



**W**e visited the Janowska concentration camp, where we stood by the memorial stone for a few minutes whilst Avromi sang a *Keile Maleh Rachamim* and thought about what had happened there many years ago. This was very traumatic and emotional for me, as it was the first time that I ever saw my father cry!  
*Debby Davidoff, aged 13*

### Trip to Lvov!

An early rise at half past three  
A short car journey to Norrice Lea  
One hundred and fifty safely on board  
Our coaches departed for Luton airport

While cruising at 35000 feet  
The men lay tephillin and daven shachrit

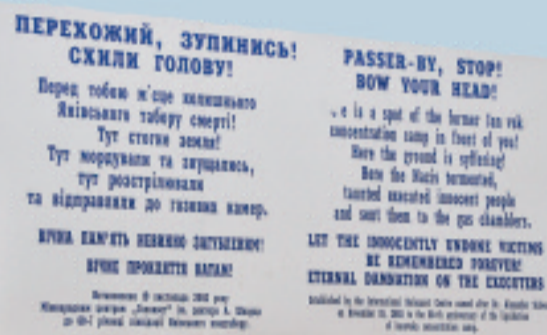
Landing in Lvov no other plane to be seen  
Standing by the grave hear the silent screams  
Of the countless Jews slaughtered for their faith  
But proudly we stand the Hebrew race

A shattered shul once bustling with prayer  
What remains now? Just an empty square  
But with heads held high and a torah to give  
We came to rejoice with the Jews of Lvov

For a shul is renewed a rebirth of sort  
To Hashem we pray with a pause and a thought  
I see now how the Jews of the world are the same  
As we gather together and head home on our plane  
*Clark Norton, aged 12*

**N**othing. Nothing but a defaced memorial and a sign with faded writing. Nothing else to mark the thousands upon thousands of tears that must have fallen here. Nothing to honour the memory of countless lives that had ended, forcefully, in this place. Nothing to pay tribute to the dreams, wishes, thoughts and plans that had died with the people.

Nothing but the voice of the guide, thick with restrained tears, tell of the way Mothers had been tortured when they tried to stop their children being killed. My eyes went blurry with unheeded tears as I thought of my Mum,



standing here, now. And just as easily we could have been standing here, then, the seconds before death ticking away. I was burning inside, so angry and sad that it was beyond crying. I was numb.

The grass was green-white-yellow and so long it was falling over itself. There was black leaves on the ground, and a lake frozen over with dirty ice. It was hard to imagine screams, shouts, people dying and the thick, ugly smell of blood and pain. That was what made me so angry. Why was nature still here, carrying on like nothing had happened? Why wasn't the grass mourning? Why weren't the black leaves writhing in misery? Why didn't the very soil split open and weep? It made me dizzy to think I was standing on the same ground as people who had been about to die had stood on.

*Avital Carno, aged 10*

**D**uring the day I experienced many different feelings, from sadness, at the site of a concentration camp, to amazement, at the paintings in the shul. We also saw what some of the money their community has received has done to improve the quality of life for the people living in Lvov.

*Alexander Lewis, aged 14*



**W**e later went to see a Synagogue, which had not been bombed but during the war, it had been used by the Germans to house their animals. This Synagogue had beautiful paintings on the ceiling; and had been restored by the Hampstead Garden Suburb Synagogue.

*Sachiin Dhokia, aged 10*

**T**he trip would be exciting but sad in a way that I would experience people with little money and little food and appreciate how the Jews of a poor city in Lvov could cope with little of both these essential things in life and how we would hate to trade shoes with them but realise how we take things for granted with so many things. We would put joy to their faces and love in their hearts by donating food and money to the Jews of Lvov so they could decorate their shul very nicely with paintings and when they finished it was beautiful. Before it was dilapidated but with the money the Jews of Lvov could pray in a lovely shul and pray to God. Before it must have be hard to pray looking around at the rusty walls, but we made it special. The conditions of some of the people were poor because they had little money but we all tried hard to make them happy and give them a nicer life. When all the Jews in the world are as fortunate as us part of my life would be complete.



*Hugo Davidson, aged 10*