WALK TO END GENOCIDE 4-27-14

We walk so that they can run to escape the predators who hunt their lives.

We walk so that children of holocausts can escape the grasp of the kidnappers who abduct youngsters to serve in the invidious children’s armies.

We walk so that we can raise funds to help build and supply burn clinics with medicines and physicians who can soothe the fiery flames seared into the flesh and bones of innocent people.

We walk to provide medical equipment, physicians and specialists to straighten broken bones and bent spines from the weapons of sadistic haters.

We walk so that we can help build rape centers to heal the fistulae of girls and women ravaged by vengeful enemies of birth and life.

We walk to support the creation and distribution of solar cookers for girls and women who can use them and avoid the savage rape of a people and its culture.

We walk because we swore at Buchenwald death camp to stop the torture, torment, and disfigurement of the vulnerable.

A few days after their liberation in April 1945, the survivors of Buchenwald constructed signs with two penetrating words: “Never Again.” But the world’s indifference, deceit and mendacity defacto erased the letter “N” from “Never” so that it read “Ever, ever, ever again.”

How many genocides took place from April 1945 to April 2014? According to genocide expert Barbara Harff, forty-six genocides took place claiming tens of millions of lives. Such massive murder includes the unspeakable atrocities in Cambodia, Rwanda, Sudan, Darfur, Democratic Republic of Congo.

Lest we forget Rwanda’s Hutu-led military wiped out 800,000 members of the Tutsi minority in 100 days; a tribute to lethal technology and ruthlessness; 800,000 people in only 100 days, slain.

Today, we remember ten communities who share a tragic kinship of suffering. We have found each other. We must not let go of each other.

Alone, our voice is tremulous. But together, our voices can pierce the failed conscience of the world.

Alone, our tragedy is insular. But united, the cry resounds from earth to Heaven.
Today, some are worried that such a collaboration of genocides may water down the sharpness of the individual memories of particular holocausts. We repudiate that naive game of “one-downsmanship.”

No two wounds are the same. No two scars are alike. No two holocausts are identical. Against such fear, our traditions ask “Is your blood redder than mine? Is my blood paler than yours?”

No pain is deeper, no grief more profound, than that of another.

Is my heart so small, my imagination so narrow, my feeling so frugal, that I have dried all the wellsprings of my compassion for others? Do the tears of my soul evaporate the sobbing for others?

Let us honor our ancestors’ unvanquishable martyrdom. What would comfort them more, what would cause them to smile on us more, than the realization that their heroism was immortalized in their children, and children’s children?

Let us stand for each other. Let us defend any and every national, ethnic, religious group that is threatened by the powers of contempt, the haters of life.

We survivors of terror extend our arms. Hold on to each other. Hope together. Dance together. Laugh together. Sing together. Care together.

For we are alive together. And together, we have wrestled with the demons of despair. To our brothers and sister, husbands and wives, parents and children, know that you are not abandoned, not forgotten, not ignored. We walk together and our footsteps echo in the corridors of social justice and cosmic compassion. Here on this pulpit our statesmen who are guided by the hidden compass that navigate their voices, votes and veracity.

And to the young amongst us: we welcome you not as leaders of tomorrow, but of leaders today.

Walk with us, walk with pride. Bless our paths. Strengthen our love, our legs, our loyalty to god’s children.