פרשת שופטים (2)

- א. במנהיגות ובמנהיגים עוסקת הפרשה: מי ראוי למלוך, ומי רשאי לשפוט, מי צריך להנהיג את העם במלחמה, ומי אחראי על הסדר החברתי בעת שלום.
- ב. (יח) נָבִיא אַקִּים לָהָם מְקָרֶב אָחֶיהָם כַּמוֹדְ וְנַחַמִּי דְבַרֵי בָּפִיו וְדְבֶּר אֲלֵיהָם אָת כַּל אַשֶׁר אַצְוַנִּוּ: (יט) וְהַיָּה הָאִישׁ אַשֶּׁר לֹא יִשְׁמַע אָל דְּבָרִי אֲשֶׁר יָדַבֵּר בְּשָׁמִי אָנֹכִי אָדְרֹשׁ מַעָמוֹ: (כ) אַדְּ הַנַּבִיא אַשֶׁר יָזִיד לְדַבֵּר בְּשָׁמִי אָת [20-18] אַשֶּׁר לֹא צָוִּיתִיו לְדַבֶּר וַאֲשֶׁר יִדַבֶּר בִּשֶׁם אֱלֹהִים אֲחֶרִים וּמֵת הַנָּבִיא הַהוּא: [דברים יח, [
- ג. את דבר האלהים, את האמת, יביא אל העם הנביא. ואם יאמר דבר שאין בו צדק, ואם יוביל את שומעיו בדרך שאין בה יושר ומוסר, סימן הוא כי אינו נושא את דבר האלהים - נביא שקר הוא ודינו מוות.

Masters of War / Bob Dylan

Come you masters of war You that build all the guns You that build the death planes You that build the big bombs You that hide behind walls You that hide behind desks I just want you to know I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin' But build to destroy You play with my world Like it's your little toy You put a gun in my hand And you hide from my eyes And you turn and run farther When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old You lie and deceive A world war can be won You want me to believe But I see through your eyes And I see through your brain Like I see through the water That runs down my drain

You fasten the triggers For the others to fire Then you set back and watch When the death count gets higher You hide in your mansion As young people's blood Flows out of their bodies And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear That can ever be hurled Fear to bring children Into the world For threatening my baby Unborn and unnamed You ain't worth the blood That runs in your veins

How much do I know To talk out of turn You might say that I'm voung You might say I'm unlearned But there's one thing I know Though I'm younger than vou Even Jesus would never Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question Is your money that good Will it buy you forgiveness Do you think that it could I think you will find When your death takes its All the money you made Will never buy back your

т.

And I hope that you die And your death'll come soon I will follow your casket In the pale afternoon And I'll watch while you're lowered Down to your deathbed And I'll stand o'er your grave 'Til I'm sure that you're dead