



And your people, all of them righteous, shall inherit the land forever, a scion of My planting, the work of My hands...
 (Haftorah, Ki Savo, Yeshaya 60:21)

A little kid takes pride
 In the dollar bill he earned
 A bigger kid in the bicycle
 To ride that he has learned
 Getting older he'll take pride
 In the nice car he will ride

A successful lawyer,
 He'll scorn all of this
 Taking pride in the successes
 Of his legal practice
 Then again, the billionaire
 Looks on in disdain
 Winning a court case
 is such small game
 Flipping a skyscraper
 Now that is something
 Making billions
 That's worth bragging

Everyone takes pride
 Based on the league he is in
 So what then, oh what
 Can Hashem take pride in?

"Your nation are all Tzaddikim"
 Says the One and Only
 "The work of My hand
 In which I feel glory." (Yeshaya 60:21)

The Zohar (Vol. 1, pg. 93a) asks:
 Are there not also reshaim?
 How many of us
 Are truly tzadikim?
 The answer it gives
 We can't really understand
 But the knowledge of its truth
 Is the Torah's demand:
 There's something special
 In every Jew
 Deep down he's a Tzaddik
 No matter what he may do

So let us lift our heads high
 No matter the state we are in
 The Creator of Heaven and Earth
 It's us He takes pride in!

