

# *It's In Our Hands*

*W*ho shall answer the cry  
and who shall be betrayed by silence?  
Whose wounds will be bandaged  
and whose will be allowed to fester?

In our hands to sweeten the bitter  
To soften the hardness of the heart  
Through *t'shuvah* and *tefillah* and *ma'asim tovim*  
The thrust of the sword can be restrained  
The choked and strangled enabled to breathe freely  
Our own lives turned into shelters from the biting winds  
Refuge from the angry storms.

