

A Letter from God

You are so lucky. So lucky am I.
Each year, as the first breath of spring passes by
The mailman, unknowing, delivers a gift.
It is – ready? – a letter from God.

Now God doesn't write from a desk with a pen.
He has, working in Haifa, nine trustworthy men.
And when they're together, they listen and pray
'Til they all hear a letter from God.

The first lines sing songs of the good things we've done,
The goals we have finished, the victories we've won.
Tender words, strong and clear, call each soul to new tasks.
Precious music, a letter from God.

So tonight, when your family is comfy and near
By a fire, a cool breeze, any place that is dear,
Ask for one special gift to be read right out loud:
Ridván's message, a letter from God.

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