

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL DAY 2021

Scotland's National Ceremony

Wednesday 27 January 2021

Be the Light in the Darkness

Information for Schools



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This Information Pack accompanies Scotland's National Holocaust Memorial Day Ceremony 2021.

The Pack:

- Sets out the programme of the event
- Provides transcripts which may be printed for use by teachers and pupils to access the event and/or facilitate prior or further learning
- Provides links to further information about the events and survivors commemorated in the film

Timings for each section have been provided to facilitate accessing particular parts of the film for future lesson planning.

The event and this pack have been produced by Interfaith Scotland and is sponsored by the Scottish Government and The Holocaust Memorial Day Trust. The pack is designed for use by teachers to use and adapt as appropriate for their pupils learning needs and as classroom materials for additional learning.

Interfaith Scotland

www.interfaithscotland.org

January 2021

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL DAY 2021

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Wednesday 27 January 2021 2pm

Be the Light in the Darkness

PROGRAMME

A Message from the First Minister, Nicola Sturgeon

Testimony of Mala Tribich MBE, Holocaust Survivor

Solnyshko: Don't Wake Me Up

Introduced by Lev Atlas

Composed by Oleg Ponomarev

Performed by students of the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland Juniors & Douglas Academy

(Arrangement by Lev Atlas of the Royal Conservatoire)

Young people read the testimonies of survivors of genocide

Jayden Groden reads the testimony of his great grandmother, Marianne Grant, a survivor of The Holocaust;

Sonita Dann from Phnom Penh, Cambodia, reads the testimony of Arn Chorn-Pond, survivor of the Genocide in Cambodia;

Dženita Hasanović from Bosnia reads the testimony of her father Hasan, survivor of the Srebrenica Genocide, 1995

Taj (surname withheld) reads the testimony of Abdul from Darfur

Lainey and Carmella Rubayiza recite a poem by their mother, Marie-Claire Nyinawumuntu, a survivor of the Genocide against the Tutsi in Rwanda, 1994

Ani Ma'amin

Introduced and sung by Rabbi Moshe Rubin

A message from Aileen Campbell

Cabinet Secretary for Communities and Local Government

Lighting of Memorial Candles

Film timing: 00.20

A Message from the First Minister, Nicola Sturgeon

Holocaust Memorial Day is obviously being marked very differently this year. The pandemic means that none of us are able to gather in person. Instead, many of the usual commemorations are taking place online. I very much welcome the fact that they are going ahead in this format because Holocaust Memorial Day is a hugely important occasion.

It is an opportunity to honour the victims of the Holocaust and subsequent genocides in Cambodia, Rwanda, Bosnia, and Darfur. And as such, it reminds us of the persecution people have suffered for their ethnicity, religious belief, disability or sexual orientation. But today also has another purpose. And it is one which is summed up very well by this year's chosen theme. Be the light in the darkness highlights the responsibility we all have to promote truth and tolerance and reject prejudice and division.

In recent times, we've been reminded of why that is so important. In societies around the world, the forces of intolerance have become much more apparent. And that is something we must take incredibly seriously.

A few years ago, I took part in a visit to Auschwitz. I was there with around 200 pupils from across Scotland. And the experience of being there in the camp and seeing the piles of hair, shoes and suitcases is one that I, and I'm sure those with me, will never ever forget. The Holocaust and the other atrocities that we mark and remember today must serve as a warning to all of us. They show what can happen when intolerance and prejudice is left unchallenged and when hate is given free reign. And they remind all of us of the need to tackle lies and prejudices wherever and whenever we come across them. Those are lessons which it is important to pass on to the next generation. The young people of today will, after all, shape the kind of society we have in the future. But of course, all of us need to understand and apply those lessons in our daily lives. We must continue to strive to build a better and more tolerant society and a safer more peaceful world. And through our words and our actions, we must continue to try to be the light wherever there is darkness. So, on this important day, let us remember the victims of the Holocaust. Let us also remember the victims of the genocides in Cambodia, Rwanda, Bosnia and Darfur and in their memory, let us recommit ourselves to building a world where such atrocities can, and do, never happen again.

Film timing: 02.55

Testimony of Mala Tribich MBE, Holocaust Survivor

My name is Mala Tribich. I live in London. I'm a Holocaust survivor.

I was still eight years old. My birthday was going to be at the end of September. But war actually broke out. War started on first of September. By the first of November, we had already been forced out of our homes and into the ghetto walls. We didn't have physical walls around but it was very heavily guarded. And later on, it was barbed wire as well. We were quite near the German border. And that space between the German border and us, all along the border was immediately annexed. It became part of Germany. And therefore, it had to be free of Jews. They called it in German, '*Juden Frei*'. So, people quickly started leaving. And it caused our population to rise to 28,000. So, it was terribly overcrowded.

For two and a half years, we lived in the ghetto with lots of problems. People dying, people being killed, various epidemics. And we were immediately treated like, well not like human beings, we were constantly at risk of being killed. I mean, I never did see a German soldier, anybody without a rifle, or a revolver. And it was all very terrifying. I won't go into details.

But after about two and a half years, rumours started circulating that the ghetto was going to be liquidated and everybody was going to be deported, except people with work permits. And the ghetto by then it had been reduced to from the original 28,000. And then 24,000. After the epidemics, it now had 2,400 people left and they were mostly men and they mostly had jobs.

And the people who had been in hiding started returning, and there was actually a sort of semi official, not an announcement, but we were more or less told that it was safe to return for those who managed to survive the deportations. But they had a motive for that. Because as soon as they thought everybody had returned who had been in hiding, they started rounding them up, taking them to the local synagogue, which was now quite a ruin. They were kept there without any food or water or sanitary provisions. And they were adding more and more people every day. And when they had 620, the figure.... among those people was my mother and they had rounded up my mother and sister.

All these people were taken out on 20th December 1942. They were walked to the nearby forest called Rakow. They were taken out at dawn. The first group found their grave, their communal grave ready waiting for them. And my mother and sister were among them and all these people were killed in the most horrific way.

During that time, also one of my aunts on the Helfgott side, my father's side, she was rounded up for work, and she was taken away screaming "who will look after my child?". By then I was the only one of the Helfgott family left, the only female member of the family. And it was down to me, I was 12 and my cousin Anne was five and I looked after her.

We were transferred to a labour camp where men were housed separately to women so I didn't see my father and brother very often, but I did see them. Luckily, we were

at the same place. I started work as a slave labourer. My cousin, who was 5, didn't work. She was some, you know, she was very attached to me. She was terrified of losing me. But she knew she couldn't work with me. But because we worked on different shifts, there was always some woman there to keep an eye on her.

Conditions were very harsh, long hours, but we were there about 18 months when they decided to deport us again. And this time, too, we didn't know where we were going. They marched us to the railway station.

And I found myself with the women after a very long journey, four and a half days in cattle trucks, I found myself in *Ravensbrück*. Now I just briefly want to describe to you our arrival because there the first thing we had to do is to queue up. And they took all our details, because you know, the Germans were meticulous at record keeping. And then they took, they got us to undress, they took our clothing away, they shaved our heads, we went through cold communal showers. And when we came out at the other end, they gave us the concentration camp garb, the striped jacket and skirt. And when we looked at one another, we could not recognise each other. It was such a transformation. We were just all in shock. And it is difficult to explain what it feels like when one is actually deprived of one's identity. It's a really strange feeling. And it makes you lose hope. And without hope, there is no survival. And this showed itself very quickly. Because my aunt Frania Klein died very soon after arrival. My best friend, Emma Blackman, died soon after that. People were just giving up.

We were there about between two and three months and they decided to deport us again. And after a shorter journey, we found ourselves in Bergen Belsen. Now when we arrived there, they were so overcrowded, they had no room for us. And they put us up in a tent outside the camp. In the morning, they let us in. And what we saw defies description. It was absolutely horrific. The first thing that struck you was the smell and the smoke. And there were people there, but they were skeletons. And they were just shuffling along like zombies. And you could be speaking to someone and they'll just collapse and die in front of you. There were dead bodies everywhere. And the piles of bodies and piles of naked, twisted, decaying corpses. It was really horrific, the most horrific scene. And as they were taking us to our barracks, I heard that there was a children's home somewhere in that camp. And I quickly diverted to try and find the camp. The barrack. We were interviewed by two women. After asking us a lot of questions, they said, one of them turned to me and said 'well we are also very overcrowded. In any case, you are too old'. I was by then 14. And I said okay, will you take my cousin? And they said yes. But there was no way Anne would stay without me. She absolutely refused to stay. And eventually they relented and let us both in. And that was the greatest luck of all because I know that we would not have survived the main camp.

I remember lying on my upper bunk by the window and I must have come back into consciousness. And I saw people running. I didn't know why or where they were running. But all I could think of was how do they have the strength? Because typhus is a most terrible condition. It just debilitates you completely. But there they were and that was the 15th of April 1945. When we were liberated by the British.

They were just amazing and they really worked terribly hard, over and above the call of duty. That was the way they treated us. For the first time, in five and a half years, we were being treated like people again, not like animals, like rubbish. It was such a wonderful feeling to have such kind people.

They were a light in the darkness. We were so overtaken by all the tragedies and all the terrible pain we'd been through. And this was, suddenly, out of this terrible darkness there was the liberation, the light.

Remembrance is very important and it gives me hope in the future knowing that these young people are taking it on board and they are trying to do something about it. The whole purpose of us speaking, us survivors, is that we want the young people to realise and to know about the Holocaust. It is my hope that they will be the light in the darkness.

Find out more about Mala and her story at:

<https://www.het.org.uk/survivors-mala-tribich>

Find out more about The Holocaust at <https://www.hmd.org.uk/learn-about-the-holocaust-and-genocides/the-holocaust/>

Teaching resources about the Holocaust (including for online learning/home-schooling) can be found at:

<https://www.het.org.uk/teaching-resources>

Film timing: 15.42

Solnyshko: Don't Wake Me Up

Introduction by Lev Atlas

During World War Two, Sinti and Roma people suffered greatly as victims of Nazi persecution and genocide. Building on long held prejudice, the Nazi regime viewed Gypsies as outside of normal society, and as racial inferiors believed to threaten the biological purity and strength of the superior Aryan race. The destiny of Gypsies was similar to one of Jews under Nazis. Total annihilation. It is not known precisely how many Sinti and Roma were killed in Holocaust, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children. This piece is based on ancient Russian Gypsy folk melody, performed by young musicians, students of Royal Conservatoire of Scotland Juniors, and Douglas Academy. The composer, prominent Russian Gypsy musician Oleg Ponomarev, is lighting the candle in memory of all Sinti and Roma people perished in Holocaust.

Find out more about the persecution of the Sinti and Roma people by the Nazis at:

<https://www.hmd.org.uk/learn-about-the-holocaust-and-genocides/nazi-persecution/the-porrajmos/>

Film timing: 20.54

The testimony of Marianne Grant, a survivor of The Holocaust

Hello, my name is Jayden and I'm from Scotland and this is the testimony of my great grandmother, Marianne Grant.

I was born in Prague and we had a good life.

I did a lot of drawing at school. Sometimes my drawings were published in the Children's Corner in the newspaper.

When the Germans invaded in 1938, I saw the tanks and the soldiers in the town. I ran home, petrified, to my mother.

Then we couldn't go to school or the cinema. We couldn't use public transport and could only meet in each other's homes.

After 18 months my mother was told she was being transported. I wasn't included because I worked in the garden growing food. I wanted to be with my mother so I jumped into the cattle wagon. I knew we were going east. I didn't know I was going to Auschwitz.

We were tightly packed in cattle wagons, maybe 50 people and it was a slow journey, day and night. When we arrived at our destination, it was night time. There were torches and floodlights and there were guards shouting "Out, out!" and Doberman dogs barking. Boys in striped pyjamas were running around, clearing the carriages of the dead and taking our luggage away. We were in Auschwitz.

There were lots of SS. We were put into lines, right or left. Left meant the gas chambers. We were put into concrete bunkers like an aircraft hangar. After searching all night, I found my mother.

I worked in the children's block, drawing with them. One day I was spotted by an SS guard who came to see the children. This was the only lively place in Auschwitz. The rest was desolate, grey, yellow mud on the ground, not a blade of grass, not a bird singing, nothing, only barbed wire and the huts. The guard asked me to draw a picture for his mother and a book of drawings for his children. In return he brought me food and, one time, medicine when I was ill.

I had to do drawings for Mengele, the doctor who carried out medical experiments. On one occasion, I had to research the background of a prisoner then draw the family tree. I remember Mengele in a room with a Persian carpet on top of the mud floor. He was walking backwards and forwards. There was a white sheet of paper and architects' pens on the table. I had not worked with these before. I knew that if I messed up, even a blot, that would be it. I was painting for my life.

Then we were sent to Bergen Belsen. I drew bodies, dead and barely alive, like skeletons. I had been through such a lot already but this was worse than anything else.

My mother and I were supposed to sleep in the huts with all the dead and dying. But we couldn't bear the stench, the atmosphere, so decided to sleep outside on the

ground. We felt the earth trembling, it got stronger and stronger. We hoped that an army was coming to free us.

The most emotional thing was to see the British army.

Holocaust Memorial Day is an important time because we must understand that we are all the same people. We shouldn't hate each other. I hope my story helps to stop atrocities in the world.

You can find out more about Marianne's story in an interview with the BBC at

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/archive/personal-touch--marianne-grant/zb7xkmn>

In 2002 the Scottish Executive freely distributed a resource based on the testimony of the late Marianne Grant to every secondary school in Scotland.

Today, we are delighted to announce that Vision Schools Scotland has produced a second edition of this resource, which will be available from February this year. Comprising film testimony and a teacher manual, this will be freely available online to secondary schools in Scotland.

Further information on this can be found on the Vision Schools Scotland website:

<https://www.uws.ac.uk/research/research-impact-influence/holocaust-education-vision-schools-scotland/>

The testimony of Arn Chorn-Pond, survivor of the Genocide in Cambodia.

Hello, my name is Sonita and I'm from Cambodia. And this is a testimony for Arn Chorn-Pond.

Four years I been away from home. Four years since I sleep in a bed. Four years of killing and fighting and starving and dying. I think now I am maybe fifteen years old.

One night I wake up and hear a hundred thousand bullet hitting the roof. Quick, I feel around for my gun, but only thing near my hand is sheet, white sheet. Hospital sheet.

I listen hard for sound of battle coming, bomb falling, people crying; my nose quiver for the smell of gunpowder, to see if enemy is close or far. But the only smell is soil, soil turning to mud. It's a smell I know, of earth, of rain, a planting-soil smell, a smell of monsoon. And I understand. Raindrop is hitting the roof.

One hundred thousand raindrop.

Only raindrop.

Pain in my gut is like snake twisting. Curling, twisting, making poison in me. Death is coming to me slow here at this hospital, just like kid in the field who die from starving, from malaria. After all I been through – fighting, bombing, running lost in the jungle – now it's death for me anyhow. So now I say good-bye to my family. I say, "Sorry I can't make it, sorry I can't come to find you; this pain is too much." And I talk to Death. Old friend after all this time, I tell Death, "You can come get me now, but please come fast."

"It hurts," I say the words in Khmer, they just come out.

Peter made a worried face. "What hurts?"

I point at my chest. "My heart. Like a tiger," I tell him.

My heart, like a tiger inside, clawing my rib to get out. So much hate in there it hurt. Hate for the people who kill my family, hate for the people who kill my friend, hate for myself.

"Why I live?" I ask Peter. "Why I live and so many people die?"

"Arn, you're the one who will tell everyone what happened in Cambodia," he says.

"Why?" I ask him. "My family still dead, my friend still dead, my other friend still living in the camp."

"You tell the story," Peter says. "It's a way to save people still in Cambodia, bring them to the US. But also to save yourself. Speaking out, telling the story, it's a way to choose living. To say you are with the living now. Not the dead."

This idea, it wrap around me like a warm blanket, it settle my shaking bone, it calm my heart, and I understand. All the time you fighting, you think only of how to survive. All the time you survive, you wonder why you don't die. But now my life can be something different. Now, in America, I don't have to fight. I don't have to survive. I can choose a new thing: to live.

Find out more about the genocide in Cambodia at

<https://www.hmd.org.uk/learn-about-the-holocaust-and-genocides/cambodia/>

You can read more about Arn's story at

<https://www.hmd.org.uk/resource/arn-chorn-pond/>

The testimony of Hasan Hasanović, survivor of the Srebrenica Genocide

Hello, my name is Dženita. I am Dženita Hasanović from Bosnia. This is the story of my father, Hasan Hasanović.

Most of the returnees to Srebrenica are families of the victims of genocide, and they seek for truth and justice. Their Serb neighbours, when asked about the genocide, they say, "It never happened, Muslims made it up".

And all this time I remember what happened with my twin brother and father, and all those who died, and I know the truth. In 2003 I had the burial of my father. I went with my mother and girlfriend on a bus to Bratunac, the local police told us we had to get off the bus because there was an alleged traffic jam in Potočari. There's a big group of local angry Serbs who were waiting for us, yelling and calling us names. I was going to have a dignified burial that day for my father who was killed in the genocide, and those angry people made a hell out of my day. We finally reached Potočari cemetery where we attended a ceremony marking the Srebrenica genocide, and my father was buried.

In 2005 I had a burial of my twin brother, and it took me months to prepare – I thought I would die. On that day my heart was pounding so fast, I put my twin brother with my own hands in a grave and said a prayer.

Now I am living here in Srebrenica, but every time I walk through the streets, every corner I turn, every building I enter, every house I visit, every tree that blows in the wind reminds me of those whom I loved and cared about.

Even when I am away, not in Srebrenica, my mind is there. I think about what has happened. I think of my father and my twin brother, what happened to them and how they were killed. I think of all of my friends who were killed just because they had a different name.

When I walk the streets of Srebrenica, my mind is full of images and thoughts. Thoughts of my father coming back tired from Kragljivoda defence position, his face pale and worried. He looks at me with a smile as if he is saying – I am still here.

I see my twin brother and his friend talking loud about music and girls. They see me and greet me, saying "It's Husein's twin brother".

Then my mind gets back to the reality again and I see that my friends are not there anymore, there are some new people out there whom I don't know.

Then, my drifting mind comes back to reality. Srebrenica is not as it used to be. I realise that I am just imagining those I miss every day – and every day I miss them more...

Find out more about the genocide at Srebrenica at

<https://www.hmd.org.uk/learn-about-the-holocaust-and-genocides/bosnia/srebrenica/>

You can also read more about Hasan's story at

<https://www.hmd.org.uk/resource/hasan-hasanovic/>

and in his book, 'Surviving Srebrenica' available at

<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Surviving-Srebrenica-Hasan-Hasanovic/dp/0992746884>

The testimony of Abdul from Darfur.

(The reader's full name cannot be given and his face cannot be shown for his own protection).

My name is Taj and this is the testimony of a genocide survivor, Abdul, from Darfur, Sudan.

I grew up in the town of Tina, in North Darfur with my mum, dad, 11-year-old brother, and extended family.

One day, when I was 13 years old, I returned from school, to the shop my dad owned. I found many people gathered around, including government soldiers in green uniforms. I came to find out the soldiers have killed my father. I learned that they had killed him because we belonged to the Zaghawa tribe. The Government said Zaghawa people didn't belong in Darfur.

They killed many people in the town. They stole people's possessions, like cows and sheep. They took women and children away. They killed the youngest children, under three years old. I saw their bodies.

Our family decided to leave for a refugee camp at Fasher, more than 600 kilometres away. Life in the camp was hard. There was no school. Sometimes there wasn't enough food. Foreign aid agencies weren't allowed into the camp, so there wasn't enough support or healthcare. People continued to be killed by militia.

After two years in the camp, I decided that I wanted to escape. I went into the city of Fasher. It was the first time I had seen a city. I found a people smuggler. I was smuggled across Sudan in the back of an open lorry, along tough roads. After seven days we arrived in Port Sudan. It was the first time I had seen the sea.

Five of us were put into a shipping container, and given some food and water for the journey. It was boiling hot and totally dark. We had to be silent. We didn't know where we were going and we had never been on a ship before. We were scared. The conditions were terrible. After 11 days we were taken out of the container and put onto the back of a lorry. In the lorry there was a little light. We spent 10 days in the lorry.

We became aware that the lorry was in England because we could hear the traffic. When the lorry stopped, we broke out and found ourselves at a petrol station in the middle of nowhere.

We walked to the railway station and the station worker let us onto the train without a ticket. We arrived in London and spoke to the police. A passer-by who spoke Arabic heard us and stopped to help. He told us we needed to go to the Home Office in Croydon. He bought us a train ticket, water and a sandwich. It was an act of kindness from a stranger I will never forget.

We arrived at Croydon around 11pm and slept rough as we had nowhere to go. At 7am we went to the Home Office building where I spent the day being interviewed. As I was only 15, they called a social worker to arrange for me to be looked after. I was

placed into foster care that night. I slept for two days because I was exhausted from my journey.

I went to a special school where we learnt English and were taught about the UK. For three years I had no contact with my family – I didn't know whether my mum was safe.

When I was 18, I had to apply to remain in the UK and was allowed to stay for another five years. Around that time my brother got in contact using Facebook. He had escaped and was living in Israel. He put me in touch with the rest of my family. I phoned my mum – she was so excited to hear from me. I also had to leave my foster family and was given a very small studio flat in south London.

Britain is now my second home. It is good to have a new, peaceful, life.

Find out more about the ongoing genocide in Darfur at

<https://www.hmd.org.uk/learn-about-the-holocaust-and-genocides/darfur/>

A poem by Marie-Claire Nyinawumuntu, a survivor of the Genocide against the Tutsi in Rwanda, 1994, recited by her daughters Lainey and Carmella Rubayiza

Hi, my name is Marie-Claire Nyinawumuntu and I'm a survivor of the genocide against the Tutsis in Rwanda. Today my children here present are going to recite a poem, 'Children of Survivors', that I composed two years ago as a result of my life experience.

CHILDREN OF SURVIVORS

I am the child of a survivor
I bring smiles, hopes and tears
I bring laughter and tenderness
I am the child of a survivor

I am the child of a survivor
I bring love, a memory, a resemblance
I ask a lot of questions...
I see tears, I sense sorrow but I also see hope
I am the child of a survivor

I am the child of a survivor
I see hurt and I see sadness
But I believe in a better world
A better humanity
I am the child of a survivor

I am the child of a survivor
I am the link to those we lost and to those alive
I am the keeper of memories
Memories of those we hold dear
Memories of those we will never meet
But memories we hold close, here, in our hearts...

I am the child of a survivor
I listen, to stories of people who are now memories
Memories of smiles, places, photos
Memories of our parents' past!
I am the child of a survivor

I am the child of a survivor
And I am here today
Remembering those I will never meet
My aunt, grandpa, many family members
But whose courage, kindness, smiles, love
I inherited

I am the child of a survivor
Through the eyes of my parents
I see the lost memories that made me!
I am the child of a survivor
I see miracles, I live miracles
I am the child of a survivor

I am the child of a survivor
And I am forever grateful
For the lives of survivors
Because without a survivor
I wouldn't be here today!

I am thankful for the kindness of a few,
I am thankful for the lives of my parents,
For the lives of family close or far
I am thankful!
I know how precious life is
And I do not take things for granted!

I am the child of a survivor
I am thankful to be
The keeper of hope, healing and peace!
I am the child of a survivor

I am the child of a survivor
I see resilience
I see hope
I see strength
And I believe in miracles and simple things in life
I am the child of a survivor

We are the children of survivors
And we give lots of hugs
We are the hope for the new generation
Hope for peace
Hope for healing
We are the children of survivors

Find out more about the Genocide against the Tutsi in Rwanda at
<https://survivors-fund.org.uk/learn/>

Ani Ma'amin by Rabbi Moshe Rubin

As the hundreds of cattle cars meandered their way through Poland, transporting not animals, but people, people with lives. People with families, people with jobs, people with dreams. And they were being transported to the hell, to the concentration camps. Buchenwald, Auschwitz and Treblinka.

In one of these cattle cars sitting in the corner was Azriel Fastag.

Azriel Fastag was a composer of Hasidic Jewish Music. And he did what he does best. He began humming a tune.

And as he is singing this tune, his family, his friends and his community, begin humming the tune with him. And then in the deep, somehow, he finds the resources of finding hope in the most desperate situation. He puts the most amazing words to this tune, *Ani Ma'amin*. I believe *beemuna shlemah* with perfect faith, *B'viat hamashiach* in the coming of the Messiah, *V'af al pi* and even though *sheyitmameha*, he may delay *achake lo* I wait. *B'chol yom* daily *sheyavo* for his coming.

Only two of those many people in that cart survived. They brought this tune to America. And today I would like to sing this tune for you. A tune of hope and faith of a better tomorrow.

Ani Ma'amin

Ani ma'amin,
Be'emuna shelema

Beviat hamashiach ani ma'amin
Beviat hamashiach, ma'amin
Beviat hamashiach ani ma'amin
Beviat hamashiach, ma'amin

Veaf al pi sheyitmameha
Im kol zeh, achake loh
Veaf al pi sheyitmameha
Im kol zeh, achake loh

Im kol zeh, im kol zeh, achake loh
Achake bechol yom sheyavoh
Im kol zeh, im kol zeh, achake loh
Achake bechol yom sheyavoh

(sof)
Ani ma'amin

I Believe

I believe with complete faith
In the coming of the Messiah, I believe

Believe in the coming of the Messiah
In the coming of the Messiah, I believe
Believe in the coming of the Messiah

And even though he may tarry
Nonetheless I will wait for him
And even though he may tarry
Nonetheless I will wait for him

Nonetheless, I will wait for him
I will wait every day for him to come
Nonetheless, I will wait for him
I will wait every day for him to come

(Ending)
I believe

Translation from: <http://www.hebrewsongs.com/song-anima'amin.htm>

Film timing: 42.13

A message from the Cabinet Secretary for Communities and Local Government, Aileen Campbell

It's an enormous privilege for me to be here today at this incredibly moving Memorial event. Denial of the pain and suffering of others can appear to make life simple. But it keeps that pain in the darkness and almost permits or allows atrocities to happen again and again and for prejudice to persist.

Here in Scotland in our cities our towns and our communities we are unfortunately not immune to injustice and suffering. But we can all be the light in the darkness by acknowledging the suffering of others and seeing their humanity in the same way that we see our own. Illuminating the personal stories of those who have come before us reminds us of the vibrancy and the richness of these individuals' lives as well as their suffering. And that is something we should never forget.

For justice to thrive we all have to light up the truth of the situations around us, however difficult, however complex and painful. And we also need to act. This is not always easy and requires us to consider our common humanity and to be brave, to see the light and to be the light as a conscious and dynamic act. It requires us to investigate and rediscover the world around us so that we never forget the injustices of the past, and that we are vigilant to the prejudice and the discrimination that is happening in our towns and our own communities here in Scotland at this time. To be the light is a positive and deliberate act, which connects us to others and communities here in Scotland and around the world

The Lighting of Candles

It is now a great honour for me to lead the candle lighting for this Holocaust Memorial National School event for 2021. These candles are lit in memory of;

The 6 million Jewish people murdered by the Nazis

The Roma and Sinti communities murdered by the Nazis

The people with disabilities murdered by the Nazis

Those murdered because of their sexualities by the Nazis

All those murdered in subsequent genocides, including Cambodia, Rwanda, Bosnia and Darfur

All those suffering in recent and current conflicts including the Rohingya and Uighur Muslims

And additional candles are being lit to thank all those educators and activists who continue to be the light in the darkness.

Closing Image of Ingrid Wuga BEM, 1924-2020

Holocaust survivor, born in Dortmund, Germany, who arrived in Scotland at the age of fifteen. Ingrid dedicated many years to educating young people about the Holocaust.

Find out more about Ingrid at:

<https://www.het.org.uk/ingrid-wuga-bem-1924-2020>.

Produced by Interfaith Scotland



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Sponsored by the Scottish Government and the Holocaust Memorial Day Trust



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