



Artwork By Vera Tamari

The Gift

Sing Alleluia, my angels sing
I kept my promise
I gave you a king
A messiah, a herald for a new world
I keep my promise

But you killed him
A baby in his mother's arms
Running, running from the bombs
In the highlands of Palestine

Sing my angels, sing out with joy
I kept my promise
I sent a messiah, a strong gentle boy
A king for the peace of the world
I keep my promise

But you killed him
A knight's sword cut him down
At the siege of Acre
In the highlands of Palestine

My angels sing, a mournful song
I kept my promise
I sent you, my child, who would do you no wrong
A priestess of wisdom and good
I keep my promise

But you, you killed her
You tore her apart
As she fled with her family
Into the highlands of Palestine

And the angels sing, hopefully sing
I kept my promise
I made my son, a wise gentle thing
A rabbi, prophet for all of mankind
I keep my promise

But you killed him

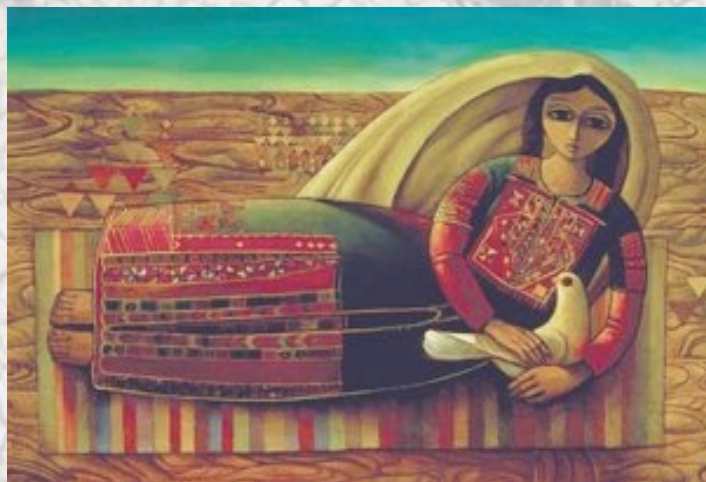
You don't want a Messiah
You just want to want him
And wail about it at an old wall
Or pray towards the Kabba five
times a day

While you starve your neighbors
Kill your neighbors
In the dry highlands of Palestine

How many times, will you throw it away
So sure that you know better
I'm thinking that Palestine's just not the place
I'm regretting I chose you
I'm looking towards spreading
this news somewhere else
Not in the highlands of Palestine

Maybe the Buddhists could be my people
they value peace.

—Suzanne Cookie



Art: Woman reclining with a pigeon, oil on canvas, 1984 by Sliman Mansour.

Background Artwork
By Sliman Mansour,
Holy Land, 2019

It's Possible

to be at peace
to be healthy
to let go of the past
to be accepting of change

It Is Possible
to share my strength with others
to allow others to share with me

It Is Possible
to build, to create
to travel to new places
to find the calm in the center

It Is Possible
—Don Mathis, 2024