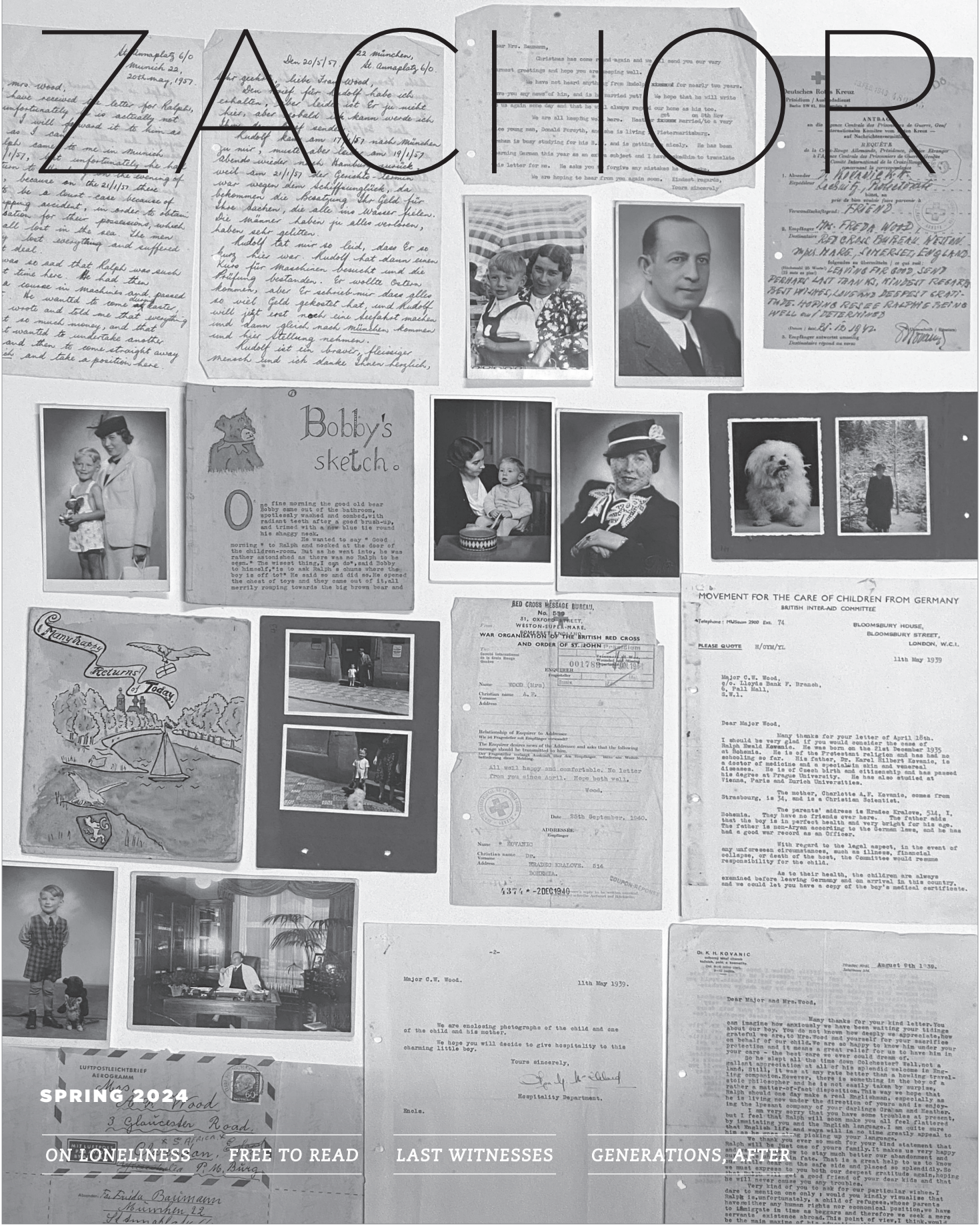
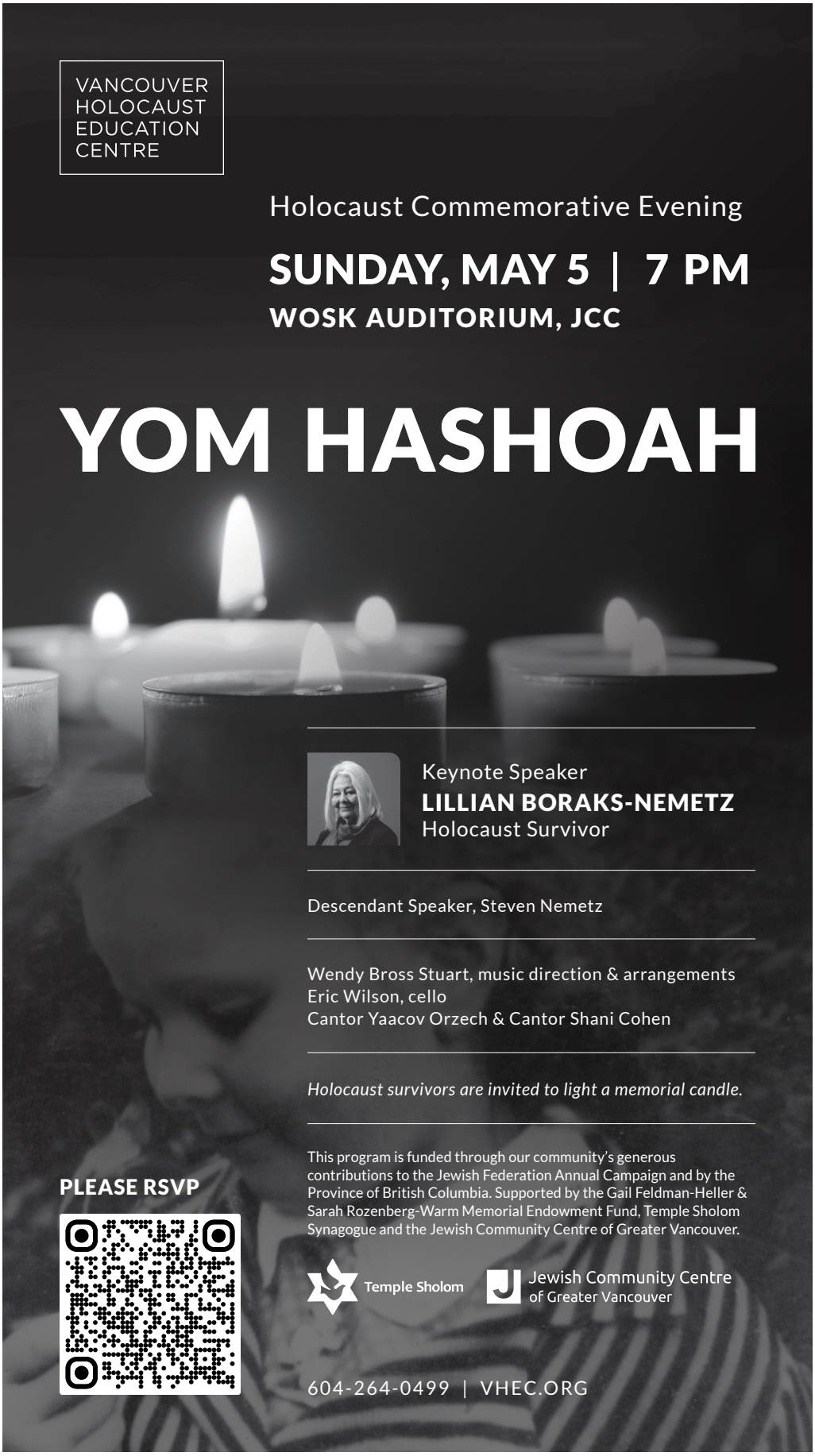
VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST EDUCATION CENTRE

ZACHOR



SPRING 2024

ON LONELINESS | FREE TO READ | LAST WITNESSES | GENERATIONS, AFTER



Cover image: materials donated to the VHEC by the child survivor Rudi Kovanic. Photo by Caitlin Donaldson.

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SPRING 2024

ZACHOR

Zachor is the Hebrew word for remember.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear member of the VHEC community,

By the time you receive this letter, we will find ourselves in the window of time between Passover and Yom HaShoah, each an opportunity for remembrance and reflection. As the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre remains steadfast in its commitment to carry out the vision of our founding Holocaust survivors, we are reminded of the heightened importance of teaching about, learning about and commemorating the Shoah.

The horrors of October 7 changed the world, and the reverberations of this horror and subsequent waves of antisemitism have had seismic effects on our work and our community. While our colleagues at the International Holocaust Remembrance Alliance report significant drop-offs in the number of visitors to their sites, the VHEC has been inundated with requests for programming. Each day, hundreds of students visit the Centre. Many other stakeholders engage with our exhibitions and other resources, including the vital testimonies of local Holocaust survivors—all of which foster critical thinking and moral decision-making. Our work of preserving Holocaust remembrance, combatting distortion and encouraging students and the broader public to speak out against hate of all kinds has never been more urgently needed.

Amid this changing landscape, *Zachor* exists as a hopeful offering—an exploration of our community's thoughts, reflections and contributions during this incredibly challenging time. Our aim with this issue is to bring you hope at a time when each of us is in need of some light.

This year marks the 30th anniversary of the VHEC and *Zachor*, both of which have served as gathering places for survivors, descendants and community members for three decades now. And so, I am very pleased to announce a fall anniversary issue that will celebrate what we have accomplished together.

I would like to end by thanking you, our members and readers, for your partnership throughout these years and for standing together with the VHEC as we continue to combat antisemitism and hate of all kinds.

Sincerely,

Nina Krieger
Executive Director
Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre

Remember and Return

BY RABBI DAN MOSKOVITZ

For the past 20 years, Dr. Chris Friedrichs, a historian and member of Temple Sholom, has delivered an annual Yom Kippur afternoon lecture on the Shoah to our congregation. It is an unenviable task, to explain and continually make relevant aspects of the Shoah to a room of hungry, mournful and spiritually exhausted Jews on the holiest day of the Jewish year. His unique and exceptional ability to find new insights and connections between the modern Jewish experience and that of the Shoah, year after year, is evidence of his wisdom and his incredible talent for mining the depths of history for jewels of understanding and context.

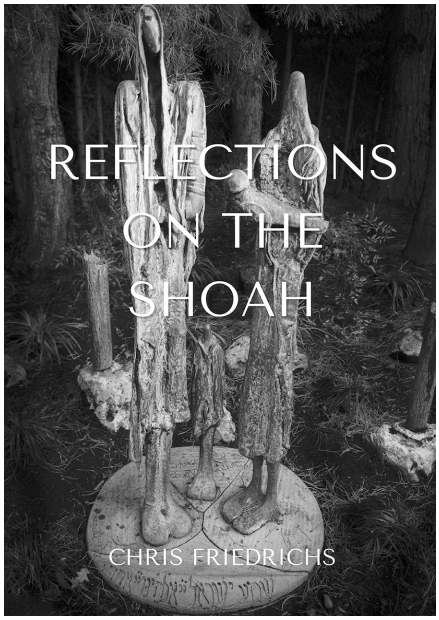
I have probably heard nearly as many Holocaust lectures as Chris has delivered in his career, a number well beyond those twenty annual lectures. Never in all that time has my own curiosity been so engaged as when Chris illuminates one seemingly small or tangential aspect of the Shoah and raises up its significance and relevance then to inform our understanding of the Shoah now.

In honour and recognition of Chris's scholarship and contribution to our understanding of the Shoah, Temple Sholom has published an anthology of his lectures, entitled *Reflections on the Shoah: Yom Kippur Sermons Given at Temple Sholom 2004–2023*, with introductory remarks by Dr. Richard Menkis, UBC, and Rabbi Philip Bregman, emeritus, and me.

Reflections on the Shoah begins with Chris' first lecture, from 2004, entitled, "In the Land of the Murderers." In it he asks the question, "[Is it] wrong for a Jew to visit or live in a country with Germany's history?" Chris then takes the congregation through a brief history of Jewish exile and return throughout Europe. He juxtaposes these displacements with that of our own congregation, which was firebombed in 1985, its sanctuary gutted, and the congregation temporarily relocated to the Jewish Community Centre.

To the question, should Jews return to places and spaces from which they were violently assaulted? and in the

Chris Friedrichs at the VHEC Annual Symposium on the Holocaust.



Chris Friedrichs. Photo by Marielle Solan.

case of the Shoah, the epicenter of genocide, Chris provides the following response:

> *Zachor*—remember! With every generation, Jews are given more to remember. We remember our martyrs, whether in the Rome of Hadrian or the ghetto of Warsaw. But do we truly honour our martyrs by treating the places where they suffered, or where their sufferings were decreed, as taboo? For we also remember that the Jews have never run away forever from lands laden with evil memories. We remember our enslavement in Egypt—but Jews returned to Egypt at various times to live in Alexandra, in Cairo, and up and down the Nile. We remember what happened in Russia under the Tsars and the Communists—but while many Jews have left Russia, others have chosen to stay to participate in rebuilding that country. We remember the six million—but we return to the places where they suffered, not only to mourn them, important as that is, but also to build again.

In the shadow of the brutal attacks on Israeli communities and civilians on October 7, 2023, Chris' teaching is a powerful and fitting reminder of the resilience and perseverance of the Jewish people.

As Israelis who have been relocated from their destroyed communities contemplate an uncertain future the question could be rightfully asked, "can we ever return to our homes?"

Historically, the answer has been that we must! We must return and build again. That call of return, its Hebrew word, t'*shuvah*, so synonymous with the High Holy Days on which Chris' lectures were delivered, is as critical to Jewish survival as zachor, to remember. Indeed, they are inseparable from each other, just as Jews are inseparable from Erez Yisrael. We remember, but what are we asked to remember, our suffering in the lands and at the hands of our enemies? Yes, and our flourishing in those lands, in spite of our enemies, and their efforts to destroy and erase us.

The best response to those dark and harrowing memories is indeed to return, to rebuild. That Jewish communities flourish in Germany and parts of Europe today is our response to the Shoah. Emil Fakenheim famously said that the 614th commandment is not to give Hitler a posthumous victory, our return to the places of our greatest suffering is the most powerful response. So, too, here in Vancouver, where Temple Sholom has grown, risen from the literal ashes of our attempted destruction to be the largest Canadian Jewish congregation west of Toronto.

Zachor and t'shuvah. Remember who you are and return where you came from, physically and spiritually. And should we ever forget, we now have this remarkable anthology to remind us of Chris' immortal teachings for generations to come. ■

Rabbi Dan Moskovitz is the senior rabbi of Temple Sholom and past-president of the Reform Rabbis of Canada.

Loneliness

DELIVERED ON YOM KIPPUR 5780 / OCTOBER 9, 2019

BY CHRIS FRIEDRICHS

Normally historians begin by thinking about the past and they then suggest what messages or lessons the past may have for thinking about the present and the future. But sometimes it is useful to first think about the present and then take those thoughts back into the past, and that is what I want to do today.

Rabbi Moskovitz summoned us last night to think about loneliness. It is a huge topic, one that requires us to think seriously about our own lives and the way we engage both with people who are important in our lives and with people who are not but maybe should be. But loneliness is also a topic that requires us to think about the past, and in doing so to contemplate the most agonizing experience in the entire history of our people, the Shoah.

But what, in fact, is loneliness? Loneliness has nothing to do with being alone. Many people live contentedly alone without feeling lonely. Others live surrounded by other people, and yet feel the anguish of loneliness. Loneliness has nothing to do with how many people you share a home or a room or an event with. It has to do with whether you feel a *connection* to other people and whether they feel they have a connection with you.

Every now and then people must undergo some medical or dental procedure that requires sedation. They are normally given the customary instruction that they may not drive home or take a bus home or even walk home; instead someone must bring them home. And it cannot be a taxi driver or a stranger; it must be a friend or family member. Sometimes the instructions specifically say: "You must be escorted home by somebody who has a stake in your well-being."

What a wonderful phrase that is, and what a wonderful concept: to know that somebody has a stake in your well-being. It is what we all crave. And what, by contrast, is loneliness? It can be the fear that nobody really has a stake in your well-being. Or it can be the equally sorrowful awareness that those who might have a stake in your well-being have been taken or sent or torn away from you, perhaps never to be seen again.

Here in our rich and abundant society in Canada, we are surrounded by loneliness. Think of the people who not just live alone but lack the capacity to even leave their homes or wait endlessly for visits that never come, treasuring the few snippets of conversation with the person who delivers the mail or brings the meals on wheels because that is the only real interaction they will have all day. Think of all the Asian women in our community who have left their own children with relatives back home while they earn money for their families by looking after children here in British Columbia, often lovingly and caringly, but still pining for the moment when they will be reunited with their own children. Think of those members of our community and our society who are locked in the total isolation of advanced dementia, a loneliness which they no longer have words to describe, so that when we visit them we may hope they will know who we are or why we have come but we can never know for sure. And there are the walking lonely, people able to get out and go places but always on the sidelines, never sure they are really wanted or really welcomed or whether anyone around them really has a stake in their well-being.

And that is just here and now. But consider also how loneliness pervades what we know about the Shoah. In fact loneliness was among the worst of the countless miseries inflicted on our people before they were murdered. Admittedly, the single most widely read account of the Shoah conveys the very opposite of

loneliness: Anne Frank was never lonely in that tiny annex; indeed, she desperately yearned for a little time or a little space just to herself. But then, once she and the other seven occupants of the annex were betrayed and arrested and sent to the camps, they too began to share the lonely fate of six million other Jews.

Even before the war began, as Jews in Germany and Austria and Czechoslovakia began to try to leave those countries, they often faced the loneliness of family separations. Think of those parents who were unable to emigrate themselves, but let their children be taken on Kindertransports to Britain. It was bad enough for the children, but they generally assumed they would see their parents again. It was worse, far worse for the parents who so often feared or knew that this would never come to pass. What was it like for these parents to stand on the station platform, desperately waving farewell until the train passed out of view, knowing that they had saved their children's lives but fearing that they would never see them again?

Think of the loneliness of the children who survived in hiding. Even in loving families who risked their very lives by hiding Jews, the children soon learned that they must answer to new names, hide in cellars and closets whenever strangers visited, and never ask questions about why they were there and what would happen. Think of their loneliness. And think of the loneliness of the Jews who were put onto trains, packed so tightly into boxcars that they could not even sit down, provided with no food or water for a journey that often lasted for day after day. What solidarity, what capacity to care for another person could be left between friends or spouses or parents or children when all were reduced to a desperate struggle just for a breath of air or a droplet of rainwater? Who could have a stake in anybody else's well-being then?

Think of the loneliness of the Jews who were spared death on arrival in the camps only because they were needed for slave labour, kept alive on starvation diets to work until a new batch of arrivals could replace them on the work detail. Yes, there are inspiring stories from some camps of Jews who managed to support and console each other, or sacrificed their bread or their life to help someone else. We deeply honour their memory. But we must also think of those Jews—and there were many—who stole another prisoner's boots or coat or bread. Considering the circumstances, we never ever condemn them for what they did. We simply note with bottomless sorrow that so many of our people were condemned by unremitting humiliation and beatings and starvation to experience the death of their souls before they were sent to suffer the death of their bodies. We can hardly begin to fathom the loneliness they must have felt in these situations, alienated from those they worked with or slept next to in a place where no one could trust anyone else.

I found myself reflecting in a very personal way recently on the depths of loneliness created by the Shoah. This summer, on a trip to Germany, I had the opportunity to visit a building that had once been a Jewish nursing home in the small town of Bendorf in the Rhineland. I had heard and read about this place many times, because it was where Carl Rosenberg, my wife's grandfather, had spent the last two years of his life before he and all the other patients as well as the staff of the nursing home were deported by train to be taken first to Cologne and then eastward to Sobibor to be killed there if they were not already murdered on the way or dead on arrival of starvation or dehydration or asphyxiation. Today this former Jewish nursing home continues to serve a humanitarian purpose as a Catholic home for severely disabled men and women. But its earlier Jewish identity is not forgotten. A dedicated local historian, a retired schoolteacher, has researched the history of this institution and the Jews who were deported from it, and he now took me around the grounds and into the building. A pillar in the garden serves as a memorial to the Jews who once lived there. A huge signboard in the lobby lists the name of each and every one of the deported Jews. The chapel is of course now used for Catholic worship, but a big sign and some photographs document that in former times this chapel was the little synagogue of the Jacoby'sche Heilanstalt.

Carl Rosenberg was probably well treated in this home—after all, not only all the other patients but also all the doctors and nurses and caregivers were Jews. Did he know and understand this? His dementia was getting progressively worse. But then in the summer of 1942 he and all the others were put on those trains that would take them to Poland. He could not have fully grasped what was happening to him. But he will have dimly understood that something had changed, something he could not ask about because he did not have the words to ask. What waves of confusion and, yes, loneliness must have assaulted this 78-year-old Jewish man, surrounded by others who were sunk in their own fear and desperation? Did he recognize the faces of caregivers who had gently tended him for the last two years? And if he did, could he understand that they now were gripped by their own anxious terror about what lay ahead? We will never know. But we do know that whatever was taking place in his clouded mind before he was murdered were things too terrible for us to contemplate.

And what about his wife? Thekla, my wife's grandmother, had to remain in Berlin, living with other women in a *"Judenhaus"* while performing forced labour until she was deported on November 29, 1942 from a Berlin train station directly to Auschwitz. We know from the letters and messages that she had been able to send to her daughters in America that her mind was completely clear in the months before her deportation. She knew only too well what lay ahead. Did that make what happened any easier to cope with? Or, precisely because she understood all, was the loneliness she experienced on that long desperate journey to where she would be murdered even more acute? This, too, we will never know.

But we do know that these two people were just two of six million human beings whose lives ended in misery and fear and deep, unremitting loneliness.

There is nothing we can ever do for those six million. But there are ways we can try to honour their memory. We can recall their suffering, speak their names, tell the stories of their lives, and remember them when we say the kaddish. We can use their experiences to try to teach the world about the dangers of racism, to show how quickly small measures of racial discrimination can turn, within just a few years, into programs of mass murder.

But there is another way we can honour the memory of those whose death was preceded in so many cases by the anguish of a loneliness we cannot begin to grasp. We can seek out the lonely in our own midst, in our own Jewish community and beyond it. We can look for those people who have lost the feeling that there are others who have a stake in their well-being. We can visit not only those who can give expression to their loneliness, but even those whose disease or dementia has robbed them of the capacity to respond but who may still recognize a familiar face or voice or may appreciate even a stranger's smile or gentle touch. We may not know for sure if they know us, but it is still worth doing.

The Jacoby nursing home in Bendorf from which Carl Rosenberg was deported to be murdered in June, 1942.

Thekla Rosenberg (1880–1942) and Carl Rosenberg (1864–1942).

Let us take our inspiration from a story told by Professor Deborah Lipstadt. Many of you will recognize her name. She is one of the world's leading historians of the Holocaust and a fearless fighter against antisemitism in general and Holocaust denial in particular. In her book *History on Trial*, she mentions her Polish friend, Father Stanislav Musial, a Jesuit priest whom she had met on one of her many trips to Poland. He was deeply interested in outreach to Jews and accordingly he was appointed to serve as the secretary of the episcopal commission for dialogue with Judaism. But he took his job too seriously. He openly condemned his superiors for failing to acknowledge the role of the churches in the Holocaust or for tolerating efforts to establish a Catholic shrine at Auschwitz. Finally he was silenced by the bishops, dismissed from his position, blocked from voicing his views, and reassigned to be the chaplain of a Catholic nursing home for women with advanced cases of dementia.

When Professor Lipstadt met Father Musial on her next trip to Poland, she commiserated with him about the frustration he must have felt in being dismissed from his life's work in creating bridges between Catholics and Jews and banished to provide spiritual services to women with dementia. But he did not accept what she said. "No," he explained, "I am quiet with my conscience. For this, too, is God's work."

We as Jews have much to do and much of it can also be described as God's work. We must recall and retell our history and make sure the six million of our people who were so relentlessly murdered in the Shoah will never be forgotten. We must, as we have been powerfully reminded recently from this very bimah, play our share in fighting to save our planet for future generations of Jews and non-Jews alike. We must work to preserve Jewish life and Jewish homes and Jewish communities. We must build bridges to other communities. But we must also seek out those who are lonely in our own community and find ways to make them know that we have a stake in their well-being. And we must also reach out to those whose minds and voices can no longer even give expression to their loneliness, people who for just that reason may be the loneliest of all. For, in the words of that gentle Jesuit priest who so inspired a great Jewish historian, that too is a way of doing God's work. ■

Chris Friedrichs is a professor emeritus of history at the University of British Columbia, where he taught European and world history for 45 years. He is a specialist on German history.

This lecture appears in *Reflections on the Shoah: Yom Kippur Sermons Given at Temple Sholom 2004–2023*, published by Temple Sholom in 2024. It is published with permission of the author and publisher. Copies may be ordered at templesholombc.shulcloud.com/form/reflections.

Free to Read

BY jOY FAI

joy Fai in the VHEC library.

It is my privilege to volunteer each week at the VHEC, usually in the library, where a few months ago I came across a unique gift. Printed on the dust jacket of *Until That Day*, the 1942 novel by Kressmann Taylor, was a marketing message:

> A personal message from your bookseller.
>
> We who deal in books feel that we are more than store keepers. We believe that the books that we purchase for your selection possess particular value in these times and that both bookseller and reader can contribute much to our country. "Knowledge is power" and an intelligent citizenry is democracy's great bulwark.
>
> The stimulating of intellects to a full realization of our battle: the freeing of the spirit from narrow, selfish bonds; the ability to appreciate the value of sacrifice—these are some of the things we gain from books. Just as important is the sheer value of entertainment, the complete freedom from cares for a while, made possible by books.

This was published right in the midst of the Shoah.

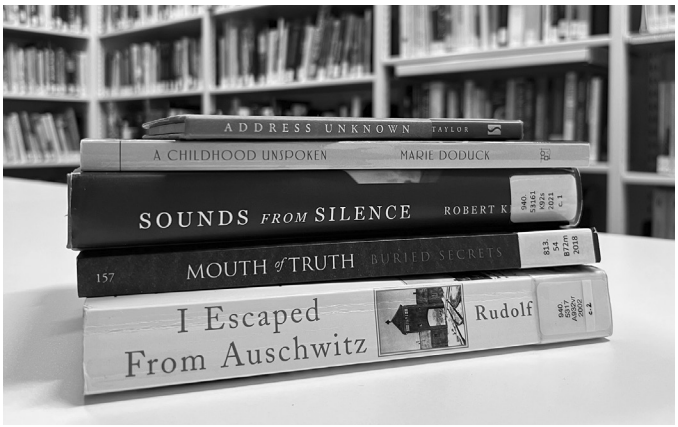
The bookseller of this copy of *Until That Day* was Wendell Holmes Ltd, Books & Stationery, London–St. Thomas, Ontario. The author, Kressmann Taylor, whose full name was Kathrine Kressmann Taylor, was an American writer, best known for "Address Unknown," a short story (later published as a short novel) written as a series of letters between two German friends: a Jewish art dealer living in San Francisco, and his business partner, who had returned to Germany in 1932. Born Kathrine Kressmann, she married Elliott Taylor in 1928. Both the editor and Elliott Taylor deemed "Address Unknown" to be "too strong to appear under the name of a woman," so she took on the pseudonym Kressman Taylor, which she used for the rest of her professional life.

The book was published by Eagle Books, and distributed by Duell, Sloan & Pearce Inc., a publishing company founded in New York City in 1939. It went on to publish many prominent authors, including E.E. Cummings, John O'Hara, Benjamin Spock, Anaïs Nin and Howard Fast. They also published photographic essays, including the *U.S. Camera* annuals. *U.S. Camera 1941* was banned in Boston because it contained photographs of nudes. In 1942, the firm agreed to handle all advertising, promotion, selling and distribution of Eagle Books titles.

Though the VHEC library is not a store, I believe that it embodies the spirit expressed on the dustjacket of *Until That Day*:

We welcome the opportunity for discussing with you your own book interests. We are sure that there are many books on our shelves which you particularly will enjoy. And please remember that you are always welcome to browse for minutes or hours. Please feel that this is your personal book store [library] and that it is our sincere desire to make your visit as pleasant as possible. We hope you will enjoy reading this book and look forward to serving you soon again.

At the VHEC library, *Until That Day* sits alongside books by Vancouver Holocaust survivors and child Holocaust survivors, including Rudolf Vrba's *I Escaped from Auschwitz*, Lillian Boraks-Nemetz's *Mouth of Truth: Buried Secrets*, Robert Krell's *Sounds from Silence: Reflections of a Child Holocaust Survivor, Psychiatrist, and Teacher*, and Mariette Doduck's *A Childhood Unspoken*. Only a few shelves over are more than 150 DVDs, and an entire stack of young adult fiction and non-fiction, including the graphic novel *But I Live*, edited by Charlotte Schallié, illustrated by Miriam Libicki, with a story about David Schaffer. One of my favourite books in the library is



Ordinary, Extraordinary: My Father's Life by Bernard Pinsky. There are books in many languages, including Dutch, French, Italian, Polish, German and English. For those unable to find the time to scour the VHEC library in person, you can access the complete listing of books at collections.vhec.org/Library/Index and have them set aside for you to come and pick up. VHEC membership includes free access to take these books home. ■

joy Fai is a research assistant to Dr. Robert Krell. She has been volunteering at the VHEC since 2022, often in the library. She lives in Vancouver, BC.

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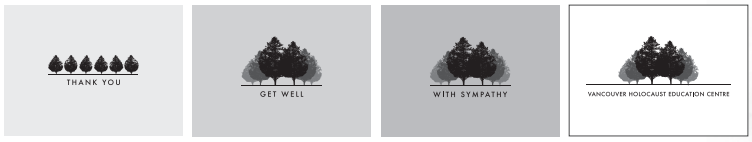
A meaningful way to mark special occasions, send best wishes or condolences. Tribute cards acknowledge that a donation has been made to the VHEC and can be personalized with your chosen message.



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Minimum $18 donation includes postage.

Keep Calm and Archive On: How the VHEC's Archivist Learned to Prepare for Disaster

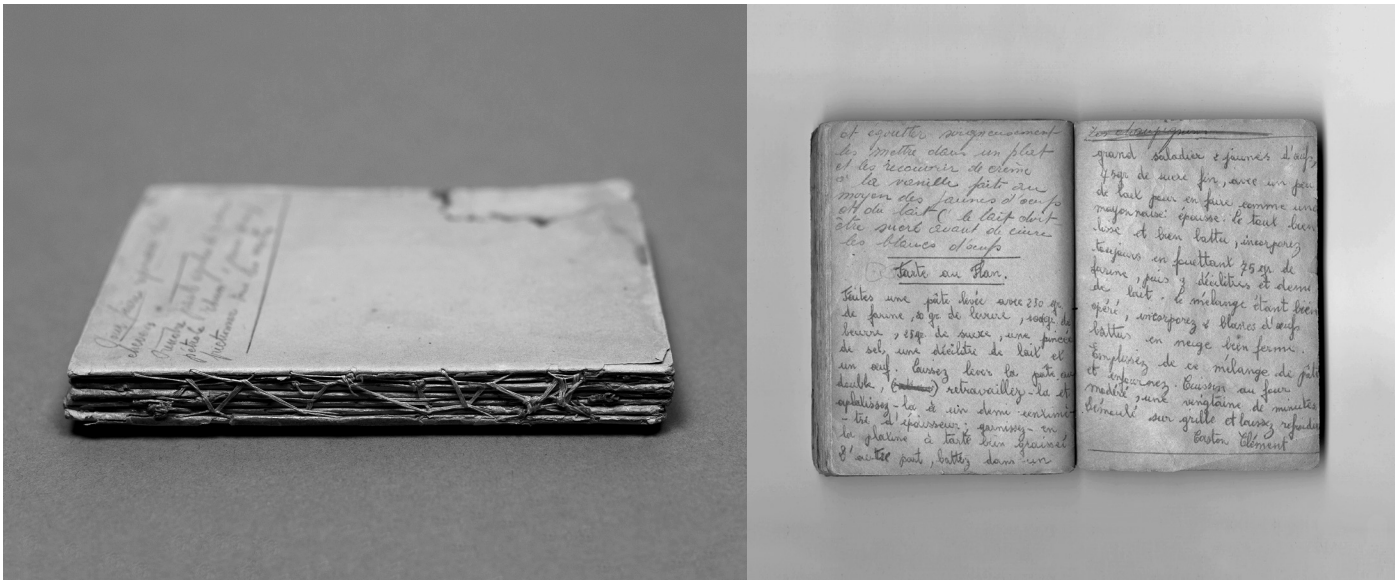
BY CHASE NELSON

The journey of a record or artefact from its place of creation to the VHEC vaults can be as harrowing, suspenseful, dramatic and awe-inspiring as the stories of the people it documents. A fragment of a nineteenth-century siddur from Krakow, Poland (1993.009.003) spent decades in the dilapidating library of a Polish synagogue before it was acquired by Barry Dunner, a second generation survivor, in 1991. Rebecca Teitelbaum's recipe book (99.008.001b), written and concealed in Ravensbrück, and lost with a sack of her belongings in the excited panic during liberation, miraculously found its way back to her a few years later; Teitelbaum's nephew, the child survivor Alex Buckman, donated the recipe book to the VHEC in 1999, where it is on display in our exhibition *In Focus*.

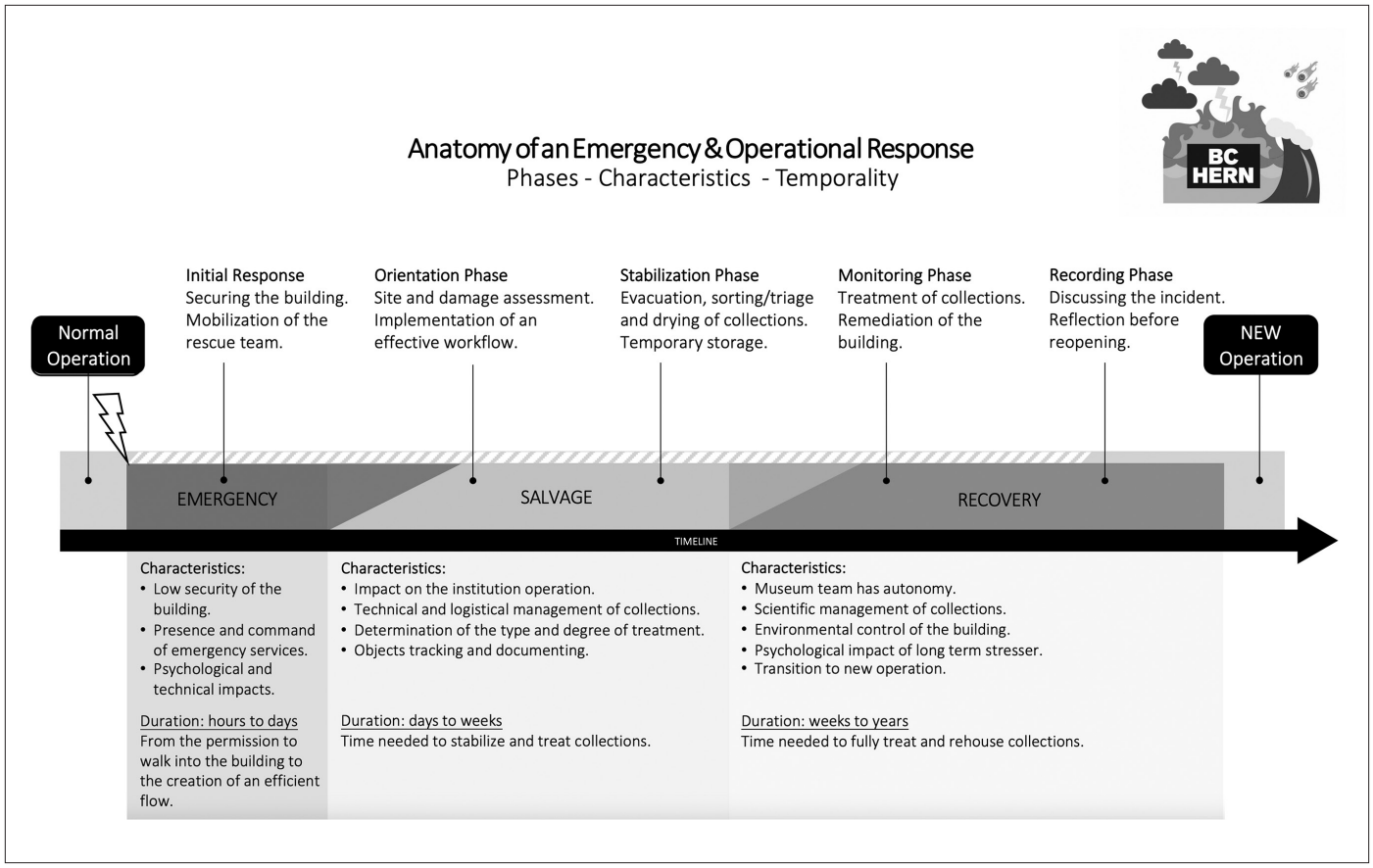
Once these items reach the VHEC, those needing conservation treatment are sent to a conservator, after which they are catalogued and described, placed in archival quality storage, and kept in a cool, dry, dark vault. You would think that after surviving years of war, neglect and mishandling, an item in our collections has an easy life ahead of it.

Unfortunately, as an archivist, I cannot hold such an optimistic opinion. While we do our best to make sure items are protected, acts of God can strike at any moment: the "big one" finally hits BC, a broken pipe floods the office, faulty electrical wiring sparks a fire. As the climate crisis leads to drier weather and more destructive wildfires in Canada, threats to collections are increasing. Those of us who take on the task of preserving documentary heritage for generations to come must be prepared to respond to any emergency that may strike our collections.

Last November I attended a two-day Emergency Response and Salvage for Cultural Institutions workshop hosted by the British Columbia Heritage Emergency Response Network (BC HERN). BC HERN



99.008.001b, Recipe book [left: exterior, right: interior], Teitelbaum, Buckman family fonds, collections.vhec.org/Detail/objects/7024.



Anatomy of an Emergency & Operational Response by BC HERN.

is a network of cultural heritage institutions in BC that provides training and assistance in responding to emergencies that impact collections in museums, archives and other heritage repositories. After wildfires destroyed much of Lytton in 2021, members of BC HERN assisted in the salvage of collections and artefacts from the Lytton Museum and Archives and the Lytton Chinese History Museum.

Workshop attendees learn best practices in the salvage and recovery of collections under the guidance of leading conservators in the BC heritage field. The first day of the workshop included lectures, activities and demonstrations that addressed how to respond to an emergency that strikes a collection. We learned about the different phases of an emergency and their characteristics, timelines and appropriate responses. When an emergency strikes, it is important to first secure the area and mobilize a response team as soon as possible. This is followed by the salvage phase, during which the site is assessed, a salvage plan is made, and the collection is stabilized.

The recovery phase is the last, and usually longest, phase, during which items are conserved, permanent storage is rebuilt and what was saved from the collection is rehoused. Each phase requires specific tasks: assessing the state of the collection and assigning tasks to team members, tracking objects and setting up space for storage and treatment, moving and stabilizing items while making decisions whether to keep and treat items or discard them, and, finally, rehousing and returning items to a permanent location.

On the second day of the workshop, we put our new-found knowledge to the test. We were split into teams and given

a “collection” of items in a cardboard box that had truly been through it all: items were burned, covered in dirt and waterlogged. The collection included books, textiles, documents, photographs, wood and metal objects, taxidermy (little ermine pelts) and feather boas. As a team, we followed the emergency response steps to try to salvage our collection. We identified our team roles—who would oversee salvage, who would lead communications between team members and the team and the outside world, who would monitor health and safety and who would make sure we were all staying on track.

We assessed the state of our collection, made a plan and got to work. The logistics leaders set up our workstations while the salvage leader removed items and brought them to a stable location. The documentation team tagged each item and noted its salvage needs. We identified what needed to be air dried quickly (paper, textiles) versus slowly (wood). I learned the best way to salvage a soaking wet feathered animal (or a boa, in this case): a blow dryer!

As with any team of five strangers thrust into a stressful situation (albeit fictionalized), it took some time for us to get our bearings. People ran off with items, documentation was haphazard, and health and safety precautions were neglected (again, fictional situation, luckily). What came out of the workshop was a greater understanding of the physical and emotional requirements needed to respond to a collections-related emergency. By simulating the stress and urgency of a crisis we learn which aspects of the emergency response we are better suited to handle, and which are better assigned to someone else. We are more prepared to ask questions and devise a plan ahead of time: what risks does our organization face? Where is the nearest freezer to transport wet items to? Who is willing to be on an emergency response team? Who is going to salvage items, and who oversees snacks?

Chase Nelson salvages a wet feather boa with a blow dryer.

This knowledge not only helps the institutions we work for, but gives us the opportunity to assist others in responding to collections-related emergencies should disaster strike.

Explore resources from BC HERN here: bchern.ca/salvage-tear-sheet/.

Make a risk-assessment for your collections here: canada.ca/en/conservation-institute/services/risk-management-heritage-collections.html. ■

Chase Nelson joined the VHEC as a collections assistant in 2020. He currently works as the VHEC's archivist, managing textual records, photographs, moving images and sound recordings.

COLLECTIONS NEWS

NEW TO THE COLLECTION

The VHEC received a donation of textual records, photographs and books from the child survivor Rudi Kovanic. Rudi was one of the 669 children from Czechoslovakia saved by Sir Nicholas Winton aboard the Czech Kindertransport. The donation includes letters and telegrams sent from Rudi's parents in Czechoslovakia to his foster family in the United Kingdom. This significant collection of records, all written in English, provides insight into the efforts of Jewish parents to remain connected with their separated children while facing the effects of war, censorship and repression.

Materials from this collection are pictured on the cover of this issue of *Zachor*.

STUDENT PROJECTS

Cindy Custodio, a student at the UBC School of Information, started a for-credit professional experience project digitizing audiocassette tapes held in the VHEC archival collection. The tapes contain sound recordings of interviews with Holocaust survivors, radio programs and Yiddish songs. Cindy will also describe the collection, which will be catalogued on collections.vhec.org.

Cindy Custodio

STAFFING UPDATE

The VHEC welcomes Jill Pineau as our new librarian. Jill Pineau graduated from the Master of Library and Information Studies (MLIS) program at the University of British Columbia in 2023. She holds a Bachelor of Arts (Honours) from Queen's University. Her previous role was as a research analyst within the Ministry of Municipal Affairs Library.

Jill currently manages the VHEC library and the Isaac Waldman Jewish Public Library. She is excited to initiate collaborative projects between the two libraries, which are two floors apart in the Jewish Community Centre. Jill is available at the VHEC on Fridays. Reach her at jillpineau@vhec.org.

Jill Pineau

EDUCATION NEWS

Lise Kirchner

This school year, the Education Department has welcomed thousands of students and special guests for guided tours of the VHEC exhibitions *Age of Influence: Youth & Nazi Propaganda* and *In Focus: The Holocaust through the VHEC Collection*. Additionally, hundreds of students have heard directly from VHEC Holocaust survivor outreach speakers and professional historians at the district symposia on the Holocaust, held throughout the Lower Mainland.

This year, these initiatives have been led by Lise Kirchner, who recently took on the role of director of education at the VHEC. Lise has worked with the VHEC for almost 25 years, as a volunteer, a consultant and now as a member of our professional staff. In this time she has played a key role in developing and delivering workshops, exhibitions, education programs and teaching resources for students of all ages. She has also worked on projects to enhance the accessibility and pedagogical use of the VHEC's collection of artefacts and Holocaust testimonies.

> *"I have been privileged to contribute to the work of the VHEC, a journey that began years ago as a lawyer assisting Holocaust survivors with their restitution claims and which continues today as an educator. I am inspired by the survivors whose stories make Holocaust history tangible and relevant for students; by the teachers who show students that what has come before them shapes the world they live in today; and by the students themselves who make this history matter when they stand up to antisemitism, hatred and discrimination."* —Lise Kirchner


Ellie Lawson

The VHEC is pleased to welcome Ellie Lawson, a Holocaust and genocide history specialist, as our new education coordinator. Ellie earned her bachelor of arts in history from Huntington University and her master's degree in public history from Indiana University–Purdue University Indianapolis. Throughout her career, Ellie has worked closely with Holocaust survivors, second- and third-generation descendants and survivors of human rights violations. She is dedicated to producing and delivering educational programs for professionals and adult learners. She joins us from the Dallas Holocaust and Human Rights Museum.

"It is an incredible honour and opportunity to join the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre as the education coordinator. One of the privileges of working in Holocaust education is connecting and investing in the communities I work with and serve. I look forward to meeting the students, educators and survivors who commit themselves to preserving the memory of the past and fighting all forms of hatred today." —Ellie Lawson

Please be sure to say hello to Lise and Ellie the next time you visit the Centre. ■

MEYER & GITA KRON AND RUTH KRON SIGAL AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN HOLOCAUST EDUCATION

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

The Kron Sigal Award was established in memory of Meyer and Gita Kron, Lithuanian Holocaust survivors who rebuilt their lives in Vancouver and maintained a life-long commitment to education. Their daughter, Ruth who survived the Holocaust in hiding, was a dedicated VHEC Holocaust survivor speaker.

This award is presented annually to a BC elementary or secondary school teacher in any discipline who has shown a commitment to teaching students about the Holocaust and its important lessons. A cash award of $500 will be presented at the Vancouver Holocaust Centre Society Annual General Meeting in September 2024.

Ruth Kron Sigal

REQUIREMENTS:

- Nominees must be certified teachers who are actively employed in elementary, secondary or parochial schools in the province of British Columbia.
- A letter of support from a colleague or administrator is required.

DOWNLOAD THE 2024 NOMINATION FORM:
vhec.org/learn/professional-development

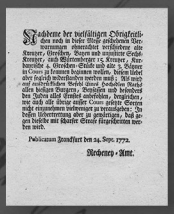
DEADLINE FOR NOMINATIONS: FRIDAY, MAY 31, 2024

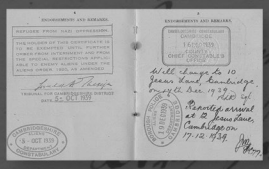
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 604-264-0499 OR EMAIL US AT EDUCATION@VHEC.ORG

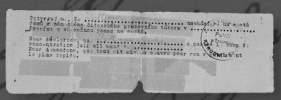
VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST EDUCATION CENTRE

In Focus

The Holocaust through the VHEC Collection







EXHIBITION NOW ON VIEW

MONDAY TO THURSDAY · 9 AM – 5 PM
FRIDAY · 9 AM – 3 PM
BASEMENT LEVEL, JCC

EXHIBITION SUPPORTED BY THE MARSID FAMILY FOUNDATION AND THE AL ROADBURG FOUNDATION

Child Survivors as the Last Witnesses of the Holocaust

BY LILLIAN BORAKS-NEMETZ

"What light can ever flow out of this darkness, what rebirth follow so looming a triumph of death?"
—Lawrence Langer, *The Holocaust and the Literary Imagination*

We were children then, 79 years ago, young and innocent, and we changed as we travelled the years into older and wiser adults, from a silent generation to a speaking generation when we became the last witnesses to a Nazi genocide. Whenever I look back, as I must, at the indelible images that the Holocaust carved into my mind, I return to that darkness.

Lillian as a child.

From 1939 to 1945, light ceased to exist for the Jews of Europe. The Dark Planet, which was the Holocaust, to which we were exiled to await death, hung menacingly on the horizon of humanity. It was our humble and treacherous dwelling, furnished with the suffering of the mind, body and spirit. Deprived of almost every human need, the victims searched for meaning in this new order. The mind probed the fear; the body probed the hunger; and the spirit probed the persecution. Hanging in the daily limbo of an irrational world, playing the lottery of life and death, what purpose could we have found in this sub-human and alien realm?

Every Jewish European child was automatically sentenced to death by Hitler. Some were younger, some older but all struggled with loss, fear, isolation, abandonment and hunger. Some lost their identity as Jews, sons, daughters, grandchildren, nephews and nieces; in many cases their false identity papers gave them different names and religious denominations. Some had to go into hiding alone in dangerous and frightening environments.

By the end of the war, when liberation finally came, I, along with many other children, didn't feel free. We were changed. The suffering throughout the war years turned us prematurely into adults. We had lost our childhood. Some children lost their parents and loved ones and were left to grow up with strangers or distant relatives. Some of us were fortunate enough to have parents who survived—but they were not the parents we had known before. My parents, who were loving, caring, beautiful people, were not the same parents I had left when I escaped the Warsaw ghetto. Neither was I the same child. We felt estranged. Five long years of suffering had marked us for life. I felt distant and disconnected from my parents and from myself. Then we emigrated into new cultures, new surroundings, new ways of life. My pre-war, well-off family had lost everything and now we had to survive in a new land at the mercy of strangers and distant relatives. I felt invisible and powerless, so unlike the outgoing and self-assured North American children around me, who made fun of my outlandish clothes, Russian boots and long braids, which no one at that time wore. I hardly spoke at all. In school I failed my grades, not knowing the language and never having attended school before; I was

twelve years old. Inside me I caried the stone wall of the Warsaw ghetto and all the horrors that came with it.

From my point of view, North American society was not interested in the Holocaust when we first came to Canada in the late 1940s, and it was even less interested in us. The Jewish community rejected us since they saw us as victims of a war which they considered to have been a purely European Jewish problem—nothing to do with them. Though no longer hungry and shabby, we, the children of the Dark Planet, were very much alone. We carried on trying to assimilate, and most of us did. We coped with our tragic memories alone. We married and built homes. We had children, friends and successful careers. And yet, in the very depths of our minds and bodies, we carried the heavy burden of our Holocaust experiences. There was little understanding in the community, and I found little to none in my family; none whatever in the field of psychiatry, which ignored the plight of war children. At one point I simply tried to put it all out my mind but eventually it hit me like a tsunami—I had nightmares, headaches and depression.

In the early 1980s I met Dr. Robert Krell, a child psychiatrist and hidden child survivor of the Holocaust from the Netherlands, who was then advocating for a Holocaust centre in Vancouver and arranging Holocaust symposia at the University of British Columbia for high school students. He also started a program recording Holocaust survivors' testimonies. There were a number of Nazi camp survivors who spoke at these symposia. Little by little child survivors were encouraged to speak as well, although our experiences of the war seemed weak and unimportant next to those of the camp survivors.

Through Dr. Krell and his work (including *Messages and Memories: Reflections on Child Survivors of the Holocaust*, edited by Dr. Krell), I, and others like me, learned of a new concept: child survivor, owner of important memories. At that time a child in general and specifically a child of war was still considered not to have meaningful memories and feelings. This new identity took time to comprehend and take root. Nightmares and restlessness prompted me to start searching for meaning in the meaningless tragedy that was the Holocaust. I didn't know yet that I could find healing in telling my story and educating others to be witnesses to my experience. I was encouraged to speak, but telling my story felt like a toddler learning to walk.

One day I was sitting next to Dr. Krell at an event and asked him what I could do with my war experiences, as they were gnawing at me daily. He simply replied, "Phone Ruth Segal." Ruth was a child Holocaust survivor from Lithuania, who felt much as I did, and who later became a very dear friend. She is no longer with us, and I miss her dearly. I found Ruth as enthusiastic as I was, and she immediately offered her home for a meeting of other child survivors of the Holocaust. At that time, many of us didn't even know each other.

NO LONGER ALONE

The Child Survivors Group of Vancouver Newsletter

Spring\Summer Edition 1993 — Volume 1

OUR RAISON D'ETRE

"NO LONGER ALONE"

by Robert Krell, M.D.

The story of the child survivor is one of profound loneliness. When I recall the sequence of my own growing awareness of being a child survivor, that peculiar and forbidding sense of aloneness comes into focus.

Even the close childhood friends, some of whom were also child survivors, did not speak of their survival nor of their preoccupations. And there were preoccupations.

It was not until 1981, that I became consciously and acutely aware of the fact that there were child survivors with perhaps, a distinct and unique life experience. In 1982 I read a book* on child survivors and by 1983 was the first speaker at the founding meeting of the Los Angeles Child Survivor Group.

This rapid evolution from not knowing, to a new awareness, brought on a sense of relief and became a discovery: Despite the fact that most of us created families and close friends, achieved a measure of success in work, and contribute to community life - a pervasive and disturbing sense of unreality remains.

What is this all about? It is about identity and loss, marginality and silence. It is about being hidden and remaining hidden. It is about ambivalence, towards religion and community, towards friends and family, sometimes even towards life.

Children who survived were fated to live life very differently from adults who survived. The older survivor had more memories, more Jewish knowledge, was more likely to marry, stay close to other survivors and be identified as a Holocaust survivor - not necessarily a pleasant or chosen identity, but an identity nevertheless.

The younger survivor, with fewer memories, often hidden or helped by Christians, and with less Jewish memory, was frequently placed with a foster family, attended school, and was effectively removed from fellow survivors, while assisted or told to forget the past, to get on with the future.

Unfortunately, the past was important to how that future might evolve and its casual abandonment created a void in the lives of many.

No matter how personally successful the child survivor has become, the void remains.

I believe that recapturing that childhood, even with all its traumas and fears, is essential to the recapture of the identity which was taken from us, not out of malice so much as ignorance.

The fact is that we children also have a history and a story, that most of us are indeed eyewitnesses to those terrible times, that our accounts also are important in the scheme of things.

The fact is that no one was interested in our stories, not the older survivors, not the general community or for that matter, the Jewish community.

The fact is that as is so often the case, true understanding can be found only within the community of those who have similar experiences and shared a similar fate.

Hence 1991 saw 1600 of us gather in New York for the "Hidden Child Conference." There was no hiding there! It was easy to talk, even for those who endured 4 decades of silence.

Shortly after our return, I suggested to friends to form a Child Survivor Group here in Vancouver in the hope that it would provide an opportunity for long silences to be broken. This has happened and continues to happen.

It will then be possible to take not only our rightful place within the community of survivors, but to accept from those who are older the responsibility to continue Holocaust education as authentic witnesses to the Shoah and commemorative events as the keepers of memory - but no longer alone.

*Moskovitz, Sarah. Love Despite Hate: Child Survivors of the Holocaust and Their Adult Lives. Shocken Books - 1985.

DIARY

LIBERATION

by Loes Stein (Louise Sorensen)

In April 1945 my parents and I were hidden in the loft of a tiny farm at the outskirts of Apeldoorn, the Netherlands.

Throughout the winter of 1944/45 the Nazis had been more determined than ever to complete their "final solution." Still more Jews were ferreted out, captured and

No Longer Alone newsletter, Spring/Summer 1993 edition.

One winter evening in 1990 we gathered for an unforgettable first meeting and it was then that we, child survivors, started a group which we later named No Longer Alone. A few years later we published a small newsletter titled *No Longer Alone*, which later became a page dedicated to child survivor stories in *Zachor*.

This was a huge transition for us from non-existent owners of painful childhood memories to recognized child survivors—we were finally listened to and acknowledged. This returned to us some of our lost childhood and gave us a framing of an identity we had lost as children.

Our group, now named the Child Survivor Group, exists to this day, although sadly we have lost a few child survivors. We have been meeting once a month as a kindred spirit group of brothers and sisters bound by the Shoah. It was comforting to meet others and hear their stories. This, along with speaking to students in schools as part of VHEC outreach programs have been healing experiences for us, and educational for the students. Some of us have attended annual child survivor conferences in various countries, one of them being Israel, which was for me an unforgettable experience.

Even though we were now sharing our past and it appeared that we were no longer alone, I've always felt that in one way we remain irretrievably alone with our memories and how they have shaped us. I am sure that many of us, deep in our hearts and minds, still long for justice and have found it partially in educating others.

Over the years much has changed. We are no longer strangers to our community. Our own children are beginning to understand what befell us as children and its effects on us later in life. We celebrate overcoming victimization and seek triumph in our accomplishments. Still the survivors' work is far from done. Unfortunately, we have lost most of our camp survivors, so we, the child survivors, must continue to tell our stories and write our memoirs so that the light of truth born of ashes illuminates future generations and thus empowers the Jewish spirit in the world for all time. Today, we, alone, are the last witnesses. ■

Lillian Boraks-Nemetz was born in Warsaw, Poland. For many years she was the editor of the No Longer Alone section of *Zachor* and is now the editor of the section Last Witnesses, of which this is the first installment.

RESTITUTION AND COMPENSATION CLAIMS HELP FOR SURVIVORS

DID YOU KNOW?

The VHEC provides free assistance to any Holocaust survivor in filling out restitution and compensation claims application forms.

Assistance is provided by our dedicated volunteer, Bonnie Elster. Bonnie is a retired lawyer, who has assisted some 70 survivors with their applications.

To book an appointment with Bonnie or to find out more, contact Talia Mastai at **604-264-0499** or **taliamastai@vhec.org**.

Bonnie Elster

GENERATIONS, AFTER

In the past fifty years, a growing body of literature written by descendants of Holocaust survivors has emerged. While descendants' identities are in no way homogenous, we have created "Generations, after," a section in *Zachor* that explores the various ways in which the Holocaust has impacted the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of survivors. We are interested in how the legacy of the Holocaust endures and echoes in their lives; and how these individuals have shaped and continue to shape the ways we honor the memory of the Holocaust.

> Jewish history and world history
> grind me between them like two grindstones, sometimes
> to a powder. And the solar year and the lunar year
> get ahead of each other or fall behind,
> leaping, they set my life in perpetual motion.
> Sometimes I fall into the gap between them to hide,
> or to sink all the way down.
> —Yehuda Amichai, "I Wasn't One of the 6 Million:
> And What Is My Lifespan?"

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

We are interested in featuring literary works by descendants of Holocaust survivors in all genres, including poetry, fiction, memoir, life-writing, graphic narrative and creative nonfiction. Submissions should be between 500 and 1,000 words long and accompanied by up to two original photographs or visuals. We offer editorial support and stewardship with submission.

Kindly note that publication is at the discretion of the *Zachor* editorial advisory committee. Writing published in *Zachor* remains the property of the author, though acknowledgement of publication in our magazine is appreciated if your piece appears elsewhere.

Please direct correspondence to Dr. Abby Wener Herlin, editor of Generations, after: abbyherlin@vhec.org.

SHARING OUR VOICES

As part of my work at the VHEC, in partnership with Jewish Family Services, I co-facilitated with Claire Sicherman a therapeutic writing workshop for second and third generation descendants, titled Descendants of Holocaust Survivors: Sharing Our Voices. Twelve participants met on Zoom over six consecutive weeks. We were all second and third generation Holocaust survivors, including father and daughter Mark and Madison Slobin.

Participants brought their ancestors and family members onto the page and into our group discussions. For most of them, the histories, complexities and traits of their ancestors were rarely spoken about before our group discussions. It was incredible to witness this process as a descendant myself and as a guide to the group.

There is a sense of weight that comes with being a descendant of Holocaust survivors, and to know that we are the last generation that will hear survivors' stories firsthand. As a descendant, I feel that it is my responsibility to carry the stories forward, and that it is my duty to remember.

A collection of writing from the group was published as an anthology and we are honoured to share the Slobins' pieces from that anthology in our inaugural installment of the descendants' section Generations, after.

—Dr. Abby Wener Herlin
Editor, Generations, after

Connecting to my Ancestors

BY MARK SLOBIN

If my body could talk, it would say that…

The muted experiences of my mother's early life are barely known to me. They were generally happy and typical, until they weren't.

The hell of a young teenage girl having to flee for her life to the forest in her bathrobe while her dear mother was murdered behind her in her family home, would be haunting.

How does one describe this horror? My imagination can only go so far. And yet, that was only the beginning. She would then have to endure the outdoors without loved ones alone, cold, wet, dirty, infested, starving, and on guard, for months turning into years. The fright and pain and loneliness and discomfort would have run deep; what consciousness could absorb and process this at any age?

Her memories, however lucid, shaped her. Yet she still showed kindness, compassion, and care. I believe I have absorbed all, the lucid, the repressed, and all of the unknowns.

So, I sometimes don't know what my body would say. I sometimes don't know what triggers me; why some things take on the magnitude of survival when they are anything but. Our (Mom and me) bodies and souls have stories to tell behind their ignorant states.

Does my body, my mind (or both?) simply react to something in my mother's past? Or is it my own past? It closes down when it feels panic, as if there is no escape. It becomes claustrophobic. It wants to remain hidden. "Survival" requires it.

Am I her? Is she me? Am I hiding in the haystack in the barn? My safe place; I lived because of the buffer of those dry, coarse grasses where the plunging pitchforks did not reach my tiny frame. Do I experience the others who hid with me, who were discovered and pulled out and led to their death? Am I the one who survives by making myself small and quiet? I swallowed my fear then, closed my eyes, and curled up and disappeared. It worked. I would live to run another day.

When I want to get away from life's difficulties, I find my hiding place, I rely only on myself, my resourcefulness, and my separateness. My body thinks it survives and thrives in separateness and being invisible.

But what it really wants is to turn toward life, jump into it and off the platform, and swim and laugh and breathe deeply, to experience the togetherness of my family, my friends, and someone who has my back like I have theirs. Someone who sees me for who I am and not who I want to be.

I want to flee and be self-sufficient because I think I need it to survive; yet I want to love and be loved and belong with others, so that I can live fully with joy and pain. My body (or is it my mind?) is tired of running and hiding. It wants to live with the fear of survival, in love, like my mother somehow did.

I can't be loved in the way I choose if I can't be seen. And I too, want to open my eyes, uncurl my body and loosen my grip, and unconditionally love for all that it is. ■

In this piece, Mark Slobin channels the spirit of his mother, Rose, upon her escape from the family home of her parents, Bele and Pesach, pictured above. Mark Slobin was born and raised in Vancouver, where he still lives. On his paternal side, he is the grandchild of immigrants who fled pogroms.

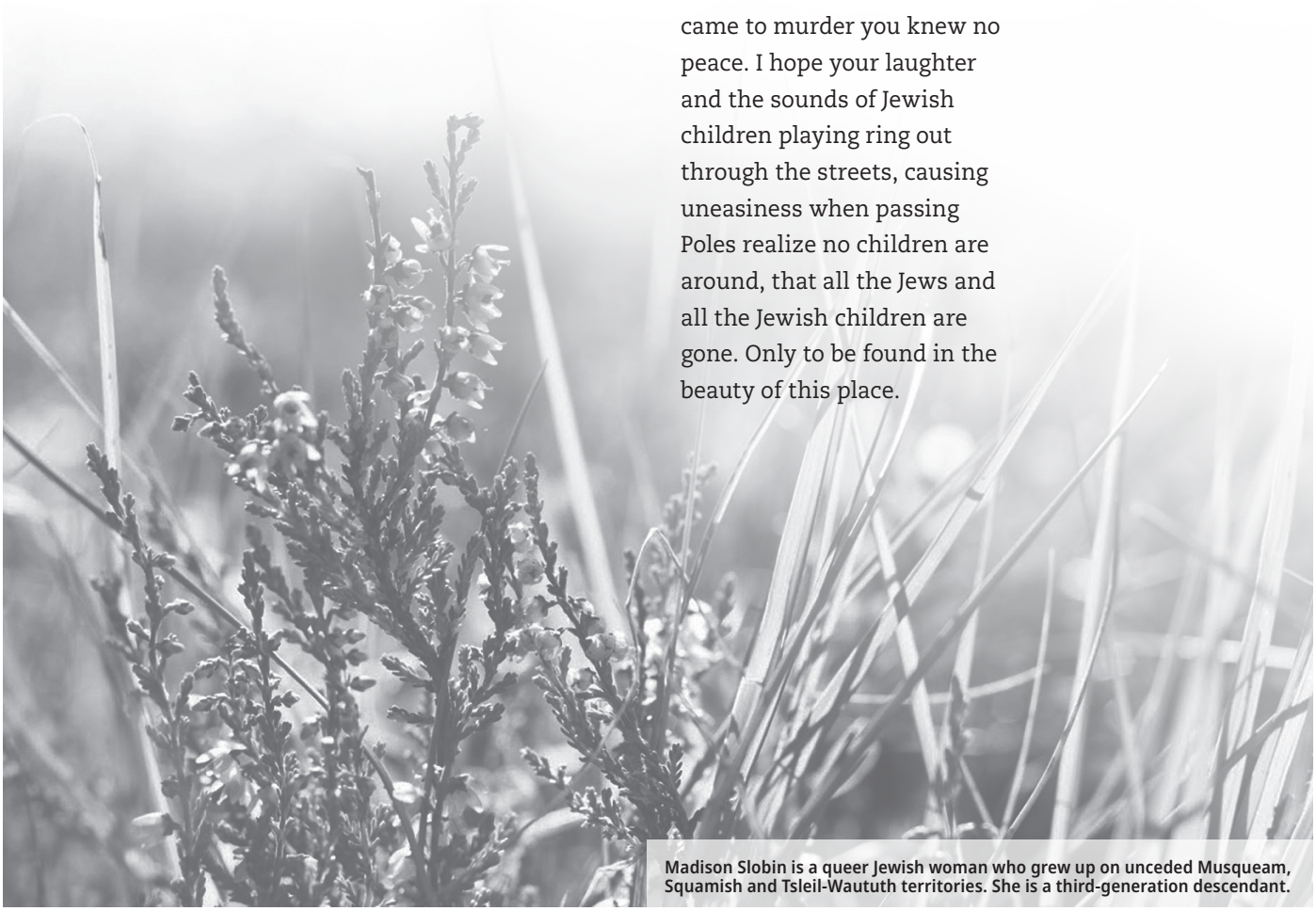
Menya's Revenge

BY MADISON SLOBIN

Menya Berger was discovered after hiding in a sewer for two days; she was taken to the Jewish cemetery and shot at the age of 10.

She was my Bobba's little sister, she is my auntie, but it's hard to imagine her as such because she will always be a child of 10.

I once learned a Jewish teaching that any vegetation that grows on or around a grave belongs to whoever's body lies at that site. Menya, you have no grave but I think all of Szczebrzeszyn is yours. All of the trees, all of the grass, the hills, the sky, the mud, the flowers, it's all yours. I hope you haunt Szczebrzeszyn, I hope the people who lived there and the ones who came to murder you knew no peace. I hope your laughter and the sounds of Jewish children playing ring out through the streets, causing uneasiness when passing Poles realize no children are around, that all the Jews and all the Jewish children are gone. Only to be found in the beauty of this place.



Madison Slobin is a queer Jewish woman who grew up on unceded Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh territories. She is a third-generation descendant.

THANK YOU TO OUR DEVOTED VHEC VOLUNTEERS!

HOLOCAUST SURVIVOR SPEAKERS

Janos Benisz, Amalia Boe-Fishman, Lillian Boraks-Nemetz, Miriam Dattel, Mariette Doduck, René Goldman, Robert Krell, Claude Romney, Peter Suedfeld, Tom Szekely, Peter Voormeij[z"l]

SPECIAL PROJECTS

Cindy Custodio, Noah Duranseaud, joy Fai, Norman Gladstone, Claudia Golombiewski, Michelle Guez, Roxanne Henderson, Cassie Hooker, Gisi Levitt, Shoshana Lewis, Audrey Lieberman, Laken Randhawa, Olga Yefremenkova

DOCENT ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Helen Heacock-Rivers, Anita Willson

DOCENTS

Tracy Ames, Harvey Field, Kieran Forry, Helen Heacock-Rivers, Gloria Joachim, Herb Mills, Jennifer Monroe, Michelle Patton, Gita Silver, Lotti Smith, Anita Willson

Our sincere apologies for any errors or omissions.

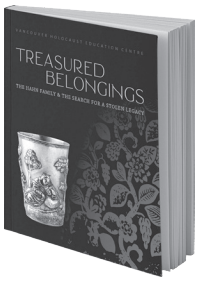
A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO KAFKA'S COFFEE FOR THEIR GENEROUS DONATION OF REFRESHMENTS FOR THE SURVIVOR GROUP MEETINGS.

IN FOCUS: THE HOLOCAUST THROUGH THE VHEC COLLECTION

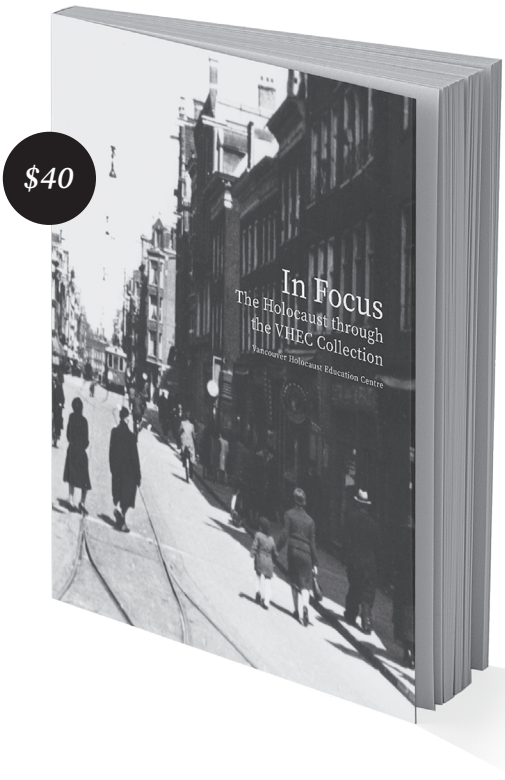
EXHIBITION CATALOGUE

Over 140 pages, the *In Focus* exhibition catalogue displays more than 80 distinctive artefacts donated by local Holocaust survivors, offering a narrative of the Holocaust through historical themes.

In Focus includes a foreword by Dr. Lauren Faulkner Rossi, an introduction by Nina Kreiger and an afterword by Shyla Seller, former Director of Collections at the VHEC.



In Focus: The Holocaust through the VHEC Collection: $40+ shipping. *In Focus* and *Treasured Belongings* exhibition catalogues: $50+ shipping. The VHEC can accept credit cards over the phone or cheques by mail.



TO ORDER, CALL 604-264-0499 OR EMAIL INFO@VHEC.ORG

All proceeds from catalogue sales to support the VHEC.

THANK YOU

FOR DONATING TO THE 2024 MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN!




Thank you for joining or renewing your commitment to the VHEC with a 2024 Membership.

When you become a member of the VHEC, you join a community dedicated to ensuring that Holocaust memory is never forgotten. Your membership helps to preserve our collections, create impactful exhibitions, host meaningful commemorative programs and cultivate and expand our educational programs and outreach initiatives.

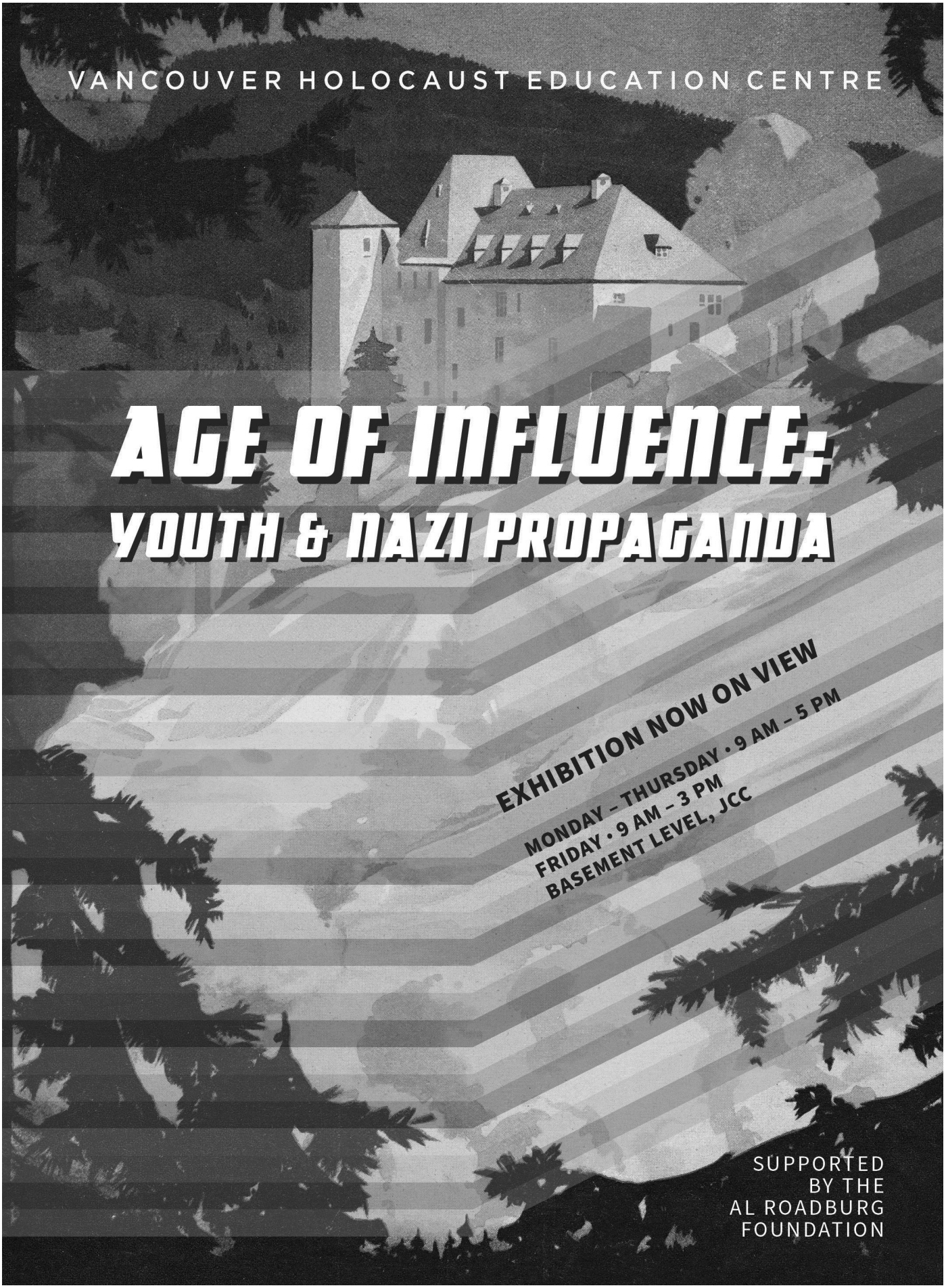
If you have yet to join or renew, please do so today: **vhec.org/membership**

Your support is critical in the fight against antisemitism. The lessons of the Holocaust are more relevant now than ever. We appreciate your generosity.

DONATE SECURELY ONLINE AT VHEC.ORG/DONATE OR BY CALLING THE VHEC AT 604-264-0499

OTHER WAYS TO GIVE:

- Leave a legacy: endowment funds, planned giving **vhec.org/leave-a-legacy**
- Send a tribute card in honour of a loved one or to mark a special occasion
- Make an in-kind donation
- Donate artefacts
- Support our annual fundraising campaign, which begins June 5, 2024


VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST EDUCATION CENTRE
AGE OF INFLUENCE:
YOUTH & NAZI PROPAGANDA
EXHIBITION NOW ON VIEW
MONDAY – THURSDAY • 9 AM – 5 PM
FRIDAY • 9 AM – 3 PM
BASEMENT LEVEL, JCC
SUPPORTED BY THE AL ROADBURG FOUNDATION

LEAVE A LEGACY

When people give to charitable causes like the VHEC, they are motivated by altruism more than tax benefits. But financial planners are quick to point out that astute estate planning can mean more funds for family and good causes, making altruism go further.

Through effective planning, one can provide for family and leave a substantial legacy to causes that have been important through one's lifetime. With proper planning, the tax burden of a legacy gift can be minimized.

The VHEC has a Planned Giving Committee of in-house experts who can help people who are considering leaving a legacy gift to the Centre. This committee donates their time and expertise to advise supporters. A bequest to the VHEC is a unique opportunity to ensure that future generations will remember the Holocaust and its important lessons for today.

To arrange a meeting with the VHEC's experts in financial, tax and estate planning, call 604-264-0499 or email us at info@vhec.org

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