

... הם, הם שִׁמְרָאִים לְאָדָם אֶת הַדֶּרֶךְ

... as we live our days,  
these are the ways we remember.  
(Hannah Senesh)

# A Service for Yom Hashoah V'hagvurah

A Day of Remembering the  
Holocaust and Heroism



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OF MADISON

## (1) Ani Maamin

Ani ma'amin,  
Be'emunah sh'leimah  
B'viat hamashiach  
V'af al pi sheyitmahmeha  
Im kol zeh, achakeh lo  
B'chol yom sheyavo.

אֲנִי מֵאֲמִין בְּאֵמוּנָה שְׁלֵמָה  
בְּבִיאַת הַמָּשִׁיחַ, וְאִף עַל פִּי  
שִׁיתְמַהְמָה, עִם כָּל זֶה  
אֲחַכֶּה לוֹ בְּכָל יוֹם שֶׁיָּבוֹא.

I believe with complete faith in the Messiah's coming. And even if the Messiah is delayed, I will wait day by day. (Maimonides)

## (2) Lighting of our Memorial Candles

### A first candle:

The world of Eastern Europe rises before us, thousands upon thousands of little children learning Torah; homes in which the Sabbath candles brightly burned, streets where walkers argued points of law, and where the outside world was far away. There was poverty, and lack of vision, too. But there was a depth and a greatness which we have no longer; and we weep for what is lost.

וְאַתָּה תְּצַוֶּה אֶת־בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל וְיִקְחוּ אֵלֶיךָ שֶׁמֶן זַיִת זָךְ כְּתִית  
לְמָאוֹר לְהַעֲלֹת נֵר תָּמִיד.

“You shall command the people of Israel to have them bring you clear olive oil, [made from olives that were] crushed for lighting, to keep the lamp burning constantly.” (Exodus 27:20)

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### A second candle:

And there was Western Europe, where Jewish life had flowered into a golden period of creativity: scholars, poets, merchants, artists, and musicians joined ancient and modern visions in a joyous celebration of life. The world

had a special glow, and genius resided within the Jewish community. Then – creation was followed by destruction.

כִּי נֵר מַצֵּוֶה וְתוֹרָה אֹר וְדֶרֶךְ חַיִּים תּוֹכַחַת מוֹסֵר.

“For the commandment is a lamp, the teaching is a light,  
And the way to life is the rebuke that disciplines.”  
(Proverbs 6:23)

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### A third candle:

There was the Sephardic world, as well: a pious culture, a quiet and enduring way of Jewish life; a thousand years of scholarship, of family life, and joy. In Athens and Salonika, in the mellah and on the isles of the Mediterranean, Jews prayed to God and trusted their neighbors. And that world also ceased.

כִּי־טוֹב סַחֲרָהּ לֹא־יִכָּבֶה בַּלַּיְלָה נֶרָה.

“Her wares are excellent, and her lamp never goes out at night.” (Proverbs 31:18)

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### A fourth candle:

As darkness covered the Jewish world, fire burned the books and the buildings. Night and fog swallowed up the people on their way to death. We weep for them, we yearn for them now.

נֶר־לְרַגְלִי דְבָרְךָ וְאוֹר לְנִתְיָבְתִּי.

“Your words of Torah are a lamp to my foot and a light for my pathway.” (Psalm 119:105)

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### A fifth candle:

As we look at these lights, try to imagine six million candles, each one with the name of another 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 b'nai mitzvah and weddings, and mourned at funerals. All were part of the Jewish people; each one was a separate individual. Each one suffered, and each and everyone perished.

נֵר יִי נִשְׁמַת אָדָם.

“The human spirit is the light of God.” (Proverbs 20:27)

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#### A sixth candle:

We reach toward them through the stories of lives, by reciting names: Chavah, Sarah, Itzikl, Yehudah – their names--their lives--are intertwined with ours. They are part of our collective memories, of our history: the Warsaw Ghetto alongside the Walls of Jerusalem; the musicians of Auschwitz and the still harps at the waters of Babylon; the murdered Temple singers and the children of Terezin. They speak to us softly, from Babi Yar and from the transports. (Candles 1-6 adapted from Adam Fisher)

וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים יְהִי אוֹר וַיְהִי אוֹר

“God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and there was light.”  
(Genesis 1:2)

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#### A seventh candle:

"They were killed by bullets, trying to hide from the violence that had targeted them for years. They were murdered by starvation, having subsisted for longer than thought possible on a diet of adulterated bread and polluted water. It mattered not their education nor their

status...all were considered enemies of the state. Some, of course, had no education because they were too young...children whose last shouts were gasps as the gas filled their lungs and destroyed their tiny bodies.

Their numbers could not be counted; there were so many. They gathered together by circumstance or necessity.... Their resources were pitifully small. But no help came...while the armies of the brutish and vengeful took their houses, their properties, their identities, and finally, their lives.... In the sky, bombs were traded for birds, and screaming projectiles replaced sweet and bitter songs.

How should we respond to this carnage and terror we saw flourishing in Syria, Iraq, Darfur? How can we, scarred by a horror we felt three generations ago, change the world now?

Let us turn to history. Share money and time. Demand justice. Work for peace. Shout the story. And perhaps first of all these: Welcome the refugee!" (Candle 7)

יְיָ אֱלֹהֵי יֵשׁוּעַי מִמֶּי אִירָא יְיָ מַעֲזֵי חַיִּי מִמֶּי אֶפְחָד

"The Eternal is my light and my help. Whom shall I fear? The Eternal God is the strength of my life. Who shall frighten me?" (Psalm 27:1)

(3)

**We begin – with silence.**

The silence of the death; the silence of life.

The silence after destruction.

The silence before creation.

There are times when songs falter,

When darkness fills life,

When martyrdom becomes a constellation of faith

Against the unrelieved black of space about us.  
There are no words to reach beyond the edge of night,  
No messengers to tell the full tale.  
There is only silence.  
The silence of Job.  
The silence of the Six Million.  
The silence of memory.  
Let us remember them as we link our silences.  
Into the silence which becomes a prayer,  
Which links us with the past,  
Touching that darkness we cannot fully enter,  
The anguish which is memory; and love.  
And life and death.  
(Elie Wiesel and Albert Friedlander)

**(4A) Blessed is the match** consumed in kindling flame.  
Blessed is the flame that burns in the secret fastness of the heart.  
Blessed is the heart with the strength to stop its beating for honor's sake.  
Blessed is the match consumed in kindling flame.  
(Hannah Senesh)

**(B) here, in the carload,**  
i am eve  
with my son abel.  
if you see my other son,  
cain, the son of man,  
tell him that i  
(Dan Pagis)

**(C) I believe in the sun** even when it is not shining  
I believe in love even when feeling it not.  
I believe in God even when God is silent.  
(found on a cellar wall in Cologne, Germany)

**(D) If the prophets** broke in through the doors of night  
and sought an ear like a homeland -

Ear of mankind, overgrown with nettles, would you hear?

If the voice of the prophets blew on flutes made of  
murdered children's bones and exhaled airs burnt with  
martyrs' cries – if they build a bridge of old men's dying  
groans –

Ear of mankind occupied with small sounds, would you  
hear? (Nellie Sachs)

**(5) My God, are the doors** really being shut now? Yes,  
they are. Shut on the herded, densely packed mass of  
people inside. Through small openings at the top we can  
see heads and hands, hands that will wave to us later when  
the train leaves. The commandant takes a bicycle and rides  
once again along the entire length of train. Then he makes  
a brief gesture, like royalty in an operetta. A little orderly  
comes flying up and deferentially relieves him of the  
bicycle. The train gives a piercing whistle. And 1,020 Jews  
leave Holland.

This time the quota was really quite small, all considered:  
a mere thousand Jews, the extra twenty being reserves. For  
it is always possible – indeed, quite certain this time – that a  
few will die or be crushed to death on the way. So many  
sick people and not a single nurse

The tide of helpers gradually recedes; people go back to  
their sleeping quarters. So many exhausted, pale, and  
suffering faces. One more piece of our camp has been  
amputated. Next week yet another piece will follow. This is  
what has been happening now for over a year, week in,  
week out. We are left with just a few thousand.

(Etty Hillesum, in an excerpt from her diary.)

## (6) A walk to Caesaria

Eili, Eili,  
Shelo yigameir l'olam  
Hachol v'haYam,  
Rishrush shel hamayim,  
B'rak hashamayim  
T'filat ha'adam.  
Hachol v'hayam,  
Rishrush shel hamayim  
B'rak hashamayim,  
T'filat ha'adam.

אֵלִי, אֵלִי  
שְׁלֹא יִגְמֹר לְעוֹלָם  
הַחֹל וְהָיָם,  
רִשְׁרֻשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם,  
בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם  
תְּפִלַּת הָאָדָם.

O 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.  
The sand and the sea,  
The rush of the waters,  
The crash of the heavens,  
The prayer of the heart.  
(Hannah Senesh)

**(7) It was the cold winter of 1944** – in a miserable little concentration camp grotesquely called Lieberose – my father took me and some of our friends to a corner in the barracks. He announced that it was the eve of Hanukkah, produced a curious-shaped clay bowl, and began to light a wick immersed in his precious but now melted margarine ration. Before he could recite the blessing, I protested at this waste of food. He looked at me – then at the lamp – and finally said, “You and I have seen that it is possible to live up to three weeks without food. We once lived almost



three days without water; but you cannot live properly for three minutes without hope!” I would like to be able to end the story of another miracle. I would like to – but I can’t. Unless it is that our guards did not see our little celebration. But that could be because the margarine had more water in it than fat, and after some spluttering and smoke the little flame went out. Nor did my father survive. I like to think that his spirit – which went all the way back to Abraham – is in me, too – and has gone into my children – That too, is a miracle of sorts.

(Hugo Gryn)

**(8) All took leave from life** in the manner which most suited them. Some praying, some deliberately drunk, others lustfully intoxicated for the last time. But the mothers stayed up to prepare the food for the journey with tender care, and washed their children and packed the luggage; and at dawn, the barbed wire was full of children’s washing hung out in the wind to dry. Nor did they forget the diapers, the toys, the cushions and the hundred other small things which mothers remember and which children always need. Would you not do the same? If you and your child were going to be killed tomorrow, would you not give him to eat today? (Primo Levi)

### **(9) Bashert**

These words are dedicated to those who died

These words are dedicated to those who died  
because they had no love and felt alone in the world  
because they were afraid to be alone and tried to stick it out  
because they could not ask  
because they were shunned

because they were sick and their bodies could not resist the disease

because they played it safe

because they had no connections

because they had no faith

because they felt they did not belong and wanted to die

These words are dedicated to those who died

because they were loners and liked it

because they acquired friends and drew others to them

because they took risks

because they were stubborn and refused to give up

because they asked for too much

These words are dedicated to those who died

because a card was lost and a number was skipped

because a bed was denied

because a place was filled and no other place was left

These words are dedicated to those who died

because someone did not follow through

because someone was overworked and forgot

because someone left everything to God

because someone was late

because someone did not arrive at all

because someone told them to wait and they just couldn't any longer

These words are dedicated to those who died

because death is a punishment

because death is a reward

because death is the final rest

because death is eternal rage

These words are dedicated to those who died

Bashert

These words are dedicated to those who survived.

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
because their second grade teacher gave them books  
because they did not draw attention to themselves and got  
lost in the shuffle  
because they knew someone who knew someone else who  
could help them and bumped into them on a corner on a  
Thursday afternoon  
because they played it safe  
because they were lucky.

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
because they knew how to cut corners  
because they drew attention to themselves and always got  
picked  
because they took risks  
because they had no principles and were hard  
these words are dedicated to those who survived  
because they refused to give up and defied statistics  
because they had faith and trusted in God  
because they expected the worst and were always prepared  
because they were angry  
because they could ask  
because they mooched off others and saved their strength  
because they endured humiliation  
because they looked the other way

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
because life is a wilderness and they were savage  
because life is an awakening and they were alert  
because life is a flowering and they blossomed  
because life is a struggle and they struggled  
because life is a gift and they were free to accept it.

These words are dedicated to those who survived

Bashert

(Irena Klepfisz)

### **(10) The Partisans' Song**

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg,  
Chotsh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg.  
Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho -  
S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot - mir zaynen do!

זאָג נישט קיין מאָל, אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,  
כאַטש הימלען בלייענע פאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג.  
קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה דִּי  
ס'וועט אַ פּוּיק טאָן אונדזער טראַט: מיר זיינען דאָ!

Never say that you have reached the very end  
When leaden skies a bitter future may portend;  
For sure the hour for which we yearn will yet arrive  
And our marching steps will thunder: 'we survive'.

### **(11) The Dry Bones**

There I stood on a little hill  
In the Auschwitz Death Camp  
Surrounded by blocks and barracks  
Where inmates lived, suffered, died  
Under the black smokestacks of the ovens,  
Encircled by the stark whiteness of snow  
and ash and bone.  
The Polish guide explained.  
"The grass on these plains  
Grows abundantly in summer and spring,  
blue grass fed by the fertilizer under the soil.  
Come back after winter and see how lovely it is!"

There I stood, praying the ashes could somehow  
cohere,  
Recalling the question posed to Ezekiel in the valley,  
"Can these bones live?"

And there came a noise, a shaking, and the bones  
Came together, bone to this bone,  
The sinews and the flesh upon them,  
And the skin covered them above,  
And the breath came into them and they lived,  
And stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.  
“Behold O my people,  
I will open your graves,  
And cause you to come out of your graves,  
And bring you to the land of Israel.”

There I stood on a lofty mountain  
In Jerusalem.  
Before me, the vast host of the Jewish people.  
In schoolrooms, in cities, in factories, in villages,

In battle, in peace.  
God, remember the souls of the departed  
And guard over the resurrected children of Israel  
In the land of Israel.  
(Rabbi Dr. Moshe Weiss)

**(12) At no time has the earth** been so soaked with blood.  
The vision of the sacred has all but died in the soul of man.  
There is a divine dream which the prophets and rabbis  
have cherished and which fills our prayers, and permeates  
the acts of true piety. It is the efforts of man, by his  
dedication to the task of establishing the kingship of God  
in the world. God is waiting for us to redeem the world.  
We should not spend our life hunting for trivial  
satisfactions while God is waiting constantly and keenly for  
our effort and opportunities to satisfy our greed, envy and  
ambition. We have not survived that we may waste our

years in vulgar vanities. The martyrdom of millions demands that we consecrate ourselves to the fulfillment of God's dream of salvation.  
(Abraham Joshua Heschel)

### (13) El Malei Rachamim for Yom Hashoah

אֵל מָלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים,  
הַמַּצֵּא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה,  
בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטַהוּרִים,  
בְּזֹהַר הָרָקִיעַ מְזֻהָרִים  
לְנַשְׁמוֹת שֵׁשֶׁת מַלְיוֹנֵי אֲחִיּוֹתֵינוּ וְאֶחָיוֹ אֲשֶׁר נִסְפוּ בַּשּׂוֹאָה;  
שֶׁנֶּהְרְגוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׁחָטוּ, שֶׁנֶּחֱנְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּקְבְּרוּ חַיִּים,  
שֶׁנִּשְׂרָפוּ וְשֶׁעָנוּ; יְלָדִים וְזִקְנִים, נָשִׁים וְגִבּוֹרִים...

לְנַשְׁמוֹת בְּנֵי דָתוֹת וְעַמִּים רַבִּים,  
שֶׁנֶּפְּלוּ קָרָבָן לְתַאוֹת הָרָשָׁע הַנָּאֲצִית:  
וּבָהֶם: מִתְנַגְּדֵי הַמִּשְׁטֵר הָרָצָחִי,  
הוֹמוֹסֶקְסוּאָלִים וְלֹסֶבִּיּוֹת, צוּעָנִים,  
בְּעָלֵי נִכְיּוֹת בְּגוֹף וּבְנַפֶּשׁ,  
עַם רַבִּים אֲחֵרִים שֶׁלֹּא נִמְצְאוּ רְאוּיִים לְחַיִּים.

בְּעַל הָרַחֲמִים הַסְתִּירָם בְּסֶתֶר כַּנְפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים  
וְצָרָר בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נַשְׁמָתָם.  
בְּגֵן עֵדֶן תִּהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם, יְיָ הוּא נַחֲלָתָם,  
יְנוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל פְּזוּרֵי מִשְׁכָּבוֹתָם  
וְנֹאמַר: אָמֵן.

May God, full of mercy, who dwells on high,  
provide perfect rest for the souls of the Six Million who

died as Jews in the flames of the Shoah, those who were slain for their devotion to You; our brothers and sisters, in every generation, killed because they were Jews: the ones who suffered fire and the ones who suffered water, to sanctify only Your name.

Let there be perfect rest for the countless millions of others who died because of race, religion, or nationality, political affiliation or sexual orientation. Hold them close forever. Seal their souls for everlasting life in the shelter of Your presence, for You are their eternal home. Together we say: Amen.

**(14) Mourners Kaddish** for Yom HaShoah

*Yitgadal* יִתְגַּדֵּל  
Lodz

*V'yitkdash* וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ  
Gurs

*Sh'meib rabah* שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא.  
Warsaw

*B'alma div'ra chir'utei* בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ  
Bogdanovka

*V'yamlich malchutei* וַיַּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ  
Ravensbruck

*B'chayechon uv'yomechon* בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן  
Vilna

*Uv'chaye d'chol beit Yisrael* וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל  
Treblinka

*Ba'agala uvizman kariv*  
Chelmo

בַּעֲגָלָא וּבִזְמַן קָרִיב

*V'imru Amen.*

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵיהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעַלְמִי וּלְעַלְמֵי עֻלְמֵינָא:  
*Y'hei sh'mei rabab m'varach l'alam ul'almei almayab.*

*Yitbarach v'yishtabach*  
Belzec

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח

*V'yitpa'ar v'yitromam*  
Buchenwald

וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרֹמֵם

*V'yitnaseh, v'yithadar*  
Sobibor

וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר

*V'yit'aleh v'yit'balal*  
Maidanek

וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל

*Sh'mei d'kud'sha. B'rich hu.*  
Mauthausen

שְׁמֵיהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ הוּא.

*L'eila*  
Babiyar

לְעֵלָא

*Min kol-birchata v'shirata*  
Bergen-Belsen

מִן כָּל בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא

*Tushb'chata v'nechemata*  
Dachau

תִּשְׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא

*Da'amiran b'alma.*  
Auschwitz

דְּאָמִירָן בְּעֵלְמָא.

*V'im'ru: "amen."*

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:



יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ  
אָמֵן.

*Y'hei shlama raba min-sh'maya v'chayim aleinu v'al-kol-yisrael, v'im'ru:  
"amen."*

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְמִיּוֹ הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

*Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya'aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol-yisrael, v'al kol  
yuoshevei tevel, v'imru: "amen."*

(Elie Wiesel and Albert Friedlander)

### (15) Hatikvah, Israel's national anthem

Kol od baleivav p'nimah	כָּל עוֹד בַּלְבָּב פְּנִימָה
Nefesh Yehudi homiyah	נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדִי הוֹמִיָּה,
Ul'fa'atay mizrach	וּלְפָאֵתִי מִזְרָח קְדִימָה,
Kadimah	עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה.
Ayin l'Tzion tzofiah	עוֹד לֹא אֲבָדָה תִּקְוַתֵּנוּ,
Od lo avdah tikvateinu	הַתִּקְוָה בַּת שְׁנוֹת אֲלָפִים,
Hatikva bat shnot alpayim	לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֶפְשִׁי בְּאֶרְצֵנוּ,
Lih'yot am chofshi	אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.
b'artzeinu	
Eretz Tzion virushalayim.	

As long as in its innermost heart,  
The Jewish soul yearns  
And toward the eastern corner,  
To Zion, his eyes gaze out.  
Then our hope is not yet lost  
Our hope of two thousand years  
To be a free people in our land  
The land of Zion and Jerusalem.

A Service for Yom Hashoah  
V'hagvurah

A Day of Remembering the Holocaust and Heroism

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