

Thoreau Woods UU Church – Worship Service *Forgotten Voices
of the Holocaust* May 1, 2011

Prelude

Chalice Lighting

In our time of grief, we light a flame of sharing, the flame of ongoing life.

In this time when we search for understanding and serenity in the face of loss, we light
this sign of our quest for truth, meaning, and community.

Opening Hymn

Please join me standing as you are able in our opening hymn No. 30 verse 1 and hymn of
the month “Over My Head”

Announcements

John Pepper

Visitors, Welcome! We are happy to have you here.

(Pause)

If you would like, please sign our guest book on the table in the entryway and give your
address or email if you want to receive our newsletter. If you would like to become a
member, please pick up one of our application forms also located on the table and put it
in the offering plate or look it over and turn it in when you feel ready.

Next week our own Sharon Marx will speak on Motherhood. On May 15 Michael Savage
will be here and his talk is titled “Diamond Way Buddhism.”

Our special collection this month is for ...

If you'd like to join us for lunch, we'll be heading to the Golden Corral at the intersection
of Normal Park and 11th street.

Are there any other announcements from the floor?

Opening Words

John Pepper

We pause this hour to remember those whom we have lost, those whom we fear losing, those from whom we are separated, and those to whom we would extend a helping hand, a caring heart, the will to live.

We pause this hour also to hope for life and good living, for love and kind words, for reconciliation, for the support of family and friends, for meaning in our struggle, and for wholeness.

May our memories and hope renew us for the days and nights to come.

Rejoice Together, 19, M. Susan Milnor

Hymn

John Pepper

Please join me standing as you are able singing hymn No. 8 “Mother Spirit, Father Spirit.”

Joys and Concerns

John Pepper

As an expression of our connectedness and community, you are invited to come forward and share a joy, sorrow or concern as you light a candle. Or you may choose to light a candle without comment. Visitors, you are also encouraged to participate.

Please form a line to my left.

(Pause)

I will light one final candle for all those joys and concerns left unsaid.

Offertory Statement

Offertory Music

About Anne Frank

Anne Frank and her family were in hiding from July of 1942 until they were discovered and imprisoned in August of 1944. While they were in hiding, Anne wrote frequently in

her diary about most aspects of their ongoing lives. Her diary clearly shows that in the most difficult of times, life simply goes on regardless of the circumstances.

After she and her family were taken away, her diary was found and saved by one of the people who originally offered them shelter, Miep Gies. After the war Anne's father, who was on the only member of her family to survive, retrieved the diary and had it published. Incidentally, Miep Gies recently celebrated her 100th birthday and passed away a little less than a year later on January 11, 2010.

The Diary of Anne Frank (Asia Gillespie)

March 31, 1944 – Friday

Dear Kitty,

Think of it, it's still pretty cold, but most people have been without coal for about a month – pleasant, eh! In general public feeling over the Russian front is optimistic again, because that is terrific! You know I don't write much about politics, but I must just tell you where they are now; they are right by the Polish border and have reached the Prut River near Rumania. They are close to Odessa. Every evening here they expect an extra communiqué from Stalin.

The chatter about Peter and me has calmed down a bit now. We are very good friends, are together a lot and discuss every imaginable subject. It is awfully nice never to have to keep a check on myself as I would have to with other boys, whenever we get on to precarious ground. We were talking, for instance, about blood and via that subject we began talking about menstruation. He thinks we women are pretty tough. Why on earth?

My life here has improved.

God has not left me alone and will not leave me alone.

Yours, Anne

April 1, 1944 – Saturday

Dear Kitty,

And yet everything is still so difficult; I expect you can guess what I mean, can't you? I am so longing for a kiss, the kiss that is so long in coming. I wonder if all the time he still regards me as a friend? Am I nothing more?

You know and I know that I am strong, that I can carry most of my burdens alone. I have never been used to sharing my troubles with anyone, I have never clung to my mother, but now I would so love to lay my head on "his" shoulder just once and remain still.

I'd better stop, I must be quiet, I shall remain strong and with a bit of patience the other will come too, but – and that is the worst of it – it looks just as if I'm running after him; I am always the one who goes upstairs, he doesn't come to me.

But that is just because of the rooms, and he is sure to understand the difficulty. Oh, yes, and there's more he'll understand.

Yours, Anne

April 3, 1944 – Monday

Dear Kitty,

Contrary to my usual custom, I will for once write more fully about food because it has become a very difficult and important matter, not only here in the "Secret Annex" but in the whole of Holland, all Europe, and even beyond.

In the twenty-one months that we've spent here we have been through a good many "food cycles" – you'll understand what that means in a minute. When I talk of "food cycles" I mean periods in which one has nothing else to eat but one particular dish or kind of vegetable. We had nothing but endive for a long time, day in, day out, endive with sand, endive without sand, stew with endive, boiled or in a casserole; then it was spinach, and after that followed kohlrabi, cucumbers, tomatoes, sauerkraut, etc., etc.

However, we have the most delightful period of all now, because we don't get any fresh vegetables at all. Our weekly menu for supper consists of kidney beans, pea soup, potatoes with dumplings, and, by the grace of God, occasionally turnip tops or rotten carrots, and then the kidney beans once again.

We eat potatoes at every meal, beginning with breakfast, because of the bread shortage.

We make our soup from kidney or haricot beans, potatoes, julienne soup in packets, French beans in packets, and kidney beans in packets. Everything contains beans, not to mention the bread!

In the evening we always have potatoes with gravy substitute and – thank goodness we've still got it – beetroot salad. I must still tell you about the dumplings, which we make out of government flour, water, and yeast. They are so sticky and tough, they lie like stones in one's stomach – ah, well! The great attraction each week is a slice of liver sausage, and jam on dry bread. But we're still alive, and quite often we even enjoy our poor meals.

Yours, Anne

(Children leave after the reading)

About the Holocaust

John Pepper

Children were not the only ones persecuted during the Holocaust. In fact there are so many well documented cases of the victims, the fact that some people today want to deny the Holocaust ever existed is simply ludicrous.

An appropriate response for this ongoing insanity is simply to listen to the pain and anguish some of these people experienced first-hand. The power of their voices will hopefully spur us on to right future wrongs and address injustices before they become tragedies.

On June 14, 1940 Polish political prisoners became the first residents of the Auschwitz concentration camp and on that same day in 1942, Anne Frank began writing her now famous diary.

During their reign of terror, the Nazis persecuted, tortured, and killed many different groups of people. The documentation the Nazis left behind is a testament to their brutality and their ruthless organized efficiency. Each of the groups targeted was assigned a specific color triangle to wear on their clothes that designated their particular offence or place of origin.

Yellow was for the Jews, red for the politicals, green for the criminals, pink for the homosexuals, black for anti-socials, purple for Jehovah's Witnesses, blue for emigrants, and brown for gypsies. Approximately 6 million Jews were killed, and while the estimates vary, several million other people were also killed from all the other persecuted groups.

The reality is that each one of the statistics was in fact a person, a person worthy of dignity, respect and love. While many of their voices have been silenced for all eternity, some of the victims did survive and it is to their voices that we now turn.

Please bear with us as we share information on one group of people that is often ignored and then the tragic personal stories of three of the surviving victims.

Forgotten Crimes: The Holocaust and People with Disabilities by the Disability Rights Activists

James Moore

A report by Disability Rights Advocates, September 2001

In spite of greatly heightened interest in the Holocaust in recent years, silence has surrounded the mass atrocities inflicted on men, women and children with disabilities under the Nazi regime. The vicious and systemic persecution of people with disabilities during the Nazi era has been overlooked and greatly underestimated in historical research and our collective remembrance of the Holocaust. The result is widespread public ignorance of these horrors—an ignorance often perpetuated by the indifference of politicians, academicians and the media. Moreover, restitution measures have been virtually non-existent.

Some people erroneously believe that the number of victims with disabilities is relatively small. However, ample evidence shows that people with disabilities were subjected to slave labor, were looted, plundered, and otherwise exploited, both within Germany and in the territories conquered by the Nazis. In every way that other victims, such as the Jews, suffered and lost, people with disabilities suffered and lost.

Nevertheless, the full extent of the atrocities suffered by people with disabilities may never be known. Even assembling the material necessary to research disability issues and the Holocaust is exceedingly difficult. The repositories of information about the Holocaust have virtually excluded the subject of people with disabilities as a distinct group. Moreover, there is no funding for such research. These limitations must also be viewed in the context of records that were kept secret, documents that were altered or destroyed, and exploitation that was never recorded. Finally, the Nazis' forcible mass sterilization program has left many of these victims with no children to tell their stories.

This victim group encompassed people with every kind of disability. Instead of accepting disability as an aspect of life in all societies, German ideology considered disability to be a sign of degeneracy and viewed nearly any disabled person as a "life not worthy of life."

People with all kinds of disabilities—depression, retardation, cerebral palsy, muscular dystrophy, cancer, mobility impairments, "slow learners," deafness and blindness—were labeled as "useless eaters."

People with disabilities were the first victims of Hitler's efforts to create a master race; the elimination of people with disabilities was a central component of the Nazis' plan to "purify" the Aryan race.

People with disabilities were also the last victims, and they continued to be murdered even after the German war machine collapsed.

As the Nazis expanded their sphere of domination, they ruthlessly murdered men, women, and children with disabilities regardless of race, religion, or political affiliation. With the spread of World War II, SS killing units began to shoot asylum inmates by the thousands in the annexed areas of Poland, Pomerania, and West Prussia.

History matters. Remembrance of the mass barbarism of the Holocaust for people with disabilities is critical to a current understanding of both (a) why and how people with disabilities continue to be marginalized and (b) the attitudes and moral failures that allowed the Holocaust to happen. Until the full story of the Nazi nightmare is told and remembered, we all remain at risk.

The Men with the Pink Triangle by Heinz Heger (John Pepper)

Vienna, March 1939. I was 22 years old, a university student preparing for an academic career, a choice that met my parents' wishes as much as my own. Being little interested in politics, I was not a member of the Nazi student association, or any of the party's other organizations.

My family was well-to-do and strictly Catholic. My father was a senior civil servant, pedantic and correct in all his actions, and always a respected model for me and my three younger sisters. My mother, who is still alive today, has always been the very embodiment of kindness and care for us children, ever ready to help when one of us was in trouble. She was not only mother to us, but always a good friend as well, whom we could trust with all our secrets and who always had an answer even in the most desperate situation.

Ever since I was sixteen I knew that I was more attracted to my own sex than I was to girls. For three years I managed to keep my homoerotic feelings secret even from my mother, though I found it hard not to be able to speak about this to anyone.

In the end, however, I confided in her and told her everything that was necessary to get it off my chest – not so much to ask her advice, however, as simply to end this burden of secrecy.

“My dear child”, she replied, “it’s your life, and you must live it. No one can slip out of one skin and into another, you have to make the best of what you are. If you think you can find happiness only with another man, that doesn’t make you in any way inferior. Just be careful to avoid bad company, and guard against blackmail, as this is a possible danger. Try to find a lasting friendship, as this will protect you from many perils. ... Follow my advice, and remember, whatever happens, you are my son and can always come to me with your problems.”

At university I got to know several students with similar views, or rather, feelings, to my own. Fred was the son of a high Nazi official from the Reich, two years older than I, and set on completing his study of medicine at the world-famous Vienna medical school. I fell for him straight away. We were very happy together, and made all kinds of plans for the future, believing we would never more be separated.

It was on a Friday, about 1 p.m., almost a year to the day since Austria had become simply the ‘Ostmark’, that I heard two rings at the door. When I opened the door I was surprised to see a man with a slouch hat and leather coat. With the curt word ‘Gestapo’, he handed me a card with the printed summons to appear for questioning at 2 p.m. at the Gestapo headquarters.

When I said goodbye to my mother she embraced me very warmly and repeated: “Be careful, child, be careful!” Neither of us thought, however, that we would not meet again for six years, myself a human wreck, she a broken woman, tormented as to the fate of her son, and having had to face contempt of neighbors and fellow-citizens every since it was known her son was homosexual and had been sent to a concentration camp.

I never saw my father again, It was only after my liberation in 1945 that I learned from my mother how he had tried time and again to secure my release, applying to the interior ministry and the Central Security Department in Berlin. Despite his many connections as a high civil servant, he was continuously refused.

Because of these requests, but above all because his son was imprisoned for homosexuality, and this was incompatible with his official position under the Nazi regime, he was forced to retire on reduced pension in December 1940. He could no longer put up with the abuse he received, and in 1942 he took his own life.

At the Gestapo headquarters, a senior officer stared at me with cold grey eyes: “You are a queer, a homosexual, do you admit it?” “No, no, it’s not true” I stammered. “Don’t you lie, you dirty queer!”, he shouted angrily. “I have clear proof, look at this.” He took a postcard-sized photo from his drawer. “Do you know him?” Of course I knew the photo. It was a snap someone had taken showing Fred and me with our arms in friendly fashion round each other’s shoulders. “Yes, that’s my student friend Fred.” “That’s all then.” I was taken the same day to the police prison and eventually to a concentration camp.

Jews, homosexuals and gypsies, the yellow, pink and brown triangles, were the prisoners who suffered most frequently and most severely from the tortures and blows of the SS. They were described as the scum of humanity, who had no right to live on German soil and should be exterminated.

Such were the oft-repeated words of the commandant and his SS subordinates. But the lowest of the low in this “scum” were we, the men with the pink triangle.

We new arrivals were now assigned to our work, which was to keep the area around the block clean. Our work, then, was as follows. In the morning we had to cart the snow outside our block from the left side of the road to the right side. In the afternoon we had to cart the same snow back from the right side to the left. We didn’t have barrows and shovels to perform this work either, that would have been far too simple for us “queers”. This mental and bodily torment lasted six days, until at last new pink-triangle prisoners were delivered to our block and took over from us. Our hands were cracked all over and half froze off, and we had become dumb and indifferent slaves of the SS. I learned from

prisoners who had already been in our block a good while that in summer similar work was done with earth and sand.

My mother and I wept tears of joy when we met again after years of separation. I wanted to resume and complete the studies I had begun so many years before, but I lacked the strength or will for systematic learning.

I could not banish from my mind the terrible tortures of the concentration camp, the dreadful and beastly brutalities of the SS monsters. I would be listening to a professor, but soon my attention would wander, I would think of camp, see the torturers again in my mind and forget the lecture.

My request for compensation for the years of concentration camp was rejected by our democratic authorities, for as pink-triangle prisoner, a homosexual, I had been condemned for a criminal offence, even if I'd not harmed anyone. No restitution is granted to "criminal" concentration-camp victims.

Scarcely a word has been written on the fact that along with the millions whom Hitler had butchered on grounds of "race", hundreds of thousands of people were sadistically tortured to death simply for having homosexual feelings. Scarcely anyone has publicized the fact that the madness of Hitler and his gang was not directed just against the Jews, but also against us homosexuals, in both cases leading to the "final solution" of seeking the total annihilation of these human beings."

***Pharrajimos: The Fate of the Roma During the Holocaust* edited by Janos Barsony
(Linda Parks)**

Mrs. Istavan Sztojka, Budapest, recorded in July of 2001 in Budapest

I was born in what is currently Hungary, on January 27, 1927. I never went to school and I can't read or write. I was 15 when my future husband came down from Budapest. His family was in horse trading but he was also into playing music and that's why he was down in our parts. So we fell in love with each other and ran away, as it is done among the Roma. We came to Csepel, a neighborhood in Budapest, to live, that's where my

husband's family always lived, and he also worked here in the factory. I stayed home with my mother-in-law and the family of my husband.

Then the war came. We knew that they dragged off a lot of Jews from Csepel too. They took my husband to a collection camp in Kistarcsa. They wanted to take him on to Germany.

The camp commander liked my husband because he played music to him all the time.

That's why, when they came to take them away to Germany, he put a large hat on my husband's head and pushed him among the old ones who were supposed to stay. This is how he was saved, because the Russians soon liberated the camp.

I was on my way to Kistarcsa to visit my husband when they caught and arrested me. If it was only a day later I would have been spared. The other Roma lived nearby. They were rounded up too. They took us to the police headquarters in Csepel, then on to the brick factory in another part of Budapest.

We stayed a month or two in the brick factory. We lived in a place where they warm the bricks. There were these mold-like things made of iron, that's what we ate out of because we had no mess tins. There were Jews there too but separately. We were guarded by Arrow Cross soldiers. One of them said, "Well, these will make good canned meat," but at the time we had no idea what they were talking about.

At the time we were still together with the men, women, children and men. First I was taken for a child and that is why I did not get a number on my arm later. But my sister-in-law, she did get one. But we could still have visitors there. But I had no relatives – my mother had no idea where I was.

Once, Hitler came personally, with soldiers. Then they put us on trains like cattle. They gave us something salty and stinky to eat. Water, we got none at all. People emptied themselves in the car and slept on top of corpses. There were a frightening lot of us, all Roma.

Well, then we stopped at Dachau, what was in Germany. From there, we were taken to Bergen-Belsen and Munich where there was electricity in the fence. Wherever we stopped, there were camps.

All we got to eat was boiled beetroot, once a day. We also got a tiny bit of bread, but that too was only once a day. Once I dropped my mess tin into the hot beetroot. I was crying as I rummaged around in the hot liquid to find it. My whole arm was all blisters afterwards.

We were going to be taken to Auschwitz too, but the Americans came in time. The Jews somehow knew everything about everything and they told us, don't worry now, the Americans are coming. That day, when the Germans felt they were coming, they poisoned all of our food to get rid of us at once. But the Jews spoke German and told everybody not to eat anything because the food was poisoned.

The Americans came – it was a Sunday, I will never forget that day. They brought a lot of food with them, but a great many also died when the Americans came in and gave us good food and of course the stomach and the intestines were all dried out, that's why those people died. I had my wits about me and had none of the food. I drank tea first, lots of it. That's how I did not die, even though I was so weak that I could only crawl to reach the cauldron, so badly down I was with the stomach typhus. I drank tea and ate those delicious crackers. Then there were doctors and gave us injections. They waited until we got stronger. Then they put us on trains again. We had to report here at the Keleti train station in Budapest. They gave us these Russian monies – wasn't really worth anything.

I got to know that my husband shackled up with this musician woman because he thought I would never come back. But when he heard that I was alive, he came down to my mother's house. He left his new woman for me. We moved back to Csepel to my father-in-law's house and my husband got his artisan's permit in tin and pot repair. He also went to play music at weddings. Then the children started coming: four survived out of ten, two boys, two girls. The others were stillborn and I had miscarriages too. I was with my husband for 36 years. He died in 1977.

I worked for 15 years at Hungarian Textile and cleaned for the property maintenance company for eight years. My pension is 39,000 Hungarian dollars. This is very little – I can just pay the bills. My daughters married early. The four of us live here: my son, my daughter-in-law, my grandchild and myself. I even have 22 great-grandchildren.

Last year I went to Parliament Square, to the Romano anniversary, but I am quite fed up with the whole thing. What we suffered in the camps, neither America nor Switzerland can compensate us for.

Shards of Memory: Narratives of Holocaust Survival edited by Yehudi Linderman
(Marcus Gillespie)

David A., an interview from February 23, 1994

David was born on October 21, 1922. As the youngest of eight children from a close-knit and comfortably well off family, David led a sheltered life before the war. His other siblings were Rosa, Bella, Miklos, Emmanuel, Sarah, Yola, and Matilda. David had a large extended family of approximately one hundred. Of them, only ten to fifteen survived the Holocaust. They now live dispersed across several continents.

Around 1938, David's three brothers were called into the Hungarian Army. Later, one was sent to the Russian front, and two went to Transylvania. Two of his brothers went missing "somewhere in the Russian steppes" and never returned.

In 1941, Hungarian Jews had to prove their citizenship; those of questionable citizenship were executed or expelled. Some managed to escape Hungary, telling unbelievable stories when they returned.

In October 1943, David was recruited for service in a labor battalion and was sent to Esztergombator, a Hungarian army labor camp where he had to wear a yellow armband. Shortly afterward, while David was still in the camp, Horthy declared that the war was lost, and that he was seeking peace. The next day, the leader of the Arrow Cross, Ferenc Szalasi, took power and the Hungarians joined forces with the Germans.

At Esztergombator, the guards erected barbed wire around David's barracks. He overheard one saying, "OK Jews, it won't be long. You'll die like the rest of them." David joined a group of twenty prisoners who cut the barbed wire and escaped. They stole a truck and uniforms from the army, and the group drove to Budapest, where they dispersed. David went to the ghetto in search of his family and found three of his sisters. He then traveled from place to place in search of the underground, using false documents that identified him as a Hungarian soldier on a six-month leave.

"I didn't look like too much of a Jew just to look at me, so I passed. I was already an escape artist, experienced."

Later in November, however, David was captured and, with others, loaded into cattle cars and taken to Balf, a village on the Austro-Hungarian border.

David describes the period in Balf from November 1944 to March 1945 as unreal.

Sixty percent of the prisoners perished. They slept on hay in the villagers' barns, brushing the snow off their bodies in the mornings. Their rations were a daily portion of soup and half a kilo of bread every three days. "Food was absolutely nonexistent. Eight-hundred to a thousand people standing in line and getting a bowl of so-called soup." Hygiene was also nonexistent; the prisoners had no means of washing and no change of clothes. The number of prisoners was marked outside the barns; they were summoned for roll call at 6 a.m. every morning. The soldiers threatened to shoot every tenth Jew if anyone went missing. The peasants were too afraid to risk helping them.

David had some luck; he was recognized by one of his father's former employees who needed a butcher. He started working in the camp kitchen, where he had access to extra food and hot water.

In December 1944, a typhus epidemic broke out. "People were dying by the dozen. There was no food and no heat. It did not take long for people to die." David explains that the "hospital" was located in a village about six kilometers away.

He says, "All the sick were loaded up on open carts pulled by a tractor and taken to this village for treatment. By the time they got there, they were all dead. So they were burned.

That was the hospital treatment: short and sweet." The farmers in the area were also getting sick: "this disease typhoid is not anti-Semitic," jokes David. David eventually contracted typhus. For twenty days, David was feverish; those days, "disappeared from his life completely." David recovered a few days before March 31.

By the end of March 1945, the Russians were advancing toward Balf. The Nazis marched the healthy prisoners west to Mauthausen on March 27, leaving the sick and the "in between," including David, in Balf. The 190 prisoners, who remained, thought that they only had to endure until the Russians came; they thought they had survived.

On March 31, and SS Commando arrived and ordered the remaining prisoners to leave the barns. The prisoners were weak and slow. If someone was too sick to walk, he was shot with a “neat little machine gun.” He then says, “They ordered everyone into the ditches. There were thousands of soldiers. They were absolutely cool, slow. Never mind the approaching front. They aimed at the head and shot one.

Then, if there is a reflex they put more bullets. No rush. Aim and shoot, like in a game.

When my time came, a young guy came with a moustache. He looked at me; he murmured something. I covered my eyes. He shot me here, in the wrist.” I didn’t lose consciousness. I just fell down. I get bullet here in my brow and another one in my arm and leg. Then I guess he thought I had enough and moved on to the next one. This was going on for maybe an hour, not more, until everything was quiet and we were lying there dead.”

After the shootings, the soldiers threw clumps of dirt on the bodies in order to see if any would flinch. Eventually, all that remained was a dead silence. David refers to this event as “the killing of me and my comrades.” A few hours later, David heard voices. A Jewish boy had brought the Russian liberators.

He was yelling in Hungarian: “If anyone is alive, don’t be afraid!” David and two other prisoners answered the call. Using a stick, the Russians pulled the sole survivors out of the ditch. Walking the several kilometers to the nearby inn in Balf, David left a trail of blood.

Recently, David returned to Balf in order to help exhume the bodies of his comrades from the massacre, who had been buried in the ditch that they dug. The bodies were reburied in the main Jewish cemetery of Budapest. In 1992, a monument and plaque were erected on the site of the execution in memory of the victims. David emphasizes the importance of remembering this event. He feels no anger toward the soldier who shot him: “It wasn’t his fault. He was just the tool to pull the trigger ... It took a while, almost fifty years, till I can talk about it. I didn’t talk for too many years.” For him, talking serves as a warning that “it shouldn’t happen again. Enough is enough.”

The only thing that seems appropriate now is silence and reflection.

Closing Hymn

Congregation

Please join me standing as you are able in our final hymn, No. 28 “View the Starry Realm” and remain standing for a Responsive Reading which will be out closing.

Closing Responsive Reading

Congregation

Our reading is No. 721, “They Are With Us Still.”

In the struggles we choose for ourselves, in the ways we move forward in our lives and
bring our world forward with us,

*It is right to remember the names of those who gave us strength in this choice of
living. It is right to name the power of hard lives well-lived.*

We share a history with those lives. We belong to the same motion.

*They too were strengthened by what had gone before. They too were drawn on by
the vision of what might come to be.*

Those who lived before us, who struggled for justice and suffered injustice before us,
have not melted into the dust, and have not disappeared.

They are with us still. The lives they lived hold us steady.

Their words remind us and call us back to ourselves. Their courage and love evoke our
own. We the living, carry them with us: we are their voices, their hands and their hearts.

We take them with us, and with them choose the deeper path of living.

Kathleen McTigue

Extinguish the Chalice

Postlude