



ברכת האילנות

Birkat Ha'Ilanot

The following bracha is said only once a year, during the month of Nissan, on fruit trees in blossom.

It is not said on flowering trees that do not bear fruit.

Say the bracha ONLY if you are sure that the trees are fruit-bearing.

It is not said on fruit trees that already have fruit; only on fruit trees when they display the flower blossoms that precede their fruit.

It is preferable to say the bracha on at least two trees.

The bracha should be said with a sense of awe, appreciation, admiration, and joy of HaShem and the world He created for us.

We specifically acknowledge Him in the presence of fruit trees which delight our senses with their floral displays, even before they provide us with their tasty fruit. We realize that this is an extra-special gift from G-d to us.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה ה' אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
שֶׁלֹא חָסַר בְּעוֹלָמוֹ דָּבָר,
וּבְרָא בּוֹ בְרִיּוֹת טוֹבוֹת וְאֵילָנוֹת טוֹבִים
לְהַנּוֹת בָּהֶם בְּנֵי אָדָם:

Some versions have **כָּלֹם** instead of **דָּבָר**

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Some add these T'hilim (122 and 128)

שִׁיר הַמַּעֲלוֹת לְדָוִד, שֶׁמַּחֲתִי בְּאִמְרִים לִי, בֵּית ה' נִלְךְ. עֲמֵדוֹת הָיוּ רַגְלֵינוּ, בְּשַׁעֲרֶיךָ יְרוּשָׁלַיִם. יְרוּשָׁלַיִם הַבְּנוּיָה, כְּעִיר שֶׁחִבְּרָה לָהּ יַחְדָּו. שָׁשָׂם עָלָיו שְׁבָטִים שְׁבָטֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל לְיִשְׂרָאֵל, לְהַדוֹת לְשֵׁם ה'. כִּי שָׁמָּה יָשְׁבוּ כִסְאוֹת לְמִשְׁפָּט, כִּסְאוֹת לְבֵית דָּוִד. שָׂאֲלוּ שְׁלוֹם יְרוּשָׁלַיִם, יִשְׁלִי אֶהְבִּיךָ. יְהִי שְׁלוֹם בְּחִילֶךָ, שְׁלוֹהָ בְּאַרְמְנוֹתֶיךָ. לְמַעַן אַחֵי וְרַעֲי, אֲדַבְּרָה נָא שְׁלוֹם בְּךָ. לְמַעַן בֵּית ה' אֲלֹהֵינוּ, אֲבַקֶּשֶׁה טוֹב לָךְ.

שִׁיר הַמַּעֲלוֹת, אֲשֶׁרֵי כָל יְרֵא ה', הַהֲלִיךְ בְּדַרְכָיו. יִגִּיעַ כְּפִיךָ כִּי תֹאכַל, אֲשַׁרְיֶךָ וְטוֹב לָךְ. אֲשַׁתֶּךָ כַּגֶּפֶן פְּרִיָהּ בִּירְכָתִי בִּיתֶךָ, בְּנִיךָ כְּשֶׁתְּלִי זֵיתִים, סָבִיב לְשַׁלְחָנֶךָ. הִנֵּה כִי כֵן יִבְרַךְ גָּבֶר, יְרֵא ה'. יִבְרַכְךָ ה' מִצִּיּוֹן, וְרֵאָה בְּטוֹב יְרוּשָׁלַיִם, כָּל יְמֵי חַיֶּיךָ. וְרֵאָה בָנִים לְבְנֶיךָ, שְׁלוֹם עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

Trees by Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest

Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks to God all day,

And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear

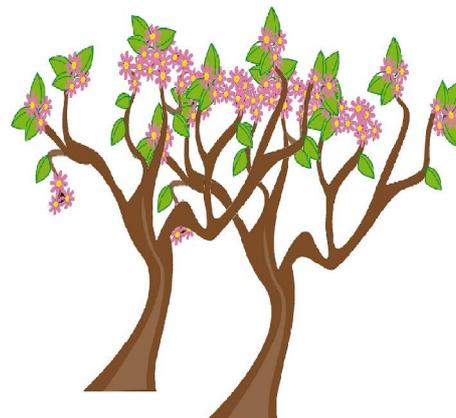
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;

Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree.



ILAN, ILAN from Taanit 5b-6a: ...To what may this be compared? To a man who was journeying in the desert; he was hungry, weary and thirsty and he lighted upon a tree the fruits of which were sweet, its shade pleasant, and a stream of water flowing beneath it; he ate of its fruits, drank of the water, and rested under its shade. When he was about to continue his journey, he said: Tree, O Tree, with what shall I bless you? Shall I say to you, 'May your fruits be sweet'? They are sweet already; that your shade be pleasant? It is already pleasant; that a stream of water may flow beneath you? Lo, a stream of water flows already beneath you; therefore [I say], 'May it be [God's] will that all the shoots taken from you be like you.' So also with you. With what shall I bless you? With [the knowledge of the Torah?] You already possess [knowledge of the Torah]. With riches? You have riches already. With children? You have children already. Hence [I say], 'May it be [God's] will that your offspring be like you.'