

Yom haShoah

May 4, 1997

Congregation Ahavas Chesed

Mobile Area Jewish /Christian Dialogue and the Mobile Jewish Welfare Fund

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Welcome & Introductions: Rabbi Steven Silberman
Eileen Susman: Mobile Jewish Welfare Fund Presentations
Rabbi Silberman: Invocation
Call To Remembrance: Paul Filben

Candlelighting Service

Reader: During this reflective hour, we call upon the warmth of love, the Light of truth, and the glow of hope to abide in our hearts.

1st Candle: Out of silence and darkness the Creative Word of G-d was spoken. The spirit of G-d came over the waters to control them and to make possible the goodness of creation itself.

CONGREGATION: THE SPIRIT OF HUMANITY IS THE LIGHT OF THE LORD.

2nd Candle: When G-d began to create the heaven and the earth, the earth being unformed and void, with darkness over the surface, G-d said, "Let there be Light;" and there was light.

CONGREGATION: NOT TO CURSE THE DARKNESS, BUT TO LIGHT THE FLAME, AND TO LIGHT IT AS AN ACT OF FAITH THIS NIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS.

3rd Candle: During the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, it was said: "Where will rescue come from? It is impossible to light a candle for lack of air."

CONGREGATION: WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE FREEDOM TO SPEAK OUT, TO FREELY ASSOCIATE, TO WORSHIP OPENLY ACCORDING TO OUR OWN TRADITIONS AND YES, FOR THE AIR WE BREATHE THAT ALLOWS US TO LIGHT A CANDLE.

4th Candle: Not to open old wounds but to strengthen our resolve, we Jews and Christians gathered here stand together in our commitment to work toward those ends which assure that such atrocities never happen again.

CONGREGATION: SILENCE IS EASIER. . . BUT THE TELLING IS IMPERATIVE. WITH GREAT CARE AND WITH DEEP ALLEGIANCE TO HISTORY, WE BEGIN BY BRINGING SPEECH TO SILENCE AND BRINGING LIGHT TO DARKNESS.

5th Candle: At this sacred hour, we pause to remember a time when night was obscured by darkness, when the faces of evil were arrayed against our brothers and sisters.

CONGREGATION: THEIR MEMORY MUST REMAIN FOREVER ETCHED IN THE CONSCIENCE OF HUMANKIND. THUS DO WE KINDLE THESE LAMPS TO PENETRATE THE MORAL BLACKNESS OF SHOAH.

6th Candle: In every beginning there is darkness; the darkness of ignorance which smothers human dignity; the darkness of fear, which chokes the creative will; the darkness of tyranny which stifles freedom.

CONGREGATION: PRAISED ARE YOU, ETERNAL SOURCE OF LIGHT, WHO HALLOWS OUR LIVES WITH THE GIFT OF MEMORY.

7th Candle: For all those who perished, for those who survived, for the righteous gentiles who were faithful, for the resisters, and for the liberators . . . we remember!

CONGREGATION: BY THEIR DEEDS, THEY HAVE INSCRIBED THEMSELVES IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

El Moley Rachamim

Meditation: Musical excerpts from the "Partisans of Vilna"
Blayene Platn
Shtiler, Shtiler

I NEVER SAW ANOTHER BUTTERFLY

A Play by Celeste Raspanti

Featuring

**The Bevill Community Theatre
Hamilton, Alabama
Under the Direction of J. Greg Thomas**

Rabbi Donald Kunstadt: Mourner's Kaddish

POEM: "MY KADDISH" Harry Zarembo.

I wish to remember with you here today,
To engrave a memory which with us forever stay.
That of sisters and brothers, that of mothers and fathers
Those who are with us no more.
Adults and children who we shall adore.
Jews of Lithuania, where are you
Driven out by Nazis because you're a Jew.
From cities and villages day and night
Hoarded in cattle trains, driven out of
sight. Surrounded by guards who were German,
Aided by henchmen, Lithuanian and Ukrainian.
They dragged you out of every door,
Your entire families they tore
Put you in ghettos, in concentration camps,
Those knaves. Shot you and dumped you at
community graves.
With great joy like animals they captured,
With delight they murdered and tortured.
They emptied the cities and villages,
Thus paying anti-Semitism their dues.
Yes, I have seen you, my beloved brethren,
Under arrest, dragged to the gravesites
From every house and forest, packed in cars,
Tortured by Lithuanian hoodlums.
I have seen you, my Jewish brethren,
My loved ones.
I saw my Lithuanian martyrs;
The storekeepers, the merchants, the blacksmiths
And tailors. I saw you in assorted piles
Of clothes, glasses and shoes.
I saw you there, the Lithuanian Jews.
I saw you who were in the forest captured,
Beaten, battered, covered with blood,
Caught and tortured.
I saw you suffer in Hell; In Auschwitz,
Shtoothauf, Mayidaneck, Bergen-Belsen.
I saw you torn away from your wooden bunks.
Starved, dirty, bitten by worms.
I saw women and girls dishonored by Germans.
I saw you all in ovens burn.
Each one waiting his turn.
Over graves filled with Jewish bones, I
Stumbled, torn from mouth were gold-capped
Teeth of those who were humbled.
Of all the families only their wailing remained,
Hanging over, where crowded Jewish communities were
Sustained. I was one of them myself; I can hear to this
Day their screams and their cries for revenge with me
Shall stay. Let us forever remember those who are not
Here, them all. And let us together,
G-d's Name extoll.