

*The power of our voice is whether we  
touched my soul like this girl from the  
ence, one voice has the power to bring  
oice has the power to bring light. I  
ower to bring truth. In a world of oppression, one voice has the power  
o bring freedom.” “An echo swiftly travels the world. Courage ignited  
against tyranny, silence broken.” “They cannot make us forget who we  
re. The children remember, I remember.” “We must never stop believ  
ty of the human being.” “Using my voice, I can*



The Kappy Family Anne Frank and Elie Wiesel Night

# Art & Writing Competition

Remembering the Holocaust means choosing to take a stand against bias, hatred, and violence. It means standing up for what is right and good.

By using their voices through art and writing, students share their messages in a creative and meaningful way. Art and writing have the power to touch people's hearts and minds. By using your voice and speaking about the Holocaust, you can help ensure that such suffering never happens again.

### **That is the Power of Your Voice.**

What lesson from the Holocaust will you impart with the power of your voice?

How will you use your voice—through your art or writing—to impart your message about the Holocaust?



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I applaud every student who entered the 2022 Kappy Family Anne Frank and Elie Wiesel Night Art & Writing Competition, and I congratulate all of this year's winners. We received more than 230 submissions and were amazed by the creativity, skill, and consideration each student afforded their pieces. We are grateful for the parents, guardians, and teachers who encouraged their students to enter the Competition. Thank you for providing support and guidance every step of the way, and for acknowledging the importance of this project.

This Competition, now in its sixth year, provides an opportunity for students to contemplate the stories of Elie Wiesel and Anne Frank, as well as the lessons of bravery, tolerance, and respect for life evident in their writing. Through this year's theme, **The Power of Your Voice**, students considered how they might use their own voices to educate others and empower them to speak out and act against injustice, bigotry, and violence. It has been 77 years since the Holocaust came to an end, and these lessons continue to matter as we try to make a better world for ourselves and our communities.

At The Zekelman Holocaust Center, we know it is not enough to simply say "never forget." These students have demonstrated through their art and writing that they understand the power of their voices to make a difference. We hope that students, and you—the reader—find these calls for action empowering, and that by displaying these pieces in our museum, we inspire our guests to take steps towards justice in their own lives.

Finally, I would like to thank Garry Kappy and his wife Viola, of blessed memory, and their children, Barbara and Irvin Kappy, and Ilse and Ira Kappy. This Competition would not be possible without them. Their generous support has allowed for the memory of the Holocaust to inspire students across the state of Michigan, students who have in turn inspired all of us.

**Hannah Mills**  
Education Associate  
The Zekelman Holocaust Center

Welcome to the 6th annual Kappy Family Anne Frank Art & Writing Competition at The Zekelman Holocaust Center. Our family is a proud sponsor of this contest that is designed to inspire and empower students to gain an understanding of the power of memory. Anne Frank serves as an important symbol of an individual that portrays the lessons of the Holocaust. A sapling of the actual chestnut tree that grew outside of her attic window stands at The Holocaust Center today, resolute in its determination to withstand the forces of prejudice and bigotry. Anne Frank was wise beyond her years, and her observation "that nobody need wait a single moment before starting to improve the world" has inspired today's wonderful contest submissions that prove the impact of the power of memory.

Our father, Garry Kappy, is the last surviving member of his family and is very excited to have the opportunity to present today's awards. Born in Opatow, Poland, he was imprisoned in different labor camps at the young age of 15, where he dug ditches and slaved in a steel ammunition factory. He survived the horrors of Buchenwald and Auschwitz and managed to eventually make his way to Detroit where he had a family with his beloved wife Viola, and a successful business career. Though it is important to him to memorialize all of the victims of the Holocaust, he feels that it is even more crucial to educate others in order to help prevent future genocides. Out of this inspiration, the Kappy Family Anne Frank Art & Writing Competition was born.

Congratulations to all of this year's winners and thank you for sharing your very personal entries with all of us.

**The Kappy Family**  
June 2022



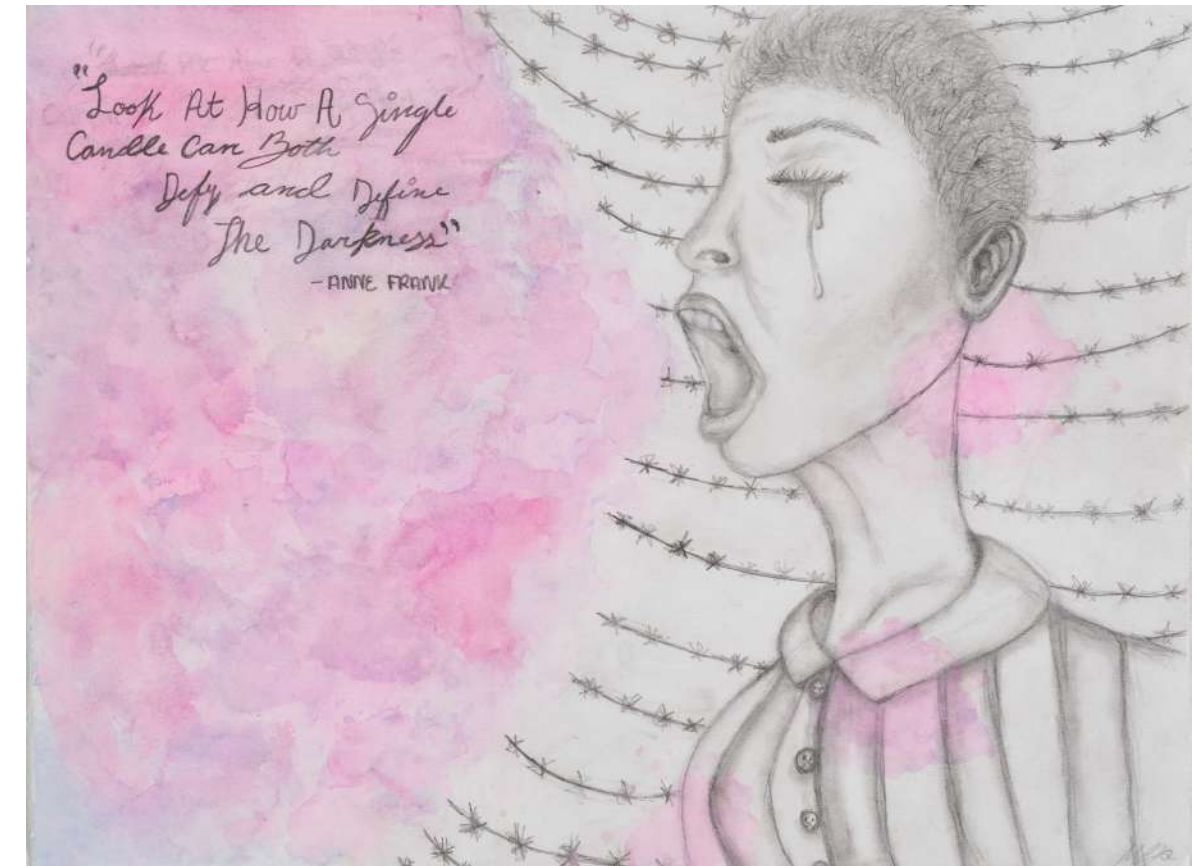
## Competition Winners

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## Coloring A World

### Statement of Purpose

6 million Jews were murdered during the Holocaust at the hands of the Nazis. Though we can remember, imagine, and learn about what happened, we will never truly know how it felt. We can never truly realize how painful it was. So many beaten, so many starved, so many injured, so many lost. So much taken, yet one thing never was. Voices. Words. Dreams. These voices are a reminder of the hopes and dreams that every person shares. Every bit of pain was met with a bit of hope. My piece

hopes to help us remember those voices and dreams everyone had. The dream of owning a business, or being a doctor. I want my piece to also show the pain that people went through, and the perseverance people had. The people that were lost, and the voices that still linger. 6 million voices gone, so one day we could have ours. We need to use our voices, share our dreams, so nobody ever loses theirs again.



## The Other Side of the Glass

### Statement of Purpose

Too often we're on the outside looking in when we go through history, seeing people as characters and not as humans. Anne Frank is a symbol for hope even as we repeat history. She's not words on a page, not just a name or story repeated so often that it's become something of a fable. She was compassion when the world hated her, she was laughter when the windows were closed and she couldn't make a sound, she was hope as she took a last look at the world, and, above all, she has a deep humanity that speaks over generations through the words she wrote, reaching through time to tap the future on the shoulder and say, I lived, I loved, I cried, and I have hope that this world

can be beautiful again. I've tried to capture that profoundly human experience, a hand pressed against a window, reaching out with a longing for life. It's an experience that links us all together, for as long as humans have been able to look up at the stars and wish in earnest that we could reach out and touch them. And it's that unifying experience I wanted to share. That's why it's titled The Other Side of the Glass, because I think all of us have looked out from the other side of the glass, dreaming of what's beyond it. And now I leave you with this: are you on the outside looking in, or on the inside gazing out?



## Streetview

### Statement of Purpose

My art has been taken from my view of the streets outside of Anne's mind. Confusing? Yes, it may be. Let me explain:

- Anne tells us how the children outside are dirty.
- Anne tells us how there are thieves.
- Anne tells us how the men that dropped from the planes got shot down.

I have mixed the descriptions from Anne, and the things that happened in Anne's mind. I use the colors she hopes to find in her life through her little window. Anne believes that everyone has good in them, but the reality is depressing.

My mind is also mixed into my distorted world. I did research out of school into the Holocaust. My art has symbols for things I've researched that have happened such as the experiments that the Nazis would do on children. Not only can the past be seen all over the world I've created, but the future, and my thoughts on segregation.

My art was meant to be acrimonious, real, gross, and make you look at every inch of the paper with abhorrence. When scrutinizing, I want you to question my art. Then the psychological agony of the thoughts running through you. It is painful because you will have no answers, just your own speculation to connect the dots of my work.

## Sorrowful Chestnut

My aged limbs sway to watch small children, who dance around their parents.  
 Many with wishful eyes and a sticky face, perhaps from a sweet lollipop?  
 Sometimes,  
 if I'm lucky enough, they will wrap their stubby arms around me and confide their hopes and dreams.  
 And I would listen and listen, until their parents would peel their whimsical kids off of me to continue along their way.  
 I would smile at the children,  
 reminded of a girl I once knew in a different time.  
 A time of sadness.  
 But this girl,  
 she had the same wishful eyes as these dancing children.  
 She too talked to me, in a manner of tongue well beyond her youth.  
 With such grace and compassion.  
 Such hope for this place we call home, so much love for people she did not know.  
 But one day, Anne didn't come to visit me.  
 I looked through the attic window and wondered where my friend went.  
 How can I ever grow knowing that she will never?  
 She never got to swing from my branches or smell my sweet flowers.  
 No one touched my soul like this girl from the secret annex.  
 With time, the wind whispered to me about my sweet Anne.  
 Why was she whisked away from me?  
 Why is my beloved friend taken away from me without a decent farewell?  
 The tragedy was enough to make Willows weep.  
 Enough for Chestnuts like me to shrivel.  
 To make the graceful Oaks turn their leaves.  
 Even the most resilient Olive tree would lose their poise.  
 Anne was too sweet,  
 too thoughtful for this world.  
 Why can't the world work like Anne and I did?  
 I think too many trees lost their Annes and too many Annes lost their trees.  
 Too many stories left untold.  
 Too many lovely souls forgotten.  
 So as long as my branches hold me in the sky and until the last of my leaves fall.  
 I will never forget my friend.  
 And even once my time has come,  
 my saplings will spread,  
 and they will remind observers to remember.  
 And so will their saplings.  
 We must never forget about all the Annes of this world.  
 I just miss my friend.

### *Statement of Purpose*

After reading this short poem, my hope for you is that you ponder for a while on all the atrocities of the Holocaust. But you may not endlessly dwell on it and that's alright. I wrote this small snippet of a poem to inform you, dear reader, about the Holocaust. Plain and simple. While reading this, if you even have the slightest knowledge about Anne Frank's life, you will know what I'm talking about. About her beautiful chestnut that sat near Anne's attic window. Anne adored this tree, and I

thought, in the fictional sense of course, that Anne's tree adored her back. This story to some readers may sound a tad childish, but the underlying message that is bursting through the seams of this poem is that the Holocaust must never be forgotten. That we must be like the Chestnuts and the Oaks and the Willows, to remember the horror, to mourn our loved, and to learn from the tragedy of the Holocaust. I wrote this poem to be a reminder, perhaps simple, but powerful and hopefully memorable.

## Your Voice

Your Voice  
 Who can you save with it?  
 What is it worth?  
 When is it needed?  
 Where can it go where I won't be silenced already?  
 Why do you use it?  
 How can it make a difference?  
 You choose.

Your Voice  
 It is a life vest.  
 You can sink others,  
 Or you can throw out a life vest for others.  
 It can be a shark or it can be a dolphin,  
 And you choose what animal you are.  
 Make your choice.

Your Voice  
 It is worth more than gold;  
 It is worth more than diamonds.  
 It is something you can't pay for with money;  
 It is a gift at birth,  
 And you choose if you will regift it.  
 Make your choice.

Your Voice  
 It is something not all people have.  
 It is always needed.  
 It is something you need to make a difference in this loud world.  
 It is something so many people lost in the Holocaust,  
 And you choose if you make their voices heard.  
 Make your choice.

Your Voice  
 Everyone needs a voice;  
 Everyone needs to use their voice.  
 If you are being silenced, shout louder.  
 Everywhere is loud,  
 And you choose if you shout over them all.  
 Make your choice.

Your Voice  
 It is an instrument.  
 It can play beautiful songs or make terrible noises.  
 It can influence the world  
 If only you scream loud enough,  
 And you choose what you use it for.  
 Make your choice.

Your Voice  
 It can change lives.  
 In Hitler's case, it ruined them.  
 In Ángel Sanz Briz's case, it saved them.  
 Make a good difference in the world,  
 And you choose who you end up with.  
 Make your choice

Our Voice  
 We all make mistakes with it,  
 But we choose to fix those mistakes.  
 We all hurt others with it,  
 But we choose to heal them.  
 We all can be quiet,  
 But we choose to scream.  
 We all want to be Ángel Sanz Briz,  
 But we might act more like Hitler.  
 We make decisions daily that will affect the rest of our lives.  
 Make the choice to be like Anne Frank.  
 Help those who have lost their voice.

### *Statement of Purpose*

A voice is an incredible thing. When you are young, you are just learning how to make noise. As you grow into a toddler, you can start to form words and sentences. As you go into school, you learn how to share your voice and listen to other voices around you. As you start middle school, you form your opinions on other people's voices and their beliefs. As you get into high school, you start using your voice to make an impact on others. And as you get into college and adult life, you can put those words into action. This is how life goes for most people. This is how you form your voice, and how your voice forms your personality. This wasn't what happened with Anne Frank though. Anne started forming opinions of people right away, no matter how old she was. Anne was able to raise the voices of those lost in the Holocaust, even though she lost her own.

As a teen writer myself, I am greatly inspired by Anne Frank, but I don't have the confidence Anne had. I wrote this poem to answer my own questions. I never realized the power that one person can have, just by using their voice. I wrote this poem to help myself see the power that one voice can have. I wrote this poem to inspire others, as Anne did, to use one's voice to share one's story. I never realized how much one person can say that will relate to so many others. By reading "Your Voice" I hope to inspire you to realize just how many people you can make feel seen just by putting yourself out there. I am lucky to be given a creative mind that truly helps me to see the things that Anne Frank did for others from beyond the grave.

## SILENCE

What is a voice if it cannot be heard?  
 What is a story if it cannot be told?  
 What is a life if it cannot be lived?  
 Silence.  
 Secrets.  
 Nothingness.

But,

What is a voice if it *can* be heard?  
 What is a story if it *can* be told?  
 What is a life if it *can* be lived?  
 Something.  
 Substance.  
 Everything.

For the story to live on,  
 There must be a voice,  
 A life.

But,

For the story to die,  
 No one has to be present.  
 No one has to speak.  
 It is an easy road.

Easy is not always right.  
 It almost never is.  
 A voice must be heard,  
 A story must be told,  
 A life must be lived,  
 Or otherwise the actions and times  
 We warned against may come to pass again.

Speak. Tell. Live.  
 Be a candle flame in the darkness of ignorance,  
 Silence,  
 Secrets,  
 And nothingness  
 Because,  
 If you are not,  
 It will be silent forever.

### *Statement of Purpose*

The purpose of my work of poetry is to show that we all have a voice and a story, but we simply must be brave enough to tell it and to be strong enough to speak. For many of us, if not all, the words are there, and the bravery is there, but it needs something to help it to come to the surface, and that is the main goal of my work—to help to motivate those who are too afraid to speak and let their opinions be heard. Speaking out and letting your story be told is not only applicable to the Holocaust, but many things in life that need spokespeople. There is not a single issue that is not important, at least to

someone. I hope my work will let people know that they have the bravery to speak out about what they believe in and that somewhere, someone will be listening and someone will be supporting them. My personal belief is that the facts matter. We should not hush something up as important as the deaths of 6 million human souls in the Holocaust simply because it's painful to learn about. It is painful, but that's part of the learning process. We must acknowledge the pain and help to educate others on the importance of keeping the story alive.

## You + Me = WE and WE Can Choose Humanity

Some have chosen brokenness.  
 Ego slowly rising through their bodies, exploding into their brains, spewing out of their mouths.  
 The truth they bury deep inside their minds.  
 They speak of what is right in their own eyes, talking of "I" and "Me," but never "We."  
 The millions of lives lost in the Holocaust have paid the penalty for choosing "Me" over "We."

Others choose humanity.  
 Love and compassion coursing through them like a river running free.  
 Passing on the Holocaust stories to each and every "Me."  
 For these are not stories of imaginary beings and lands; these are truths.  
 Truths that if planted into the mind of every "Me" will make their hearts sigh a collective, "We."

We must look at each other and see. See the sameness in us, "We."  
 We must never ever forget the cruelty of man when "Me" takes the lead.  
 We must oppose every form of hatred with love.  
 We must never stop believing in the dignity of the human being.  
 There is no future for the "We" if this cannot be.

We must strive to serve the voices lost.  
 Settling for mediocrity has a cost.  
 There is no place for selfishness, fears we must slay.  
 We must be more than we are today.  
 We must dare to speak.

The fractures are still visible.  
 Will we fall into a crack and set ourselves back?  
 Or will we raise our voice to serve those lost?  
 It is a choice after all.  
 "We" can choose to see the sameness in each "Me."

### *Statement of Purpose*

The purpose of my poem, "I + Me = We and We Can Choose Humanity," is to convey the importance of using our voices to speak up for choosing humanity over hatred so that we can create a better future. A weakness of our world today is the selfishness of many human beings. Many people tend to think and take action based upon what is good for themselves. People often fail to see how similar they are to one another and instead focus on what is different and use those differences as a justification for their harmful actions. All people are human

and deserve to be treated with love and compassion. I hope to show the world that choosing to look at "We" instead of "Me" will allow the hatred and cruelty of "Me" to turn into a love for all humanity. The Holocaust reminds us of what can happen when people decide that "Me" is more important than "We." We have a responsibility to each other and the future to come together as one, to raise our voices and share the stories of the people who stood up for the "We."

## Speak Up

What is a voice? Some think it is only verbal, words spoken from our mouths to convey our thoughts. Others believe a voice has nothing to do with words but actions that can cause a community to rethink its ideals or reshape. However, others still find that neither words nor actions are voices, but behavior, modeling for others. This is often seen within schools, communities, and families. Anne Frank had her own definition of voice, as does each individual, and throughout her diary, she expresses these feelings and continues to affect the lives of people living generations after her.

There is a multitude of different ways people can use their voice, one of which is speaking up for the good of others, for example, at school. One could accomplish this by sharing someone's thoughts on various topics and helping them see things in a different manner and broadening their perspective. Another way someone could use their voice is to stand up for what is right. You could stand up to bullies by not using violence but words that help resolve and bring peace. Finally, someone could use their voice at school to help their fellow students with academic topics they are struggling with understanding, just as Anne helped Dussel with French.

Another way someone could speak up and use their voice is to provide emotional support to their community. Encouraging is one of the most effective ways one can use their voice in a time of crisis such as the COVID pandemic. Many people found that a word of encouragement helped them get through the day. In addition, someone using their voice could remind people in the

community that they are not alone and comfort them in hard times. Lastly, asking questions and listening to others' thoughts and feelings can be beneficial to community health and fellowship. Anne Frank accomplished all these responsibilities with just the people around her. Imagine what we could do with an entire community.

While using one's voice within the community can be very effective for helping others, using their voice within their family can be helpful for oneself. Furthermore, someone could express themselves verbally to their family members or write their thoughts in a journal. Journaling could help if they are frustrated or angry with someone and do not want to talk about it. Sometimes the best way to solve a frustrating problem is by using your voice to talk about the problem. Anne expressed most of her feelings in her journal, but sometimes she shared with her friend Peter. Even when she was hiding from the Nazis, she voiced her opinion. Lastly, sharing hopes with the family can be a helpful way to be optimistic in even the darkest times. Anne always voiced how she wanted to be a dancer and never lost hope.

In conclusion, a voice can be whatever one wants their voice to be, whether verbal, actions, or just behavior. A voice can be used from schools to communities to even at home. Voices are needed by everyone. I believe that no matter your age, using your voice to communicate thoughts and ideas is powerful for creating a better tomorrow.

### Statement of Purpose

As I was thinking about how to write my paper on Anne Frank and the significance of her using her voice, my life and experiences came to mind and I wondered how this topic relates to my life. My family is the greatest influence on my life followed by school and community. When I think of using my voice in school, I am grateful that I go to a school that allows

me to use my voice in class and values students' opinions and ideas. My family values my thoughts and I'm able to express them freely. I wrote this essay about using my voice and how Anne Frank used hers because it can inspire people to use their voices when there is conflict and when there is peace.

## Gloss

The Holocaust is by far one of the worst events in modern history. Despite the Holocaust being over, it still deserves to be talked about. It will always deserve to be talked about. However, when it is talked about in school or referenced in the media, people tend to sugarcoat the severity of what happened. It's always "the Holocaust was a mass killing of Jews by Nazis." Modern sophisticated minds hear that one race/religion was specifically targeted and automatically think that it's worse than the average mass killing. They're not wrong for thinking that. Adolf Hitler's idealism of an Aryan society probably would've had them killed too. Either way, the description that people have of the Holocaust is always so vague. Sure, it gives the outline, but Jews didn't suffer through years of starvation, torture, killing, fear, and isolation just for someone to say they were only killed. They were so much more than killed. Nazi's had tried their best over the years of their reign to guarantee that Jews and Jewish culture would be obliterated. They deserve to have their story of suffering told. However uncomfortable the recipient of the information might be is absolutely miniscule in comparison to the utter agony faced by Jews worldwide. A prompt given to me by the Zekelman Holocaust Center asks: "what lesson from the Holocaust will you impart with the power of your voice?" My answer to that question is the fact that the Holocaust exists. I can't share a lesson on an event that we barely shed light on. First, we have to illuminate it. I think some way to do that is definitely to advance our public education.

Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Keitel, Göring, and Bormann are perpetrators among many of the Holocaust. One, maybe two, of the names in the previous sentence are actually known to kids my age. Auschwitz is the only concentration camp people around me can list off the top of their heads, and even that's

impressive. I barely go a day without hearing an Anne Frank joke from a classmate. This is a complete disappointment to me. How can we live our lives completely disregarding the suffering of so many people? Students can list all of the first 16 presidents (who were vastly racist, sexist, and xenophobic), but not the names of people who have aided in atrocities? Another prompt asked by the Zekelman Holocaust Center was: "what art form is your passion? How will you use your art or writing to express your message about the Holocaust?" To answer that, writing is my passion. I think writing is the most expressive outlet anyone could ever have, and it's a gift to have it at the click of a button. With that, I will use my writing and my voice to teach people around me about the events that occurred. I'll tell them about Nazi leaders and what they did. I'll tell them about the medical experimentation, gassing, forced labor, and death marches that Jews faced in concentration camps. Along with that, I'll teach them that anyone of color, Romani people, Jehovah's Witnesses, and queer people were also sent to the camps. I'll tell them what happened to Anne Frank. Using my voice, I can accomplish some sort of reparation. I can serve some sort of justice for those lives lost. I am an advocate for social justice. Despite my being 14 years old, I have just as much power with my voice as anyone. I just have the courage to use it. If people keep laughing, then they're disrespecting six million Jews. If they can live with that, then we should let them. Let bigots be bigots. But I might as well spread my message to the people who care, and even so, the people who don't. Maybe I could come across to them.

The Holocaust is nothing to gloss over. We should not spare a single detail when teaching students about the horrific events that took place. Children deserve to be educated, and the Jews deserve to be honored.

### Statement of Purpose

The Holocaust is something that people like to sugarcoat. White Christian leaders, authority figures, and teachers like to diminish the effects of what the Nazis have done when explaining it to other people, and that's something we need to change. The Holocaust was a horrific event, but it's not something to keep away. My purpose is to give the world something that honors The Holocaust in all of its aspects.





## Hope Takes Flight

### Statement of Purpose

During the Holocaust, there was little to no hope for the Jewish community; however, the few that had hope in the worst situations could handle it the best. Some would even use their voice as a powerful tool to spread hope against the Nazis and their corrupt regime. The Jewish girl depicted in the image utilizes the power of her voice by shouting out hope, as symbolized by the dove, into the sky. The dove chases away

the ravens representing corruption, death, and destruction. As the dove spreads its wings, it becomes more prominent than the other birds. Though darkness may seem overwhelming in times of despair, hope cuts a clear path through the shadows and becomes a beacon of light. By utilizing our voice and spreading hope, we can chase off the darkness that may lurk in our lives today and even bring about change.

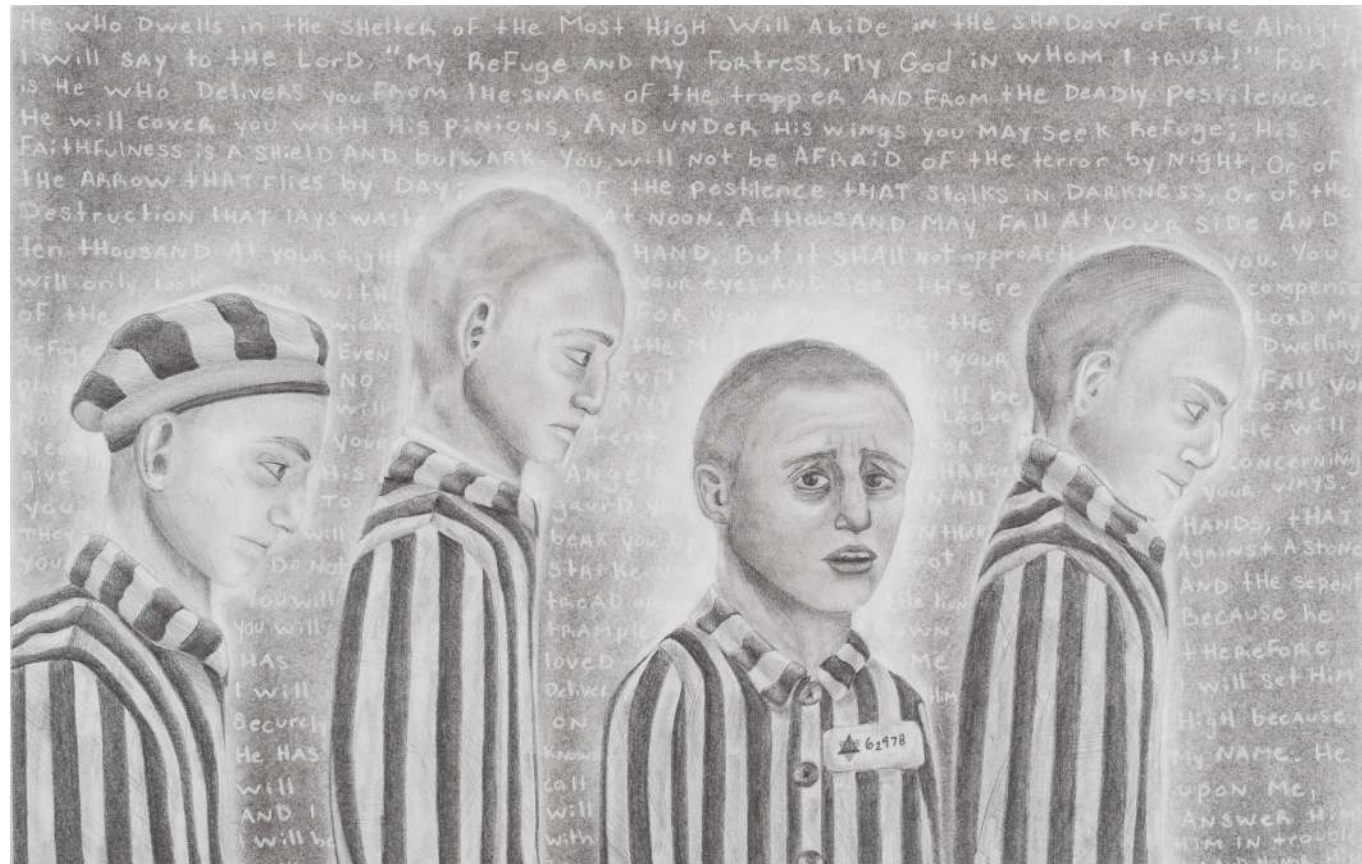


## Carry Me

### Statement of Purpose

The power of one voice is immeasurable. It can go on and on for years, sometimes even centuries. Billions of people can be influenced by one story, just as one breeze sways thousands of blades of grass. This is why I painted a wind-swept meadow. Under the stress and power of a gathering storm, the air continues to carry flowers and pollen, just as humans carry stories through hardship. They catch on the breeze and are carried into our hands, to be cherished and passed on. Elie Wiesel and Anne Frank's stories are the most well-known accounts of the Holocaust, and the impact of just these two stories is incredible. These stories don't just help us remember the horrible events that occurred, but drive us to action. The

courage and remarkable kindness of Miep Gies could make someone today decide to do the right thing instead of the cowardly thing. The incredible perseverance of Elie Wiesel could encourage someone to push on in the face of unrelenting obstacles. There are thousands of inspirations any one person can take from just these two stories, and in this way, Anne Frank and Elie Wiesel continue to impact generations of people's actions and intentions. The pages of their narratives float on the wind, swaying the tall grass, flowers, and minds that are the future. That is the power of their voices. What will be the power of yours?



### A Voice of Hope

#### Statement of Purpose

This piece portrays four Jewish boys with little hope left, but one, still has some to remain, and with it he not only calls upon the Lord for strength and protection, but also for future generations to not forget. They are to not forget the turmoil, strife, and pain, but rather look to the Lord for their ultimate deliverance in all times of trials. As Psalms 91:1-15 fills the background, it shows that with the power of their voice, calling

upon the Lord, He will answer them. As the light grows stronger around the boy who spoke out, it shows how with his voice he can gain strength, hope, and become a sign of remembrance for those who will later look upon this devastating event. From here, we are called to be further voices, in order to not forget, and to not become accomplices in disregarding the real horriification that took place.



### Lost Childhood

#### Statement of Purpose

"How was it possible that men, women, and children were being burned and that the world kept silent?" (Elie Wiesel). This quote demonstrates the power of voices. People could have used their voices during the Holocaust to stop the horrors that went on. Today we can use our voice to honor and speak for those who were lost. My art represents the children that were killed during World War II. The names of kids whose

voices were taken from them through concentration camps are written throughout the form of the piece to show remembrance of their lives. The drawing shows the near death experience that no children should have to go through. I hope that my piece shows how we can use our artistic voices to remember the lives of those lost.

## Daughter

I am a daughter  
This is the struggle of my people

With words of hatred fanned into fire  
They have made us outsiders

By the sword and by gunfire  
They have killed our people

In every era we settle somewhere new  
In every era we are forced to flee

They cannot make us forget who we are  
The children remember, I remember

They have tried time after time to destroy us  
They failed and we survived

Now let us celebrate  
To the heroes of the past

To the parents who guide the present  
To the children who will build the future

And to the one who watches over us all  
עס שטארבט קיין דור ניט אויס<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "A whole generation doesn't die out"

This line is a saying pulled from *Words Like Arrows: A Treasury of Yiddish Folk Sayings* compiled by Shirley Kumove.

### Statement of Purpose

I wrote this poem to express the effect the Holocaust had on the Jewish people when it happened and how it still affects us now. My grandmother was a child survivor and the Holocaust is a part of my family's story. I don't have any living relatives from my grandmother's side of the family because they were all killed. The Holocaust isn't covered in most history classes beyond a general concept and basic facts. A teacher once brought up the Holocaust to draw a parallel about a play we

were reading as a class. Her casual use of such a massive event in history seemed inappropriate to me. I have observed that many people in my generation seem to view the Holocaust as completely in the past and do not understand what happened. I want to use my writing to show that the Holocaust is still living history. The purpose of this piece is to inspire deeper thought about the Holocaust and how it affects society today.

## Echo

A voice is sacred,  
personal.  
A voice is real,  
unique.

Six million.  
Jews.  
Stripped of their voice,  
of their power.

Who are we to renounce this sacred gift?  
Freedom of speech.  
Of strength.  
Of the unwitting free.

Unwrap your gift.  
Too many could not.  
Jewish warriors struggled, persevered.  
They demand we fight.

One voice creates an echo.  
Elie Wiesel echoed his experience,  
Melting ignorance, naiveté,  
revealing rawness, his story.

One voice creates an echo.  
Anne Frank echoed without meaning to.  
Her echo six million times.  
Too many of them will never be known.

One voice creates an echo.  
"I need ammunition, not a ride," rejoins Zelensky.  
An echo swiftly travels the world.  
Courage ignited against tyranny, silence broken.

One voice creates an echo because it must.  
One sound.  
Use your voice for those who couldn't.  
Let them be heard.

### Statement of Purpose

My submission attempts to shake up my readers from any natural complacency that may have set in as the Holocaust recedes in history. Now more than ever we need to use our voices—with Jewish hate crimes on the rise, dictators overrunning peaceful countries and murdering civilians in broad daylight, and free speech in our own country being

compromised as people grow increasingly afraid of accidentally offending others and being attacked. My poem is my effort to send out a wake-up call about what has been lost and what responsibilities we have to never forget and to find the courage to stay strong and speak out. If not for ourselves, then to honor all of those who have died trying.

## Truth in our Words

I once was told that words were invented to lie.

Lie: Fib, Fabrication, Misrepresentation, Inaccuracy, Deception, Evasion.

Defined equally but expressed polarity,  
The web of letters spins the mind of true intent,  
to shroud the pungent sting that is provocation  
And reduce the pain to palatable phrases.

Still the word is not at fault, it only memorializes messages.

It is those who speak that manipulate meanings.  
Putting responsibility on the method  
pardons those responsible for the Holocaust.  
Swapping words is what dilutes reality.

Truth: Authenticity, Legitimacy, Fact, Accuracy, Credibility, Validity.

The hope of humans is what must hold in truth.

### Statement of Purpose

History is how we remember. It is how we as humans ensure the events of the past repeat themselves. Humans can dilute the facts and change the story through their words, another abuse of power. It is essential to convey truth in our words as we remember the horrors of the Holocaust, as Elie Wiesel has shown us through *Night*. The power of our voice is whether we write in lie or in truth. I used the power of my voice to help show this message. Writing in iambic hexameter; each iamb represents a million heart beats lost in the Holocaust. This is present throughout the poem except for the second and sixth stanza that serve as a sudden stop to the rhythm, just as the sudden and early deaths of the victims. However, each word is presented with six synonyms to impart the reader with the

importance of six, and remembrance of the six million victims lost. As well as a fluid and reflective structure that leads the reader back to the beginning once at the end, creating a looping effect. Representative of our memory of the Holocaust that should continue eternally. In addition the sentence structure of the third stanza is long and convoluted diction, about lying, are representative of how people can manipulate words to decrease the power of a message. Unlike the fifth stanza, being about truth, which consists of clear words and simple statements. Even the smallest details help us to remember the past and that's why they must be authentically written.

## I Have A Mouth, So I Must Scream

I have a mouth, so I must scream. But the crowd of the subjugated holds me back, still maintaining, at gunpoint, a facade of indifference. The gleam of my captors' bayonets are like an invisible muzzle, forcing my mouth shut and preventing me from opening it. The sun shines, though partially blocked by the concrete maze of buildings, onto the banners evenly spaced around the square. Some display the emblem of the dictatorship emblazoned on a field of bloody red, while the national motto—"Strength Over Unity"—is sewn onto others in golden letters. *But they're wrong. Strength is not the antithesis of unity - strength can only be achieved through unity.* I want to scream this, scream this at the soldiers made anonymous by their helmets, at the people who know this fact in their hearts but need a voice to unify them, at the looming edifices surrounding the square so that my message bounces off their walls and flies to the rest of the world. If I could just scream, then the power of just one voice could bring about a deluge of change, but the chains that shackle my arms seem to shackle my tongue just the same.

I have a mouth, so I must scream. Why won't anybody else do it? I was never an orator. I never had a drop of charisma in my veins. I'm just a normal person. How can the voice of an ordinary citizen reform, even overthrow, an entire system of oppression and tyranny? *You*, I want to yell. *Any of you!* My ragged clothes drag on the asphalt street as the guards carry me away. *You have eyes, ears, hands! You have a brain that can process suffering, a heart that can feel love and empathy! Why don't any of you speak up? You have mouths, so why don't you scream?* But none of them can hear me. Their blank and lifeless eyes stare back at my own, and they stand unmoving, watching me as I enter the shadow of the courtroom and head towards an unknown destiny. Of course none of them can hear me! As long as my thoughts stay in my head, they are only thoughts, not words. And only words can beget action—only action can beget change. *Every one of them must be thinking the same thing as I am, but if they never speak, well...*

I have a mouth, so I must scream. And if nobody else is going to scream, then eloquent orator or silent listener, timid child or brave revolutionary, ordinary citizen or ruler of the world, I'm going to have to be the one to do it. And quickly, too! Murmuring erupts in the crowd as the gavel of the oppressors gets ever closer to me. Shouts. But the sudden surge of noise is just as suddenly silenced as a streak of fire and metal shoots up into the sky. *The crowd gave me their scream. I must give*

### Statement of Purpose

Many people believe that because they are ordinary, they are unable to make any significant changes to the world. However, making change is as easy as speaking up about an issue or a problem and letting your voice be heard. By speaking up, you can spread awareness and inspire people to act. The power of voice is the first step in enacting change, as voices organize

*them my own. Nobody is unaware of their own struggle, of their own subjugation.* A crimson banner flies in the wind, the motto rippling in the air, the words that every citizen was made to repeat and accept as truth. *I can only unify them with one method: by speaking up. If I can unify them with the power of voice, I can grant the people strength. I can give them change.* I open my mouth, but hesitate. The words get stuck in my throat, suppressed by the sight of the guards, uniform in their identical outfits, suppressed by the fear of death.

But I have a mouth, so I must scream. I must scream for the innocents treated differently for things they cannot control, I must scream for the neighbors who are attacked by those who view them as abnormal, I must scream for the friends who are whisked away in the dead of night because they were falsely labeled as threats. The soldier furthest from the now dispersing crowd opens the door to the building, and the others grip my arms and drag me towards the entrance. *It's now or never. If I remain silent and allow the doors to shut behind me, I will have been a bystander in this dance of cruelty. I'll have been an accomplice to the oppression of mankind.* The words begin to rise inside of me, making their way into my mouth, like hot steam trapped under the weight of a kettle building up, ready to explode upwards in a pillar of white haze. There is a matter of seconds before my voice is forever stamped out by the boot of tyranny. I inhale deeply, and shout at the top of my lungs, hoping that my voice will reach the ghostly figures in the crowd, and the ghostly figures in the world beyond—"stop!"

I have a mouth, so I must scream. I must scream because the power of voice is the first step in the falling dominoes of change. In a world of silence, one voice has the power to bring life. In a world of darkness, one voice has the power to bring light. In a world of lies, one voice has the power to bring truth. In a world of oppression, one voice has the power to bring freedom. In some miracle, the guards and the crowd alike obey my order to stop. The citizens all stare at me in anticipation, waiting to hear what this mere citizen has to say, this ordinary person with the power to change the world. The image of a rebellion flashes before me, a mirage of people rising up to tear down the crimson banners, to dispel the lies and the propaganda, to break their chains. All is silent in the square as I push myself up despite my manacles, prepared to finally initiate true progress with my voice.

I have a mouth, thus, I must scream. So I open my mouth without fear, and scream.

and unite people under a common cause. I Have A Mouth, So I Must Scream depicts a possible future society much worse than our own, and suggests that the voice of one person can reform or even overthrow that system. The power of voice can change the world, on a small scale or a large scale. All you need to do is speak up.

## The Power of My "Voice"

My fingers scrolled over the bright white screen. Images flashed up and down, casting shadows across the dark room. My daily morning social media check may be considered unhealthy to some, but it's the only way I know how to start my morning. Pausing to look at my feed, I noticed varying moods reflecting off my screen. This stemmed from the variety of pages I follow, ranging from fashion influencers to social justice advocates. What caught my eye, however, was not in the comments section of a social justice account. It was in the comments of one of my favorite Jewish influencers.

The post was a woman making hamantaschen with her family. The caption read "Happy Purim!" What was simply a wholesome post was flooded with comments not of the wholesome variety. "Go back to the gas chambers!" one read, filling me with anger. "Free Palestine," another one said, using words that weren't even relevant to the conversation. My eyebrows furrowed, containing all of my mental aggravation into one movement. The page was filled with a profusion of unnecessary and infuriating comments. My fingers quickly began typing out a response, but the little patience I had left stopped me. My brain couldn't compile the proper words to have a productive argument. Also, would my words actually solve anything?

Intrusive thoughts continued to tap at my mind. *You need to say something.* I had been taught by modern culture that everyone should be using their voice. *How could you let people speak out against your people like that?* I shook the thoughts away because it hurt my brain to think about them. Using my words wouldn't get me anywhere anyway. I squinted my eyes, fighting the headache already brimming in my head. Shutting my phone off, I crawled out of bed.

Walking through the hallways at school, my mind wandered back to those comments. This certainly wasn't my first time seeing comments of this sort on social media, but I was fed up with myself for ignoring them every time. Those jerks shouldn't be allowed to get away with saying these things while we sit here and do nothing out of fear.

My friend Ruby fell into step beside me and immediately began talking about the terrible start to her day. She was constantly complaining, unapologetically telling people what was on her mind.

I frowned, processing her words as she talked. I definitely wasn't confident in my words. I've never particularly enjoyed talking, and writing wasn't much different. Words confuse me too much. There are too many variations of speech, and it's hard to figure out what somebody is trying to say. And once you factor in tone and expression, I'm already lost. Sitting in classes throughout the day watching people comfortably share their verbal opinions, getting into *arguments*, even, and still confidently articulating their responses, simply furthered my frustration at my inability to do so. There was no way I was going to talk back to those people, especially over social media.

I had somehow managed to restrict those anxieties to the back of my mind, and I was beginning to truly forget about those comments. At the end of the day, however, I was reminded again.

It was for the most part unnoticeable from the angle I had approached. The corner of my eye spotted the hasty red scribble, resting there almost peacefully. Even my enemy was content with itself, rubbing my nose in my own lack of self-confidence.

Sharpie-drawn on to the face of my locker was the abhorrent image that every public school kid fears. I knew the day would come when I came face to face with it myself, but I never guessed it would be that day. The grizzly *swastika* ogled back at me, tempting me to run away, taunting not only my identity as a Jew, but my self-confidence. I was tired of debating with myself over and over again what I was supposed to be doing right, so I did the only thing I knew how to do: I gave in. I ran away.

I grabbed my backpack out of my locker and just started running. I ran out of the front doors of the school building and down the tall tower of stairs, flying across fields of grass and parking lots. It seems dramatic, but I just wanted to get out of the world. A world where my entire existence was hated was not really a place I wanted to be. And what hurt me even more was that I couldn't find a way to express that. How was I ever going to express my love for someone I cared about if I couldn't even respond to a hater?

Without thinking, I stumbled into an alleyway. Knowing I shouldn't be there, I turned to run. But as I was turning, a wall at the end of the tunnel caught my eye.

A large fluorescent panel of brick flashed out in contrast to the pale beige of the alleyway. On each brick was a small painted hand, each of different shapes and sizes, all forming together into an odd looking sort of heart. It was blinding, each brick embellished with an adornment of colors and patterns, swirling together in a kaleidoscope of feelings and unity.

From that moment, it was clear. Not a single word graced the surface of this mural, but its message was obvious to me. It had somehow just occurred to me that there are multiple different forms of advocacy. My mind instantly connected to this one. It wouldn't be long before my heart did too.

My heart did connect, and soon my own murals filled the walls of that very alleyway. I hoped that my murals would inspire others to pursue their own form of advocacy, because not everyone fits inside a label. Not everyone has the same strengths. Speaking up comes in different forms.

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### Statement of Purpose

One of the most important things we can do to keep the memory of the lives we lost in the Holocaust alive is to use our voice, because the people lost no longer can. We must stand up for ourselves and show our adversaries how strong we are. However, literally "speaking" up isn't the only way we can advocate for ourselves. Not everybody feels comfortable using

their voice as their tool to advocate, and it's important to recognize that there are other forms of advocacy. Art, for example, is a way that many people express themselves, as well as their opinions. When one advocates using their strengths it imparts a message that is not only inspiring, but can impact people for centuries.

## 2022 Competition Judges, Art



**Christian Black**  
Gallery Teacher  
Detroit Institute of Arts

Christian Black shares his art history knowledge with kids as a Gallery Teacher at the Detroit Institute of Arts. He is a graduate of Wayne State University with a BA in Art History, where he developed a passion for architecture as well as Renaissance and Baroque art forms. A Detroit native, he has cultivated an affinity for art since early childhood.



**Eric Keller**  
Professional Artist and Design Director  
Eric Keller Design and the Albert Kahn Legacy Foundation

Eric Keller is a graphic designer and art director with a background in fine art and photography. Eric has also worked in publishing, corporate communications, and branding, and has been involved in a number of new tech startups. Eric is currently the Design Director of the Albert Kahn Legacy Foundation.



**Arthur Lazaryan**  
Professional Artist  
Farmington Art Foundation and Tekeyan Cultural Association

Born in Yerevan, Armenia, Arthur Lazaryan has been involved in the arts since he was a child. After serving in the military and working in the U.S. Embassy in Yerevan, he came to the United States in 1996, first to California and later to Michigan. Arthur's paintings, murals, and sculptures have been displayed in galleries and exhibitions all over Michigan and worldwide.



**Meredith Morrison**  
Museum Educator and Multidisciplinary Artist  
The Zekelman Holocaust Center

Meredith Morrison is a multidisciplinary artist, as well as a Museum Educator at The Zekelman Holocaust Center. In 2013, she received her BA in Art + Design, concentrating in Fiber, and a BS in Textile Technology from North Carolina State University. She honed her skills as a Textile Product and Home Furnishings Designer for seven years in Chicago. In 2021, she completed her MFA in Fiber at Cranbrook Academy of Art, focusing her practice on beadwork and object building.



**Sue Troia**  
Manager, Gallery Teaching and Education Programs  
Detroit Institute of Arts

Sue Troia began working at the Detroit Institute of Arts in 1995 in the Department of Education, where she now supervises a team of professional gallery teachers who develop interactive school learning experiences. Trained in Visual Thinking Strategies (VTS), she also works with local, statewide, and national healthcare agencies to infuse VTS into their critical analysis, communication, and implicit bias training.

## 2022 Competition Judges, Writing



**Dr. Jonathan Bush**  
Professor of English and Fellow for the American Council on Education  
Western Michigan University

Dr. Jonathan Bush is an English education professor at Western Michigan University, who has published and presented widely in English education and composition studies. He is the director of the Third Coast Writing Project and a member of the US Holocaust Memorial Museum's Holocaust Institute for Teacher Educators (HITE). He is also a regular partner with The Zekelman Holocaust Center on teaching and outreach projects.



**Arthur M. Horwitz**  
Publisher Emeritus and former Executive Editor of the Detroit Jewish News, Inductee in the Michigan Journalism Hall of Fame  
Detroit Jewish News

Arthur M. Horwitz is president of Arthur Horwitz Consulting, LLC. He published the Detroit Jewish News from 1986 until he was awarded emeritus status in 2020. He also served for more than a decade as its executive editor. Arthur currently serves on the board of directors of the Yiddish Book Center, and, as the child of a Holocaust survivor, assists The Zekelman Holocaust Center with presentations to school groups and visitors.



**Dr. Kathryn Malone**  
Assistant Professor of Social Work and Director of the Shoah Archives  
Ferris State University

Dr. Kathryn Malone is an Associate Professor in the Social Work Department at Ferris State University, where she teaches clinical practice courses in the MSW program. Dr. Malone has practiced as a licensed master-level social worker since 1999, primarily focusing on crisis and suicide assessment and intervention, and sexual assault, intimate partner and stalking victim advocacy.



**Gail Offen**  
Faculty in Humanities, Social Sciences, and Communication  
Lawrence Technological University

Gail Offen is an adjunct professor of advertising at Lawrence Technological University, and an award-winning writer, editor, and branding specialist. She is a co-author of several Michigan-themed books, and frequently lectures on Michigan history. As the child of a Holocaust survivor, she also speaks to school groups and visitors at The Zekelman Holocaust Center.



**Joshua Wilson**  
Museum Educator  
The Zekelman Holocaust Center

Joshua Wilson is a graduate student at Wayne State University studying for an MA in European History. He works at The Zekelman Holocaust Center as a Museum Educator and leads tours for school groups. A researcher in the field of Holocaust and Genocide Studies, he plans to get a Doctorate in History after completing his MA program.

## 2022 Participating Schools

Achieve Charter Academy	Mason Middle School
Avondale Middle School	Oakland Christian School
Berkley High School	Our Lady of Good Counsel Parish School
Brownell Middle School	Our Lady Star of the Sea Catholic School
Chesaning High School	Palaestra
Cranbrook Kingswood Upper School	Romeo Middle School
Cranbrook Kingswood Middle School for Girls	St. Catherine of Siena Academy
Detroit Country Day School	Saint Charles Borromeo Catholic Academy
Dexter High School	St. John Lutheran School
Farber Hebrew Day School	Scranton Middle School
Grand Rapids Public Museum High School	Scripps Middle School/Dragon Virtual
Hartland High School	Shrine Academy
Holmes Middle School	Southfield High School For The Arts And Technology
International Academy Central	Temple Beth Emeth Religious School
International Academy Okma	Walled Lake Central High School
Legg Middle School	Warren Mott High School
Marine City High School	West Hills Middle School

## The Zekelman Holocaust Center expresses our deep appreciation to the following organizations...



**Framing**  
 John Rowland Workshop

**Photography**  
 Robert Hensleigh



...and to our dedicated staff and volunteers.

***“...I swore never to be silent whenever and wherever human beings endure suffering and humiliation. We must always take sides. Neutrality helps the oppressor, never the victim. Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented. Sometimes we must interfere.”***  
— Elie Wiesel

***“Give whatever there is to give! You can always — always — give something, even if it’s a simple act of kindness! If everyone were to give in this way and didn’t scrimp on kindly words, there would be much more love and justice in the world!”***  
— Anne Frank