

THE BALLAD OF MAYER

by Rabbi Label Lam

Permit me to tell you
A marvelous tale
Of a simple Jew
And his "Ahavas Yisrael"

On the way to work
Early Wednesday morn
On the bus to New York
Where Tallis and Tefillin are worn

Our hero Mayer
By the window seat
Was deep in prayer
Which is no small feat

Squeezed like sardines
Pressed shoulder to shoulder
The bus bounces and careens
Both younger and older

As the time for Shema Yisrael
All too rapidly came near
Mayer heard the wail
"Shema!" as the bus moved into high gear!

Still four steps behind
Mayer now grabbed the Tsitsis
To see and remind him
To keep all the Mitzvos

Mayer was jolted
As the bus hit a bump
And rocked as it halted
And all stood in a jump.

But Mayer sat still
Grasping the Tsitsis
While with all his will
He graced them with kisses

'Till a cry was heard,
Shouting, "Nu!?-Nu!?-Nu!?"
Without a word
From his neighboring Jew

Mayer held the Tsitsis
With such devotion and labor
But they weren't his
They belonged to his neighbor!

Isn't it true?
When you hear such a story
You wish it was you
To grab all the glory

Such a Tzadik Mayer
It really hits ya-
While deep in prayer
Loving the other Jew's Mitzvah!

Original Poem by Rabbi Label Lam- Based on a true episode: A Most Joyous Purim! DvarTorah,
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