



The Rabbinical Assembly • כנסת הרבנים

3080 Broadway • New York, New York 10027 • (212) 678-8060 • FAX (212) 749-9166

# PROGRAM RESOURCES

יום השואה

3 April 1996  
ערב פסח תשנ"ו

Dear Colleague,

In an attempt to develop materials for memorializing those who died in the Holocaust, we have compiled this booklet of resources for Yom Hashoah. We include works of colleagues, educational materials and liturgies which you may use in your own attempts to develop liturgies and programs for Yom Hashoah. The Rabbinical Assembly also has additional resources and liturgies which will be made available upon request.

Two Yom Hashoah services - Rabbi Edward Friedman  
Candle Lighting Service - Rabbi Mark H. Zimmerman & Rabbi Evan Jaffe  
Yom Hashoah - Day of Commemoration of the Holocaust - Rabbi Samuel Dresner  
(This service is keyed to the pages of the Silverman *siddur*.)

Rabbi Bernhard H. Rosenberg, Editor  
Rabbi Edward Feld, Chair, Sub-Committee, Popular Publications  
Rabbi Gordon Freeman, Chair, Publications Committee

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# The Sword and the Book

Rabbi 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 überspitzten Jüdischen Intellektualismus)" 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 written 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, Moses Mendelssohn and Heine became masters and models of German prose and poetry. By 1886-1887, Jewish students rep-

resented 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 Bücherei*, 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 und 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 (Rödelheim) 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 (Moments 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 stories, 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.



# 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 shell 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, Ilana, 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".

# A Candle Lighting Ceremony for Yom Hashoah

Rabbi Aryeh 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.

## II

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.

### III

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."

#### IV

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: אני מאמין

# 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 - "זכר את אשר עשה לך עמלק", "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; Kapule, 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, Yankele; Abraham, Sarah, . . .

May 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; Momza, Lubavitch, Mir; Odesa, Poneviev, Pressberg; Radin, Slonim, Sutzk; 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, Flossenburg; Gross-Rosen, Janow, Lida; Lichtenberg, Lvov, Maidanek; Mathausen, Natzweiler, Neuengamme; Orarienberg, Ponar, Potulice; Pustkow, Ravensbruck, Sobibor, . . .

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

"ארץ אל-תכסי דמי ואל-יהוי מקום לזעקתי.", "O Earth, cover not my blood and let my cry have no resting place."  
(Job 16:18)



## A Prayer

A Prayer to be recited during the Sabbath services, immediately preceding Yom Hashoah.

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

(Prepared by Religious Standards Committee, Chicago Board of Rabbis, reprinted with permission.)

# 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 evil 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 Midrash 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 universal holocaust.

*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 *אני מאמין* 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  
on the pillow near her head  
where he sat telling 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  
know, 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 ss 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 i'll 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 tunes)

bobbing up & down  
laughter rising  
like flames

(no one ever thought  
to stop the music)