

THE POWER HOLOCAUST
MEMORIAL DAY 2018
OF WORDS



HOLOCAUST
MEMORIAL
DAY TRUST

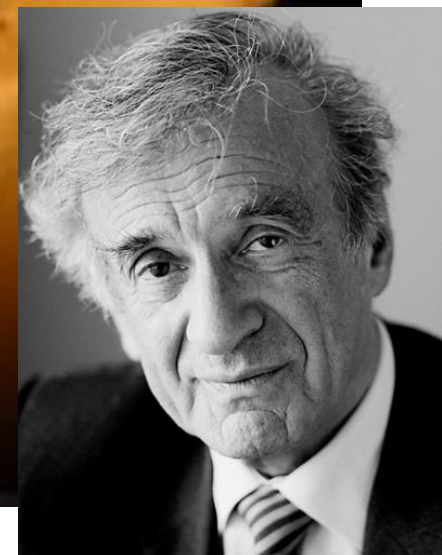
*"I swore never to be silent whenever
and wherever human beings endure
suffering and humiliation.*

We must always take sides.

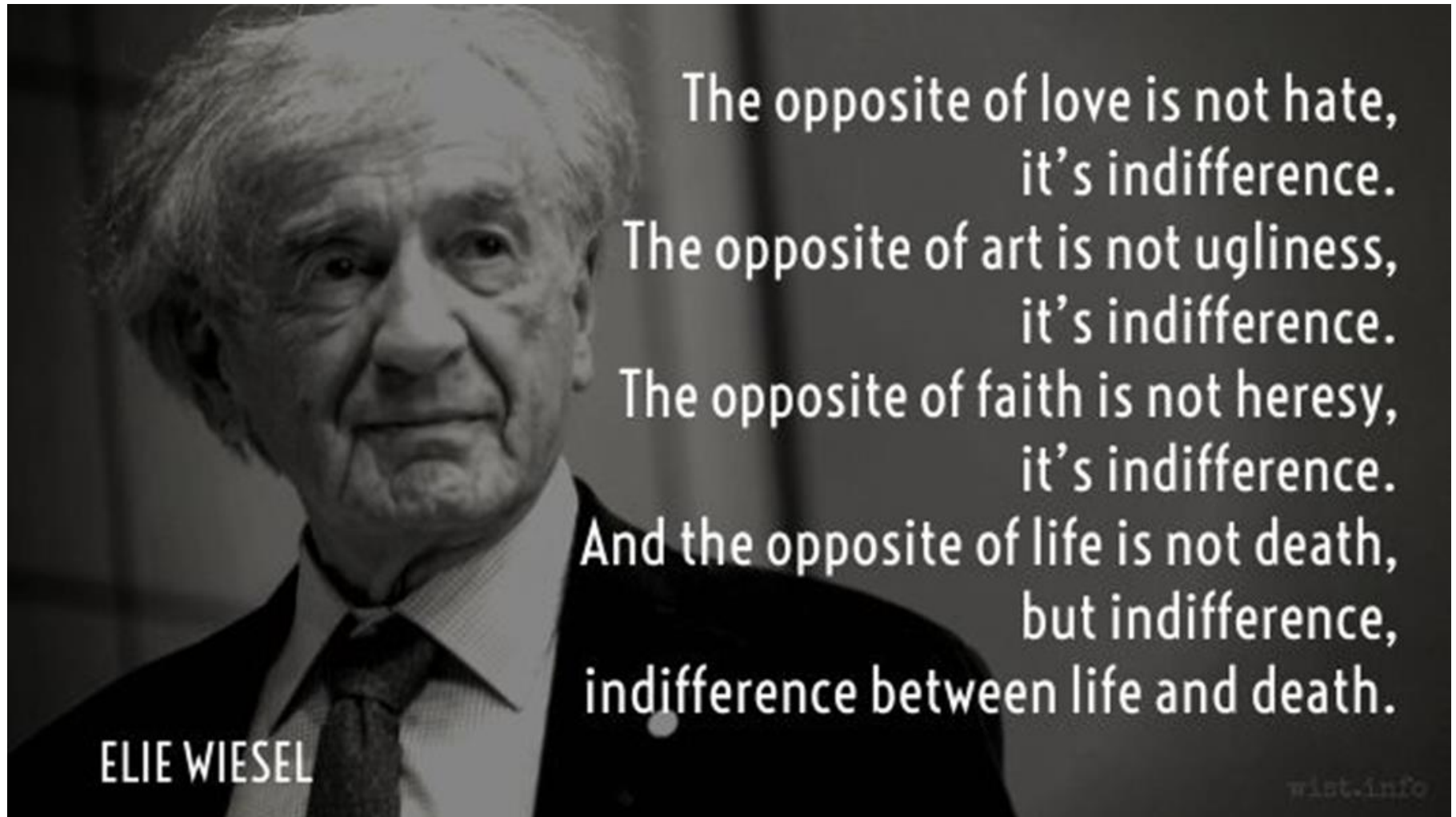
*Neutrality helps the oppressor,
never the victim.*

*Silence encourages the tormentor,
never the tormented."*

Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel



Elie Wiesel (1928-2016), Holocaust survivor



The opposite of love is not hate,
it's indifference.
The opposite of art is not ugliness,
it's indifference.
The opposite of faith is not heresy,
it's indifference.
And the opposite of life is not death,
but indifference,
indifference between life and death.

ELIE WIESEL

wiel.info

FIRST 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 FOR ME.

MARTIN NIEMÖLLER (1892–1984), LUTHERAN MINISTER AND EARLY NAZI SUPPORTER
WHO WAS LATER IMPRISONED FOR OPPOSING HITLER'S REGIME

"I BELIEVE IN THE SUN EVEN
WHEN IT IS NOT SHINING.
I BELIEVE IN LOVE EVEN
WHEN I CANNOT FEEL IT.
I BELIEVE IN GOD EVEN
WHEN HE IS SILENT."

WRITTEN ON A CELLAR WALL IN GERMANY DURING THE HOLOCAUST

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c_hahtqPhUc8

Peter Fischl (Holocaust survivor) reads his poem, 'To the little Polish boy standing with his arms up'



The Butterfly

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone....

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to
kiss the world good-bye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto.
But I have found what I love here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut branches in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
in the ghetto.

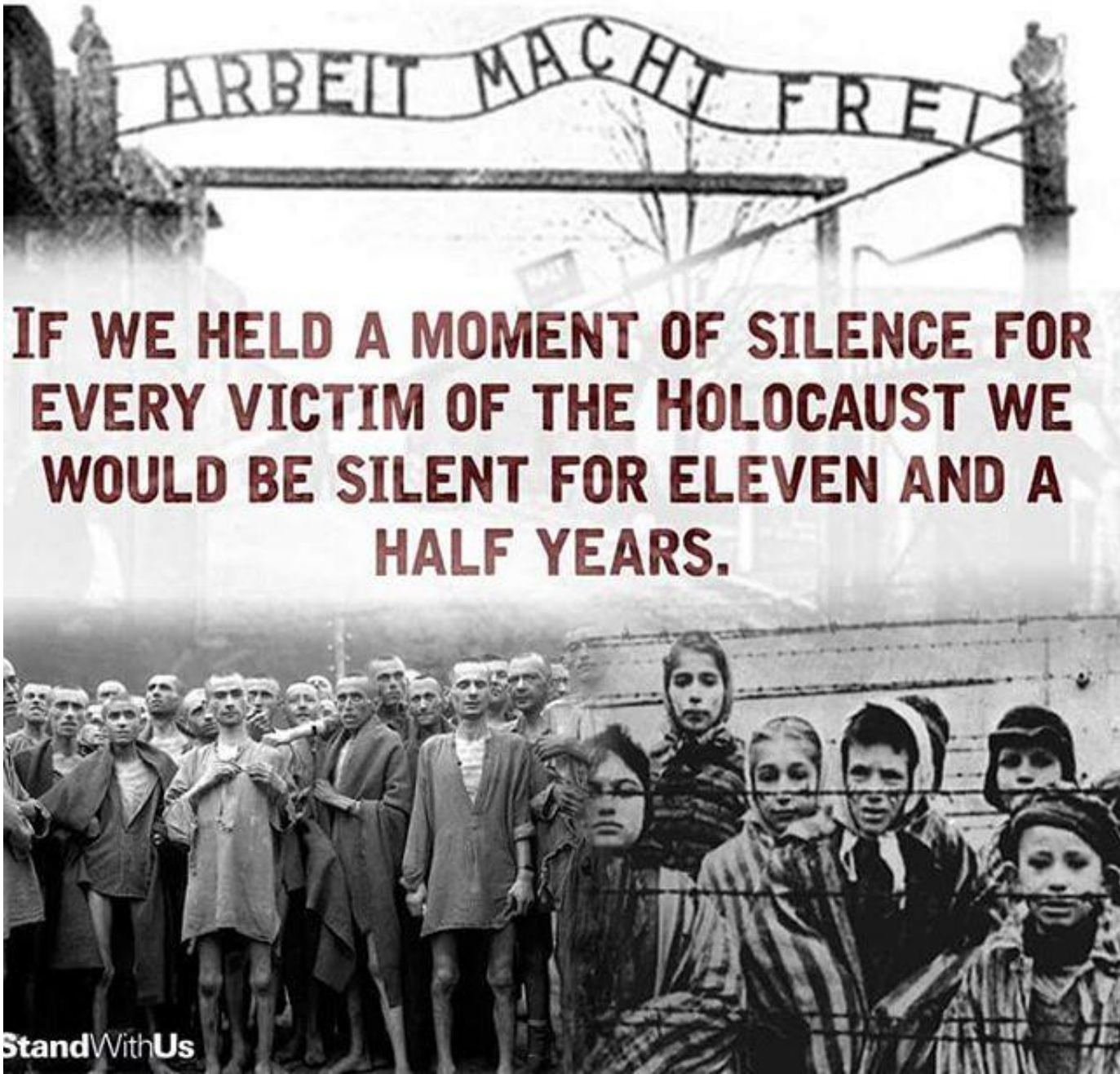
Pavel Friedmann
4. 6. 1942

**Written by Pavel Friedmann
while he was imprisoned in
a concentration camp.**

Reflection

1. How are words used as a response to the Holocaust?
2. What power do words have?
3. What responsibility do we have to use the power of our words for good today?

How should we remember the Holocaust?



IF WE HELD A MOMENT OF SILENCE FOR EVERY VICTIM OF THE HOLOCAUST WE WOULD BE SILENT FOR ELEVEN AND A HALF YEARS.