

זכור

**COMMUNITY YOM HASHOAH
COMMEMORATION**

**27 Nisan, 5766
Monday, April 24, 2006**

Congregation Beth El-Atereth Israel
561 Ward Street
Newton Centre

Mincha, Maariv 7:25
Commemoration 8:00pm

אלה אזכרה ונפשי עלי אשפכה,
כי בלעונו זרים כעגה בלי הפוכה

These martyrs I will well remember,
and my soul is melting with secret sorrow.
Evil men have devoured us and eagerly consumed us.
(Birnbbaum translation, Musaf Yom Kippur)

Sponsored by:
Adams Street Synagogue, Newton, MA
Congregation Beth El – Atereth Israel, Newton, MA
Congregation Shaarei Tefillah, Newton, MA
Young Israel of Brookline, Brookline, MA

Welcome and introductory remarks

Candle-lighting ceremony

"Ani Maamin"

Guest Speaker.....Rabbi Norbert Weinberg

SPIRITUAL LEADER OF THE ADAMS STREET SYNAGOGUE

"THE SHOAH: PRELUDE TO REDEMPTION"

"Kel Molei Rachamim"

Partisan Song

"Zog Nit Keynmol"

Closing remarks

Ani Maamin/ I Believe

Based on the "Thirteen Articles of Faith" by Maimonides

I believe with perfect faith
In the coming of the Messiah
and even if he may be delayed
I will wait daily for his coming.

אני מאמין באמונה שלמה
בביאת המשיח.
ואף על פי שיתמהמה
עם בליזה אחכה-לו. בכל-יום. שיבא.

Yom Hashoah program committee:
Jeff Jacoby, Larry Lockerman

Partisan Song/Zog Nit Keynmol

The lyrics were written in the Vilna Ghetto by poet Hirsh Glik. The melody was written by the Pakres Brothers and was taken from a Russian folk song. It soon became the official hymn of the Jewish Partisans. With the liquidation of the Vilna Ghetto, Glik was captured by the Gestapo and sent to a concentration camp in Estonia. When the Red Army swept through the area the following year, he escaped from the camp, only to be killed fighting the Germans in nearby woods. He was twenty-two.

(The translation includes the entire song)

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

Fun grinem palmenland biz vaysn land fun shney,
Mir kumen on mit undzer payn, mit undzer vey,
Un vu gefaln iz a shprits fun undzer blut,
Shprotsn vet dort undzer gvure, unzer mut!

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

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!

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 are courage and our spirit have rebirth.

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 remain.

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.

Therefore never say the road now ends 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!

זאג ניט קיין מאָל, אז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,
כאַטש הימלען בלייבענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויז טעג, -
קימען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה,
ס'וועט אַ פּויק טאָן אונדזער טראָט - מיר זיינען דאָ!

פֿון גרינעם פֿאַלמענלאַנד ביז ווייסן לאַנד פֿון שניי
מיר קומען אָן מיט אונדזער פּיין, מיט אונדזער וויי,
און וווּ געפֿאַלן איז אַ שפּריץ פֿון אונדזער בלוט,
שפּראַצן וועט דאָרט אונדזער גבורה, אונדזער מוט!

זאג ניט קיין מאָל, אז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,
כאַטש הימלען בלייבענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויז טעג, -
קימען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה,
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EXCERPTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF REGINA LOCKERMAN
THE MASSACRE AT TYNIEC

One day in late summer of 1942 the Germans ordered all Jews from Polish towns and villages outside of Cracow, including Tyniec, Mogila, Prococim, Liszki, Biezanow, Niepolomice, Beilany, Skavina, Jeziorzany, Raczna, Zabierzow, Ojcow and Kapanka to report to the Tyniec Stadium for work selection and resettlement. It really was a round-up for killing and deportation. I never met anybody that survived the Tyniec Massacre, it was outside of the big centers and was followed by a tremendous "Akcja" that made the area "Judenfrei." To the local Polish population that was a normal occurrence.

That stadium was surrounded with a tremendous forest and picnic grounds. Those Jews that were not able to come on their own like crippled, sick, frail, old or children, transportation was provided. Thousands of old, young, middle aged and infant Jews reported there by train, buses, and horse drawn wagons. There they were surrounded by the Gestapo and uniformed policemen with vicious dogs.

The Gestapo looked like robots, walking erect with the shining boots and without any human expression. Music was playing deafeningly loud and the loudspeakers were all over the place. They ordered the Jewish people to form a round circle, able bodied people were sent away, presumably for work. The old Jews, the sick and the children were taken away in the direction of the forest. There they were ordered to dig ditches for their own graves. My brother Itzchak (Vicek) put his baby daughter in a knapsack, gave her a tranquilizer so she would not cry got discovered and was taken away by the Germans.

They announced on the loudspeakers that anybody who is sick or disabled should step forward — so that they will be sent to the hospital. My mother was ready to go to the hospital, she did not feel good and could not take it there anymore. She looked very pale — a Gestapo man pointed with his finger to her to go with the sick. The doctor that accompanied the Gestapo knew our family interceded and said, "I know her, she is well and does not need any medical help." That saved her there, this time, and we were sent to Skavina Ghetto. Those who went to the forest were shot. The shooting continued several days.

Conditions in the ghetto were unbearable. The influx of more poor, hungry, homeless Jews compounded the misery of the local Jewish population who already endured privations and were exposed to relentless violence, terror and sadism.

As we came there, we realized that the end is approaching. My older brother Itzchak (my other brother Henek was taken to KZ camp right in the beginning) managed with extra-ordinary efforts to place his wife Irka, their little daughter Rysia, our mother and our youngest sister Lusja, by a gentile family for safe keeping. He must have given them a lot of money and jewelry. This Polish man promised to keep them until the war will be over. Only Irka and Rysia survived.

The rest of the family remained in Skavina for about a month or two where we were working on local jobs. There was a bad feeling that something terrible was looming. It was fall, the weather was inclement, very cold and nasty, we had no food. Jews were dying in the streets from hunger, typhoid, lice and all kind of sickness. Somehow my brother Itzchak maintained that the Germans would not do anything bad to us because we are willing to work and the Germans needed workers because of the war effort. My sister Rozia was sick with Typhoid, crying if she could at least have an apple that she would feel better. I slept with her and felt that the situation was getting hopeless.

The worst was yet to come... .

Anyone who would like to submit similar writings or poems by survivors for next year's program should contact committee members listed on page 2.