Ilanot, T'filla will come, Ilanot.

They'll come to the Moadon for reasons they can't even fathom. They'll pick up the siddur, not knowing for sure why they're doing it. They'll arrive at our door as innocent as children, longing for the past.

"Of course, we won't mind if you sing along," we'll say. "we need you to stand for the amida." They'll rise from their safsalim without even thinking about it. For it is legs they have and peace they lack.

Ilanot, just hold the siddur.

And they'll walk out to the safsalim, and sit in shirt-sleeves on a perfect boker. They'll find they have reserved seats somewhere near one of the madrichim, where they sat when they were kochavimers and screamed Modeh Ani. And they'll sing the t'fillot, and it'll be as if they'd dipped themselves in a magic agam. The memories will be so thick, they'll have to brush them away from their faces.

People will pray.

The one constant through all the years, has been t'fillah.

Judaism has rolled by like an army of steamrollers. It's been erased like a blackboard, rebuilt, and erased again. But t'fillah has marked the time.

This Moadon, this t;fillah -- it's a part of our past, Ilanot. It reminds us of all that once was good, and it could be again.

Ohhhhhhhh, people will pray, Ilanot. People will most definitely Pray.

Modeh Ani Amood 3.