

2005: The Orchard

While we Jews have rooted ourselves by the Bay
Deepening our downward thrust into this precious land
Securing for our children a place – a home
It has been the work of our rabbis to yearn for the sky
To raise their heads into the wind and rain
To bud and bloom alone
Nurtured by their congregations
But faithful really to the Light they view
This is the flower Rabbi Lew

Out of the winter of our birth in Egypt
Into the spring of youth in eretz Israel
Through the burning summer of Diaspora
And the harvest of the Holocaust
We have told our tale
And wandered through the ages
Beckoned forth for God by our dear sages
Like Rabbi Lew
Branching out we seek God's yearning
Blossoming forth with sacred learning

A thought fell from me like from a tree -
From my mind this one fruit tumbled
While striking my earthy heart I heard a mumble
"Plant Jewish seeds within and watch them grow.
Water them with loving tears from your kind soul."

And now I know God blesses all produced with Israel's pardon
But with special thanks to you, I garden

To Rabbi Lew
Beit Shalom, San Francisco