

Reflection on our trip to the Children's Holocaust Memorial Whitwell, Tennessee

By Jeffrey Schulman

My thoughts as we depart the Holocaust Memorial in Whitwell Tennessee. Quite moving how we filled the railcar, davened, wrapped tefillin, all in the same space where 80-100 Jews were transported to their torture and imminent death with each trip.

Touching the wooden walls, I tried to imagine the families/ our family and our community G-d forbid, crammed into that car with no food, water or belongings as the world looked on without a care. Today we are free to practice our religion as we desire. We can never, ever take that for granted.

This community in Whitwell is truly remarkable. They helped me to understand that we Jews are actually not alone in this world. They are a beacon of hope, tolerance and acceptance in the non-Jewish world. I am forever indebted to them for their significant efforts in continuing to tell the story, one which must be told and retold. Europe has not changed one iota in 80 years, as evidenced so recently in France, Germany, Poland and elsewhere. We do have friends though.

Thank G-d! Thank you residents and Righteous Gentiles of Whitwell! May Hashem bless you and your families.

Am Yisrael Chai!