

2018
Holocaust
Remembrance
Service

Brown Chapel
Centenary College

Dr. Christopher
Holoman, Chair



The Last Butterfly

(Rabbi Dr. Jana De Benedetti)

The last, the very last,
so richly brightly dazzling yellow;
Perhaps if the sun's tears
could sing against a white stone.

The Last Butterfly

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.

The Last Butterfly

The last, the very last,
so richly brightly dazzling yellow;
Perhaps if the sun's tears
could sing against a white stone.

The Last Butterfly

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
pent up inside this ghetto.

But I have found my people here.

The dandelions call to me and the
white chestnut candies in the court.

Only I never saw another butterfly.

The Last Butterfly

The last, the very last,
so richly brightly dazzling yellow;
Perhaps if the sun's tears
could sing against a white stone.

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





OLLIE S. TYLER
MAYOR
CITY OF SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

OFFICES OF THE MAYORS



LORENZ "LO" WALKER
MAYOR
CITY OF BOSSIER CITY, LOUISIANA

Proclamation

WHEREAS, the Holocaust was the systematic persecution and annihilation of European Jewry by Nazi Germany and its collaborators between 1933 and 1945; and

WHEREAS, the history of the Holocaust offers an opportunity to reflect on the moral responsibilities of individuals, societies, and governments; and

WHEREAS, the Cities of Shreveport and Bossier City, our Nation, the land of the free, should always remember the terrible events of the Holocaust and remain vigilant against hatred, persecution, and tyranny; and

WHEREAS, we should actively rededicate ourselves to the principles of individual freedom, justice, national liberty, and equality; and

WHEREAS, the Cities of Shreveport and Bossier City wish to remember the victims of the Holocaust as well as to reflect on the need for respect of all of humanity;

NOW, THEREFORE, we, Ollie S. Tyler, *Mayor* of the City of Shreveport and Lorenz "Lo" Walker, *Mayor* of the City of Bossier City, do hereby proclaim Sunday, April 15, 2018, as:

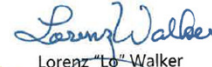
Shreveport-Bossier Holocaust Remembrance Day

In the Cities of Shreveport and Bossier City and, in honor of the survivors, as well as the rescuers and liberators, we urge all citizens to strive to overcome intolerance and indifference through learning and remembrance.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands and caused the Seals of the Cities of Shreveport and the City of Bossier City to be affixed.



Ollie S. Tyler
MAYOR



Lorenz "Lo" Walker
MAYOR





Ani Ma'amin אֲנִי מֵאֲמִין

(Sarah Dunham
Cantor Neil Schwartz)

Ani ma'amin, be'enumah sh'leimah
B'vi'at HaMashi'ach, ani ma'amin.
V'af al pi sheyitmamei'ah,
Im kol zeh achakeh lo,
bechol yom sheyavo.



I believe with complete faith
That the Messiah will yet come.
Even though he may delay,
I will still wait for him,
until the day when he arrives.

Literary Contest Winners

To remember the lives that were lost during one of humanity's worst periods, our community remembers the Holocaust with this annual memorial service. Through our remembering and active cooperation, we strive to obliterate injustice. Because our future is only as strong as our youth, we are continuing our annual writing competition to encourage students to voice their understandings of the tragedy of the past and their hopes for the future.

Teachers Whose Students Submitted Entries

Alison Amidon	Cedar Creek School
Nicole Ayers	Caddo Magnet High School
Katie Barr	Herndon Magnet
April Carberry	C.E. Byrd
Madelin Flowers	St. Joseph Catholic School
Lydia Gunn	Caddo Middle Magnet
Kimberly Handrop	Caddo Magnet High School
Rachel Miller	Herndon Magnet
Deborah Morehead	Caddo Magnet High School
Margo Scott	St. Frederick High School
Bridgett Tannehill	St. Frederick High School
Kristin Tolar	Caddo Magnet High School

Middle School Prompt: 2018 Topic

Middle School students read quotes from two Holocaust survivors:

In Elie Wiesel's Nobel acceptance speech, he states, "And that is why I swore never to be silent when 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."

Miles Lehrman, a Holocaust survivor, argues, "A perpetrator is not the most dangerous enemy. The most dangerous part is the bystander because neutrality always helps the killer."

The students were then asked to write a researched essay about a Holocaust Rescuer – someone who was not a bystander.

Middle School 2018 Winning Essay by Lilian Sobalvarro

The Holocaust is known as a mass slaughter or reckless destruction of life, and some used this time to prove that every human life is the same. We know that every human being has value, and the rescuers from the Holocaust are the ones we shall thank for this realization. Many people during the Holocaust risked their lives to save the Jewish people who were being sentenced to death by a cruel act of hatred. Those brave souls, poor or rich, used their abilities to save the lives of Jewish people, who were being wrongly condemned to death. For example, Suzanne Spaak is a great illustration of a brave hearted Holocaust rescuer.

Suzanne Spaak was born into a wealthy banking family in 1905. She married a wealthy statesman, moved to Paris, and had two children. When Spaak first received word of the cruel acts committed against Jewish people she joined the National Movement Against Racism. When she first became a member of the underground organization most male members doubted she would make a big contribution, but they soon proved mistaken when she stated, "Tell me what to do. . . so I'll know that I am serving in the struggle against Nazism."

After serving for the National Movement Against Racism, Spaak was recruited by the Red Orchestra, a communist funded intelligence network. While working for the Red Orchestra, Suzanne was so much driven by her passion for her family that her main contribution was helping Jewish children out of deportation by hiding them in her home. In October of 1943, Suzanne was arrested by Gestapo, along with 600 other Red Orchestra members, because of her contribution to the Red Orchestra and Jewish children. She was then taken to Fresnes prison and sentenced to death, but before her death she gave out a list of Jewish children's names and addresses to a comrade, thus saving their lives. On August 14, 1944 the Germans murdered Spaak, a brave and kind hearted soul that was one of the many remembered Holocaust rescuers.

High School 2018 Literary Prompt for Essay or Poem

The Meadows Museum at Centenary College had an exhibit of photographs called *Lost Stories, Found Images: Portraits of Jews in Wartime Amsterdam* by Annemie Wolff. The High School students were encouraged to see the exhibit, or learn from what the exhibit represented. They were given 4 options for their prompts. One was to write an essay or poem based on something they read, saw, or felt at the exhibit or learned from research they did after seeing the exhibit. The second was to write about Annemie's life and how she stood up for the Jews. Prompt #3 was that Annemie Wolff's type of resistance was to take photos of the Jews. What are examples of other forms of resistance and how effective are they? And, Prompt #4 began with the statement that most people thought of themselves as Dutch or German but Nazis thought of them as Jews. How does that relate to today? You may want to discuss one or more of the following questions: How do you see yourselves versus how others see you? How do we label others in ways that are generalizations or that are not right? How do you stand up to oppression or things that are wrong?

High School 2018 Winning Essay by Lucas Haddock

At some point in our lives, we will all be forced to make a decision, to choose between what is right and what is wrong. Sometimes, choosing to do the right thing can involve putting yourself or others at a great risk. It can be very difficult to stand up and do the right thing in the face of danger, but many people are able to find courage no matter the costs. Anemmie Wolff, who was a German photographer during the Holocaust, was one of these brave people.

Anemmie Wolff led a fairly normal and peaceful life in Amsterdam for about thirty years. She was not born as a Jew, but later married a Jewish architect named Helmuth Wolff. She and Helmuth started a photo studio in Amsterdam together, and they filled it with their photos of the city. They began to travel abroad, taking pictures of the places they traveled to, such as Morocco and Paris. Together, they organized a successful exposition in Amsterdam after creating their own newspaper. Life was going well of Anemmie and Helmuth, but that all changed when the Nazi's rose to power.

Anemmie and Helmuth were still living in the Netherlands when the Nazi armies invaded in May of 1940. Helmuth was Jewish, which meant he was subject to the persecution seen by all Jews living in Europe at the time. Hoping to avoid the terrible things happening to fellow Jews in the area, Anemmie and Helmuth attempted suicide together. Helmuth was successful in his suicide attempt, but luckily Anemmie survived. She carried on her work, but shifted from photos of the city to photos of people. This shift to taking people's portraits laid the groundwork for the work she would do during the Nazi's rule.

People during the Holocaust era resisted the Nazis in many ways, and Anemmie had her own unique way of defying the Nazis. The most common methods of protest and resistance include violence, public rallies, or even hiding Jews and helping them escape, but Anemmie helped her Jewish neighbors through her photography. During this time most of her clients were Jews, and they came to her asking for portrait photographs. These portraits had a variety of uses during the Holocaust, such as passport photos, falsifying documents, or simply photographs to remember people by. The work she did was highly illegal under Nazi rule, and if she were caught she could have been put to death. Anemmie refused to be oppressed by the Nazis, and was willing to risk her own life to help her friends during this terrible event.

Anemmie Wolff can serve as an example of how to overcome the struggles in your life and help those around you during their own hardships. Risking your safety for the betterment of others and doing what is right is always a daunting task when faced with such intimidating enemies. Following Anemmie's example of selflessness can help ensure tragedies like the Holocaust stay a part of the past.

High School 2018 Literary Prompt for Essay or Poem

The Meadows Museum at Centenary College had an exhibit of photographs called *Lost Stories, Found Images: Portraits of Jews in Wartime Amsterdam* by Annemie Wolff. The High School students were encouraged to see the exhibit, or learn from what the exhibit represented. They were given 4 options for their prompts. One was to write an essay or poem based on something they read, saw, or felt at the exhibit or learned from research they did after seeing the exhibit. The second was to write about Annemie's life and how she stood up for the Jews. Prompt #3 was that Annemie Wolff's type of resistance was to take photos of the Jews. What are examples of other forms of resistance and how effective are they? And, Prompt #4 began with the statement that most people thought of themselves as Dutch or German but Nazis thought of them as Jews. How does that relate to today? You may want to discuss one or more of the following questions: How do you see yourselves versus how others see you? How do we label others in ways that are generalizations or that are not right? How do you stand up to oppression or things that are wrong?

High School 2018 Winning Poem by M. Blaise Willis

Judith

I saw her in a dream.
Her smirk lit up the entire room
When she found out she was
Going to get her picture taken.
She put on her favorite dress –
The blue one with the white collar
And a yellow star sewn onto it.
She didn't understand why her mother
Had to put it there, but she didn't mind.
The colors went nicely together.

She practically flew out the door
Into the cool air that smelled of
Fresh rain. She'd almost forgotten
What outside was like. As she skipped
Down the walkway, the clouds parted
For just an instant and a sunbeam
Made one of her bouncing, golden curls
Shimmer. Her mother joined her, snatching
One of her hands, slowing their pace,
And reminding her to be careful.

The pair reached their destination
And cautiously slipped through the
Front door. Her mother introduced
The photographer to her, a woman
She called Mrs. Wolff. The girl explored
The house as her mother sat at a table
With the woman. Soon her mother
Beckoned for the child to join them,
And Mrs. Wolff led them into a room
Much different from the others.

It didn't take as long as she expected.
Her mother hurried her back into the cool air
That smelled of fresh rain. She bounced
Down the walkway, making sure to avoid
Puddles that might ruin her favorite dress –
The blue one with the white collar
And a yellow star sewn onto it.
Her mother caught up to her and
Snatched her hand, slowing their pace
And reminding her to be careful.

I saw her in a dream.



Es Brent!

עס ברענט!

(Cantor Neil Schwartz)

1. Es Brent! Briderlekh, es Brent!
Oy, undzer orem shtetl, nebekh, Brent!
Beyze vintn mit yirgozn
Raysn, brekhn un tseblozn:
Shtarker nokh di vilde flamen;
Alts arum shoyn Brent!
Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh,
Mit farleygte hent;
Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh –
Undzer shtetl Brent!

1. It burns! Brothers, it burns!
Our poor shtetl pitifully burns!
Angry wind with rage and curses
Tears and shatters and disperses.
Wild flames leap, they twist and turn;
Everything now burns!
And you stand there looking on,
Hands folded, palms upturned;
And you stand there looking on –
While our shtetl burns!

Es Brent!

עס ברענט!

2. It burns! Brothers, it burns!
Our poor shtetl pitifully burns!
Tongues of flame with force and power
Have our villages devoured.
And the wild wind howls and churns;
Our shtetl burns!
And you stand there looking on,
Hands folded, palms upturned;
And you stand there looking on –
While our shtetl burns!

3. It burns! Brothers, it burns!
Help can only come if you return
Love which shtetl once inspired.
Take up arms, put out the fire.
Douse it with your blood – be true –
Show what you can do!
Don't just stand there looking on,
Hands folded, palms upturned;
Don't just stand, put out the fire –
For our shtetl burns!

Shtiller, Shtiller שטילער, שטילער (Sarah Dunham)

1. Shtiller, shtiller, lomir shvaygn.
K'vorim vaksn do.
S'hobn zey farflanzt di sonim;
Grinen zey tzum blo.
S'firn vegn tsu Ponar tsu,
S'firt keyn veg tzurik.
Iz der tate vu farshvundn,
Un mit im dos glik.

1. Quiet, quiet, let's be silent.
Dead are growing here.
They were planted by the tyrant;
See their bloom appear.
All the roads lead to Ponar now,
There are no roads back.
And your father also vanished,
And with him our luck.

Shtiller, Shtiller שטילער, שטילער

Shtiller, kind mayns, veyn nit, oytser,
S'helft nit keyn geveyn;
Undzer umglik veln sonim
Say vi nit farshteyn.
S'hobn breges oikh di yamen,
S'hobn t'fises oykhet tsamen;
Nor tsu undzer payn keyn bisl shayn,
Keyn bisl shayn.

Still, my child, don't cry, my jewel,
Tears no help command;
Our pain callous people
Never understand.
Seas and oceans have their order,
Prison also has its border;
But to our plight there is no light,
There is no light.

Shtiller, Shtiller שטילער, שטילער

2. Spring has come, the earth receives her,
But to us brings Fall.
And the day is filled with flowers;
To us darkness calls.
Autumn leaves with gold are softened;
In us grow deep scars.
And a mother somewhere orphaned –
Her child – in Ponar.



One of the mine pits of Ponar.
Yad Vashem

Shtiller, Shtiller שטילער, שטילער

Now the river too is prisoner –
Is enmeshed in pain –
While the blocks of ice tear through her,
To the ocean strain.
Still, things frozen melt, remember,
And cold winds to warmth surrender;
Future brings a smile – so calls your child,
So calls your child.

S'dremlen Feygl ס'דרעמלמן פייגל (Sarah Dunham)

1. S'dremlen feygl oyf di tsvaygn,
Shlof, mayn tayer kind.
Bay dayn vigl, oyf dayn nare
Zitst a fremde un zingt:
Lyu–Lyu, Lyu–Lyu, Lyu.

1. Birds sit drowsing on the branches,
Sleep, my precious child.
By your cradle in your little nest
Sings a stranger by your side:
Lyu–Lu, Lyu–Lu, Lu.

S'dremlen Feygl ס'דרעמלמן פייגל

2. Here your cradle had its dwelling
Laced with happiness in store.
But your mother, Oh, your mother
Will return no more.
Lyu–Lu, Lyu–Lu, Lu.

3. I have seen your father running
Under hails of stone.
Flying over fields there echoed
His desolated moan.
Lyu–Lu, Lyu–Lu, Lu.

Yugnt Hymn

יוגנט הימען

(Sarah Dunham
Cantor Neil Schwartz)

1. Undzer lid iz ful mit troyer,
Dreyst iz undzer munter-gang.
Khotsh der soyne vakht baym toyer,
Shturemt yugnt mit gezang.

Chorus:

Yung iz yeder, yeder, yeder
ver es vil nor.
Yorn hobn keyn batayt.
Alte kenen, kenen,
kenen oykh zayn kinder
Fun a nayer, frayer tsayt.

1. Our song is filled with grieving,
Bold our step, we march along.
Though the foe the gateway's watching,
Youth comes storming with their song.

Chorus:

Young are they, are they, are they
whose age won't bind them.
Years don't really mean a thing.
Elders also, also,
also can be children
In a newer, freer Spring.

Yugnt Hymn יוגנט הימען

2. Those who roam upon the highways,
Those whose step with hope is strong;
From the ghetto youth salutes them,
And their greeting send along.

Chorus:

Young are they, are they, are they
whose age won't bind them.
Years don't really mean a thing.
Elders also, also, also can be children
In a newer, freer Spring.

Yugnt Hymn יוגנט הימען

3. So we're girding our muscles,
In our ranks we're planting steel.
Where a blacksmith, builder marches,
We will join them with our zeal!

Chorus:

Young are they, are they, are they
whose age won't bind them.
Years don't really mean a thing.
Elders also, also, also can be children
In a newer, freer Spring.

Ani Ma'amin אֲנִי מֵאֲמִין

(Cantor Neil Schwartz
to honor the memory of Elie Wiesel)

Ani ma'amin, be'enumah sh'leimah
B'vi'at HaMashi'ach, ani ma'amin.
V'af al pi sheyitmamei'ah,
Im kol zeh achakeh lo,
bechol yom sheyavo.

I believe with complete faith
That the Messiah will yet come.
Even though he may delay,
I will still wait for him,
until the day when he arrives.

Shtil, Di Nakht שטיל די נאַכט (Cantor Neil Schwartz)

1. Shtil, di nakht iz oysgeshternt,
Un der frost hot shtark gebrent.
Tsi gedenkstu vi ikh hob dikh gelernt
Haltn a shpayer in di hent?

1. Still the night, and full of starlight,
And the frost burned on the land.
Do you still remember how I taught you
To hold a revolver in your hand?

Shtil, Di Nakht שטיל די נאַכט

2. A girl, a sheepskin and a beret;

In her hands she holds a gun.

A girl with her face as smooth as velvet

Keeps watch on the enemy's caravan.

3. An aim, a shot right on the target –

Her small pistol reached its mark.

A truck filled high with ammunition,

Her shot had stopped it in the dark.

Shtil, Di Nakht שטיל די נאַכט

4. At dawn she crept out of the woodland.
With snowy garlands in her hair.
Encouraged by her little victory
For our future freer heirs.



Vitka Kempner, right, and compatriots, c. 1942

Zog Nit Keyn Mol

זאָג ניט קיין מאָל

(Cantor Neil Schwartz)

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

1. Never say this is the final road for you,
Though leaden skies may cover over days of blue.
As the hour that we longed for is so near,
Our step beats out the message –
We are here!

Zog Nit Keyn Mol

זאָג ניט קיין מאָל

2. From lands so green with palms to lands all white with snow,
We shall be coming with our anguish and our woe.
And where a spurt of our blood fell on the earth,
There our courage and our spirit have rebirth.

3. 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 hand they heeded to the call.



El Maleh Rachamim אֵל מֵלֵא רַחֲמִים

(Cantor Neil Schwartz)

Compassionate God, grant infinite rest among the holy and pure to the souls of our brethren who perished in the Shoah – men, women, and children – who were murdered and burned. May their memory endure, and inspire deeds of goodness in our lives. May their souls be in Your sheltering Presence, and may they rest in peace, and let us say: "*Amein*"

Kaddish

Yit-ga-dal v'yit-ka-dash sh'mei ra-ba (**Amen**)
b'al-ma div-ra khi-ru-teiv'yam-likh mal-khu-tei
b'ha-yei-khon uv'yo-mei-khon uv'ha-yei d'khol beit Yis-ra-el,
ba-'a-ga-lah u-viz-man ka-riv v'im-ru: **Amen**.
Y'hei sh'mei ra-ba m'va-rakh l'a-lam u-l'al-mei al-ma-ya.
Yit-ba-rakh, v'yish-ta-bah, v'yit-pa-ar v'yit-ro-mam v'yit-na-sei,
v'yit-ha-dar v'yit-a-leh, v'yit-ha-lal sh'mei d'kud-sha, **b'rikh hu**,
l'ei-la min-kol-bir-kha-ta v'shi-ra-ta, tush-b'kha-ta v'ne-he-ma-ta
da-'a-mi-ran b'al-ma v'imru: **Amen**.
Y'hei sh'la-ma ra-ba min sh'ma-ya v'ha-yim
a-lei-nu v'al-kol-Yis-ra-el, v'im-ru: **Amen**.
O-seh sha-lom bim-ro-mav hu ya-a-seh sha-lom
a-lei-nu, v'al kol Yis-ra-el, v'im-ru **Amen**.

Let the Glory of God be extolled, let God's great name be hallowed,
in the world whose creation God has willed. May God's dominion
soon prevail, in our own day, our own lives, and the life of all Israel,
and let us say: Amen.
Let God's name be blessed for ever and ever.
Let the name of the Holy One, blessed be God, be glorified, exalted,
and honored, though God is beyond all the praises, songs, and
adorations that we can utter, and let us say: Amen.
For us and for all Israel, may the blessing of peace and the promise
of life come true, and let us say: Amen.
May the One who causes peace to reign in the high heavens
let peace descend on us, on all Israel, and on the world,
and let us say, Amen.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. (אָמֵן)

בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ, וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ
בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהִי שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעַלְמֵי עֲלְמֵינָא:

יְתַבְרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא,
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקַדְשָׁא

בְּרִיךְ הוּא

לְעֵלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא,
יְתַשְׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחְמְתָּא, דְּאָמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהִי שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Eli, Eli

אֱלֹהֵי, אֱלֹהֵי

*(Rabbi Dr. Jana De Benedetti
Cantor Neil Schwartz)*

Eli, Eli,
Shelo yigamer l'olam:
HaChol v'haYam,
Rishrush shel haMayim,
Barak haShamayim,
T'filat haAdam.

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.

2018
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Brown Chapel
Centenary College

Dr. Christopher Holoman, Chair

