



Title: Holocaust

Prayers

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL DAY

Muslim, Jewish, Christian, prayer for peace

O God, you are the source of life and peace.
Praised be your name forever.
We know it is you who turn our minds to thoughts of peace.
Hear our prayer in this time of crisis.
Your power changes hearts.
Muslims, Christians and Jews remember, and profoundly affirm, that they are followers of the one God,
Children of Abraham, brothers and sisters;
Enemies begin to speak to one another; those who were estranged join hands in friendship;
nations seek the way of peace together.
Strengthen our resolve to give witness to these truths by the way we live.
Give to us:
Understanding that puts an end to strife;
Mercy that quenches hatred, and
Forgiveness that overcomes vengeance.
Empower all people to live in your law of love. **Amen.**

Prayer in Action:

In Christian church services it is usual to share the 'Sign of Peace' with each other. We do this by shaking hands and saying:
"Peace be with you".

By sharing in this action with each other we are saying that we wish that person peace in their hearts and in their lives, we may also be saying that we forgive things they may have done.

IF you can do this **prayerfully**, in the spirit it is intended it would be a wonderful way to show prayer in action this week by offering those in your form the Sign of Peace.

A Silent Prayer

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. **Amen**
We often refer to Jesus as Prince of Peace...
Think silently of people you know who need peace to fill their hearts at the moment...
...people who have fallen out with friends.
...people who are feeling low at the moment.
...people who are unwell.
...people who are struggling with difficult issues.
In this moment of silence pray in your hearts that the Prince of Peace is with them through this troubled time... *(hold the silence for as long as your group are able to respectfully do so!)*
In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. **Amen**

Lord, as we think of those who have lost their lives as a result of hatred, discrimination, violence, bigotry or the inaction of another at their mistreatment, we look to ourselves...
Give us the courage to ensure we never stand by and look on when another person needs help or support.
Give us the wisdom to know that EVERY person should be treated with dignity and respect, and help us do it!
Give us the understanding to learn about other people so that we can overcome prejudice and promote peace.
We ask this in the hope that one day all people will live in peace.
Amen

The Prayer of Saint Francis

Lord, make me an instrument of your Peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love.
Where there is injury, pardon.
Where there is doubt, faith.
Where there is despair, hope.
Where there is darkness, light.
Where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled as to console;
To be understood, as to understand;
To be loved, as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned
And it is in dying that we are born to
Eternal Life. **Amen**

Noemi

You hid behind a borrowed name,
bleached your raven crown,
but there was no dye
to cover the pigment of doom
in your eyes.
Night after night I see you
alone in that place
guarded by a killer fence.
Night after night I am dying
All your deaths.
I didn't follow you, sister.
Can I ever be forgiven
the blueness of my iris,
the paleness of hair – hues of
Slavic fields?
I escaped to be your witness,
To testify: you were.
I live to carve your name
in all the silent stones
of the world.

Judge eternal, bringer of justice, hear the cry of those who suffer under the lash of heartless political oppression; those who languish in prisons and labour camps, untried or falsely condemned; those whose bodies are shattered, or whose minds are unhinged by torture or deprivation. Meet them in their anguish and despair, and kindle in them the light of hope, that they may find rest in your love, healing in your compassion and faith in your mercy. In the name of him who suffered, Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen**

Reflect: This week begins with Holocaust Memorial Day, a time of remembering not just the Holocaust incited by the Nazis that was responsible for the death of six million Jews and millions of Gypsies, Slavs, Russian POWs, the physically and mentally disabled, homosexuals, Catholic priests, Jehovah's Witnesses and other people belonging to minority groups - it is also a memorial of all genocides since. These terrible atrocities all came about in situations where peace was absent, where there was conflict and violence within a country, provoked by a government/regime; where one person or group of people strove to have power over others, believing them-selves to be superior in some way. There are so many countries around the world at the moment in the midst of terror, violence, armed conflict. There are so many people and places without peace. We must keep them all in our thoughts and prayers.

- Where in the world needs your prayer?
- How are YOU lacking peace in your life/heart?

The theme for 2015 HMD is Keep the Memory Alive

27th January 2015 marks the 70th anniversary of the liberation of the Auschwitz Birkenau. 2015 will also be the 20th anniversary of the Genocide in Bosnia. It is particularly appropriate that the theme for this major anniversary year focuses on memory.

First they came

First they came for the communists,
And I did not speak out because I was not a communist.
Then they came for the socialists,
And I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.
Then they came for the trade unionists,
And I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.
Then they came for the Jews,
And I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.
Then they came for me,
And there was no one left to speak out for me



**Keep the
Memory
Alive**

1 Corinthians 13:1-3

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Resources for Collective Worship

Poetry & Prose

The Hiding Place

(Corrie Ten Boom's true story of a Christian family who hid Jews during the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands)
[One evening an intern from the hospital brought us a Jewish mother with her newly born baby. The baby's crying presented an extra risk.]

And the very next morning into the shop walked the perfect solution.

He was a clergyman friend of ours, pastor in a small town outside of Haarlem, and his home was set back from the street in a large wooded park.

"Good morning, Pastor," I said, the pieces of the puzzle falling together in my mind. "Can we help you?"

I looked at the watch he had brought in for repair. It required a very hard-to-find part. "But for you, Pastor, we will do our very best. And now I have something I want to confess."

The pastor's eyes clouded. "Confess?"

I drew him out the back door of the shop and up the stairs to the dining room.

"I confess that I too am searching for something." The pastor's face was now wrinkled with a frown. "Would you be willing to take a Jewish mother and baby into your home? They will almost certainly be arrested otherwise."

Colour drained from the man's face. He took a step back from me.

"Miss Ten Boom! I do hope you're not involved with any of this illegal concealment and undercover business. It's just not safe! Think of your father! And you sister – she's never been strong!"

On impulse I told the pastor to wait and ran upstairs. [I] asked the mother's permission to borrow the infant: the little thing weighed hardly anything in my arms. Back in the dining room I pulled back the coverlet from the baby's face.

There was a long silence. The man bent forward, his hand in spite of himself reaching for the tiny fist curled round the blanket. For a moment I saw compassion and fear struggle in his face. Then he straightened. "No. Definitely not. We could lose our lives for that Jewish child!"

Unseen by either of us, Father had appeared in the doorway. "Give the child to me, Corrie," he said.

Father held the baby close, his white beard brushing its cheek, looking into its little face with eyes as innocent as the baby's own. At last he looked up at the pastor. "You say we could lose our lives for this child.

I would consider that the greatest honour that could come to my family."

The pastor turned sharply on his heels and walked out of the room.

Corrie Ten Boom (1971) *The Hiding Place*, pub Hodder and Stoughton