

HINEINU
HERE WE ARE

YOM HA'SHOAH V'HA'G'VURAH 5780
HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE DAY 2020

TEMPLE BETH EMETH
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

HINEINU
Here We Are
Yom Ha'Shoah v'Ha'G'vurah 5780/2020

Note: Congregational readings are in bold.
We invite you to read and sing aloud with us in your own homes.

Prelude: Niggun from "Three Pictures of Hasidic Life"
by Ernest Bloch
Performed by Alon Hayut (cello) and Fernando Garcia (piano)

~

Welcoming Remarks
Rabbi Josh Whinston

~

Introduction
Julie Ellis

Good evening. We welcome you tonight as we observe Yom HaShoah v'Ha'G'vurah during extraordinary times and in a most unusual way. We of the Generations After, the descendants of victims of the Shoah, are here tonight because we are compelled to speak by whatever means we can. It is our honor, and our obligation, to speak for our ancestors.

We are bound together by our common history and by our continuing journeys. Tonight, we are *all* bound together even though we must be alone in our homes. We may not remember what day of the week it is, that today is Monday, but we do know that this is an important year in many ways. It is a year that will go down in history. This year also marks seventy-five years since the liberation of the concentration camps, seventy-five years since the end of World War II.

So many of our loved ones were lost in the Shoah that we have difficulty grasping its full horror. Six million Jews as well as millions of others were deemed unfit for life itself. Their deaths haunt us to this day. They must never be forgotten. We are forever grateful to our parents, who suffered and lost so much, but who somehow were able to continue living, to give us life.

Seventy-five years is not just a momentous number. It is the horizon of living memory. But will the people of the world remember? We always say, "Never forget. Never again." Yet, as we reach this milestone year, a new wave of hate has emerged. Do we

have the courage to stop the rise of anti-Semitism once again? Do we have the strength to fight discrimination and genocides that continue all over the world?

Today we are also fighting Covid-19. What we are going through now does not begin to compare to what our parents went through 75 years ago. However, we can draw upon our parents' stories for inspiration. Their courage gives us strength and determination. Their resilience and dignity in the face of destruction empower us to move forward. We will get through this and many other challenges to come.

Zachor. Remember. Always remember that from the ashes, a remnant of our people emerged and created new lives. And now, "*Hineinu*": here we are.

~

Ner Zikaron: Lighting the Memorial Lights

Read by Ava Adler

It is estimated that in addition to the six million Jewish victims of the Shoah, another six to eleven million souls perished at the hands of the Nazis.

Tonight we all light a *yahrzeit* candle in our homes. This multitude of candles honors the millions whom the Nazis deemed unworthy of life and therefore targeted for extermination.

[Together:]

**We kindle these lights in memory of the six million Jews
and unknown millions of others
murdered by the Nazis and their collaborators.
May the memory of the righteous be for a blessing.
*Zichronam livracha***

~

"Anniversaries" (1944)

Poem by Ilona Karmel

Read by Fran Lewy Berg

In my house no mourning candles will ever glisten.
Too many would have to burn - millions.

Then days of anniversaries would follow
Too many to honor the lost ones, it would take forever.

In my house no mourning candles will ever glisten.
I tell you, there's not even enough time to light them!

My whole life is already a prolonged day of mourning
Each minute is spent in grief

What would I do with little teardrop candles
When my heart is like a furnace
That burned up my happiness with the others?

- from *A Wall of Two: Poems of Resistance and Suffering from Kraków to Buchenwald and Beyond*
by Henia Karmel and Ilona Karmel
Translated by Arie Galles Adapted by Fanny Howe
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~

Yesh Kochavim

Hannah Senesh (1921-1944)

Sung by Cantor Regina Hayut and Avishay Hayut

Fernando Garcia on piano

Hannah Senesh was born in Hungary. She made Aliyah to Palestine in 1939 and in 1943 joined the British Army. Senesh was one of 37 Jewish parachutists who dropped into Yugoslavia on a mission to assist in the rescue of Hungarian Jews who were about to be deported to Auschwitz.

She was captured at the Hungarian border and, despite being tortured, she refused to reveal details of her mission. Hannah Senesh was eventually tried and executed by firing squad.

Yeish kochavim sheoram magi'a artzah
Rak ka'asher heim atzmam avdu v' einam.
Yeish anashim sheziv zichram mei'ir
Ka'asher heim artzmam einam od b'tocheinu.
Orot eileh hamavhikim b'cheshkat halayil.
Heim, heim shemarim laadam
et haderech, et haderech.

יש כוכבים שאורם מגיע ארצה
רק כאשר הם עצמם אבדו ואינם,
יש אנשים שזיו זכרם מאיר
כאשר הם עצמם אינם עוד בתוכנו,
אורות אלה המבהיקים בחשכת הליל
הם הם שמראים לאדם את הדרך.

*There are stars up above so far away we only see their light
Long, long after the star itself is gone.
And so it is with people that we love
their memory keeps shining
Ever brightly though their time with us is done.*

*But the stars that light up the darkest night,
These are the lights that guide us.
As we live our days, these are the ways we remember.*

~

Stories of Liberation

Narratives contributed by Rita Benn, Sassa Åkervall,
Joy Wolfe Ensor, and Natalie Iglewicz

Today we are free. While physically isolated in our homes, most of us are safe and healthy. We remember where our parents were 75 years ago...

In April 1945, Russian bombs began hitting Stutthof, mistaking it for a military camp. The Nazis began the evacuation - marching my mother, Alice Benn, and the other inmates to a shipping port and crowding them onto the lower deck of a ship, as they put out to sea. From the ship, the Germans began shooting at the British liberators who were on land. The inmates on the boat started to scramble amidst the gunfire. My mother told me she made a decision to jump off the boat, even though she did not know how to swim. Somehow she made her way to shore, wading through what she vividly recalled were waters red with blood.

~

My mother Magda Kahan Willensky, after surviving several camps, was at Bergen-Belsen. At the end of the war, there was so much havoc going on in the camp that she and a friend fled to the woods. Unfortunately, a German boy discovered them. He called on the guards, who dragged the two women back to the camp for execution. While they were waiting, the British Army liberated the camp and my mother was freed.

~

These are the words of my father, Leszek Wolf: When liberation arrived, the Kommandant of Langenbielau, and all the Germans guarding us, called the last Appel. They went through all the routine practices of counting us, until at one point, the Kommandant pointed at one of the prisoners and called him over. As he did, the Kommandant took out of his pants pocket a penknife, and handed it to the young fellow. He ordered him to cut off his military insignias from his uniform. At this point, the Kommandant declared, clearly and loudly, and I still remember verbatim his command, "*Als freie Menschen, abtreten* - as free men, dismissed!" He signaled his people. They all retreated and started boarding cars and buses. A few hundred young men, standing at Appel, were slightly confused, and then as if by command, they all

started singing their respective national anthems: Polish, Russian, Czech, Ukrainian, French. This was our liberation.

~

What did it mean for our parents to be free?

On April 15th, 1945: Liberation Day of Bergen-Belsen, my mother, Franka Weintraub Iglewicz, said:

We couldn't believe we were free. Before liberation we would say that the sun would shine brighter when we were free. We would be so happy.

After we were liberated, my friend Fricka asked my sisters and me if we were happy now. "No," we replied. "We did not find our loved ones. We lost our beloved mother and sister Rosa."

~

[Together:]

There is no grief like the grief that does not speak.

● Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

~

Apples and Oranges Narrative by Avishay Hayut

As I am sitting here home quarantined due to the coronavirus pandemic, I cannot help comparing my situation to the one my parents and their parents experienced during the Holocaust. Apples and oranges, I say. Let me explain.

The expression "like Apples and oranges" is a bit funny to me coming from Israel. Apple in Hebrew is *Ta'puach* תפוח. Orange in Hebrew is *Ta'puach Zahav* תפוח זהב or, for short, *Tapuz* תפוז, meaning a golden apple. Not a striking difference semantically, but they are two very different fruits. Apples are known as the quintessential American fruit, with many varieties, readily available. Oranges are the quintessential Israeli fruit. As a child, on my way to school, I picked fresh, sweet Jaffa oranges from the orchard near my parents' home, unaware of what they had suffered only 20 years earlier.

Apples and oranges... There are many differences between then and now. To paraphrase the question we ask at our Passover Seder:

מה נשתנה הלילה הזה מלילותהם?

How were their nights different from our nights?

The Holocaust was a man-made disaster driven by hate and the desire to eliminate those who were undesirable to the Aryan “ideal” race. We Jews were deemed the most unacceptable, and still are by some.

The coronavirus, by contrast, is natural in its origin. It spares no populations, however, it is more deadly to some communities. Sadly, our national leaders did not react quickly nor did they prepare our nation properly. Though it was not willful cruelty, it was ignorant and arrogant neglect.

During the Holocaust victims were crowded into train cars, with no room to move and hardly any air to breathe, only to be brought to the concentration camps. They had very little food, water or sanitation. They were forced into hard labor or put to death.

Today we are isolated and separated to help prevent the spread of the disease and its deadly outcome. For the most part, we are safe in our own homes. Most of us have plenty of food, water and good sanitation.

During the Holocaust, our parents needed to have good fortune to survive, whether because a stranger risked their life to help them, or they took a chance to escape or hide. If caught, the chance for survival was close to zero. Now, even if one contracts the virus, chances of survival are high.

So I say today, yes, the suffering compared to our parents' experience is “Like apples and oranges.”

I would like to close with another paraphrase from our Passover Seder:

עֵתָה עֲבָדִים אֲנִי, בִּשְׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּנִי חוֹרֵין

This year we are slaves; next year may we be free.

Now we are here, slaves to our own fears, wishing to return to a sense of normalcy; next year may we be healthy and free physically, mentally and politically.

~

[Together:]

For the dead and the living, we must bear witness.

• Elie Wiesel

~

Choices

Narrative by Ruth Wade

My father's survival was not all pure luck, although he did have a healthy dose of that. While human beings – Nazis and their collaborators - cruelly plotted against and murdered six million Jews, my father mainly survived because *other* human beings made different choices.

Some of these choices were small. An extra piece of bread, a kind word, a gesture of friendship. Other choices were more extreme and made an enormous impact. My father's brother Isaac was an officer in the Polish army and was severely injured at the front. When he returned to the ghetto he was given permission to leave the ghetto to visit the Red Cross and receive medical aid.

Isaac, or Izzy as he was called, was 17 years older than my father and he had been a partner with my grandfather in their lumber business, so he had contacts "outside". He was able to smuggle food back to the ghetto, keeping the family from starvation. When it became clear that the ghetto was going to be dissolved, reducing the population from 20,000 to 2,000 Jews, and that only those with work permits would be allowed to stay, Izzy was able to obtain 20 precious work permits from friends who owned a barrel factory.

A funny thing though, humans and their choices.... My uncle asked his friends – they were his friends before the war – to help him in getting the work permits. They agreed to help. But they had conditions. They wanted payment for the permits. Luckily, my uncle was able to pay the money, but it left a bitter taste. Friends? No, based on their choices, he realized that they had never truly been his friends. And yet these people did make the choice to offer the permits. So Izzy, my father and my grandfather avoided deportation to the killing center of Treblinka.

We are certainly not living in the Holocaust today, but here's the lesson for me - I am always striving to choose kindness and service. Because even the smallest gestures can make a big difference in a person's life. This was certainly true for my father and my Uncle Izzy.

~

[Together:]

Survival is a privilege which entails obligations. I am forever asking myself what I can do for those who have not survived.

- Simon Wiesenthal

~

Ani Ma'amin (instrumental) Performed by Fernando Garcia

Ani Ma'amin is a rendition of Maimonides' 13 principles of faith. The version we sing was written by Azriel David Fastag, who is said to have composed the tune in a cattle car on its way to Treblinka. The tune was sung by Jews as they marched to the gas chambers in the Nazi death camps. It is now known as the Hymn of the Camps.

Ani ma'amin	אני מאמין
b'emunah sh'leimah	בְּאֵמוּנָה שְׁלֵמָה
b'viat hamashiach,	בְּבִיאַת הַמָּשִׁיחַ,
v'af al pi sh'yitnameah,	וְאִף עַל פִּי שִׁיתְנַמְעֵה,
im kol zeh achakeh lo b'chol yom sheyavo.	עִם כָּל זֶה אַחֲקֶה לוֹ בְּכָל יוֹם שֶׁיָּבוֹא

I believe with perfect faith in the Messiah's coming. Despite it all, I still believe.

~

More Stories of Liberation

Narratives contributed by Eszter Gombosi, Julie Ellis, and Rita Benn

Today we are free. While physically isolated in our homes, most of us are safe and healthy. We remember where our parents were 75 years ago....

My mother, Juliana Gardos, told me the story that after she was liberated, she and a girlfriend were walking down the main street of the little town and a tall Black American soldier came toward them with a huge butcher's knife pulled out from his pocket. The two of them were incredibly scared, having never seen such a large man, nor an African American. He walked up to them smiling, cut the yellow star off their shirts with the big knife, and gave them chocolates and cigarettes.

~

In 1945, after a forced march out of Auschwitz, my mother, Magda Goldstein and her companions survived two other horrific camps, endured bombings and spent time sleeping in open fields. One morning, they realized their Nazi guards had disappeared during the night. The women eventually made their way on a Red Cross bus to Prague.

Meanwhile, after surviving horrendous conditions as a slave laborer in Russia, my father, Louis Goldstein managed to join up with the Czech Legion and fought his way back to Prague. He had been maintaining a vigil on the streets there, hoping to find my

mother. It was the first week in May 1945, when, as my mother said, the ultimate miracle happened: after being separated for three years, they found each other at a refugee center in Prague.

~

Each time I visit the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington D.C., I stand transfixed watching the footage documenting Dachau's liberation. I keep looking over and over again for the image that resembles my father, Philippe Benn. On April 29, 1945, aged 27, diseased with typhus and weighing 75 pounds, he was liberated from Dachau by the Americans. Just a few years ago, I was amazed to discover that my daughter-in-law's grandfather, Art Dugan, was a young soldier with the American troops that freed my father. Art described the unit's approach to Dachau.

"On our way to Dachau, there was this terrible stench." "I couldn't believe what we saw when we arrived...dead bodies lying everywhere. You stepped over the corpses like they were roadkill. And those alive, I won't ever forget what they looked like. I don't care what the Germans say; the townspeople definitely knew what was going on inside the camp. With that smell, there was no way not to know."

~

[Together:]

Above all, the prophets remind us of the moral state of a people: Few are guilty, but all are responsible.

● Abraham Joshua Heschel

~

Protest as an Act of Faith Narrative by Phil Barr

The world has never been a perfect place, but our people have always persisted in building vibrant communities and culture, even when everything was shattered.

The pogroms and turmoil of the previous generation sent my Elter Tanta Libby to America in 1917, where she married and was the owner of a small dress shop in Detroit. However, she worried about her twin sister who was still living in the remote town of Ludvipol, Poland in a home which looked across the Jewish marketplace to where my father grew up.

Years later, when news of increasing brutality in Poland filtered back from Europe to Detroit, Tante Libby raised funds for food and blankets to help her family and Jews in need.

The family home of my father Chaim Rojtburg, his sister Chana, and their two younger brothers was a warm and cozy place centered around a stone hearth. My father talked about the cow that they kept underneath the house for milk and the horse that pulled his father's wagon. The local Jewish community celebrated in two synagogues and a Zionist Cultural school. My father was a member of the leftwing Zionist movement. He and his friends hiked in the birch forests, skated on the river in the winter, and fought with Ukrainian and Polish gangs. Not a perfect life, but a good life.

In June of 1941, the SS followed the Nazi Blitzkrieg into Poland and within days reached Ludvipol. It was the end of the community. Chaim and his older sister were old enough to run. But their loving mother Lana, father, two younger brothers, and cousins, teachers, friends - everyone was enslaved and by the following June murdered by machine gun in a ditch across the river.

My siblings and I know only the vaguest scraps of those bad years, of my father's time in Ukraine, Russia, Stalinist Labor camps, and Italian refugee camps.

My father, Chana and a few cousins survived, and, in 1948, with spouses and infants, eleven of them crowded into Tante Libby's little house in Detroit. There was so much abundance and celebration, a chance to rebuild.

My father found a pathway to his new American culture through his marriage to my mother Miriam, "Micky." but he could never overcome the shadow and fog of the wartime years.

Today my father is gone and I am the grandfather of two lovely granddaughters.

In Europe the terror exhausted itself, burnt out after World War II. We Jews, the kindling, were perhaps too scarce to keep the madness roaring.

But now, the threat of Anti-semitism and xenophobia is rising again. Our American democracy is fragile. It's a scary time and with hope and luck we'll come through it OK.

I cannot forget our past, I've tried. It's too close and too pertinent. I live in prayer that both individual small acts of tzedakah and kindness, and rising in protest as a community will be enough to stand up to the power of chaos and hate. A prayer for our Jewish and American struggle for justice.

~

[Together:]

So, let us be alert -- alert in a twofold sense. Since Auschwitz we know what man is capable of. And since Hiroshima we know what is at stake.

- Victor E. Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning*

~

Theme to Schindler's List

by John Williams

Performed by Yoav Hayut (violin) and Fernando Garcia (piano)

~

Best Intentions

Narrative by Ruth Taubman

On January 26th, I received a message from a high school classmate. I knew Peter in passing – we'd had a few classes together. He recalled that long ago during a class discussion, I'd mentioned that my mother, Lola Goldstein Taubman, was a Holocaust survivor. I had no memory of this, as I rarely spoke of my mother's experiences in those days.

Peter wanted my permission to reference my mother in a Facebook post about the 75th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz. While this might seem like a perfectly respectful gesture from the outside I felt a pang of discomfort. I hesitantly wrote back to him:

Peter, although January 27th is the anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz, my mother was not that lucky...In anticipation of the Russians advancing towards Auschwitz, the Germans sent 10,000 prisoners on a death march out of the camp just days before the liberation. Of that group, only 500 ultimately survived, my mother amongst them. In the dead of winter, they were marched to other camps, under beastly conditions, worked in munitions factories, and endured bombings. My mother was ultimately liberated in May at the end of World War II, many horrible months later than today's anniversary. So, there lies my ambivalence; while January 27th is a significant date in history, it wasn't one of great joy for my late mother, nor others in our family. It's a bittersweet missed opportunity, fraught with near-death experiences.

In that context, I do applaud any recognition of the suffering of millions, and the exposure of all heinous acts that took place.

Nonetheless, thank you for remembering my mother, Lola Taubman.

Only 30 years after the war, I was in high school with my classmate Peter, learning the textbook version of the Holocaust. It was just another chapter in my history book, unrecognizable from what I had gleaned growing up with my survivor mother. How could the historians get it so wrong? The very people who had lived through the Holocaust were very much alive – they just needed to be asked to recount how it really happened.

In the 1980s, a few years after my confusing high school experience, the first gatherings of survivors began to take place. Finally, their stories began to be captured in their own words. Today, a very different curriculum of the Holocaust is widely taught in schools, but most of those who survived those experiences are now gone, relying on us to speak their testament to that horror.

~

[Together:]

Who will remember the rememberers?

- Yehuda Amichai

~

Hineinu

Narrative by Joy Wolfe Ensor

Last month (feels like last year) a news story leapt off the screen at me about the 77th anniversary of the liquidation of the Kraków Ghetto, which occurred on March 13, 1943. The article featured a heart-stopping photograph of an endless line of people carrying their bundles as they marched down the street, guarded by Nazi officers. I enlarged the view until the image blurred, searching in vain for a glimpse of my parents Henia and Leszek, my aunt Ila, my grandmother Mita, and countless other members of our once-huge family. I didn't see them, but they were there, marching from the wartime ghetto to the Płaszów camp that was still being built on the grounds of a Jewish cemetery in the very next neighborhood.

My mother often told the story of that day. It was an unseasonably warm March afternoon, and my father (who never did like the heat) took off his jacket, on which the yellow Star of David was sewn. The infamous commandant of the Plaszow camp, Amon Goeth, put a gun to his head and screamed, "Jew, where's your star?" My 21-year-old mother grabbed Goeth's wrist and yelled, "Don't you dare hurt my

husband!" Goeth had a habit of killing people for sport, but in that moment, for some unknown reason, he laughed and walked away.

My mother's impetuous act of love, courage and defiance saved my father's life so that, 77 years later, I can sit here in the safety of my home and tell this story to you. My parents often reflected that beneath their chaos and fear was a rock-solid core: Gam zeh ya'avor (this too shall pass). One day the world will be the world again. We have to remember how to behave. Hineinu: Here we are.

There is plenty of turmoil and anxiety surrounding us now. We don't know what the death toll will be from this devastating virus. We will feel the ripple effects of this trauma for many years to come. But let us remember: We have a rock solid core. Gam zeh ya'avor. The world will be the world again. Hineinu.

~

[Together:]

If we bear all this suffering and if there are still Jews left, when it is over, then Jews, instead of being doomed, will be held up as an example.

- Anne Frank

~

Yizkor

El Male Rachamim for the Six Million

El male rachamim, shochein bam'mormim ham'tzei m'nucah n'chona tachat kanfei hash'china, b'ma'alot k'doshim ut'horim k'zohar haraki'a maz'hirim, et nishmot shisha-million acheinu v'achyoteinu shenehergu al kidush haShem. Ba'al harachamim, yastireim b'seiter k'nafav l'olamim, v'yitzror bitzror hachayim et nishmatam, Adonai hu nachalatam. V'yanuchu b'shalom al miskavam. V'nomar, Amen.	אל מלא רחמים, שוכן במרומים. המצא מנוחה נכונה תחת כנפי השכינה, במעלות קדושים וטהורים, כזהר הרקיע מזהירים, את-נשמות שישה-מליון אחינו ואחיותינו שנהרגו על קדוש השם. בעל הרחמים, יסתירם בסתר כנפיו לעולמים, ויצור בצור החיים את נשמתם, יי הוא נחלתם. וינחו בשלוש על משכבם, ונאמר אמן.
--	--

Fully compassionate God on high:

To our six million brothers and sisters
murdered because they were Jews,
grant clear and certain rest with You
in the lofty heights of the sacred and pure
whose brightness shines like the very glow of heaven.

Source of mercy:
Forever enfold them in the embrace of Your wings;
secure their souls in eternity.

Adonai: they are Yours.
They will rest in peace.
Amen.

~

Eli, Eli
by Hannah Senesh

Eli Eli shelo yigamer leolam: Ha-hol vehayam, rishrush shel hamayim b`rak ha-shamayim, tefilat ha-adam.	אֱלֹהֵי אֱלֹהֵי שְׁלֵא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם: הַחֹל וְהַיָּם, רִישְׁרוּשׁ שֶׁל הַבָּיִת, בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם, תְּפִילַת הָאָדָם.
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[Together:]

**My 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.**

~

Kaddish L'Yom HaShoah: Shoah Kaddish

Yit'gadal
Auschwitz
V'yitkadash
Birkenau

Sh'mei raba
Ponar
B'alma di v'ra chir'utei
Łódz
V'yam'lich malchutei
Maidanek
B'cha'yei'chon uv'yo'mei'chon
Janowska
Uv'chayei d'chol beit Yisrael
Płaszów
Ba'a'gala uv'z'man kariv
Skarżysko
V'imru Amen.

Y'hei sh'mei raba m'vo'rach l'olam ul'ol'mei al'ma'ya.

Yitbarach v'ish'tabach
Theresienstadt
V'yit'po'ar v'yit'romam
Babi Yar
V'yit'na'se v'yit'hadar
Treblinka
V'it'a'le v'it'ha'lal
Bergen-Belsen
Sh'mei d'kud'sha, b'rich hu
Buchenwald
L'aileh
Warsaw
Min kol bir'chata v'shirata
Vilna
Tush'b'chata v'ne'che'mata
Stutthof
Da'a'miran b'alma
Dachau
V'imru Amen.

Y'hei sh'lama raba min-sh'ma'ya v'chaim aleinu
V'al kol Yisrael, v'imru Amen.

Oseh shalom bim'ro'mav
Hu ya'aseh shalom aleinu
V'al kol Yisrael, v'imru Amen

- Adapted from Elie Wiesel

~

Names
Prayer by Julie Ellis
Read by Nancy Szabo

During this service, we remember the victims of the Shoah:
Those whose names we know.
Those whose names we yearn to know.
Those whose stories we know a little bit about.
Those whose stories we can only imagine.

We honor and remember the six million who perished.
And we honor and remember our loved ones who, through heavenly and human miracles, through personal fortitude, were given the chance to live, and chose to keep faith in God and in life.

As written in Deuteronomy: "See, I set before you this day life and prosperity, death and adversity . . . Choose life that you and your descendants may live."

Our mothers and fathers strove to keep the memory of their families, and of our entire people, alive. They chose life so that *we* might live.

They ensured that there would be a next generation. And they blessed us by bestowing upon us the Crown of the Good Names of the family they lost.

We, in the Generations After, rejoice in the miracle of life renewed, while remembering the lives that came before us.
Our mothers and fathers, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins.
May God bless them and protect them, and grant them peace.

We pledge ourselves to keep their memories alive, to keep faith in God, to choose life.

~

Zog Nit Keyn Mol: The Partisan Song (1943)
by Hirsh Glick
Sung by Jonathan Levine

Hirsh Glick (b. Vilna 1922) began writing poetry in his teens. During the war, Glick was interned in the Vilna Ghetto. There he became involved in the ghetto's artistic community and joined the underground. He escaped multiple ghettos and camps only to be recaptured. Glick escaped once more in 1944, but was never heard from again. It is presumed that he was captured and executed.

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem lesten veg. Khtosh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg. Kumen vet nokh undzer oygebenkte sho S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot-mir zaynen do!	זאג נישט קיינמאל אז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג, כאטש הימלען בלייענע פֿארשטעלן בלויע טעג; קומען וועט נאך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה ס'וועט אַ פּוּיק טאָן אונדזער טראַט מיר זיינען דאָ
S'vet di morgunzun bagildn undz dem haynt, Un der nekhtn vet farshvindn mint faynd, Nor oyb fazamen vet di zun im dem kayor Vi a parol zol geyn dos lid fun dor tsu dor.	ס'וועט די מאַרגן-זון באַגילדן אונדז דעם היינט, און דער נעכטן וועט פֿארשווינדן מיטן פֿיינט, נאר אויב פֿאַרזאַמען וועט די זון אין דעם קאַפּאַר ווי אַ פֿאַראַל זאל גיין דאָס ליד פֿון דור צו דור.
Dos lid geshribn iz mit blut un nit mit blay, S'iz nit keyn lidl fun a foygl af der fray. Dos hot a fold tsvishn falndike vent Dos lid gezungen mit naganes in di hent!	דאָס ליד געשריבן איז מיט בלוט און ניט מיט בליי, ס'איז ניט קיין לידל פֿון אַ פֿויגל אויף דער פֿרײַ, דאָס האַט אַ פֿאַלק צווישן פֿאַלנדיקע ווענט דאָס ליד געזונגען מיט נאַגאַנעס אין די הענט.
Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem lesten veg. Khtosh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg. Kumen vet nokh undzer oygebenkte sho S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot-mir zaynen do!	זאג נישט קיינמאל אז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג, כאטש הימלען בלייענע פֿארשטעלן בלויע טעג. קומען וועט נאך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה ס'וועט אַ פּוּיק טאָן אונדזער טראַט מיר זיינען דאָ

*Never say you're come to the end of the way,
Though leaden skies blot out the light of day,
The hour we all long for will surely appear –
Our steps will thunder with the words: We are here!*

*From lands of palm trees to far-off lands of snow,
We come with anguish, we come with grief, with pain and woe;
And where our blood flowed right before our eyes,
There our power'll bloom, our courage will arise.*

*The glow of morning sun will gild a bright today,
Night's darkness vanish, like the enemy cast away,
But if we perish before this dawn's begun –
This song's a message passed to daughter and to son.*

*In blood this song was written, and not with pen or quill,
Not from a songbird freely flying as he will.
Sung by a people crushed by falling walls –
Sung with guns in hand, by those whom freedom calls!*

*Never say you're come to the end of the way,
Though leaden skies blot out the light of day,
The hour we all long for will surely appear –
Our steps will thunder with the words: WE ARE HERE!*

~

Closing Remarks
Rabbi Whinston

~

Mi Shebeirach
Setting by Debbie Friedman

מִי שֶׁבֵּרַךְ אֲבוֹתֵינוּ
מִקּוֹר הַבְּרָכָה לְאֲמוֹתֵינוּ

Mi shebeirach avoteinu
m'kor habracha l'Imoteinu

**May the source of strength who blessed the ones before us,
help us find the courage to make our lives a blessing
and let us say: Amen.**

מִי שֶׁבֵּרַךְ אֲמוֹתֵינוּ
מִקּוֹר הַבְּרָכָה לְאֲבוֹתֵינוּ

Mi shebeirach imoteinu
m'kor habracha la'avoteinu

**Bless those in need of healing with *r'fuah sh'leimah*,
the renewal of body, the renewal of spirit,
and let us say: Amen.**

~

This service was developed by TBE Generations After:

Ava Adler, Sassa Åkervall, Phil Barr, Rita Benn, Fran Lewy Berg,
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Avishay Hayut, Natalie Iglewicz, Nancy Szabo, Ruth Taubman,
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As always, we are inspired by Myra Fox, z"l, who is forever a member of Generations After.

~

To learn more about Ruth Wade's father Sidney Finkel's experiences in the Shoah, please view his testimony at <https://youtu.be/cc41-Gen9IA>

There are many opportunities to support our communities during this time. We invite you to consider the following

:

KAVOD and Blue Card support elderly Holocaust survivors in need

<https://kavodensuringdignity.com/donate/>

<https://www.bluecardfund.org/>

Jewish Family Services of Washtenaw County provides a host of services throughout our county

<https://jfsannarbor.org>