

# Yom HaShoah Memorial Service

לזכור

In remembrance of Persecution and Resistance

Congregation Torat-El

Temple Kol Am

Temple Beth Miriam

The ark of 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.

*Rabbi Reuven Hammer*

### **Yom HaShoah**

To each number there is a name  
To each name there is a flame  
To each flame there is a memory  
To each memory there is a life  
To each life there is a number  
To each number there is a name.

Six million, six million:  
One, then two, then three...up to six million...  
Six...one flame for each of the million.

To each flame there is a memory

DACHAU...AUSHWITZ...BABI YAR...TEREZIN...BERGEN BELSEN...BUCHENWALD

**הדלקת הנרות**

Out of the glaring darkness of life's chaos,  
We must struggle for the words  
That will bring light,  
That nobler life may be

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק  
נֵר שֶׁל זְכוּרֹן

Blessed is Adonai our God,  
Who leads us to holiness through Mitzvot,  
Who lets us share in the miracle  
Of our people's continued existence.

**Reader:**

Pretty soon  
When people hear a quiz show expert  
Talk about Auschwitz  
They'll ask themselves if they would have guessed  
That name  
They'll comment on the current champion  
Who never gets dates wrong  
And always guesses the number of dead.  
Yawning sleepily  
They'll say maybe they would have preferred  
Greco-Roman history  
To these Jews  
Who have always gotten themselves talked about:  
They really attract persecution.

*Edith Bruck*

**Reader:**

In the presence of the 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 instruction  
Shall have come to conclusion.  
An oath: Not in vain passed over  
The night of the terror.  
An oath: No morning shall see me at  
Flesh-pots again.  
An oath: Lest from this we learned  
Nothing.

*Nelly Sachs (1891-1970)*

Sachs, born in Germany, had already published one book of poetry when the Nazis came to power. She continued to publish in Jewish periodicals, but persecution of the German Jewry was a constant threat. The man she loved was arrested and later died in a concentration camp, and Sachs herself narrowly escaped arrest. Able to emigrate to Sweden through the intercession of a noted Swedish writer, Sachs made a precarious living as a translator while writing poems about the Holocaust. Her work received recognition in the late 1950's, and she was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1966.

*O the Chimneys*

*And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. –Job 19:26*

O the chimneys  
On the ingeniously devised habitations of death  
When Israel's body drifted as smoke

Through the air-  
Was welcomed by a star, a chimney sweep,  
A star that turned black  
Or was it a ray of sun?

O the chimneys!  
Freedomway for Jeremiah and Job's dust-  
Who devised you and laid stone upon stone  
The road for refugees of smoke?

O the habitations of death,  
Invitingly appointed  
For the host who used to be a guest-  
O you fingers  
Laying the threshold  
Life a knife between life and death-

O you chimneys,  
O you fingers  
And Israel's body as smoke through the air!

TR. Michael Roloff

### Necrology

**Reader:** Polish-Soviet Area (General Government) –  
Four Million, Five Hundred, Sixty Five Thousand

**Congregation:** *Germany - One Hundred, Twenty Five Thousand*

**Reader:** Austria – Sixty Five Thousand

**Congregation:** *Czechoslovakia – Twenty Five Thousand*

**Reader:** Hungary – Four Hundred, Seventy Seven Thousand

**Congregation:** *France – Eighty Three Thousand*

**Reader:** Belgium – Twenty Four Thousand

**Congregation:** *Luxemburg – Seven Hundred*

**Reader:** Italy – Seven Thousand, Five Hundred

**Congregation:** *Romania – Forty Thousand*

**Reader:** Yugoslavia – Sixty Thousand

**Congregation:** Greece – Sixty Five Thousand

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*

**Reader:** You who live secure  
In your warm houses,  
Who return at evening to find  
Hot food and friendly faces:

**Congregation:** *Consider whether this is a man,  
Who labors in the mud  
Who knows no peace  
Who fights for a crust of bread  
Who dies at a yes or a no.  
Consider whether this is a woman,*

*Without hair or name  
With no more strength to remember  
Eyes empty and womb cold  
As a frog in winter.*

Reader: Consider that this had been:  
I commend these words to you.  
Engrave them on your hearts  
When you are in your house, when you walk on your way,  
When you go to bed, when you rise.  
Repeat them to your children.  
Or may your house crumble,  
Disease render you powerless,  
Your offspring avert their faces from you.

*-Primo Levi, 10 January 1946*

### **Voices**

**Reader:** Voices mute for ever, or since yesterday, or just stilled:  
If you listen hard you can still catch the echo.  
Hoarse voices of those who can no longer speak,  
Voices that speak and can't be understood:  
Choruses and cymbals for smuggling sense  
Into a senseless message.  
Pure hubbub to pretend  
That silence is not silence.  
*A vous parle, compaignes de galle:*  
I speak to you companions of revelry,  
Drunk like me on words,  
Sword-words, poison-words,  
Key-words, lockpicker-words,  
Salt-words, mask and nepenthe.  
The place we're going to is silent  
Or deaf. It's the limbo of the lonely and the deaf.  
You'll have to run the last lap deaf,  
You'll have to run the last lap by yourself.

*-Primo Levi, 10 February 1981*

**Reader:** Today the ghetto knows a different fear, close in its grip,  
death wields its icy scythe. An evil sickness spreads a terror  
in its wake, the victims of its shadow weep and rise.

**Congregation:** *Today a father's heartbeat tells his fright and mothers bend*

*their heads into their hands. Now children choke and die  
with typhus here, a bitter tax is taken from their bands.*

**Reader:**

My heart still beats inside my breast while friends depart for other worlds. Perhaps it's better – who can say? – than watching this, to die today?

**Congregation:**

*No, no my God, we want to live! Not watch our numbers melt away. We want to have a better word, we want to work – we must not die!*

*Written by Eva Pickova, 12 years old, Terezin*

**Reader:**

It is now clear to me that what took place exceeds all expectations. In our opposition to the Germans we did more than our strength allowed-but now our forces are waning. We are on the brink of extinction. We forced the Germans to retreat twice-but they returned stronger than before.

One of our groups held out for forty minutes; and another fought for about six hours. The mine which was laid in the area of the brush factory exploded as planned. Then we attacked the Germans and they suffered heavy casualties. Our losses were generally low. That is an accomplishment too. Z. fell, next to this machine-gun.

I feel that great things are happening and that this action which we have dared to take is of enormous value.

We have no choice but to go over to partisan methods of fighting as of today. Tonight, six fighting-groups are going out. They have two tasks-to reconnoiter the area and to capture weapons. Remember, "short-range weapons" are of no use to us. We employ them very rarely. We need many rifles, hand grenades, machine-guns and explosives.

I cannot describe the conditions in which the Jews of the ghetto are now "living". Only a few exceptional individuals will be able to survive such suffering. The others will sooner or later die. Their fate is certain, even though thousands are trying to hid in cracks and rat holes. It is impossible to light a candle, for lack of air. Greetings to you who are outside. Perhaps a miracle will occur and shall see each other again one of these days. It is extremely doubtful.

The last wish of my life has been fulfilled. Jewish self-defense has become a fact. Jewish resistance and revenge have become actualities. I am happy to have been one of the first Jewish fighters in the ghetto.



Where will rescue come from?

*Mordecai Anilewicz, During the Revolt, 1943, Warsaw*

## אני מאמין

**Reader:** Ani maamin, Abraham  
Despite Treblinka,  
Ani maamin, Isaac,  
Because of Belsen.  
Ani maamin, Jacob,  
Because and in spite of  
Majdanek.

**Congregation:** *Dead in vain,  
Dead for naught,  
Ani maamin.  
Pray to God,  
Against God,  
For God.  
Ani maamin.*

**Reader:** Whether the Messiah comes,  
Ani maamin.  
Or is late in coming,  
Ani maamin.  
Whether God is silent  
Or weeps,  
Ani maamin.

**Congregation:** *Ani maamin for him.  
In spite of him. I believe in You.  
Even against your will.  
Even if you punish me  
For believing in You.*

**Reader:** Blessed are the fools  
Who shout their faith.  
Blessed are the fools  
Who go on laughing,  
Who mock the man  
Who mocks the Jews,  
Who helps their brothers  
Singing over and over and over .

*-Ani Maamin, Eli Wiesel*

# אני מאמין באמונה שלימה בביאת המשיח ואף על פי שיתמהמה עם כל זה אחכה לו בכל יום

I believe with perfect faith in the Messiah's coming.  
And even if he be delayed, I will await him.

**Reader:** You remember the sun of Auschwitz  
And the green of the distant meadows,  
Lightly lifted to the clouds by birds, no longer green in the clouds,  
But seagreen white.  
Together we stood looking into the distance  
And felt the far away green of the meadows  
And the clouds' seagreen white within us,  
As if the color of the distant meadows were our blood,  
Or the pulse beating within us,  
As if the world existed only through us  
And nothing changed as long as we were there.  
I remember your smile as elusive as a shade of the color of the wind,  
A leaf trembling on the edge of sun and shadow,  
Fleeting yet always there.  
So you are for me today, in the seagreen sky,  
The greenery and the leaf-rustling wind.  
I feel you in every shadow, every movement,  
and you put the world around me like your arms.  
I feel the world as your body, you look into my eyes  
And call me with the whole world.

*-Tadeusz Borowski*

## **THESE WORDS ARE DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO DIED**

**Reader:**

These words are dedicated to those who died  
Because they had no love and felt alone in the world  
Because they were afraid to be alone and tried to stick it out  
Because they could not ask  
Because they were shunned  
Because they were sick and their bodies could not resist disease  
Because they played it safe because they had no connections  
Because they had no faith  
Because they felt they did not belong and wanted to die

**Congregation:**

*These words are dedicated to those who died  
Because they were loners and liked it*

*Because they acquired friends and drew others to them  
Because they took risks because they were stubborn and refused to give up  
Because they asked for too much*

**Reader:**

These words are dedicated to those who died  
Because a card was lost and a number was skipped  
Because a bed was denied  
Because a place was filled and no other place was left

**Congregation:**

*These words are dedicated to those who died  
Because someone did not follow through  
Because someone was overlooked and forgot  
Because someone left everything to God*

**Reader:**

Because someone was late  
Because someone did not arrive at all  
Because someone told them to wait  
and they just couldn't wait any longer

**Congregation:**

*These words are dedicated to those who died  
Because death is a punishment  
Because death is a reward  
Because death is the final rest  
Because death is eternal rage*

**Reader & Congregation:** *These words are dedicated to those who died*

**THESE WORDS ARE DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO SURVIVED**

**Reader:**

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
Because their second grade teacher gave them books  
Because they did not draw attention to themselves  
and got lost in the shuffle  
Because they knew someone who knew someone else

who could help them and bumped them into a corner  
on a Thursday afternoon  
Because they played it safe  
Because they were lucky

**Congregation:**                    *These words are dedicated to those who survived*  
*Because they knew how to cut corners*  
*Because they drew attention to themselves*  
*and always got picked*  
*Because they took too many risks*  
*Because they had no principles and were hard*

**Reader:**

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
Because they refused to give up and defied statistics  
Because they had faith and trusted in God  
Because they expected the worst and were always prepared  
Because they were angry  
Because they could ask  
Because they mooched off others and saved their strength  
Because they endured humiliation  
Because they turned the other cheek because they looked the other way

**Congregation:**                    *These words are dedicated to those who survived*  
*Because life is a wilderness and they were savage*  
*Because life is an awakening and they were alert*  
*Because life is a flowering and they blossomed*  
*Because life is a struggle and they struggled*  
*Because life is gift and they were free to accept it*

**Reader & Congregation:** *These words are dedicated to those who survived*

-Irena Kepfisz

**Miklos Radnoti**

To whom I would find my way, whether deafmute or blind;  
now hiding in the landscape, from within,  
on my eyes, you flash-the mind projects its film.  
You were reality, returned to dram

and fallen back into the well of my teen years.

Jealously question you: whether you love me,  
whether, on my youth's summit, you will yet be  
my wife-I am now hoping once again,  
and, back on life's alert road, where I have fallen,  
I know you are all this. My wife, my friend and peer-  
only far! Beyond three wild frontiers.  
It is turning fall. Will fall forget me here?  
The memory of our kisses is all the clearer.

I believed in miracles, forgot their days;  
above me I see a bomber squadron cruise,  
I was just admiring, up there, your eyes' blue sheen,  
when it clouded over, and up in that machine the bombs were aching to dive. Despite them,  
I am alive,  
a prisoner; and all that I hoped for, I have  
sized up, in breadth. I will find my way to you;  
for you I have walked the spirit's full length as it grew.

And highways of the land. If need, be I will render  
myself, a conjurer, past cardinal embers,  
amid nose-diving flames, but I will come back,  
if I must be, I shall be resilient as the bark  
on trees. I am soothed by the peace of savage men  
in constant danger: worth the whole wild regimen  
of arms and power; and, as far from a cooling wave of the sea,  
sobriety's 2x2 comes raining down on me.

**Lager Heidenau, above Zagubica in the mountains,  
August-September 1944**

**TR. Emery George**

### **"Peace, Horror"**

As I stepped out the doorway it was ten o'clock,  
a baker on a shiny wheel swept by, he sang,  
above, a plane was droning, sun shone, ten o'clock,  
my aunt who died came back to mind and all the souls  
I'd loved, who lived no more, were flying overhead,  
darkly a host of the silent dead flew by above,  
and suddenly a shadow fell along the wall.  
In silence morning halted, it was ten o'clock,  
Peace hung along the street, a touch of horror too.

-TR. Emery George

We shall remember our brothers and our sisters,  
the city houses and the country houses,  
the *shtetl* streets rushing like rivers  
and the lonely inn on the country road--  
the aged man and the features of his face,  
the mother in her kerchief,  
the young girl with her braids,  
the child,  
the people Israel in thousands of communities  
among all the human families,  
the entire assembly of Jews  
brought down to slaughter on the soil of Europe  
by the Nazi destroyer,  
the man who suddenly screamed  
and while screaming died,  
the woman, clutching her infant to her breast,  
whose arms gave out,  
the infant groping for his mother's nipple  
that was blue and cold,  
the feet,  
the feet that sought refuge  
though flight was no longer possible,  
and those who made their hands into a fist,  
the fist that gripped the iron,

the iron that became the weapon of vision,  
of despair, and of rebellion,  
and those, the pure of heart,  
those whose eyes were opened,  
those who risked their lives  
through they lacked the power to triumph.  
We shall remember the day,  
the day in its brightness, the sun that rose  
over the bloody conflagration  
the lofty, silent heavens.  
We shall remember the mounds of dust  
beneath the gardens in bloom.  
The living shall remember their dead  
for they are forever before us.  
Look! Their eyes dart round and about,  
allowing us no peace, no peace  
until our lives become worthy of their memory.

*Abba Kovner, translated by Jules Harlow*

אַל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן בְּמִרוֹמִים. הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי  
הַשְּׂכִינָה. בְּמַעֲלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים כְּזוֹהַר הָרָקִיעַ מְזִהְרִים אֶת  
נְשָׁמוֹת כָּל אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁהִלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. בְּעַל הָרַחֲמִים  
יִסְתִּירָהֶם בְּסֵתֶר כַּנְפָיו לְעוֹלָמִים. וְיִצְרֹר בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נְשָׁמָתָם. יי  
הוּא נִחְלָתָם וְיָנוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכָּבָם. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן:

**“For More Than One Enemy Has Risen Against Us”**

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 spirit of everything I still believe that people are really 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.

In the meantime, I must uphold my ideals, for perhaps the time will come when I shall be able to carry them out.

*The Diary of Anne Frank*

### **Mourner's Kaddish**

*Oh God of Compassion, Eternal spirit of the universe, grant perfect rest under the sheltering present of your Shechina to our beloved ones who have entered eternity. O Source of Mercy, let them find refuge forever in the shadow of your wings, and let their souls be bound up in the bond of eternal life. The God of Life vouchsafes their eternality, as we ensure their immortality. So that together, through the Creator and the Created, our loved ones will rest in peace, and let us say: Amen*

*Yitgadal v'yit'kadash sh'mei rabah b'alma div'ra chirutei, v'yam'lich mal'chutei  
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chayei d'chol beit Yisrael, ba'agalah uviz'man kariv, v'im'ru:  
Amen.*

*Y'hei Sh'meih rabah m'vorach l'alam u'lal'mei al'maya.*

*Yi'barach v'yish'tabach v'yit'pa'ar v'yit'romam v'yit'nasei v'yit'hadar v'yit'aleh v'yit'halal  
sh'meih d'kud'sha, B'rich hu, L'eila min kol bir'chata v'shirata tush'b'chata v'nechemata  
da'amiranb'alma v'imru: Amen*

*Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya v'chayim aleinu val kol Yishrael v'im'ru: Amen.  
Oseh shalom bim'ramov, hu ya'aseh shalom aeinu v'al kol Yisrael v'imru: Amen.*

*May the Source of peace send peace to all who mourn,  
And comfort to all who are bereaved. Amen.*



# הנה מה טוב ומה נעים שבת אחים גם יחד

*Behold how wonderful it is for us to sit together as brothers and sisters*

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי-בְרָא  
כְּרַעוּתָהּ, וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמִיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי  
דְּכָל-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזֶמֶן קָרִיב, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח, וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא,  
וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלֵּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקוּדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ  
הוּא, לְעָלְא מִן-כָּל-בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא, תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא  
וְנַחֲמָתָא דְּאִמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן-שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-  
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל  
כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.