



Praying is listening

Once a Jewish rabbi from Krakow
Came into his son's room.
He saw that his son was praying.
In the corner of the room stood a cradle.
From the cradle came the plaintive cry of a small child.
I think that the rabbi had come because of that sound.
Then the rabbi asked his son:
'Boy, don't you hear that that child is lying there crying?'
The boy raised his eyes and answered his father:
'But I was busy praying, my thoughts were with God.'
The rabbi shook his head and answered:

Whoever's thoughts are with God
hears a child that cries.
If he doesn't see a fly
And doesn't hear the child cry
Then his thoughts are not with God,
He is preoccupied with himself.'
The boy picked up the child out of the cradle
And the child stopped crying.

'Amen', said the boy.