mommy," for boys and girls whose youth was stolen from them, who withered before coming to blossom; for young men and women who never were blessed beneath the wedding canopy, for the elderly denied the privilege of a gracious old age; for the orchestras and for the music, and for all the world's beauty whose rainbow of colors was lost, replaced by only brown and gray and black. For all these do I weep.

YIZKOR

Abba Kovner

Let us remember our brother and our sisters
The homes in the cities and houses in the villages The streets of the town that bustled
like rivers And the inn standing solitary on the way.
The old man with his etched-out-features The mother in her sweater
The girls with the plaits
And the children.
The thousands of Jewish communities With their families
The whole Jewish people
That was brought to the slaughter on the soil Of Europe by the German destroyer.
The man who screamed out suddenly
And died while screaming
The woman who clutched a baby to her breast And whose arms tumbled down.
They baby whose fingers groped for her mother's Nipple which was blue and cold
The legs, the legs that sought refuge
And there was no escape.
And those who clenched their hands into fists
The fists that gripped the steel
The steel that was the weapon of the vision
The despair and the revolt. And those with staunch hearts And those with open eyes
And those who sacrificed themselves without
Being able to save others.
We shall remember the day.
The day in its noon, the sun
That rose over the stake of blood
The skies that stood high and silent We shall remember the mounds of ash Beneath
flowering
parks.
Let the living remember their deed for Behold they are here
Before us
Behold their eyes cast around and about So let us not rest
May our lives be worthy of their memory.

El Malei Rachamim*In memory of the six million:*

אֵל מָלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בַּמְרוֹמִים, הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְּפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה
 בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים כְּזֹהַר הָרָקִיעַ מְזְהִירִים, אֶת נִשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי
 יִשְׂרָאֵל, אָנָּשִׁים נָשִׁים וְטָף, שְׁנֵטְבָחוּ וְשִׁנְחָנְקוּ וְשִׁנְשָׁרְפוּ וְשִׁנְהָרְגוּ, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן
 תִּהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בָּעַל הָרַחֲמִים, הַסֵּתִירִם בְּסֵתֶר כְּנָפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים וָצָר בְּצָרוֹר
 הַחַיִּים אֶת־נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. יְיָ הוּא נִחַלָתָם, וַיְנַחֲחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכְּבוֹתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמַר
 אָמֵן:

*El malei raḥamim shokhen ba-m'romim, hamtzei m'nuḥah n'khonah taḥat
 kanfei ha-sh'khinah b'ma'alot k'doshim ut-horim k'zohar ha-rakiah
 maz'hirim, et nishmot kol aḥeinu b'nei Yisrael, anashim nashim v'taf,
 she-nitb'bḥu v'sheneḥenku v'shenisrafu v'shenehergu, b'gan eden t'hei
 m'nuḥatam. Ana ba'al ha-raḥamim, has-tirem b'seter k'nafekha l'olamim
 utzror bitzror ha-ḥayim et nishmotehem. Adonai hu naḥalatam. V'yanuḥu
 v'shalom al mishk'votehem. V'nomar amen.*

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering Presence, among the holy and the pure, to the souls of all our brethren, men, women, and children of the House of Israel who were slaughtered and suffocated and burned to ashes. May their memory endure, inspiring truth and loyalty in our lives. May their souls thus be bound up in the bond of life. May they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

This translation is taken from Siddur Sim Shalom.

Hymn of the Partisans

*Zog nit keynmol
Az du geyst dem letztn veg, Ven himlen bla-yene
Farshteln bloye teg,
Veyl kumen vet noch
Undzer oisgebenkte sho, S'vet a poyk ton
Undzer trot: Mir zeynen do!*

Never say that you now go on your last way,
Though darkened skies may now conceal the blue of day; Because the hour for which
we've hungered is so near, Beneath our feet the earth shall thunder, "We are here!"
From land of palm-trees to the far-off land of snow We shall be coming with our
torment, with our woe; And everywhere our blood has sunk into the earth Shall our
bravery, our vigor blossom forth.
We'll have the morning sun to set our day aglow; Our evil yesterdays shall vanish
with the foe.
But if the time is long before the sun appears,
Then let this song go like a signal through the years.
This song was written with our blood, and not with lead; It's not a song that summer
birds sing overhead;
It was a people, amidst burning barricades,
That sang this song of ours with pistols and grenades.
So never say you now go on your last way,
Though darkened skies may now conceal the blue of day, Because the hour for which
we've hungered is so near, Beneath our feet the earth shall thunder, "We are here!"

*Derfar zog nit keynmol
Az du geyst dem letztn veg, Ven himlen bla-yene
Farshteln bloye teg,
Veyl kumen vet noch
Undzer oisgebenkte sho, S'vet a poyk ton
Unkzer trot: Mir zeynen do!*

We Survived

Judy Freeman

There is no answer to Auschwitz,
No answer to hatred, brutality and murder
There is no answer...only questions? Why did so many innocents die?
Out of the ashes of death and destruction
Out of the flames that engulfed us
Came the survivors, whose eyes have seen the horrors Whose ears have heard the
screams.
They tried to silence us,
But our voices are still heard. They tried to destroy us
But we would not die, the chain has not been broken.
The sheep led to slaughter
And now lions, proud and strong! The yellow star of shame
Is now the courageous badge of life.
They killed the Jews But Judaism survives, They burned the
Torah But the words endure. The six million who perished
Their voices silenced forever
Left us a legacy.
We must remember!
We are the survivors
Who live to tell the tale
We are the remnants
Who bear witness to the world.

Now I have a country

I was naked as a young girl, I was 16
They brought my family here and burnt them,
They stole my name and gave me a number - tattoo 15755
Now I have a country, I have an army,
I have a president, I have a flag and this will never happen again

*Merka Shevach, at the ceremony commemorating the
60th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz, 2005*

We Remember/Mourner's Kaddish

We remember the six million Jews and five million others by reciting the *Kaddish*, the traditional Jewish prayer for the dead. This prayer is not a funeral hymn but an affirmation of God's everlasting Presence and dominion, praising God's existence and creative love. It is in this spirit that we pray the *Kaddish*, remembering the victims of the Holocaust. We also pray for the survivors, whose faith in life enabled them to rebuild in other countries their shattered lives, their destroyed worlds. Joining together they brought about new life, they raised new families in new lands, in defiance of absolute terror and despair, an invincible hope. Exalted by that spirit of life-giving and faith, we pray today.

Mourner's Kaddish קדיש יתום

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתֵיהּ, וְיִמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמָיָא.

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

May his great name be blessed forever and to all eternity.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ
הוּא, לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשׁוּבָתָא וְנִחְמָתָא, דְּאָמְרִין בְּעָלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵינוּ, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba. B'al'ma di v'ra chiruteih, v'yamlich malchuteih
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chayei d'chol beit yisra-eil, ba-agala uvizman kariv,
v'imru amen.*

Unison: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal
sh'meih d'kudsha b'rich hu, l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata,
da-amiran b'al'ma, v'imru amen.*

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya, v'chayim aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-eil, v'imru amen.

Hatikvah

כָּל עוֹד בְּלֵב בְּנִימָה
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמִיָּה,
וּלְפָאֲתֵי מִזְרַח, קְדִימָה,
עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה,

עוֹד לֹא אֲבָדָה תְּקוּתָנוּ,
הַתְּקוּהָ בַת שְׁנוֹת אֲלֵפִים,
לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֶפְשִׁי בְּאַרְצֵנוּ,
אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.

*Kol od baleivav p'nima
Nefesh y'hudi homiya
Ul-fa-atei mizrach kadima
Ayin l'tziyon tzofiyah*

*Od lo av'da tikvateinu
Hatikvah bat sh'not alpayim
Lih-yot am chofshi b'artzeinu
Eretz Tziyon Virushalayim.*

THE HOPE

As long as deep within the heart
A Jewish soul stirs,
And forward, to the ends of the East
An eye looks out, towards 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.

Keep the Memory of the Holocaust Alive: A Child of Survivors Speaks Out

Rabbi Bernhard H. Rosenberg

I personally feel no guilt for having the God given privilege of being alive. I mourn for my grandparents, uncles, and aunts who perished at the hands of Nazi maniacs; often weeping for not having experienced their love. I cry in anguish when reminded that six million of my people, young and old, *left* this earth via gas chambers and crematoria. I sense the pain of my family and friends who saw their elders shot before their very eyes and their babies hurled against brick walls and bayoneted. I experienced deep anger when I saw the numbers branded on the arm of my father, of blessed memory. Yet I thank God for sparing the lives of my beloved parents,

"Yes, I blame humanity for remaining silent while my innocent people perished screaming in terror for someone to heed their outcries. Humanity; not God. We are not puppets to be controlled by our Creator. People caused the Holocaust; people remained silent. Leaders of countries refused to intercede on behalf of the defenseless,

Should I then hate humanity? Should I live with anger in my heart, rebelling against the environment, rejecting those of other faiths and cultures? Perhaps I should bend in fear like a blade of grass when the winds of anti-Semitism turn toward me. Perhaps I should walk along the rocky paths of society fearing what the future may bring.

I openly and candidly answer in the negative. No, I will not live in a shelf of neurotic chaos, and I will not reject society. I refuse to live in a world which rejects hope, receiving nourishment from the seeds of hatred.

I admire and respect my beloved parents, Jacob and Rachel, of blessed memory, and honor them for their strength and courage. Even Auschwitz could not diminish *their* faith. They could have rejected humanity; instead they aided others in their daily fight for existence. No, a world of anger and hostility was not their banner.

Now as an orphaned adult, I appreciate even more the impact that my parents had upon me. All that I am and all that I ever will be I owe to them. They instilled within me pride and fortitude; their motto became my personal outcry, "Never Again."

Refuse to discuss the Holocaust? Sweep these memories under the rug? No—this is not our mission to the world and ourselves. Let the truth be known! Let others realize what the world did to an ethical, moral and religious people. Let them hear the testimony of valiant survivors. Let them see our courage. Feel guilt for surviving, for speaking on behalf of children who were silenced never!

I became a rabbi to aid the living, to ensure our survival; to rekindle the Jewish flame. I am proud; proud of my heritage, proud of our strength, and proud of my beloved parents,

Contrary to what we are told, the passage of time does not ease the pain, nor does it diminish the scope of the horror that was the Holocaust

Oh yes, there are those, few in number, who feel that it is psychologically healthier to avoid reminders that keep painful and unpleasant events alive. Why subject our young to the brutal story of Nazi bestiality toward the Jewish people? What purpose will it serve? It would be wiser not to talk about it so that it can disappear.

Never! We must never stop telling this story. Tell it we must, in every gory detail We must do this because it is our sacred duty to alert them to the evils of humanity, so that they will never be lulled into a false sense of safety and security. We must alert them so that our children will be vigilant and will never be caught unaware as were the Jews who perished in the Holocaust. This is the message I emphasize to my beloved children., liana, Ayelet, Yaakov and Ari.

Although we are cognizant that our children will be adversely affected, that they will feel great pain upon learning the true facts of the Holocaust., we know that this is something we must do.

I urgently beg of you, my fellow children of Holocaust survivors, keep alive the memory of the courage and will to live possessed by your parents_ Time is growing short. Soon, like my parents of blessed memory; they will have left this world. Speak with them now. Learn all you can about their Holocaust experiences and about your grandparents and great-grandparents. Communicate with them before it is too late! This is our mission. This we must vow to do. Join me, my fellow Holocaust brothers and sisters, in this holy mission. Let us join hands and loudly acclaim, "We will keep the memory of the Holocaust alive".

The Sword and the BookRabbi Ismar Schorsch, *Chancellor, Jewish Theological Seminary of America*

On July 3, 1994, the town of Esslingen (near Stuttgart) commemorated the 50th anniversary of the death of my grandfather, Theodor Rothschild, in Theresienstadt. I delivered the following address in German for the occasion.

When my sister and I visited Esslingen briefly in July 1977, we came unannounced. It was our first visit since we had fled Germany in December, 1938. We made our way to *the* building which had once housed the well-known Jewish boarding school run by our grandfather for forty years and our great grandfather for twenty-six. It had been plundered by Nazi zealots on November 10, 1938, and closed for the last time at the end of August 1939, just before Hitler invaded Poland.

My sister recognized the stately house instantly, because it was basically unchanged from the place she had roamed as a young girl on summer vacation. My own memories, those of a three-year-old, had long evaporated. When no one answered the door, we made our way inside and slowly walked around without ever meeting a soul. Indeed, the building was still a school, now run by the state, clean bright, and airy. What saddened us to no end was the obliteration of the institution's Jewish past. Its public spaces held no trace of any photographs, plaque, or memorial to make the students aware that this school had not always been what it presently was.

I relate this visit to underscore how much has changed for the better. Not long after, a number of local residents mounted an arduous campaign to rename the school after its prominent last Jewish director, that culminated in victory in November 1983. Inside, the walls of the school now recount the history and *fate* of the Jewish school which was founded in 1841, and a trove of documents and pictures are assembled in the director's office to instruct any curious student or visitor who might wish to know still more. And today, the city of Esslingen has chosen to commemorate the 50th anniversary of my grandfather's death in Theresienstadt because he was unwilling to abandon his children while his school was still permitted to stay open by *the* Nazis.

I do not make light of these gestures. They are reflective of a groundswell across Germany during the last fifteen years for reconciliation, often spearheaded by the younger generation. While the past cannot be undone, it can be mastered through honesty, understanding, and contrition. These are the sentiments which motivate many hundreds of university students every year to take courses in Jewish studies, even to the extent of learning Hebrew and spending a year at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. These are the sentiments which mount major Jewish exhibitions such as the one in Berlin in the winter of 1991-92 and minor ones in local communities. These are the sentiments which prompt many towns and cities to bring back at their expense former Jewish residents for a visit, to erect monuments to memorialize what was destroyed, and to care for Jewish cemeteries. The media prefer to focus on the outbursts of extremists; they utterly fail to note how deep and diversified and mainstream has become the German effort to confront the Holocaust and turn its grizzly lesson into a force for good. Surely, Germany has done far more in this regard than any other modern nation guilty of genocide. It is critical for Jews to recognize and celebrate that the Germany of 1994 is not the Germany of 1944.

Theodor Rothschild was a teacher and author, a lover of books and a transmitter of culture. In *his* school he had created two libraries, one for the children and one for the teachers. Reading aloud in small groups was part of the culture of the place. He personified the love of learning and addiction to books which has long marked Jews as the people of the book. In Judaism sacred works are not discarded but buried, as if they were human. And indeed they are, because it is the written word that makes us most human.

When the Nazi mob plundered his school on the afternoon of November 10, 1938, they assaulted civilization itself. Besides brutalizing its teachers, they took out the Torah scroll from its synagogue and the books from its libraries and torched them in a public bonfire in the courtyard. In Esslingen they wildly reenacted the bonfires of Jewish books lit across Nazi Germany on May 10, 1933 by university students bent on cleansing the German spirit. In Berlin, Goebbels had blessed the violence with a personal appearance and announced the end "of a period of excessive Jewish intellectualism (Zeitalters eines iiberspitzter Jedischen littellektualistriusr In the flames he professed to see the spiritual foundation of the Weimar Republic reduced to ashes.

The spectacle of torching Jewish books brings to mind the luminous line written by the young Heine on the burning of the Koran by the Spanish grand inquisitor: That was merely a prologue. There where books are burned, people will also be burned in the end." What Heine caught in this unforgettable epigram is that books are not a mere symbol but the very essence of civilization. To burn books is to repudiate the instinct renunciation, sublimation, and rationality that separate the jungle from civilization. It is, to move from *Heine* to Freud, the revolt of civilization's discontents ever ready to rip off the constraints vital to producing culture. Once unleashed, the repressed urges of the Id move quickly from pyres of books to mass murder, from Kristallnacht to the Final Solution.

As Freud already intuited, Judaism epitomized the triumph of spirit over the sense and intellect over instincts. Goebbels was not wrong: Judaism did revere the mind. Long before, a Palestinian rabbi of the second century had imagined that the book and the sword once descended from heaven locked together in eternal combat. With its devotion to study and religious practice, Judaism called for self-conquest rather than the conquest of others and literacy rather than license. Even when vanquished and forced into exile, Jews did not become homeless. The sacred ieritten text became their portable homeland. They persisted in spinning webs of words which transported them to tranquil realms of lasting meaning and inured them to the harsh conditions outside. They based their Shabbat liturgy on the annual reading of the Torah, the Five Books of Moses, and marked the passage of time by their location in the text. Above all, Jews grew into masters of textual analysis putting a premium on slow, reflective reading with commentary as the quintessential mode of Jewish literary expression.

Moreover, it is this cerebral religious tradition which uniquely prepared Jews to embrace modernity, even before emancipation freed them *from* their shackles. Barely out of the ghetto, Moses2vlendeissohn and Heine became masters and models of German prose and poetry. By 1856-1887, Jewish students represented 10% of all students studying at Prussian universities, and by 1912, 8.5% of all students at institutions of higher learning in the Russian Empire where Jews had still not been emancipated. Nor can there be any doubt that the extraordinary achievement of a new nation like Israel to govern itself effectively and democratically owes much to the affinity of Jews for education. The first official act of the Zionist movement in Palestine in 1918 after having received the Balfour Declaration a year before was to lay the cornerstone for the Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus. And today Israel publishes annually more books per capita than any country in the world except Iceland, in a language that a century ago was barely living.

When the Nazis came to power in 1933, German Jewry took up the pen in a heroic five-year struggle of spiritual resistance. They published books to nourish the mind and comfort the soul, such as the daring *Schocken Bficherei*, a series of nearly one hundred titles, both old and new, drawn from the entire range of Jewish creativity and printed in inexpensive pocket-size editions. Beginning with the lyrical prophecies of Second Isaiah in the gritty Buber-Rosenzweig translation, the series included German renditions of talmudic and midrashic texts, medieval Hebrew poetry and modern Yiddish literature, as well as works of Jewish history written long ago and in the 1930s.

The shattering of emancipation also prompted my grandfather to take refuge in the world of the spirit. Along with two other Jewish educators, he published in 1936 a splendid anthology of modern Jewish poetry whose title *Need and Hope (Not and Hoffnung)* indicated its purpose. Its contents covered broad topics: Jewish history, days of holiness, the land of Israel and resistance to oppression. In the forward, the authors stressed the solace to be found in the poetry evoked by earlier experiences of persecution, "If prejudice and persecution have accompanied us throughout the millennia, so have our poets and singers, faithful companions who illuminated our pain in their works," The Nazis regarded the pathos and power of the book as subversive and immediately confiscated the entire edition.

The medieval history of the Jews in Esslingen also offers remarkable testimony on the bookish nature of Judaism. It is the place of origin of the oldest Hebrew manuscript from Germany with a recorded date. Just a few decades after Jews had settled in Esslingen, Qalonimos ben Yehudah notes in a postscript (colophon) to his *mahzor* (prayerbook) for the fall festivals of Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur and Sukkot that he completed his work on the Hebrew date of 28 Tevet 5050, that is, January 12, 1290. An illuminated manuscript with decorations typical of 13th century Ashkenazic (German) manuscripts, the fragmented *mahzor* of Kolonyomos has just recently been reunited. Evelyn M. Cohen, a young and sensitive Jewish art historian, dramatically recognized that the incomplete section in the Bibliotheca Rosenthaliana in Amsterdam derives from the same patrimony as the truncated one preserved in the library of my own institution, the Jewish Theological Seminary. Moreover, on the basis of the Esslingen mahzor, scholars are beginning to identify other medieval Hebrew manuscripts as originating in Esslingen, making it an important transmitter of Jewish culture,

In Theresienstadt, two books served to fortify the faith, good humor and indomitable will of Helene Rothschild, Theodor's only sister. Like her, they came through the horror of this "model" camp and are today among my most treasured possessions. The first is a pocket-size traditional prayerbook for week-days and Sabbath with Hebrew text and German translation. The inside cover bears the inscription of her name. What else makes this *Siddur* uncommon is the fact that according to its title page, it was printed in Frankfurt am Main (Rodelheim) in 1939, long after any hope which German Jews might still have harbored for an accommodation with the Nazis had vanished. It must surely be among the last Jewish works printed in Nazi Germany. To me, it has always symbolized the flicker of eternal light in the midst of total darkness, the book which in *this* instance denied the sword its victory.

The second spiritual bulwark of Tante Helene, as we knew her, was an equally small and slender volume of prayers in German for Jewish women for all occasions. Edited by Fanny Neuda a century earlier and reprinted many times, this particular edition of *Stunden der Andacht (Hours of Meditation)* was published in Prague in 1873. It was intended to bring edification and solace to women who could not read Hebrew. On the inside front cover there is a list of some seventeen first names of family members, including my mother's, with the birthday of each one alongside. More poignant still, on the back inside cover is recorded the day of *death* of Tante Helene's two brothers, who died in Theresienstadt in rapid order after the bitter winter of 1944, Karl died on June 2 and Theodor on July 11 (actually July 10). In *each* instance the Hebrew *date* is given. The women endured adversity better: Theodor's sister, wife, and sister-in-law survived. One can only imagine the comfort they drew from sending their anguish aloft in the sacred vessels of these two fragile links to eternity.

In every generation, civilization hangs by a thread_ Neither culture nor morality are imprinted in the genes; every child must be socialized afresh. As a teacher, Theodor Rothschild protected that which makes us most human. His being *was filled* with compassion for children, with love for the forms and values of Judaism and with wonder at the marvels and mysteries of nature. I

knew him only through the person on my father, who came to Esslingen at *a tender* age from a broken home, and for whom my grandfather became a lifelong model. For both of them the immediacy of God's presence was *a* daily reality experienced in the countless miracles of the ordinary. I am convinced that my father's doctoral dissertation at Tübingen on "The Teachability of Religion" (Die Lehrbarkeit der Religion) came right out of my grandfather's

school, where Judaism was lived and learned unselfconsciously. Its pattern of daily prayer and sacred days determined the rhythm of the school. My father went on to become the rabbi that my grandfather, as a gifted teacher and genuine religious personality, had always been, even without the title.

Theodor had two daughters, my aunt Berta and my mother Fanny. My aunt and her husband left Germany in August 1938 to resettle in the United States, and my family followed in December 1938. I still have the many letters that Theodor wrote to his children in the two years before Pearl Harbor. Obviously self-censored and laced with family matters, they, nevertheless, convey the robustness of his unbroken spirit. By December 8, 1938, nearly a month after his school had been closed for the first time, he had come to realize how misguided had been his *belief* that by not applying for a visa number from the American consulate, the Nazis would allow the school to remain open. "That we did not permit ourselves to get a number is an *act* of neglect that we can never make good. We must simply adjust to it and hope that the many numbers ahead of our own will be quickly disposed of" It is heartrending to follow in this correspondence from the world of insanity the interminable delays and dashed hopes that marked the tireless efforts of our families, without financial resources, to secure the emigration of Theodor and his wife, Ina. As late as November 4, 1941, he wrote with renewed optimism about soon getting an American visa, after a telegram from us that held out the prospect of passage to Cuba_

He used the time to deepen his knowledge of Hebrew and master English. On September 5, he declared proudly from Esslingen: "In English I have come so far that I can read and understand quite well simple stones, which gives me great joy. By the time we get to you, we will surely understand some English and even be able to speak a bit." At the time he was teaching 26 hours a week, including math and geometry, the only teacher well enough to carry such a heavy load,

Once removed to Stuttgart, he continued to teach, conduct religious services, and serve on the executive committee (*Der Oberrat*) of the organized Jewish community. On November 27, 1941, in one of his last letters, he admitted: It is right now very tough. He who visits this upon us, also gives us the strength to bear it. Particularly unpleasant for us is that we needed to vacate our apartment and have still not found another. But also in this instance we hope for a solution. All this means that we approach our holidays in low spirits. But I don't want to be disheartening and will offer in the services as much comfort and strength as I possibly *can*." Ina and Theodor finally found a one-room apartment which required sharing a common kitchen and bathroom with four other families.

In Theresienstadt, spiritual nourishment sustained his declining physical strength. He never missed a chance to hear a lecture. After the war, Ina reported to us that he used every free minute for study. "A Czech doctor studied Hebrew with him. English books cluttered his workplace. It was well known that anything to read would give him the greatest joy" It is true that he finally succumbed to the brute force of the sword, but only after prolonged spiritual resistance_ Less than a year later, Hitler's vaunted thousand-year Reich was to fall after a twelve year reign of terror. Theodor Rothschild's inspiring legacy of humanity in the face of inhumanity personifies the very essence of Judaism and the secret to its extraordinary survival.

A Candle Lighting Ceremony for Yom Ha-Shoah

Rabbi Arveh Wineman

I

We remember things so very difficult to contemplate.

Death.

Mass Murder.

The combined tears of six million of our brothers and sisters., young and old alike. The boundless cruelty within the human heart.

We are alive, each moment breathing; the breath of life.

What does it mean for a child to die?

We live in an environment attuned to life.

What is it like to reside in a camp constructed for death?

What is life like when human beings are denied all respect and dignity, when a tyrant believes that in his hands are the life and death of people who, in his eyes, are like dogs?

We remember things so very difficult to contemplate.

We lived in Europe a long time, and there we built homes and academies, temples of Torah.

We lived there, in Europe's landscape; there we even argued among ourselves. Children sang, and parents too.

We danced

and we thought,

we wrote books.

And then great darkness appeared and blotted out the very light of life, and the survivor who remained alive

returned home

to find it a graveyard,

a vast cemetery

for his brethren and his parents and his neighbors,

for those who had sung and danced and studied and thought, for those whose smiles had brightened the world.

For its Jews, Europe had become a graveyard.

The human race dreamed a dream,
and six million of our people were among those who did not wake up when the mad
dream was over.
The human race dreamed a dream,
not only of death,
but also of indifference,
when one person's fate mattered not to his fellow-person.
It was a nightmare in which few indeed raised their voices to oppose., to protest,
to rebel,
to save lives.
But we recall those who did,
those who placed their own lives in danger in order to protect
human life.
In our recollections
we recall the Righteous Among the Nations,
those who demonstrated their humanity in the face of danger, even when an act of
humanity was a crime.
And a spark of life is rekindled in our spirit,
a candle of faith
in humanity
--and hence also in God—
after the long night winds which had extinguished all faith.
"And if one preserves a single human life,
Scripture considers it as though that person has saved an entire world."

When dawn rose,
the dead did not rise from their graves. But the survivor did rise from his
grave, from the pit of despair.
The survivor rose in quest of a way to return to life, but the road was not smooth.
The road was closed before him
as he bore within him the most tormenting of memories. His refugee boats were sent back
from the shores of hope. The world suggested to him that he die,
but he found the courage to respond,
"I shall not die but live,"
And he struggled to build a new life.
And also within that courage
we overhear a sign of God's Presence,
in the inner strength of his soul following the long night
We experienced death
and emerged servants of life, devoted to a living people and to
the God of life.

Candle Lighting Service

The following is a selection from the pamphlet, Remember! Commemorating the Shoa, (Chicago, Board of Jewish Education now known as The Community Foundation for Jewish Education, reprinted with permission).

Six million died! More than one third of the Jewish population of the world.

The whole world stood by silent:

In 1942, the country that regarded itself as the most civilized nation in the world, Germany, - "Die Kulturtraeger!" Germany; the center of culture, was responsible for the death of six million Jews. Among them were young innocent children., the aged, sick, defenseless and helpless people.

Six million died. We must not forget them. Their death shall not be in vain. This shall never happen again. In our tradition we light a Yahrzeit candle for the death of our loved ones. Let us light six candles, one for each million.

First Candle

In memory of helpless infants, **children and teenagers who** were cut down like young trees before their time...before they had a chance to experience life. We shall **not forget!**

Second Candle

In memory of all mothers who died with their children in their arms. We shall not forget!

Third Candle

In memory of all mothers and fathers who were cruelly separated from their families,
We shall not **forget!**

Fourth Candle

In memory of all scholars, teachers, Rabbis who were the first to be seized.
We shall not forget!

Fifth Candle

In memory of the "Heroes of the Resistance" who fought the Nazis - so few against so many.
We shall not forget!

Sixth Candle

In memory of the martyrs who gave their lives to help their brothers under the Nazis.
We shall not forget!

While the six candles burn in memory of our loved ones, let us rise and chant.

[Sing: . . . choose an appropriate piece]

Reading in Memory of the Six Million

Rabbi Louis Kaplan (Wallingford, PA)

Between 1933 and 1945, Nazi Germany killed millions of human beings - six million of them Jews. One out of every three Jews in the world perished. While we mourn the death of all the innocent, we *feel* particular anguish at the loss of the six million Jews - members of our people, culture and in some cases, our relatives.

If the Torah bids us to remember what a ruthless enemy did to our people in Moses' time - "Remember what Amalek did to you (Dt. 25:17), then surely we should remember what a more satanic enemy did to our people in the twentieth century.

May we remember the Jewish communities, large and small, whose men, women and children were slaughtered because they were Jews and whose bountiful and diverse Jewish life was wiped out:

Antwerp, Berdichev, Bialystok; Czernowicz, Dvinsk, Frankfurt; Kap ule, Kiev, Krakow; Lodz, Lublin, Lvov; Minsk, Mogilev; Paris, Poznan, Przemysl; Riga, Rome; Salonika; Warsaw;
Mordecai Anielewicz, Franco Cesana, Simon Dubnow, Moshe Flinker, Anne Frank, Selig Kalmanovitch, Haim Kaplan, Emanuel Ringelblum, Hannah Senesh;
Eduard, Franz, Gittel, Hershel; Leybele, Moshe, Rivkeh, Velvel, Yan.kele; Abraham, Sarah.

We remember the famed centers of Jewish learning whose scholars, teachers, and pupils were killed, whose yeshivot and other places of Jewish study were destroyed:

Berlin, Chelm, Eisenstadt; Grodno, Horoditch, Kaminetz-Podolsk; Ketz, Kovno, Lida;
Mornza, Lubavitch, Mir; Odesa, Poneviev, Pressberg; Radin, Slonim, Slutzk; Vilna, Vitebsk, Volozhin.

May we remember the places of concentration, and extermination in which our Jewish brothers and sisters, and Gentiles too, were herded and hounded, tortured and hanged and murdered in the burning ovens, gas showers, earth pits, and more:

Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Belzec; Bergen-Belsen, Bojunavo, Dachau; Dora, Drancy, Flossenbug; Gross-Rosen, Janow, Lida; Lichtenberg, Lvov, Maidanek; Mathausen, Natzweiler, Neuengamme; Orarienber, Ponar, Pot u.Lice; Pustkow, Ravensbruck, Sobibor,

All this do we recall, and therefore do we weep:

A Prayer

A Prayer to be recited during the Sabbath services, immediately preceding Yom Hashoah.
(Prepared by Religious Standards Committee, Chicago Board of Rabbis, reprinted with permission.)

God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob:

We remember this Sabbath the nameless millions of martyrs of the children of Israel for who there exists no monument nor final resting place other than in our hearts. With heavy heart, we bear the tragedy of the death of a full third of your children, our brothers and sisters, offered up by the Nazis on altars of savagery and demonic brutality. There is not the Jewish family over whose home there does not hover a pall of grief at the wanton murder of relatives during the years of the unforgettable holocaust.

You did bid us to remember from generation to generation the inhumanity of Amalek. Can we ever forget the sadism of the followers of Hitler?

Help us, O Lord, that in remembering the dead, we do not remain in the abyss of hatred, but rise to the mountain of resolve. We must sanctify the name of the Kedoshim whose death deepened the holiness of Your Chosen People. We must dedicate ourselves to the perpetuation of Your saving remnant through greater devotion to Your Holy Torah and through dedication to the creation of a Holy Land in the State of Israel, the land of Your promise.

May our tears of mourning and signs of grief be acceptable to You as we accompany them with consecration to the fulfillment of Your divine mandate for the exaltation of Israel and the ennoblement of all men. Amen

Responsive Reading: A Selection from *Pillars of Smoke*

Edited by Byron Sherwin and Martin Goldman

Chicago: Spertus College of Judaica, 1971 (reprinted with permission).

When it comes to the Holocaust we are all like the fourth son at the Passover Seder, who does not even know how to ask the question.

The monstrous ezdl of the Holocaust defies the imagination of the novelist, the analysis of the philosopher and the eloquence of the preacher.

The Holocaust centers about a basic paradox. It imposes silence but demands speech. It defies solutions but requires responses.

Just as the klidrash says: All Jews were at Sinai - so all Jews were at Auschwitz.

Just as no one really can convey what happened at Sinai, no one can really convey what happened at Auschwitz. Somewhere between the realms of speech and silence dwells the secret of Sinai and the secret of Auschwitz.

But one thing may be clearly stated- Just as the Jewish people have never been the same since Sinai, so they can never be the same since Auschwitz.

Each of the six million Jews of America must live for two, for him or herself and for one of the Jews who perished during the Holocaust. To live for those who perished means to teach the world the message told by the tale of their deaths. We must show others how to hope where there is no hope. How to live humanely in an inhuman world. This is the message of the dead we must bring to the land of the living. May we not be messengers who forget the message. The very existence of the world may depend upon it. Lest the European Holocaust become a prelude to a universalholocaust,

We must now live up to the meaning of the name of our people -Israel. Only after Jacob wrestles with God and man and prevails, is he called Israel. We must pull God out of hiding and strive with God until all slaughter and threat of slaughter ceases. Until God causes us to be blessed. Until God bestows upon us a peace other than the peace of the dead, lest God's eclipse become a blackout. We must strive until we are restored to a rightful claim to the image of God. Lest human beings, in denying the Divine spark within them.. become beasts too cruel to reform.

Our generation has come to know humanity as it really is. Human beings invented the gas chambers of Auschwitz; however, and are also those who entered those gas chambers with dignity and with the affirmation of rt on their lips. *To be a Jew means to perceive light in darkness, to hope when in despair and to live humanely in an inhuman world.*

Survivors

Carol Rose

every night she went to bed

with fear

her father's arm

tattooing nightmares

or the pillow near her head

where he sat willing stories

from the death camps

if she ever cried

"enough, enough"

he'd say

"you think you're suffering

just remember the children

in Auschwitz "

then he'd kiss her

the smell of gas on his lips as he wished her

goodnight

Tears Splintering the Night

Carol Rose

after dinner our friends go to see "schindler's list".
you want to go too, want to see what the grown ups
have been discussing all evening. *how will i ever*
i want to go with them, i want to know
everything, your eight year old voice trembles, how
many times will i have to repeat this story? how can i
tell my children the truth without passing on the night-mares,
abandoned suitcases, sabbath candlesticks
blackening in 5s warehouses, photographs, hundreds of
vanishing faces, their eyeglasses mountain-high, their
shoes piled to heaven, jewish souls waiting for owners
to return, waiting at train stops & deathcamps.
maybe tonight just tell you about the bread, challah loaves
stuffed with gems, swallowed in haste (like passover
matzah). maybe then you'll understand why i can't
let you go, can't let you see that movie, eyes shining
like diamonds, tears splintering the night

Warsaw Roundabout

Carol Rose

there's not a *brick* of the old ghetto left only carousel horses

(on the other side
of the river)

& ghosts dropping in & out of view
like children riding ash coloured ponies

(to hurdy-gurdy calliope times)

bobbing up & down laughter rising
like flames

(no one ever thought
to stop the music)

Does The Holocaust Still Matter?:
Crucial lessons for humanity to always remember.

April 12th, 2010, By Rabbi Emanuel Feldman

One rule of thumb by which to measure the significance of the Holocaust is that it clearly matters to the enemies of the Jewish people – so much so that many would like to blot out its memory entirely.

They are impatient with us: Why do you Jews dwell on the Holocaust? Why not forget it and go forward? The very same mindset that was not disturbed while six million were butchered now resents our remembering those same six million. Forget about it, they say, and move on. What good does it do to keep remembering it?

There are a number of reasons for these attempts to blot out and even to deny the Holocaust:

- * Its memory gives spiritual strength to the Jewish people.
- * It undergirds the existence of the State of Israel.
- * It creates sympathy for the Jewish people.
- * It makes heroes of the Jewish people who were able to live through such tragedy and not only survive but flourish.
- * Because the deniers refuse to face the dark potential that lies within mankind and within themselves.
- * And, perhaps primarily, because once the Holocaust is forgotten, their own complicity in it – at the very least by their silent acquiescence – will also be forgotten, and they will feel exonerated. But the Holocaust matters very much because of the many lessons that are derived from this black period in history.

Man is not born good. He has to become good – by learning that there is another beside him and an Other above him.

Among these lessons is the fact that evil and unwarranted hatred are a reality that exists in our world. The human being has an infinite capacity for evil that, left unchecked, can destroy the world. The view that goodness is a built-in and natural quality in mankind is not only Pollyannaish, it is dangerous and untrue.

The Torah itself tells us that the “impulse of man’s heart is evil from his youth” (Gen 8:21). Man is not born good. He has to become good – by forging his character, by bending his baser instincts, by learning that there is another beside him and an Other above him.

The Holocaust shows what can become of human beings when they permit the beast within them to control them.

It teaches us that we must be alert to the existence of evil, both in others and in our own selves. Once we are aware of its reality, we can work to uproot it. The mitzvot of the Torah are designed to help the spiritual qualities within us dominate the beast within.

Further, we learn from this tragedy that to be silent in the face of evil is to acquiesce in it,

encourage it, and help it grow strong. History teaches us that evil triumphs when good people remain silent. But when good people rise up against evil, evil will ultimately perish and the good will prevail.

Never doubt the evil intentions of tyrants. By appeasing Nazi Germany in the 1930's, by turning a blind eye toward its policies of discrimination, hatred, and ultimately the wholesale murder of Jews, the so-called free world encouraged the Nazis to continue their evil ways – with the result that not only were six million Jews brutally killed, but countless others destroyed, and untold human suffering engendered. We made the mistake of not believing what they were saying. Early on, they stated precisely what their plans were. The world should not have been surprised.

One should never doubt the evil intentions of tyrants. Today, when we hear talk about destroying Israel and driving her people into the sea, it would be folly to discount it.

From the Holocaust we also learn that evil, hatred, and anti-Semitism are not always the result of ignorance, but that even a highly educated, cultured, and sophisticated society can fall under the sway of evil. Germany was a leader in science, art, education, literature, philosophy, music – but none of this cultural superiority was a guarantee against the cruelty and bestiality that marked its behavior. The guards at Auschwitz listened to Bach while their victims were gassed to death.

The Holocaust underscores a curious fact: whenever we find great evil in the world, it is invariably directed against the Jewish people. The worst tyrants in history have one goal in common: to destroy the Jews. Stalin and Hitler of the last century are only the most recent entries in the endless exhibition of virulent anti-Jewishness. Somehow, the enemies of freedom, peace, love, goodness, and morality have also been the enemies of the Jews.

Why do tyrants unleash their fury against the Jews? Because there is within Judaism a certain sense of sanctity and Godliness whose very existence is a challenge to the very essence of tyranny. Hatred of the Jew is actually hatred of God and the morality, ethics and self-discipline that He – through the Torah – has tried to introduce into the world.

A people is judged not by its friends but by its enemies. Though it is most painful, the Jews bear the enmity of the world's tyrants with pride and courage. For this enmity only demonstrates that the Jew represents a different scale of values in the universe, and constitutes a formidable challenge to the dominion of evil.

Thus the Holocaust matters very much. Remembering it not only honors the martyrs who fell in the cause of the Jewish people, it also underscores the awareness that despite its ravages, we still flourish as a dynamic people. And this fortifies us and strengthens our faith in God's promises about the eternity of the Jewish people.

Memory is an integral aspect of being alive, the glue of one's self-identity. Memory is also an integral element in the life of a people, for a people that forgets its past has no future.

How much more so is this true of the Jews, who for most of history had no land, no flag, no armies, no protection. We had only our Torah, our God – and our national memory.

Because the Jews are a people that remembers, we never forgot our origins. “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand fail...” says King David (Psalms 137:5). We never forgot Jerusalem, we never forgot our history. Had we forgotten, we would long ago have ceased to exist as a people. Wherever we wandered in our exile, our prayers have been directed towards Jerusalem. We do not forget, and even at the moments of our greatest joy – at our weddings – we shatter a glass to remind ourselves that as long as our Temple is not rebuilt and restored, our happiness is incomplete.

Even today, when we approach the remaining vestige of our ancient Temple, we rend our garments like those in mourning. And we have special days of fasting to mark the various stages of Jerusalem’s destruction – not because we wish to dwell on our past sadness, but because we know what happens when a people forgets its past. It is the Jewish national memory that partially explains the mysterious survival of our people despite all odds against it. That memory is an integral part of Jewish existence is seen by the frequency of its use in the Bible. The term zikaron, “remembrance”, appears over 20 times in the Five Books of Moses, and there are over 300 variations of the term zachor, “remember,” in the Bible.

The Holocaust reminds us of certain truths that, if forgotten, can destroy civilization. So vital is it not to forget evil, that of the many commandments dealing with remembering, one of the most emphatic is the requirement to remember the tribe of Amalek who tried to destroy Israel in its wanderings in the Wilderness.

Why is it so crucial not to forget Amalek and to blot out its memory? Because Amalek represents the epitome of evil, the force that seeks to destroy every vestige of God in the universe, including the carriers of God’s teachings, the Jewish people. We are bidden never to forget this and to battle against it in every generation (Exod. 17: 14-16; Deut. 25:17). The spirit of Amalek still lives, and it was certainly its spirit that gave strength to the perpetrators of the Holocaust.

by: Rabbi Emanuel Feldman

The Holocaust reminds us of certain truths that, if forgotten, can destroy civilization. And it reminds Jews that the purpose of the Torah is to change man from a beast and transform him into a human being, and that only in connecting with God can evil be pre-empted in the world. We forget it at our peril.

THE MURDER OF SIX MILLION JEWS

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard Rosenberg

The Holocaust is the systematic mass murder of European Jewry by the Nazis. The term Holocaust literally means a fire that causes total destruction. Yehuda Bauer, one of the world's most eminent historians of the Holocaust, differentiates between the term genocide and Holocaust by defining the term genocide as partial murder. While there have been numerous instances of genocide, the total annihilation of a people was never an officially sanctioned purpose of a national government as it was in Nazi Germany. It is precisely this which differentiates the Nazi action against the Jews from other genocidal attempts against a people.

The Nazis wished to conquer the world and therefore threatened the very existence of every single Jew in the world. The principle target of the Nazis was always the Jews. Yes, it is true that as many as 50 million human beings were murdered by the Nazis and their collaborators. The Nazis destroyed the lives of Gypsies, homosexuals, the mentally disabled, Jehovah's Witnesses, communists, socialists, trade unionists and religious opponents. But it was only the Jews who were singled out for the Final Solution.

The Jews, according to Hitler were maggots, a virus that had to be eliminated. Hitler saw himself as the German Messiah doing God's work by destroying the Jew. Let us not forget that all people with three or four Jewish grandparents were sentenced to death. Regarding the Polish population, there were no plans for total annihilation. Slavs were looked upon as being inferior Aryans; however Slovaks, Croats, and Bulgarians were Slavs who served as German allies. It was only the Jew that Hitler and the Nazis considered to be like the Devil and therefore inhuman. In the Jew Hitler saw the image of Satan. According to Hitler it was only the Jew who wished to dominate the world, and it was the Jew Hitler wanted to destroy.

Hitler and the Nazis created a policy of selective mass murder against the homosexuals, Gypsies, Poles, Russians, prisoners of war, Catholic priests, Jehovah's Witnesses, the physically and mentally disabled, dissidents and others. But it was the Jew that was seen as a virus, a bacillus that had to be destroyed before it infected the entire world. It was the Jews who poisoned the mind of mankind. The policy of making the world Judenrein applied to the entire world. The group Hitler hated above all was the Jews. He made himself the supreme racist.

In his final hours, Hitler continued to urge the destruction of the Jew. Hitler had diverted trains and soldiers to Concentration camps when he desperately needed them for the war effort. Germany was destroyed due to this mad man and at the end all he could think about was murdering more Jews.

This mad man was responsible for the murder of my grandparents, two siblings, uncles, aunts, and cousins. My father, Jacob, of blessed memory survived Auschwitz and my mother, Rachel of blessed memory survived Skazyskokarmiene. I became a Rabbi to do everything in my power to prevent another Holocaust and to teach the world the lessons of the Holocaust. My fear is that after the death of the final Holocaust survivor and eventually the death of the children of Holocaust survivors, history will be re-written and the Holocaust will no longer be a Jewish issue but rather a universal one. The number will no longer be The 6 million Jews but rather 11 million victims or 50 million casualties of war. We all should mourn and honor those who fought and died, Jew and non-Jew alike. However, let us never forget and always remember that it was the Jews who were the primary target of Hitler and the Nazi regime.

I was born in a displaced persons camp in Germany of Polish parents. I came to America as a refugee. I pray that the Holocaust and the memory of those who perished will be kept alive by our grandchildren and future generations

KRISTALLNACHT MUST NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard Rosenberg
Congregation Beth-El
Edison, New Jersey

Imagine one morning you and your family are awakened by shouts and screams. Then suddenly, the police break into your house. They start breaking the china, destroying the furniture, and shattering windows while showing great satisfaction in their destruction. Then you and your family are told to get dressed and are taken to the police station for no apparent reason. On the way, you see your synagogue in flames, and your neighbors throwing rocks at it.

This happened on the early morning of November 9, 1938, to Miriam Cohn, a Jewish social worker who lived in Essen, Germany. In addition to Ms. Cohn, other similar incidents occurred to other Jews who lived in Germany and Austria during that night of November 9, 1938, and the following day. November 9th and 10th of 1938, marked the 50th anniversary of one of the most terrifying nights in Jewish history. During that night in 1938, mobs burned synagogues, destroyed Jewish homes and businesses, vandalized Jewish hospitals, orphanages and cemeteries, and dragged thousands of Jewish men, women and children into the streets, where they were beaten and humiliated. The Germans later called this night “Kristallnacht” – The Night of Broken Glass – because of the tons of shattered glass that scattered throughout German cities, after it had taken place. The Jews began to call that date the beginning of the Holocaust because of the tremendous violence, which started on that night and grew even more dreadful as time had passed.

On November 7, 1938, the Third Secretary of the German embassy in Paris, Ernst Von Rath, was murdered by Herschel Grynszpan, a 17 year old German-Jewish refugee. Herschel wanted to avenge his parent’s expulsion, together with 15,000 other Polish Jews from Germany to Zborszyn. The Nazis used the murder as an excuse to start the mobs and riots that began the “final solution,” the extermination of Jews.

The German government attempted to disguise the violence of those two days as a spontaneous protest on the part of the “Aryan” population. But, in reality, Kristallnacht was organized by the Nazi chiefs and their thugs with technical skill and precision. The Nazi chiefs commanded the Gestapo and the storm troopers to incite mob riots throughout Germany and Austria.

Kristallnacht marked the beginning of the plan, to rob the Jews of their possessions for the benefit of the Reich and then to sweep them forever from the German scene. Furthermore, thereafter, Jews had no place in the German economy, and no independent Jewish life was possible, with the dismissal of cultural and communal bodies and the banning of the Jewish press.

During the week after Kristallnacht, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency’s Berlin reporter called that night “The worst outbreak of anti-Jewish violence in modern German History.”

During Kristallnacht, over 1,100 synagogues were destroyed, as well as 7,500 Jewish businesses and countless Jewish homes. Several hundred Jews were killed and 30,000 were arrested and sent to the concentration camps at Sachsenhausen, Buchenwald and Dachau, where thousands more died.

Ronald Lauder, a former U.S. Ambassador to Austria and head of a foundation that has spearheaded Kristallnacht commemorations around the country said, “There is no date in the whole Holocaust like November 9, 1938. It showed for the first time the horror of what the Nazis were planning.”

Today, many historians can trace a pattern of events, occurring before that night, that would suggest that such an atrocity was to happen. In 1933, when the Nazis took power, German anti-Semitism adopted quasi-legal forms. One of the new anti-Jewish forms of action, which had began with the Nuremberg laws of 1935, included the separation of the Jews from the daily structure of German life. The Jews, systematically, were deprived of their civil rights; they were isolated from the general populace through humiliating identification measures. The Nazis boycotted the Jewish shops and took away their jobs. Then they made the Jews declare the value of their possessions. The Civil Service and the police often arrested the Jews and forced them to sell their property for a pittance.

One may ask, how could the entire world stand by and allow such a disaster to occur? The fascist or authoritative regimes in Italy, Rumania, Hungary and Poland were governments who approved of this pogrom and wanted to use the pogrom as a case to make their own anti-semitic policies stronger in their individual countries. The three Great Western powers – Great Britain, France and the United States – said the appropriate things but did nothing to save the Jews. Hitler, in the late 1930's told the world to take the Jews but there was just no one willing to take them in. Even in our own country, President Roosevelt and his administration kept on expressing their shock over the terrible events which were occurring in Germany and Austria, but when it came time to act and help save the refugees by bringing them to the United States, the United States government refused and replied by saying that they have no intention to allow more immigrants to enter the United States.

Looking back at Jewish history, every Jew should be cautious and alert to any hints which might be seen now. In a powerful speech before members of the New York Jewish Civil Service organization, Former Ambassador Ronald S. Lauder warned that the ignorance and fear that bred anti-semitism in Hitler's Third Reich is being encouraged once again. "Today in America, we hear...those same charges," he comments, "There are those who tell us that Jews control the banks and the press. There are those that would tell us Jews control congress and the government. Kristallnacht teaches us many things. Among them that we must remain vigilant and not permit even the smallest seed of anti-semitism to take root. We cannot afford to be complacent in the face of anti-semitism distortions. Quite little lies grow to be big loud lies," the Ambassador remarked.

WHERE WAS AMERICA?

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg

Imagine for a moment that you are a Jew, living in Germany in 1939. The outward displays of anti-Semitism have made life extraordinarily uncomfortable, and since Hitler has already offered Jews the chance to vacate the country, you and your family are seriously thinking of leaving. To your delight, your parents announce that they will be relocating the family to the Great Land of Opportunity; America, where the streets are paved with gold, and everyone is welcome. You and your family sell all of your possessions, and purchase tickets for the long journey across the Atlantic to the Land of Liberty, Justice, and Equality for All.

But what happens? After the long, arduous voyage, the boat is turned away - the American immigration officers report that the quotas have been filled. ‘What quotas?’ you think. Surely America would not turn away the tired, hungry, and persecuted Jews that are knocking at its door! The United States Coastal Guard boats prevent your ship from reaching the mainland, and the miserable would-be immigrants are rejected without even a glimpse at the wonderful land of America, but not without a glance at potential freedom. But the worst has not happened... it is yet to come. Your ship is forced to wander, looking for other ports... it may be destroyed en route by a wandering German U-boat, or forced make the hazardous journey back across the ocean to ports in Europe... you would be free for the moment, but only to be caught later by the Nazis and killed, or worse, to be put in a concentration camp.

Such is the story of countless Jews, all of whom flocked to ships that would ferry them across the great ocean to the Land of Endless Wealth, only to be turned away, to other over-sea ports, or sent back to Germany, or German-occupied countries, where they would be eventually captured. Germany allowed Jews to leave until 1941, and until then, some European countries accepted Jews, and hid them: Poland, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Denmark all served as hiding places, and some served as havens for refugee Jews during the Holocaust. Some hid until the war’s end, but many, many more were rooted out and killed by the Nazis. The few places that they would have been safe were overseas – especially in the United States of America, which alone could have saved more than half of those six million souls that perished by the black hand of the Nazis.

Although the United States could have saved numerous lives, they did not. Unfortunately, this was because the nation was fiercely anti-Semitic, and forced their sentiments into national politics and foreign policy. America did not like foreigners, and especially did not like Jewish foreigners. The effects of this racism were not visible to Americans until long after the war’s end. From 1933 to 1941, opponents of refugee immigration had built their case around the high unemployment of the Great Depression. Restrictionists stubbornly asserted that refugees that came to the United States usurped jobs that rightfully belonged to unemployed American workers. Their viewpoint was widely accepted, and the counterargument, that refugees were consumers as well as the workers, and thus provided as many jobs as they took, had little success.

Economic pressure against immigration had been reinforced by strong feelings of nativism, or “100% Americanism.” This intolerance, which had run very high in the aftermath of World War I, had combined with economic forces during the 1920’s to install the quota system, the nation’s first wide restriction of immigration. The quotas set specific limits on the number of people who could immigrate to the United States in any given year from any given foreign country. The annual total of all quotas was 154,000 persons, more than half of which was

allocated to countries that had no need to send refugees. In the 1930's, anti-alien attitudes had played a major part in keeping refugee immigration to low levels. The United States lowered its quota barriers in 1938, but began raising them again in autumn of 1939. Two years later, immigration was even more tightly restricted than before in 1938. In fact, starting in July 1941, America's gates were nearly shut. The best chance to save the European Jews had passed.

In 1941, with the Holocaust well underway, the need for help became acute. By then, though, saving Jews was much more difficult. Determined rescue efforts would be needed to salvage even a segment of European Jewry, and the United States took no interest in rescue efforts until 1944, and even then the attempt was limited. America still refused to open its gates; immigration was withheld to about 10% of its already small quota limits. The last chance to help European Jews had come and gone.

In the years before Pearl Harbor, the United States had reacted to the European Jewish crisis with some concern, but had refused to permit any sizable immigration of refugees. This policy grew out of three aspects of American society in the 1930's: unemployment, nativistic restrictionism, and anti-Semitism, and was shaped by Congress and the Roosevelt Administration. Even after Pearl Harbor, the war itself narrowed the possibilities for saving Jews, for America was more interested in winning the war than it was in saving the war's victims.

In addition, the mass media's reluctance to draw attention to Holocaust developments undermined efforts to create significant public pressure for government rescue action. But the deeper causes for the lateness and weakness of America's attempts at rescue, and for its unwillingness to take in more than a tiny trickle of fleeing Jews, were essentially the same ones that had determined the nation's reaction to the refugee crisis before Pearl Harbor; a strong sense of American nativism, and an even stronger sense of anti-Semitism.

Wartime prosperity in America did not dissolve the economic argument against immigration, as one would expect. Fear was widespread that the depression would return at the war's end. Millions believed that the demobilization of the armed forces and return to a peacetime economy would cause an extended period of large-scale unemployment.

Veteran's organizations were especially forceful on insisting on the protection of employment rights for returning soldiers. In their view, every foreigner allowed into the country meant job competition for the American citizenry. Throughout the war, the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars demanded a virtual ban on immigration. Siding with these groups were the Daughters of the American Revolution and the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies. The anti-immigration forces wielded significant political power, and made it very difficult for American Jews to rouse any public compassion for their European brethren.

Moreover, a number of congressmen were resolutely restrictionist, a reflection of their own views as well as attitudes that pervaded their home districts. Most of them were anti-alien with a passion that drifted into anti-Semitism. It was not only the politicians that were anti-alien, but the citizenry as well. America's limited willingness to share the refugee burden showed clearly in national opinion polls.

In 1938, while the Nazis were intensifying Jewish persecution, four separate polls indicated that 71 to 85 % of the American public was against the increasement of quotas to help refugees, and 67% wanted refugees out altogether. In a survey taken in 1939, 66% objected to a one-time exception to allow 10,000 refugee children to enter outside quota limits. Even in 1944, in the midst of the war, 78% said that it would be a bad idea to let immigrants into the country after the war. And in 1945, after the war, when all of the horrors of the Holocaust were widely

known, only 5% said that the United States should let in more immigrants than they did before the war, and a shocking 14% said that they should send all the refugees back to where they came from! While it is obvious that many who opposed refugee immigration felt no love for Jews, much restrictionist and anti-refugee sentiment was closely linked to anti-Semitism.

The plain truth is that many Americans were prejudiced against Jews and were unlikely to support measures to help them. Before Pearl Harbor, anti-Semitism had shaped American policy, and afterwards it hardened them towards the victims of the Holocaust. American anti-Semitism, which had climbed to very high levels in the late 1930's, continued to rise in the first part of the 1940's. It reached its historic peak in 1944. By spring 1942, sociologist David Reisman was describing it as "slightly below boiling point," and three years later, public opinion expert Elmo Roper warned that "anti-Semitism has spread all over the nation and is particularly virulent in urban centers."

For every Jew America didn't allow into the country, another human being was killed. If there was less hate and fear in America, perhaps millions of Jews could have been saved.

The Parasites Among Us

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg

If someone murdered a loved one of yours would you benevolently erase the atrocity from your mind? If the murderer still lived, would you seek to convict him or merely discover other avenues of interest to preoccupy your time?

Six million Jews were brutally murdered, yet some wish to conveniently forget. Why live in the past? The dead cannot be revived! Let us speak for the living; let us turn towards other outlets of concern.

The Nazi mentally still exists; we dare not naively believe that anti-Semitism has vanished. Hatred and bigotry is a cancer which eventually returns to haunt its innocent victims. Unless intense treatment and annual diagnostic tests occur, tragedy is inevitable.

Some naively believe that public denunciations and continued documentaries will awaken latent Nazi tendencies. Allow me to suggest the opposite. Those who truly wish to destroy the Jewish nation certainly do not need additional incentives.

Like parasites, they survive at the expense of others. These cannibals of society eagerly await to devour their prey; they feed upon fear and desperately search for defenseless scapegoats. An apathetic approach combined with the fear of retaliation merely furnishes fuel for those seeking scapegoats. Too often we dismiss the obvious in order to achieve peace of mind.

As we travel backward into the time machine of history, this truism becomes evident. The socialist party declared a boycott to begin on April 1, 1933 of all Jewish businesses in Germany. Naively, the following sentiment was expressed in the April third edition of the London Times: "There is no spontaneous hostility to the hard-working small Jewish shopkeeper or trader." The New York Times reported, "There is any active anti-Semitism in the German masses if they are left alone."

Eventually the press awakened to the reality of an impending nightmare. In response to kristallnacht, the New York Times observed: "It is assumed that the Jews, who have now lost most of their possessions and livelihood will either be thrown into the streets or put into ghettos and concentration camps or impressed into labor brigades and put to work for the Third Reich. As the children of Israel were once before the Pharaohs." Following the atrocities of kristallnacht, the London Times exclaimed, "It is not to be believed that the nations cannot find the means of assisting unwarranted citizens to leave Germany and of providing the territory in which those Jews can find a liberated community and recover the right to live and prosper. There is no difficulty which a common will and common action cannot overcome."

Now we can openly admit, too little too late! Fear and appeasement provided the Nazi party with the subterfuge they eagerly sought. Isolationism blinded the eyes of our so called leadership.

Various pleas remained unheard and unanswered. A cable sent to Breckinridge Long, on March 26, 1943, stated: "Gravest possible news reaching London past week shows massacres now reaching catastrophic climax, particularly Poland, also deportations Bulgarian, Rumanian Jews already begun. European Jewry disappearing while no single organization rescue measure yet takes...extermination reaching peak. Urge allied relief"

Ironically between 1933 and 1943 there existed more than four hundred thousand vacant positions in the United States immigration quotas of countries under Nazi domination. Yet, Cordell Hull insisted, "I cannot recommend that we open the question of relaxation the provision

of our immigration laws run the risk of a prolonged and bitter controversy in congress on the immigration question-considering the generous quantity of refugees we have already received.”

Perhaps if we as a nation would have spoken as one unit, our leaders would have not turned a deaf ear. The Holocaust can happen again. Ruthlessness and hatred still permeate the atmosphere. Awareness and action is our most potent ad valued weapon. Silence and inaction is a way of life we dare not accept.

They Went Like Sheep To The Slaughter and Other Myths

Rabbi Dr. Bernhard H. Rosenberg

As a child of survivors of the Nazi death camps who has published extensive articles and editorials regarding the Holocaust, I am deeply disturbed and sense the deep pangs of anguish of those who still cannot either comprehend or appreciate the true acts of heroism which prevailed. As a practicing rabbi who refuses to allow the memories of the past to be distorted, I appeal to our fellow Jew: "Never forget the acts of heroism which made it possible for us to exist."

The recurring questions which haunts survivors and their children echo through the halls of time. "Why didn't they fight back? Why did they enter the chambers of death like sheep to the slaughter?" By our standards, such actions as placidly lining up against a wall to be shot or walking silently into the gas chambers or standing nude and obedient at the edge of a ravine filled with blood-covered bodies awaiting one's own turn to die, defy all understanding. Indeed, anti-Semites would suggest that Jews were different, somehow not quite as brave, not quite as courageous as the average person. Our enemies will even conclude that the Jews were guilty of the crimes they were accused of, and hence with heavy conscience and accepting the punishment for their "crimes," the Jews quietly submitted to their deserved punishment.

Nothing could be a greater falsification of the truth. The hopelessness seen in their faces was not a reflection of guilt; rather it was a realization that they had been completely deserted and betrayed by humanity. The light of morality, conscience and brotherhood had been completely extinguished and for them life became a terror-filled abyss. Responsibility for their death clearly lies with the Nazis and their collaborators.

Individuals confronted by the Holocaust often ask obvious questions to which there are no simplistic answers. One needs to read, to study, to discuss, to reflect and to interview individuals who have lived through the tortures of hell on earth. Since it is evident that many will not read the volumes necessary for research, allow us to attempt to analyze the crucial and sensitive issue of "sheep to the slaughter."

In order to understand the Jew of the Holocaust, we must attempt to put ourselves in his place. He knew of centuries of persecution carried out by the drunk and the sober, by the church and by government dictum. He had suffered many instances of prejudice, degradation and depersonalization prior to the Holocaust. The Holocaust begins with the Nuremberg Laws, anti Semitic newspaper articles, cartoons, radio broadcasts, rallies, humiliations, beatings, intimidations and economic boycott. The Holocaust victim begins to feel as if he is choking; fear becomes a part of daily life.

Maybe he should leave Europe, he thinks. But to where should he go, and should he not stay together with his family? The International Conference at Evian, France, demonstrates that the world does not want the Jew. Not one country is willing to open the doors of freedom. The victim is trapped, like a child in a cage with a ravenous lion. The victim's passport is marked with the letter "J" for Jude and Kristallnacht results in vast destruction; his home, his shop and even his place of worship cannot escape the wrath of maniacs bent upon the complete annihilation of the Jew.

Some Jews are arrested and sent to concentration camps and the victim is informed that his children are expelled from school. The children do not understand, the victim is powerless to explain these atrocities to them. A yellow badge is to be worn and to be found on the streets without it means death.

The innocent victim and his family are uprooted and resettled in a ghetto, seven people in a room, little food, almost no medicine. The old and the young perish in the street. The victim's child falls ill and dies. He cries and screams in anguish. He is helpless to save her. A four-month-old baby perishes and the world remains silent.

His family is ordered to report to the train station. On the journey there are no sanitary facilities, pressed together like sardines, there is no room for the corpses to fall. They stand like the rest for nine days. The victim's grandfather dies begging for air.

Finally, the concentration camp. They arrive ravenous with hunger, nearly unconscious. Here, a short man motions with his finger to the left or to the right. The victim goes to the right; his family to the left. He soon discovers that the only means of escape is through the chimney.

His family, his wife, his two children are already in the next world. The chimney continues operating at full capacity. The heart and the soul of the world remain uncompassionate.

An inmate attempts to overcome a guard. He is tortured brutally and hung in front of the inmates. Each victim begins thinking to himself that he wants to avoid that suffering, revolt is meaningless, and even if he escaped where would he go? No one wants him.

The victim dreams and longs for a better world. He yearns for the time to come when he will no longer suffer and will begin to rebuild anew. The world remains silent to his pleas. His dreams remain unfulfilled. His heroic vision of hope for the future is clouded by the reality of the inferno surrounding him. He is tormented by recurring nightmares. He hears the voices of his children, wife, his parents and loved ones. He remembers the sight of Joseph, his friend and neighbor, who was buried alive. In front of his eyes stand Yaakov, his uncle who was disemboweled, Chaim who was hanged and Chana who was subjected to medical experiments and then tortured to death. Tears flow as he envisions Pinchas who was drowned and his brother who was trampled to death. He awakens, scarred by the memory of Shmuel who was burnt with cigarettes and then thrown into the burning crematorium while still alive.

Today the world has the audacity to exclaim "Why didn't they fight back? Why didn't they rush the armed guards? Why didn't they attempt mass suicide?" The world refuses to realize that courage and heroism is often expressed in the individual's will to live; to seek to survive and build a better life, a better world for himself and his future family. The world dares to forget that numerous heroic uprisings did occur.

The remnants of Hitler's inferno came back from the grave to build a new nation, a nation conceived in blood and tears, a nation which loudly proclaims, "We will not be silent, Jews return to your own home, our gates are eagerly awaiting you." These survivors dedicated themselves and their children to a new purpose; the atrocities of the past, the inhumanity of mankind, could not extinguish the Jewish spirit.

Our young must be told that we have always fought tyranny, we did not die like sheep for the slaughter. The Jewish nation has experienced the inferno of humanity. Jews have been criticized, labeled, stereotyped and maligned, we have experienced anguish and peril, many have tried to murder us; others to missionize our young and yet, through it all, we unlike any other people, have survived.

Sophisticated 20th century mechanistic society not only wishes to forget the atrocities of the Holocaust, but tragically wishes to deny that it ever existed. Professor Arthur Butz and his followers would have us believe that the Nazi extermination of six million Jews was a myth created by the Jewish establishment. The tears and frequent nightmares of terror experienced by

survivors – are these exaggerations exploited by Zionists? Are the numbers branded on the arms of survivors beauty marks, reminders of the good old days when the orchestra played such melodic tunes as “Arbeit Macht Frei?”

The gas chambers of yesteryear have been replaced with sophisticated mind-controlling devices. Organized cults are directing their deceptive ploys against Jewish children. These evangelists robe themselves with creative labels such as Hari Krishna, Jews for Jesus and Moonie. These antagonists are deceptive; their prime target is our youth.

The propaganda machine rings aloud with the deceptions of Hitler’s Mein Kampf. Twentieth century anti-Semites declare that Jews control industry, that Jews operate the banks, direct Wall Street and manipulate the economy. These anti-Semites suggest that we control the mass media and that newspapers echo Jewish propaganda. The General Browns of the world have not learned the tragic lessons of the past.

We Jews have been gassed in the bathhouses of humanity, burned in crematoria constructed by the world’s intellectuals, our children bayoneted, their blood spilt on the walls of the most civilized nations in the world. We have returned from the grave. We did not perish in the inferno. Our nation will never march like sheep to the slaughter. The people of Israel shall live.

The Holocaust: Should We Forgive and Forget?

Rabbi Benjamin Blech

G-d, I need your guidance. I grieve for all the victims of the Holocaust. My heart is filled with pain, and with anger at the Germans responsible for the horrible crimes committed against our people. I mourn the 6 million who perished at their hands. But I know that you teach us to forgive those who sin. In the Bible you often tell us that you are a G-d who is slow to anger, merciful and forgiving. We are supposed to imitate you and adopt Your behavior as guidelines for our own personal conduct. Does that really mean that no matter how difficult it is, I have to tell myself to forgive all those who committed the unspeakable crime of genocide. Am I guilty of failing my spiritual obligations if I'm not willing to respond to barbaric acts with love and forgiveness? G-d, how far does clemency go? In the name of religion, must I be prepared to pardon even those who committed murder?

Forgiveness is a divine trait. It defines the goodness of G-d. Without it human beings probably couldn't survive. Because G-d forgives, there's still hope for sinners. When we do wrong, G-d reassures us that he won't abandon us as a result of our transgressions. Divine forgiveness is the quality that most clearly proves G-d's love for us.

That's why the many passages in the Bible that affirm G-d's willingness to forgive our sins are so important. They comfort us and they fill us with confidence. We know none of us are perfect. If we would be judged solely on our actions we would surely all fall short. Thank G-d the heavenly court isn't that strict. We can rest assured, as the prophet Isaiah told us in the name of the Lord, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

It makes perfect sense, then, for us to understand that if we expect G-d to forgive us for our failings we have to be prepared to forgive others as well. What we need when we're being judged from above certainly deserves to be granted to those we are judging. So we obviously have to be guided by the profound words of Alexander Pope: "To err is human, to forgive, divine."

That all makes it seem like we have no choice in the matter. Forgiveness appears to be our only moral option. But the more we study the Bible, the more we recognize a peculiar paradox. The same G-d who preaches forgiveness very often doesn't forgive. Instead, he punishes sinners. He holds people responsible. He criticizes, he condemns, and afflicts those who committed crimes. Adam and Eve sinned, and they were kicked out of the Garden of Eden. Cain sinned and he was condemned to become a wanderer over the face of the earth. The generation of Noah sinned and a flood destroyed them. The builders of the Tower of Babel sinned and their speech was turned into babble. In one story after another, from the five Books of Moses through the works of the prophets, we read of retribution, of accountability, of divine punishment and the withholding of automatic forgiveness.

Isn't this an innate contradiction in the Bible? The same book in which G-d identifies himself as merciful and forgiving, repeatedly shows us a G-d of justice who withholds undeserved pardons. It almost sounds hypocritical to hear G-d glorify forgiveness as an ideal way to act and then most the time not to put it into practice in his dealings with human beings.

There must be something we're missing. There can't be such an obvious contradiction in the Bible. And sure enough, just a little reflection makes clear why there are times when G-d forgives people for their sins and why at other times he refuses.

THE PRICE FOR FORGIVENESS

G-d's great gift to us is a heavenly pardon. But His present is predicated on a condition. What He asks us to do before He grants us forgiveness is to acknowledge that we were wrong and that we renounce our sinful behavior.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our G-d, and He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah 55:7)

Forgiveness is willing to overlook the sins of the past for the sake of an altered future. It is ready to pardon the most terrible wrongs for the price of remorse, regret and the desire for a new beginning. But the one thing G-d's forgiveness is unwilling to do is to condone vicious crimes by simply accepting them. An unrepentant sinner mistakes G-d's mercy for permission to continue in his ways. To forgive such a person isn't kindness; its cruelty to all those who'll be hurt by the evil that wasn't stopped before it could do more harm.

Yes, it was the same G-d who drowned the wicked generation of Noah and who saved the evil people of Nineveh. Those who were destroyed by the flood were given plenty of warning. They watched Noah build his ark for many years. Noah told them what G-d planned to do if they didn't repent. But they didn't believe him - even when it started to rain and to pour like never before. So of course people who didn't see the need to ask for forgiveness weren't forgiven.

But when Jonah told the residents of the city of Nineveh that they were doomed because of their evil behavior, they took the message to heart and committed themselves to a new way of life. And the people who changed were immediately forgiven. G-d wasn't going to hold their past against them - because it was really a thing of the past.

To speak of forgiveness as if it were the automatic entitlement of every criminal is to pervert a noble sentiment into a carte blanche for mayhem and chaos. We might as well open the doors of every jail and release all the thieves, rapists and murderers. Our wonderful act of compassion wouldn't take too long to be followed by the cries of the victims of our folly!

As a Jew, I recognize this idea as a basic principle of our faith. In our tradition we are taught that, "He who forgives the wicked hurts the good." But you don't have to be Jewish to acknowledge the validity of this concept. The Christian Bible unambiguously affirms it as well: "And if your brother sins against you, rebuke him; and if he repents, forgive him. And if seven times of the day he sins against you, and seven times of the day turns to you saying, I repent, you shall forgive him." (Luke 17:3-4) Forgiveness isn't an orphan. Its parent has to be repentance.

DON'T FORGIVE THEM UNLESS.

Forgiving people who don't personally atone for the sins makes a statement: Repentance isn't really necessary. Can anything be more immoral than encouraging evil by refraining from any condemnation of those who committed it?

The day after the Columbine High School massacre, a group of students announced that they forgave the killers. A short while after the Oklahoma bombing, some people put out a call to forgive Timothy McVeigh. And, on September 12th, on several American campuses, colleges groups pleaded for forgiveness for the terrorists responsible for the horrific events of the previous day.

These weren't just misguided gestures of compassion. They were serious sins with potentially tragic consequences. Evil unchallenged is evil condoned. To forgive and forget, as Arthur

Schopenhauer so well put it, "means to throw valuable experience out the window." And without the benefit of experience's lessons we are almost certain to be doomed to repeat them.

The terrorists who piloted the planes into the twin towers never asked us to be forgiven. They expressed not the slightest remorse as they went to their deaths together with their victims. Those who sent them, those who financed them, and those who applauded their mission never for a moment regretted what happened. Forgiving them is no less than giving them license to murder 4000 more innocent people. That's why to forgive those who remain unrepentant before dying is to become an accomplice to future crimes.

WHAT IF A NAZI ASKED FOR FORGIVENESS?

What if a Nazi asked for forgiveness at some later date? What if a brutal murderer realizes the enormity of his crimes and honestly regrets his past deeds? What if the plea for forgiveness is accompanied by sincere remorse? Can the crimes of the past be forgotten? Is a troubled conscience sufficient to secure automatic forgiveness?

That's not just a theoretical question. Something exactly like that happened towards the end of the Holocaust. And the man who had to decide what to do in such a situation, a concentration camp victim who had suffered indescribable mistreatment and torture, wrote a remarkable book about his experience.

Simon Wiesenthal was a prisoner of the Nazis confined to slave labor in a German hospital. One day he was suddenly pulled away from his work and brought into a room where an SS soldier lay dying. The German officer, Karl, confessed to Wiesenthal that he had committed atrocious crimes. Although raised as a good Catholic and in his youth G-d-fearing, Karl had allowed himself to become a sadistic accomplice to Nazi ideology. Now that he knew his end was near and he would soon be facing his Maker, Karl was overcome by what he now realized was the enormity of his sins.

More than anything else, Karl knew that he needed atonement. He wanted to die with a clear conscience. So he asked that a Jew be brought to him. And from this Jew, Simon Wiesenthal, the killer asked for absolution.

Wiesenthal has been haunted by this scene his entire life. When it happened, he was in such shock that he didn't know how to respond. His emotions pulled him in different directions. Anger mixed with pity, hatred with compassion, and revulsion with mercy. His conclusion was to leave in utter silence. He didn't grant Karl the forgiveness the German desperately sought.

Years later, Wiesenthal shared the story with a number of prominent intellectuals, theologians and religious leaders. How would they have reacted?, he asked them. In the light of religious teachings and ethical ideals, what should have been the proper response? Was there a more suitable reply than silence?

Wiesenthal collected the answers and had them published as a book called *The Sunflower*. The ranges of responses offer a fascinating insight into different views on forgiveness. Some, like the British journalist Christopher Hollis, believe that the law of G-d is the law of love, no matter what the situation. We have an obligation to forgive our fellow human beings even when they have caused us the greatest harm. A remorseful murderer deserved compassion.

Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heshel, a prominent American theologian and author, offered a different perspective. No one can forgive crimes not committed against him or her personally. What Karl sought could only come from his victims. It's preposterous to think that one solitary Jew can presume to speak for 6 million.

AND WHO ARE YOU TO FORGIVE?

Some years ago, Rabbi Heschel had occasion to elaborate on this idea. He had been invited to address a group of prominent business executives. Among them were some of the most important CEOs in the country. His lecture dealt with the Holocaust and its lessons for us. He stressed the importance of memory and the need to continue to bear witness to the crime of genocide.

When he finished, one of the very famous names in American corporate life angrily rebutted the essence of Heschel's talk. "I'm tired," he said, "of hearing about the Holocaust. You claim that you're speaking in the name of morality. Why can't you demonstrate true morality by learning to forgive and forget?"

To a stunned audience, Heschel replied by asking them for permission to tell a story. Before beginning, he introduced his listeners to the man he would be speaking about. In the history of the Jewish people, he explained, there has hardly ever been someone considered as saintly as Rabbi Israel Kagan, commonly known as the Chafetz Chaim ("the one who desires true life"). A Polish rabbi and scholar of the late 19th and early 20th century, he was universally revered not just for his piety but more importantly for his extreme concern for the feelings of his fellow man. It is an incident in the life of this holy figure that Heschel said he wanted to share before he would respond to the question put to him.

Rabbi Kagan was traveling on a train, immersed in a religious book he was studying. Alongside him sat three Jews anxious to while away the time by playing cards. The game required a fourth hand so they asked the unrecognized stranger to join them. Rabbi Kagan politely refused, explaining that he preferred to continue his reading. The frustrated card players refused to take no for an answer. They began to beat the poor Rabbi until they left him bleeding.

Hours later, the train pulled into the station. Hundreds of people swarmed the platform waiting to greet the great sage. Posters bore signs of Welcome to the Chafetz Chaim. As the Rabbi, embarrassed by all the adulation, walked off the train with his bruises, the crowd lifted him up and carried him off on their shoulders. Watching with horror were the three Jews who had not long before accosted the simple Jew sitting in their cabin, now revealed as one of the spiritual giants of their generation. Profoundly ashamed and plagued by their guilt, they managed to make their way through the crowd and reached their unwilling card player partner.

With tears, they poured out their feelings of shame and remorse. How could they possibly have assaulted this great Rabbi? They begged for forgiveness. And incredibly enough, the Rabbi said no. The man who spent his life preaching love now refused to extend it to people who harmed him and regretted their actions. It seemed incomprehensible. So the three Jews attributed it to a momentary lapse. Perhaps, they thought, it was just too soon for the rabbi to forgive them. He probably needed some time to get over the hurt. They would wait a while and ask again at a more propitious moment.

Several weeks passed and it was now close to Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. Even the simplest Jews knew that they had to gain forgiveness from their friends if they wanted to be pardoned by G-d. With trepidation, the wicked three wrangled an appointment and once again were able to speak to the Rabbi. They pleaded their case. Still the Rabbi said no. He would not forgive them.

The rabbi's son was present as this strange scene played itself out. Puzzled by his father's peculiar behavior, he couldn't contain himself. It was so unlike anything he had ever witnessed before. Why did his father suddenly act so cruelly? Why would he persist in tormenting people who only asked for a simple expression of forgiveness?

The son dared to ask. His father explained. "Do you really think I don't want to forgive these poor Jews before the High Holy days? If it were only in my power to do so, don't you know that I would have forgiven them when they stood before me at the railroad station? Of course I, Rabbi Kagan, forgive them for what they did to me. When they learned who I was, they were mortified and filled with shame for what they had done. But the man they beat up was the one they presumed to be a simple, unassuming poor person with no crowd of well-wishers waiting to greet him. He was the victim and only he is the one capable of granting them forgiveness. Let them go find that person. I am incapable of releasing them from their guilt."

Rabbi Heshel completed the story. He then turned to the executive who suggested that it was time for us to move on after the Holocaust and to forgive and forget. "I would be more than happy to do so if I only could. But I was not the one who was sealed in the gas chambers to die a horrible death. I didn't have my child pulled from my breast and shot it in front of my eyes. I was not among the tortured, the beaten, the whipped, and the murdered. It is they and they alone who can offer forgiveness. Go and find those 6 million and ask them if they are prepared to forgive and forget."

Should we forgive those who were guilty of the unspeakable crime of genocide? Perhaps the most appropriate response is simply this: We are not the ones who have the right to make that decision.

We may not forgive and we dare not forget

THE PHOTOGRAPH 1945

Time has not dulled its shock.
More than half a century has passed
Since first I came upon the image.
And still I see it in my mind's eye,
And freshly feel it stab my once-young soul,
grown old.

Glasses. A mountain of eyeless glasses.
Captured in a flash for all eternity.
How many, I asked myself then and still ask now?
Ten thousand? Fifty thousand? Ten times fifty thousand?
How many eyeglasses does it take to build a tower
reaching half-way up to an unseeing God?
Once fragile objects treated with care
that perched on the noses
of myopic yeshiva students,
of far-sighted old men,
of visionary poets,
of astigmatic tailors,
of squinting young girls—

They're piled up, impossibly high.
Mute witnesses, they stare out,
Accusing an indifferent world.

In its deep silence, the tower spoke to me,
More than fifty years ago.

It has been my abacus.
It has taught me to count to Six Million.

And time has not dimmed its eloquence.

Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death: A Holocaust Childhood.
Gerda Bikales

Homecoming to Dubno the Ukraine in 1945

*There lived once a Shtetl here
Where I was born and raised,
On a hill, resplendent, shone the Great Synagogue
Where I chanted in its choir God's praise.*

*Much lore and culture flourished here
With preachers the world revered*

*A market thrived once in my Shtetl
And throngs who'd sell and buy
The stores had all been boarded up
The Shtetl and its people had died.*

*I knocked on the door of my humble home
Anxious its state to view
A man with a pitchfork sprang forth and yelled,
"Get out, you dirty Jew!"*

*"You are a thief, a monster!" – I fumed –
"You've stolen my home, you brute!"*

*I walked the lonely streets in distress
Anger gripping my breast.
I met a survivor who embraced me and urged:
"Go 'n see the valley of death."*

*Along the banks of the Ikva River
Beneath a rolling knoll
Skulls and limbs screamed death all around
Casting a chilling pall.*

*I seethed with rage as I gazed transfixed,
At the horror of the curse of old.*

*Here, for a thousand feet and beyond,
Lay the remains of all:
My parents, grandmother, relatives, and friends
And eight-thousand sacred souls.*

*Don't cry my soul,
Don't bleed my heart
Your mourning is all in vain
The venom of hate
Envy and greed
Has turned the world insane.*

From the book "Shards of War—Fleeing To & From Uzbekistan"

By Michael G. Kesler, Ph.D.

Rosenberg Holocaust Siddur

Program Resource: Appendix II - Readings, Poetry, Essays

No Monuments to the Fallen in Dubno

There are no monuments to the fallen, in Dubno,
nor in any Shtetl of Belarus and Ukraine.
But come and see, in the pastoral fields near Dubno,
skulls and limbs scattered in a ravine.

There are no monuments to the fallen in Dubno,
no ovens, no showers, no remains of deadly gas.
In my bereaved hometown of Dubno,
the SS shot and buried young and old en masse.

Shrapnelled shards of a shattered past
Sear my soul and pierce my mind.
Alas! I write these lines at life's dusk
Our dead to honor as well as wounds to bind.

...And, also, to add wings to my humble prayer that
This stock from Sarah and Abraham begotten,
Its teachings, its culture, with pain and courage bred,
Shall not perish, nor be forgotten!

From the book "Shards of War—Fleeing To & From Uzbekistan"
By Michael G. Kesler, Ph.D.

Leaving Home – The Day of Judgment

Split Decisions

*I had just turned sixteen – I remember it well –
I was obsessed with the thought, nagging and sweet,
to surprise my classmate Sophie and tell
I admired her and would love her forever, indeed.*

*I saw Sophie once and never again...
On June 22, 1941,
the world I had known turned insane,
as Hitler's war on Russia had just begun.*

*On the third day of war, shocking news came
the Russians were fleeing and German tanks were near.
Then Stukkas roaring set the Castle aflame.
The day grew long, filled with panic and fear.*

*Yet the day was short, too short to abort
life planted firmly with patience,
sweat and blood of scores of generations.
Too short for the young to tear apart
from family, friends, and sweet ties of the heart.*

*Painful quarrels and bitter debate
erupted in each household, and led in dismay
to final verdicts of every Jew's fate:
who shall leave and who shall stay,
who shall live and who shall die....*

*As night descended, awesome and dark,
the gates of heaven shut, and Satan's verdict came stark:
all eight thousand would die, shot into pits,
except for a few who'd crawl out amidst
layers of bleeding, dying kin, into a jungle ruled by cruelty of chance,
hatred, violence and the Death-Angel's dance.*

**From the book "Shards of War—Fleeing To & From Uzbekistan"
By Michael G. Kesler. Ph.D.**

I Am My Mother's Daughter.

“The purpose of life is to live it, to taste experience to the utmost, to reach out eagerly and without fear for newer and richer experience.” Eleanor Roosevelt

And that is how I feel about this journey with you all. All of us were touched by history's cruel hand when we were old enough to understand that one or both of our parents survived the Holocaust. Our survivor parents went to hell and miraculously survived to reenter life forever changed. We, the 2nd Generation, witnessed our parents' daily struggles, their fighting spirit to put the Holocaust behind them and to move forward as best as they could to create the families that are here in this room today. What courage, what bravery. Some of the survivors dealt with the horrors by never wanting to discuss the past with their children and other survivors spoke about the past a lot, maybe too much. There is no right way-as adults we realize that our parents were just trying to live after what would have broken the average person. What courage. Now as your adult children we must come to terms with our legacy so that we can pass the torch to our children, the third generation, who will be left to tell your stories and share your wisdom so that maybe the words “Never Again” will come to mean something.

My family is so honored to be hosting this special event, the First Annual Generations of the Holocaust Summer Picnic. Today is a celebration of the 3 Generations of the Shoah all together in one room alive, successful, happy and blessed. We honor the survivors who are here today and we pray that we can build a cohesive community based on the precious and unique connection that we share. We are the children and the grandchildren of the Holocaust survivors and it is my hope that we grow together, get strength from each other, and never turn our back on this important part of our own identities.

I am my mother's daughter. May we all be blessed with the grace, dignity, honor, sense of responsibility, courage, independence, fierce love of family, and deep faith in something bigger than us that our survivor parents represent. Our parents and grandparents survived the Holocaust. That is a miracle. Let us celebrate that accomplishment, although bittersweet, today and every day. Let us wake up each morning with courage knowing that we come from such good stock and walk with confidence in our own lives that we, like our parents, have the grace of G-d watching over us. Amen.

Author: Mirah Adah Becker, Resident of East Brunswick, New Jersey, Founder of local 2-G Group. “This prayer is dedicated to my mother, Rita Schorr-Germain, who survived Auschwitz, and came to this country alone. All that I have accomplished that is good I owe to my mother, my greatest source of inspiration. I love you mom.”

The Past is Never Far Way

by Gabriele Silten

The past is never far way;
it comes back uninvited,
is unexpected and unwanted.
In sleep and in wakefulness
my yesterdays come back again,
they morph into today.
My nightmares become daymares.

Sometimes a vision calls it up:
someone dressed in uniform,
leading a dog on a leash.
The uniform color matters not,
my eyes see it as black,
add black, brightly polished, leather boots.
The sniffing, friendly dog transforms
into a slaving, growling monster.

Sometimes a smell provokes it:
the reek of dirty, sweating bodies,
the pungent odor of unwashed clothes,
or worse: a hint of gas inside the room,
especially while a Yahrzeit candle
calls forth memories with its open flame:
an explosion waiting to happen.

At other times, it is a sound:
an ambulance owl alarm,
fire trucks or police cars
shriek by with blaring sirens.
My ears hear all three without distinction;
a noise which sends me instantly
into the past where I hear again
the air raid siren on the corner house
of my apartment block,
in the street where I lived.

Taste can be disorienting:
hash browned potatoes incompletely fried,
so raw still in their center,
bring back the rankness
of the food from yesteryear.
Thin soup refuses to be swallowed,
no matter what flavor it has.

My throat closes against it,
remembering "soup" from long ago.
Anything grating between my teeth,
reminds my tongue of sawdust:
the main ingredient in our "bread"
in Terezin, so long ago,
yet only yesterday.

Touch is perhaps the worst:
vegetables putrefied in my refrigerator
because of power failure.
Their slimy texture in my fingers
revives yesterday's reality,
so long ago.

Ashes drifting through the air,
from fires burning
in the neighboring town,
conjure up the line of children,
working in Terezin's crematorium
to dispose of those ashes.
Soot on my wet driveway
evokes dusty, moist, wooden floors.

I Found My Grandparents

By Oran Aviv

I found my grandparents
today
in Auschwitz.

I found my Grandmother Hania and my
Grandfather Samuel
I found my Aunts Blimka and Rena
And even my Uncle Moniek.

I found them all today,
in Auschwitz.

I didn't have grandparents,
I didn't have aunts.
"They're all dead."
"They all died,
in the Holocaust."

I found my Aunt Helen and
I found my Aunt Zoshka.
I found my Great Aunts Blimka and Esther
and their husbands Yehoshua and Shmuel.
And cousins, I found so many cousins on both
sides.
I found them all today.

Today I became a granddaughter
and a niece and a cousin.
I became a grand-niece and a
great-granddaughter.

Today I found my relatives
and my relatives now have me.

I found my grandparents
today
in Auschwitz.

And I also found me.

Holocaust Remembrance Day: Universal Lessons

By Irwin Cotler 01/27/2011 13:35

While the Holocaust was “uniquely unique” as Holocaust scholar Yehuda Bauer put it, there are important universal lessons to be acted upon

Whenever I write on the Holocaust – the Shoah – I do so with a certain degree of humility, and not without a deep sense of pain.

For I am reminded of what my parents taught me while still a young boy — the profundity and pain of which I realized only years later — that there are things in Jewish history that are too terrible to be believed, but not too terrible to have happened; that Oswiencim, Majdanek, Dachau, Treblinka — these are beyond vocabulary. Words may ease the pain, but they may also dwarf the tragedy. For the Holocaust was uniquely evil in its genocidal singularity, where biology was inescapably destiny, a war against the Jews in which, as Nobel Peace Laureate Elie Wiesel put it, “not all victims were Jews, but all Jews were victims.”

But while the Holocaust was “uniquely unique” as Holocaust scholar Yehuda Bauer put it, there are important universal lessons to be acted upon. Indeed, I write at an important moment of remembrance and reminder, of witness and warning:

-on the 66th anniversary of the liberation of the surviving remnants of “Planet Auschwitz” — the most horrific laboratory of mass murder in history;

-on the 66th anniversary of the disappearance of Raoul Wallenberg – Canada’s first honorary citizen – whom the UN called the greatest humanitarian of the 20th Century, and who showed that one person could confront evil, resist and prevail, and thereby transform history;

-in the aftermath of the 65th anniversary of the UN, which as former UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan said, “emerged from the ashes of the Holocaust”; and as he reminded us, “a UN that fails to be at the forefront of the fight against anti-Semitism and other forms of racism, denies its history and undermines its future”;

-on the occasion of the 65th anniversary of the Nuremberg Principles, which became the forerunner of international humanitarian and criminal law, reminding us also of the double entendre of Nuremberg — the Nuremberg of jackboots as well as the Nuremberg of judgments;

-on the fifth anniversary of the International Day of Commemoration in Memory of the Victims of the Holocaust.

And so, on this International Day of Holocaust Remembrance — on the eve also of the 60th anniversary of the coming into effect of the Genocide Convention — the “Never Again” Convention — we have to ask ourselves, what have we learned and what must we do?

Lesson 1: The Importance of Holocaust Remembrance – The Responsibility of Memory

The first lesson is the importance of Zachor, of the duty of remembrance itself. For as we remember the six million Jewish victims of the Shoah — defamed, demonized and dehumanized, as prologue or justification for genocide — we have to understand that the mass murder of six million Jews and millions of non-Jews is not a matter of abstract statistics.

For unto each person there is a name — unto each person, there is an identity. Each person is a universe. As our sages tell us: “whoever saves a single life, it is as if he or she has saved an entire universe.” Just as whoever has killed a single person, it is as if they have killed an entire universe. And so the abiding imperative — that we are each, wherever we are, the guarantors of each other’s destiny.

Lesson 2: The Danger of State-Sanctioned Incitement to Hatred and Genocide — The Responsibility to Prevent

The enduring lesson of the Holocaust is that the genocide of European Jewry succeeded not only because of the industry of death and the technology of terror, but because of the state-sanctioned ideology of hate. This teaching of contempt, this demonizing of the other, this is where it all began. As the Canadian courts affirmed in upholding the constitutionality of anti-hate legislation, “the Holocaust did not begin in the gas chambers — it began with words”. These, as the Courts put it, are the chilling facts of history. These are the catastrophic effects of racism.

As the UN marks the commemoration of the Holocaust, we are witnessing yet again, a state-sanctioned incitement to hate and genocide, whose epicentre is Ahmadinejad’s Iran. Let there be no mistake about it. Iran has already committed the crime of incitement to genocide prohibited under the Genocide Convention. Yet not one state party to the Genocide Convention has undertaken its mandated legal obligation to hold Ahmadinejad’s Iran to account.

Lesson 3: The Danger of Silence, The Consequences of Indifference — The Responsibility to Protect

The genocide of European Jewry succeeded not only because of the state-sanctioned culture of hate and industry of death, but because of crimes of indifference, because of conspiracies of silence.

We have already witnessed an appalling indifference and inaction in our own day which took us down the road to the unspeakable — the genocide in Rwanda — unspeakable because this genocide was preventable. No one can say that we did not know. We knew, but we did not act, just as we knew and did not act to stop the genocide by attrition in Darfur.

Indifference and inaction always mean coming down on the side of the victimizer, never on the side of the victim. Indifference in the face of evil is acquiescence with evil itself.

Lesson 4: Combating Mass Atrocity and the Culture of Impunity — The Responsibility to Bring War Criminals to Justice

If the 20th Century — symbolized by the Holocaust — was the age of atrocity, it was also the age of impunity. Few of the perpetrators were brought to justice; and so, just as there must be no sanctuary for hate, no refuge for bigotry, there must be no base or sanctuary for these enemies of humankind. Yet those indicted for war crimes and crimes against humanity — such as President Al-Bashir of Sudan — continue to be welcomed in international fora.

Lesson 5: The Trahison des Clercs — The Responsibility to Talk Truth to Power

The Holocaust was made possible, not only because of the “bureaucratization of genocide”, as Robert Lifton put it, but because of the trahison des clercs — the complicity of the elites — physicians, church leaders, judges, lawyers, engineers, architects, educators, and the like. Indeed, one only has to read Gerhard Muller's book on “Hitler's Justice” to appreciate the complicity and criminality of judges and lawyers; or to read Robert-Jan van Pelt's book on the architecture of Auschwitz, to be appalled by the minute involvement of engineers and architects in the design of death camps, and so on. Holocaust crimes, then, were also the crimes of the Nuremberg elites. As Elie Wiesel put it, “Cold-blooded murder and culture did not exclude each other. If the Holocaust proved anything, it is that a person can both love poems and kill children”.

Lesson 6: Holocaust Remembrance — The Responsibility to Educate

In acting upon the International Holocaust Remembrance Day, states should commit themselves to implementing the Declaration of the Stockholm International Forum on the Holocaust, which concluded: “We share a commitment to encourage the study of the Holocaust in all its dimensions... a commitment to commemorate the victims of the Holocaust and to honor those who stood against it... a commitment to throw light on the still obscured shadows of the Holocaust... a commitment to plant the seeds of a better future amidst the soil of a bitter past... a commitment... to remember the victims who perished, respect the survivors still with us, and reaffirm humanity's common aspiration for mutual understanding and justice.”

Lesson 7: The Vulnerability of the Powerless — The Protection of the Vulnerable as the Test of a Just Society

The genocide of European Jewry occurred not only because of the vulnerability of the powerless, but also because of the powerlessness of the vulnerable. It is not surprising that the triage of Nazi racial hygiene — the Sterilization Laws, the Nuremberg Race Laws, the Euthanasia Program — targeted those “whose lives were not worth living”; and it is not unrevealing, as Professor Henry Friedlander points out in his work on “The Origins of Genocide”, that the first group targeted for killing were the Jewish disabled — the whole anchored in the science of death, the medicalization of ethnic cleansing, the sanitizing even of the vocabulary of destruction.

And so it is our responsibility as citoyens du monde to give voice to the voiceless, as we seek to empower the powerless — be they the disabled, the poor, the refugee, the elderly, the women victims of violence, the vulnerable child — the most vulnerable of the vulnerable.

We remember – and we trust – that never again will we be silent or indifferent in the face of evil. May this International Day of Holocaust Remembrance be not only an act of remembrance, but a remembrance to act.

The writer is a member of Parliament and the former minister of justice and attorney general of Canada. He is Emeritus Professor of Law at McGill University, and has written extensively on the Holocaust, genocide and international humanitarian law.

Students Helped Alert America To The Holocaust

Posted Jan 19 2011

JERUSALEM - A handful of rabbinical students in New York City played a little-known role in alerting American Jews about the Holocaust, according to the authors of a new book.

Dr. Rafael Medoff and Rabbi Prof. David Golinkin, coauthors of the new book *The Student Struggle Against the Holocaust*, were joined by former Israeli defense minister Moshe Arens at their recent book launch in Jerusalem. In 1943, Arens was a student at the City College of New York and was active in the campus chapter of Betar, the Revisionist Zionist youth movement.

The book recounts the efforts undertaken by Golinkin's father, Noah Golinkin, and fellow rabbinical students Jerry Lipnick and Moshe "Buddy" Sachs in 1942-1943.

According to Medoff and Golinkin, the rabbinical students were among the first in the American Jewish community to try to rouse American Christians to protest against the Holocaust. They organized a conference of Jewish and Christian seminary students in New York City in February 1943 to discuss ways to promote the rescue of Jewish refugees.

The students then convinced the Synagogue Council of America to launch a "Sefira Campaign" to mobilize synagogues during the weeks between Pesach and Shavuot to focus on the suffering of European Jewry. The council helped hundreds of synagogues around the country organize memorial rallies, partial fast days, special prayers in the daily Grace After Meals, and letter-writing campaigns.

"At a time when many Jewish leaders were confused and divided, these students came up with innovative protest tactics and persuaded a major Jewish organization to implement them," said Medoff. "That was a significant accomplishment."

Golinkin said his father's role was especially remarkable because he had just recently arrived in the United States and was still learning English and becoming accustomed to American ways.

"He was practically just off the boat, and here he was throwing himself into the struggle to save his fellow Jews," Golinkin said.

Arens said that many Jewish students at City College in the 1940s were apathetic or involved in Marxist groups that had no interest in what was happening to the Jews in Europe. He praised Golinkin, Lipnick and Sachs for being "among the very few who tried their best, in the face of great obstacles, to make a difference."

The events described in *The Student Struggle Against the Holocaust* do not reflect well on the mainstream Jewish leadership of the 1940s. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, the most prominent Jewish leader of that era, poured cold water on the students' proposal to launch a nationwide protest movement that would challenge the Roosevelt administration's refugee policy.

"Wise was a staunch supporter of FDR and did his best to shield the president from Jewish criticism," Medoff said.

The introduction to the Medoff-Golinkin book was written by Rabbi Dr. Irving "Yitz" Greenberg, chairman emeritus of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum and one of the early leaders of the Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry. Rabbi Greenberg has said that he and other Soviet Jewry activists were driven in part by their awareness of the failures of American Jewry during the Holocaust years.

What Have I Learned This Year About the Holocaust And What Does it Mean to Me

Ilana Rosenberg Merl, written as a high school student

To me, the Holocaust is much more than a tragic event in Jewish and world history. To me, it was a wake up call. In the pre-Holocaust era, European Jewry was rapidly looking to assimilate. Jews were holding some of the most prestigious positions in society. Ranging from doctors to musicians to professors and even politicians, some Jews were so wrapped up in their social ranks that they did not even identify with their Judaism anymore. It is said that the Jewish Germans were Germans first, then Jews. They were more loyal to their country than their G-d.

I think that the Holocaust was a wake up call to all of the Jews who forgot that G-d existed. They forgot that they were put on this earth to serve a higher being, not society.

The Jews of that time tried to run from their Judaism. By assimilating into German society they thought they could exempt themselves from their religious responsibilities. Obviously they were wrong. Hitler did not care whether a Jew was assimilated or not. He saw them all as Jews. As much as they tried to run away, they were still Jews and in danger of being exterminated.

We must realize that we are different, we are G-d's chosen people. This is a privilege not a chore. If we are proud of our heritage and do not try to deny it we can overcome anything. We need unity to keep Judaism alive.

In my opinion the Holocaust could happen again. There will always be hatred against Jews; we are the scapegoats for society. When something goes wrong economically or politically we are blamed. If we remember and learn from the past, we can hope for a good future. If we forget we are doomed.

Where Was G-d Where Was Man

Inbar Gabay, written as a high school student

Where was G-d? He was there. He was there in the hearts and souls of those who died "Al Kiddush Hashem", for the sanctification of the name of G-d. He was there when the oldest child of a family took charge after his or her brothers and sisters witnessed the murder of their parents. G-d was there in the cracked lips of the pious who whispered His prayers. He was there when a Jew lifted his brother so that he might live rather than be killed by the blow of a Nazi bayonet. G-d was there when a non-Jew risked his life by hiding a Jewish family. And G-d was also there when Nazi guards placed Jewish children into the crematorium. He was there when Polish peasants stood by idly. G-d watched as gold was yanked from the teeth of His nation. G-d was there when Jewish workers were forced to manufacture bullets that would be shot at their families. But it was not G-d who shot those guns; it was not G-d who enacted the final solution. It was man. Therefore, no one has the right to ask, "where was G-d?", for He was there; it was man who was not.

