



As crashing waves engulf their ship,
 Death stares them in the face,
 there is nowhere to turn.
 They scream,
 terrified,
 their cries drowned out by thunder,

And then,
 reduced to utter despair,
 a light,
 a heavenly light,
 pierces the darkness.
 There is hope.

Among thousands,
 stands one soul,
 a yid,
 the key to salvation.
 His identity opens vast worlds to them.
 Worlds of hope;
 of eternity;
 of supernatural forces.
 Worlds they could never hope to enter.

But he,
 this heavenly soul,
 has impaired the essence of his life.
 The constant connection to the one above.
 And now it is time to return,
 For his father is waiting.

And yet,
 he stands dormant,
 entranced,
 as if in a deep sleep.

They look on in shock,
 why does he not react,
 plead,
 cry,
 pierce the heavens with his infinite power!?

He is the son of king of all kings,
 the only one that can effect the events in this world,
 for good or bad.
 And only he has the power
 to repent,
 return,
 reconnect.

Looking down from above,
 our father too:
 is waiting,
 watching,
 and hoping,
 for some reaction,
 a renewed connection.
 His tears mingling with
 the pouring rain,
 he begs to his child,
 yid,
 heavenly soul,
 don't sleep on.

"Anchor your strength, the power you store,

באיס באאקוב בעלז שבת שבת בית יעקב

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AWAKE...and lead us ashore"

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