





*Michel M.J. Shore*

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With advanced degrees and a background in philosophy, international law, negotiations, mediation, healing, and writing, he lectures on the art of active listening, seeing and silence.

Michel is the author of *Jerusalem Breezes, a Human Panorama of Jerusalem and a Hope for Peace*; *O Canada, Canada*; and *The Tempest: Random Readings in Ethical Temperature*.

His most recent publication is *Many Journeys, One Destination*, with photographer-artist Kevin Robins.

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*I Hear Music in Every Psalm  
Meditation - Poems*

*Michel M.J. Shore*

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Jamie Shear*

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*I Hear Music in Every Psalm*

Each psalm-poem is an inspiration of the corresponding numbered psalm. A dialogue with David, the harpist-psalmist, throughout the generations, forever yearning for God in our midst.

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For Adam H. Herzig  
who is a model of righteousness

For Betty, Sigmond, and Loren

I love you for always

---

לשבת  
אנחנו  
מחפשים  
כבוד  
לפני  
אלהינו



To my mother: thank you for the  
harp and the music it brings...

היום יום ראשון בשבת

מי הוא זה בולך הכבוד

ד' צבאות הוא בולך

הכבוד סלה



---

*Prologue*  
*David in Dialogue with a Jonathan*

To recognize  
the stillness of the moment  
is sublime

A walk in the woods  
a cup of tea with you  
in silence spent

A word  
here and there  
not more!

To add  
only when it  
will not subtract

From what you  
already know  
and that the other

Will only discover  
on his own  
not through verbiage

But through  
the stillness of the moment  
spent with you.

---

א

דַּשְׁפָּאדַי דַּנְפִי כְּלֹו זְפִי וְדַגְלֹוֹן

On Lord,

*open my lips so that my mouth shall*

א

ב

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יט

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כא

כב

*utter Your praise.*

---

*No Mask — No Entity  
only a vessel and its gifts*

There is no mask  
because there is no face

All that exists is a vessel  
which was broken

but is being put together  
again

Just as the baby  
from birth to infant of two

does not differentiate  
between its identity and that of others

so that all is illusion  
until that recognition

that each one  
is part of all without distinction

then the mask dissolves  
and all that exists is the vessel

---

---

In the vessel are all  
the emotions hurled into space

emotions depicted  
as separate fleeting entities of a dream

when, the cosmos  
is but one entity

the very web of life  
which is love

the very material of creation  
and its opposite, fear

Nothing else exists  
each a variation on that theme

Thus, only love exists  
and its absence is the void

the imaginary ego or self  
fades into its own nothingness

Thus, no emotions exist  
nor do separate entities

All that is left  
is the vessel

---

---

unique only because  
it can tune into one aspect of the Divine

to which no other entity  
has given voice

This is the paradox  
there is no mask, because there is no face

but a vessel  
which, when empty

can tune into  
as an instrument, or a tuning fork

to one single note of the universe  
uttering a sound

to make another part  
of the universe materialize into being

it was always here  
in potential, waiting for the utterance

as a copartner  
to creation

Therefore, I am the refugee  
the homeless person without a corner of the world

---

---

I am the perpetrator of crimes  
because I have not as yet stopped “him” from  
perpetrating crimes

I am well  
and I am ill

I have healed one part of the universe  
but not the other

I mete out justice  
and trample it, creating injustice

I am at peace  
or I am at war

I am a brother  
or a sister or I am withdrawn

I am a lover, a friend  
or I am distinct, separate

I am with all  
or I have become lost in illusion

The lighting, background sets, music choreography  
to the world; its cast and scripts from which to choose  
have been created as gifts by God,  
within me to take out at will,  
when I tend to His gardens  
and pools of water on the planet

---

---

I am conscious  
that I am conscious

or I am aware  
that I have been awakened

It is the consciousness that is life  
and when I love each vessel or its note

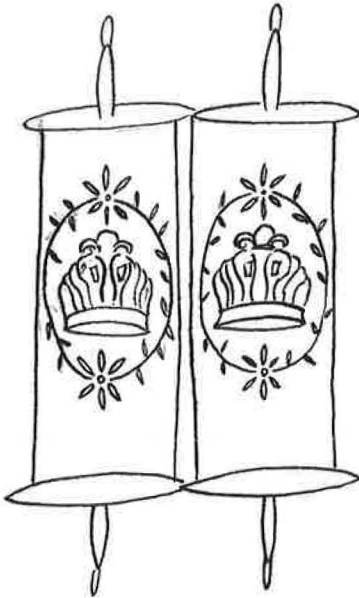
I make the Divine Chord  
of the universe audible for myself and others

There is no mask  
because there is no face

All that exists is the vessel.

---

כי אם בדר נור דה' אפצו



ובתור דנו יד אגדה יומם ולילה



*Psalm 1*

Water lapping, splashing, gurgling,  
washing the windows of the mind,  
once empty of itself,

The soul finds itself  
with the Divine,  
listening to His chords.

The soul, like a seashell with its cosmic echo,  
becomes a boomerang, hurling through space and time,  
only to return upon God's command.

---

הדור צאה זיו העולם צפשי זולת אהבדך  
אצא אל צא רפא צא לה בהראות לה צעם זיוך  
אז תכחזק ותתפא והיתה לה שמוזת עולם

*Psalm 2*

Peals of His forced laughter roar in the heavens;  
incessant rain falls  
on humanity's shipwrecked ark.

From clouds that heave and sigh,  
then ripped apart, their tears flow and flow  
as if, spilled from a measuring cup,  
which cannot find a drain;

Into a black hole beyond space and time,  
sorrows stream and gather in quantum masses,  
heavier than our galaxy,

Only to reappear to drown the universe,  
if not for the dikes from Zion,  
there would be no shelter, built on the prayers  
and deeds of repentance.

---

עֵינַי אֶל־יְהוָה וְלֹא־אֶל־עֵינַי אֲנִי  
וְלֹא־אֶל־עֵינַי אֲנִי וְלֹא־אֶל־עֵינַי אֲנִי

*Psalm 3*

The City of Jerusalem  
it too awakens from sleep's lullaby.

Each day,  
waiting for redemption;  
yet, redemption is waiting,  
to march through the Golden Gate;  
trumpets, *shofars* herald a procession,  
held in suspense.

As each awaits the other,  
time passes by.  
Another night ended  
or perhaps another day about to begin,  
waiting for redemption.

---



*Psalm 5*

I will not let go, O Lord,  
as long as You are with me,  
the drone is persistent,  
one continuous sigh,  
that never stops to inhale,  
sustained by the original breath of life,  
you gave me.

Listen to my plea,  
audible, only to you, O Lord,  
for only You choose to hear;  
in You, is my surety  
I will purify my thoughts,  
                  ponder my words,  
and, thus, enter into my actions.

Happy is the man,  
who is content with his lot,  
although he does not know it  
                  or understand it.

---

*Psalm 6*

The low note reverberates  
at the floor of my existence,  
attempting to make me stoop,  
to give in, to surrender  
with Your help, Dear Lord, I refuse;

That low note  
can be raised  
an octave higher;  
the choice is mine.

The eighth string of the *sheminith*  
plucked provides a bass  
that needs a taunt treble  
for harmony renewed.

With You, dear God,  
I tune my soul.

The eighth note, then becomes  
the background overture  
to a symphony;

Far above existence  
beyond the seventh string,  
to a sphere  
that only life provides.

When I choose to soar  
above the floor  
to take flight ...

---



א

Please, we implore you O Lord

אֱלֹהֵינוּ בְּכֹחַ גְּדֻלַּת יְמִינְךָ תַּתִּיר עָרֹוֹה

by the power of Your right hand,

קַבֵּל רַצְתָּ עִמָּךְ שְׁאָבְנוּ שְׁהַרְנוּ צוֹרֵנוּ

release the captive. Accept the prayer

אֱלֹהֵינוּ צְבוֹר דּוֹרְשֵׁי יִזְוֹדֶךָ כַּבְּבַת שְׂמֵרֵם

of your people; strengthen us, purify us,

בְּרַכְּנוּ שְׁהַרְנוּ רִזְמוֹנוֹ יִצְדַּקְתֶּךָ תְּמִיד גְּמוּלָם

Awesome One. Mighty One, we beseech

אֲדַמִּיךָ קְדוֹשׁ בְּרוּב שׁוֹבֵךְ צֶהֱל עַד־דַּךְ

You, great as the apple of an eye that who

יִזְדִּיר אֲתָהּ לַעֲמֹךְ פְּנֵי אֲדַמִּיךָ קְדוֹשׁ

see your greatness. Bless them, cleanse them,

שׁוֹעֲתֵנוּ קַבֵּל וּשְׁמַע צַעֲקֹתֵנוּ יוֹדֵעַ

Bless us, O Lord, favor your merciful righteousness;

תַּעֲלֹמוֹת בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתָנוּ לְעוֹלָם

Fair to You, O God, who acknowledge Your holiness.

וְעַד

צַפּוֹר שָׁמַיִם וּדְלִי הַיָּם עֲבַר אֲרָחוֹת

Psalm 7

יָמִים דָּגַלְתִּי אֶת-אֲזַנִּי מִדֵּבַר אֲרָחוֹת  
לִשְׂאֵת בְּכַף לְשׂוֹנֵאֵי אֲזַנִּי

By wishing harm to my enemies,  
I wound myself;

By speaking ill of my enemies,  
I make myself ill;

By carrying anger within me,  
I hold myself hostage to anxiety;

By giving in to impatience,  
I lose serenity;

By frustration,  
I unleash the violence of chaos;

By fear,  
I create horror;

By falling into anguish,  
I abandon hope and belief;

In giving myself to you, O God,  
I become one with You,  
Only then am I myself.

בְּשָׁמַיִם וּדְלִי הַיָּם עֲבַר אֲרָחוֹת

אִישׁ אֵיךְ דַּגְּלָה דְהוּדִיךָ עַל דַּשְׁמַיִם

*Psalm 8*

What is man that You  
should notice him and transmit  
dominion ov'r earth.

Who is he that You  
give him the world and seasons  
to do as he pleases

Or does he, is it  
but an illusion passing  
from brook, stream, river, ocean

then recycled all  
from whence it came to appear  
and yet never to be,

here but rather there,  
if there is a here only  
to glimpse the there;

for what is below  
is mirrored above and what is  
above is mirrored below

אִישׁ אֵיךְ דַּגְּלָה דְהוּדִיךָ עַל דַּשְׁמַיִם

וְיִשְׂרָאֵל יִשְׂרָאֵל

dependent on Him,  
yet, with choice, await and turn  
until fulfillment;

under tree and shade  
for reflection in water,  
moving, yet, always still,

the soul frees itself  
reaching there, to tell the tale  
here shatt'ring the pond,

pieces together  
missing notes, composed by God  
to be sung by man.

---

*Psalm 9*

A walk in the park,  
trees sway and sigh, leaves caress  
air that sends kisses

in the direction  
of the caress that settles  
on faces, yours and mine,

as we walk or sit  
without sound but for the breeze  
which brings you and me

together for now  
in the eternal instant,  
everlasting here

to be remembered  
by me in anguished moments,  
seized by illusion

that injustice triumphs,  
that violence vanquishes  
that illness attacks

but in blindness does  
it, deafen the inner ear,  
paralyze the soul;

temporarily,  
ash covers my soul until  
rekindled by flames

that silence ignites  
when I recognize in You,  
the Everlasting Here.

---

*Psalm 10*

I can hear the crying,  
feel the tears dripping,  
down his and her cheeks.

I can hear the scream,  
feel the pain of loneliness,  
understand anguish...

—————  
I can, too, dear God,  
but I can't stop it

...  
neither can I, now ...

—————  
Why, God, tell me why?  
Do orphans remain alone,  
do the widows mourn?

—————  
No, You tell me, why?  
I have a contract,  
a partnership, made

with humanity;  
I have honoured it.  
Has humanity?

---

It has broken it  
over and over again.  
Ask humanity,

all your questions.  
Bring any answers to Me,  
I always listen ...

---

No one has answered,  
Nor have many even listened.  
I turn to You, God.

---

My child, I hear you  
I was, am and will be Here.  
Will humanity?

---

That depends on You.

---

No my child, that depends on you,  
on each of you.

---

I answer prayers  
but someone must pray for them,  
widow and orphan

For that, they must hear,  
feel the pain of loneliness,  
understand the anguish.

---

Child, because I hear  
one who prays and one who acts,  
I must act when one

should but pray, act, and  
if humanity does not  
then I do alone;

If not here and now  
Than there and then, yet, always,  
I can hear the cry;

I can hear the scream;  
feel the pain of loneliness  
Understand anguish

My child, I hear you ...

...

אמרי האזינה ד' בינה האזיני  
הקשיבה לקול שועי מלכי  
ואהי כי אכיר אתפלל

---



נִי אֶתְּהוּ דְרַבְרָךְ יִפְדֶּינִי  
נִצְטָתְהוּ וַיִּצּוֹן דְּתַעֲטָרְתִּי

*Psalm 11*  
*(for the Tasher Rebbe)*

His inner peace drifts  
to calm illusion's chaos,  
making rock but sand;

He is that being  
consumed in worship's union,  
becomes the prayer.

His soul, a lit flame,  
burning, between heaven, earth  
beyond time and space,

fulfilling God's words  
"And I shall be sanctified  
amongst Israel's children."

The translucent rav's  
eyes, window to his soul  
a mirror to yours;

together dissolved  
drop by drop, soul by soul  
united in God's sea,

---

horizon's expanse  
into the infinity  
of the Spirit's Breath;

in thought, word and deed,  
by love's care for another,  
tree trunk's roots extend

to all other roots  
every soul together  
bound, branched heavenward.

כי צדיק ד' יצד לקידת אלה  
יעשר ימיו פנימו

---

*Psalm 12*

The fortunes of time  
enter the stream of history  
guided by the Master Being

His watchful presence  
dispersed in eternity's second  
travels like the night that passes into day

To begin anew  
what already was known  
but to a few who listened

To their inner voices  
knowing what it is  
that must be done

To alter the course  
of history though  
given at birth

If but taken  
rather than removed  
stolen by the mindless presence

Simply because  
it did not awake  
when there was still time

In this life  
to alter that which  
could be

---

If only awareness  
of conscience would surrender  
to the True Being

Since all else  
is but fleeting  
in a clouded sky

That disappears  
into the shadows  
of the night

But to return  
in a new life  
to begin again

what is left undone  
yet for another  
day or era

when it will be known  
that man must assume  
responsibility for who he is

And what he does  
otherwise he must face  
the jurors in another life

to begin anew  
what was already known  
but to the few who listened.

---

אמרוז

אמרוז

א

כסף

טהרוז

צרוף

לערץ

בעליל

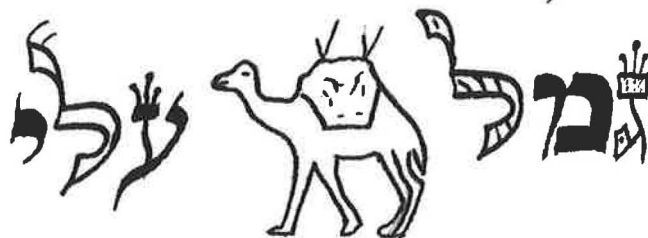
מוזקק

שבעתים

וְאֵלֵי בִזְסִידִךָ בְּטוֹחֹתַי



אֶפְשָׁר לָהּ לֵלֵךְ



*Psalm 13*

Spring, Summer, Autumn,  
Winter's dark stillness, waiting,  
trusting God's Spring comes

If we are created  
in God's image than the earth  
in heaven's image

If not here than there,  
the cycle returns to Spring  
after the winter —

---

*Psalm 14*

O Jerusalem,  
I look to you for comfort  
joy that comes from peace

Justice that combines  
with mercy to bring a truth  
by which all can live

It is to you, I  
turn, Lord, to open Your gates  
of understanding,

of human frailty  
as you have so often done  
before and must do

again, if we are  
to survive, not but within  
but also without

Save us from ourselves  
and from others who are just  
as foreign to us

as we are to ourselves,  
forgetting we are one  
organism within

and an organism  
without, if we are to live,  
it must be in peace —

---



*Psalm 15*

soul:           bird in flight  
                  your nest is God

body:           chariot on a mission,  
                  Your road the earth ...

The two meet,  
one in God:  
bird in flight  
          and  
chariot on a mission

---

ame:           oiseau en vol  
                  ton nid est Dieu

corps:          Chariot en mission,  
                  ta route la terre ...

Les deux se rencontrent,  
un en Dieu:  
oiseau en vol  
          et  
chariot en mission

---



שלידתי



כשגדתי

בדבר

שמים

לכן שמואל לבי ויגל כבודי אף בשרי ישכן אף את פניך לעימות בימיך

שמואל

תמיד

כי מימיני בל אמוט

לעשיר

*Psalm 16*

God's words resonate  
past, present and future, all one  
creation's echo

Eternal music  
testimony of all spheres  
called into life

No time, no space exists,  
only Divine sound uttered  
brings to existence

atoms split, only  
the void remains a witness  
to the vibration

the pendulum swings  
to and fro, with but nothing  
in between, a ripple

in the sound waves played  
on David's harp, composed by God  
which midnight's wind strums,

melodies of life  
everlasting not separated  
from this life or next

heard when we listen  
to the sunrises and sunsets  
on nature's soundscapes

---

which play symphonies  
that paint the landscapes we hear  
in music boxes

set in motion  
by God's words which reverberate  
in the soul's seashell.

---

*Psalm 17*

O Lord, keep me as the apple of your eye  
I am Your meditation  
As you are mine  
I merge with You, in You  
I am Your meditation  
In that all that You have created  
Is a reflection of You  
an echo, a reverberation  
of the words you uttered  
and that which came into being  
But You, Dear Lord, are so much more  
unfathomable  
ineffable for us  
for we, fathomable for You  
which is proof that you created us  
and not, we created You  
which, Dear Lord, is proof  
for the skeptics  
that You exist, have and will  
and we exist  
only by Your will  
and grace  
and You, Dear Lord, simply are  
the Eternal Present  
whose hem we touch  
when we acknowledge  
thus praise, Your presence  
we only are  
when we exult You  
for then we recognize  
that we are Your Meditation  
when we meditate on Your essence  
Knowing, we only are in You.

---

אז ירצנו כל עצי יער לפני ד' כי בא כי בא לשפט  
 הארץ ישפט תבל בצדק ועמים באמונתו:

כי כל משפטי לנגדי וזקתיו לא

אסיר מצו ואתי תמים עמו  
 כי אתה תאיר צריד אלהי  
 כי בארץ גדודי נאלי  
 עור הא תמים דרכו אלהי  
 ותתן לי מצו ישעך וימין  
 תסעדי וענתך תמלי מידך  
 מלמי עשית חסד למשיחיו לוח  
 וזרעו עד עולם הוסיף צרופה  
 מן מונ

לכל הזווסים בו:

### *Psalm 18*

All the trees are singing a hymn to God  
their light — the blueprint about to emerge  
from Spring's expectancy to Summer's birth,  
their leaves to bloom in a cry of life;  
now but an aura in a translucent womb  
of brilliance seen through the *hamsa*  
just as the radiant pulsation, vibrating light  
surrounds you and you in a rainbow bright.

How could there be anything but love  
for each sight heard in a frequency  
borne of serenity;  
thus, recognizing *Hashgaha Pratit*,  
God's eternal presence — His creation's chords  
sustained through the universe by which life  
continues;  
a cosmos whose sound echoes like the sea  
in a sea shell,  
purring awareness in its luminescence,  
a hymn, heard only in certain frequencies,  
a scale caught simply by tuning in  
through the soul's conductor to the  
Divine gift in all.

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*Psalm 19*  
(a)

From ethereal white,  
Midnight sky illuminated  
Blue ocean's horizon,

Emerald mossed forest  
Sun's splash of yellow aura  
Sunset's orange glow

to earth-life crimson

From the harmony of the spheres  
do, re, mi, fa, so  
la, ti navigates

the cosmos, planets  
each with but one note to play  
as every living being

sustains itself and  
the universe when it joins  
in unison, the all

In Sanctification  
of God, who forever breathes  
life into all.

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ד כור ד ד דמיימדה מושיבת צפנה

עדות ד צאמנה מזוכיבת צדק

פקודי ד ישרים משמחי לב

מצות ד ברה באירדת עליכם

יראת ד מדורה עמדת לעד

מישפט ד אמת צדק יודוך

דנזומדים מזהב ומפז רב ומתוקים מדבש ונתת צופים

*Psalm 19*  
*(b)*

Elusive justice  
where is it? how can I find it  
Why is it hiding?

Why must I search it?  
Justice, Justice, You shall pursue  
God has commanded us.

The tree of wisdom  
in the Garden of Eden  
stood there to be picked;

yet prohibited,  
Justice to be sought — absent  
from the co-partner

to creation  
who must first find it  
to apply it, case

by case,  
without justice no garden  
exists since the tree

of life is missing,  
when justice is not found or  
not sought at all.

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*Psalm 20*

To perpetuate life  
as a vessel receives light  
is the victory

By which to reflect  
the Divine light in others  
in the dark of space.

To withstand the night,  
Daybreak's symphony plays chords  
into hope's sunrise

Withstanding black holes  
where light's radiance awaits  
the human vessel

giving and drawing  
light mutually to sustain  
the lives' lights of all.

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*Psalm 21*  
*In Memory of Dr. Jakub Herzig*  
*(yarzeit — 42 years)*

Triumph over time  
enter the Eternal Now  
as participant

Not as observer,  
aware of the wind and sun  
rain, clouds, stars and moon

the laughter and tears  
of each breathing being  
each leaf and petal

each drop of the whole  
in season's rhythms  
in birth's gestation

a synchronized world,  
an interdependent web  
of energy flow

initiated  
by Divine Will and sustained  
moment to moment

Space between moments  
transcends time's illusion,  
its God's presence.

---

*Psalm 22 (Yom Hazikaron)*

Not the final road,  
but illusion makes it so;  
blind, deaf and stricken

despair surrounds me;  
the sets, props, actors convince me,  
I betrayed myself

for fleeting moments  
I lost sight of eternity  
souls everlasting.

Salvation in You  
was, is and will be, simply  
I forgot again.

---

מזמור לדוד רעי לא אלוסד  
בצאת דשא ירביצני

על מי מנזוחת יגהלי

נפשי ישובב יגהלי

במעגלי צדק למען  
שמו

גם כי אגלך בגיא צלמוד  
לא אירא רע כי אנתה עמוד

שבדנך ומושעך

המה יגהלי  
תעריך לפני  
שאלזון נגד  
צררי דשנת  
בשבבן ראשי

כנסי ריידה אגך טוב וזוסד ירד פוני כלמי  
וזיי  
ושבדני בבית ד — לארך ימים

*Psalm 23*

In your world's garden  
I lose myself in You, God  
and thought remains still

All merges, becomes one  
Your Collage, transfixes my soul,  
stream, river, pasture

turns sky, sun and clouds,  
reflected in the mirrors  
of my eyes;

Hand in hand, we walk  
as You teach me Your ways and  
accompany me home.

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אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
וְיִשְׁמְרֵנוּ וְיִשְׁכְּלֵנוּ  
וְיִשְׁמְרֵנוּ וְיִשְׁכְּלֵנוּ  
וְיִשְׁמְרֵנוּ וְיִשְׁכְּלֵנוּ

וְיִשְׁמְרֵנוּ וְיִשְׁכְּלֵנוּ  
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וְיִשְׁמְרֵנוּ וְיִשְׁכְּלֵנוּ  
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וְיִשְׁמְרֵנוּ וְיִשְׁכְּלֵנוּ



יִלְרַכֵּךְ אֲדָוָה וַיִּמְלֵךְ מִמֶּךָ.

וַיִּזְדַּקְךָ וַיִּשְׁלַח לְךָ

מִיְמֵיךָ וַיִּשְׁלַח לְךָ

מִיְמֵיךָ וַיִּשְׁלַח לְךָ

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מִיְמֵיךָ וַיִּשְׁלַח לְךָ

מִיְמֵיךָ וַיִּשְׁלַח לְךָ

יְשַׁע בְּרִנְדָּה בְּמַעֲדוֹ וּבְצַדִּיקָה מֵאֵלֵי יְיָ שְׁעוּ

*Psalm 24*

Prepare for the Lord  
in thought, in speech and in deed.  
wait in confidence

Golden Temple Gates  
lift, His Majesty precedes  
white-robed Temple priests,

the throng's procession,  
His sanctity, each soul's space  
for He is the Place.

On Mount Moriah  
is the world's foundation stone,  
Creation's blueprint.



*Psalm 25 (Yom Ha'atzmaut 5758)*

Ricocheting light  
bursts into my world-scape, Lord,  
if I but open

the eyes of my soul;  
every path, I am to choose shines  
in my spirit's mirror.

Soaring above clouds  
of illusions, I free myself  
by the choice You give.

Everlasting Guide,  
You wait at the walls, I built  
for my open door;

While I look for the keys  
when no entrance has been locked  
as my time goes by;

and, yet, you still wait  
for me to awaken now,  
or, maybe later.

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שָׁלוֹם

שלום

שָׁלוֹם

שָׁלוֹם

שָׁלוֹם

שלום

שָׁלוֹם

שָׁלוֹם

*Shalom*

*Let There Be Peace.*

*Epilogue*

Where have the years gone?  
To map the body, etch the soul,  
drop into the sea;

yet with each mem'ry  
a landslide of emotions  
paintings and music,

each mem'ry a country  
enlarged on the map, decreases  
all the other states;

exhibits revolve  
silenced by meditation  
beyond time and space,

where the soul resides  
in the Everlasting Now  
impervious to age.

---

***“Bergstein, Bergstein”***

(For Mundi, who recited all 150 psalms every day and for Lily, his devoted wife and best friend)

“Bergstein, Bergstein,” continued to resound as the refrain from an echo from the hundreds of grateful farewell-wishers at the shore as the ship pulled out of Shanghai Harbour.

A chapter had ended. With his wife, Lily, at his side, Solomon or Mundi, as he was affectionately called, was leaving the transit camp that had given them both refuge, when no other corner of the world had offered their fleeing bodies a haven from Nazi Austria, although their souls had always been anchored to each other.

No one had ever made a public commotion about either of them since their student days. Now, Mundi had found acclaim for what he had done, singlehandedly, in establishing an apothecary where he worked day and night to attend to the first aid needs, as well as to the medicine he could concoct by himself from items in the camp, or purchase from the Chinese authorities, to attend to the pain or illnesses of the refugees as best he could.

He negotiated, transacted, bargained, pleaded or simply prayed that he be able to find the supplies, needed.

As he heard his name repeated over and over, tears slid down his cheeks, like the drops of medication he so often counted to cure others. He looked at the first ocean ahead on his journey to New York, a haven, finally offered by U.S. authorities to Jews, after too long a wait which had cost so many, their lives.

They both continued to wave goodbye as their family-name began to swirl with the waves, the engine of the ship and the prevailing winds.

Now in their early forties, both realized that they would not be known to others and that again, they would be strangers. That did not cause either of them any pain. The anguish, both felt, was for those

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killed in Europe and those who remained, who, as yet, were waiting for visas to safe havens. Mundi also thought of his make-shift apothecary and the young pharmacist, whom he trained, not in pharmacology, but in perseverance, that was necessary to obtain medical supplies through any channel or contact available.

As the last well-wishers were seen, he embraced Lily, and by his silence and her reciprocal response, all was understood.

... the tea biscuits, strawberry jam and teabags in the pantry of their apartment were a sign of the same meticulous care that had been shown throughout their lives, whether in the apothecary in Vienna or in Shanghai, in his pharmacy in New York or in her kitchen cupboard, now, specifically prepared, waiting for our arrival.

My brother and I shared the treat left for us when we came to bury Lily, who had only recently described the Shanghai harbour scene of fifty-two years earlier. Nothing gave her solace, since Mundi's departure in his sleep, three years previously, to the shore to which she eagerly waited to sail to rejoin him.

As her ship was now drawing closer, he waited at the port and calls of "Bergstein, Bergstein," were heard again.

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וְיָיִן לְרֵעוֹן אֲבֹרִי כִּי וְהָגִיוֹן לִבִּי לִפְנֵיךְ דְּשִׁירֵי וְהַאֲלִי  
 May the words  
 of my mouth and the meditation  
 of my heart be acceptable before  
 You. Oh Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

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לְפָנֶיךָ יְיָ  
בַּשָּׁנָה הַבְּאִתָּה

*Next Year In:*

יְרוּשָׁלַיִם

*Jerusalem, Amen.*

הַבְּאִתָּה



Thank you mother for standing behind me through all those years in Israel. You've enabled me to learn the Holy Torah and to write the Holy Letters.

Thank you family and friends for your prayers and blessings.

Thank you Chaim Dovid Saracik for teaching me to write the Holy Letters.

Rabbi Akiva Greenberg, you are an inspiration. I am comforted when I am in your presence.

Rabbi Chaim Tabaski, gevalt, what did you not teach me! From the alphabet below to the Aleph-Bet above. Thank you for all your time and patience.

Reb Shlomo, your passion for singing The Psalms continues to lift the spirit. The echo of your voice continues to resonate.

Michel, you certainly are a "mayan hamitgaber," "an ever increasing wellspring," and your words are from "mayen olam ha-ba," "a fountain from the worlds above." Thank you for all the honor and blessings. You've taught me to look forward at the same time as being so connected to what is behind.

Amy, (Ahava Tzipora), my dear wife, thank you for your everlasting support, encouragement, friendship, Emunah and Shalom that you give me.

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*Jamie Shear*

**J**amie Shear (Zalman Leib), received his certificate of qualification to be a scribe, (Sofer STaM) from The Va'ad Mishmeret STaM in B'nei Brak, Israel while studying Biology at Bar Ilan University. For seven years, Jamie has been writing the Hebrew letters and decorating selected texts. "I love to take my favorite Psalms, Blessings and Prayers and write them in all sorts of shapes and forms. Then I add more life to them by decorating them with different artistic techniques. By doing this,

I feel that I am fulfilling the verse in Exodus 15:2, that says, 'This is my Lord and I will glorify Him, The Lord of my fathers, I will adorn.' "

Jamie took courses in western calligraphy, medieval illumination, watercolour, drawing, and stained glass. His artwork has appeared in several shows. They presently hang all across the globe. His work has been commissioned by a variety of patrons, from private collectors to public institutions and synagogues. He has collaborated with several other artists on various projects, including a solo exhibition in a gallery in Montreal with his sister Mindy Shear.

Jamie specializes in writing Tefilin, Mezzuzot, Megillot, and Ketubot. He writes the Ketubah with the letters of the Torah on hand-made paper, wood or parchment, and decorates them with all styles of art from medieval to modern. The work is tasteful and elegant. It is filled with meaning and symbolism.

Jamie is currently living in Montreal, Canada with Amy his wife. He is seeking to fulfill his life-long dreams: to write a Sefer Torah, and to settle in Israel.

הכלויה תכלו א בקדשו תללוהו ברקיע עזו תללוהו בלבבו דניו

תכלויה תכלו א בקדשו תללוהו ברקיע עזו תללוהו בלבבו דניו



Michel M.J. Shore



Jamie Shear

### *I Hear Music in Every Psalm*

*Meditation - Poems*

*Michel M.J. Shore*

*Illustrations and Calligraphy*

*Jamie Shear*

Each psalm-poem is an inspiration of the corresponding numbered psalm. A dialogue with David, the harpist-psalmist, throughout the generations, forever yearning for God in our midst.

Acclaim received for Michel Shore's previous works: *Jerusalem Breezes: A Human Panorama of Jerusalem and a Hope for Peace*; *O Canada, Canada*; and *The Tempest (Random Readings in Ethical Temperature)*:

"I want to share your hope that our potential as a nation will emerge from dream to reality." ... "It is a thought-provoking piece which I am sure will be well-received."  
- Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau

"A most welcome addition to our Canadiana Library..."  
- Governor General Ed Schreyer

"... disarming collages of inspiring memories.... Shore bears his heart on issues most vital to Canadians and all other human beings ..." ... "he is proving to be a graceful, tasteful writer.... Shore doesn't preach. His serious messages peak through the many-coloured coats of his impressionistic prose."  
- Burt Heward, Book Editor, *Ottawa Citizen*

"I liked it. I found reverberations.... They reflect [the author's] anguish - and [his] fervour."- Elie Wiesel

אוימתא וכו' אוןא לאת וכו' אוןא אוןא

תכלויה תכלו א בקדשו תללוהו ברקיע עזו תללוהו בלבבו דניו