This season is one of love. It is the month of spring, in spring an ancient people's fancy turns to thought of love. And it is a new song of love in a new form, in which we read the Psalm, the greatest song of love ever written.

And the object of all this powerful unequalled love is, of course, Almighty God, His Torah.

With every breath, with every word, my spirit songs out with every breath, with every word, my spirit songs out.

With every breath, with every word, my spirit songs out.

2. With every breath, with every word, my spirit songs out with every breath, with every word, my spirit songs out.

3. And in this day, Jesus will again chant the Psalm, and in the picturesque, oriental imagery which the psalms for lack of sensibility for art sake, the Jew will feel his soul drawn close to his beloved.

4. And in this day, Jesus will again chant the Psalm, and in the picturesque, oriental imagery which the psalms for lack of sensibility for art sake, the Jew will feel his soul drawn close to his beloved.

5. And in this day, Jesus will again chant the Psalm, and in the picturesque, oriental imagery which the psalms for lack of sensibility for art sake, the Jew will feel his soul drawn close to his beloved.
1. And yet I know that as we discuss this lofty theme.

I find a deeply felt feeling untonal, some of us are skeptical. It is usually a mixture of opium and despair. Can anyone really love that which he cannot see, hear, or feel? Has anyone really experienced the love? And do we know anyone who has? Is not this whole world perhaps a religious, poetic fiction, the invention of some hyperbolic poet who ran away with himself? In short: is the thing a real, working, practical concept of living?

2. And the answer is clear that it must be a hard and real powerful thing, indeed. Just look at the bristling power of these passages, and the vivid, electric quality of these verses!

a) 

b) 

c) 

d) 

These words are not just poetic images; they are words of a man in deep earnest about his love.

These are not the mushy sentiments of a religious romantic. They burn like coals, live embers and are as serious as death and can survive raging floods.
Practical, practical indeed. When Abraham entered the furnace rather than kneel to the idol, it was a practical example. When Moses dared to speak up to Pharaoh, it was because he loved God. When a man saw his son dead, killed in the service of justice, it was easy because he loved his son's career. It was easy because his love was overwhelming. When Goliath allowed his flesh to be ripped to shreds by a giant eagle as he said, "Try again, it was a deeply real love," where whole communities submitted to martyrdom rather than to the cross? The Crusades to war tyrants rather than to the cross? The Crusaders fought against which was stronger than death and as strong as the fire of God. When Jews uprooted vines from ancient, old houses in氖子绿得了小 weak new homes in the USA, across oceans and rivers, they built up. And the learned Day School, it was a love in which no oceans or rivers all wiser in word could extinguish. It is the underlying reality of all Jewish life. It is the unifying reality of all Jewish life. There is no Judaism, no Judaism without it. There is no Judaism without it. There is no Judaism, no Judaism without it. There is no Judaism, no Judaism without it. And the grave consuming fire, raging flames, with it, with it. All there are survivors. It is possible.
1. Yes, maybe a time or two.

   But look at us today —
   * How many lost members really wish?
   * Look at desolated society and your "I'm"
   * S. Day school and its terrible struggle
   * Empty seats
   * My own you are.

   All you have is philanthropy. I am not your aim...

2. Is that really so? How long did it commit to one grave? Have it been turned over, its passion perished? The water covered its pitiful remains?

3. Nonsense! Listen to Solomon who says as hard-headed a realist as any businessman has. The morning to what he has — I read —

   "I read, I read... read... unreadless..."
   "Love seems to be asleep... dead... unfelt..."
   "But heart beats, love is true... that

4. Midrash: "He is a son who lives in Genezareth —

   Maybe we are spiritually unapplied a humanist that kind and powerful love which comes to bring great sacrifice, but as long as there is a simple Jew who comes to stand in shekinah, Israel stands low and!

   As long as a Jew offers a word prayer...
For Hoshafra: From VHS "TRIBUL" - An ultimately
performance only now regardless of what the
truth is, not mine, even from Truth.

1. If true, then, that is still not my
real but the most fundamental underlying
reality for our lives, that which makes us more
than animals, who think, we have in us tremendous
potential - thought we wear, the p.p. 1 long-
sproing rights.

2. But I mean this not enough. All realize that

This is too weak, attacked from within

* more thoughts must fill,
* what talks, what's
* children, never very bad
* than just charity
* than just good hearts - All of us....

2. Great many. writing story man imprisoned, suffered
incredibly year. One day in men torturing, bugs on
all skin - it's true. As he walked until, realities
was from all along.

3. Partly - after 57 July's

beating self - not mere heart alone, but
(physician came) - just not push, no light,
and bit anger - I'd will respond...

1. From 1921-1917, I think all must want to understand.

He will repay by acting on that place, sound good.