

In My Arms

In my arms a child is held
a nameless being
possessed of unknown potentialities

In my arms an infant is held
Upon whom we confer in the presence of her people
We are parents and this is our child
We are forever bound to each other.

In our arms a child is cradled
no stranger thrown into an alien world
but a human being born into a faith, culture, tradition
This child belongs to our people
Upon us, this child has claims
Upon this child, the community has claims.

In our arms, a child is embraced
a child of god
into whose nostrils the wind of life is breathed
by the spirit of Godliness.

This name is a dream, a hope, an oath
for Torah—moral wisdom
for Chuppah—sanctified love
for *maasim tovim*—the practice of good deeds.

May the name be a blessing
to her family, her people, and humankind
and to God in whose image this child was created.

