

# **To Remember The Holocaust: The Gate of Life**



**B'nai B'rith  
Fayette Lodge #471  
Uniontown, Pennsylvania  
June 20, 1982**

## **There Was Crimson Clash of War**

*There was crimson clash of war.  
Lands turned black and bare;  
Women wept;  
Babes ran, wondering.  
There came one who understood not these things.  
He said: "Why is this?"  
Whereupon a million strove to answer him.  
There was such intricate clamor of tongues,  
That still the reason was not.  
—Stephen Crane—*



*And there, there overhead, there, there, hung over  
Those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes,  
There in the starless dark, the poise, the hover,  
There with vast wings across the canceled skies,  
There in the sudden blackness, the black pall  
Of nothing, nothing, nothing—nothing at all.  
from The End of the World  
—Archibald MacLeish—*



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR  
HARRISBURG

PROCLAMATION

DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE  
APRIL 18 - 25, 1982

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL DAY  
APRIL 20, 1982

History provides us with a valuable account of mankind's progress, but it also reminds us of some of civilization's darkest and most painful moments. Perhaps the most heinous event in modern history was the systematic extermination of six million Jews known as the Holocaust.

While the attempt to eliminate one entire people from the face of the earth is an atrocity which we can barely comprehend, we are bound to keep the story alive. We must retell the destruction of homes, livelihoods and communities. We must recount the desecration of religious traditions, symbols and property. We must try to comprehend the implications of an attempt to slaughter six million men, women and children.

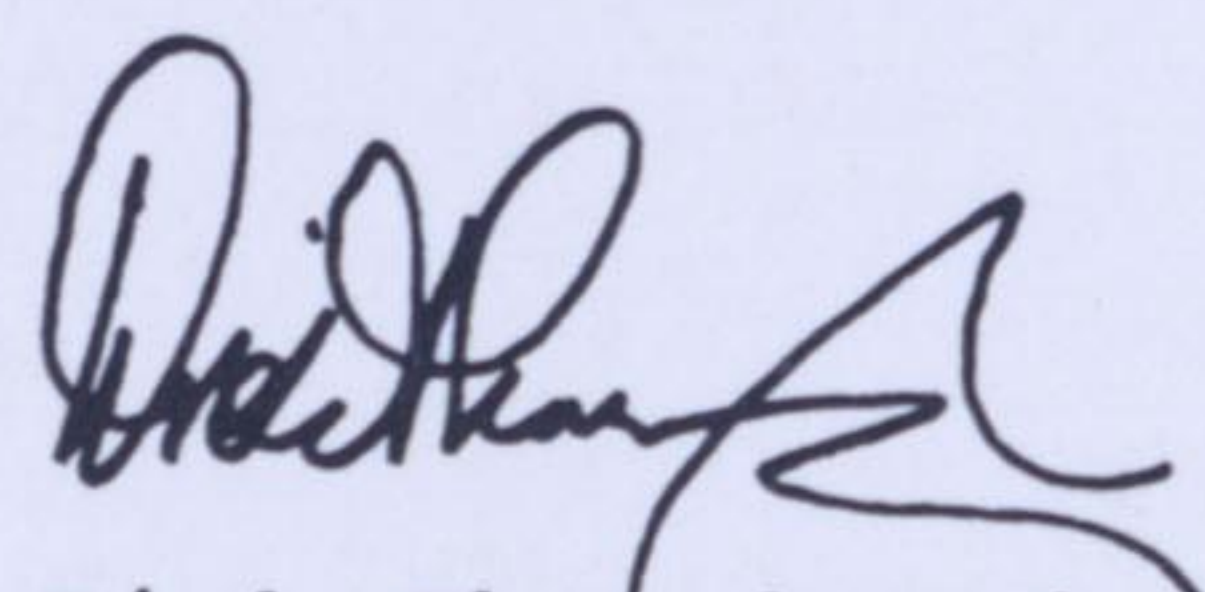
The dangers of tyranny and indifference are not merely memories of the distant past. They are real and valid concerns today. Never again can we permit fear to spawn hatred, bigotry to flourish as racism, morality to turn to depravity, and apathy to cause us to lapse into silence. We cannot forget the Holocaust. We must not forget the Holocaust.

The memory of six million martyrs lives on. The struggles of those who survived this tragedy are a symbol of the human spirit. The dreams of generations yet to come are a challenge to be realized.

In memory and honor of all that has passed, and with hope and expectation for the future, I, Dick Thornburgh, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby proclaim April 18 - 25, 1982 as DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE and April 20, 1982 as HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL DAY in the Commonwealth. I urge all Pennsylvanians to join me in honoring the victims of the Holocaust, to strive to overcome prejudice and inhumanity, and to rededicate ourselves to equal justice for all people.



GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Governor, at the City of Harrisburg, this thirteenth day of April in the year of our Lord One thousand nine hundred and eighty-two, and of the Commonwealth the two hundred and sixth.

  
Dick Thornburgh  
Governor

How are we to feel the Holocaust; to remember it as a foul taste and not merely an evil word; to carry it with us not in books but as a dull burning at the tips of our nerves for all time?

Were we to learn of it in a high school physics class, we might find that the corpses of the Jewish dead laid end to end would stretch from New York to Los Angeles and back again, or bridge the ocean between the old world and the new. But this speaks to us merely of how small the earth, not how great the tragedy.

In a history class, we might be told that it was simply another reminder of man's inhumanity to man, a recurrence of horror that reaches back before the Pharaohs and gnaws still at our heels as madmen shoot at Presidents and Popes, refugees drown in desperate rushes at freedom, and Middle Eastern neighbors irrigate an arid land with blood. But such a matter-of-fact perspective belittles the unique evil of this singular event.

A psychologist might find its roots in the childhood of one man. A philosopher might view it as proof of the hopelessness of human existence. A Rabbi might see its failure to eradicate the Jews as a reaffirmation of their role as the "chosen people." But no analysis or explanation or statistic truly speaks to us of what occurred. Nor will they prevent its happening again.

To do that we must all carry a small piece of personal anguish within us. It is not the abstract horror of six million deaths that we must feel, but rather the pain of a lone individual, a single Jew, one human being dying six million times.

To that individual who was all of them, to that individual who is all of us, to that individual who will be all of our children, we erect a Holocaust memorial. To the suffering of those who survived, as well as those who did not, we erect a memorial. A stone Chai, Hebrew symbol of life, strong as the rock from which it is made.

As long as we are still horrified, then we are not conquered. As long as the memory moves us, our future holds hope.

—Scott Leff—

## **The Sculptor**

Zeljko Kujundzic was born in Yugoslavia in 1920 into a family of metal craftsmen of Turkish descent. He received his B.A. from the Royal College of Art in Budapest, Hungary, and received a Master of Fine Arts Degree from the Institute of Fine Arts at the University of Budapest.

Over the course of his career, Kujundzic has worked in various media and, though he is primarily a sculptor, has created in both two and three dimensions. He is particularly interested in American Indian culture and design and has conducted a series of workshops in ceramics with Indians of the Caribou and Okanagan tribes. In addition, Kujundzic is the recipient of several grants, the founder of the Kootenay School of Art in British Columbia, and an international traveler who has worked and studied in numerous countries throughout Europe, Asia, and the Americas.

Currently, Kujundzic is a professor in the College of Art and Architecture at the Penn State University, Fayette Campus. Always interested in experimentation with new ideas, he has utilized Penn State as his base for pioneering work into the use of a solar-fired kiln and the development of volcanic glazes formulated from ash which he collected personally following the eruptions of Mt. St. Helens.

Kujundzic is eminently qualified to feel and construct a memorial to the victims of the Holocaust. As he describes in his autobiography, *Torn Canvas*, during World War II he was, on separate occasions, incarcerated by both German and Russian forces, and successful in escaping from both.

## **Recent Exhibitions and One-Man Shows**

Academia de San Carlos, National University of Mexico

Art Institute of Pittsburgh

Canadian Sculptors' Society Invitational

11th International Sculpture Invitational, Washington, D.C.

Exposition Gallery, Vancouver

Fireside Gallery, Carmel, California

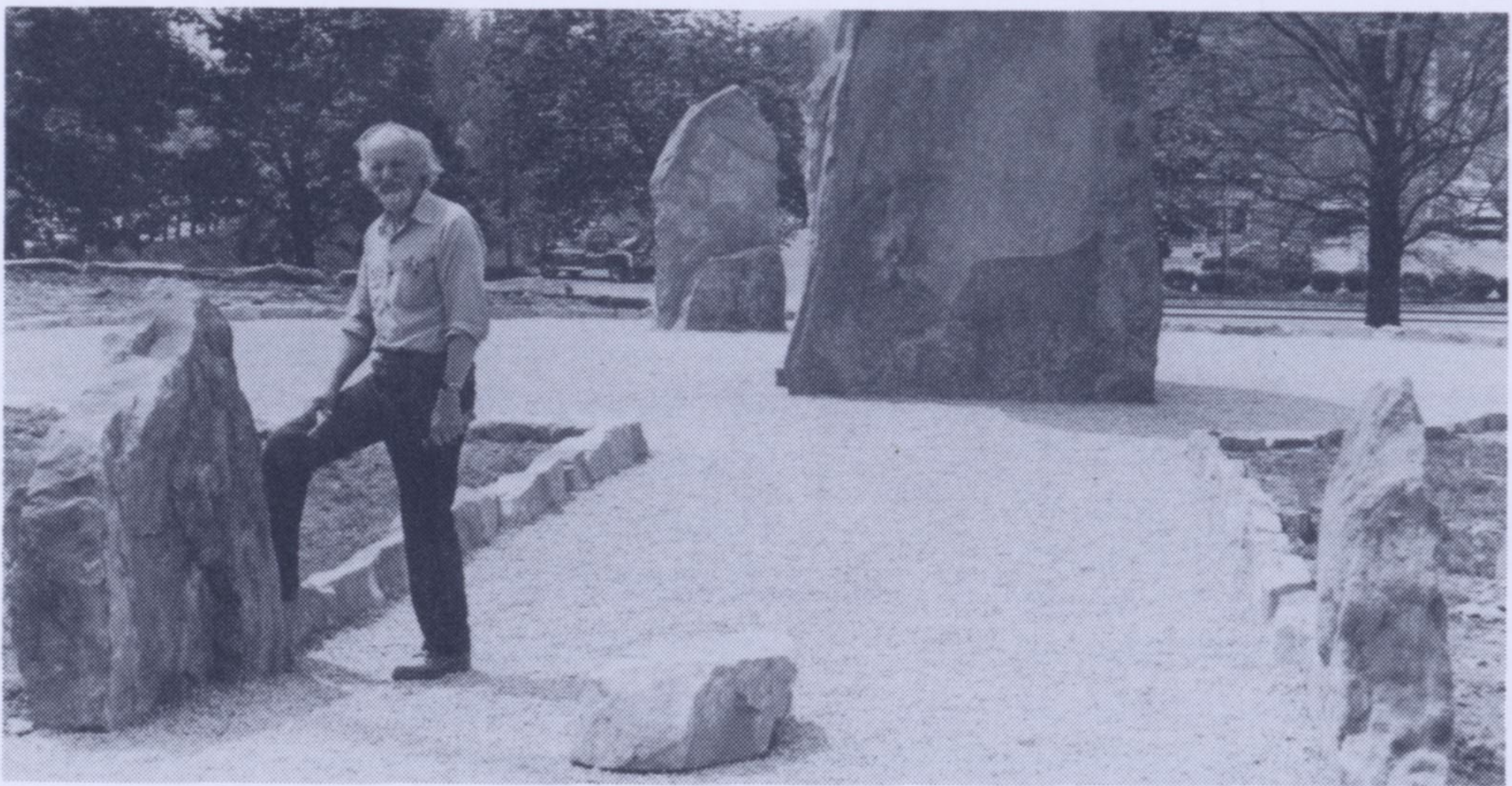
Grabowski Gallery, London

Instituto Mexico Norte Americano

International Academy of Ceramics, Kyoto and Tokyo, Japan

Kern Graduate Center, Penn State University

Musee des Arts Decoratif, Palais de Louvre, Paris



This "Gate of Life" Holocaust Monument is to honor the memory of the countless dead and the suffering of those that survived the unimaginable cruelties inflicted on them by the Nazis during the Second World War.

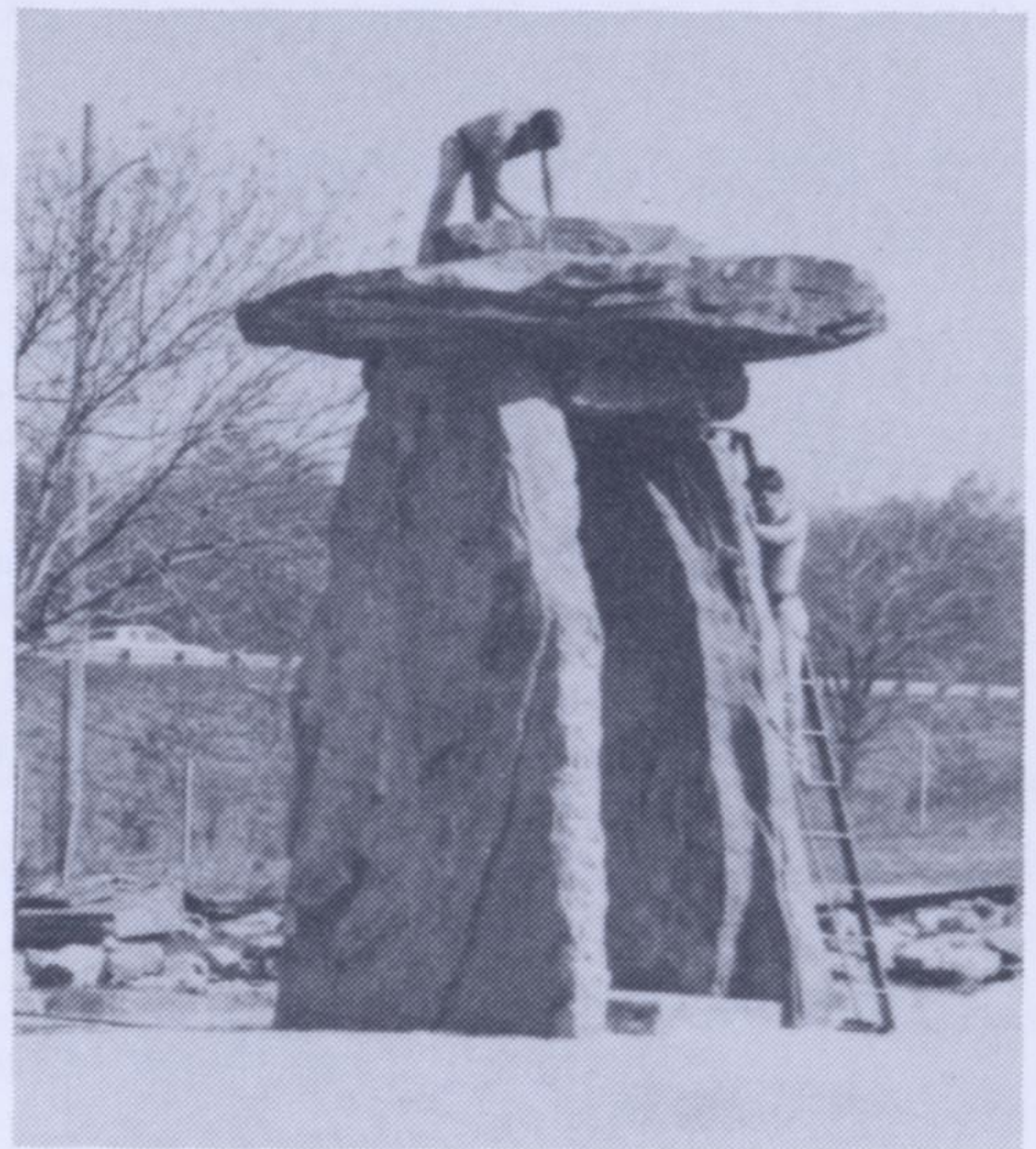
It is to keep and refresh the memory of future generations after the last of us who have been subjected to the persecutions have gone.

And, finally, to stand as a reminder to those that will be threatened in the future, as an event like the Holocaust must never happen again...

The unalterable rhythm of history like the faithfulness of lovers, binds our time into an endless chain; through circumstances beyond our grasp, we exchange the gifts of our labor with passing strangers, and in vain are we gazing at the signs written in the stars, scattered over the edge of heaven...

The understanding of the will of God escapes us and in ignorance and hatred some commit those terrible crimes against each of us— while we desperately nurture our hopes for a stupendous sunrise tomorrow.

—Zeljko Kujundzic—



The sixteen foot tall "Gate of Life" was constructed by Professor Kujundzic over a period of seven months. With the aid of five separate construction companies, 135 tons of rock were hauled from as far as 50 miles away to construct the Memorial. Some of the individual sandstone slabs measured 18 x 9 x 2 feet and weighed up to 28 tons. In addition, 20 cubic yards of concrete were poured to construct the foundation and 60 tons of gravel utilized to complete the unique environment created by this monument to the memory of the Holocaust.

## PROGRAM

Welcome .....	Mr. Gerald Abels
Pledge of Allegiance .....	Mr. Edward Bornstein Incoming President, B'nai B'rith Lodge #471
National Anthem .....	Ms. Catherine Bomstein, Cantor
History of Memorial .....	Mr. Morton Opall President, B'nai B'rith Lodge #471
Dedication Ceremony .....	Rabbi Sion David Temple Israel
El Mole Rachamim .....	Ms. Catherine Bomstein, Cantor
Introductions .....	Mr. Gerald Abels Mr. Roger Gallet, General Chairman Professor Zeljko Kujundzic, Artist
Remarks .....	Honorable Jack J. Spitzer President, B'nai B'rith International
Hatikvah .....	Ms. Catherine Bomstein, Cantor
Benediction .....	Rabbi Stanley Savage Tree of Life Synagogue

## HATIKVAH

Kawl ohd bahlayvawv p'neemaw,  
Neffesh y'hoodee homeeyaw.  
Ool'fah-ah-say mizrawch kawdeemaw  
Ah-yin l'tzeeyohn tzofee-yaw.

Ohd lo awvdaw sikvawsaynoo,  
Hahtikvaw sh-nahs ahlpah-yim,  
Lee-h'yohs ahm chawfshee b'ahrtzaynoo,  
B'erez Tzeeyon vee-Rooshawlaw-yim.

כָּל עוֹד בְּלֵב בְּנִימָה

נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמָיָה

וּלְפָאֲתֵי מְזֻרַח קְדִימָה

עֵינַי לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה.

עוֹד לֹא אֲבָדָה תְּקוּמָתֵנוּ

הַתְּקוּהָ שְׁנַת אֲלָפִים

לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֲפְשֵׁי בְּאֶרֶצֵנוּ

בְּאֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.

So long as still within the inmost heart a Jewish spirit sings, so long as the eye looks eastward, gazing toward Zion, our hope is not lost—that hope of two millenia, to be a free people, in our land, the land of Zion and Jerusalem.

## BENEFACTORS

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Abels  
Mrs. Mariam Anthony  
Mr. Ray Anthony  
Mr. Sam Anthony  
Mr. Robert Baker  
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Barron  
Dr. and Mrs. Norman Belfer  
Mr. and Mrs. Abe Berkey  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blaney  
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bornstein  
Honorable and Mrs. Samuel D. Braemer  
Mr. and Mrs. J. Leonard Burger  
Mr. and Mrs. David Cooper  
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cooper  
Mrs. Lucille Cooper  
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Mr. Jerome Klein  
Dr. and Mrs. Charles Krifcher  
Mr. and Mrs. Milton Kronick  
Prof. Zeljko Kujundzic

Mr. and Mrs. Zolen Lazer  
Mr. and Mrs. Jay C. Leff  
Mr. and Mrs. Scott Leff  
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Mr. George Teslovich  
Dr. and Mrs. George Tolstoi  
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Tyler  
Uniontown Zionist District  
Mr. and Mrs. Max Williams  
Mr. and Mrs. James E. Work

*It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past.*

from Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech  
—William Faulkner—



## Holocaust Memorial Committee

Roger Gallet, Chairman

Gerald Abels

Rabbi Sion David

Arthur Greenwald

Baily Greenwald, Publicity

Jay C. Leff

Scott Leff, Program Book

Morton L. Opall

Daniel Radman

Arthur Snyder, Publicity



Fayette Lodge #471

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Morton L. Opall, President

Edward Bornstein, 1st Vice President

Sanford Roth, 2nd Vice President

Sidney Simon, 3rd Vice President

Norman Belfer, Recording Secretary

Milton Kronick, Corresponding Secretary

Harry Davidson, Financial Secretary

Morris Samuels, Treasurer

## **I Think Continually of Those**

*I think continually of those who were truly great.  
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history  
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns,  
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition  
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,  
Should tell of the spirit clothed from head to foot in song.  
And who hoarded from the spring branches  
The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.*

*What is precious is never to forget  
The essential delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs  
Breaking through rocks in worlds before our earth  
Never to deny its pleasure in the simple morning light  
Nor its grave evening demand for love.  
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother  
With noise and fog the flowering of the spirit.*

*Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields  
See how these names are feted by the waving grass,  
And by the streamers of white cloud,  
And whispers of wind in the listening sky;  
The names of those who in their lives fought for life,  
Who wore at their hearts the fire's center.  
Born of the sun they traveled a short while towards the sun,  
And left the vivid air signed with their honor.*

*—Stephen Spender—*

*The ghost would not care but be here, long sunset shadow in the  
seams of the granite, and forgotten  
The flesh, a spirit for the stone.*

*from Post Mortem*

*—Robinson Jeffers—*