



יום השואה

Yom Ha-Shoah

Mosaic Reform and Liberal 5781 - 2021

ANI MA'AMIN

אָנִי מֵאֲמִין בְּאַמוּנָה שְׁלֵמָה בְּבִיאַת הַגְּאוּלָּה, וְאֶף עַל פִּי
שְׁתַּתְמַהֵּמָה עִם כָּל זֶה אַחֲפָה לָּהּ בְּכָל יוֹם שְׁתַּבּוֹא.

I believe with complete faith in the coming of the Messianic Age, and even though it may tarry, nonetheless I will wait for it; I will wait every day for it to come.

Moses Maimonides
(c 1138 – 1204)

Remember, *zachor*, זָכוֹר
Do not forget, *lo tish-kach*, לֹא תִשְׁכַּח

On this day we remember the most devastating episode of our history. From year to year it recedes a little further into the past, but the magnitude of it remains beyond our comprehension, and the pain of it beyond consolation. All we know for certain is that we have a duty to remember: for the sake of those who perished, so that they may not be forgotten; for the sake of those descendants who survived them, so that they may know that they are not alone in their sorrow; for our own sakes, so that we may not be blind to the evil of which human beings are capable; and for the sake of future generations, so that they may consider well what is needful to prevent such a *sho'ah* – such a destruction – from happening again, to our people, or to any people.

CONSIDER IF THIS IS A MAN

“You who live safe

In your warm houses,
You who find returning in the evening,
Hot food and friendly faces:

Consider if this is a man
Who works in the mud
Who does not know peace
Who fights for a scrap of bread
Who dies because of a yes or no
Consider if this is a woman,
Without hair and without name
With no more strength to remember,
Her eyes empty and her womb cold
Like a frog in winter.

Meditate that this came about:
I commend these words to you.
Carve them in your hearts
At home, in the street,
Going to bed, rising;
Repeat them to your children,
Or may your house fall apart,
May illness impede you,
May your children turn their faces
from you.”

(Primo Levi)

ENOSH K'CHATZIR

אָנוֹשׁ כְּחֻצֵיר יָמָיו, כְּצִיץ הַשָּׂדֶה כִּן יֵצֵץ, כִּי רוּחַ
עֲבָרָה־בוֹ וְאֵינְנוּ, וְלֹא־יִכְרְנוּ עוֹד מִקּוֹמוֹ. וְחֹסֵד יְהוָה
יַעֲוֹלָם וְעַד־עוֹלָם עַל־יִרְאָיו וְצַדִּיקָתוֹ לִבְנֵי בְנִים.

Frail men and women, their days are like grass, they blossom like a flower in the field; but the breeze passes over it and it is gone and its place knows it no more.
Those who fear God know a love that lasts forever and ever, faithful to their children's children.

WE PLEDGE OURSELVES TO REMEMBER

We pledge ourselves to remember.

And should the wonder happen and I live on
To see the world illuminated with new light,
The light of justice, love and peace,
I shall surely praise that generation
From the depth of my sorrow, from the deepest abyss
Of my shattered soul,
But my wound will not be healed.
Its blood will flow as long as my heart beats,
As the blood of my brothers flowed, till their hearts froze

And even should You, God, in all Your mercy,
Offer me the cup of forgetfulness –
I will not touch it! I shall say: Forgive me, God!
But if I taste the cup of forgetfulness,
I will no longer be I!...

And so, as long as my heart beats,
And as long as I know not why
You have done all that You have done –
I am unable to forget, I am unwilling to forget!...

We pledge ourselves not to forget.

THE ACTION IN THE GHETTO OF ROHATYN, MARCH 1942

Do I want to remember?

The peaceful ghetto, before the raid:
Children shaking like leaves in the wind.

Mothers searching for a piece of bread.
Shadows, on swollen legs, moving with fear.

No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?
Do I want to remember, the creation of hell?

The shouts of the Raiders, enjoying the hunt.
Cries of the wounded, begging for life.

Faces of mothers carved with pain.
Hiding Children, dripping with fear.
No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?

Do I want to remember, my fearful return?
Families vanished in the midst of the day.

The mass grave steaming with vapor of blood.
Mothers searching for children in vain.

The pain of the ghetto, cuts like a knife.
No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?

Do I want to remember, the wailing of the night?
The doors kicked ajar, ripped feathers floating the air.

The night scented with snow-melting blood.
While the compassionate moon, is showing the way.

For the faceless shadows, searching for kin.
No, I don't want to remember, but I cannot forget.

Do I want to remember this world upside down?

Where the departed are blessed with an instant death.

While the living condemned to a short wretched life,

And a long tortuous journey into unnamed place,

Converting Living Souls, into ashes and gas.

No. I Have to Remember and Never Let You Forget

(Alexander Kimmel)

*I have taken this oath: to
remember it all.*

*To remember – and never to
forget.*

*Forgetting nothing of this, till
ten generations pass,*

*And the grief disappears, and
all the pain,*

*And the punishing blows are
ended for good.*

*I swear this night of terror
shall not have passed in vain; I
swear this morning I'll not live
unchanged,*

*As if I were no wiser, even
now, even now.*

נְדַרְתִּי הַנֶּדֶר,
לְזַכֵּר אֶת-הַכֹּל,
לְזַכֵּר--וְיִדְבַּר לֹא לְשִׁכַח.
דְּבַר לֹא לְשִׁכַח--עַד דָּוָר
עֲשִׂירִי, עַד שֶׁן עֲלִבּוֹנִי,
עַד כָּלֵם, עַד כָּלֵהֵם,
עַדִּי יִכְלוּ כָל-שִׁבְטֵי
מוֹסְרֵי. קוֹנָם אִם לְרִיק
יַעֲבֹר לַיִל הַזֶּעֶם,
קוֹנָם אִם לְבִקֵּר אֶחָזֵר
לְסוּרֵי
וּמְאוּם לֹא אֶלְמָד גַּם
הַפְּעֵם.

All stand for the kindling of the memorial candles

נֵר יִי נִשְׁמַת אָדָם

The human spirit is the light of God.
As we look at these lights,
try to imagine six million candles
each one with the name of a Jew.
Each one would signify a unique
and precious soul,
who struggled and had hope,
who was part of a family,
an orphan, a widow, or a widower.
They worked, studied, took walks –
The ordinary things of life.
They celebrated births and weddings,
mourned at funerals.

All were part of the Jewish people, each one was a separate individual. Each one suffered. Each and every one was murdered.

We remember our six million, who died when madness ruled,
and evil dwelt on earth. We remember those of whom we know,
and those whose very names are lost.

We cherish the memory of those who died as martyrs, those who
died resisting, and those who died in terror.

We mourn for all that died with them: their goodness and their
wisdom, which could have done so much to ennoble and enrich
humanity. We mourn for the genius and the wit that died, the
learning and laughter that were lost.

We stand in gratitude for the simple, decent lives of those who
were the Congregation of Israel. Their spiritual resistance

remains as an enduring testimony to a community where light persisted in darkness. Each person was unique, and we remember them all in love and compassion.

We salute those who had the courage to stand outside the mob, to save us, and to suffer with us. They, too, are God's witnesses, and a source of hope when we are tempted to despair.

Because of our people's suffering, may such times never come again, and may their sacrifice not be in vain. In our daily fight against cruelty and prejudice, tyranny and persecution, their memory gives us strength.

In silence we remember those who sanctified God's name.

God, full of compassion,
exalted God, grant perfect rest
under the wings of Your
presence, among the holy and
pure who shine as the
brightness of the firmament, to
the souls of the millions of our
people who died for the
sanctification of your name.
Merciful God, shelter them for
ever under your wings, and let
their souls be bound up in the
bond of eternal life. May they
find their destiny in your
nearness, and may they rest in
peace. Amen.

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן
בְּמַרוֹמִים, הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה
נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כְּנָפָי
הַשְּׂכִינָה עִם קְדוּשִׁים
וְטְהוֹרִים כְּזֹהַר הַרְקִיעַ
מְזַהְרִים, אֶת נְשָׁמוֹת
רַבּוֹת אֵלֶּי יִשְׂרָאֵל שְׁמִתוּ
עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. אָנָּה בְּעַל
הַרְחָמִים, הַסֹּתִירִם בְּסִתְרֵךְ
כְּנָפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים, וְצָרוֹר
בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת
נְשָׁמוֹתֵם, ייִ הוּא נִחַלְתֶּם,
וַיְנוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכְּבֵם,
וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

1945

And that year
When the fires ceased
And the ovens were finally cool
A strange wind moved out
In slow, grief-laden eddies
And sooty swirls
Across Europe –
And even beyond.

And those with conscience
(And even those without)
Heard faint sounds from afar,
Echoes from an age-old abyss.
And sometimes these seemed to come
From inside one's ear –
So tiny and yet so persistent.
Echoes of the anonymous cries
Of numbered millions.

And far from the ovens,
Far from the funeral fires
This wind still carried
Wraiths of soot
Too fine to water the eye
Yet searing the heart
Of those with conscience
(And those without).

That year the strange wind
Moved slowly across Europe –
And even beyond,
Now and then pausing
To eddy into the deepest corners

Of men's minds
To remind them,
To stir them for an instant
From their dream of well-being.

Bernard Mikofsky

FINIS

Bare facts and staggering multitudes: what hope,
what possible hope left for language without finish?
Light. Knock. Road. Engine. Rail. Truck. Cold. Night.
Whatever these words meant they no longer mean.

A conductor's baton twitches to the left or right:
this one has been selected to die, this one not yet.
Clothes. Belt. Shoes. Watch. Ring. Gold tooth. Hair.
Silence is singing instead from the corpse of a violin.

Not to go mad, or to go mad and understand madness,
to gaze steadily on the world with the eyes of Lazarus.
Lager. Barracks. Bunks. Kapos. Musselmans. Chimney.
The mind cannot skip the air and mingles with smoke.

Buried in each, the appearance they still remember
but transparent, with no existence in the others near.
Work. Soup. Mud. Work. Snow. Work. Soup. Gone.
The body is murdered over and over devouring itself.

A white plain outside under the flight of crows
and men standing like a spinney of withered trees.
Sky. Cloud. Earth. Grass. Bird. Field. Hedge. Wheat.
Prayer rising and God's spittle falling on bare heads.

What hope, what possible hope for finish? *My father,*

*I wanted to tell you something, but I did not know what.
Language, the tip flickering to and fro, threw out a voice.
A wavering flame...like a speaking tongue...So I set forth...*

Andrew Motion

To open eyes when others close them
to hear when others do not wish to listen
to look when others turn away
to seek to understand when others give up
to rouse oneself when others accept
to continue the struggle even when one is not the strongest
to cry out when others keep silent –
to be a Jew
it is that,
it is first of all that
and further
to live when others are dead
and to remember when others have forgotten.

Emmanuel Eydoux

PSALM 121

I lift up my eyes towards the hills:

Where shall I look for help?

My help comes from the Eternal One.

Maker of heaven and earth.

You will not lose your foothold,

for your guardian does not slumber.

The Guardian of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Your God watches over you, and is your shade close by.

The sun will not hurt you by day,

nor the moon by night.

The Eternal One shields you from evil,

and shelters your soul.

The everpresent God will guard your coming in and your going out,

now and always.

אֲשָׂא עֵינַי אֶל-הַהָרִים

מֵאֵין יְבֹא עֲזָרִי:

עֲזָרִי מֵעַם יְהוָה,

עֹשֶׂה שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ:

אֶל-יְיָ לְמוֹט רַגְלִי,

אֶל-יְנוּם שְׁמֵרִי:

הֲנֵה לֹא יְנוּם וְלֹא יִישָׁן

שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל:

יְהוָה שְׁמֵרִי

יְהוָה צִלְּךָ עַל-יַד יְמִינִי:

יִזְמַם הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ לֹא-יִכְפֹּה

וְיָרַח בַּלַּיְלָה:

יְהוָה יִשְׁמְרֶךָ

מִכָּל-רָע

יִשְׁמַר אֶת-נַפְשֶׁךָ:

יְהוָה יִשְׁמַר

צֵאתְךָ וּבֹאֶךָ

מֵעַתָּה וְעַד-עוֹלָם:

Wherever you may be, whenever that may be, I shall be there with you, the last survivor. Because you will be the last survivor, I shall be there, I promise you. I promise to be the memory of your memory. I promise that what you have endured will not be

erased from the human conscience. I promise you this ultimate justice, that neither your name nor your suffering shall be permitted to vanish from world history. You were one man, one woman. But it is as if you had been one suffering humanity. And because you will be the last, it will be my duty to take over your martyrdom as one takes over in a relay, not in order to re-live it, but to relate it for all time, to bear witness before history in order that criminals shall no longer be absolved, to teach children that, having become adults, they may build a society conscious of its past and resolutely turned towards a future of justice, love and peace.

KADDISH

Merciful Father-and-Mother of all life, let the memory never fade of the faithful and upright of our people, who have given their lives for the sanctification of Your name.

Loyal and honourable in their lives, in death they continue to speak to us of faith and courage. Many of them are not known by name; they have no grave, but their deeds endure, and their sacrifices are not forgotten. Their souls are bound up in the bond of eternal life; no evil shall touch them; they are at peace.

In gratitude for all the blessings they brought to us, to Israel and to humanity, we dedicate ourselves anew to the sacred faith for which they lived and died, and to the tasks they have bequeathed to us. Let them be remembered for blessing, O God, together with the righteous of all peoples, and let us say: Amen.

<i>Yit-gadal</i>	יִתְגַּדֵּל
Lodz	Lodz
<i>ve-yit-kadash</i>	וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ
Gurs	Gurs
<i>shmei raba</i>	שְׁמֵה רַבָּא.
Warsaw	Warsaw
<i>b'alma divra khri'atei</i>	בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתְהוּ,
Bogdanovka	Bogdanovka
<i>ve-yamlikh mal-khutei</i>	וְיַמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתְהוּ
Ravensbruck	Ravensbruck
<i>be-hayei-lhon uve'yomei-kon</i>	בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
Vilna	Vilna
<i>uve-hayei di-khol beit yisrael</i>	וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
Treblinka	Treblinka
<i>b-agala u-vizmon kariv</i>	בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב,
Chelmno	Chelmno
<i>v'imru amen</i>	וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
<i>Ye-hei shmei rabo mevo-rach</i>	יְהֵא שְׁמֵה רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ
<i>L'olam ul'olmei olma-ya</i>	לְעָלָם וּלְעָלְמֵי עֵלְמַיָּא.
<i>Yit-barakh ve-yish-tabah</i>	יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח
Belzec	Belzec
<i>ve-yit-pa-ar ve-yitromam</i>	וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרֹמֵם
Buchenwald	Buchenwald
<i>ve-yitnasei ve-yit-hadar</i>	וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר
Sobibor	Sobibor

ve-yit'aleh ve-yit-halal
 Maidanek
shmei di-kudsha brikh hu
 Mauthausen
l'eila
 Babi'yar
mikol bir-khata ve-shirata
 Bergen-Belsen
tush-be-hata ve-nehe-mata
 Dachau
Da-amiran b'alma
 Auschwitz
v'imru amen.
Ye-hei shlama raba min
shmaya v-hayim aleinu v'al
kol yisrael v'imru amen.
Oseh shalom bimromav
hu ya'aseh
shalom aleinu v'al kol
yisrael v'imru amen.

וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלַּל
 שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא,
 Mauthausen
 לְעֵלָא
 Babi'yar
 מִן כָּל בְּרִכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא
 Bergen-Belsen
 תְּשֻׁבְחָתָּ וְנַחֲמָתָּא,
 Dachau
 דְאָמִירָן בְּעֵלְמָא,
 Auschwitz
 וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
 יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן
 שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל
 כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
 עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוָמוֹ,
 הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל
 כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Return us, O God, to our task and our people.
Renew our days as of old, bring back the time of creation.
Return us to our neighbours, to those who have suffered with us,
to those who still live in darkness, to those who need our help.
Return us, and renew us.

Help us to return to you, O
 God; then we shall return.
 Renew our days as in the past.

הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ,
 וְנִשׁוּבָה. חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ
 כְּקִדְמָם.

