



THE CENTER FOR  
**HOLOCAUST  
& HUMANITY**  
EDUCATION

HOME

ABOUT US

VISIT

RESOURCES

TEACH & LEARN

GIVE

PRESS ROOM

## Teach & Learn

*I am a survivor of a concentration camp. My eyes saw what no person should witness: gas chambers built by learned engineers. Children poisoned by educated physicians. Infants killed by trained nurses. Women and babies shot by high school and college graduates. So, I am suspicious of education.*

*My request is:*

*Help your children become human. Your efforts must never produce learned monsters, skilled psychopaths or educated Eichmanns. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are important only if they serve to make our children more human.*

*Sincerely,*

*Dr. Haim Ginott, Holocaust survivor, child psychologist and author*

### ART AND WRITING CONTEST

**Rachel Dallman,**

Division III Winner, 11th Grade, Walnut Hills

**Real Angels**

By Rachel Dallman

Angels are never painted hungry. Angels are never written into poetry with gray skin and hollow eyes. Angels of lore have silken gold wings, cloths of sunlight, crowns of rosebuds and hair that is thick and beautiful. These are angels of dreams and stories; these are angels as we want them to be. Real angels, beings of earth and men, are made of more tangible stuff. They cry, just like the rest of us. They hope and they pray: the difference is when they die, the actions and events that shape their lives are honored for their potential to inspire change. Real angels rise from shadows and ash, uninhibited by the lack of color in their world. Real angels are remembered not for the crises that plagued their lives, but for the fact that they were able to overcome them.

Is it possible to find beauty within ugliness? My heart tells me it must be; otherwise our world would have crumbled under the weight of despair long ago. The sacrificed souls of the Holocaust, especially the little candles of the children, shine like a light on the other side of a door. Their glow creeps through cracks, pushing and seeping into the thick darkness of ignorance. They are the beauty, and they smolder with such intensity that all the ugliness that once surrounded them is pushed into the dark corners of the world. It is a testament to the progress our society has made, and a prelude to the journey it has yet to take, that we can at last recognize this light and the splendor it represents.

As I near the end of my high school career, I am looking towards a future that is unknown and uncertain. College looms ever present on my horizon these days, and I find myself wondering what it is about my life I will miss the most when I leave home. My bed, my own room, my niche in this world. Never in my darkest dreams could I imagine how it was for the people of Nazi Europe when they were forced from their homes. They had no choice, as I do, and no chance to think of what it was they would miss. The silence that came after that storm must have been deafening. People's very humanity was stolen from them, shredded and scattered into the stagnant air with the rest of their past lives. Could any of them remember what a blue sky looked like at the end? They all went on to a land of perpetual song and light, the gritty dust of their suffering covering the earth to make footprints that we all have to make sure never to follow in.

The human spirit endures because it has to. We carry on because we have no other choice; because if we all quit at the same time there would be no more life on earth. Over and over people will make horrific errors in judgment and only learn from them later. The only direction to go is forward, led by the angels of men, created by our ability to be cruel and remembered by our capacity to love.