



1944: AT THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS

THE DESTRUCTION OF HUNGARIAN JEWRY

Written and Compiled by Dr. Elana Heideman

There were many groups of people who suffered at the hands of the Nazis, and today we are facing a growing tension in how the facts of this monumental historical event are remembered and protected for the future.

The events of 1944 demonstrated the extent to which the Jews were the primary target for destruction, forced to contend with unheard of, unimagined tortures both physical and mental, spiritual and emotional. The expedited murder of Hungarian Jewry is but one example of how the Jews of Europe stood at the edge of the abyss in 1944 - the final year in which transports continued, gas chambers churned, and whole communities and families were destroyed.

This reflection program explores the memory of those whose experiences of 1944 bear witness to the severe circumstances, choiceless choices and undying hope of Jews forced into the abyss of pain, suffering and death. Written and compiled by Holocaust scholar Dr. Elana Heideman, student and protege of Professor Elie Wiesel, the content is laid out as a ceremony, for those interested in running it with their school or community. It is also a wonderful resource for reading privately or with a small group.

Had the Allies bombed the railway to Auschwitz, hundreds of thousands of Jews from Hungary, Romania and elsewhere could have been saved. As the final year of deportations and extermination by gas come to an end, the suffering of the Jews during the Holocaust continued. Those Jews still alive at the liberation of Auschwitz-Birkenau on January 27, 1945 were sent by foot on the death marches and many died before reaching the camps in Germany.

Their history is our history, and their memory should become our memory. As Elie Wiesel said, one who listens to a witness becomes a witness. Let us be their voice to the future

Introduction

Shalom, and welcome. Today we come together to remember. To learn. To inherit. Today, we pay tribute to the memory of the deceased, to the dignity of life destroyed, and to the legacy that we shall pass on to future generations.

1944. Reality for the Jews of Europe was a race against time, literally a matter of life and death. Territories, cities, countries from east to west, from Paris to Rome, Minsk to Vilna, were being liberated from Nazi Germany, the Red Army was advancing, the horrors of Majdanek. Gas chambers, and the mound of 7 tons of human ash were discovered, and the Allies continued their bombardments. The German army, suffering defeat after defeat, was slowly pushed back. The demise of Nazi Germany was on the horizon. And yet, despite the military losses, the Nazi extermination machine continued to operate at full throttle.

Yet in this same year of 1944, the Jews of Hungary were swiftly incarcerated and loaded onto cattle cars toward Auschwitz-Birkenau. The ghettos in Lodz and Kovno were liquidated and the last of their residents deported and murdered along with the remaining Jews of Greece, Italy, France, Holland, Slovakia and Germany. And the first of the death marches were initiated from which few survived. It was a year in which survival depended on time and location, with the Jews teetering precariously between annihilation and liberation.

The Nazis and their European accomplices murdered more than six million Jews by employing methods aimed to deteriorate the humanity of their victims, to murder their spirit as well as their body. There were many groups of people who suffered at the hands of the Nazis. But the events of 1944 demonstrated the extent to which the Jews were the primary target for destruction, forced to contend with unheard of, unimagined tortures both physical and mental, spiritual and emotional. The expedited murder of Hungarian Jewry is but one example of how the Jews of Europe stood at the edge of the abyss in 1944 - the final year in which transports continued, gas chambers churned, and whole communities and families were destroyed.

Silent Video in Background

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eP-XADpoFl4>

Nearly one tenth of the victims of the Holocaust were Hungarian Jews, approximately 550,000 people. Even the definition is strange: a "Hungarian Jew." The Jewry of the provinces, 437,000 people, made up more than fifty percent of the entire Hungarian Jewry. Like other Jewish communities of Europe, it included secular and religious alike; cosmopolitan, assimilated, and cultured; shtetl, Yiddish-speaking, traditional Jews; devoted nationalists of which tens of thousands fought and died in the First World War in honor of the country they loved; and Zionist activists who continued their struggle during the years of the Holocaust.

But in the spring of 1944, all were entangled in the waning of momentary survival that defined the human condition.

Reading - Life in a Ghetto

Éva Heyman was a 13-year old, middle-class Jewish girl growing up in Hungary in 1944 when the mounting chaos of the Holocaust infiltrated her small town.

March 19, 1944

Dear diary, you are the luckiest one in the world, because you cannot feel, you cannot know what a terrible thing has happened to us. The Germans have come! I was on my way home when they came marching in, with cannons and tanks, the kind I've seen in the newsreels. In Budapest there are constant air raid alarms, and all day the radio keeps issuing air raid warnings, always opening with the code words for places in danger of bombing. Ági says that this is the end of everything; we won't see the end of the war. But I want to, and I want to hide away...

May 1, 1944

In the morning Mariska burst into the house and said: 'Have you seen the notices?' We are being taken to the ghetto. We are allowed to take along one change of underwear, the clothes on our bodies and the shoes on our feet...From now on I am imagining everything as if it really is a dream...I know it isn't a dream, but I can't believe a thing... Nobody says a word. I have never been so afraid.

May 10, 1944

We are here five days, but, word of honor, it seems like five years. I don't even know where to begin writing, because so many awful things have happened. First, the fence was finished, and nobody can go out or come in. Those who used to live in the area of the Ghetto all left to make place for the Jews. On every house they've pasted a notice which tells exactly what we're not allowed to do, but actually, everything is forbidden, and the most awful thing of all is that the punishment for everything is death.

There is no difference between things; no standing in the corner, no spankings, no taking away food, no writing down the declension of irregular verbs one hundred times the way it used to be in school. Not at all: the lightest and heaviest punishment – death. The punishment also applies to children, but I don't want to die. I want to live even if it means that I'll be the only person here allowed to stay. I would wait for the end of the war in some cellar, or on the roof, or in some secret cranny, just as long as they didn't kill me, only that they should let me live... I can't write anymore, dear diary, the tears are running from my eyes.

Reading:

Istvan Katona remembers:

"The ghetto was the most horrible, humiliating, soul destroying experience. My parents had lived a comfortable, middle class existence. My father was a proud Hungarian, his eyes were filled with tears in hearing the Hungarian Anthem as much as by hearing the "Shema Yisroel." In our town, everybody knew he was a Jew, even without yellow stars. One felt a Jew, like one is black haired, has freckles, or limps. It was a fact, which could not be changed. But to wear a yellow star, to become a target of ridicule, shattered my parents...What waited for us in the ghetto was hell coming to earth. Hungarian gendarmes and German SS kicked and hit everybody. The brutality dehumanized everybody. Old friends fought for the corners of the room, which looked more comfortable. The same happened in the kitchen, with cooking and food, if food was available at all.

Anything would be better than the ghetto...

Film Introduction

The Last Days opens a gate for us into the world of Hungarian Jewry through 5 personal stories of survival. As a chapter in the long history of man's inhumanity to man, it demonstrates the culmination of the horror that was imposed in their attempt to destroy the sanctity of human life.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7MJFNSqGOBq>

Confronted with such a brutal reality, families tried desperately to save themselves from a seemingly inescapable fate. "'Stay together' my mother said... We wanted to stay together, like everyone else. Family unity is one of our important traditions, as the enemy well knew. He now used that knowledge, spreading the rumor in the ghetto that the Jewish population would be transferred to Hungarian labor camps where families would remain together. And we believed it. So it was that the strength of our family ties, which had contributed to the survival of our people for centuries, became a tool in the exterminator's hands." Elie Wiesel

MC: The Destruction of Hungarian Jewry

The Holocaust unfolded differently in different places across the length and breadth of Europe. Yet many elements were similar, some identical, some shockingly divergent from one another. Istvan, Eva's and Elie's memories remind us of the 1,150 ghettos created by the Nazis in their mission to concentrate and weaken the resolve of the Jews so as to expedite their demise.

One element shared by all was that wherever the Holocaust occurred, the Jews could not fathom that they were in a life-threatening situation, often until it was too late. The predominant sentiment was that as long as one followed the rules, one could outlast and survive. The Holocaust was a crime on such an unprecedented scale that common sense could not conceive of such a thing; genocide of the Jews did not make any sense; it was illogical. Speed, secrecy, and deception impeded Jewish knowledge of the murderous reality, purposely and tacitly employed by the Germans as they carried out deportations and killings. All of these factors, and more, contributed to the Jews' very human inability to correctly interpret, understand and predict what was happening.

In March 1944, German troops invaded Hungary, and the SS were put in charge of the occupation. In April, ghettos. By May, deportations had begun. The first deportations of Hungarian Jews took place on April 29, 1944, with the first transport arriving in Auschwitz-Birkenau on May 2, 1944. Between May 15 and July 6, that Eichmann and his Sonderkommando of 200 men, along with the active help of the Hungarian clerks, policemen, soldiers and local citizens, 437,000 Jews of Hungary and the surrounding region were deported to Auschwitz-Birkenau. The process received the highest priority and was carried out with terrible efficiency. The last transport arrived on July 11, 1944.

Through the Carpathian and Transylvanian mountains, villagers could see more than 140 smoking locomotives pulling thousands of boxcars; according to reports by the Jewish underground in Auschwitz who attempted to document every transport, five trains unloaded in Auschwitz every day; at least eight trains every night.

Pick a day, any day, May 28: A train arrives in the Auschwitz night, 48 to 50 boxcars long. The Jews are given blue tattoos, starting with A-5717; some get no numbers at all. On line for gassing, some Jews sense danger and run to the woods. They are shot like a flock of quail, in the beam of a spotlight.

Reading: Selection

Suffocation in the cattle car. Chaos of arrival. Children torn from parents, loved ones separated during selection. Marching toward the unknown...

The train arrives, people getting out, lining up on the platform, and they are told, 'Men to one side and women to the other.' They were barking orders to get out. My father and 16-year-old brother lined up with the other men and boys, and the women and children and elderly in another line. My mother made the same selfless, unwise, lethal decision, that my father and so many others like her were forced to make due to sheer ignorance of what awaited us. Forty-seven years old, a strong, good looking healthy country woman, she said "I will stay with my sisters-in-law, with the small children."

Selected for life. Shaving. Disinfection. Tattoos. The very first thing we asked is, 'When are we going to see our families?' And they pointed to the chimney and they said, 'That's where your parents are. That's where your family is. That is where you will end up, too.'"

Without escape, almost everything important was reduced to illusion. On June 25 a Jewish baby girl (tattoo A-7261) was born in Auschwitz. Stripped of context ... consigned to impossibility ... every Jew was a particle of life, a speck of human dust, lost on the eastern edge of Europe.

Reading - May 31, 1944 by Isabella Leitner

Isabella, her mother, four sisters and brother were deported from Hungary to Auschwitz in May 1944. Isabella's mother and youngest sister were killed immediately on arrival. Isabella and two of her sisters escaped during the Death March. Years later Isabella learned that her brother lived while her other sister died shortly after liberation. The survivors were liberated by the Soviets and made their way to America.

My eyes turned skyward in search of a patch of sky,
but all I could see was a kingdom of hell
breathed in the darkest of swirling, charcoal gray smoke,
and my nostrils were saturated with the scent of
burning flesh, and the scent was that of my mother,
my sister, and each passenger's kin,
and half a century later, I am unable to inhale
air only, for the scent of singed human flesh
is permanently lodged in my nostrils.
I do not look different from other people,
but tread gently as you pass me by, for my skull
is inhabited by phantoms in the dark of night
and sights and sounds in the light of day
that are different from those that live in souls
who were not in Auschwitz a half century ago.
In our battered beings we carry
the charred souls of millions of innocent children, women, and men.

MC - Legacy

"You survived because you were first. You survived because you were last. Because alone. Because the others. ... Because it was raining. Because it was sunny. Because a shadow fell. Luckily there was a forest... Luckily a straw was floating on the water." Wislawa Szymborska

By 1944, almost everything one had to know was known. Everyone knew. By winter's first frost nearly 80% of the Hungarian Jews were killed. Of 825,000 Hungarian Jews, 550,000 died. Every tenth victim in the Holocaust, and every third victim in the camps of Auschwitz-Birkenau were Hungarian citizens. Between one third and one half of all Jews murdered in Auschwitz-Birkenau were Hungarian Jews who were gassed within a period of only 10 weeks.

The systematic murder of six million innocent Jews by the Nazis and their collaborators for the sole reason that they were born Jewish bears heavy upon our shoulders, we, the next generation who carry with us the obligation of memory, of the legacy of life amidst death, and dignity in spite of it.

Each of their deaths was a separate, distinct tragedy that together has caused indelible trauma to the Jewish people. By personalizing the individual tragedies of the Jewish victims of Nazi Germany and their collaborators, we come together to resist the persistent efforts by enemies of Israel and the Jewish people who deny the reality of the Holocaust or those who cast it aside as insignificant. Our collective efforts defy attempts to universalize the Holocaust, to shed the truth of its principal characteristic as a unique calamity of the Jewish people, while building appreciation of its tragic impact on the Jewish identity until this very day.

Video

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yQXIMNMcPqo>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UkV2ShNfAXA>

Candle Lighting: Gone Now By Antoni Sonimsk

1

Gone now are those little towns where the shoemaker was a poet,
The watchmaker a philosopher, the barber a troubadour.

2

Gone now are those little towns where the wind,
the moons, ponds, and stars above them joined Biblical songs

3

Where old Jews in orchards in the shade of cherry trees
Lamented for the holy walls of Jerusalem.

4

Gone now are those little towns, though the poetic mists,
Have recorded in the blood of centuries above the tragic tales,

5

Gone now are those little towns, they went away by shadow
And whose shadow will fall between our words

6 Zeni Rosenstein

You look for candlelight in the windows
Listen for song in the wooden synagogue in vain
For vanished are the last leftovers, Jewish tatters
Blood buried by sand, and traces cleared

Kaddish

As the years pass, and the generation of survivors inevitably dwindles, we the next generation must do everything possible to perpetuate the memory of the Holocaust's victims. By sharing their stories, by learning their legacy, we keep their memory alive, and remind ourselves that each man, woman and child was, and is, an entire world.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. (אָמֵן)

Yeetgadal v' yeetkadash sh'mey rabbah. (Amen.)

May His great Name grow exalted and sanctified. (Amen.)

בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ

B'almah dee v'rah kheer'utey

in the world that He created as He willed.

וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ

v' yamleekh malkhutei, b'chahyeykhohn, uv' yohmeykhohn,

May He give reign to His kingship in your lifetimes and in your days,

וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל

uv'chahyei d'chohl beyt yisrael,

and in the lifetimes of the entire Family of Israel,

בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

ba'agalah u'veez'man kareev, v'eemru: Amein.

swiftly and soon. And say: Amen.

(קהל: אָמֵן. יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמֵי עַלְמֵיָא)

(Cong: Amein. Y'hey sh'met rabbah m'varach l'alam u'l'almey almahyah)

(Cong: Amen. May His great Name be blessed forever and ever.)

הַה שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעַלְמֵי וְלְעַלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא
Y'hey sh'met rabbah m'varach l'alam u'lalmey almahyah.
 May His great Name be blessed forever and ever.

יְתַבְרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
Yeet'barakh, v' yeesh'tabach, v' yeetpa'ar, v' yeetrohmam, v' yeet'nasei,
 Blessed, praised, glorified, exalted, extolled,

וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא.
v' yeet'hadar, v' yeet'aleh, v' yeet'halal sh'mey d'kudshah, b'reekh hoo.
 mighty, upraised, and lauded be the Name of the Holy One, Blessed is He.

(קהל: בְּרִיךְ הוּא.)
 (Cong.: *B'reekh hoo.*)
 (Cong.: Blessed is He.)

לְעֵלָא מִן כּוֹל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא
L'eylah meen kohl beerkhatah v'sheeratah,
 beyond any blessing and song,

תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא דְאַמְרֵינוּ בְּעֵלְמָא. וְאַמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
toosh'b'chatah v'nechematah, da'ameeran b'al'mah, v'eemru: Amein.
 praise and consolation that are uttered in the world. And say: Amen.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים
Y'hei shlamah rabbah meen sh'mahyah, v'chahyeem
 May there be abundant peace from Heaven, and life

עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאַמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
aleynu v'al kohl yisrael, v'eemru: Amein.
 upon us and upon all Israel. And say: Amen.

עוֹשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם
Oseh shalom beem'roh'mahv, hoo ya'aseh shalom,
 He Who makes peace in His heights, may He make peace,

עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאַמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
aleynu v'al kohl yisrael v'eemru: Amein.
 upon us and upon all Israel. And say: Amen.

Reading: Who Will Tell by Zeni Rosenstein

The atrocities that are so painful
 Years pass and disappear
 And with them the generation of the horrors.

Generation of pain and the generation of terror
 Generation of destruction and disappointment

The ship of time of Holocaust's survivors
 Fades away at a terrifying speed
 Above the sea of tears, blood and sweat

Into the terrible oblivion
 dark nights without sleep
 Still hearing the cries
 From the depths of the earth

From the mass grave, screams are heard
They shouted desperately
"Do not forget nor forgive"

What remains of them as survivors
shall write it as a book for the next generation
That you shall never forget the blood that spilled like water
from earth crying out to heaven

For in the passing of time, there will be no one to speak.
We grow old with no one left to tell
There is not enough time and it upon us to hurry
the painful story to tell.

Who will tell of pillars collapsed
Of the elaborate communities that were erased
and families that were murdered there.

Who will tell of the grim camp
who of the history that must be recorded?
Abandoned by people and forgotten by God?
That were sent in trains and transported as animals
When the door opened gates of hell it was terrible

When we got there we saw human skeletons
Weak, crying and vanished power

And all around them sadists are happy and joyful
And shouting all the time "Death to Jews"
Destroy us, they prayed

And I would always ask myself the same question
What nourishes joy terrible cruelty?

My baby sister they murdered
And my whole family they eliminated
A single memory doesn't remain, only pain
Shocked I remained brokenhearted

With everyone's hate for Germans
It pains me to feel alone in the world.
I do not know where my loved ones are buried
Only a few photos attached to stories

When I look at photographs of family
From the depths of my pain I cry
Especially when Yom HaShoah arrives
My heart breaks again as if a fresh wound

You who were the victims of the Holocaust
In the lines that I write you will have a tombstone of memory.
Rest in peace and you will always be remembered for the better
And I pray that there will be no more such war
May God protect his Jewish people from every evil.

MC: A Legacy of Light

Hungary 1944 catapulted into eternal Jewish history iconic names as Nobel Laureate Elie Wiesel; the Swedish diplomat Raoul Wallenberg, credited with rescuing thousands in Budapest; and Hannah Senesh, a 23-year-old Hungarian Jew, a poet, who made aliyah but then returned, parachuting behind Nazi lines to join partisans attempting to help Hungarian Jews, before being almost immediately captured, tortured and killed later that year.

Hannah Senesh is known by many as a heroine of our people. Born to an assimilated Jewish family in Hungary, anti-Semitic sentiment in Budapest led her to involvement in Zionist activities, and she left Hungary for Eretz Yisrael in 1939. In 1943, Senesh volunteered to become one of 33 people chosen to parachuted into Europe to help establish contact with partisan resistance fighters in an attempt to aid beleaguered Jewish communities. On June 7, 1944, at the height of the deportation of Hungarian Jews, Senesh crossed the border into Hungary. She was caught almost immediately by the Iron Cross and Hungarian police, and tortured cruelly and repeatedly over the next several months. Despite these conditions, Senesh refused to divulge any information about her mission. While in prison, Szenes used a mirror to flash signals out of the window to prisoners in other cells and communicated using large cut-out letters that she placed in her cell window one at a time and by drawing the Magen David in the dust. She tried to keep their spirits up by singing, and through all the things Szenes went through she still kept her spirit high and stayed true to her mission. Throughout her ordeal she remained steadfast in her courage, and when she was executed by a firing squad on November 7, she refused the blindfold, staring squarely at her executors and her fate. Senesh was only 23 years old. Her final poem embodies the spirit of others like herself whose legacy remains with us beyond their death.

There are stars whose radiance is visible on earth
though they have long been extinct.
There are people whose brilliance continues to light
the world even though they are not longer among the living.
These lights are particularly bright
when the night is dark.
They light the way for human kind.

Eli Eli

Hannah's poem, Eli Eli, has been transformed into a prayer sung by Jews all over the world. The words hold deep meaning in their simplicity, written while looking out upon the waters of the Mediterranean Sea from the coastline of the Land of Israel to which we have remained connected through thousands of years of exile.

Oh Lord, My God, I pray that these things never end
The sand and the sea
The rush of the waters
The crash of the heavens
The prayer of man

Hatikvah - The Israel Connection

Today the Land of Israel has returned to our people as the sovereign Jewish state, of which generations of Jews had only dream. The survivors of the Holocaust witnessed the rebirth of a nation on its own soil, and we, the heirs of memory, history and heritage, share the commitment to living as a free people in our land.

As 16 year old Moshe Flinker wrote, "Only now I understand how much we need a homeland, a country where we can live in peace, tranquility and calm. Whenever I pray, I concentrate all my thoughts about you, my beloved... I see Tel Aviv, Jaffa, Haifa... Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives. Shall I still see you, and shall I be able to stand on your holy land. How much I long for you, Eretz Israel..."

Sing Hatikva

Kol od balevav penimah,
Nefesh yehudi homiyah,
Ulefa-atei mizrach, kadimah,
Ayin letziyon tsofiyah.

As long as in the heart within,
The Jewish soul yearns,
And toward the eastern edges, onward,
An eye gazes toward Zion.

כל עוד בלבב פנימה
נפש יהודי הומייה,
ולפאתי מזרח, קדימה,
עין לציון צופייה,

Od lo avdah tikvateinu
Hatikva bat shnot alpayim,
Lihyot am chofshi be-artzeinu,
Eretz tzion, virushalayim.

Our hope is not yet lost,
The hope that is two-thousand years old,
To be a free nation in our land,
The Land of Zion, Jerusalem.

עוד לא אבדה תקוותנו,
התקווה בת שנות אלפים,
להיות עם חפשי בארצנו,
ארץ ציון וירושלים.

Our reflection programs are uniquely designed to ensure a powerful and meaningful experience for everyone. They are fitting for all ages and can be altered to suit the needs of any audience or time frame. They also make for wonderful private reading for Yom HaShoah or any Holocaust memorial learning opportunity. Some selections can also be shared through artistic representation.

HOW TO UTILIZE THIS PROGRAM:

- **Narrow down selections based on your desired program length**
- **Assign readings. During the ceremony, the MC should call up each reader by name.**
- **Prepare table and candles**
- **Ensure set up of audio/visual logistics for sharing of the accompanying presentation that runs simultaneous as a background to the ceremony**

For more ideas or information on how you can personalize the memorial for your community, please contact us at info@israelforever.org

About Links in the Chain

Links in the Chain™ is an educational initiative for reflective encounters with the Holocaust. An initiative of long-time Holocaust educator Elana Heideman, every Links in the Chain educational endeavor shares an emphasis on Jewish identity, tradition, family and community while encouraging critical thinking skills on the forces that influence the growth of Antisemitism, implementation of Nazi ideology, causes of local collaboration and the overwhelming indifference of the world which allowed the Holocaust to take place. For more information, contact elanayael@israelforever.org

ABOUT THE ISRAEL FOREVER FOUNDATION

The Israel Forever Foundation is an Israel Engagement Organization that develops and promotes experiential learning resources that celebrate and strengthen the personal connection to Israel as an integral part of Jewish life and identity. israelforever.org

Your feedback matters as we aim to provide the best resources possible for your experiential and reflective learning experience. Please let us know if you use our program, and consider taking a minute to fill out our [evaluation form](#).

And please contact us for more information or for unique resources for your learning audience.