How could I possibly be expected to handle t'fillot on a day like this? This is my 4th t'filla pep-talk this machzor. It’s getting pretty tough coming up with new themes. If I go for five, I’m probably gonna have to barf up a lung, so I’d better make this one count. The key to a good t'filla is the clammy hands. It’s a good non-specific symptom. I’m a big believer in it. A lot of people will tell you that standing silently is a dead lock, but, uh, you get a nervous Rosh Edah, you could wind up relearning all of t'fillot. That’s worse than just singing along. You hold the siddur on your lap, and when you’re doing the clap-along Ashrei, screaming real loud, rub your hands together. It’s a little childish, but then, so is intentionally doing the wrong hand motions for Ohr Chadash.

Life moves pretty fast. If you don’t stop and look around once in awhile, you could miss it. We do have Six Flags today, that wasn’t bananas. It's after t'fillot. I mean really, what’s the point. I'm not going on rides. I don’t plan on being in a group, so who cares if we've booked seven buses. They could be parked right outside Moadon Ilanot and it still wouldn’t change the fact that we have t'fillot. It’s not that I condone shortening t'filla for amusement park trips, for that matter. Shorter t'fillot, in my opinion, are not good. A person should not rush through prayer,’ he or she should believe in himself. I quote John Lennon: ‘I don’t believe in Beatles. I just believe in me.’ A good point there. After all, he was the walrus. I could be the walrus. I’d still have to hold my siddur and sing along in t'fillot though.