



## The Butterfly Project Lesson Plan for Grades 9-12

**Goal:** Participants will understand the story of the children of Terezin. Participants will also make a personal connection to a victim of the Holocaust.

**Objectives:** The participants will be able to:

1. understand the meaning of “concentration camp.”
2. understand the history of Terezin.
3. retell the story of the children at Terezin.

**Materials:**

- [Butterfly painting kit](#)
- [Butterfly Project PowerPoint](#) for HS/Adult
- [Terezin Chamber Music Foundation](#)

**Background music:** Terezin Chamber Music Foundation CD

**Procedure:**

1. Show the participants Butterfly Project HS/Adult PowerPoint in order to give them a sense of the history of Theresienstadt. Stop at “The Butterfly” poem.
2. After reading “The Butterfly,” explain to the participants that this poem was the impetus for the project in which they are about to participate.
3. Discuss with the participants why the butterfly might be an appropriate symbol to memorialize the children who perished in the Holocaust.
4. Finish viewing the PowerPoint.
5. Give each participant a USHMM biography (preferably same gender as the participant) and allow them time to read the biography silently.
6. Pass out the butterflies from the kit. Explain to the participants that they may make up their own design or they may choose to create a design that they feel represents the person they read about in the biography.
7. After participants have finished painting, ask them to share why they chose to paint their butterfly the way they did. Is it representative of something in the PowerPoint, the person they read about, or their own personal connection to what they’ve learned?



**Educational Resources:**

- [Simon Wiesenthal Center](#)
- [US Holocaust Museum](#)
- [Yad Vashem](#)
- Video: [SDJA Zikaron V'Tikvah/Butterfly Project story](#)
- Documentary [Paper Clips](#) (for 6-12th grade)



### **“The Butterfly”**

The last, the very last,  
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.  
Perhaps if the sun’s tears would sing  
against a white stone. . . .

Such, such a yellow  
Is carried lightly ‘way up high.  
It went away I’m sure because it wished to  
kiss the world good-bye.

For seven weeks I’ve lived in here,  
Pinned up inside this ghetto.  
But I have found what I love here.  
The dandelions call to me  
And the white chestnut branches in the court.  
Only I never saw another butterfly.  
That butterfly was the last one.  
Butterflies don’t live in here,  
in the ghetto.

~ Pavel Friedman 4.6.1942