

*The time came when to the heavenly court  
I was ordered to deliver my report.  
I was to be judged as to how I behaved  
Every detail of my life recorded and saved.*

*Of course I was worried but not overly concerned.  
Plenty of mitzvos on earth I had earned.  
So I stood in the queue waiting to see  
which seat on Gan Eden had been prepared for me?*

*As I waited, I remembered some incidents with pride  
When my neighbor needed help and I stood by her side.  
The time when a poor Meshulach came to my door  
I normally gave a pound but sense he needed more.  
I made him so happy he blessed me and all  
Many similar incidents I was able to recall.  
The sickly old lady whom in the hospital I met  
I fed her warm soup, her smile I'll never forget.*

*"Plonis bas Plonie" I heard a loud voice.  
"Its your turn to give Din  
V'cheshbon, you have no choice."  
With luggage full of mitzvos I stood before him;  
Truly recognizing a Moloch Elokim.*

*He opened my luggage and gave a sad look,  
I sensed something was wrong;  
I trembled, I shook,  
He said: "Your bags are empty, can't you see?"  
"What do you mean?" I questioned. "How can this be?"  
"I'll explain to you," he said. "I'll make myself clear.  
You'll understand everything with the Moshol you hear:*

*"Try filling a barrel with the best choice wine  
And leave it inside until you wish to dine.  
If the barrel has a tiny hole or a crack as thin as air  
Soon you'll find it empty as if that wine was never there.*

*"However if you fill a barrel without a defect  
Even ordinary wine will remain intact.  
The wine can always be improved by adding more taste.  
Leave it to ferment nary a drop to waste.  
The same reasoning, Dear Women, to Bas Yisroel applies  
Many mitzvos every Yiddisher Tochter tries*

However she must first make absolutely sure  
That her appearance & chitzonius is 100% secure.

"For the mitzva can escape through a very small slit  
Or can be compacted when wearing a tight knit.  
A garment too short allows enough space  
For mitzvos to disappear entirely without trace.

"A sheitel that swings and breezily flows  
Discard the mitzva as the wind blows.  
How about a leg covering that's too thin?  
The mitzva seeps out and cannot stay in.

"Chic, grace or attractiveness by onlookers admired  
Punctures the neshomo as if bullets have been fired.  
So you can understand though you did mitzvos aplenty  
They must have disappeared and left your bags empty.  
And now dear lady, the film I'll show you  
Is of your life on earth - all of it true:"

There I was walking down the street  
Is that really me? I suddenly felt defeat.  
I remember the times I was told "YOU don't look right Chumie  
And angrily retorted, "Stop being a frumie  
Who do you think you are? Telling me what to do?  
Look at yourself first; you need improvement, too."

I answered in feigned innocence, "What is wrong with the way I look?  
I'm covered where necessary, so I resemble some model in a book."

I looked at the film again and now truly believed  
That by the mirror on earth I was terribly deceived.

Why didn't I think that there would come a day  
When I'd be questioned in Shomaim? Then what would I say?  
Now I am up here and telling you, dear friend,  
That just like mine, every life comes to an end.  
And when that end comes, be ready to proudly say  
I was a true tzenua in every possible way.