

INTO THE LIGHT

by Celine Nally

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©2011 Publication Scene4 Magazine

Published as formatted by the author in the July 2011 issue of *SCENE4 Magazine* (www.scene4.com) and provided as a free PDF download.

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Act 1

(Stage is dimly lighted. There is a dressing table to the right with a vanity chair in front of it. Clothes are folded and draped neatly on it.)

(Edith Stein steps out on stage wearing a World War I nursing uniform. She sits down on the chair and begins to take off her cap. She looks around and notices the audience. She addresses them.)

Edith: I hate this war for what it is doing to my German brothers fighting so valiantly for our country. Yet I burst with pride when I see their bravery. Today I am preparing medications for the men on Ward C where I work. I can hear Ernst moaning. As I approach his cot he says, "Sister Edith, I am in so much pain. Help me please." I give him a shot of morphine, comfort him and I assure him the pain will go away. But I wonder about the pain of battle and when that might go away. The brutality of this war is terrible. I walk a few steps down the row of cots and see Josef. He is puffing away at his pipe. He makes me nervous when he does this. I'm so afraid he will set the cots and tents on fire. I tell him my concerns and he gently laughs at me saying, "Sister, you know how much I enjoy my pipe. You won't forbid me to smoke it! And, yes, I will be careful." What can I do but relent?

Last week was very very hard. I was in charge of the isolation ward. A patient with diphtheria, a gypsy, refused nourishment of any kind. He was in AGONY and there was nothing we could do to help. That was the first time I saw anyone die. Later, I experienced death for a second time. By giving this patient hourly injections of camphor, I preserved a little spark of life...I listened to his breathing...the breathing of a big husky man slowly diminish. I witnessed the life leave his body. Finally the heart stopped completely. After he passed, I collected his belongings. A small piece of paper fell in front of me. His dear wife had given it to him to take along into battle. It was a prayer to God to preserve his life. It was then that I realized deeply what death really means..I refuse to let myself brood....

In the lazaretto, anti-Semitic remarks are heard at times. When this happens I simply speak up and acknowledge that I am Jewish! Usually, people are astounded since few take me to be Jewish.

(Unbuttoning her uniform, she continues to address the audience.)

Soon my assignment here will be done. I will return to Germany. I can't wait to see my family especially Mama and my dear sister, Rosa. Rosa and I are close in age and, as children, we did so many things together. My other family members call her the "Lion" because she has quite a temper. To me, she is a lamb. We have shared so many secrets of our lives. You know what my sisters call me? A cow's tail! I received that name as a child because I was small. They said I was growing down instead of up! Now Rosa thinks I'm a cow's tail for another reason....I am an atheist Well....it is not that I lack belief in God, I lack the EXPERIENCE of God. Why pray to someone or something to which I cannot relate personally? I seek the experience of God. If I find it, I will embrace it. I have unsolved matters in my mind and heart. I have many, many questions. I must live the questions now. Someday, I will live the answers.

(Having removed her uniform, Edith puts on a suit.)

Edith: The war has been over for some time. My beloved Germany is in ruins. Having lost, we owe large amounts of war reparations we cannot pay. Our economy is weak, almost non-existent. People are starving, unable to find work. The world is imposing a terrible sense of shame on us. Our spirit and patriotism are broken. I suppose we have to build slowly...I am immersed in academic work. I am now Dr. Edith Stein. I have my doctorate in Philosophy. I work at the University with Edmond Husserl as his assistant. He is my mentor, my academic guide and my intellectual director. His work in Phenomenology challenges me and forces me to stretch my mind in such a way that I am constantly seeking new ideas, asking more questions. When I told my Mother that I would pursue Philosophy, she said, "Yes...in the tradition of Maimonides." Indeed. He believed that the goal of human life is to achieve man's appropriate perfection. I believe that. I also believe that I must never stop learning. Mama is fond of quoting Isaiah: "Morning by morning He wakens my ear to hear as those who are taught." I have learned much from my people, my community, my tradition. In my search for answers I wonder if I will be led back to Jewish piety or in another direction. On the personal side, Rosa continues to ask me about Hans...Hans Lipps. I guess some would call him the love of my life. Rosa is such a romantic and thinks he and I were meant to be married.. He didn't ask me....he asked another. It wasn't meant to be. I missed him terribly when I was in the soldier's hospital in Austria and realized the depths of my affection for him. There are disappointments in my life at this point....Hans! I love to dance...to waltz (music in background....she moves

lightly and beautifully across the stage.) Some family members think I'm all head....but no, I feel, I care deeply....I love children...no, no brooding....Hans and I were not meant to be married.

(Brown Shirt enters.)

Brown Shirt: How can you talk about such frivolous matters while Germany is dying?

Edith: What do you mean?

Brown Shirt: There is so much suffering in our country. Bread lines stretch down street and around corners. Children forage through trash cans to find scraps of food. The government is powerless to mount any kind of human aid and the world looks on without compassion or understanding. Yet your life is secure, challenging and hopeful. How can you not feel sorrow about this state of affairs? Why don't you want to join our efforts to help?

Edith: I understand more than you know. I empathize with the suffering citizens of our Germany but I will NEVER ally myself with a movement that offers the solutions your group endorses. And yes...I intend to help...through personal influence, not coercion.

Brown Shirt: Spoken like a true Jew! Give us time ...we'll come up with more solutions. (He leaves)

Edith: Oh to be a Jew! A blessing and a curse....the chosen people persecuted for centuries...At the time of Michel de Nostradame, our people were herded into wooden buildings and then the buildings were set ablaze. The Jews of Strasbourg were taken to a graveyard, told to dig pits and put a stake beside each one. They were tied to the stakes, burned to death, and toppled into their own graves. Mama prays, "our eyes are spent with weeping, our souls are in torment because of the persecution of our people. How long, O Lord, how long?" And now I see and feel signs of yet more suffering and violence. Jews are being blamed for all of Germany's woes. Where will it lead?? It is painful for me to see pessimistic leanings among family, friends, and colleagues regarding the state of affairs in Germany and the world for that matter. I've endured a lot the past year but I affirm life....every new blow gives me fresh strength. We have a voice...even if it is

within narrow limits. We have a voice. But I must fine-tune my own voice. To do that, I must come to terms with my lack of faith or weakness in that regard. In my dissertation on empathy, I ended with a question about religious consciousness and the domain of religion and yes, now as then, I leave the answering of the question to further investigation and satisfy myself with the realization that the matter is not clear to me. I continue my philosophical work. I study and study and wonder about the meaning of it all....Scheler captures my imagination...he believes that we must strive “to know how to pull on the threads of everything that surrounds us so as to discover the WEB from which reality is made, this spider’s web in which we are caught.” And Bergson...All the living hold together and all yield to the same tremendous push...the smallest grain of dust, the solar system, the humblest forms of life to the highest....the web and the vital impetus....Finally I am PUSHED....In the summer of 1921 I am visiting the home of some friends. Unable to sleep (she moves toward a shelf of books) I find something to read...there on the shelf is a copy of THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. TERESA OF AVILA. Out of curiosity, I begin to read it and I can’t put it down. As dawn comes I am finishing the story of a woman whose best friend is God, a woman whose every experience is shared with him on a very personal level. Diderot said: “If you want me to believe in God, you must make me touch him.” On this morning I realize that God has touched me...This is the truth....Teresa marvels that God who would fill a thousand worlds with his grandeur would enclose himself in something as small as the human soul.” I marvel as well....

(Edith takes a white baptismal cape from the dressing table and slips it over her pretty dress.)

I am baptized in the Catholic Church on January 1, 1922. The priest anoints my forehead with the sign of the cross. He asks me if I renounce Satan and all his works. With strong conviction I say “YES.” Then with holy water he baptizes me “Teresa” in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. It is the most profoundly significant event of my life.

My conversion to Catholicism has hurt my Mother deeply. But she knows my deep love for her...I treasure her! My Mother taught me how to pray when I was very very young...Hear O Israel the Lord our God, the Lord is One. Sh’me Yisrael, Adonai E lo hei hei-nu Adonai E-chad. Blessed is the name of his glorious kingdom for all eternity...To this day, despite her objections to my conversion, we go to Synagogue together. There are two strong impulses that guide me....a desire for God and a love for learning. I find myself drawn to the life Teresa describes in

her AUTOBIOGRAPHY but my spiritual director advises that I wait. He insists that my work is needed and that this simply does not seem to be the right time to enter the cloistered monastic life.

(Edith lights a candle, kneels, reflects and prays.)

Who are you Edith Stein? Remember when Mama said on Yom Kippur, my birthday, “Oh Edi....on this day, the most sacred of Jewish holidays, may your soul soar and sing like the dove. Each soul is a candle of God...Baruch Shem Kevod Malchuto Le’olam....blessed be the name, the glory of his kingdom forever and ever.....Child abide in him. Throughout your life may you receive tidings of forgiveness, pardon, and atonement. May your name be inscribed in the Book of Life and Remembrance....”It is too early to know how I will be remembered or to know the challenges I will face. Who am I now in 1924? Doctor Edith Stein....viewed as an accomplished woman of the world....philosopher, writer, teacher, lecturer, some refer to me as a feminist....I want to become a Carmelite nun.....am I running away? Am I trying to escape the never-ending, ever-growing torments of society? Do I have a true vocation to the contemplative life? I am not running away....I am running toward something....In the works of the great Saint of Avila..... I discovered truth....Reason and faith are the two wings on which my soul is moving closer and closer to God. Like the silkworm whose roots are the mulberry tree, my soul gains sustenance from the faith of my Mother, my tradition, the living word of Scripture, the richness of this Catholic faith..Yes, I have spun my silk....made my cocoon....my inner life.... prayer and philosophy, questions, and answers and more questions seeking answers....seeking Truth. I wait to take the next step and as I wait I will work and try to lend my voice to others concerned about German’s fate.

Act II

(Same setting. Edith is standing by a lectern preparing for a lecture. A gentleman, Sam, is sitting in a chair listening intently.)

Edith: We now seek for God's image in each human being, to help each human being win his freedom. Today we live in a time that urgently needs to be renewed...Only whole human beings are immune to the contemporary sickness. The world...where is it going....will it end up in flames? Are you impelled to put them out? We must become whole by helping others. When we help others, we create healthy energetic spores supplying healthy energy to the entire national body. If we fulfill our mission, we do what is best for ourselves, for our immediate environment, for Germany, and indeed, for the human race....

(In the distance, there are cheers and applause....The shout "Sieg Heil!" is heard and more applause).

Edith: Oh Sam....what is to become of Germany?

Sam: Did you write to the pope?

Edith: Yes.....

Sam: I don't want to intrude...may I know what you said.

Edith: You are not intruding at all dear man...Here it is... Holy Father! As a child of the Jewish people who, by the grace of God, for the past eleven years has also been a child of the Catholic Church, I dare to speak to you about that which oppresses millions of Germans. For years the leaders of government have been preaching hatred of the Jews and now the seed has germinated....Many have been driven to desperation....within the last week I was informed of five cases of suicide as a consequence of these hostilities. I think there will be many more victims. One may regret that these unhappy people do not have greater inner strength BUT the responsibility MUST FALL ON THOSE who brought them to this point and it falls on those who keep SILENT! This government calls itself Christian....I believe people are waiting for the Church of Christ to raise it's voice to put a stop to the abuse! Isn't the effort to destroy Jewish blood an abuse of the holiest humanity of our Savior?....Isn't this a black mark on the record of the Holy Year

which was intended to be a year of peace and reconciliation? We are convinced that this silence will not purchase peace with the present German government. We must dedicate ourselves to a new course of action.

(Outside voices become louder)

Outside: Sieg heil!

Edith: I want to say more. (Her voice gets louder) We are a spiritually impoverished nation.

(Screaming voice is heard from outside): Run you damn Jew or we'll smash your face!

Edith: Remember what is written in Ecclesiasticus: "What race deserves honour? The human race. What race deserves contempt? Those who break the commandments. Our actions as human beings will determine whether we are worthy of honour or contempt. The spiritual life must be nourished.... one has to give to others.

Outside voice: All the human culture, all the results of art, science and technology that we see today are the creative product of the Aryanthe mightiest counterpart to the Aryan is represented by the Jew.

Edith (louder as if to drown out the outside noise): You have no idea how much it means to me to belong to the Lord not only with my heart but in the flesh....a Jew as he was.

Outside: Our foremost task will be the annihilation of the Jews....gallows built in rows....as many as traffic allows.

Crowd: Sieg heil! Seig heil!

Edith: This is the night of the world....there is so much hate and ignorance....Germany is very sick.

Sam: Yes, my friend, very very sick....if not mad!

(Sam leaves and Edith goes to a mirror)

Edith: I can't brood....I have decisions to make. The situation in Germany is changing rapidly these days...all for the worse. Nazi flags and banners decorate buildings, Hitler Youth Groups spring up in every neighborhood, laws are instituted limiting the freedoms of the Jews. Systematically, legal steps have been taken to prevent Jews from working, running their businesses, buying property or even keeping the property they already own. The German economy is flourishing at the expense of racial equality, human decency and justice. All human values have been tossed to the wind as Hitler's plan to conquer the world takes shape. And now my teaching privileges are being revoked because I am a Jew. This lecture will be my last. I was offered a position in South America but I do not want to leave my beloved Germany. For ten years I have had one ambition and now I think my spiritual director will allow me to pursue it...I want to become a member of the Carmelite community in Cologne. It is very difficult to explain this decision to anybody, especially my Mother. Living in a cloistered monastic community devoted to silence, constant prayer and meditation is suspect to many....a foreign way of life. Frankly, I think my entire life has prepared me for this move. I've always pursued MEANING even as a child praying with Mama. My education and studies in philosophy led to theological work and a quest for God. From there, I was led to Christ. What does God ask of me now? To go even deeper....

Yes, I shall take the steps necessary to join the Cologne community.

Act III

(Edith, now dressed in the Carmelite habit, is sitting at a small desk writing)

Edith: A mysterious light in a mysterious darkness awakens in us the consoling thought that the divine light has never ceased to illumine the darkness of the fallen world. He has remained faithful to his creation regardless of all the infidelity of creatures. If the darkness would not allow itself to be penetrated by the light, there were nevertheless some places always predisposed for it to blaze. May I always be open to the light of God!

(Turns her chair to the audience, clenches her fist a bit and raises it to her lips as if to quiet an agonizing scream)

Edith: A short time ago on November 9th of this year 1938...the night of broken glass....Kristallnacht....sees hordes of Hitler youth breaking the windows of stores owned by Jews, smashing their merchandise into the streets. When the store owners try to stop them, they are either beaten or murdered.. Synagogues are burned, Holy Books are thrown into the street and the men urinate on them. Over ninety Jews are killed, hundreds are injured, thousands are arrested and sent to concentration camps which are springing up all over. Our Jewish cemeteries are desecrated...even the dead do not escape this hell...the world is in flames....the conflagration has reached our house. I decide to transfer to the Carmel in Echt, Holland because it is no longer safe here for this monastery to house me. My dear Rosa joins me in Holland. She converted to Catholicism in 1936 and became a third order Carmelite. God is good to allow us to be close to each other! I MISS MAMA but it is a blessing that she did not live to see what is happening now!! Rosa and I remember our childhood and speak about it often....the love, the example of such a loving, strong mother, the traditions in our home. Oh...I remember....when I was a small child, if anyone should speak of a murder in my presence, I would lie awake for hours that night and in the dark and horror would press upon me from every corner. That is what I feel now...HORROR at the insanity of the hatred and cruelty surrounding us. I remember something else....being in Mama's arms....being held....and yes, I know myself held NOW...and in this I find peace and security...not the peace and self-assured security of a woman who stands in her own strength on firm ground, but the sweet and blissful security of the child which is carried by a strong arm....the arm of God...

(She walks around the room and ponders the situation)

1942....still no end to this hell for my Jewish brothers and sisters....The transportation of Jews from Holland to the east reaches major proportion. Now Rosa and I must transfer to Le Paquier Carmel in Switzerland. They have room for me BUT NOT FOR ROSA!!!! I will NOT go without Rosa. Do they not realize what is happening here??? No room??? MAKE ROOM!!! If I were Prioress of that monastery I would make room for 40!! Teresa was right..."There's nothing worse than a nun without common sense." God forgive my anger. I love my sister...she is so good!

(Knock on the door. Edith answers and steps outside for a few seconds. She returns and goes to a coat rack to put on her coat. Moves closer to the audience and addresses them)

Two men order Rosa and me into a car to go to Amersfoort. Like two peas in a pod, we hold hands in the back seat. "Macht Schnell" "Macht Schnell!" they yell. One pushes Rosa....the Lion doesn't like that but she controls herself. Thank God that we have each other. At Amersfoort we are transferred to a truck with other Jews. God help us all...oh...the sadness in their faces, the cries of the little babies...At Westerbork there is an air of confusion and nervous expectation. No one is certain about what will happen next. There are crowded barracks for sleeping at night but, during the daytime everyone wants to be outside...it gives one at least the feeling of some freedom. The most difficult part of being at Westerbork is not knowing what is going to happen next. It is best to STAY IN THE PRESENT MOMENT, help anyone who needs it, lift spirits, and watch out for the children. I will never forget little Yefrim and his father. Rosa and I met them in the yard yesterday.

(Edith bends down as if envisioning her encounter).

I touch Yefrim's beautiful face and tell him not to cry but he is inconsolable! His father explains that Yefrim loves animals more than anything in the world. When they brought him here, they took his puppy Mouschi. Yefrim misses him so much! He was his best friend! According to his Papa, when they came here, Yefrim noticed a soldier with a young German Shepherd at his side. He ran to the dog to greet it and pet it....The dog snarled and growled and the smile on Yefrim's face turned to a horrible sadness!! I see it in his beautiful eyes and his pain makes me cry.

(Edith folds her arms as if holding the child and sways back and forth)

Later that evening I hear a voice with which I am familiar.....Rosa's! She is leaning over Yefrim and stroking his head singing Mama's lullaby:

(Edith sings it)

Schafe mein Prinzchen , schlaf ein!
 Es ruh' Schafchen und Vogelein.
 Garten und Wiese verstummt,
 Auch nicht ein Bienchen mehr summt.
 Luna mit silbernem Schein,
 Gucket zum Fenster herin.
 Schafe Bei silbernem Schein,

Schlafe, mein Prinzchen, schlaf ein,
Schafe ein, schlaf ein!

(Soldier rushes on stage, brandishing a rifle. Edith recognizes him as “the Brown Shirt” she met years earlier)

Soldier: Raus! Raus! To the trains! Move!

(A train whistle is heard in the background)

Soldier: I remember you Doctor Edith Stein! I told you years ago that we would find a solution to the problem of Jewish vermin!.. We have! You are going east.

(He raises the butt of his rifle to hit her with it but she dodges it. She moves toward the side of the stage and the soldier shouts at others and leaves)

(Edith returns to the middle of the stage and crouches to the floor. Stage gets darker)

Rosa and I are shoved into a cattle car with about 80 people. There is no room to move and it becomes stifling hot inside. People are crying and praying aloud...There is no food or water. There are two buckets for relieving ourselves. The sound of the train is almost horrific, primal, other-worldly. I cover my ears for a few seconds to try to shut out the human suffering it represents. I pray and recover my composure. As the train goes on rolling down the track, a Rabbi calls out to everyone. He tells us to comfort each other and to try to maneuver to the window for a breath of fresh air. He is a beautiful elderly man...maybe in his early 80s. He reminds us of our Rabbi in Breslau. His white beard and prayer shawl are clearly discernable in the dark. After a while, it is our turn at the small window. The Rabbi is standing with us. We are passing through farmland and he comments that people don't even look up at the train. He shrugs his shoulders and says, “It is easier to pretend evil is not happening than to confront it and fight it.” I dig into my pocket for a small piece of paper and a pencil. I write a note: “We are heading east against our will. Please help us.” Rosa and Rabbi write notes too. We toss them out the window of the cattle car. (As she tells this story, Edith throws papers into the audience.)

Edith: More than expecting help, we are satisfying our need to reveal the awful truth of what is happening! We're calling from the depths: PAY ATTENTION!

I whisper to Rosa...."I think we have come full circle". Rosa nods and says her mind and heart continually reflect on our childhood, traditions, Mama, praying in the Synagogue...In a strange way, because God can be a strange lover, it seems like all our experiences have led to this moment.....solidarity with our people. And Rosa and I speak of Esther, Ruth and all our ancestors, Abraham, Job, the Prophets, who waited....., who struggled, and suffered....and we talk about Christ, the meaning of the cross and the power of suffering...the bondage of this world now manifest in countless horrors. There will be light in the darkness.

We hear a man moaning and Rabbi says, "His arm is badly broken. What could we use for a sling? I remove my veil and give it to him. He smiles. And then I remove my coif saying perhaps the cloth can be used for bandages and other purposes. (As Edith relates these details, she removes the veil and coif.)

The train stops and the door is opened with a loud bang. The guards outside yell: "Filthy Jews, bring out the buckets of your slop!" Rabbi says: "Allow me." Another man helps him. They both jump outside, much more difficult for our dear old friend. They turn to grab the buckets and some is splashed on a soldier. He yells, "You filthy bastard," grabs the bucket himself and throws the urine on the man and the Rabbi. Then he shoots them! Rosa and I scream. The buckets are thrown inside and the door slammed shut. I feel sick to my stomach; Rosa is weeping. We're both shaking. We hold each other for a long time.

Time passes and it becomes dark. A woman is standing by the window trying to give her baby air. There is a full moon casting a strange light on her face. She is beautiful with the infant in her arms but the sadness of her face is heartbreaking. All I can think about is Rilke's poem, "The Panther."

From seeing the bars, his seeing is so exhausted
that it no longer holds anything anymore.
To him the world is bars, a hundred thousand bars,
and behind the bars, nothing...
Only at times the curtains of the pupil rise
without a sound...
Then a shape enters,
slips through the tightened silence of the shoulders,
reaches the heart and dies.

Rosa is staring at the woman's face too. We hold each other tight and we both pray and pray for those around us and for strength for them and ourselves.

The train slows and goes very slowly for awhile. I have a feeling that we have arrived at our final destination. (Stage becomes very dark.)

Finally the train stops. After a deafening silence of fear, the door is pushed open and the soldiers start to separate the men from the women and yell that we "STINK" and must go to the showers. "Macht Schnell!" they scream as we move toward the area. A woman behind me says "I'll be grateful for a shower." Rosa and I move arm in arm with the rest of the woman to the anteroom.

Woman guards are there and tell us to remove all our clothes and put them on the wall hooks.

(Edith walks to the side of the stage, removes her clothes and puts them on the hooks.)

(Standing naked in front of the audience, holding her arms over her breast she speaks)

All of the women in the room are quickly undressing. Many are talking saying they will be grateful to be clean again. I have a small Crucifix in my hand and I am squeezing it tightly. I'm praying for strength. I feel the grace of God....I believe Rosa does as well. A part of me believes we are going to the showers but another part does not. I don't know why....I pray....We wait. As the "showers" begin to dispense gas, Rosa and I embrace and pray aloud. Others are screaming, some clawing the walls, some are praying the Shema: "Sh'ma Yisrael: Adonai Eloheinu, Adonai Ehchad! Baruch Sheim k'vod malchutoh I'olam va-ed!" Rosa and I pray the Shema too. Rosa shakes and I tell her not to fight it, to fall asleep in God. She says: "I love you" and I tell her that I love her. "Into your hands O Lord I commit.... (Edith falls to her knees and bows her head)

(Curtain closes. A distinguished-looking gentleman comes on stage.)

Sam: Ladies and Gentleman...I'm Sam. Do you remember me? I spent time with Edith as she prepared her final lecture. I miss Edith and Rosa and other dear friends who perished at the camps. About Edith and Rosa...they were extraordinary women! I knew Edith much longer than Rosa. Edith Stein was one of the most remarkable women of our time....philosopher, writer, lecturer on the

education of women and Women's intrinsic value in national life, nun, and mystic. Edith, known as Sister Benedicta in the Carmel of Cologne wrote these verses to God shortly before her journey to Auschwitz: "Who are you, sweet light, that fills me and illumines the darkness of my heart? You lead me like a mother's hand, and should you let go of me, I would not know how to take another step. You are the space that embraces my being and buries it in yourself. Away from you it sinks into the abyss of nothingness, from which you raised it to the light." This was her faith. This was her strength. And I believe it was her end. At the news of Kristallnacht, she was paralyzed with grief and she wrote: "Woe to this city and this country when God's wrath for what they are now doing to the Jews descends upon them." I firmly believe she was taken to Auschwitz to suffer for and with her people. All the marvelous strands of her life came together to sustain her above all her rootedness in the Judaic-Christian tradition. She said of God: "To us He gave His legacy, delight in Israel has He..." She embraced her Catholic faith with her heart, a faith nourished and rooted in Judaism. And in the end, she was united, body, mind, and soul to those who were murdered because they were Jews.

Edith Stein would not have singled herself out.

I believe she would say to you what I say now. Millions died. Millions. It is mind-boggling to imagine that number....Think of looking up at a beautiful night sky with so many thousands and thousands of stars....think of the expanse and the beauty. Each victim of the Nazi purge had a life, family, work, joys and struggles, loves and fears.....an individual life. When some deny the Shoah, I have to ask..."Where did the millions go?" "Where did they go?"

(Lights go off throughout the theatre and one sees hundreds of stars above...)