

## A VISION

Yashah Ben Y'shua Yisrael

An ancient and faraway place. A land of unsearchable history and endless wonder. Faded childhood memories of a glorious city, fascinating and mysterious, and shrouded with the golden haze of eternal promise. The center of the earth and the navel of the nations. The birthplace of man's hope of immortality, and the fountain of our common longing for the divine...

The once mighty city lies in ruins; the ancient high places languish in low estate. Like a royal bride stripped of her outer adornment, the terrain is naked and exposed, and covered with dark clouds of shame.

The branches of fruitless trees are tossed to and fro by the unforgiving winds of time. A barren wilderness, colored with a waning expectation of glory – of a renewed blossoming of a once lush and bountiful land.

She is a city no longer renowned for her beauty, that she should be courted by the children of men. A once prosperous land, long trodden underfoot by the wicked, and woefully neglected by the passing of time. Ghostly images of foreign nations polluting her YAH-forsaken streets; with the strained appearance of wariness, and fear of the omnipresence of new birth...

And yet, a tiny remnant of her sons and daughters from afar seek the ancient pathways and revisit the ruins of a distant and glorious past. The faithful children bond with the long-lost motherland and renew the promise of divine fulfillment.

In the name of love and honor, they brave the hardships, face the trials, and embrace the burden of pilgrimage - a path long rejected and forsaken by countless generations.

Suddenly, a faint, yet unmistakable glimmer of new hope spreads across the horizon... After countless years of parched plains and naked valleys, a long dormant underground river bursts to the surface, bringing forth a new source of sustenance, and ushering in the long-awaited season of restoration.

Sincere expressions of awe and humility are etched upon the faces of the remnant. All at once, the barren trees begin to clap their hands, and the royal lilies of the field rejoice in heavenly harmony!

A beacon light of hope now emanates throughout the land, beckoning to the ends of the earth. A deep, collective exhale enters the waning darkness, and slowly permeates the atmosphere.

Gradually, the wealth of the nations removes the shame that grieved the holy land over the ages. Soon she is fully adorned with garments of praise; and covered with the royal attire of a reigning queen! Her high places are teeming with multitudes of the children of light, gathered from afar.

The sheer magnificence of the renewed Promised Land becomes an everlasting glory and honor unto the Most High and the Holy One of Yisrael...

The city set on a hill far away. The birthplace of a million dreams. And of a single, ancient vision of love and eternal peace for all mankind. The garden spot of the universe. The land of lands. Zion.