

Question 2

**Light this Candle**

Light this candle, my boy, the old man would say to that little child.

Why? He would ask of him

Then the man would lift his arm, revealing those numbers etched forever on his  
body and his soul.

And then he would say

Light this candle to remember the Shoah.

the suffering, the sorrow that we felt.

and those murdered and lost.

Light this candle to remember that burning hatred by those in power

How it wrought more pain than the fires of Kristallnacht

How painful for those newspapers to cry, 'Die Juden sind unser Unglück!

And how easily that hate spread like locusts.

Light this candle to remember that Star of David

Forced on our chests.

To be mocked on the streets.

Then marked for damnation.

Light this candle to remember the words of that madman.

How his fiery rhetoric would come to tear a continent apart

And delude a nation

To aid his Solution.

Light this candle to remember those who fled.

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Abandoned their homes and some, if not all, their loved ones,  
To places of unknown.

Light this candle to remember those who remained.

Facing the arrival of the sounds of those boots.

How those cold hands took them away.

To be packed into trains like cattle.

And stripped of dignity.

Light this candle to remember Auschwitz, Dachau, Belsen, Treblinka, Buchenwald

How they became the tools to their crusade.

And how they became the final, terrible memory to many.

Then carved a dark scar on the spirits to those who were left.

Light this candle to remember those who survived.

Who departed those camps.

Some who were left hopeless, in despair.

Others who questioned their faith.

And others who wondered what was left for them

In a world that was never quite the same.

And the old man would grow silent, his eyes shutting.

Along with the little boy, who did not quite understand.

And then the old man would open his eyes.

Uttering.

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Light this candle to remember all what I have told you.

For it is our sacred duty, as the remnants of a world long past

Where men transformed the world to a graveyard

A world where hatred walked rampant

To stop the slaughters.

And the old man would emerge from his pocket a matchbox.

Then placed it upon the little boy's hand.

Saying.

Light this candle for someday, I cannot.

And one day, you cannot as well.

Pass this light down to your sons and daughters.

And tell them.

The little boy understood.

Never again, he would say.

As he faced that flame.

Never again, he would say to his children.

And his children would say to theirs.

And they would never forget.

So as long as the candle burned.