

as good as gold



Fortunate are you, O Israel [Deuteronomy 33:29]

“Did you hear what befell poor Mrs. Gold?
Her life will never be the same I’m told...
Flung into a world she never knew before,
Has to make decisions she is not equipped for.
So much change – I tell you, it’s unstable –
Her entire future is on the table!
I hear her accountant is already involved,
Her ordinary life has simply dissolved!
Oy, my heart goes out with sympathy,
Because poor thing – she won the lottery!”

Sometimes we too, echo this sentiment,
Misinterpreting our blessings as a detriment.
And instead of embracing our greatest virtue,
We kvetch, “It’s so hard to be a Jew!”
The difficulties blind our perspective,
Constantly needing to be on the defensive,
We feel outnumbered, different, inadequate,
And forget that we’re holding the winning ticket!

But the single most powerful key to survival,
Is when our people's self image undergoes a revival.
Moshe understood this secret well,
Proclaiming "How fortunate are you, Yisrael!"
These were our leader's parting words,
In his final hours, this message was heard,
"Remember your tremendous, inherent value,
You are lucky and privileged to be a Jew!"

Be proud of your identity, hold your head high,
Wear that *kippah* confidently, don't be shy.
No need to blend in, nor to feel daunted,
Our Judaism should be outwardly flaunted!
Global attention and responsibility,
Come along with winning the lottery.
Our Jewishness is not a burden to unload,
But rather, it's the greatest honor bestowed!

This message lies on the Torah's last pages,
It's what keeps our flame burning throughout the ages.
If we want to ensure our children won't replace it,
It's our job to openly and joyfully embrace it!
Indeed, we are different, we are truly distinguished,
A blessing from Above, that should not be diminished.
Our inferiority complex, let's finally dispel,
Yes, "Fortunate are we, Yisrael!"