



Max M. Kampelman Papers

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Yom Hashoah V'Hagvurah

Heroes and Martyrs Day

For the Six Million Jewish Victims of the Holocaust,
On the 49th Anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising

B'nai Israel Congregation
6301 Montrose Road
Rockville, MD

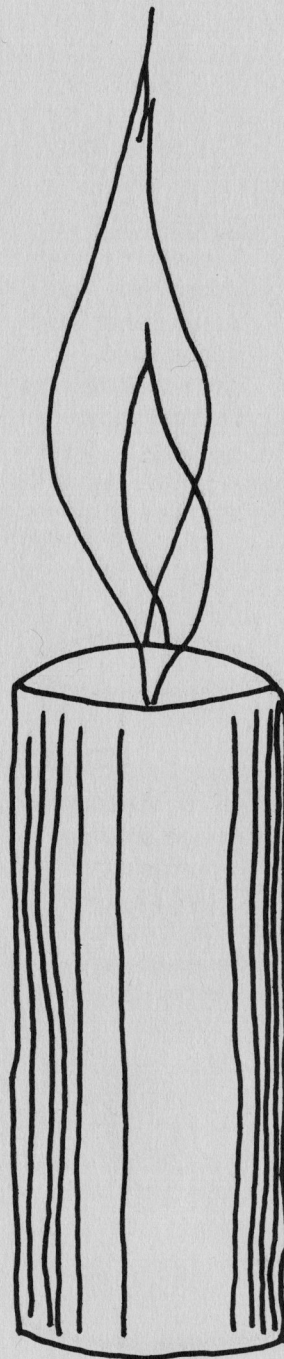
Wednesday,
April 29, 1992

פאראייניקטער
יזפור קאמיטעט
רופט
מאסנווייז אנטויל צו נעמען
אין דער
צענטראלער
הזפרה פארזאמלונג



פאר די 6,000,000 קדושים

צום יארצייט פון הרב יצחק אייזיק ווארשעווער נעטא



Memorial to the 5000 Destroyed Jewish Communities

Students of the Charles E. Smith Jewish Day School

Naomi Baum
Emily Bobrow
Helen Eliassian
Adam Friedlander
Nathaniel Kronisch
Julia Pasman
Becky Schnitzer
Ayal Snir
Andrew Zuckerman

Sharon Benzacar
Sara Bresnick
Eyal Fierst
Peter Gaston
Zina Mashin
Daniel Povich
Lauren Sella
Katie Straus

Amanda Bobrow
Marshall Einhorn
Alia Fink
Ilya Iofin
Veronique Nussenblatt
Alana Reed
Dror Sharon
Anna Zhuravitsky

Candlelighting Ceremony

Survivors

Nesse Godin
Rose Pohl
Laszlo & Emma Feher
Hilda Thieberger
Abraham Muhlbaum
Henry & Esther Brauner

Children of Survivors

Rochelle Fernandez
Rabbi Philip Pohl
Susan Feher Smith
Hanna Blair
Kay Kosak Abrams
Bernie Brauner

Grandchildren of Survivors

Miri Sher
Rebecca Leah Pohl
Galit Levi
Danny Blair, David Baruch Singer
Daniel Isaac Abrams
Jamie Brauner

We pay special tribute to the late **Erwin Thieberger** of Jewish Holocaust Survivors and Friends of Greater Washington who hand-crafted the special Menorah used in today's observance

Ani Ma-amin

Ani Ma-amin	I believe
be'emuna shleima	with perfect faith
b'viat hamashiyach	in the coming of the Messiah,
ani Ma-amin	I believe.
Veaf al pi sheyitmameya	And although he tarry,
im kol ze ani Ma-amin	in spite of it all I believe.

PROGRAM

National Anthem

Cantor Robert Kieval and Congregation

Welcome

Michael Eric Siegel

Memorial to the Destroyed Communities

Charles E. Smith Jewish Day School

Candle Lighting Ceremony

*Jewish Holocaust Survivors and Friends
of Greater Washington,
The Generation After,
Grandchildren of Survivors*

Ani Ma'amin

Cantor Robert Kieval and Congregation

Selected Readings:

"If the Prophets Broke In"
by Nelly Sachs

Ed Godin

"It All Depends How You Look At It"
by Miroslav Kosek
(A child in Terezin 1942-44)

Amy Spiegel Payton

"Memorial Poem"
by Jacob Goldstein

Samuel Spiegel

Choral Selections:

*Zemer Chai Community Chorus
Eleanor Epstein, Conductor*

"Vekibatsti Etkhem"
by Haim Alexander

"Hevlei Mashiah"
by Naomi Shemer

"Block 27"

Herman Taube

Introduction

Marcia Weinberg

Main Address

Ambassador Max Kampelman

El Male Rachamim

Cantor Robert Kieval

The Holocaust Kaddish

*Rabbi Matthew Simon
Herman Taube*

*The Legacy of the Holocaust Survivors
The Pledge of Acceptance*

*Regina Spiegel
Marilyn Falick*

*Zog Nit Keinmol
Hatikvah*

*Cantor Robert Kieval
and Congregation*

בלאק 27

מיר באטרעטן די שוועל פון באראק 27.
אן אומעט ווי א בייזער גייסט, נעמט מיך ארום.
שלעפט מיך צו די טיפענישן פון שאול תחתיה.

אנגעווייטיקטע נשמה ווונדן וואס איך טראג .
שוין צענדליגער יארן. רייסן אויף, פלאַצן
ווי צייטיקע געשווירן. די אנגעזאמלטע
שפאנונג, יסורים וואס איך האב דערשטיקט
אין מיר רייסן זיך אויסצוברעכן אין יאמערן.
אבער מיין טרערנקוואל איז פארגליווערט.
ווי מיין כח צו טראכטן. איך בין בטל, טעמפ.
די פנימער פון מיינע פריינד ארום מיר, בלייך.
ווי יארצייט ליכט אויפן צעמענטענעם באדן.

א שטימע דאוונט מיט א באקאנטן ניגון
איך קען נישט באגרייפן, אויפבאפן די ווערטער.
קולות ארום מיר זיפצן, יאמערן, מורמלען,
בלויז מיינע ליפן זיינען פארזיגלט.
אלץ וואס מיינע חושים באנעמען, זיינען
א טלית-קטן, א געלע לאטע מיט א מגן-דוד,
וואס ליגן דא אונטער-גלאז. פרעגן שטומערהייט:

פארוואס אונדז? פארוואס איך?
א פארווירטער ווער איך געשטופט פארויס
פון בלייכע פנימער מיט ברענענדיקע, רויטע אויגן,
צו די בלייכע ליכט מיט ברענענדיקע רויטע פלעמלעך.
מען הייסט מיך דאוונען, אן אלט־באקאנטע תפילה...

איך שטאַמל ארויס די ערשטע ווערטער: א — ל מלא רחמים
איך ווער פארשטומט. א שטימע ווידערשפעניקט אין מיר.
שרייט אויס, אומזין! דער מחבר פון דער תפילה
איז נישט געווען אין בלאק 27!

מיינע ליפן, מיין מויל פארשטייפט.
ווי א שטריק וואלט געווען פארצויגן ארום מיין האלדז.
מיין הארץ קלאפט ווי א פויק, ווילד, אויסער זיך פון כעס.
מיין גאנצער גוף ווארפט זיך, ציטערט ווי אין קאנוולסיעס.
א שטימע שרייט אין מיר: רבוננו של עולם!
איז דאס דער שכר פאר די לויטערע אומשולדיקע נשמות?
איז דאס די העכסטע הויך פון דיין שער רחמים
צו וועלכע זיי האבן געטרוימט דיך צו דערגרייכן?...

איך פיל ווי צוויי הענט נעמען מיך ארום.
ציטערדיקע ווי דאס קלאפן פון מיין הארץ.
די בארירונג נעמט מיך ארויס פון פינסטערן — אומעט־גרוב.
אין זיינע אויגן, טרערנפולע, דערזע איך מיך־אליין.
בלייכע פנימער ווערן ווידער דערקענבאר, אייגן־נאענט,
מיר זאגן אלע צוזאמען: יתגדל ויתקדש.
שטימען ברעכן אויס אין געזאנג: זאג נישט קיינמאל...

דער טלית-קטן, דער געלער מגן-דוד און איך,
וועלכער איז נאר וואס געווען אין שאול תחתיה
ווערן מיטגעריסן פון געזאנג: עם ישראל חי!
מיט ברענענדיקע אויגן, פארשטיינערטע הערצער,
ווי די בלאַקן דאָ פון שטאַל און צעמענט.
פארלאזן מיר דעם בלאק 27, אבער, א נייע אחרות
איז דא צעמענטירט געווארן: א ווילן צו לעבן!
צו טראגן מיט זיך דעם אנדענק פון די קרבנות,

צו געדענקן זיי אזוי לאנג ווי מיר וועלן לעבן.
מיר גייען אוועק פון דא שטארקער ווי דער צעמענט
און שטאַל פון יידן-בלאק 27 אין אוישוויץ!...

Block 27

Herman Taube

We came voluntarily,
to our spiritual anguish,
from the "Land of the Free"
to relive the martyrs past
in the valley of cannibals;
Block Twenty Seven.
Posters stare at us from walls,
castrated twins point fingers,
ask: Where were You, World?
We lost our tongues,
bow our heads in shame.
We walk this block of torture
where creatures craving for blood
injected phenol, prussic acid
in humans, just for fun...
Acid smell permeates our nostrils
Sense of time goes astray
past became now, tomorrow, size,
value, space diminish.
We flew only a day from home,
now we are in Auschwitz...
We need a lifetime now
to get out, away from here,
We are lost trying to escape,
to find what is real,
our cry or their silence...
The walls weep, call REVENGE!
In a glass display
shoes pop up; Kodesh Kodesh
they pray a soundless Amidah.
Prayer shawls join them;
"Be my soul silent to
those who reproach me.
Be my soul lowly to
all as the dust"...
My breast explodes with anger,
eardrums can't take the deadness
of silenced children's shriek.
My heart bursts with wrath.
Yet, I keep total silence.
Here everything is absurd,
the living sheer nonsense.
This is civilization's tombstone,
the graveyard of human progress,
zenith of wickedness.

My spirit sinks in the depths of gloom.
Like an over-ripe abscess,
the painful wound I carry,
bursts open with all the hurt and
tension I held back all these years.

The flow of tears dies down
like my mind.
I feel completely void, numb.
Faces of my friends around me
become blank,
like the memorial candles on the
cement floor in this block.

A voice is reading, familiar melody
I can't hear the words,
Many vocal sounds ring around me
sigh, cry, wail, sing,
only my lips are sealed.
All I can now perceive

re-echo in my soul
is the "Tallith-Katan"
and the "Yellow Star"
behind us. The shred of cloth
wordlessly asking: Why us?
Why Me?

Bewildered, I am pushed forward
to the blank candles
with the burning red flames
to the blank pale faces
with the burning red eyes.
And told to say, to pray:
"El Mole Rachamim" --
"Merciful G-d In Heaven"...
I start to sing the words
mumble and stop.
Nonsense! A voice in me
rebels, shouts:
The man who wrote this prayer
was never in Block Twenty-Seven.

My lips refuse to open
my vocal cords tighten like a knot.
My heart beats like a drum, wild,
furiously angry, mad...

My whole body shivers,
shakes violently.
A thousand voices inside me scream:
O G-d!
Is this the mountain top
I was climbing to reach You?
Is this Your "Infinite Mercy"
to those "upright and blameless
souls?"

I feel two arms embrace me
trembling to the beat of my heart,
the touch of his hands
pulls me up from the pit
of darkness, His eyes sparkle,
I see myself reflected in his tears.
The blank faces change,
become friendly, dear, close again.
Their lips move in unison;
Yisgadal Ve Yiskadash" --
Glorified and Sanctified..."
Their voices burst into song;
"Am Yisroel Chai!"

The "Yellow Star," the "Tallith Katan"
in the glass display case
and I, who died just a while ago
join in the singing...
We leave Block Twenty-Seven
With our eyes burning
with hearts like
blocks of steel.
But, our unity of bodies,
the spirit to survive,
to carry with us the memory
of Block Twenty-Seven,
is stronger than the steel,
concrete and stone of this
Jew-block in Auschwitz...

וקבצתי אתכם

VEKITBATSTI ETKHEM
Ezekiel 11:17
Psalm 122:3-4

Haim Alexander

Thus said the Lord God:
I will gather you from the peoples
And assemble you out of the countries
Where you have been scattered,
And I will give you the land of Israel.

Our feet stood up inside your gates,
O Jerusalem,
Jerusalem built up, a city knit together,
To which the tribes of the Lord
Would make pilgrimage,
To praise the name of the Lord.

Wail, wail, my soul, cry
Cry out, daughter of Israel
Raise a lament, wail and cry --
For the fire that has devastated our people.

For the premeditated slaughter --
Old ones and young ones.
Innocents -- all!

For the heroic ones
Who fought and fell --
Their light shines in glory forever.
We will remember for all eternity.

For a broken people, we raise a lament --
Pangs of grief, enveloped by catastrophe
Will hatred blacken forever
And light never break out?

Y.L. Bialer, Warsaw

Wail, Zion, and her cities
Like a woman in labor pain
Like a maiden wearing sackcloth
For the husband of her youth.

Arr. L. Lewandowski

חבלי משיח

HEVLEI MASHIAH

Naomi Shemer

Whenever I lose my way,
In my heart, like an amulet,
I always have a little song:

These are the birth pangs of redemption.
It is coming -- even today.

There are those who sing from across the silence.
Perhaps their lips aren't moving,
But their voices will be heard.

Sometimes I absorb blow after blow,
And when things are bad for me,
Especially then, I sing.

If I arrive at the house near the cypress grove.
Someone will serve me water,
And with the last of my strength, I will again sing.

Zemer Chai, whose name means "living song," is a volunteer choral arts society dedicated to sharing the rich cultural heritage of the Jewish people through Jewish music. Since 1976, Zemer Chai has brought this wonderful variety of Jewish music to many communities, including Washington, Baltimore, Boston, and New York. In 1983 and 1988, Zemer Chai was privileged to represent the Washington Jewish community at Israel's International Choral Festival.

Eleanor Epstein, founded Zemer Chai in 1976 and has continued as its conductor. A composer and arranger of Jewish music, her arrangements have been performed by many Jewish choirs.

THE HOLOCAUST KADDISH

ve-yit-nasei ve-yithadar
Majdanek, Mauthausen,
Minsk, Natzweiler, Neuengamme

וַיִּתְּנָשָׂא וַיִּתְּהַדָּר

ve-yitaleh ve-yithalal
Ohrdruf, Plashov,
Papenburg, Ponary

וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל

shmei d'kudsha b'rikh hu
Prague, Radom,
Ravensbruck, Rehmsdorf, Riga

שְׁמֵי דִּקְדוּשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא

l'eila
Sachsenburg, Sachsenhausen,
San Sabba, Shauliai

לְעֵילָא

min kol birkhata v'shirata
Skarzysko Kamienna, Sobibor, Stutthof

מִן כָּל בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא

tush-bekhata ve-nekhemata
Therezienstadt, Transnistria,
Treblinka, Vilna

תוֹשְׁבֵיכָתָא וְנִחְמָתָא

da-amiran b'alma
Viavara, Warsaw, Zemun, Zhitomir,
and the scores of other camps

דִּיאֲמִירָן בְּעֵלְמָא

v'imru amen.
Yehei shlama raba
min shmaya
ve-khayim aleinu
v'al kol yisrael
v'imru amen.

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מְדֻשְׁמֵי, וְחַיִּים

עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Oseh shalom
bim-romav
hu ya-aseh shalom
aleinu ve-al kol
yisrael ve-imru
amen.

עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו

הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם

עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל,

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Yit-gadal
Auschwitz-Birkenau-Buna,
Balanowka, Belsen

יִתְגַּדֵּל

ve-yit-kadash
Belzec, Bialystok, Babi Yar,

וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ

shmei raba
Bochni, Bogdanovka, Buchenwald

שְׁמֵי רַבָּא

b'alma divra khir-utei
Chelmno, Cracow, Dachau

בְּעֵלְמָא דִּירְבָּרָא כִרְעוּתָהּ

v'yamlikh mal-khutei
Dakovo, Danica, Dora

וַיַּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ

be-khayei-khon uv'yomei-khon
Dumanovka, Ebensee,
Edineti, Flossenburg

בְּחַיֵּיכֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכֹן

uv'khayei di-khol beit yisrael
Gross Rosen, Gunskirchen, Gurs

וּבְחַיֵּי דִּירְכָּל-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל

ba-agala u-vizman kariv
Herzogenbusch, Iasi,
Jadovno, Kaiserwald

בְּעֻגְלָא וּבְזִמָּן קָרִיב

v'imru amen.
Yehei shmei raba m'vorakh
l'olam ul'olmei alma-ya

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵי רַבָּא מְבֹרָךְ

לְעָלָם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא

Yitbarakh ve-yishtabakh
Kamenets-Podolsk, Kishenev,
Kovno, Klooga

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח

ve-yitpa-ar ve-yitromam
Lodz, Lubin, Lublin,
Lvov, Lyons

וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרֹמֵם

Partisan Song

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg,
Khotsh himlen blayene
farshteln bloye teg.
Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho-
Es vet a poyk ton undzer trot-mir
zaynen dol

Never say that you are going your last way,
though lead-filled skies above
blot out the blue of day.
The hour for which we long
will certainly appear.
The earth shall thunder 'neath our tread
That we are here!

Es vet di morgnzun bagildn undz dem haynt,
Un der nekhtn vet farshvindn mitn faynd,
Nor oyb farzamen vet di zun in dem kayor-
Vi a parol zol geyn
dos lid fun dor tsu dor.

The early morning sun will brighten our day,
And yesterday with our foe will fade away.
But if the sun delays and in the east remains
This song as password generations must
maintain.

Dos lid geshribn iz mit blut un nit mit blay.
S'iz nit keyn lidl fun a foygl af der fray.
Dos hot a folk tsvishn falndike vent
Dos lid gezungen
mit naganes in di hent!

This song was written with our blood
and not with lead
It's not a little tune that birds sing overhead,
This song a people sang amid collapsing walls,
With grenades in hands they heeded to the call.

Hatikvah

Kol od balevav penimah
Nefesh yehudi homiyah;
Ulfatei mizrach kadimah
Ayin letziyon tsofiyah;
Od lo avdah tikvateinu
Hatikvah shnot alpayim
Lihyot am hofshi beartzeinu
Eretz tziyon virushalayim

So long as still within our breasts
The Jewish heart beats true;
And so long as still toward the East
To Zion, looks the Jew;
So long as our hopes are not yet lost--
Two thousand years we cherished them--
To be a free people in our land,
The land of Zion and Jerusalem

Sponsored by
THE JEWISH COMMUNITY COUNCIL OF GREATER WASHINGTON

Marcia Weinberg, President
Murray Tenenbaum, Executive Director
Michael Eric Siegel, Chairman, Holocaust Committee
Samuel H. Sislen, Director of International Affairs

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND THANKS:

Regina Spiegel, President
Jewish Holocaust Survivors and Friends of Greater Washington

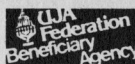
Marilyn Falick, President
The Generation After

Flora Singer, Louis Korman, Ed Godin,
Alan Reinitz, Diane Lipson Schilit
Candlelighting Ceremony and Special Arrangements

Candles provided by Shaul's Kosher Market

The Jewish Community Council of Greater Washington thanks
the B'nai Israel Congregation for hosting the community-wide observance
of Yom HaShoah V'Hagvurah

One of the most profound ways in which the Jewish People
has responded to the experience of death has been through
an intensification of their commitment to life and to
solidarity with their fellow Jews. That solidarity and
commitment can be expressed through a gift to the
United Jewish Appeal Federation





Yom Hashoah V'Hagvurah

Heroes and Martyrs Day

Community-Wide
Memorial Observance

Sunday, April 22, 1990
3:00 P.M.

OHR KODESH CONGREGATION

Sponsored by the Jewish Community Council of Greater Washington,
a beneficiary agency of UJA Federation of Greater Washington

PROGRAM

National Anthem

Welcome	Stanley M. Cohen
Candlelighting Ceremony	Jewish Holocaust Survivors & Friends of Greater Washington The Generation After Grandchildren of Survivors
Ani Ma'Amin	Led by Cantor Edwin Gerber
Selected Readings	Jewish Holocaust Survivors & Friends of Greater Washington & The Generation After Flora Singer and Naomi Rosen
"Song of the Yellow Patch" H. Leivick A Selection from <u>One Generation After</u> Elie Wiesel "A Letter in the Night" H. Wygodzki	Louis Korman Iris Korman
Responsive Reading	Rabbi Lyle Fishman
Choral Selections "Underground" from <u>My Neighbor, My Friend</u> by Ruth Sragow Newhouse "Neyn, Neyn, Neyn"	Hebrew Day Institute Choir Ruth Newhouse, Conductor
"The Victim and the Witness"	Herman Taube
Introduction	Stephen N. Gell
Main Address	Allan A. Ryan, Jr., Former Director, Office of Special Investigations of U.S. Department of Justice
El Moleh Rachamim	Cantor Edwin Gerber
Kaddish	Rabbi Lyle Fishman Herman Taube
The Legacy of the Holocaust Survivors The Pledge of Acceptance of the Second Generation	Nesse Godin Alan Reinitz
Zog Nit Keinmol	
Hatikvah	

Candlelighting Ceremony

Survivors	Children of Survivors	Grandchildren
Esther Brauner Teresa Lovei/Livia Feher Abe Fridling Isaac Gendelman Hannah Green Felix Nudel	Bernie Brauner Susan Feher David Fridling Joycee Giberman Regina Berthold Martha Levin	Jamie Brauner Galit Levy Lauren & Rebecca Fridling Ari & Rachel Giberman Arlene Elfen Adam & Sala Levin

We pay special tribute to the late Irwin Thieberger of Jewish Holocaust Survivors and Friends of Greater Washington who hand-crafted the special Menorah used in today's observance.

Ani Ma'amin

Ani Ma'amin	I believe
Be'emuna shleima	with perfect faith
Beviyat ha Mashiyach	In the coming of the Messiah,
Ani Ma'amin	I believe
Veaf al pi sheyitnameya	and although he tarry
Im kol ze ani Ma'amin	In spite of it all I believe

Responsive Reading

"A CARTLOAD OF SHOES"

READER:	The wheels hurry onward, onward, what do they carry? They carry a carload of shivering shoes.
Congregation:	The wagon like a canopy in the evening light; The shoes -- clustered like people in a dance. A wedding, a holiday? Has something blinded my eyes? The shoes -- I seem to recognize them. The heels go tapping with a clatter and a din, From our old Vilna streets they drive us to Berlin. I should not ask, but something tears at my tongue Shoes, tell me the truth, where are they, the feet? The feet from those boots with buttons like dew -- And here, where is the body, and there, where is the bride? Where is the child to fill those shoes Why has the bride gone barefoot? Through the slippers and the boots I see those my mother used to wear She kept them for the Sabbath, her favorite pair. All Together:
	And the heels go tapping: with a clatter and a din, From our old Vilna streets, they drive us to Berlin.

The Victim and the Witness

Herman Taube

To: Chiel Mayer Rajchman

Rejected by mankind, the condemned do not go so far as to reject it in turn. Their faith in history remains unshaken, and one may well wonder why. They do not despair. The proof: they persist in surviving - not only to survive, but to testify.

The victims elect to become witnesses.

\Elie Wiesel\

Despite riches and success,
his life is not fulfilled.
Deep down his blue eyes behold
a sadness, a reminder of savagery
he experienced in Treblinka.

He is haunted by the memories
of suffering and death of his
family, of war, of pestilence,
of Lodz ghetto, the ruins of Warsaw,
martyrdom, revolt, of escape.

He tried to place his life-story
on paper: The running, hiding,
the mercy of Poles who took him in,
the stabs of affliction he endured
by peasants mad with hatred.

But his pen was too poor, he traveled
from Montevideo, Uruguay, to the
U.S. Holocaust Museum in Washington,
to share his life-story with us:
For the world to hear and remember.

He sits in front of a T.V. camera.
In an unruffled voice he shares his
stories with a landsman from Lodz.
He begins like a cantor on Tisha B'Av
chanting the Lamentations: Eycho? Why?

He speaks of the trains coming day and night
barbers cutting womens hair,commandos sorting
clothing, he speaks of his sister taken to
the gas-chambers and the smoke-spewing
chimneys of Concentration Camp Treblinka

As he speaks, his face is transformed
in a grimace, his body trembling,
his eyes blurred, dim with tears;
My sister was begging for a crumb of bread
and I asked her to save it for tomorrow....

While Chiel speaks of the cruelties of
Ivan Demianjuk and other savage guards
I feel the pulsating of my heart,my mind
is dizzy with the realization that he
is speaking of my own city, my family.

I feel a lump in my throat and can hardly
continue. Perplexed, I listen to Chiel
continue: When the guards with iron sticks
and clubs and whips were beating us,
we were silent, numb, unable to move.

Now, almost five decades later, the horrors
are returning, they haunt us, demand of us
our, their story: The monstrous inhumanity
of Demianjuk must be recorded for the future,
A warning: If we forget, it will happen again..

דער קרבן און דער עדות

• פון הערשל טאובע / וואשינגטאן, די. סי.

יחיאל מאיר רייכמאן:

"פון דער מנוסת היים פארשטייט, נייען נישט די פארשטיילטע דעם חנן פון אפמארגן,
אומאנדלען. זייער אמונה אין געשיכטע איז געבליבן איין-שטארק, פון וואנדער'ס נישט
וואס איבער די תשי"ט נישט קיין ייאוש. א שימן: זייער הייל-אויסדרייט אימערלעבן,
אויסגעהאלטן און ערש וואגן.
דער קרבן האט באשטימט צו זיין דער עדות."

אלעזר הייזל

טראץ דערגרייכטע עשירות און דערפאלג,
טראגט ער אין זיין הארץ א לאסט אומרו,
טיפ אין זיינע בלויע אויגן שפיגלט טרויער,
ווי הויך און ווייט ער זאל נישט שטייגן
פירן וועגן אים צוריק צו טרעבלינקע.

אין די זוניקע מאנטעווידעא, אורוגוואי,
פארפאלגן אים קאשמארן, בושעווען זכרונות
פון מלחמה ליידן, הונגער, אומקום פון משפחה,
דאס אנטלויפן פון לאדזש, חורבן ווארשע,
א שטאט אין פלאמען, א פאלק אין אויפשטאנד.

ער האט געפרוואוּט פארשרייבן זיינע מעמוארן
אויף פאפיר, דאס שטענדיקע לויפן, באהאלטן,
די אומפריינדלעכע פוילישע שלאכן, דאס בלאנקען
צווישן העלפענדיקע און פיינטלעכע פאלאקן.
קרייצוועגן פול מיט געפאר, געראנגל מיט שרעק.

אבער זיין מעדער איז צו ארעם אויסצודריקן
די ליידן פון מאמעס מיט זויג-קינדער און
זייערע ארעמס, א קלומעק, שמאטעס אויף די אקסלען, --
געטריבענע צו די מערדישע צוגן מיט קאלבעס,
מיט בייטשן, מיט אנגערייצטע הינט און וואכן.

האט ער באשלאסן צו טיילן זיין ליידנס-געשיכטע
מיט דעם אמעריקאנער חורבן מוזעאום אין וואשינגטאן.
זיצט יחיאל מאיר אין א טעלעוויזיע סטודיע און
טיילט זיך מיט זיינע איבערלעבונגען מיט מיר.
ווי א חזן תשעה-באב, הויבט ער אן: איכה. לארוואס!

ער דערציילט וועגן צוגן, פארזיגעלטע וואגאנעס,
וועלכע פירן אידן טאג און נאכט צו טרעבלינקע.
אויפן וועג צו די רויך-שפייענדיקע אויוונט
שערן פריזירער פרויען האר. ביים סארטירן קליידער
פון די קרבנות האט ער געמוזט זיין שוועסטער'ס מאנטל

ווען ער דערמאנט זיין שוועסטער, פארוואנדלט זיך
זיין פנים אין א צארנדיקע העוויה פון טיפן צער,
פון זיינע בלויע אויגנרונדן טריפן טערען:
מיין שוועסטער האט גע'חלש'ט נאך א ביסן ברויט, האב
איר איר געהייסן צו האבן געדולד ביז מארגן...

ווען יחיאל רעדט וועגן די גרוילזאמקייטן פון
דעמאניקן, די מערדער-מעשים פון זיינע העלפער,
דערפיל איר א הארצקלעמעניש און קאפ-שווינדל.
די פארפייניקטע און געשענדעטע לייבער זענען
דאך פוילישע אידן, מיין שטאט, מיין משפחה.

א קנויט לייגט זיך ווי א פעטליע ארום מיין האלדז,
מיר ווערט שווער צו פירן דעם אינטערוויו.
אן אויפגעטרייסלטער זיך איר שטום און לאז אים
דערציילן, וועגן קלעפ מיט אייזערנע שטאנגען,
דאס שווייגן פון געליימטע, צעשלאגענע קרבנות.

איצט, כמעט מיט א האלבן יארהונדערט שפעטער,
פארפאלגן מיר די קאשמארן, בעטן, פאדערן: דערצייל!
זאל די וועלט וויסן וועגן די דעמאניקס,
זאל די וועלט וויסן ווי האלב-טויטע אידן האבן
געמאכט אן אויפשטאנד קעגן די נאצי-מערדער.

יחיאל מאיר רייכמאן, א קלוגער, איידעלער מענטש,
פרעגט און ענטפערט זיך אליין. וואס איז דער צוועק
פון אויפרייסן וואונדן און קומען. דא עדות זאגן?
דער היינטיקער דור געדענקט אונדז ווי פליטים
וועלכע האבן איבערגעלעבט א מלחמה, א חורבן.

ווער אבער וועט געדענקען די אכט הונדערט טויזנט
אומגעקומענע אידן אין טרעבלינקע? מיין חוב איז
צו דערציילן זייערע ליידן און אומקום. זיי רעדן
דורך מיין שטימע. זיי פאדערן: געדענקט אונדז!
איר ב'ן דער קרבן. איר ב'ן זייער עדות. זכור!

The Holocaust Kaddish

Congregation rises

Yit-gadal
Lodz
ve-yit-kadash
Gurs
shmei raba
Warsaw
b'alma divra khri'uta
Bogdanovka
ve-yamlikh mal-khutei
Ravensbruck
be-hayei-khon uve' yomei-khon
Vilna
uve-hayei di-khol beit yisrael
Treblinka
b-agala u-vizmon kariv
Chelmno
v imru amen
Ye-hei shmei rabo mevo-rach l'olam
u'l'olmei olma-ya

Yit-barakh ve-yish-tabah
Belzec
ve-yit-pa'ar ve-yitromam
Buchenwald
ve-yitnasei ve-yit-hador
Sobibor
ve-yit'aleh ve-yit-halal
Maidanek
shmei di-kudsha brikh hu
Mauthausen
l'eila
Babi yar

mikol bir-khata ve-shirata
Bergen-Belsen
tush-be-hata ve-nehe-mata
Dachau
da-amiran b'alma
Auschwitz
v'imru amen.

Ye-hei shlama raba min shmaya
ve-hayim aleinu v'al kol yisrael
v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav hu ya'aseh
shalom aleinu v'al kol
yisrael v'imru amen.

יְתַגְדֵּל

Lodz

וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ

Gurs

שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,

Warsaw

בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.

Bogdanovka

וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ

Ravensbruck

בְּחַיֵּיכֶן וּבְיוֹמֵיכֶן

Vilna

וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל

Treblinka

בְּעָגְלָא וּבּוֹמָן קָרִיב.

Chelmno

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ

Belzec

לְעָלָם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמָיא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח

Buchenwald

וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר

Sobibor

וְיִתְעַלָּה וְיִתְהַלָּל

Maidanek

שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא.

Mauthausen

לְעֵלָא

Babi Yar

מְכַל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא.

Bergen-Belsen

תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא

Dachau

דְּאָמִירָן בְּעָלְמָא.

Auschwitz

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמָיא

וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל,

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

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עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְמוֹיו, הוּא

יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל,

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The Legacy

We take this oath! We take it in the shadows of flames, whose tongues scar the soul of our people; we vow in the name of our dead parents and children; we vow with our sadness hidden, our faith renewed; we vow we shall never let the sacred memory of our perished six million of our brethren be forgotten or erased.

We saw them hungry, in fear, we saw them in the loneliness of night, we saw them at the threshold of death; true to their faith. We received their silence in silence, we merged their tears with ours, we are the remaining witnesses.

Of deportations, executions, mass graves, death camps, mute prayers and cries of revolt. The young, the old, the rich and the poor. The ghetto fighters, the partisans, the scholars and the messianic dreamers, the tradesmen and businessmen, the Chassidim and Misnagdim. Like a cloud we saw them vanish.

We take this oath! Vision becomes word, to be handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, handed down from generation to generation.

Zachor, remember what the Nazi murderers and their accomplices did to our Jewish people. Remember them with rage and contempt. Remember what an indifferent world did to us and to itself. We also must remember the good deeds of the righteous gentiles.

In 1981 we took this oath in Israel near the Kotel. There we handed down a legacy to our children in the shadows of the flames of six symbolic candles. Tonight, at this assembly in 1990, we reaffirm our oath in the shadows of the flames of these six Yartzheit candles honoring the memory of our six million, Acheinu B'nai Yisrael, our Jewish brethren.

We take this oath! Our memory should become words, words of history of the Holocaust to be handed down from generation to generation. Medor ledor unsere kdoshim mir velen eich keinmol nit fargesen.

The Pledge of Acceptance

We, who are your sons and daughters, belong to a generation where every attempt was made for us never to exist. We, who represent your victory and your triumph over evil of unthinkable dimensions, accept the responsibility to preserve and protect the legacy of the Holocaust.

We pledge to commemorate.

We pledge to educate.

We pledge to forever remember.

We pledge to you, our mothers and fathers, who suffered in ways which words cannot describe, that our commitment is an everlasting commitment for this generation and for every generation to come.

We dedicate this pledge to our beloved grandmothers and grandfathers, who never lived to see us.

We dedicate this pledge to our aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers, and sisters, who are forever missing from our lives.

We dedicate this pledge to all the six million Jewish men, women and children who were so brutally murdered, but who will always be in our thoughts and in our hearts.

עשה שלום במרום, הוא יעשה
שלום עלינו ועל כל ישראל,
ואמרו אמן.

Partisan Song

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

Es vet di morgnzun bagildn undz dem haynt,
Un der nekhtn vet farshvindn mitn faynd,
Nor oyb farzamen vet di zun in dem kayor-
Vi a parol zol geyn dos lid fun dor tsu dor.

Dos lid geshribn iz mit blut un nit mit blay.
S'iz nit keyn lidl fun a foygl af der fray.
Dos hot a folk tsvishn falndike vent
Dos lid gezungen mit naganes in di hent!

Never say that you are going your last way.
though lead-filled skies above blot out the blue of day.
The hour for which we long will certainly appear.
The earth shall thunder neath our tread;
That we are here!

The early morning sun will brighten our day,
And yesterday with our foe will fade away.
But if the sun delays and in the east remains -
This song as password generations must maintain.

This song was written with our blood and not with lead
It's not a little tune that birds sing overhead,
This song a people sang amid collapsing walls,
With grenades in hands they heeded to the call.

Hatikvah

Kol od balevav penimah
Nefesh yehudi homiyah:
Ulfatei mizrach kadimah
Ayin letziyon tzofiyah
Od lo avdah tikvateinu
Hatikvah shnot alpayim
Lihyot am hofshi beartzeinu
Eretz tziyon virushalayim.

So long as still within our breasts
The Jewish heart beats true,
So long as still towards the East
To Zion, looks the Jew.
So long as our hopes are not yet lost—
Two thousand years we cherished them—
To live in freedom in the land
Of Zion and Jerusalem.

Sponsored by

JEWISH COMMUNITY COUNCIL OF GREATER WASHINGTON

Stephen N. Gell, President

Murray Tenenbaum, Executive Director

Stanley M. Cohen, Chairman, Holocaust Committee

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND THANKS:

Nesse Godin, President

Jewish Holocaust Survivors and Friends of Greater Washington

Alan Reinitz, President

The Generation After

Ed Godin

Louis Korman

Candlelighting Ceremony and Special Arrangements

One of the most profound ways in which the Jewish People have responded to this experience of death has been through an intensification of their commitment to life and to solidarity with their fellow Jews. This solidarity and commitment can be expressed through a contribution to the
United Jewish Appeal Federation

REMARKS BY
MAX M. KAMPELMAN
TO THE
JEWISH COMMUNITY COUNCIL OF GREATER WASHINGTON
YOM HASHOAH V'HAGVURAH

Washington, DC

April 29, 1992

This is a day for introspection. It is a day for questioning; a time to bring memories and their meaning into sharper focus. From the beginning of Man's presence on earth, we have engaged in a unique search for answers to that terribly perplexing word "why?" Why are we here? Why do we act as we do? Why is memory such an important part of our lives? Why are we often cruel to each other? Why does God permit such cruelty? Why?

Some of the most profound writings and thoughts and pronouncements of the human being since the beginning of recorded history have arisen out of that deeply puzzling "why"? The story of our evolving civilization may well be based on the perpetual search for answers to the many "whys" that have plagued and tantalized our lives. We have found the answers to

countless numbers of those "whys"; and that explains the immense knowledge we have accumulated in the fields of science, industry, communication, technology. We have every reason to be proud of that knowledge and of the many men and women who have contributed their creative energies and minds and talents to help us uncover and even utilize that knowledge. But the truth is that our knowledge is only a drop while our ignorance remains a vast ocean.

In simple terms, we have learned to fly in the air like birds; to travel in deep waters like fish; but how to live and love on our small planet like brothers and sisters still eludes us.

Why?

Within that context, the Holocaust takes on awesome and awful dimensions. If human beings are capable of such gross and evil cruelty to other men, women and children who have done them no harm, what does that tell us about the future of the human race? Is it any wonder that vast numbers, looking upon that phenomenon of irrational hatred and mass murder, ask themselves how God, if there is a God, can permit such savagery; and then conclude that there is no God? This questioning becomes inevitable when we further consider that those guilty of that

perversity were products of a culture that produced and enriched the world with great music, literature, religion, art. Is there then no connection between culture in the sense that we humans have come to respect and admire and take comfort in it, on the one hand, and civilized human behavior of one human being toward another, as we have come to define and aspire toward it, on the other hand?

Is the human being such a divided and conflicted animal? Are our parts so unrelated to one another? If there is a God, we have every reason to ask, what has He created?

These are proper questions to address on this day that we have disciplined ourselves to set aside so as to remember the Holocaust and the evil that Man is capable of inflicting upon Man. For some in this room, that memory is never absent. For others, born in this country and raised and trained in the optimism of the American ethic, we did not believe it until it was unforgivingly too late to stop it. We, too, and our children must never forget.

It is important here to note that our effort not to forget is not that we seek not to forgive. Forgiveness is not the issue. There are very few still alive today whom we can forgive. The perpetrators of the evil are themselves dead or

dying and their children are not to be held responsible for the sins of their fathers. The need to remember is furthermore not designed to match hatred with hatred. It is rather to explore what we can learn about ourselves, our God, our relationships, our world. But we still ask "why?" We still wonder how a god of justice and righteousness can permit a holocaust to take place.

Our answers to these questions must be personal, just as pain and suffering and tragedy are inherently personal experiences. It is also understandable that many of our attempted answers have become mystical in nature. Paul Johnson, in his epic History of the Jews, applauds the contribution of the Jewish people over the ages to the concept of justice, equality, social responsibility, dignity -- indeed, to the primacy of reason and rationality. Yet, while America and France in the 18th and 19th centuries, for example, proclaimed the supremacy of liberty, the British Parliament rejected the concept of liberty for Jews and Pope Pius VI in Rome condemned the Jews of that city to public disgrace. Is it any wonder that the Jew came to doubt the power of rationalism and turned inward into the mystical depths of his own religion.

Our rabbis found a unique way to come to terms with the apparent conflicting duality of the human being and the mystery

of our relationship to the universe and to the God of Israel. They explained that the quarrel of Man with God had a long Jewish history and was, indeed, encouraged by the Lord. Abraham interceded against God for Sodom. Moses interceded against God for those who built the golden calf. Job called God to account for the personal indignities he suffered. Jeremiah, it seems, lived his whole life in a perpetual quarrel with God.

Elie Wiesel explained all this as a tradition which permits Man to quarrel and challenge the Lord, provided it is on behalf of Man.

The tale is told of the Rabbi on Yom Kippur whose challenge took the form of saying: "True, I have sinned. But what about you, oh God? What about the suffering of innocents, unjust persecution, the triumph of evil? Let's call it quits, You forgive me, oh God, and I will forgive you!" To which Rabbi Levi Isaac is reported to have responded: "No! No! You let Him off too easy!"

The learned Hassidic Rabbi Levi-Yitzhak of Berditchev once warned God: "If you refuse to answer our prayers, I shall refuse to go on saying them!" One day, in exasperation, he addressed God: "Master of the Universe, how many years do we know each other? How many decades? So, please permit me to wonder: Is this any way to rule your world?"

A more polite expression came from the lips of a remarkably sensitive survivor of Bergen-Belsen, Mr. Josef Rosenzaft, who, in responding to a reporter's question of how he felt about God said: "I don't want to get involved. But a medal I wouldn't give Him!"

To all of which Rabbi Bernard Mandelbaum, then at The Jewish Theological Seminary, wrote a book which he called Enough Blaming of God.

So where do we turn for some insights on the dilemma we face as we become overwhelmed by the questions?

I have found it helpful to begin with the Talmudic reference to Rabbi Ben Azzai's assertion that the most important verse in the whole Bible is the one from the Book of Genesis stating that Man was created in the divine image. The Sages pointed out that among the first questions in the Talmud is "When may morning prayers be recited?" After midnight? Before dawn? After dawn? The answer the Rabbis gave us is that one recited the morning prayers when there is enough light for a man to recognize his brother. And why, the Sages asked, was only one Man created? So that each of us has the same ancestor and no one can claim superiority over another, was the response. A

further rabbinic story refers to the Haggadah tale of the Egyptian armies drowning in the Sea of Reeds. The angels in heaven began to sing the praises of the Lord. And the Lord rebuked them by saying, "My children are drowning and you would nevertheless sing?"

The ancient tribes of Israel made a profound contribution to civilization when they proclaimed that there was only one God. This was at a time when the prevailing view of their neighbors was that there were many gods. If there is only one God, then we are all of us His children and thus brothers and sisters to one another. The "Sh'ma Yisroel", the holiest and most repeated of Jewish prayers ("Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One"), symbolizes the essence of that message.

In recent years, I have on occasion been called upon to serve our Government and much of that service required me to be overseas during our important religious holidays. I have, therefore, been at services in London, Geneva, Brussels, Paris, Madrid, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Israel, Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Helsinki, Vienna, Bucharest, Budapest, Prague, Belgrade, Sydney in Australia, Johannesburg in South Africa and Salisbury in Zimbabwe. It is inspiring wherever we may be as Jews and whatever language may be spoken, to hear the familiar ring and message of the Sh'ma, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It is our common language and declaration of faith as Jews.

Here, in this doctrine of human brotherhood, we have the essence of our religious creed, the spiritual basis of our evolving civilization. Here, too, are the moral roots of political democracy.

But this is only a part of Jewish teaching and theology, that part consistent with the belief that Man was made in the image of God. But it is not enough and we must never forget that an image is not necessarily the reality. It is evident that the perception of Man as God-like cannot explain Man's continued capacity for cruelty against Man and Nature.

The philosophic notion of the coexistence of good and evil is found in many ancient civilizations, but it is particularly strong in the writings of the Jewish teachers. The Jewish scholars, indeed, taught that there is in each one of us an ingredient in the heart and soul which is good and God-like. But, they continued, there is also in each one of us an ingredient which is destructive and "evil". The sages defined it as "yaitzer hatov" and "yaitzer hara". The Protestant theologian Reinhold Niebuhr called it "Children of Light and Children of Darkness." Freud and others based their understanding of Man on this insight. The more we study the biology, physiology and chemistry of the human brain, the more

do we see its contradictions and complexity. And this dichotomy in Man means the good and the evil is also intrinsic to the societies created by Man.

The history of civilization then becomes a process to strengthen the "yaitzer hatov" within us, our children, our families, the societies we create. Human beings can be rational, creative, wise, generous; but they can be stupid, selfish, cruel and sinful. This is the real meaning of the evolutionary challenge, the climbing of Jacob's ladder to the heavens. One might say also that it is the evolution of the species homo sapien to that of the species human being. There have been struggles. There will continue to be struggles against the "yaitzer hara" within us.

How else can we explain human brutality except as an expression of that destructive drive? How else can we understand the Holocaust, or the cruelty of the old Stalinist system? If there is one thing that history has taught us, it is that we ignore the dark side of Man only at our peril. The Age of Reason expressed the highest aspirations of man's enlightened nature -- but it did not account for his contrary impulses. We have the capacity to reach for the stars, but we do so with our feet deep in the dirt of the earth. The Talmud said it this way: "This people is compared to stars. When it sinks, it sinks into the very dust; when it rises it rises to the very stars."

Here then is the essence of the Jewish message, the Jewish answer to the innumerable questions of "why?" Human beings are indeed children of God, made in the image of God and capable of in time maturing to God-like dimensions. The achievement of human brotherhood is the goal of our religious ethic. Democracy is the political embodiment of that ethic, and the dramatic worldwide movement toward freedom and democracy is rooted in that deep inner human drive which we must encourage and foster.

But our religious ethic also recognizes the "yaitzer hara", the existence of evil, which must be identified and then resisted. To fight evil where it exists, whether it be the Jew who is the victim or a non-Jew, is our responsibility as much as it is our responsibility to champion the cause of human brotherhood.

Let us this evening, as we remember the Holocaust and the evil it represents, take heart from the essence of our religious ethic. The future for the human race lies with liberty, human dignity, and democracy -- because the children of God deserve no less. The human spirit is evolving toward a higher form of community and our religious values provide the moral foundation to guide that journey. To preserve and expand these values, the fulfillment of our religious ethic, is our special

responsibility as Jews. We should look upon it as an exciting opportunity. It is the reason we have been chosen to survive over the ages and avoided becoming just a footnote in the pages of history.

That, my friends, is the message of Judaism and the lesson of the Holocaust for our time.

Thank you.



**JEWISH
COMMUNITY
COUNCIL
OF GREATER WASHINGTON**

1522 K STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C., 20005 • (202) 347-4628 • FAX: (202) 737-3257

April 30, 1992

Ambassador Max Kampelman
1001 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.
Suite 800
Washington, D.C. 20004

Dear Max:

Our annual Yom HaShoah memorial was enhanced by your participation and we are most grateful to you.

The hundreds of area families who came together to mark Yom HaShoah found the ceremony moving and your remarks both appropriate and poignant.

The memory of those who perished in the Holocaust were honored by your participation.

The Jewish Community Council feels privileged by your attendance and support.

Sincerely,

Marcia

Marcia Weinberg
President

[Signature]

Murray Tenenbaum
Executive Director

Devoted to community relations, information and action on behalf of 220 synagogues and Jewish organizations in the District of Columbia, suburban Maryland and Northern Virginia. A beneficiary of the UJA Federation of Greater Washington

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American Red Magen David for Israel
Capital Region

American Technion Society

- Washington Chapter
- Women's Division Washington Chapter

Americans For A Safe Israel

Arlington-Fairfax Jewish Congregation

Arlington-Fairfax Jewish Congregation
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Congregations of Greater Washington

Association of Reform Zionists of America,
Washington, DC Chapter

B'nai B'rith

- National Capital Association
- Argo Unit #5399
- Bethesda-Chevy Chase Lodge #2917
- Brotherhood Lodge #1425
- Chesapeake Unit #5436
- Free State Lodge #2379
- Independence Lodge #1778
- John F. Kennedy Unit #5355
- Montgomery Lodge #1499
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B'nai B'rith Northern Virginia Council

- Benjamin N. Cardozo Lodge #1314
- Masada Lodge #3128
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- Abram Simon Chapter
- Max N. Kroloff Chapter
- Mitzvah Chapter
- Silver Chapter

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BB/BBW Homecrest Unit

B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations

- American University
- George Washington University

B'nai Israel Congregation

B'nai Israel Congregation Men's Club

B'nai Israel Congregation Sisterhood

B'nai Shalom of Olney

Beth Chai

Beth El Hebrew Congregation

Beth Israel Congregation, Lexington Park

Beth Shalom Congregation & Talmud Torah

Beth Shalom Congregation & Talmud Torah
Ladies Auxiliary

Beth Tikva Synagogue

Beth Torah Congregation

Bethesda-Chevy Chase Jewish
Community Group

Bethesda Jewish Congregation

Cantors Association of Greater Washington

Charles E. Smith Jewish Day School

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County

Congregation Beth Emeth

Congregation Har Shalom

Congregation Har Tzeon-Agudath Achim

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Council of Jewish Single Adult Clubs

District of Columbia Jewish

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Generation After (The)

Gesher Jewish Day School

Greater Washington Aliyah Council

Hadassah

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- Aliyah Group
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- Aviva Group
- Bat Tzion Group
- Bialik Group
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- Kadimah Group
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- Simcha Group
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Hadassah - Northern Seaboard Region

Northern Virginia Chapter

Hebrew Academy of Greater Washington

Hebrew Day Institute

Hebrew Free Burial Society

Hebrew Home of Greater Washington

Hebrew Home of Greater Washington
Men's Club

Hebrew Home of Greater Washington

Women's Auxiliary

International Association of

Jewish Lawyers and Jurists, American
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Jewish Campus Activities Board

Jewish Community Center of
Greater Washington

Jewish Council for the Aging
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Washington, Inc. Auxiliary

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Jewish Genealogy Society of Greater
Washington

Jewish Historical Society of
Greater Washington

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Jewish Holocaust Survivors and Friends of
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Jewish War Veterans

- Department of DC
- Post #58
- Post #381
- Post #589
- Department of Maryland Post #692
- Department of Maryland Post #567
- National Ladies Auxiliary #58

Kehila Chadasha Congregation

Kehilat Shalom Congregation

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Labor Zionist Alliance

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Machar

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National Council of Jewish Women

- Montgomery County Section
- Northern Virginia Section
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Ner Shalom Hebrew Congregation

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Northern Virginia Hebrew Congregation

Northern Virginia Jewish Community Center

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Ohr Kodesh Congregation

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Oseh Shalom (Jewish Congregation of
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Parents of North American Israelis-DC
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Washington

Religious Zionists of America (Mizrachi-
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Shaare Tzedek Hospital, Washington, D.C.
Region (American Committee for)

Shomrim Society of Greater Washington

Silver Spring Jewish Center

Southeast Hebrew Congregation

Temple B'nai Shalom

Temple Beth Ami

Temple Emanuel

Temple Israel

Temple Micah

Temple Rodef Shalom

Temple Shalom

Temple Sinai

Temple Sinai Brotherhood

Temple Sinai Sisterhood

Temple Solei

Tifereth Israel Congregation

United Synagogue of America
(Seaboard Region)

Washington Area Friends of Histadrut

Washington Association for Ethiopian Jews

Washington Board of Rabbis

Washington Committee for Soviet Jewry

Washington Hebrew Congregation

Washington Hebrew Congregation
Brotherhood

Washington Hebrew Congregation
Sisterhood

Washington Society of the Jewish Deaf

Women's American ORT

- Washington Region
- Bel Pre Chapter
- Chevy Chase Chapter
- Gaithersburg Chapter
- Northwest Chapter
- Olney Chapter
- Parkside Chapter
- Potomac Chapter
- Silver Spring Chapter

Women's International Zionist Organization

Woodside Synagogue - Ahavas Torah

Workmen's Circle - Branch 92/494

Yeshiva of Greater Washington

Yiddish of Greater Washington

Young Israel Shomrei Emenah Congregation

Young People's Synagogue

Zionist Organization of America -
Louis D. Brandeis District

SHARON H. DARDINE

4/29

4/29

15 min talk

Survivors &
Children of Survivors

Lessons from Holocaust

8-10 or 9:30

Yours at end of line

1001 Pennsylvania Avenue N.W., Suite 800
Washington, D.C. 20004
(202) 639-7020

April 24, 1992

MMK:

Attached is backup on JCC/Holocaust Observance for Wednesday night. Also attached are materials you saved for the speech.

Marcia Weinberg mentioned 15 minutes but I assume than can vary. A good number of those attending will be children of survivors. She also mentioned something to the effect "lessons learned from the Holocaust" as being a part of your speech.



**JEWISH
COMMUNITY
COUNCIL
OF GREATER WASHINGTON**

1522 K STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C., 20005 • (202) 347-4628 • FAX: (202) 737-3257

E 4/29/92
PENDING

November 11, 1991

Ambassador Max Kampelman
1001 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Suite 800
Washington, D.C. 20004

Dear Max:

The Jewish Community Council is honored by your participation in our annual Yom HaShoah V'hagvurah (Holocaust Memorial Observance) as its central speaker.

For nearly two decades our Council, representing the over 220 Washington area synagogues and Jewish organizations, has sponsored the annual central observance of Yom HaShoah in the nation's capital. The program is held on the eve of Yom HaShoah and is attended by over 1000 area residents.

The observance includes a dramatic three-generation candle-lighting ceremony, musical and poetry presentations and a special communal recitation of the Kaddish. Each year our community invites one prominent public figure to address the community on the history, lessons or implications of the Holocaust. Past presenters have included David Wyman, Senator Rudy Boschwitz, Representative Sam Gejdenson, Dr. Irwin Cotler, Dr. Franklin Littell and Rabbi Haskel Lookstein. We believe that your participation will provide unique and valuable insights to keep the message of the Holocaust alive.

This year's event is scheduled to take place at 8:00 p.m., Wednesday, April 29, at the B'nai Israel Congregation, 6301 Montrose Road, Rockville, Maryland. We have reserved approximately twenty minutes in the program for your address. While the final details of the program are not yet completed, I have enclosed a copy of a program from a past Yom HaShoah to give you a clearer sense of the event.

Devoted to community relations, information and action on behalf of 220 synagogues and Jewish organizations in the District of Columbia, suburban Maryland and Northern Virginia. A beneficiary of the UJA Federation of Greater Washington

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Beth Chai

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Beth Shalom Congregation & Talmud Torah

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Religious Zionists of America (Mizrachi-

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Shaare Tefila Congregation

Shaare Tzedek Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Region (American Committee for)

Shomrim Society of Greater Washington

Silver Spring Jewish Center

Southeast Hebrew Congregation

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Temple Emanuel

Temple Israel

Temple Micah

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Washington Area Friends of Histadrut

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Washington Board of Rabbis

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Young Israel Shomrei Emenah Congregation

Young People's Synagogue

Zionist Organization of America -

Louis D. Brandeis District

We will be back in touch with you prior to the event to confirm all details.

Thank you so much for your agreement to participate, and for your support of this important commemoration.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Marcia".

Marcia Weinberg
President

cc: Michael Eric Siegel
Chairman, Holocaust Committee

The Men Who Pulled the Triggers

ORDINARY MEN

Reserve Police Battalion 101 and the Final Solution in Poland.

By Christopher R. Browning.

Illustrated. 231 pp. New York:

Aaron Asher Books/HarperCollins Publishers. \$22.

By Walter Reich

We know a lot about how the Germans carried out the Holocaust. We know much less about how they felt and what they thought as they did it, how they were affected by what they did, and what made

it possible for them to do it. In fact, we know remarkably little about the ordinary Germans who made the Holocaust happen — not the desk murderers in Berlin, not the Eichmanns and Heydrichs, and not Hitler and Himmler, but the tens of thousands of conscripted soldiers and policemen from all walks of life, many of them middle-aged, who rounded up millions of Jews and methodically shot them, one by one, in forests, ravines and ditches, or stuffed them, one by one, into cattle cars and guarded those cars

Walter Reich, a psychiatrist, is a senior scholar at the Woodrow Wilson Center in Washington and the author of "A Stranger in My House: Jews and Arabs in the West Bank."

on their way to the gas chambers.

In his finely focused and stunningly powerful book, "Ordinary Men: Reserve Police Battalion 101 and the Final Solution in Poland," Christopher R. Browning tells us about such Germans and helps us understand, better than we did before, not only what they did to make the Holocaust happen but also how they were transformed psychologically from the ordinary men of his title into active participants in the most monstrous crime in human history. In doing so he aims a penetrating searchlight on the human capacity for utmost evil and leaves us staring at his subject matter with the shock of knowledge and the lurking fear of self-recognition.

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Mr. Browning, a professor of history at Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, Wash., and the author of two other books on the Holocaust, focuses his study on one killing unit that operated in Poland during the German occupation, Reserve Police Battalion 101 of the German Order Police. This group of 500 policemen, most of them from Hamburg, was made up of truly ordinary men. Most were in their 30's and 40's — too old for conscription into the army — and of middle- or lower-class origins. They included men who, before the war, had been professional policemen as well as businessmen, dockworkers, truck drivers, construction workers, machine operators, waiters, druggists and teachers. Only a minority were members of the Nazi Party, and only a few belonged to the SS. During their stay in Poland they participated in the shootings, or the transport to the Treblinka gas chambers, of at least 83,000 Jews.

IN the 1960's Battalion 101 was investigated for its activities by West German prosecutors. In the process, 210 former members were interrogated, and 125 of the testimonies were detailed enough to enable Mr. Browning, examining the records, to piece together not only how the unit operated but also how its members felt about their participation in the unit's work. It is on the basis of these testimonies — some of them self-serving and mendacious, Mr. Browning recognizes, but many of them, he believes, remarkably open and revealing — that "Ordinary Men" was written.

Battalion 101 was sent into Poland to participate in a "special action." Just what that action was to be its members weren't told. In fact, they were fated to play a crucial role in the Final Solution of the Jewish Question in Europe.

Three months before the Battalion's arrival in Poland during the early summer of 1942, only about a



YAD VASHEM/FROM "ORDINARY MEN"

A Jewish prisoner and members of the German Order Police in Lukow, Poland, probably in 1942.

quarter of the Holocaust's eventual victims had been killed, most of them in the Soviet Union. Six months after its arrival, only about a quarter were still alive. Most of the killing during this intense period of mass murder took place in Poland. Battalion 101 of the Order Police — together with other Order Police battalions — contributed to the manpower needed to carry out this immense task.

In fact, the Order Police was part of the answer to Heinrich Himmler's Holocaust dream. In the summer of 1941, while the Order Police and special units operating behind the German Army were busy killing the

Jews of the Soviet Union, Himmler told Odilo Globocnik, the SS and Police Leader in Lublin, Poland, of Hitler's intention to kill the Jews of the rest of Europe as well. Globocnik's task, he was informed, was the murder of the Jews in the central part of Poland called, by the Germans, the General Government. It was in this area that two million Jews lived, and it was into this area that Jews would be dumped from other parts of Europe, such as Germany, Austria and Slovakia. It was Globocnik's job to kill them all.

But he was not to do it in the way the Germans were

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doing it in the Soviet Union. There, the Jews were being killed by mobile firing squads. That method was too public, too inefficient and too hard on the killers psychologically. The solution would be killing centers using gas chambers, which would require much less in the way of manpower and relieve Germans of the psychological burden of killing individual people with individual bullets.

But two manpower problems remained. The first resulted from the need to round up the Jews so that they could be consolidated in centralized ghettos and then transported by rail to the killing centers. The other resulted from the need — when the gas chamber or rail lines were out of order, when there weren't enough trains to transport the Jews, or when the Jews were located in inconvenient places — to shoot the Jews in the villages in which they lived.

WHERE to obtain this manpower at a time when the war against the Soviet Union was straining German resources to the limit? Globocnik hit upon the solution of using the three manpower pools available in his area: local ethnic Germans; the "Trawniki" (Ukrainians, Latvians and Lithuanians recruited among Soviet prisoners of war who were willing to work for the Germans and who were trained for killing operations at the camp at Trawniki, near Lublin — the same camp at which John Demjanjuk, who is currently appealing his conviction in Israel for war crimes, was trained); and three Order Police battalions, one of them Reserve Battalion 101.

A shortage of rolling stock was holding up transports to the killing centers when Reserve Battalion 101 arrived in Globocnik's Lublin region. At first, Globocnik had the battalion consolidate Jews in "transit" ghettos and camps so that they would be available for future transports. But within a few weeks Globocnik apparently decided that the killing itself had to resume, with or without rolling stock, and had the battalion sent to the village of Jozefow for its first "action."

Jozefow provided the men of Battalion 101 with their introduction to mass murder. The village contained 1,800 Jews. The orders were that the male Jews of working age — those who would serve as "work Jews" before being killed — were to be sent to camps in Lublin, while the women, children and elderly men were to be shot in Jozefow. The battalion commander, Major Wilhelm Trapp, a 53-year-old career policeman, clearly found these orders distasteful. Already one of his officers, the owner of a lumber business in civilian life, had learned about the impending massacre and asked to be given another assignment; he was. Upon arrival in Jozefow, Trapp informed the battalion's men what their task would be, and invited the older ones to excuse themselves if they felt they were not up to it; a dozen did. Battalion members were then ordered to surround the village, round up its Jews and shoot those trying to escape as well as infants and those too sick or frail to walk to the marketplace.

Trapp then absented himself, spending the rest of the day indoors, away from the action. One policeman remembered seeing Trapp at his headquarters muttering, "Man. . . such jobs don't suit me. But orders are orders." Another remembered him crying. He later told his driver, "If this Jewish business is ever avenged on earth, then have mercy on us Germans."

Trapp's officers and men, however, went to work. After those Jews who weren't shot in the roundup were assembled, often with the ready help of local Poles who roused Jews from hiding places, the battalion doctor showed the officers how to aim their rifles at the back of the neck so as to kill a Jew with one shot. In the marketplace, the Polish mayor of Jozefow provided the Germans with flasks of schnapps. The Jews, mostly women and children, were then brought to the nearby forest in trucks. Each truckload was met by an equal number of policemen, who marched the Jews down a forest

path. The Jews were ordered to lie face down in a row; each policeman then placed his bayonet at the back of his Jew's neck and fired. This procedure was repeated throughout the day.

As the shooting went on, and as the battalion members found themselves covered with blood, brain tissue and bone splinters from the Jews they had shot at point-blank range, a few felt ill. One policeman was paired with an old man who, upon seeing the corpses of other Jews, threw himself on the ground. The policeman shot too high. "The entire back of the skull . . . was torn off and the brain exposed. Parts of the skull flew into Sergeant Steinmetz's face." The policeman asked to be excused, and was.

Other policemen recalled other reasons for asking to be excused. One, a tailor, discovered that the mother and daughter he had been assigned were German Jews from Kassel, apparently deported to Poland some time before; others encountered Jews from their hometown of Hamburg. Several battalion members slipped away and were cursed as weaklings. In all, as many as 20 percent quit shooting at some point; at least 80 percent kept on shooting until all 1,500 assembled Jews were dead.

Twenty years later, during their interrogations, those battalion veterans who claimed to have stopped shooting at Jozefow cited physical revulsion, in the main, as the reason. Very few — even two decades later, when it might have helped them legally — claimed to have had ethical qualms. A few observed that they felt they were freer than others to withdraw from the killing process because they had no intention of remaining policemen after the war; their colleagues, though, had to think about their careers. For many, the pressure to conform to the group, and to not seem like cowards, played a role in their continuing to shoot. One metalworker from Bremerhaven contented himself with the rationale that he would shoot only children, since if his partner shot the mother then the child would be unable to survive alone and killing it would be an act of mercy. For nearly all, the Jews were not in the same human family as they. Their commander, Major Trapp, had told them, in his initial speech, that all Jews were enemies who deserved to be killed, even their women and their children, because Germany's enemies were killing German women and children with bombs.

Though Trapp and many of his men found their participation in the murder of Jozefow Jews difficult, that difficulty diminished as the battalion continued its work. First of all, they got help from the Trawniki — the Ukrainians, Latvians and Lithuanians — who were called in to do much of the shooting. In addition, the gas chambers came back on line, and it was less stressful to stuff cattle cars, no matter how brutally this had to be done, than to do "neck shots." And even when they had to shoot, the shootings themselves somehow got easier. In fact, after Jozefow the shootings became, for many, routine — even, for some, fun. And for a few, the initial horror was replaced by a gory sadism, in which Jews, totally naked, preferably old and with beards, were forced to crawl in front of their intended graves and to sustain beatings with clubs before being shot. One officer even brought his new and pregnant wife from Germany to show off his mastery over the fate of the Jews.

MEANWHILE, the Germans knew that some Jews were escaping the villages and ghettos for the forests. This was unacceptable, and a "Jew hunt" was instituted to solve this problem. The battalion, often on tips from local Poles, would comb the woods for signs of underground hideouts. Sometimes a chimney pipe sticking out of the earth would give away an entire family in hiding. On each occasion the hideout would be cleared and the Jews shot. The callousness became ever more extreme. Jew hunts became a sport, and one policeman recalled a colleague's joke about eating the brains of slaughtered Jews.

The battalion's final and greatest spasm of killing took place in November 1943. By then, practically the only Jews left alive in the Lublin district were those in a few labor camps. Despite German reversals in the war, and despite the need for the Jews' labor, Himmler was determined to finish them off. Besides, Jewish revolts in the ghettos of Warsaw and Bialystok, as well as in the death camps of Treblinka and Sobibor, carried out when the surviving Jews realized that even work would not save them, made Himmler conclude that he could expect further such resistance from the "work Jews" in the remaining camps. He therefore ordered the *Erntefest*, or "harvest festival," in which SS, police and other German units from all over the General Government, including Battalion 101, were organized to kill, in the space of a few days, the remaining Jews in the region.

At least 16,500 Jews, probably closer to 18,000, were brought to the perimeter of the Majdanek camp, both from the camp itself and from the surrounding area. Against a background of music blaring from loudspeakers, and as Poles watched from nearby rooftops, the Jews were driven, stark naked, into ditches where, according to the testimony of one battalion member, they were "forced to lie down quite precisely on top of those who had been shot before them. The shooter then fired off a burst at these prone victims." Those ditches, now lined with grass, are still visible, and a visitor can, by pushing aside the grass, find in them, as this reviewer has, the scattered bones of some of those Jews. The next day, Battalion 101 participated in a similar massacre of at least 14,000 Jews at the Poniatowa camp. By the end of the "harvest festival," the 500 men of Battalion 101 had taken part,

during their stay in Poland, in the shooting of at least 38,000 Jews and the shipment to Treblinka's gas chambers of 45,000 more.

After the war, many members of the battalion returned to their earlier occupations. A large number continued their police careers. Four, including Major Trapp, were extradited to Poland in 1947 because of one incident in which 78 non-Jewish Poles were shot in retaliation for the killing of a German; the Polish trial ignored the 180 Jews who were shot in the same incident, as well as the 83,000 other Jews, the vast majority of them Polish citizens, who had been shot or sent to the gas chambers by Trapp and his men. Trapp and another policeman were executed by the Polish authorities. Between 1962 and 1967, 14 men of Battalion 101 were indicted by West German prosecutors. After appeals, one received a sentence of eight years, one of four and one of three and a half. Of the many thousands of other German policemen involved in the Final Solution, West German prosecutors brought to trial only a few, and still fewer convictions were obtained. On a per capita basis, Battalion 101's three brief sentences represented unusually heavy punishment by West German courts for the Order Police's massive contribution to the Final Solution.

In the end, what disturbs the reader more than the policemen's escape from punishment is their capacity — as the ordinary men they were, as men not much different from those we know or even from ourselves — to kill as they did.

Battalion 101's killing wasn't, as Mr. Browning points out, the kind of "battlefield frenzy" occasionally seen in all wars, when soldiers, having faced death, and having seen their friends killed, slaughter enemy prisoners or even civilians. It was, rather, the cold-blooded fulfillment of German national policy, and involved, for the policemen, a process of accommodation to orders that required them to do things they would never have dreamed they would ever do, and to justify their actions, or somehow reinterpret them, so that they would not see themselves as evil people.

Mr. Browning's meticulous account, and his own acute reflections on the actions of the battalion members, demonstrate the important effect that the situation had on those men: the orders to kill, the pressure to conform, and the fear that if they didn't kill they might suffer some kind of punishment or, at least, damage to their careers. In fact, the few who tried to avoid killing got away with it; but most believed, or at least could tell themselves, that they had little choice.

But Mr. Browning's account also illustrates other factors that made it possible for the battalion's ordinary men not only to kill but, ultimately, to kill in a routine, and in some cases sadistic, way. Each of these factors helped the policemen feel that they were not violating, or violating only because it was necessary, their personal moral codes.

One such factor was the justification for killing provided by the anti-Semitic rationales to which the policemen had been exposed since the rise of Nazism, rationales reinforced by the battalion's officers. The Jews were presented not only as evil and dangerous but also, in some way, as responsible for the bombing deaths of German women and children. Another factor was the process of dehumanization: abetted by Nazi racial theories that were embraced by policemen who preferred not to see themselves as killers, Jews were seen as less than people, as creatures who could be killed without the qualms that would be provoked in them were they to kill fellow Germans or even Slavs. It was particularly when the German policemen came across German Jews speaking their own language, especially those from their own city, that they felt a human connection that made it harder to kill them.

The policemen were also helped by the practice of trying not to refer to their activities as killing: they were involved in "actions" and "resettlements." Moreover, the responsibility wasn't theirs; it belonged to the authorities — Major Trapp as well as, ultimately, the leaders of the German state — whose orders they were merely carrying out. Indeed, whatever responsibility they *did* have was diffused by dividing the task into parts and by sharing it with other people and processes. It was shared, first of all, by others in the battalion, some of whom provided cordons so that Jews couldn't escape and some of whom did the shooting. It was shared by the Trawniki, who were brought in to do the shooting whenever possible so that the battalion could focus on the roundups. And it was shared, most effectively, by the death camps, which made the men's jobs immensely easier, since stuffing a Jew into a cattle car, though it sealed his fate almost as surely as a neck shot, left the actual killing to a machine-like process that would take place far away, one for which the battalion members didn't need to feel personally responsible.

CLEARLY, ordinary human beings are capable of following orders of the most terrible kinds. What stands between civilization and genocide is the respect for the rights and lives of all human beings that societies must struggle to protect. Nazi Germany provided the context, ideological as well as psychological, that allowed the policemen's actions to happen. Only political systems that recognize the worst possibilities in human nature, but that fashion societies that reward the best, can guard the lives and dignity of all their citizens.

A word, finally, about the quiet characters in the book — the victims. Little is heard from them but much is evident. They did indeed go to the slaughter but not, as their critics would have it, like sheep. Whenever they could, and even when they couldn't, they tried to escape and even resist. They hid in cellars and behind false walls. They hid in barns and built bunkers under the forest soil. They tried to join partisan units. But they never had a chance. They were rounded up by Germans and often betrayed by their own countrymen, even those who fought against the Germans themselves. Marched into the forests, or driven into ditches, they were defenseless, naked, holding on to their children. Stuffed into cattle cars, they broke holes in the walls and roofs only to be shot as they emerged. Death confers no automatic nobility. Neither should it confer blame. Blame lies with those who kill and those who order them to kill, no matter what the psychological rationales may be that allow the killings to take place. □