El Malei Rachamim

Yom Hashoah Memorial Candle Lighting Ceremony

The community of Holocaust survivors is dying out. In a matter of just a few years, no more will remain on earth and no one will be able to truthfully say "I remember what happened during the Holocaust..." We will be left with only memorial books, research texts, images, film and recorded testimonies. When this occurs, memory of the Holocaust must be transformed from being an integral part of our existence that is cemented into our flesh and soul - to a treasured artifact; humanity and future generations must take responsibility for imbuing its memory with content and meaning... In Jewish tradition memory has inherent value. Yet, memory in and of itself is not an independent value, rather, it relies upon moral obligation...memory needs to be the basis of action, a source of strength for creating a better world.

(Excerpted from The Manifest of the Holocaust Survivors)

Let us remember our brothers and our sisters

The streets of the town that bustled like rivers

the homes in the cities and houses in the villages

The extent to which Holocaust remembrance will become an essential component of our collective identity will be determined over the next few years. We call upon each and every family to

LIGHT SIX CANDLES

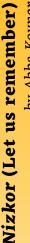
at 19:00 (7PM) on the evening of Yom Hashoah to be followed by the recitation of the texts below

Prayer for the Departed:

O God, full of mercy, who dwells on high, Grant proper rest on the wings of the Divine Presence In the lofty levels of the holy and pure, Who shine like the glow of the firmament -For the souls of the Six Million Jews, victims of the European Holocaust. Who were killed, slaughtered, burned and wiped out For the Sanctification of the Name By the murderous Germans and their allies, Because, without making a vow, All the community will pray For the uplifting of their souls. Therefore, may the Master of mercy Shelter them in the shelter of His wings for eternity; And may He bind their souls in the Bond of Life. The Lord is their heritage. And may their resting-place be in the Garden of Eden,

and may they reach their destiny at the end of days.

And let us say Amen.



And the inn standing solitary on the way. The old man with his etched-out features The mother in her sweater The girl with the braids And the children. The thousands of communities of Israel with their families The whole Jewish people That was brought to the slaughter on the soil of Europe by the German destroyer. The man who screamed out suddenly and died while screaming The woman who clutched her baby to her breast and whose arms collapsed. The baby whose fingers groped for her mother's nipple which was blue and cold The legs, the legs that sought refuge and there was no escape. And those who clenched their hands into fists The fist that gripped the steel The steel that was the weapon of the vision the despair and the revolt. And those with staunch hearts and those with open eyes And those who sacrificed themselves without being able to save others.





We shall remember the day The day in its noon, the sun That rose over the stake of blood The skies that stood high and silent We shall remember the mounds of ash beneath flowering parks. Let the living remember their dead for behold they are here Before us Behold their eyes cast around and about. So let us not rest May our lives be worthy of their memory