

# The Oleh's Tfilah

I thank thee, my God, God of my fathers that you have planted me among the dwellers of Erez Yisrael, and not among the dwellers of the countries of the earth. That you have strengthened me with the power and courage to walk in the paths of Avraham Avinu "unto the country I shall show thee".

That you have opened my ears to hear the great shofar calling us to wake up from our diaspora to the gathering and the return to your holy quarters, in happiness and in joy, of free will and not from misery, anguish, loss or desertion.

That I am among the privileged who are blessed daily by this land's captivating air, its breathtaking landscapes, its sweet and fruitful crops enlightening Torah and amongst the children who have returned to its borders.

For the privilege to live and act alongside with You, the Almighty, and with the rest of your children congregating from all four corners of the earth, to take part in the mission of Tikun Olam in your Holy name.

My heart is overflowed and my eyes shed a tear that my children will dream in the Hebrew language, will walk the hills and the valleys of this land as in their own home, and will take part in defending their homeland in courage and humbleness.

I promise You, my Lord, who chose his people with love, to see your country and your children in kindness, to accept the hardships as challenges, the barriers as incentives, the differences as blessings and the questions as the answers.

I will never forget from where I had come and from there I will bring with me all that is spiritual, the attributes, the smells and the music, and by doing so will add another magnificent and unique note to the dazzling masterpiece that is weaved around us.

I will place a special prayer for my family, friends and community members that the goodness which I had found here shall be bestowed upon them as well, so they can put their steps towards their homeland as well, despite all the struggles and hardships.

Were my mouth filled with song as the sea, and my tongue with ringing praise as its roaring waves, my lips full of adoration as the wide heaven and my eyes sparkling like the sun or the moon, were my hands spread out as the eagles in the sky, and my feet as swift as the deer, I should still be unable to thank you enough, Hashem.

