

# And The Moon Will Remember

Chad M. Cramer

Chaminade Julianne High School

12<sup>th</sup> Grade

The sun comes up; it begins its fight,  
Pushing back the stars. slaughtering the night.  
All that was darkness, now turns to light,  
And the moon will remember.

The breath of cold comes from the sky,  
Drifting air blows from high,  
Warmth can come; at least it will try,  
And the wind will remember.

The crows fly south; its getting cold,  
Winter falls, summer's grown old.  
Snow comes down, fast and bold,  
And the birds will remember.

The leaves from green they turn to brown,  
Drying up, the wind pushes down.  
In a week, they'll be on the ground,  
And the tree will remember.

The water comes down, showers of tears,  
Nowhere to hide, nothing to fear.  
Time running short, the ending nears,  
And the rain will remember.

The veins of life carry blood of red,  
Someday they shall stop, too soon to dread.  
When they cease, so many of us dead,  
And the heart will remember.

The clock moves on, the years come and go,  
Strikes fear in your heart, still not to show.  
Life can't go on with any room to grow,  
And time will remember.

The end is near; my mother has died,  
My father watched; he hasn't cried.  
Why does this happen, has God lied?  
And generations will remember.

The faces are thin, skin and bone,  
When I get home, I'll see my own.  
Bodies so weak, made of stone,  
And the mirror will remember.

The time has come; it's forty-five,  
We are liberated, and I am alive.  
All those lives have been deprived,  
And the world will remember.

The days pass by; I'm an old man now,  
A tattoo remains, and memories somehow.  
I try to forget, but life won't allow,  
And I shall always remember.

Rachel's Legacy  
Julie E. Corvo  
Ankeney Junior High School  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1999

Rachel opened her mother's safe. It had been two months since her mother had died, and she just now could bear going through her belongings. She hadn't wanted to deal with the memories. She reached in and pulled out the familiar items from her childhood: her mother's jewelry, her childhood keepsakes, her old photos, and . . . a box? After gingerly placing the other items on the nearby dresser, Rachel examined the box, which she had never seen before. It was a plain wooden box without any decoration on its surface whatsoever. From the darkened color of the wood, Rachel deduced that it was old. She carefully opened it up. Inside, she found a faded piece of yellow cloth in the shape of the Star of David with the word "Jude" inscribed upon its surface, a photo of two young girls, one of them being Rachel's mother, and a piece of paper that simply read, "Never Again."

Rachel sat down in a nearby chair and stared at the photo. She recalled her mother, who was reared in Poland, telling her about her childhood best friend. It was a little girl who lived down the street from her, The little girl and her family were Jewish, and when Hitler started to encourage the persecution of Jews, the little girl's father decided that they should leave the area before it got worse. When the two best friends had to part, they took a final photo and Rachel surmised her mother's friend must have given her mother the yellow star as a remembrance piece.

Rachel turned the photo over. In a faded lettering, she could just barely make out the words, "Christine and Rachel." Rachel stared. Her mother's name had been Christine, and that meant that the little Jewish girl had to be Rachel. She had never known her mother's friend's name because her mother was reluctant to talk about the whole situation. Whenever the curious Rachel would ask about it, her mother would always respond, "Oh, my dear daughter, it makes me so sad to talk of it, for, you see, I never did see or hear from my friend ever again. Sometimes, I just stop and wonder whatever happened to her. Please don't make it harder on me by asking too many questions. It was such a sad time. So sad."

Feeling guilty for having caused her mother such grief, Rachel would drop the subject matter all together. Now, however, she realized that she must have been a constant reminder to her mother of her long lost friend because it was evident that she was her namesake. In a way, her mother had left her a legacy. As if to prove her theory, the piece of paper blew off the dresser and onto her lap. It had been written in her mother's handwriting. Rachel placed the yellow star and the photo back in the box, which she placed back in the safe, but she kept the piece of paper to herself.

"Never again," she thought as she purposely stood up, "never again."

The Power of Ashes  
Emily Maddox  
Ankeney Middle School  
Grade 8  
2000

Fire  
Ugly Fire, the symbol of hate  
Bodies burning  
Some alive, just barely  
Just enough to know  
The heat  
The pain  
The smell of their own  
Burning flesh

Mothers burn,  
Their children torn from their arms,  
Torn away, even before  
They get a chance to live.  
Sisters, brothers, friends, enemies,  
All are the same now,

All are burning,  
All are a scatter of ashes  
When morning comes

The ashes blow  
Across centuries  
Past burning crosses  
Over bloody battlefields  
Above the Promised Land  
Through Hell  
Still crying  
Still echoing  
Still teaching

I Listened  
Andrea Price  
Ankeney Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2000

I listened to the thunder  
As the train flew by  
I had escaped capture  
Though I did not know quite why  
My family was in the first car  
They were sure to die  
I had only one wish  
To die at my mother's side

The days turned into years  
And the years rolled by  
My family didn't return  
They had surely died  
Then my sister came back  
I calmed her while she cried  
She told me that our parents  
Had died standing side by side

Once again I hear the thunder  
As a train roars by  
This time there are no tears  
There is no reason to cry  
This is the train of progress  
Driving through the years  
Driving through our tears  
And pushing them aside  
Boarded on this train  
Are the memories of the past  
So that a future Holocaust  
Will never come to pass

I Turn Away  
Casey Gleadell  
Morton Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1997

As I walk down the winding, dirt road, so many memories, horrible memories, flash back into my head. Alongside the road I see all of the splintered, wooden barracks where so many innocent people suffered.

I turn away, my eyes filled with tears, I see the wooden gallows, looming above. They seem to be looking down at me, tauntingly. The screams and cries of little children, embedded in my mind, come out as if I didn't already know how terrible it was.

As I turn away, my eyes filled with pain, there in front of me, the ruins of the gas chambers. I look closer and they appear to rebuild themselves before my eyes. I see the silhouettes of the naked women, children, and other victims walking slowly toward the ominous doors.

The image fades, and once again I turn away, my eyes filled with anger. I can't stand these memories; I have to get away. I run up a small hill and down the other side. I have not run far when I arrive at a molded and decaying wall. Looking closer I notice bloodstained holes and realize exactly where I am, the firing squad wall.

I turn away again, my eyes filled with guilt. I can't stand it any longer; it's unbearable. I drop to the ground on any knees, my face buried in my hands. If only I would have saved just one, or more if possible, but instead I turned away. Suddenly, laughter interrupts my thought. I raise my head to see a couple of college kids, joking over by a tree. I just want to go over and shake some sense into them. Don't they realize what happened here so long ago?

I turn away, my eyes filled with disgust. I walk back down the winding dirt road once more, past the kids, past the blood stained wall, up the hill and down, past the gas chambers, and through the block barracks.

Finally, through the front gates, I raise my head, my eyes filled with hope— hope that everyone will learn from this mistake that cost so many people their lives. I hope it never happens again. I look back now at this terrible place, remembering my cowardly days as a witness, a bystander, and what I didn't do! Taking a deep breath and a last glance, I turn away.

And They Live On  
Susie Iacobucci  
Ankeney Junior High School  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1998

They were the children of the Holocaust.  
Humiliated, persecuted, annihilated.  
They never knew childhood joys -  
Running through an open field  
On a sunny day.  
Instead, these lost souls,  
Torn from parents and siblings and love,  
Endured excruciating suffering  
Too painful for words to express.  
\* WE MUST REMEMBER \*  
With each child slain,  
An entire family lost.  
Hundreds of thousands of lives.  
These children, never to grow old.  
These children, never to become proud parents  
or grandparents.  
Because these children were deprived of life,  
Generations of innocent humans were deprived of life.  
\* WE MUST REMEMBER \*  
In any way possible  
The lost children must live on.  
Build monuments, so the memory remains  
Erect museums, so the public is aware  
Teach, so our minds remember  
Lecture, so we understand  
Create films, so we see the agony  
Compose songs, so the lyrics haunt us  
Give to funds, so education continues  
Inform the ignorant, so it never occurs again.

We must remember, and they live on.

Seasons  
Allison Mertzman  
Chaminade-Julienne High School  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1999

It was real. It was life. It was out of my control but in my hands. I held long locks in my left hand, and the initiation blade of the demon in my right hand. Dual pioneers, guiding dignity out and welcoming terror to the table. Terror always hits hardest if you are naked. There is nowhere to hide from it. My right hand destroyed pride's last hiding place, and scruffy scalps became my mirror and identity: the identity of one stripped.

The food and accommodations had no effect on me compared to my day job. Thirteen hours of barbaric barbering, cutting off the hair of the new "recruits" to the concentration camp. At first I had been beside myself with pleasure. I didn't have to work in the fields, or in a stuffy, dim factory. The barber shop was relatively spacious and well lit, and I could try to make friends with the new people, reassure them. Although I wasn't quite sure of the reason behind cutting off everyone's hair, I rabidly volunteered when the position opened. Later, I learned the position had opened as fast as the previous worker's head when they blew it open for not being fast enough. Efficiency.

Once I had started the job I quickly realized what lay in store for me. The initial giddiness inside me warped into a festering feeling of disgust. Everywhere lay hair, screaming children, shattered dreams, and hope held together only by a cerebral string of sanity. All of it, so much .... The people had so much hair, and every "customer" railed against me, whether silently or violently. Never had I experienced so much pleading, so much shame, then through but one glance from any of those people. The one visible thing they had left of their individuality was being chopped away like branches from a trunk. Lovely piles of hair, resembling leaves in fall, lay scattered on the floor. Blonde for the dreams, brunette for the dignity, gray for the spirit, all cut down with quick steel snips. I distinctly remember getting chills frequently, though I was never cold. It was that spirit of fall, when you know winter is coming and you have no coat: the fall of the spirit.

For years after the war I had nightmares, as I'm sure thousands of others did. Every night was an adventure: will I dream of dying or of cutting hair? Which was worse, I could never decide. I stayed away from counseling groups at synagogues, and lived alone with wide, frightened eyes. I wallowed in self-doubt and interacted with society as little as possible. My hair grew, and I watched it with horrific delight. It was growing back, year by year and progressively I realized I couldn't bottle myself up forever. Unlike wine, the longer I kept in the cellars, the more bitter and frightened I became.

It wasn't until I went to cut my hair for the first time in four years that I began to crawl slowly out of my cave of protective self-pity. I feel simultaneously sorry and grateful to the lady who cut my hair that day. Every time I heard the "snip" of the scissors I flinched, cried out, or cried. I will bless her forever for not asking any questions. She never said a word after asking how much to cut. Maybe she understood. She understood enough not to cut off too much, and to accept the wad of bills I chucked at her as I dashed out of the shop. I'm sure it was under her cost, but she didn't come after me.

Until then, I had not been confronted with any of my memories from the war so personally. Scathingly emphasized like a fresh wound with the tourniquet torn off, I spent the next few weeks mapping my way out of the hell of my memory. Surprisingly, I discovered that after I thought things through a little more and let out my grief, I could actually deal with some of the events from my past. And when I finally broke down to call friends and talk about it, the flood gates of relief were opened and the tide of guilt, shame and terror pent up inside of me came rushing out. A current as fast and furious as my emotions swept past me, leaving but a trail as a reminder of the former anguishes. I felt fulfilled and revived. I had grown back with the trimming of my hair.

As a survivor (and now I can seriously *mean* survivor), I can only hope people leave my story with one message. The human spirit is very much like a leaf in fall. It may change, fall to the ground and be left for dead, only a crumpled dry shadow of a leaf no longer streaking and flashing in the sun, no longer providing shade, and no longer rustling in a song of joy with the other leaves. Still, after winter, the leaf decomposes, mixing, sharing life with the ground until it becomes the nutrient-filled soil of the earth. Other leaves thrive off of the newly transformed leaf, leaving us to question which is better. I never could decide. Winter is harsh, but spring is twice as beautiful if you create it. The human spirit is an eternal phoenix, rising from the ruins of itself. I cut my hair short, because it is the fashion now. And I am happy.



Alone  
Joanna S. Kimball  
Northmont high School  
12 Grade  
1999

Alone, I stand in an empty room  
All is quiet in the house  
The laughter, the music, the voices are gone  
These blackened walls will never hear them again.

I remember the fear  
When we reached our final destination,  
But the violin played on,  
Lifting our spirits.

As I walk through the house,  
The wind whistles through broken windows  
I pause before a table  
Where a violin quietly rests.

And then one day  
The hand that made the violin sing  
Lay quietly in mine  
Never to play again.

I remember the song of the violin  
Heard on many a night,  
It made people laugh and cry and dance  
It sang to the stars.

The violin lay, silent and dead  
No longer did music pour from it  
But the audience, too, was gone,  
There was no one to listen anymore.

I remember the night of broken glass  
When all the windows were shattered  
The violin wept then,  
The night the synagogue was burned.

Now I stand here, alone, in the empty house  
The dead violin cold in my hands  
Of all who heard its beautiful song,  
Only I am left.

I remember the day we left the house  
Where I had been born and lived  
To go to a dark, lonely city  
Surrounded by barbed wire.

The memories bring so much pain  
But they must not be lost  
The horror, the suffering, the death,  
They will not be forgotten.

The song of the violin kept us alive then  
When we were hungry, tired, and cold.  
The music made us weep, but filled us somehow,  
With beauty and faith and dignity.

Remember all those who are gone  
Remember the laughter, joy, and sorrow  
Remember the beauty, the music of the violin  
Remember the six million who died.

Sea of Souls  
Sarah Stevens  
Tower Heights Middle School  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1996

I'm drowning in a sea of forgotten souls.

We need to remember those who died and those that live.

We owe it to them and to ourselves that we will never let the insanity begin again,  
the death toll rising.

We don't need to forget the pain.

We need to remember, for if we forget, there will only be more icy waves In the sea of  
forgotten souls.

As the tides go out, we can see the wet sand of truth, and we are overwhelmed by  
sadness and grief.

When the tides come in, the truth is covered and we forget all too easily.

We must find the balance of the tidal pools and educate others so there won't be any  
forgotten souls to make up this terrible sea that lies before me.

# Scorching Fire and Deafening Silence

Christine Stier

Beavercreek High School

9<sup>th</sup> Grade

2002

It started with a small spark, a whisper of wind,  
A little glowing ember, but threatening and defined.  
But there were no firefighters ready, no sirens were heard,  
And the silence fed the small fire, it was not doused by words.  
The fire starters saw their spark grow stronger, hatred was the fuel  
The silent bystanders watching, were used as their main tool.

And the fire got hotter as the silence got louder.

By now this fire of hatred took on its true form  
No longer acting in secret, persecution became the norm.  
And some bystanders saw the fire, but were too indifferent to speak out,  
And so they stood in silence, while they heard the burning victims shout.  
And this strengthened and encouraged, the arsonists of hatred,  
Who now madly fanned the fire further, even more boldly elated.

And the fire got hotter as the silence got louder.

The small spark, now a flame, now a raging fire,  
The evil of hatred consumed even more in its mire.  
Where only a few words would have at first put the fire out,  
There were now not enough people to place the rampage in doubt.  
The flames of hatred killed millions of souls,  
The bystanders and the murderers each had their own roles.

And the fire got hotter as the silence got louder.

First, they forced all Jews to register,  
And nothing was heard.  
Then they boycotted all Jewish shops,  
But the Jews thought it couldn't get any worse,  
And the silence got a little louder.

Then they took away communication between the Jews,  
And the people's silence got louder still.  
Then, they banned Jews from attending plays, movies, concerts, and exhibits,  
And the people's silence got louder still.

Then, they expelled Jews to concentration camps,  
And, the people's silence became deafening.

And after it was over, the first thing the people heard was  
"How could you let this happen?"  
Then the people just hung their heads,  
And stood in shamed silence.  
And they heard the answer in their hearts.  
The answer, a powerful lesson,  
To listen more closely to silence.



Stephan Eichhorn  
Oakwood High School  
12th Grade  
2002

Lena's Testimony  
Jenan Hashemi  
Catholic Central High School  
10<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2002

... Before a court appointed artist, I have drawn the shape of Ivan the Terrible's scar and the exact location of his tattoo. I am told my drawing matches the marks on the torso of the man who claims to be John Demjanjuk. This is proof enough for me that he is in fact Ivan the Terrible!

Thus, I hereby implore the tribunal to find the defendant, John Demjanjuk, responsible for the murders of thousands of Jews at Treblinka. I would also request that the tribunal consider the toll exacted by this man on the souls of those who survived.

For the past fifty-seven years, I have gone through the motion of living, but in fact I would liken my existence to the skeleton of a locust left standing on a tree limb after the insect molts. The skeleton is void of life and contributes nothing to its environment. I have been void of feelings and thoughts and have questioned my purpose for surviving. The humiliation- the devastation to my soul is extremely difficult to explain. Imagine being ripped from your home, your family, and herded like cows into train cars and then work camps, then to be stripped of all clothes, hair, earthly possessions, and eventually all dignity. Imagine being cursed at, spit on, kicked and punched because your race is inferior by someone's standard. Imagine being fed only bits of food that even animals would reject or living among hundreds of other desperate and disease-ridden prisoners in very tight quarters. Imagine having very little clothing and perhaps no shoes to cope with the harsh climate or urinating in your only set of clothes because you can't break from your forced labor to relieve yourself. Imagine waiting in fear for the unknown, watching your loved ones wither away to nothing before your eyes or smelling death day after day all around you. My soul . . . my very being was broken. How can this ever be atoned? At least in death, my five family members found peace, but for my younger brother and me who are left, the suffering continues. Can we be compensated for this?

My answer is no. No punishment could ever redeem what has been lost. And so for me, I no longer seek repayment. I only seek healing. And by retelling my story for this trial I have found a purpose, I have found forgiveness, and most importantly I have found peace. I wish to thank all of you who are hearing my words.

I look around today and see many of the same attitudes, prejudices, and ignorance that led to the deaths of my family members and 6 million of other Jews. May these losses not be in vain. Let my story and the stories of other holocaust victims teach a lesson and serve as a reminder of their danger. Let the search for war criminals continue not for the purpose of convicting individuals, but instead to gain publicity for the lessons to be learned. Let us hold hands with our family, our friends, our community, our countrymen, men and women of other countries and other religions, with the world to teach peace and understanding and forgiveness. We must never again tolerate the attitudes and actions of another John Demjanjuk.

Sincerely,

Treblinka #359840

# The Fire of My Soul

Amy Ciaravolo  
Ankeney Junior High  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1997

Normal days,  
I am like any other 14 year old girl.  
One day, men start shouting all around.  
Right then, I decide I would never let go of  
the fire of my soul.

Goodby house,  
never to be seen again.  
I am being taken from my house and family,  
but I will not let them extinguish  
the fire of my soul.

They may kill,  
they may destroy,  
but they cannot kill  
the fire of my soul.

Hear me cry out,  
all my hair is shaved,  
my arm is stamped,  
but they cannot stamp out  
the fire of my soul.

Now, I must work.  
Long, hot, dirty hours,  
never resting.  
Getting whipped and beaten.  
Still, they cannot whip away  
the fire of my soul.

I am tired.  
I must rest, so down I sit.  
Suddenly, I feel an unbearable pain on my head.  
I remember no more.  
All I know is,  
still burning bright, is  
the fire of my soul.

Pass the Torch  
Catherine Elizabeth Zelnio  
Chaminade-Julienne High School  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2000

The torch,  
Passed.  
From victims  
To the future.  
Learn.  
See the flame.  
The fire  
That was once  
In a killer's eye.  
See the flame.  
The fire  
Of a people  
Almost totally  
*Extinguished.*  
See the flame.  
The fire  
Of crematories.  
See the flame,  
The fire's  
Smoky stench of *DEATH*  
See the flame.  
The fire.  
Remember.  
The torch,  
Passed.  
Burning brightly,  
Remembering.

Words  
Megan Beck  
Ankeney Junior High School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1999

How is it that one can put words to the suffering of so many?

How can you turn their pain and anguish into words?

It seems that we betray them by these words we speak,

Lowering their emotions into black characters,

This does not seem fitting.

For all the minutes, hours, days, and years they spent in torture,

And all we have to remind ourselves are flat pieces of paper.

Their spirits seem to follow us wherever we go,

It is they who shame us when we take freedom for granted,

It is they who plead with us never to let their fate befall others,

But all we have are words.

Words are weak, but they are our only tools.

If this is how we are to honor our lost brothers and sisters,

We must choose the strongest words,

We must find a way to give the tortured, peace.

But how can we turn feelings into words?



Cries of the Flowers  
Erica Bowden  
Southdale Elementary School  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1995

They once were flowers  
dressed with elegant colors  
but their sweet aromas have drifted  
afar  
to some unknown cavern  
that locks all of life's sympathy  
into its lost  
          dark  
                  tomb.

They have wilted  
from the icy fingers  
that grasps their unforgiven face.  
The petals drop  
like their hair  
that was ripped  
from bruised heads.  
The stem of nutrition  
has been cut and snapped.  
Waste  
thrown into the fire  
as they are broken and snapped,  
losing their spirit of life.  
They think it's all a bad dream  
but dawn brings  
another day of horror.  
Looking outside  
of the window  
they see the rainbow of flowers  
swaying with the breeze  
when a dark shadow  
          emerges  
covering the land.  
The flowers seem to fall back  
trying to hide  
from the evil

that lurks beyond  
like a mouse  
dodging the paws of a cat.  
Is this what it's like for them?  
Is this how it all started?  
The dark shadows  
of the apathetic  
mingle with the shapes  
of the killers  
cornering the Jew,  
suffocating them,  
extinguishing hope and life.  
I am apathetic.  
What can I do?  
I don't have the strength  
to save each and everyone.  
Why are people  
turning their backs on them?  
No,  
why am I turning my back on them?  
I reach into my heart  
for the seed that grows,  
pulling out the caring  
          and loving  
that blossoms  
around my soul.  
The flower fills me  
with warmth,  
firing its rays  
through my body.  
I reach out  
with my arms and cradle  
a new life  
and find  
peace in my heart.

Learning to Sing  
Rachel Underwood  
Beavercreek High School  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2002

It has been years since she first walked through the gates,  
years since she first trod the cold unforgiving soil,  
and yet it seems like yesterday.  
She has not slept on the cold, hard beds in decades,  
yet she awakens on them every morning.  
She still knows her number,  
even without looking at her dyed flesh.  
After all,  
how could she forget her own identity?  
Even now,  
decades later,  
she is nothing but a number.  
Another statistic,  
under the heading of liberated from camps.  
For her family it is the same,  
but they are another statistic,  
with different numbers  
and thus belong in another column,  
under the heading of dead.  
But they aren't,  
not really,  
not to her.  
She can still hear their voices,  
their screams,  
their pleas,  
their prayers  
to be released from the pain.  
And it was granted to each of them.  
Their starved bodies and tortured minds  
were released,  
one by one  
from their imprisonment.  
Their deaths meant nothing to them,  
to the mob of monsters,  
the slayers of innocence.  
Her family's deaths meant nothing to them,  
merely another wave in a endless sea of bodies,  
crashing down  
on their monstrous blackened souls.  
Seduced by a demon,  
the once human mob followed blindly  
as the demon directed his orchestra of death,

that deafened those who heard it play.  
She was still deaf;  
she never truly heard the sweet song of freedom,  
when the iron gates swung open.  
All she heard was the loud cacophony of undiluted  
hatred.  
Resonating in her with painful clarity,  
reminding her as she tried to forget,  
piercing her heart as she tried to set up a barricade.  
She remembers when her faith had been intact.  
And how it then shattered,  
with her soul.  
Burned,  
with those condemned to the incinerators.  
Torn,  
with the children ripped apart from their parents.  
And left  
like everyone she loved.  
What was it she had done?  
Who was it that she had killed?  
Or wounded?  
Or broken?  
No one.  
The bitter cold grasps her,  
inside and out,  
startling her from her reveries,  
reminding her she has been standing there for  
hours.  
And yet she feels it has been a lifetime,  
one she has already lived,  
a thousand nightmares over.  
And yet somehow this time it feels different.  
Because as she walks out the iron gates for the  
second time of her life,  
inside her veins,  
her blood has learned something new.  
Something rarer than any diamond,  
lovelier than any rose,  
and stronger than any iron gates.  
For her heart,  
her embittered and battered heart,  
had finally awakened  
to learn a song called freedom.

Remembering  
Alicia Schimeneck  
Northmont High School  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1998

Each child who survived the Holocaust has a story. Each story unlocks the memories of the terrible ordeal they were forced to witness and experience. A key to remember the children who were lost to the Holocaust is to reflect and to listen to the stories of the few who survived. During this horrible time in history seemingly countless numbers of Jewish children died. An outrageous one million Jewish children under the age of fifteen alone were murdered by the Nazis as part of their plan to eliminate the Jewish race. Many had very short lives and were not able to experience the normal childhood activities we take for granted, such as playing outside or going to school. Many witnessed the acts of persecution by the Germans towards their race at an early age. They dealt with issues and situations I don't think we will ever be able to comprehend.

The bravery that was shown by the Jewish children was remarkable. Many of their actions and experiences are incomparable to any situation children of the present time have to face. Even though much bravery was shown, their innocence and vulnerability causes us to question why it had to happen to them. How could someone cause a child such pain and suffering? Children were probably the easiest targets for the Nazis. Their innocence and youth were used against them. Since children were not able to work in forced labor camps most were killed in order to eliminate as many Jews as possible. Being young and naive, many didn't know what was happening, much less the magnitude of the situation. We must remember the suffering of both the survivors and the many who lost their lives. We must not let anyone forget the stories of the children of the Holocaust. They must be written and told to record in history all the names and faces of children that perished in the Holocaust. We must pass these stories on to our children and our children's children. Never let the stories die. These stories if preserved and retold will not make up for the lives lost but will give the memories of their lives and deaths more meaning.

The next question we have to answer is: What can be done so this will never happen again? The first and most important answer is to educate people about the Holocaust. Throughout the world we must teach the young and the old about the Holocaust. Illustrate to all, including the non-believers, photographs and accounts of what happened during this time. Let all learn what happened in the past to prevent an incident like it in the future. Preservation of the concentration and death camps will serve as a constant reminder of the atrocities that occurred. These with accurate detailed records, photographs, and personal accounts will forever be the basis of physical evidence to prove the existence of the Holocaust. Personal journals of the Holocaust will provide a voice for all people, both believers and nonbelievers, to hear. We must convince people these horrifying acts took place and make them understand why these events were so wrong. Maybe after teaching people about the Holocaust we can understand the effect it had on so many people. We, as a society, must learn to accept the pain and suffering of others as part of our own burden. The pain and suffering the Jews experienced during the Holocaust can help us understand their culture and their history. If we take part in educating others and ourselves about the Holocaust, little by little, we will start to move in a direction that potentially could prevent such suffering in the future. By studying, teaching, and reflecting about the Holocaust we can see what evil in its worst form, can and has done. Hopefully we will prevent this from happening again, I think we can, if we help one another, educate each other, and maintain an awareness of our neighbors in a worldwide society.

Quiet  
Asim Babar  
Beavercreek High School  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2001

How can no one be willing  
To help during massive killing?  
How can no one even try  
To protect a child about to die?  
How can no one even act  
When innocent families are attacked?  
How can no one even say  
When the world is heading in the wrong way?  
Many ignorant are not aware;  
Those who are do not really care.  
They would not lift a helping hand,  
Possibly because they do not understand.  
They might not know what life is for,  
And for that, decide to ignore.  
The truth is, and no one can deny it,  
That people choose to remain quiet.

Remembering  
Andrea Franceschelli  
Smith Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1999

Jewish people, waiting, right or left, billowing smokestacks.

German soldier, waiting, move them along, falling ashes.

Death!

Pointed scissors, clicking, locks of hair, stripped of clothing.

German guns, clicking, heaps of corpses, graves to dig.

Death!

Hollowed eyes, searching, scrap of bread, glint of hope.

German soldier, searching, snatch a child, full of fear.

Death!

Dying man, choosing, strength to live, must be strong.

German soldier, choosing, who is next, does he care?

Death!

Frail bodies, weakening, barely alive, will to survive.

German hold, weakening, fight their enemies, now's their turn.

Death!

German army, falling, burn the bodies, end is near.

Jewish people, rising, Allied Armies, faith in God!

Liberation!

Sea of Stars  
Tabatha Wharton  
Ankeney Junior High  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1999

Sad  
As I look back  
Think about the people  
The lives never lived  
People who never were

Children  
Cry for their mothers  
Little hands reach out  
Grasping gas-filled air  
Inside their evil cage

Millions  
Walked this ground  
In tedious labor  
And hopes of escape  
They still remain

Ghosts  
Drift through me  
Leaving just traces  
Of lives and dreams  
And unending torment

Visions  
Of injustices suffered  
Grueling pain undeserved  
Red spider sadistically looms  
Terrorizing body and mind

Anger  
Wells up inside  
The putrid black fire  
Inferno burns my soul  
I weep for innocence

Tears  
Flow in golden rivers  
The sea of stars  
Calls my name  
Their pain is ours

*We all have a star to bear.*

The Ground  
Kendall Wright  
Morton Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1999

Bodies fell, hitting me like rag dolls.  
Blood splattered on me like rain.  
Gunshot noises rang loud and shook me,  
But I hardened to the pain.

Bullets ricocheted off bodies and went into me.  
Thousands of people walked over me everyday,  
Many of them on their way to death,  
My thoughts were of my own decay.

I, just like many others, watched and worried  
of myself and only me.  
Now realizing what people let happen,  
My fears are of what is to be.

In the future there will be those who will forget.  
Those who will refuse to think about then,  
Only now.  
But this we can not let happen,  
This we can not allow.

The ashes of the victims may blow away,  
The barbed wire may turn to rust,  
The witnesses will some day pass away,  
And even I will turn to dust.

If the Holocaust is forgotten  
And the memory dies with those who were there.  
Then who's to say it won't happen again,  
And who knows when or where.

The world is filled with hate,  
And you've seen what hatred can do,  
Don't let history repeat itself,  
Because the next time the victim could be you.

My Father  
Andrea Bell  
Morton Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1998

He has perfect blue eyes that are still like the sky on a peaceful day, but rage like a stormy sea when he gets angry. His hair is sandy blond. He walks proudly with his back straight, and shoulders square. He does not fear anyone.

He can hate and not feel shame.

He can beat and kill, yet not regret.

He knows the world cannot be clean until all Jews are killed.

His laugh echoes in my mind and somehow it makes me shudder.

It haunts me in the silence of night when I am alone in my bed.

I want to hate like him and be like him, but something inside of me doesn't let me.

I laugh with him as he proudly brags about all the Jews he has arrested and beaten.

But when he leaves, I let out a sigh of relief.

When he is gone, his hate remains.

It lingers like an unsavory odor.

Its horrible smell wraps itself around me; it engulfs me.

Is this my future?

Am I to give in to this evil?

Am I to bow to it as my father does?

I fight with this hate daily; it is a battle that will never let go of me.

A battle I know will not end.

One day I asked him why he hated the Jews .

He raised his hand to strike me with fire blazing in his bright blue eyes

After all he had done to teach me hate, he did not understand my question.

If I was being prepared to be one of Hitler's youth, I should understand by now what was expected of me; no questions.

But he didn't hit me; he lowered his hand (still open) slowly, staring at me.

Then he began to laugh.

His evil cackle made him sound like a hissing snake.

He told me I would find out why.

That night, he took me to the Jewish ghetto where he was going to arrest one of the Jewish preachers, for preaching out of the Old Testament.

The narrow streets smelled of sewage; I tried not to breathe, but it was all around me.

It almost made me choke.

There were also beggars, in nothing but rags holding loosely on to each other with thread.

I'd see one, then at the sight of their large, pleading eyes I'd quickly turn my head.

My father strode past over-crowded buildings that almost toppled onto each other, tired of standing in such an awful place.

He walked proudly, like it was an honor to be so cruel and full of hate.



Then my father and his Gestapo men stopped at a small building that was filled with children, but there weren't any sounds of laughter or merriment.

It was silent.

Scary silence, that you weren't supposed to hear at a place where so many children resided.

The building sagged with the weight of the corrupt world on its shoulders.

I got goose bumps as my father gave the command to his men to go in.

I stood, rooted to my spot.

I had my arms at my sides and my chin up.

I tried to look calm, even though my whole body was shaking.

I watched with fear as four men with the swastika arm bands and large boots went arrogantly into the defenseless building.

My arm band, held smugly to my arm, made me feel ashamed.

It was a betrayal to myself, a part of me I wasn't sure existed.

I knew what would happen in the orphanage, and I didn't want to be a part of it, but what could I do?

To distract myself from what was happening, I looked around.

I saw a teenager with a crooked cap that was nothing like my new one, or the four others I had at home.

His was torn and old; did nothing except cover his long, greasy hair.

He had an overcoat on that was wrapped tightly around his small body.

It was made of faded material that was ripped and tattered.

His hands were sunk deep into the large pockets.

I could tell his hands were not the only part of him that longed to hide into something.

He wore no shoes; his feet had hardened and knew how to take the pain of broken glass and stones on the street.

Just like his heart had learned to harden against the hate and suffering in the world around him.

He did not look directly at me, but he leaned on the orphanage building.

His shoulders sagged, he wore no smile, yet no frown. Only hopelessness. It was like an invisible weight that sat on his back, making him a prisoner to it.

He didn't attempt to hide it.

He knew there was no comfort in hiding himself; there was no comfort in anything for the Jewish children left in such a place.

Then he turned and looked at me.

His eyes did not scorn or hate me.

He just looked at me.

Our eyes locked, and something passed between us.

"But he is just another Jew!" my mind argued,

"he is only one; he doesn't count!"

His eyes were still on me.

I could feel my stomach churning and my heart beating faster with each beat.

Trickles of sweat ran down my forehead and I felt my mouth run dry.

His desperate eyes began to break something in me. Something I hadn't been sure was there. I realized it was something I didn't want to hold on to anymore. Come to think of it, it was something I had been wanting to let go of for a long time, but was afraid to release.

I heard someone shouting my name, and I turned my head as my father began to stride into the orphanage. He motioned for me to follow him.

I had to obey.

He was cocky, arrogant, challenging anyone who dared to look directly at him.

He enjoyed the power he had to place fear in their little eyes and broken hearts.

He and his men found the man they wanted to arrest, and began beating him when he did not completely do what they wanted him to do. He was begging them not to do it in front of the children, but they scoffed at his pleas.

“Oh, you don’t want them to see this, dog!” my father yelled as he kicked the poor man in the mouth with a shiny, polished boot.

He was enjoying himself; he looked at me for a second, then went back to his “fun.”

It made me sick. My stomach turned.

I had been used to hearing my father’s tales of what happened when he arrested Jews, but I had never seen him do it.

I never knew how brutal he got until I saw with my own eyes. Yet, I had seen him do it in my nightmares, and it was no different now.

His fingers came together in a fist and beat the man with repeated blows.

A smirk crossed his face as he and his “men” stood the injured man up and began to pluck out parts of his beard.

They were acting like they got all their “joy” out of torturing this man.

Like they were hungry for it, because they hadn’t been fed for a long time.

The man winced with pain and tears came to his eyes.

He was trying to take it quietly so the children wouldn’t be scared.

He already had bruises and scrapes all over his body. Then they bound up his hands together so tightly that his arms shortly began to turn blue, and put a rope around his head and made him stagger out.

They made him look like a dog on a leash.

I just stood and watched, my blue eyes filled with unshed tears.

(I would not dare cry in front of my father.)

I wanted to cover my ears and tune out the loud, coarse language they barked in the helpless man’s ears.

But I could only stand there like a defenseless little bunny rabbit who saw a human approach.

I was their model, they were trying to form me into one of them.

They had me under their fingers, and I was supposed to turn out like they wanted me to.

Maybe physically I did.

My blond hair, my blue eyes, my perfect teeth, with my young, strong body of 13 years, I had all they wanted, physically.

I was the result of someone’s distorted idea of a “human.”

And I had almost become what they had wanted me to. I had been locked into this frame for too long, a prisoner to their wicked ways, I had not remembered anything else. Not the freedom of smiling when I was happy, or reaching out to others.

There was no room for becoming a friend, or putting someone else in front of me.

I had not been given that privilege. But even birds fly free some day after staying in their nests for what

may seem like an eternity. My heart has been in this nest of hatred for too long!  
I have my own wings; I have my own sky to fly.  
Regardless of whether or not my father remembers that we are all humans, *my* heart does.

As I followed my father out of the building, I saw the boy again.  
He was still standing where he had been before.  
I walked a little slower than my father and his “men.”  
I was in front of the boy.  
I stopped briefly as I went by him, and quickly took off my cap. I extended it out to him, and he looked at me, puzzled.  
His eyes asked all the questions his mouth failed to ask.  
He started to say something, but I didn’t let him.  
Reaching my hand to his old cap, I removed it, then replaced it with mine.

Our eyes locked again.  
It was different this time; I had let go of the hate.  
I smiled and nodded, then turned away.  
I caught up with my father; yet I had separated myself from him at the same time.  
I had jumped out of my nest.  
I had begun my flight, and for the first time in my life, I was free to choose the sky I wanted to fly.  
Yes, even this bird flew free one day . . .

Tolerance  
Danielle Daidone  
Smith Middle School  
8th Grade  
2002

The Holocaust is a stain on the reputation of humanity. The horror and injustice of it will live forever in our hearts. But if anything good could ever come from this appalling experience, it would have to be the lessons learned by the world.

We must never hate. Hatred is a wasted emotion. It only succeeds in consuming the mind, until the hate destroys that person, taking innocent others with him. Hate ravaged the world once. If we are not careful, it could happen again. We can not let hate be part of our lives.

Today's world must search for the truth. Hitler told people that the Jews were subhuman. Maybe if someone had bothered to look deeper they would have found a person just like themselves. We cannot believe everything we hear. Looking for truth beneath the lies could stop another campaign of deadly deceit.

Tolerance is key. When a person is different, we sometimes become scared or confused. Yet, if we do not like someone, does that mean that they don't deserve to live? We learn to put up with that individual. We need to just accept people for who they are. When one man did not, there was chaos.

We have to stand up against injustice. Just because no one hates us does not mean we can stand back and watch it happen to others. Hate is an epidemic. It will eventually spread to everyone, and if no one stands up against it when it starts, who will be there to battle it when it finally comes around to us? If something is wrong, we must fight it. We must do what is right.

The lessons of the Holocaust are crucial for today's world. It our responsibility to make sure something like it never happens. We have learned from our mistakes. Will we choose to use that knowledge?

The Holocaust  
David Cordova  
Indian Valley Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2001

The Gestapo following Hitler's views  
    arrested without thought, millions of Jews  
As the secret service stuffed the prisoners in trains  
    the guard dogs growled and pulled taut their chains  
All who wore the forbidden stamps  
    were headed to Poland's concentration camps  
The Jews stood helpless, starving in lines  
    trapped by the fences, surrounded by mines  
They were divided by trade and sorted by age  
    given a value or discarded in rage  
The NAZIS ruled for six long years  
    creating for Jews nothing but fears  
Worked to death, burned, beaten, or gassed  
    the Jews prayed this nightmare would pass  
Three countries allied and began to fight  
    united they stood to end this plight  
May not the memory of the Holocaust fade  
    but teach us lessons for mistakes that were made  
The world will never know the true cost  
    of the lives snuffed out by the Holocaust.

## Judgement at Nuremberg

Brendan Southam

Indian Valley School

8<sup>th</sup> Grade

2001

A jailer slowly walked the darkened corridors of a jail in Nuremberg, Germany. He stopped in front of a cell and muttered something to the man inside about how cold it got at night. The jailer then pushed a blanket through the bars, which was grasped by a pale, shivering hand. The man inside gave a “thank you” in German as he unfolded the old wool blanket. The jailer used his same slow pace making his way back as he did in coming. Inside the cell lay the broken shell of a man.

Hans Schmidt was his name, S.S., one of Hitler’s Elite. In the days before he had been swept from his home in Frankfurt to be tried for his war crimes at a notorious concentration camp in Poland. He had personally overseen the gassing of 165,000 Jews, homosexuals, and gypsies. The blankets he lay under kept him quite warm, but he was freezing from the cold within.

He rose from the bed and stared at the sky. In the distance he could see the orange glow of a fire. He remembered an unconscious man he had beaten and had sent to the crematorium’s glowing hell still alive. He remembered hearing the bloodcurdling screams the man let out from deep within the hellish furnace. The thing he did not remember was why. Why he had beaten the man?

Down the corridor he could hear the weeping of an adult male, which kept getting louder by the minute. He remembered the weeping of men in the gas chambers. He remembered a large Jewish man in particular who got down on his knees in front of him and begged to be spared even though he did not know he was going to be killed. Schmidt showed no mercy and made special arrangements that night to have the man gassed alone. The unfortunate man actually would have survived longer than most if he would not have begged because he was a tailor and could have been used for work.

When the crying stopped, Schmidt took to his aging food. He could not eat and a memory arose of how he would play the workers against each other for fun. He would select a worker randomly and offer them extra food if they could find someone who spoke of escaping from the concentration camp. As soon as they did, they would both be sent to the gas chambers shackled together to die. Schmidt always got much fun out of this awful game he played with the lives of others.

These memories caused him to vomit in the corner of his cell. The vomit reeked badly and reminded him of the ever-present smell of death in and around the gas chambers. He thought of all the workers who had cleaned out those decrepit chambers and one in particular stuck out. He was a dark gypsy man who could haul the “death cart” like a horse. One day he refused to go collect the rigid bodies in the chamber. Schmidt being the overseer of the gas chambers, called the man over. The man walked over with a great limp but there was still pride in his step and the camp had not broken him, yet. Schmidt cursed loudly at the man and spit in his dirty face. The man wiped his face and turned around slowly walking back. This act of defiance angered Schmidt and Schmidt put five bullets in the man.

He began weeping in the cell. All these memories were eating away at him. Seeing the faces of all he had killed scared him deep within his soul. He could hear the screams of the people in the gas chambers and their chit, chat scratches on the brick walls to get out. He could see their belongings, their individuality being removed, taken away and being replaced with numbers. Hans Schmidt was a man haunted by demons, demons that would not stop screaming.

A pale morning broke over Nuremberg. It was the day of Hans’ judgement for the war crimes he committed. The jailer came to check on the prisoners. He found Schmidt had already judged himself.

The March of Death  
Steven Hallman  
Chaminade-Julienne High School  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2001

Jews and Poles  
    Herded like cattle;  
All wishing the Russians  
    Would win the battle.

Some men were hung  
    Some went to the fire;  
In the least we could say  
    That our situation was dire.

Pushed farther away  
    Our freedom is dying;  
But even if we wanted to  
    We couldn't start crying.

Nazis and the  
    SS as well;  
We thought God had betrayed us  
    And we were in Hell.

Forty-two miles  
    They told us to go;  
It was horrible out  
    We ran in the snow.

Guns going off and  
    People dying all around;  
Somehow, some way  
    We got used to the sound.

A long walk to the grave  
    The march of death;  
One wish in our minds  
    Not to take our last breath.

Father against son  
    Fighting one another;  
The severity of our situation  
    Has turned brother against brother.

Life is so fragile  
    No one can take it away;  
But somehow the Nazis  
    Took a hundred this day.

Prayer had ceased  
    And was replaced by fear;  
Our only hope  
    Was that the end was near.

Those burnt to a crisp  
    Or shot in the head;  
No longer mattered  
    Because they were dead.

Family now gone  
    Not even a goodbye;  
How I hope they're safe  
    I hope they don't die.

Love is lost  
    And hope is too;  
All this has happened  
    Because I am a Jew.

Spark  
Etana R. Holowinko  
Colonel White High School for the Arts  
10<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1997

The memory of forgotten hate,  
You thought it had been erased,  
The action, the moment,  
All in that one second,  
The hate was born again!

Just one spark can start a flame,  
Rising again,  
Burning again,  
Taking over again.

Just one spark starts,  
The beatings,  
The lies,  
The hate.

Just one spark,  
One memory,  
It all returns, full force,  
It starts with just one spark,  
Be Careful What You PLAY With!



The Holocaust Tragedy  
Andrea Kinzig  
Chaminade Julianne High School  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1998

... Education is a necessity in making sure that nothing similar to the Holocaust ever happens again. It is imperative that everybody learn about the Holocaust- how it began, how it escalated, the details of what was done to the Jewish people, Hitler's power, and how it was ended. This information needs to be continuously engrained in our minds. In this way, we can recognize the warning signs if a tragedy like this would occur again.

We will know what types of leaders to watch out for and what type of leadership is bad. We will be able to recognize events that would lead up to a tragedy. We will know what works and what does not work in terms of resolving the situation. Most importantly, we will realize the importance of speaking out against injustice. No lesson is more valuable than that which is learned from a past mistake.

Hate and prejudice were the root of the Holocaust. To avoid another Holocaust, we must take an active role against hate, prejudice, and injustice. We must actively work for a more peaceful and loving world. One of the primary ways to do this is again through education. If children are better educated about different types of people, they will not have to come up with their own ideas of what different types of people are like or accept the false views that others feed them. We also need to expose children to different types of people so that they can rid themselves of preconceived false views of others. In addition, we must stand up against hate, prejudice, and injustice. When we hear hateful words or see someone being treated unjustly, we must do something about it. We cannot wait for someone else to take care of the problem. Never can we think that one voice will not make a difference.

The Holocaust was a terrible tragedy that has changed the world forever. It is each and every one of our responsibilities to make sure that this never happens again. We must take an active role in the fight against hate, prejudice, and injustice. We educate our children so that we will remember the Holocaust and learn from our mistakes. If we band together in peace and unity, we can rid the world of injustice.

The Secret  
Shannon Becker  
Morton Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1997

I was only ten  
yet knew a secret that could change peoples' lives.  
My family and I  
knew Jews  
hid Jews  
and kept Jews a secret  
I was not supposed to know.

A few others on our block had smuggled Jews  
inside their own homes,  
few lived to tell about it  
Nearly no one knew what happened to  
the Jews after they were told to leave their home;  
no one wanted to.

I had my ways of figuring out what happened,  
and when I finally did find out about the death camps.  
workcamps,  
crematoriums,  
and gas chambers  
I wanted to keep the Jews in our home forever  
even if it meant .... dying for them.

As the years slowly went on things got rough,  
Nazis,  
Green police,  
everyone  
trampled our house in their daily routine  
We were smarter than they, they thought  
they knew,  
but what they did not know was  
The secret.

Daily I watched out my window  
as Jews, hundreds of Jews  
passed by my window,  
There was nothing I could do  
but keep the secret.

The war is now over.  
Memories haunt me still today.  
People say what I did was righteous  
I say "No, what I did was right."

The Unpaved Road  
Kristen Paulick  
Indian Valley Middle School  
Grade 8  
1998

Walking down the unpaved road.  
Shadows grow higher and higher.  
They are closing in on us from all sides.  
The chimney smoke chokes our every breath.  
Walking down the unpaved road.

Guns blast; truncheons strike to the left and right  
Deadly blows to imperfect dogs,  
cries of defeat echo through the darkness  
Nameless faces, walking corpses, never turning, never blinking  
The dead are forgotten on the unpaved road.

Children crying, reaching out  
Ripped from mother's arms  
Bullets splitting children falling  
Silence on the unpaved road.

Ghostly eyes, bald heads, bodies engulfed in rags  
People being pushed from cattle cars  
Selection comes, those who pass are given hope from the words:  
"Work Makes Free"  
Those who fail walk silently to their fate  
The smell of death on the unpaved road.

Little did we know, death was everyone's fate  
Fire blazing, smoke rising waiting for it's prey  
The ovens were everyone's living fear  
Their eyes grow dark, bones crack, flesh burns  
Blood on the unpaved road.

Who is to blame?  
The NAZIS? Hitler? hatred? Germany?  
They all had a hand in this genocide  
They all turned their backs without thinking twice  
They built the unpaved road.

Eleven million were killed  
Jews, Gypsies, handicapped, mothers, fathers, babies  
They were all imperfect, they had to die  
They were killed like dogs starved, gassed, burned, shot, tortured  
Their memory lives on the unpaved road.

The Sacrifice of Maximilian Maria Kolbe  
Chris Griffith  
Morton Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1997

A Jewish man sits with his face in his hands,  
not an uncommon thing in this time of  
**hatred.**

A fellow prisoner approaches him,  
feeling his sorrow,  
yet not knowing his dilemma.  
The Jewish man was sentenced to a death,  
a painful death of starvation.

They did not know each other,  
yet he wanted to comfort the depressed man.  
He asked him of his troubles.  
Wiping his tears, the condemned man sobs,  
I shall never see my family,  
never feel their love again . . .

The compassionate man, upon hearing the fate,  
touched the bowed head of the other.  
I will take your place. I have no family.  
Though he wasn't Jewish he was imprisoned  
for his beliefs . . .  
He was an unselfish man.  
An unselfish Catholic priest.  
He took his place  
in the starvation chamber.

In this time of  
**hatred**  
there were acts of kindness,  
but not enough.

## Why Does Nobody See What I Can See?

Roohi Abdulla  
Ankeney Junior High School  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1998

Why does nobody see what I can see?  
When I look out the window, I see a small malnourished child – this child was once me.  
The horrifying memories of the Holocaust will not go away.  
They continue to haunt me night and day.

Why does nobody see what I can see?  
Glancing through the panes, I catch a quick glimpse of this child's haggard face.  
Through her mysterious black eyes, I see evidence of a once beautiful girl who possessed an abundance of grace,  
But now her life is overcome by sadness and is grim,  
For along with the war the Nazis have come in.

Why does nobody see what I can see?  
A frustration continues to boil deep within me.  
The Germans selfishly robbed that which was not theirs.  
They sent innocent children to prisons where nobody cares.

Why does nobody see what I can see?  
Again this young girl appears before me; she has been blinded by the daily sight of blood and gore.  
Her ears have been deafened by the cacophonous sounds of guns and roars.  
Her fingers are bloody from their constant use.  
Her bones are brittle and her skin hangs loose.

Why does nobody see what I can see?  
She is lost in a world all alone.  
Kept in a concentration camp against her will, she is worked to the bone.  
What has she done to deserve such a life?  
A young ten-year-old girl stripped from her parents and given such strife.

Why does nobody see what I can see?  
Is the world so blind to pain and grief?  
Many children of the Holocaust still survive today,  
Remember them in your prayers, and never turn the other way.

The End  
Andrew P. Godby  
Indian Valley Middle School  
8th Grade  
2002

I hide under the floorboards hoping that they do not find me  
Thinking of every breath as a precious treasure  
Listening to the beating of my racing heart  
Seeing shadows through the creeks pass by  
Hearing the language being screamed as they search the house  
Feeling the wet warm tears crawl across my cheek  
Shaking at the screaming and gunshots coming from outside the house  
Crawling closer to the crack in the wall to see what is happening outside  
Feeling the fear and hatred as I crawl closer  
Holding in my screams as I peek through the crack  
Smelling the stench of death and blood  
Jumping back as I see the pile of dead grow and grow  
I cringe as the brutality becomes worse  
The sound of shells hitting the ground start to become a rhythm  
Soon the rhythm slows down  
The pile stops growing  
The stench still stays the same  
The engines of the tanks and jeeps start up  
I hear boots running towards the engines  
The last few shots are fired  
Then the dirt flies up into my wet face and the vehicles leave  
I run out of my hiding spot crying for my family and friends  
I felt a sharp pain in my back and I turn around  
One soldier had stayed  
In my last breath I say when, when will this end?

## Why?

Lauren Sefton  
Ankeney Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2001

Why are we crying out?  
Why don't people care?  
Why don't the people help us  
instead of standing there?

All they do is stare  
They like to point and laugh  
but they will get their turn  
when they too must face the wrath

The Nazis have invaded  
It is time for us to go  
They load us Jews in boxcars  
In the bitter cold and snow

We all begin to cry again  
but it's useless 'cause no one can hear  
All we know is that we are scared  
Mainly because, we're here

They send me to the left  
My family to the right  
I feel a pang of fear  
The crematory's in my sight

They've sent me into the second left line  
I am destined now to die  
Why did no one stop this  
When we first began to cry?

The Shoes  
Katie Zink  
Beavercreek High School  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2000

The shoes lay still in a pile together  
Laid to rest after years of use  
Their owners not able to claim them  
As they too have been laid to rest.

Every pair of shoes a reminder  
Of a father, a son, a daughter, a mother  
Killed during Hitler's reign of terror  
Killed in the camps, the ovens, the showers.

The ethnic cleansing, the burning flesh,  
The crying children  
Can never be forgotten.

Lessons learned in the past  
Must be remembered

For the future must not repeat the past.

As we walk past the pile and stare  
We must remember these were real people  
People with families, jobs, responsibilities  
And shoes.



## Too Close for Comfort

Laura Hollo

Morton Middle School

8<sup>th</sup> Grade

2000

As my father lay there on a hospice bed stiff and motionless, I sat there right beside him. Holding on to his cold and brittle hand, my fingers were weaved in and out of his. Bones were sticking out of his body; the only thing that was stopping them from emerging through, was his dark complexion skin covering him up. I saw my father's eyes, that were once bright bluish-brown with a sparkle of hope in them. Eyes that every time I looked at them tingling sensations would travel up and down my body. Eyes that could make anyone have a smirk on their face. These eyes were now sunk deep down in their sockets; the sparkle and the hope he once had in them had vanished.

The cold, painful, wet and salty tears were spewing out of my eyes because I knew the most terrifying moment of my life was now here. I reached up and whispered in my father's ear, "*I love you dad and I will never forget you.*" It hurt so bad to mumble those words out of my mouth because I had to let go of my dad whom I admired so much. A single tear dripped out of his eye, probably the last ounce of liquid in his body. I watched his eighty pound body move up and down as he would breathe his short breaths. I squeezed his hand hoping that would make him stay alive and little longer. Then his body stopped moving. Tears and pain surged out of my body. I just wanted to get away, but I stayed holding my father's cold hand until we had to leave. Leaving my father was more painful then watching him pass away. I guess it was the fact of just letting him go. December 11, 1997 at 4:55 P.M. is a date and time I will never forget. That was the moment my father died of stomach cancer. The only thing that I was glad and relieved was that this horrible cancer was dead too. Now, that disease can never hurt my father again.

As I studied the Holocaust in my class this year I took this unit very personally. The Holocaust was a tragic event that happened not just to one country, but affected the entire world. What has happened in my life has, in a way, happened in the Holocaust. My father was murdered by a deadly disease called cancer. Jews, homosexuals, gypsies and people who spoke out were murdered by another deadly and contagious disease called PREJUDICE. This disease over took a huge amount of people and resulted in the death of 6 million innocent people. As I studied the Holocaust, the pictures that I was shown reminded me of my dad. Family members were separated from one another never to see each other again. Starving, sickly people with bones nearly sticking out of their skin, weighing nearly half their original weight walked through the camps, their eyes barely staying open with absolutely no sparkle in them. Why was this all done, just because of a disease I call prejudice?

Prejudice still is hurting so many people. The amount of hurt one person puts upon another is determined by how much of this disease that person will allow into himself. I have witnessed with my own eyes so many incidents of prejudice; for example, people being made fun of just because of wearing different clothes or because of a different skin color.

Why was this all done? Why did it all have to happen? These are some questions I am leaving with you. The truth is, there is no answer. The Holocaust never had to happen. It could have been prevented. People did not have to suffer the way they did. Everybody has had and still to this day

have a little bit of this disease of prejudice in them. My next question is, how can people control their little bit of prejudice? Once these questions are answered then maybe people won't allow this deadly disease to eat them up and maybe we will not hear about any more innocent victims being hurt or even worse killed by the disease called prejudice. Hopefully, science and technology will develop a cure for cancer, but it takes the willingness of people to change their ways of thinking in order for a cure to be found for prejudice.

Lessons  
Amy Young  
West Union High School  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1997

There are lessons in life,  
that are taught and are learned,  
these lessons are many,  
as were the bodies that burned.

Learn to trust others,  
different than ourselves,  
others like gypsies,  
and Elie Wiesel.

People are different,  
we all are the same:  
we all have a spirit,  
a heart and a name.

Speak up for yourself,  
for what you think true,  
believe in your heart,  
and what it tells you to do.

Love one another,  
in the loneliest of times,  
cruellest of weather,  
and harshest of crimes.

Be respectful and kind,  
sincere, and have hope,  
and always remember,  
life isn't a joke.

There are lessons in life,  
that are taught and are learned,  
these lessons are many,  
as were the bodies that burned.

Courage of the Heart  
Jared Goldwasser  
Stivers School for the Arts  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade  
1999

It was a cold but sunny winter day, in Mazyr, Bielorussia. My mother and I were on our way to the baker, Mr. Goldberg. She had just taken out her wallet to pay for the food, when two men burst in and dragged Mr. Goldberg out by the arms! Alarmed, my mother and I followed them out, only to see many of the same uniformed men dragging more people into the streets. They were beating all these people with clubs, and pushing them towards the town square. The uniformed men lined all the crying and beaten people up in a row. Then each of the uniformed men took out a rifle, aimed, and fired. Their blood ran like a small red stream into the storm drains. This was very hard for me to see, especially because I was only ten years old at the time. My name is Fyedkah, and my story is about some very brave people, who risked their lives to save others, when they didn't have to.

Later that night, after my brother and sister were in bed, I asked my mother who those men were who took Mr. Goldberg, and why they killed him. My mother hesitated, took a sip of her tea, then said, "Well, the men in the uniforms were Nazis. They are a group of people who follow a man by the name of Adolf Hitler. They killed Mr. Goldberg, and the others because they're Jews."

"Are Jews bad people?" I asked.

"No, they're not bad, they're just different, and the Nazis don't like different, they, like everything to be exactly the same," she answered.

That was the first time I had heard of the Nazis, and the last time I wanted to see them, but I wasn't that lucky. The Nazis started showing up everywhere. They were marching in the streets when I went to school. They were at the doorway of most stores.

Another thing I noticed, was that kids kept disappearing from my class. Yitzchak and Reuben, two of my best friends, disappeared without a trace. One day after school, I asked my mother where all the people (Jews) were going. She said that she would tell me some other time, but whenever I asked her again, she would just completely ignore me, or try to change the subject.

I woke up late one night, and heard voices coming from downstairs. The clock read 4:43 A.M. "Who would be up at this hour?" I asked myself I decided to go down and have a look. I crept down the hall, down the stairs, skipping the fourth step from the top, because it creaked. I followed the voices down the hallway and lay on my stomach to get a better view of the kitchen. I listened carefully to every word that was said.

I realized it was my friend Reuben and his family!

"Please," Reuben's father Joshua said, "we have nowhere else to go. We've been hiding out in the woods begging for food, but it's become way to risky, and the children are getting sick. Will you help us?"

My father hesitated, glanced at mother, then replied, "Fine, you may stay with us, but tomorrow we must discuss where we can hide you."

I must have fallen asleep on the floor, because I don't remember going back, but I awakened in my bed next to Reuben.

That afternoon, while the other kids were outside playing, the parents were discussing a hiding place. I always like to know the scoop, especially when it's concerning my best friend and his

family. They discussed many various places, but ended up talking about our tool shed in the backyard.

“There’s a toolbox in there that weighs fifty to sixty pounds. If you could lift it, we could dig a hole and make a little hideout, then you could cover it back up once you’re in,” my father said.

“That would work,” Joshua said, “but I have a question, would we go down there only for escapes, or would we live down there and you give us supplies?”

My father discussed it with mother then said, “Well, since we have no way of knowing when the Nazis will come, we think it would be best if you stayed down there most of the time, and only come up occasionally. We would provide all your meals, of course.”

The parents shook their heads in agreement as Joshua said, “Thank you very much, we cannot thank you enough for your kind deed.”

It was settled.

That night, my father and Joshua began digging the hideout. I could vaguely see them from my bedroom window. I could hear them digging, and chiseling away into the cold, icy earth.

The next morning I went out to see the finished product, I put on my robe and slippers, and ran outside. I went inside the shed, and luckily the toolbox was already moved, because I probably couldn’t have moved it. They had pried the floorboards to get to the ground. “It was a rather large hole,” I thought to myself as I climbed down into it.

It was then that I saw them, Joshua and my father both sleeping in the corner of the hideout with shovels in their hands. I woke them up, and helped them inside for some breakfast.

Over breakfast they discussed the plans: “We will give you a week’s food and drink supply, and you will get it every Sunday. We will also give you two lanterns, which you will fill up with fluid every Sunday” my parents stated.

“One thing,” Joshua said, “we will need two candles every Friday night.”

“For what?” my father asked.

“Well, we celebrate a holiday every Friday night and Saturday called Sabbath. It is the day when God rested after creating the world. It is a tradition to light at least two candles every Sabbath. I know this can be very costly, so we have decided to compromise. Instead of burning two full candles a week, we will only leave them lit for twenty minutes, and then blow them out. This way we can use two candles for a month or more.”

My mother and father agreed to this, but I don’t think they understood the holiday. Which is probably why they asked if our family could spend a Sabbath with them.

The next Friday night was a special one. Not only would we be spending the Sabbath with Reuben’s family, but it was also their last night above ground. His mother lit the two candles, waved her hand over the lambent light, and said a little prayer to herself. She then blessed her children, and then we all sat down to eat.

The next morning they went down into their hideout for the first time. It was a rectangular room, with a small cupboard to keep food, and their big jug of water. They couldn’t keep much food down there, because it might spoil. The only time they might get a hot meal, was maybe Sunday when they got their supplies.

One day there was a loud knock on the door. My father went to see who it was while mother started cleaning up. My father answered the door as I peeked around the corner. I gasped when I realized it was two of the uniformed men (Nazis)! They barged in without being invited. I could tell my father was frightened, but he hid it very well.

“May I help you?” my father asked.

“Well sir,” he said, “some traitors have been hiding filthy Jews in their houses, so we are conducting a thorough search of all the homes in this neighborhood. Do you mind?”

“No, of course not, search away. I have nothing to hide,” my father said nervously.

They started marching up the stairs in their black leather boots. They first went to my parents’ room, and started looking in closets and big trunks and suitcases. They then went to my room, and likewise they didn’t find anything in there. They searched the cupboards in the kitchen, and every other room in the house. They then asked to see the backyard, and my father showed them out. They walked directly over to the tool shed, as my father broke a sweat under tension. One of them opened the door and went in, while the other waited outside. He looked around for a while checking for anything suspicious, but after a minute or two of stamping on the floor and such, he left without a word. My father followed the two men out to their car to be polite.

When we were sure they were gone, we went back to the tool shed to see if our friends were all right. I helped my father move the toolbox. They were all huddled up and not making a sound. Only when they saw us, they breathed a sigh of relief

“Oh, we were so scared!” they said

“So were we,” said my mother, “but they’re gone now so you can relax.”

We had a visit like this once a week or so, but they were not always the same soldiers. We got used to them. They never found anything. One time, however, we had a very close call. The men did their usual search, but when they got to the tool shed, Joshua and the others didn’t hear them so they were still talking loudly. Luckily, my father entered the shed first, heard the talking, and stamped on the floor two times. When the soldier heard him stamp, he asked him why.

My father simply turned and said, “It was a bug, there are a lot in this old place.”

I was amazed at my father’s quickness to respond with such a believable answer. As I suspected the soldier walked out thinking nothing of it. We were very lucky that day.

Bielorussia was overrun by the Nazis. A lot of the people had moved to a different city, or even a different country. Supplies were becoming scarce. Everyone at home was looking thin and weak. It was worse for us than anyone else, because we were feeding more than our share of mouths. My parents were very special people, and had very big hearts. Even when food was scarce, Joshua and his family received bigger portions than we. Reuben had become very sick. He had a fever and a bad cough. He couldn’t eat much, or he would throw up. My parents did everything they could to try to keep him well. They sent down a bowl of cool water two times a week. We were all a little sick, but not as bad as Reuben. He was sick for about two days when the fever finally broke.

Exactly eight days after Reuben’s fever broke, we witnessed a miracle. This was father’s time to listen to the news on the radio. He listened intently as the broadcaster spoke. They were talking about the war. I came into the room because I was done with my chores, and there was this dazed almost happy look on his face. He saw me standing there and carried me into the kitchen singing, “The war is over, the war is over, the war is over!!” He ran around the whole house screaming it, and I’m sure the whole neighborhood could hear him. My mother hugged him. Then they both went out to the tool shed. They quickly moved away the toolbox, and opened the door. My father screaming the same words over and over again. They started to dance and cry. Joshua started to pray and he said, “Thank you God, for the good souls of these people you sent to help us, and giving us all the courage in our hearts to survive!”

Holocaust  
John Sylva  
Morton Middle School  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
2000

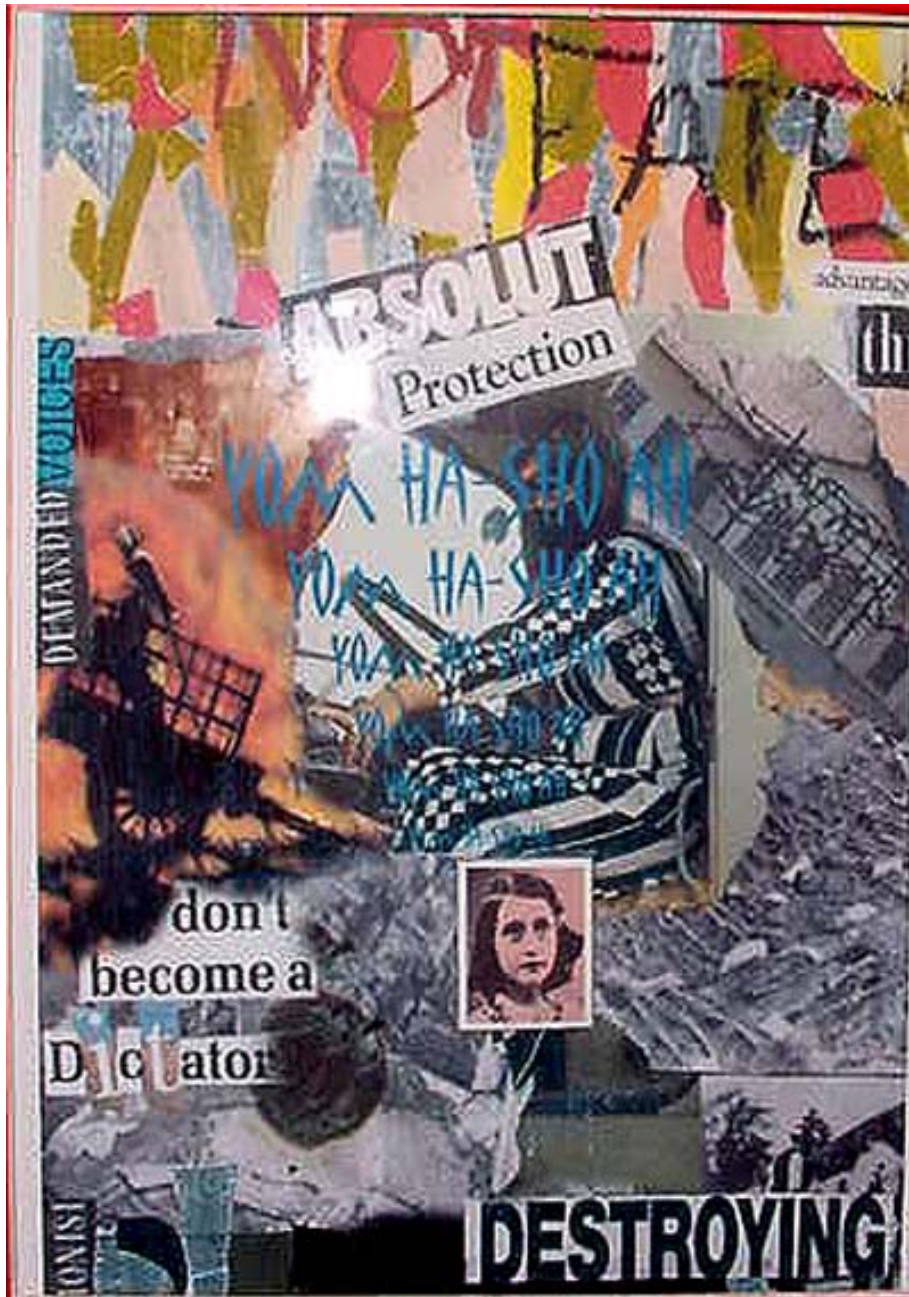
When people die,  
When peace is no longer,  
When smiles fade,  
One thing survives.

**Hope**



Daniel Lee Bauer  
Fiarмонт-Kettering High School  
10th Grade  
2002





Stephanie Coleman  
Chaminade-Julienne High School  
12th Grade  
2002

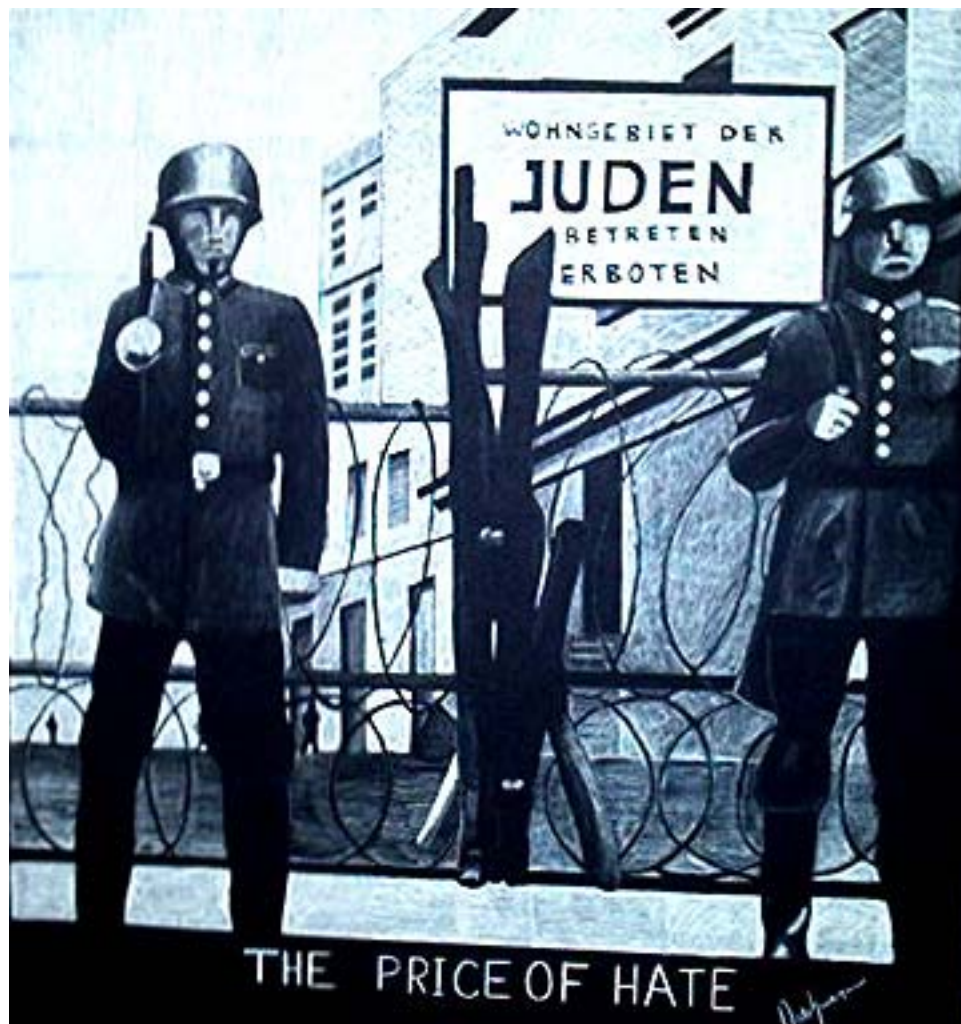




Jeremy Combs  
Fairmont-Kettering High School  
12th Grade



Genna Duberstein  
Northmont High School  
11th Grade  
2002

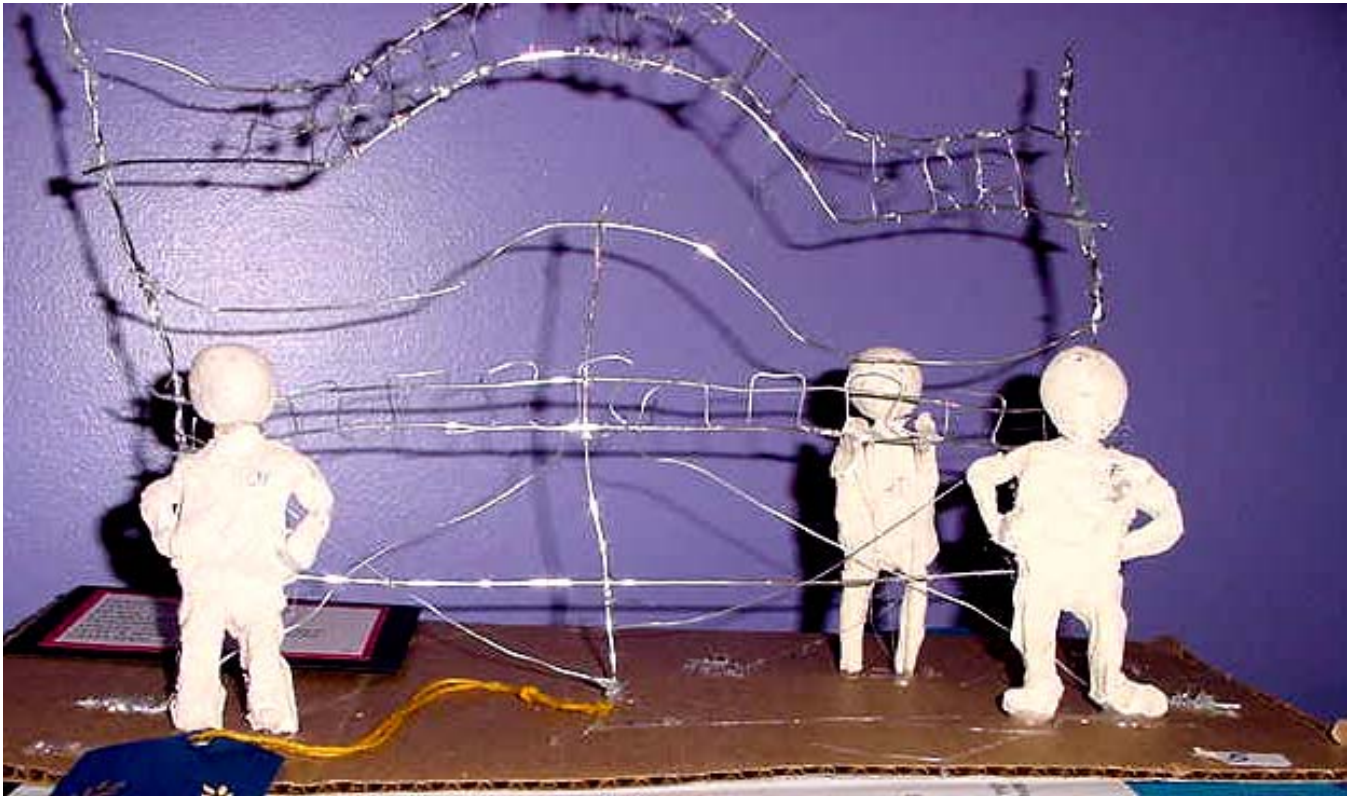


Nate Santoianni  
Fairmont-Kettering High School  
11th Grade  
2002



Kevin Rogers  
Indian Valley Middle School  
8th Grade  
2002





Lauren Vandersluis  
Hillel Academy  
7th Grade  
2002