

First They Came by Pastor Martin Niemoller

First they came for the Communists
And I did not speak out
Because I was not a Communist
Then they came for the Socialists
And I did not speak out
Because I was not a Socialist
Then they came for the trade unionists
And I did not speak out
Because I was not a trade unionist
Then they came for the Jews
And I did not speak out
Because I was not a Jew
Then they came for me
And there was no one left
To speak out for me

Auschwitz by Charles N Whittaker

The semiquaver chugging of the train on the track
And the people on board who will never go back
And the terror in the eyes of all the young ones to go
With no one knowing as the train comes to slow

Those men at the station as the ramps drop down
Where humanity lost is the only crippled sound
Hope gone for those who stand behind the hard sharp wire
And the smoke in the towers rises just a little higher

And the blue ink stabs a little harder in the skin
Above the veins of despair where murder let it in
And the terror in the eyes of all those about to leave
Another train on the track no last minute reprieve

And the slow, crot...chet chugging of the train on the track;
And the people on board. Who will ne...ver go.

Back.

We Remember Them by Sylvan Kamens & Rabbi Jack Riemer

Reader: At the rising of the sun and at its going down

All: We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter

All: We remember them.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring

All: We remember them.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer

All: We remember them.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn

All: We remember them.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends

All: We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live;

for they are now a part of us

All: as we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength

All: We remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart

All: We remember them.

When we have joy we crave to share

All: We remember them.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make

All: We remember them.

When we have achievements that are based on theirs

All: We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live;

for they are now a part of us

All: as we remember them.

I Cannot Forget by Alexander Kimel- Holocaust Survivor

Do I want to remember?

The peaceful ghetto, before the raid:

Children shaking like leaves in the wind.

Mothers searching for a piece of bread.

Shadows, on swollen legs, moving with fear.

No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?

Do I want to remember, the creation of hell?

The shouts of the Raiders, enjoying the hunt.

Cries of the wounded, begging for life.

Faces of mothers carved with pain.

Hiding Children, dripping with fear.

No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?

Do I want to remember, my fearful return?

Families vanished in the midst of the day.

The mass grave steaming with vapor of blood.

Mothers searching for children in vain.

The pain of the ghetto, cuts like a knife.

No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?

Do I want to remember, the wailing of the night?

The doors kicked ajar, ripped feathers floating the air.

The night scented with snow-melting blood.

While the compassionate moon, is showing the way.

For the faceless shadows, searching for kin.

No, I don't want to remember, but I cannot forget.

Do I want to remember this world upside down?

Where the departed are blessed with an instant death.

While the living condemned to a short wretched life,

And a long tortuous journey into unnamed place,

Converting Living Souls, into ashes and gas.

No. I Have to Remember and Never Let You Forget.