Days of Remembrance was established by the U.S. Congress to honor and to remember the victims of the Holocaust and their liberators, to remember the great brutality of which mankind is capable, and to remember the great resilience and humanity of which mankind is capable, as well.

Our debt to the heroic men and valiant women in the service of our country can never be repaid. They have earned our undying gratitude. America will never forget their sacrifices.

-Harry S. Truman
The liberators, survivors, and their descendants, have enriched our world immeasurably in the sciences and in the arts, in literature and in philanthropy. They have made extraordinary contributions in academia, in business, and in government.

They have left an indelible mark on our world.
A Story of Gratitude
The first time Joshua Kaufman met Daniel Gillespie was April 29, 1945, when American liberators marched into the Dachau concentration camp and smashed in the prison doors.

When Gillespie, a gunner with the 42nd Rainbow Division, and his fellow G.I.s arrived, Kaufman was locked in a cattle wagon outside the camp.

“Through a little hole in the wall I saw American soldiers coming with their tanks and I saw the Germans running away. To me the American soldiers were a proof that God exists and they were sent down from the sky.”

Seven decades later, the two men met again. “I don’t forget the day when you opened the cattle wagon and you freed me,” Kaufman told Gillespie as he got on the ground to kiss the latter’s feet in gratitude. “I have wanted to do this for 70 years. I love you, I love you so much.”
“The Butterfly”  
by Pavel Friedmann

He was the last. Truly the last.  
Such yellowness was bitter and blinding  
Like the sun’s tear shattered on stone.  
That was his true colour.  
And how easily he climbed, and how high,  
Certainly, climbing, he wanted  
To kiss the last of my world.

I have been here seven weeks,  
‘Ghettoized’  
Who loved me have found me,  
Daisies call to me,  
And the branches also of the white chestnut in the yard.  
But I haven’t seen a butterfly here.

In 1942, Friedmann wrote the poem “The Butterfly” in the Terezin Ghetto when he was 21. He was murdered in the Auschwitz extermination camp in 1944.

Help memorialize those who perished in the Holocaust by coloring the butterfly.