



**HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE  
YOM HA SHOAH PROGRAM**

**“THE RIGHTEOUS AMONG THE NATIONS”**

*They saw injustice and acted.*

**CONGREGATION SHAAREI TORAH  
550 SOUTH SECOND AVENUE  
ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA**

**MAY 4, 2008**

**The Righteous Among the Nations**  
**Yom Ha Shoah Script**  
**May 4, 2008**

**3:25** Prerecorded music in the sanctuary begins as audience is seated.

**3:55** Guests who are in the hallway outside the sanctuary are requested to come sit down and ushered into the sanctuary to begin the program.

***Participants take their places on the bimah: Larry Horowitz, Marci Horowitz, Matty Feuer, Zahava Sweet, Hava Ben-Zvi, Giovanna Fradkin, Henny Moskowitz. Each has a script on the chair.***

***Front row seated: Darrell Cozin, Mae Fischer, Dan Baer***

***Front row seated: Mitchell Horowitz, MeiMei Liu, Benjamin Liu, Paula Shelley***

***Candle lighting young people back right by the door:  
Hannah & Ben Shilling, Bradley Horowitz***

**4:05** Program begins.

**Larry Horowitz:**  
**Moves the boom box to below the shulchan.**

**Larry goes to the microphone for his opening remarks.**

**4:05 – *Larry Horowitz steps up to the microphone and begins welcome.***

**Larry: I would like to welcome everyone to this program**

**commemorating one of the darkest times in recent world history: The Holocaust in Europe. It would probably not be an exaggeration to say that most every Jew living today has lost a relative or loved one during this horrific time of history. However, the Jewish people are resilient and with the founding of Israel a few short years later, the Knesset, the Israeli Parliament, declared the 27<sup>th</sup> day of Nissan (May 1 in 2008) to be Yom Hashoah ve Hagevurah, Devastation and Heroism Day.**

**Today, our program will be focusing on the heroes of these times. We will be hearing from survivors of the Holocaust who bore witness to the atrocities of the time and how a selfless member or members of their villages and communities stepped up and aided in the safety of these survivors. These heroes of the Holocaust, these unnamed giants of mankind, these righteous among the nations have provided us the opportunity today to hear their story from those they had saved.**

**It behooves us all to take a moment and ask ourselves this question: Will I step up and do the right thing in the face of adversity to save someone?**

**Please take time to reflect on what will be said during the program and take a few minutes to meet with and talk with the survivors afterwards. Judaism specifically mandates that each generation learn from the past generations and teach them to the future generations: L'Dor v' Dor.**

**Thank you for being here this afternoon, and I bid each of you Shalom.**

***Marci and Zahava step up to the microphone.***

***Marci:***

Zahava Sweet was born in Lodz, Poland. When she was 9 years old, the Nazis transferred her family to Ravensbrück Concentration Camp. After the liberation, she emigrated to Israel and later to the United States.

Zahava is a poet and has worked with such notable authors as Ethna McKiernan and Robert Bly. Her volume of poems entitled, “The Return of Sound,” was published in 2005. She has translated works for Wiesenthal Center, as well as the poems of Julian Tuwim, a renowned poet in her Polish homeland. Her translations were recognized by Nobel Prize winner, Czesław Miłosz [**pronounced Ches-wav Me-wash**].

She has performed her poetry at the LA County Museum of Art, Pasadena City College, Borders Books and among many others. On Monday, the California State Assembly recognized Zahava during this year’s Holocaust Remembrance.

She will be reading her original poems in today’s program.

***Marci returns to her seat.***

***Zahava steps up to the microphone.***

**Zahava: “He is in jeopardy, she is free”**

The Righteous Gentiles, they come from Poland, Germany and other lands, they come from holes where the doomed to death were hiding. They hid them in small places where their bodies would hardly fit just so they won't be recognized and discovered by the Nazis.

The R.G. carried deep inside their coats: courage, conscience and goodness of the heart. They tore the Jews from claws of death risking their own lives. Some of them were punished, some killed for their good deeds, and some survived to share happiness with those they saved.

One such savior was Herr Meister from Wutemberg. He helped Rebecca who was imprisoned in Ravensbruck concentration camp. She slaved at the aviation factory in Wutemberg. Herr Meister brought her tidbits of food (bread, cookie, chocolate. She ate those in the bathroom so no one will discover. He let her wash under the table where she worked, the only under garment she possessed, heating the water with a torch.

At the war's end, he whispered in her ear, “The Russians are very near, but the Nazis are planning to kill you all. They have dug out a large grave. You don't worry. I will hide you in my home, in the cellar. To Rebecca's surprise, Herr Meister disappeared one day, and in his place stood a hard-mouthed man who didn't promise her anything. Maybe he was punished and put away.

The Russians were entering Wutemberg and Ravensbruck concentration camp. The Gestapo were in fear of their dreadful fate. They took their vehicles and fled like antelopes. The grave remained empty and we survived. They didn't have time to realize their horrid plan.

After the war, Rebecca searched for the good Meister that kept her alive but to no avail. She couldn't find him. She always keeps him in her heart. ***Zahava sits down.***

***Matty Feuer steps-up to the microphone.***

**Matty:** Good afternoon. My name is Matty Feuer.

Shortly, you will hear some personal memories, stories of survival.

OVER 6 million Jews were killed during Hitler's time.

Some were saved.

Who was responsible for saving men, women and children?

Why did these people risk their lives for people many of them didn't even know – and for someone the authorities considered beneath contempt?

We wonder what traits, if any, did these rescuers have in common?

Were they adventurers with a penchant for living on the edge?

Were they people who had an extraordinary capacity to tolerate risk?

Were they social misfits indifferent to community pressure?

They were NOT saints.

Nor were they particularly heroic.

They were simply ordinary people doing what they felt had to be done.

Their act of rescue was an expression of their values and beliefs.

All the rescuers had surprisingly similar human values which had been nurtured in their childhood.

THEY ARE CALLED THE RIGHTEOUS AMONG THE NATIONS.

*“Do what is right because it is right.”* These are the words of Chiumi Sugihara, Japan's Consul to Lithuania during the War and one of the truly righteous among the nations.

LISTEN to their memories and stories.

***Matty returns to her seat on the bimah.***

***Hava steps to the microphone.***

**Hava Ben-Zvi:** I was born in Warsaw, Poland, growing up speaking Polish. I survived the Holocaust thanks in part to a Righteous Gentile, under an assumed name, hiding in full sight. At the end of World Word II, in 1946, at the age of 16, I fled to Palestine, today Israel. My family and I came to the U.S. in 1957. I have written *Eva's Journey: A young Girl's True Story* and *The Bride Who Argued With God*.

***Transcribed from her presentation.***

My name is Hava Ben-Zvi, and I was born in Warsaw, Poland. This day is dedicated to those who very frequently risked their lives to help us. And each one us survivors owes his life to more than one person, to a group of people, who very frequently took great risks with their own safety. I was personally helped by many people. They didn't know each other. And help came in many forms. Sometimes it was a bit of advice.

Sometimes, it might have been sheltering you at a critical time for an hour, for a day, for a night, sometimes for a month or for a year.

My father was killed by the Germans; I was 12 years old, and I was entirely alone. I lived in a small city in Eastern Poland. We should have known that our lives were in danger. Because the Germans, we knew because it was done in broad daylight. They gathered, they hearded the Jews from villages and towns, mobilized the Poles to dig the graves and shot them. In our town, we knew about it; we heard about it, but we didn't believe it, because in 1941, mass murder of women and children was still unknown. Unfortunately, today we are more familiar with it. We didn't believe it.

One day, I got up in the morning, and we knew something was going to happen. Maybe there were too many German soldiers, too many German cars. Something was going to happen. My landlady gathered her 3 children to escape through the fields. I was a 12 year old girl all alone, and she says, "Come with us." But I didn't go with her. Instead of going with her, I went me to the home of my best girl friend, a Christian girl, Alicia. They permitted me to stay. At the time, it seemed very natural. You know, when you perform heroic deeds, you don't think about it. They were quite aware of the danger, but they let me stay, they were quite aware of the danger to me and to them.



And so, I sat on the bed holding a cat. I was 12 years old. The Germans searched the house, and every house from the attic to the cellar, looking for Jews that might be hiding. I was sitting in plain sight. And one of the Germans pointed at me and asked, "Is this not a Jew!?" My girlfriend's mother said, "Oh she is ours," in such a bored tone as if this was of no great importance.

At the same time, my friend's father was very ill. He had a priest with him administering the Last Rights. Her father asked several times, "Is Ava gone? Is she gone?" And I remember that I did not resent it. I understood that he was protecting his family. Her mother was trying to buy me a little time, and so every time he'd asked if I was gone, she would say, "In a minute. In a minute." I was there on a critical day. This was a day that I couldn't be in the streets. I was there. As the day progressed, neighbors started to come in. In a small city like a village, everybody knew everybody else. They knew who I was. And every neighbor that came in, peaked at me. I knew that I had to leave. They didn't really tell me to leave, but I knew. I couldn't endanger their lives.

And so Alicia's mother looks through the window and at the moment that she didn't see any Germans soldiers in the street, I stepped out. Before I stepped out, Alicia gave me a gray coat very non-descript and a gray shawl to cover my head, and a cross. I put the cross under my clothes. And she says, "Take it. If they catch you, it may help."

I was lucky to get out of the city and started to wander from one village to another. I was not a Jew any longer. I invented a name, and I invented a story, and this is who I was. The peasants, no matter how unfriendly they were to the Jews, they always gave me something to eat, and they let me stay overnight. One day, I stayed slept in a farmer's home. In the morning, the woman left, and came back with a huge man with a rifle in his hand, a policeman, an authority figure. He and the woman sat down whispering to one another. Well I knew what they were whispering about. She wanted to know what to do about this girl. I was taking care of the baby and crooning to the baby, making very sure

that the policeman hears my Polish accent. I had a perfect Polish accent. And the Jews in that area spoke Yiddish, and a Jew of this kind was really unknown here.

This figure of authority, a representative of the law, asked me no questions. He looked at me and said, "There is an orphanage nearby. Go there." And this is how it happened that on a cold November night, I stood in front at the gates of the orphanage hoping to get accepted. I knocked on the kitchen door. The kitchen was warm. They let me in and took me to the director's office. He and his wife were having supper. They were very friendly. What is your name? Where are your parents? Why do you want to be in the orphanage?

I had a story. I was born in Moscow. My parents were Polish from Warsaw, and therefore, I was traveling from Moscow by foot to Poland to find my relatives. He asked a lot of questions. What do you like to do? "I like to read." What do you like to read? *Robinson Caruso*, and so on. After we finished, the next day, he told me, "Everything that you told me yesterday was not true. Your Polish is a lot better than your Russian, and here you are telling us that you were born in Moscow. You will stay at the orphanage, but I am not going to register you today. If I do, the first thing the Germans will ask is 'Where did she come from?' I'll register you a lot later."

By the way, when I was wandering from village to village, I was at the crossroad. I met a young boy. He was 18 and I was 12. He had red hair, and he was wearing a long coat, black. He couldn't ask for a farmer in a million years. On top of it, he had a Yiddish accent. A farmer came up to us and talked with us. He asked the boy, "Can you change your speech?" And the boy says, "To Russian? I can." He didn't know he had a Yiddish accent. And so we said good-bye, the two Jewish children. I never saw him again. The farmer turned to me and said, "Don't go to that village because the people there are bad." So I turned and went to another village in a different direction. This is

what I am saying, that sometimes our rescuers saved our life by a bit of advice, by a direction -- go to the orphanage, don't go there go to a different village.

I was accepted into the orphanage and I stayed there. I was a blonde, blue-eyed girl but nevertheless, there were forever rumors that I was a Jew. Eventually, they sent to a farm, and I stayed there until the end of the war. It wasn't easy because the first thing the farmers found out was that I couldn't milk a cow. I was 14 years by that time, and it was obvious that I was very different. At that time, I was a child and I had papers that I came from the orphanage by that time. At the time, I thought people believed what I was saying, who I was. Today, I think differently. People were not stupid. They knew what was happening to the Jews. They knew that this girl was very different. She came from a different place. Something was the matter. But nobody reported, and here I am. After the war, I found my mother who was in Palestine in the first place. She missed the Holocaust.

I think that we would be remiss. I have a documented story about a convent. Convents saved a lot of Jewish children. It was easier to rescue a girl than a boy, but they rescued boys as well. There was a convent in the vicinity of Vilna, in Poland, a very small nunnery, about 6 women. The Mother Superior was a graduate of the University of Krakow. They were very far from the ghetto. And yet, one day, the nuns had a conference. The next day, several nuns appeared at the gates of the ghetto. Nobody paid any attention to them. Very soon a contact was established and an underground railroad. People were taken out of the ghetto into the convent, into the nunnery. Then all of a sudden, this little nunnery which had about six nuns was crowded with nuns. Everyone dressed in nun's garb, and many of them had very distinct masculine faces. One of them was Abraham Sustzgiver, the poet. He lives now in Israel. I talked to him.

Mother Superior and the sisters roamed the countryside and collected knives, daggers, bayonets, rifles, grenades. Not only this, but Mother Superior, had to teach our poets

and artists in the Vilna ghetto. Vilna was a very great center of Jewish culture. These people had no clue how to use the weapons. Well, it was up to the Mother Superior, and she did, and then the Jewish fighting organization was established in the ghetto. Mother Superior tried to connect them with the Polish fighting organization. She was not successful, but nevertheless, she will be forever remembered.

***Hava returns to her seat on the bimah.***

***Giovanna Fradkin steps up to the microphone.***

**Giovanna:** My name is Giovanna Fradkin. I was born on the Island of Rhodes, a Greek Island in the Aegean Sea. I'm a Sephardic Jew. My ancestors left Spain, called Sepharad, during the Spanish Inquisition in 1492 and went to Turkey and to the Island of Rhodes.

Italy retained sovereignty of the island after the war in 1912 between Italy and the Ottoman Empire. Citizens there, including Jews, were Italian subjects and identified themselves as Italian. Hence, my Italian name, Giovanna. But my Hebrew name is Hannah, Hanulla in Ladino, the language Sephardic Jews spoke.

Most Jews lived in an area near the center of the Citadel, called the "Juderia", within the walled city of Rhodes. It was like a ghetto, and Jews developed their own educational institutions. My father was educated by Alliance Francaise, a school donated by the Rothschild Family. Until World War II, the Jewish population on the island was about 4,000 with four synagogues. Only one remains today. There was also a Greek Orthodox and a Muslim quarter; everyone got along.

However, in 1939 things changed. Mussolini allied with Hitler, and Jews had to carry papers everywhere, identifying them as Jews. Jews were limited to certain parts of the city and to be there certain times of day. The alliance with the Nazis, the underlying anti-Semitism, plus superstition and ignorance led to persecution of the Jews. However, my father's Italian boss put him in the back office rather than fire him, **certainly an act of righteousness.**

There were Nazis everywhere on the island. In secret, Jews would huddle around short-wave radios to hear news of Europe and the Nazis. Many Jews left, if they could. By 1940, my family who had come to the United States early in the 1900s, urged us to leave to come to America. My father didn't believe that the Nazis *knew* or *cared* about Jews on our little Island, and he didn't want to leave his home. However, he was finally persuaded.

We were lucky to be Italian citizens, since there were quotas limiting immigration to America from each country, and the quota for Italians was generous.

We arrived in 1940. Passage on the Italian ship, the SS Rex, was arranged by my father's good friends, Italians, and **certainly the righteous among the nations.**

My mother, father, two brothers and me, along with Nonna, my grandmother, and uncle were on board.

***My family who remained on the island were later taken on ships to Athens and then to concentration camps where they perished.***

We landed in New York, then traveled to Los Angeles. We all learned to speak English, except Nonna, so Ladino was our language at home. Mother marveled at how Jews were not afraid to go out anywhere.

Today, there are very few Jews left on the Island of Rhodes. There are only plaques and memorials.

I think about the family I would have today, if there had been no Holocaust. My immediate family was fortunate to have known righteous gentiles – the boss who let my father continue to work, and the Italian friends that helped us book passage to America.

***Giovanna steps down, EXITS left and goes to the back of the auditorium in preparation for the Shoah Torah processional.***

***Linda Horowitz steps up to the bimah for George's introduction.***

***Zahava Sweet steps up.***

**Linda:** George Lubow was born in the small town of Nowogrodek in what was once Eastern Poland, now Byelorussia. He is a retired businessman and Holocaust survivor. George felt obligated to write his book so future generations would know and remember the horrors.

The generation of survivors is passing on. Each one has a story to tell. To quote George directly, "We must also remember that in the darkest hour, there were Righteous Gentiles who risked their lives to save us."

***Linda steps down and goes to the back of the auditorium to help Giovanna.***

***Zahava steps to the microphone to read.***

**Zahava:** At George's request, I shall read an adaptation from his book, "Escape."

Jan and Josefa Jarmolowitz were two of the righteous among the nations. They lived in the village of Kuscino and were quite prosperous. During the war their son, Wacek, was killed by the Nazis. After losing their son, the Jarmolowitizes turned against the Nazis and chose to help Jews.

In the beginning, there was not enough money or gold. George and Paul's father gave the Jarmolowitizes some gold so that he and his sons could stay in the underground bunker the Jarmolowitizes built until the end of the war.

The Lubows were still imprisoned in a labor camp surrounded by barbed wire, trying to figure a way to get out. Paul was key given for only a few minutes and he made an impression in a bar of soap and chiseled out a key, how they escaped, yet still in great danger. At last they found the Jarmolowitz farm and the underground bunker there, where they hid.

George and Paul's father escaped through a tunnel that was dug underneath the labor camp. The prisoners dug that tunnel one by one, how they all escaped.

Then, there were 8 people in the bunker. They were given strict instructions to not ever leave the bunker. The Jarmolowitizes fed them there. They baked bread and potatoes for all 8 people, keeping all 8 alive. In the bunker, there were field mice that loved to nibble on the bread. George hung the bread on a belt from the ceiling, but even that didn't help much.

The Lubow's youngest son, Osher, did not survive and was killed by the Germans.

That escape called for a lot of courage and they were courageous and young and wanted to live, including their father. Near the end of the war, the Germans closed the labor camp. There was no one there.



Then came the liberation. The Russians came also to the Jarmolowitz's underground bunker and released all of the prisoners there. This was a happy, ecstatic day for the prisoners everywhere to be free at last.

Many years later, Paul and George Lubow took the Jarmolowitz's granddaughter to Yad Vashem, the Holocaust memorial in Jerusalem, to honor the Jarmolowitz family as righteous gentiles. Throughout the years, every Christmas and Easter, George and Paul send money to support the Jarmolowitz family in gratitude for rescuing them and saving their lives.

***Zahava steps down and returns to her seat on the bimah.***

***Henny Moskowitz steps up to the microphone.***

**Henny:** My name is Henny Moskowitz. I was born in Chemnitz, Germany, in 1929. My parents immigrated to Germany from Chernovitz, in what was then Romania. They did so because Germany was a good place for Jews to earn a living, or so they thought. My parents did not discuss events with us as a rule, but the following events did leak out.

The first incident happened not too long after the Nazis took over. My dad was in a coffee house frequented by Jews although it was owned and operated by non-Jews. On this particular day my dad left a room full of Jewish patrons to go to the bathroom. While there, an employee, a non-Jewish person, came into the bathroom and told everyone there to be quiet and not to come out until someone told them that it was safe to re-enter the main room. When my dad did return, all the Jewish patrons were gone. He was told that they had been rounded-up and taken away.

The second incident occurred during the morning of a workday most likely late in 1933. My dad was at work in the hosiery factory he and two uncles owned when he received a call from a friend who happened to be a member of the SS. He told my father to leave immediately, not even to go and say good-bye to us. My father called my mother and left for the train station that took him back to Chernovitz. It took my mother about three months to get out with my brother and me, ages three and seven.

My father left Germany literally with only the shirt on his back and no important items. The forelady of the factory helped out by taking what she could stuff into her parka. She went skiing in an area where the ski run began on the top of a mountain in Germany to the bottom of the run in Czechoslovakia. These were the only papers my dad had. What they were, he never told us.

So my family owes a great debt to a server in a coffee house, a friend who joined the SS, and the forelady in my family's hosiery factory. They all took great risks on our behalf.

***Henny steps down, goes back to her seat on the bimah.***

***Zahava steps up to the microphone.***

## **Day of Liberation**

I ran out of the dark reeking urine bunker.

I ran over smoldering bodies of soldiers, over rubble and through whistling artillery shots.

I ran in the prisoner uniform calling strength to my limbs. I ducked under the whistling bullets, and I ran, I ran ahead passing a body of a woman I knew on a stretcher. She lay dead on this day of liberation, and it gripped my heart.

I ran from the imprisoning walls, from the Gestapo soldiers and their guns, from the barbed wires, from the wolf-like hunger.

I ran over swastikas burning in flames, from the lice and their eggs multiplying in the only garment I possessed.

I ran from the aviation factory where I marched to each dawn at 4:00 a.m.

I ran from death, torture, and ugliness  
into the arms ..... of FREEDOM.

***Survivors -- Zahava, Hava, Henny, leave LEFT from the bimah to line up at the back of the sanctuary with flowers for the processional to begin after the Shoah Torah is placed in the holder.***

***Darrell Cozin***

***Goes up onto the bimah, Giovanna Fradkin carries the Shoah Torah down the middle aisle and stands next to him.***

***Giovanna goes down from the bimah is handed a flower from someone in the processional to add to the vase.***

**Darrell:** A Torah is the Hebrew word for “teachings” and is the ethical and legal framework of Judaism. The Torah is a scroll written on lambskin and printed by hand by a scribe or *sofer* using a quill pen and special ink made of natural vegetable ingredients, signifying that there is nothing artificial about God’s law. Jewish law dictates that the text of the Torah must be absolutely perfect to use. Any damage or mistakes must be repaired before that Torah may be used to study or worship, assuring that the all Torahs throughout the world are identical and that the text remains unchanged throughout history.

On the terrible night of November 9<sup>th</sup>, 1938, in Germany, 1,550 synagogues were completely or partially burned or destroyed, as well as untold Jewish homes and businesses. The event became known as Kristal Nacht, “Night of the Broken Glass.” One such burning occurred to the synagogue in the very small town of Wavern, near the Luxemburg border. The family of our member, Max Kahn, lived next door to the synagogue. The family fled into the woods when the trouble started.

Upon their return the next day, Max’s father, Benjamin, found the synagogue’s Torah and many religious items lying on the ground in the dirt where the Nazis had tossed them. Mr. Kahn threw himself on the Torah, then covered it with his coat. He managed to wrap his coat around the Torah as he carried it into the house where they hid the Torah. It never left their possession.

The family fled to South America, then returned to Luxemburg. Max Kahn settled in Bolivia, before coming to the United States. On one of his trips to visit his family in Bolivia, his parents gave him the Torah. Max, now the possessor of the Torah, was a member of our congregation and a regular member of our Saturday morning *minyán*. It was a proud and moving moment for all of us who were present on the Shabbat morning when Max told us the extraordinary story of the Torah’s survival, then donated it to our synagogue. Congregation Shaarei Torah is honored to have a Torah that was personally saved by the Kahn family. ***Darrell takes Torah and places in holder. Giovanna exits left to join flower processional.***

**Darrell:** The congregation hired a “sofer,” a professional scribe who hand writes all of the Hebrew with a quill and ink, to inspect, repair any damage, and certify it for use. He repaired the damage and hand wrote any damaged words, then presented Shaarei Torah with a certificate that this Shoah Torah is now perfect and approved for use by future generations.

***Marci steps up to the microphone.***

***Survivors walk down the center aisle and place a yellow tulip into the vase.  
Survivors take seats back on the bimah.***

***Marci says the following as the survivors place the flowers:***

**Marci:** These members of Congregation Shaarei Torah, all survivors of the Holocaust, honor the loved ones they lost, the six million who perished, as well as the righteous among the nations who followed their conscience and did what was right to save the lives of others. May all their memories and their deeds be a blessing, and may their acts of conscience serve as a beacon of light for our time and for the generations to come.

***Marci steps down. Returns to seat on the bimah.***

***Mitchell steps up to microphone.***

**Mitchell:** Eternal God, who remembers our deeds and our lives, we turn to You for solace and hope when we are bowed in grief. In solemn testimony to the unbroken faith which links the generations of the house of Israel, please rise and join me in reciting the Mourner's Kaddish in both Hebrew and English, as we remember all those who were lost in the Shoah. The prayer is found in your program. **[Mitchell, wait till all stand.]**

Yit-gadal v'yit-kadash sh'mey raba,  
B'alma di v'ra hirutey, v'yam-lich mal-hutey  
B'ha –yey-hon u-v'yomey-hon  
U-v'ha-yey d'hol beyt yisrael  
Ba-agala u-viz-man kariv, v'imru **amen.**

***Y'hey sh'mey raba m'varah l'alam ul-almey alma-ya.***

Yit-barah v'ysh-tabah v'yit-pa-ar v'yit-romam v'yit-na-sy  
V'yit-hadar v'yit-aleh v'yit-halal sh'mey d'kud-sha,  
B'rih hu, l'eyla min kol bir-hata v'shir-rata  
Tush-b'hata v'ne-hemata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru **amen.**  
Y'hey sh'lama raba min sh'may-ya  
V'ha-yim aleynu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru **amen.**

*Oseh shalom bi-m'romav, hu ya-aseh shalom  
Aleynu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru **amen.***

Together with say:

Magnified and sanctified be the great name of God, in the world created according to the Divine will. May God's sovereignty soon be established, in our lifetime and that of the entire universe. And let us say, Amen.

May God's great name be praised to all eternity.

Hallowed and honored, extolled and exalted, adored and acclaimed be the name of the blessed Holy One, whose glory is above all the praises, hymns, and songs of adoration which human beings can utter. And let us say: Amen.

May God grant abundant peace and life to us and to all Israel. And let us say: Amen. May God, who ordains harmony in the universe, grant peace to us and to all people. And let us say: Amen. Please be seated.

***[Mitchell, go off LEFT to back of the sanctuary to LINE UP with KIDS FOR candle lighting. KIDS LINE UP. Linda: Light candles for kids] Hava goes to the microphone.***

***Hava steps up to the microphone to read El Male Rachamim prayer in both Hebrew and English.***

***Hava:***

El maley rachamim, shokhen ba'mromim,

Hamtzey m'nuchah n'chonah tachat kanfey ha'shkhinah,

B'maalot k'doshim u'thorim k'zohar ha'rakia mazhirim, et nishmot

ha'kdoshim she'halkhu l'olamam.

B'Gan Eden t'hey m'nuchtam.

Lachen, Baal Ha'rachmim, yastirehem b'seter knafav l'olamim,

v'yitzror bi'tzror ha'chayim et nishmoteyhem, Adonai Hu nachalatum;

Va'yanuchu b'shalom al mishkavam.

V'nomar: Amen.

Adonai, our God, full of compassion, who dwells on high, grant perfect rest beneath the sheltering wings of Your divine presence, among the holy and pure who shine as the brightness of the firmament, unto all those who perished in the Shoah who have gone to their eternal home.

Author of mercy, bring them under the shelter of Your wings and let their souls be bound up in the bond of eternal life. May You be their inheritance and may their repose be in peace. And let us all say, "Amen."

***Children walk down the center aisle, by twos.***

***The first 2 children walk to the line of candles as the others wait. Walk BEHIND the table to light. When those children have completed lighting, they stand to the side of the table with the candles, facing the audience. The next 2 children light then stand to the left of the ones who lit, and so forth. All extinguish hand held candles at once. Walk up the side aisle.***

***As children walk up the side aisle,***

***Zahava goes to the microphone.***

## **Zahava: “The Befuddled Soldier”**

Sitting in the living room of the German house after supper, Tzima, Halina, Rachelka and I discussed plans for the future. What will we do with all this freedom? Run in the street? Taste the sun? Chase the wind? Go to the store to smell fat sausages and cheeses?

Suddenly a Russian soldier stood in the door. He staggered into the room, looked around with blood-shot eyes.

The women slipped out and I alone remained with the drunken soldier. Now that I was free again, I refused to run and hide.

The soldier drew a revolver and followed me. I confronted him. Retreating slowly, we made several rounds about the table, and he stopped. Something was troubling him. The revolver dropped from his hand, and he started crying. He reached into his shirt and drew out a small, tarnished Star of David.

“I am a Jew, he said. “The war makes beasts of us.”

I stared at him. I had little sympathy for a Jewish soldier. How dare he come and accost us after Auschwitz and Treblinka.

“Get out,” I said. “You don’t belong here.”

He put his revolver back and staggered to the door. “I am not a beast,” he repeated.

I closed the door behind him.

After Auschwitz, after Treblinka, who among us can say we are not animals, we are not beasts? Tzima, Halina and Rachelka crept back into the room. “Is he gone?” they asked. “Yes,” I said. “He is gone.”

Then we drank our tea, and went back to talking about the future, all the freedom that lay before us. ***Zahava returns to her seat on the bimah.***

***Dan steps up to the microphone.***



**Dan: This is the Prayer for Israel**

We ask Your blessings for the State of Israel,  
For the Land of Israel, and for the People of Israel.  
Bless the defenders of the Land who guard its frontiers,  
Watch over its homes and protect its people.

Bless the leaders of Israel with wisdom and courage;  
Grant them vision and dedication.  
May they be strong in the face of danger,  
Resolute in the face of challenge,  
And unwavering in the search for peace.

May the people of Israel make of her  
A beacon of hope for those who are oppressed,  
An inspiration to those who are free,  
A source of light to all humanity.

Fulfill in our times the ancient promise,  
“They shall abide in peaceful habitations,  
In safe dwellings, and in quiet resting places.”  
Zion shall be redeemed through justice,  
And its inhabitants through righteousness.

***Dan returns to his seat in the front row.***

***Darrell helps Mae Fisher to go up onto to bimah to recite and Prayer for America. Darrell stands on the bimah with Mae as she reads.***

## **Mae: The Prayer for America**

Our God and God of our ancestors, we invoke Your blessing upon our country, on the government and leaders of our nation, and on all who exercise rightful authority in our community. Instruct them out of Your Law, that they may administer all affairs of state in justice and equity; that peace and security, happiness and prosperity, right and freedom, may abide among us.

Unite the inhabitants of our country, whatever their origin and creed, into a bond of true brotherhood, to banish hatred and bigotry, and to safeguard our ideals and institutions of freedom.

May this land under Your Providence be an influence for good throughout the world, uniting all in peace and freedom, and helping to fulfill the vision of Your prophets:

*“Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,*

*Neither shall they learn war any more.”*

*“For all people, both great and small,*

*Shall know Adonai.” **Amen.***

***[Mae steps down. Darrell and Mae return to the front row.]***

***Larry Horowitz goes to the microphone to say his closing remarks.***

***Benjamin Liu goes up on the bimah and stands next to Larry.***

**Larry:** In the darkest of times, rays of light beamed into the lives of these survivors by these righteous among the nations. One is stirred into an array of emotions: sadness, anger, disbelief, shock, and dismay.

There is a lesson to be heard and learned among all peoples from these poignant revelations of the survivors:

Despite the atrocities man can wreak against their fellow humans, there are those righteous men and women, forged and tempered in their belief in G-d, who came forward and helped those in dire need.

No words will ever be sufficient to express the gratitude for their actions that allowed us to share these moments today.

I want to thank our participants for a beautiful program. Thank you all for coming to Shaarei Torah today for this important occasion. We hope you will join us again. After the final song, please move to our social hall at the back of the sanctuary where you will have the opportunity to meet today's participants and purchase a copy of the books they have written, if you wish. We also have refreshments.

Now, I'd like to introduce our final participant, Benjamin Liu, who was a Bar Mitzvah here at Shaarei Torah and is currently a freshman at The Campbell Hall School.

***Larry returns to his seat.***

***Benjamin steps up to the microphone.***

**Benjamin:** Please join me in singing the refrain of America the Beautiful. The words can be found in your program.

**O beautiful for spacious skies,**

**For amber waves of grain,**

**For purple mountain majesties**

**Above the fruited plain!**

**Refrain:**

**America! America!**

**God shed His grace on thee,**

**And crown thy good with brotherhood**

**From sea to shining sea!**

**Verse:**

**O beautiful for patriot dream**

**That sees beyond the years**

**Thine alabaster cities gleam**

**Undimmed by human tears.**

**Refrain:**

**America! America!**

**God shed His grace on thee,**

**And crown thy good with brotherhood**

**From sea to shining sea.**

**Benjamin:** Thank you again for coming to Shaarei Torah. Please join us in the Social Hall for refreshments.