



Soul Sisters Sharing Shofar

Tatyana Yassenov

#20

My sister lived in Haifa for 30 years. She was not observant, but always a very proud Jew. As a matter of fact, among five of us sisters, she is the only one who married a Jew. We all intermarried. It was very common in the USSR.

At the end of the second day of Rosh HaShana, she called me and said,

"Are you standing or sitting?" I knew right away that she was going to tell me something special. And this is her story:

Today, at 9:30 am, I came from the beach. I began unloading my car when two men wearing tallitot passed by. Then one asked me, "Are you Jewish?"

I was kind of embarrassed. Imagine me in my beach clothes, hair not covered, on Rosh HaShana, by the open trunk of my car. But I answered:

"Yes, I am."

"Did you hear the Shofar?" he said.

"No."

"Can you read Hebrew?"

"Yes." He gave her a piece of paper with the written blessing and, for the first time in her life, she read a brocha.

And then he blew the Shofar! Many, many times:

Tekiah, Shefarim-Terua, Tekiah-Gedolah...

When he finished, he asked: "Where are you from?"

"The city of Vitebsk in Belarus", I said. "Oh. It was a very Chassidische city", he said.

"Yes. I know. But in my lifetime there was nothing Jewish left after the War. Not even one Synagogue."

"Do you know why Stalin didn't win", he said. "Because you and I, today, on Rosh HaShana, are here in Israel listening to the Shofar!"

She finished. And the tears were flowing down my cheeks. "Do you understand", I said, "that they were not humans? Where are all the religious men on Rosh HaShana, at 9:30 am?!"

"Yes. I know. They were angels!" She knew!!

This is my little sister, Valentina Chaya's story.

She passed away after losing the battle with cancer, on the third day after Hanukkah, a couple of months after Rosh HaShana and exactly one month before her 73rd birthday...

She heard the Shofar blast!

May her memory be for a blessing...

Tatyana Yassenov

Tzfat Israel June 2022.

Mini biography of Tatyana Yassenov

I was born in the Soviet Union at the end of World War II. All we Jews knew about Judaism was that "JEWISH" was written in the column "nationality" on official documents. My professional life was in Baku, Azerbaijan. After ethnic conflict there, in 1989 we ended up for two years in Moscow as refugees. Communism collapsed.

A lot of families split. Half of our extended family went to Israel. My immediate family went to America. Only there did I begin learning what Judaism really was. After twenty years, as a mature adult, Baruch H., I decided to completely change my life, and I became observant. I felt that there was nothing more for me to do in The States and I made Aliyah to Tzfat six years ago.

Although my family is still in America, for me, Tzfat is the best city in the world. The English-speaking community is growing, and people are extremely friendly. Although I live alone, there is so much to learn and so many Holy places to visit. What can I say: life is exciting!

Ask the Rabbi Rabbi Chaim Coffman

For this upcoming Elul & Rosh Hashanah for a woman what are, our highest priorities?

A woman needs to be introspective and work on fixing up bad character traits in the month of Elul, just like a man. She should try to read books and listen to shiurim that are going to inspire her to want to change. Even if she has a lot of children and feels overwhelmed, at the very least, she should try to daven with a little more focus, realizing that it is an auspicious time for teshuva.

She should be realistic about her situation, knowing what she is capable of doing while, at the same time, making goals, even small ones, a reality. We all have things to work on but the idea is to tackle things in small soundbites that are doable.

We should use the days of Elul and Rosh Hashanah as a spiritual uplift that should continue all year around!

At Any Hour

Harav Shlomo Gissinger, zt"l

ArtScroll

By Avrohom Birnbaum

Just when we think we know most of today's outstanding leaders in Am Yisrael. Along comes another giant that takes your breath away!

How could one man as Rabbi Gissinger, in one lifetime excel in being a top halachah medical genius, saving many lives and helping hundreds of mothers who had despaired of ever attaining that title, pry open doors for scores of children who otherwise wouldn't have had a school to go, be a trailblazer in kashrus, and at the same time fit in all of the hundreds of stories demonstrating his unique humble, chessed, as truly he was a mastermind of sensitivity!

In one story of him, a doctor reading a routine sonogram told the parents, "The ultrasound shows a number of serious health and developmental problems... The parents, feeling as if they were choking and fainting stumbled out of the office as the doctor handed them the results, a long, twenty-page printout that delineated all of the things that will be wrong with the baby.

Selichos- Attaching Ourselves to the Passions of the Old Zadies & Bubbe's...

We have entered a new phase in the preparation of the *Yamim Noraim* (Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur). Starting Rosh Chodesh Elul, we start our *avodah* the teshuva process by reflecting upon how we can improve our lives. But now we have entered into the days of Selichos. This is already the stage of the *tefillos* of the *Yamim Noraim*. On the first day of *Selichos*, we connect ourselves with all of the previous generations.

Tzadok, writes: "On the first night of Selichos, Hakadosh Baruch Hu sends us to shul with all of the הרגשות (emotions, feelings) and *kavanos* of all the previous generations and adds our הרגשות to those. And each year, the Selichos are more powerful than they have ever been because they contain the combined energies of all of the *tefillos* and הרגשות of all the previous generations.

Our Zadie's and Bubbe's knew how on the first night of *Selichos*, they, too, were precious, *heilige Yidden* persecuted by the goyim, and while the whole world was asleep they went into the beis midrash with their heads bowed, הכנעה with humility), with אימה (trepidation) and with פחד (fear and with awe). It really brings home the message of the days of Selichos ...for more of Rabbi Wachsman on Elul call Chazak!

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For an Elul shiur by
Rabbi Ephraim Wachsman

Desperately they called Rabbi Gissinger and he instructed them to come straight to his house. The Rav sat at his desk for about 20 minutes intensely concentrating on the papers. Then lifted his eyes and said, "Mrs. Taub, this baby will be one hundred percent healthy!"*

Less than nine months later they became the proud parents of a one-hundred-cent healthy baby, just as the Rav Gissinger had said.

He saw the beauty and the purity of the neshamah tehorah, pure Jewish soul, that at times was covered in layers of spiritual grime.

His berachah to many children was, "They should serve Hashem with b'simcha"!

Converts & Parents—Some Mourning Practices

Reb Mordechai Marcovitz



Rav Ephraim Oshry, is holding the only sefer Torah to survive the ghetto.

The sefer, *Shu"t M'mahmakim* (literally "From the Depths"), was written by Rav Ephraim Oshry, during the years 1941-1945, in the Kovno (Kaunas) Ghetto. Filled with many questions showing the depth and strength of the Jewish soul, in *chelek 3, siman 8* an interesting question was brought to him.

He writes a response in regards to a righteous gentile who saved about eleven Jews during the war. After the war, some of those saved learned of her passing. R' Oshry rules emphatically to recite kaddish on this non-Jew's behalf. He explains that kaddish is a form of prayer, which is relevant to all of human kind.

Based on this, the question arises is a convert allowed to observe the laws of a mourner for his non-Jewish relatives? Interestingly, R' Yehudah haChasid (*d. 1217, Sefer Chassidim (siman 790)*) writes "If there was a non-Jew who performed favors for Jews, one is allowed to request from Hashem to be lenient in the non-Jew's heavenly judgment".

However, later on, he writes "A convert who requests to find favor on behalf of his mother or father will not help to diminish their heavenly judgment".

I would like to suggest that the second quote, in regards to a convert, is specifically when the convert did not receive any assistance from his parents. The first quote would apply to converts that did receive some form of benefit from their parents.

Rav Ahron Valkin (*d. 1943, Shu"t Zakein Ahron, chelek 2, siman 87*) writes that a convert is Rabbinically obligated to continue to honor his parents after his conversion. However, he concludes, the convert should prefer to reciting Tehillim (psalms), and to serve as chazzan only on occasion, as a merit for his deceased parent.

I also heard from Rav Rottman, ztz"l, that there exists an obligation of gratitude from the convert towards his parents. Practically speaking, the halacha {*Mordechai (Moed Katan, siman 907), Shulkan Aruch (Yoreh Deah, siman 374, seif 5), Shach (ibid., seif katan 4)*} is that a convert is not required to observe any of the standard rules of mourning, unless this would cause an affront to his family.

Rema (*ibid., seif 6*) rules that there is no need to object to someone who wishes to act like a mourner, even though he is not obligated to mourn. Rav Shlomo Zalman Auerbach (*quoted in Nishmas Avraham, vol. 5, page 141*) pointed out that such a mourner would still be obligated in learning Torah when he is not in the presence of consolers.

Of course, as explained above, there still remains a moral obligation to honor his parents, both while alive and after their passing. For example, one would be allowed to sit on a low chair, or light a candle. I also heard in the name of Rav Shmuel Fuerst, shlit"a, that a convert would be allowed to recite the blessing of "*The True Judge*" upon hearing of a death in his family (given that the convert feels the loss).

Potential points of conflict could include: the precedence given to another mourner in the honor of leading the minyan; a man's obligation in learning Torah; one's obligations to family members. These are but a few examples that the convert's mourning does not supersede his other obligations.

There are other cases that mourning could be allowed. Rav Chaim Kauffman told me about a convert that lost his father. However, the fact of his conversion was scarcely known to others. Therefore, Rav Moshe Sternbauch ruled that he would be allowed to keep the regular *halachos* of mourning.

As always, a Rav must be consulted with each individual case. Significant care must be taken when others (i.e., his spouse and children) would be affected from his mourning.

Quieted Jews Until...

Third Generation In-House Rebellion!

Rachelle Ellis

My mommy grew up in South Philadelphia, but not in the Jewish part of the neighborhood. She had no Jewish friends as a kid and was often bullied by the local gypsies. Her family was proud to be Jewish, but quietly: they worked on Shabbos, didn't put their Hanukah menorah in the window, or attend synagogue.

When she was a teenager, my grandparents moved to the Kensington neighborhood of Philadelphia and tried to join a synagogue, but conservative temples required membership fees that weren't in their budget. It wasn't until Mommy went to Temple University and joined a Jewish sorority that she finally had Jewish friends, and these friends would last a lifetime.

When Mommy and Daddy got married, they moved to Northeast Philadelphia where I grew up with lots of Jewish and non-Jewish friends. They put a mezuzah on the door and Mommy lit candles every Friday night. She continued the tradition of her family of being proudly Jewish, but quietly.

Mommy taught me to believe in G-d. She told me that He had created me and that He loved me. She taught me to pray to Him by asking for what I wanted and that if I was a good girl, He would answer my prayers. I would eventually have a Hebrew school education and started questioning her about what I was learning. If we were Jewish, shouldn't we be keeping Shabbos, keeping kosher, putting the Hanukah menorah in the window?

I probably drove her crazy with my questions, but her answers were always the same: those are old traditions that her grandparents used to do, but they had to escape Europe and they couldn't be observant here. In the United States, it was better to be Jewish quietly. I never quite understood why, but I didn't know anyone who actually did mitzvahs, so I trusted that my Mommy knew what she was talking about.

Mommy was proud of me for marrying a nice Jewish boy and having a nice Jewish wedding. She

rejoiced over our daughter and was pleased that my daughter eventually attended Hebrew school similar to the one I had attended.

My life, my Jewish life, had become a reflection of my mommy's and I was happy with that and didn't think I would want more from it. Mommy and Daddy even joined our synagogue with us. Once a week Friday night services was more than enough for us.

Then my wonderful husband passed away. My mommy moved in temporarily to be with me and my then eight-year-old. She sat up with me every night, talking about everything and nothing until I was exhausted, sometimes for hours. She stayed with us through shiva and for about a week after that, helping us get adjusted. My mommy and my daughter had always been close and now they were even closer.

Three years later, my daughter joined the bat mitzvah club at the local Chabad and everything changed. My daughter started up a path of Jewish observance that was alien to our family, but brought her great joy. She started one mitzvah at a time and over the course of a year she & I together become almost completely observant.

We discovered together how close it made us feel to serve Hashem and we found ourselves needing to make some major changes in our life.

And when I told her I was getting married again, my Mother was incredulous: You just met him, was the usual refrain. She may not have understood it, but she looked beautiful at my wedding, sitting with my daughter who explained everything that was going on. This was not a quiet, Jewish wedding, definitely not what she was used to, but in a way, that was how I lived my Jewish life – loudly, joyfully, and happily. And with my daughter on hand to explain things to Mommy.

When she got older, Hashem took her mind from her, but my presence could still make her smile and I could still reach her by singing to her the way she used to sing to me. She was *nifter* this past lyar and I miss her very much, but I know she is still smiling on us, and searching for a *shidduch* for my daughter!

“How I began davening Maariv”

Rochelka Goodrich

I want to share with you how I began davening Maariv. First of all, I want you to know that I love and try to take on new things because I love Hash-m so very much and want to show Him how grateful I am to Him. I also want to take on anything I can to elevate my late husband's soul. As much as I wanted, though, I truly never thought I would reach such a high level to take on davening Maariv. To me this was beyond reach and even to talk about the idea was far removed from me.

So this is how it happened...

I was listening to a shiur on Yiboneh with Rabbi Yitzchak Breitowitz titled, “Seeing the Light Within the Darkness.” He spoke about the three times that we formally pray everyday: Shacharis, Mincha and Maariv. The following are the ideas that he gave over:

Prayer is the service of the heart, not the mouth. Tefila is the food of the neshama; the nutrition of the neshama. The same way that we generally eat three times a day, our neshama needs these three connections to G-d during the three different parts of the day.

The same way we can also snack between meals so we can daven to Hash-m between meals, too. There are no calories in that, so we can have as many snacks as we want.

Shacharis is our first prayer, in the morning. This is via Avraham. It is the prayer of chessed, hope, gratitude, positivity, optimism, compassion, goodness, joy, and loving kindness. We are just beginning our new day fresh, and with all these wonderful emotions we can create a beautiful new day.

tired.

Mincha is via Yitzhak. It is the midday prayer filled with panic, desperation, the day is slipping away, the blessings are moving away. It is filled with fright, the need to hold on to G-d and our blessings. We are getting

Maariv is via Yaakov. It is the prayer of emunah; faith in G-d, the prayer of total darkness. Yaakov had no wife, no children, he was broke. He was old and running for his life and running away from Israel, going to a place of immorality and afraid for his soul. He hit rock bottom, total darkness, despair and hopelessness.

This is a prayer of emunah when everything else is gone; we turn to Hash-m and trust in G-d. G-d is with me. I am not alone; I am not suffering alone.

Maariv is optional not because it is less important. We work towards it. It is the greatest prayer with a deep level of spiritual commitment; the highest spiritual level; to see G-d in the light AND darkness; courage in the darkness where there are hidden lights.

This is the shiur that changed my life by helping me to add Maariv to my daily schedule. Please HKBH should bless me to continually grow and elevate my soul as well as my precious husband's soul, R' Yissachar ben Avrohom, ZT”L.

I am enjoying Maariv so very much and I just never dreamed I would so much look forward to this evening prayer.

Thank you for letting me share this powerful shiur that changed my life. Until, next time, *im yirtzeh* Hash-m, may HKBH bless and watch over each and every one of us.

Rochelka Goodrich is a Ba'al teshuva and lives in Israel.

My Son The Dentist

Jackie Lowenstein

I moved to Israel at the beginning of my new career as a grandma. Being no youngster anymore, I began to experience various challenges among them, including adventures in dental care.

Thank G-d, I finally got a tip-top dentist who really deserved the high prices he charged. And so, my

already limited budget kept flowing straight into his coffers. As I saw it, poor dental care can lead to many other health problems, so this was an investment in healthy aging.

As dental years spun by, and the dental bills seemed never-ending, I comforted myself by saying that, at least, I am ‘putting my money where my mouth is’! But the fact remained: any hopes of, one day, leaving money for my children, had been swallowed up by my dental bills. This left me feeling quite distressed

until I reframed the entire situation by deciding to 'adopt' my dentist as my son!

Although I didn't officially adopt; him, I definitely mentally adopted him.

Now, I saw things very differently. For years, I'd been helping to support my adopted son and his family! What a great feeling! What a mitzvah! What a chesed! What simcha !!

So, too, it is when we become Torah observant. The of buying needed for religious life (mezuzot, tefillin, modest clothing, all that's needed for a kosher kitchen, food with proper kosher supervision, religious books, shul membership, the expenses that go with preparing for Shabbas and holydays, sending children to Jewish schools the list goes on and on) and can give us quite a jolt!

Yes, it is an investment in our life on earth and in our life in the world to come.

However, unless we are exceptionally wealthy, we are often left with barely enough to get by on and very little, if any, for our retirement years or for our family.

This can leave us feeling quite up and down until we reframe the entire situation by deciding to adopt all those who enable us to observe a Torah-true life!

Now, not only can I say 'my son, the dentist. I can also say 'my son, the sofer', my son, the kosher butcher & 'my son, the author', 'my son, the teacher, and so on.

I am helping financially to support all my sons and their families! What simcha!

What joy!

Toward Succos & **Ultimate Pleasure!**

Rebbetzin Devorah Fastag

At the end of every year we go through the following cycle: first, three weeks of mourning for the destruction of the Beis HaMikdash and the ensuing exile, culminating with the ninth of Av; then seven weeks of consolation, when we read on each Shabbat a prophecy of the geula; then forty days dedicated to teshuva, starting with the month of Elul (which overlaps with some of the prophecies of geula) and continuing with Rosh HaShana and the ten days of repentance, culminating with Yom Kippur; and finally the time of our joyous closeness with Hashem on Sukkot.

The *Michtav MeEliyahu* asks, what the connection is between all these things and is there any reason for this particular order. He answers that yes, there certainly is a connection. There is actually no such thing as unrelated events happening in a certain time framework. Everything is always connected. So let's look at the order and try to see the connection. First is the recognition of sin and the deep, deep suffering and destruction it caused.

Nowadays it is unpopular to connect suffering to sin. You could almost say that it is not "politically correct". But that is not what the Torah tells us.

On the contrary, the Torah tells us over and over again that sin causes suffering. On the individual level suffering might be caused by something from a previous lifetime, which would might not be. Even if we can't find the cause, it can still make us improve ourselves.

If this is so on the individual level it is true all the more so on the level of the Klal. The suffering of the klal is always because of sins.

But too much suffering can make a person lose hope. One must never despair. There is a geulah!! The suffering is not forever.

If we don't see it in our lifetimes, then we will see it afterwards, but we will definitely see it, and it will be so wonderful that it will console us completely.

Everything we lost will return and with much greater force. Without this knowledge one doesn't have the strength to go on.

And what brings geulah? Teshuva! The first level of basic teshuva should be on Tisha ba'av, and immediately afterwards we read of the geulah. But geulah also brings about higher levels of teshuva.

We rise to the next step which is teshuva out of awe of Hashem, out of gratefulness to Hashem, even when we are not suffering. This is a much higher and more worthy level of teshuva. Furthermore, teshuva is a spiritual

geulah. It relieves the person of their sins giving their souls redemption. And so teshuva and geula overlap and touch each other. And then after we reach teshuva out of awe, we get to the final stage of the festival of Succos, which is teshuva out of love. And that love brings the greatest joy and the greatest pleasure, for there is nothing that exists that brings more joy and pleasure than the soul clinging to the Shechinah, Hashem's presence.

May we merit to see this all very soon!

Life in Israel Questions

Tzirel Rus Kriger

When marrying off a daughter or son, as we have many times in the past weeks, and now grandchildren and relatives of our larger mishpacha, every time I dance up a storm under the chandeliers of Jerusalem, I blow kisses to The One Who made it all possible...I am struck each time anew that this is greater than any dream I could have ever conjured up! Baruch Hashem!!!

For weeks, I sat through one seuda after another, surrounded by the most elite aristocracy of the earth, many of whom are my family, indulging in the finest in wining and dining – the Shabbos aufrufs, the Chassanah and then Sheva Brachos.

Always, always, I am so filled with gratitude, thinking of the Psalm that says, "He takes them from the trash heaps and makes them to sit among the nobles of the land"!

So many questions I ponder, why did I merit being chosen to become part of this "chosen people"? I think about the billions of people on this planet earth the odds of me winning this eternal lottery seem almost nil. Why wasn't I born an Australian Aborigine or one of the billions of Chinese? Surely, I am one of the richest people in the whole world! Why has Hashem given me so much goodness? He brought me out of a world steeped in a materialistic culture. Gave me a partner who brought me out of another religion, gave us eleven beautiful children, and brought me to the Jewish people.

And on top of all that I have merited to live now in Eretz Yisrael, remarried into a very chashuve Chassidic family. I continually bask in the spiritual and physical goodness of this Land, drinking and dining, living among the spiritual giants. I have a front seat view, to watch in the rebuilding of Yerushalayim, living in these times that I used to only read about prophesied by the Neviim, "Ikvesa D'Meshicha" (The footsteps of Moshiach)!!!

What an unhopd-for shefa of bracha, the experience of basking in nachas of so many grandchildren that sometimes

my memory fails me to recall their names. As one comes toward me with a huge smile and I'm racking my brain trying to remember, I calm myself down with, "You can just call them Bubala or Tzadikel.

Years ago, at one of Rabbi Stern's Shabbos shiurim here in Beitar, he mentioned that "In all of my years as a Rav, people often ask, 'Why are all these bad things happening to me?' No one has ever come to me and said, 'Why are all of these good things happening to me?'" So on the spot, I decided I would make sure to ask him this question he's never been asked, and so as they say, "The rest is history"!

For many years, I have mystified myself with this question... "Why has Hashem been so good to me?" Just lately, when I asked my mother-in-law, she replied, "Just let Hashem take care of "why". He knows what He is doing."

Often in these vicissitudes of "life experience," we stand exulting on the mountaintop. Then bingo! We find ourselves on a cable car swiftly careening back down again into yet another valley...

It's a common thing at Kever Rochel to briefly leave your purse on the ledge...

Moments later, I returned to find my purse was missing! It can't be, I thought. I looked again, not hardly believing this was happening to me. I have never lost my purse before! I decided quickly, "An Arab worker took it." As I walked towards the outside door, the warning made it clear that I better not... Don't want a flood of soldiers and guns flooding this place... Now I found myself in a strange emotional mode – "Have you seen my purse?" I asked the ladies walking past... My purse was right here —I pointed. Racing through my mind was how much devastation this was going to be even today— canceling my trip up north to sheva brachas tonight—all my important cards, identification, bank cards, & rav kav; card for the bus, hours and days spent going to offices and waiting in line – My purse, my purse! Have you seen my purse?! Everyone just looked blankly at me. I looked up to spot a lady with a brown shawl carrying my

purse over her shoulder. I stare at her and as our eyes lock, upon getting closer she begins apologizing. She accidentally took my grey purse instead of hers. Baruch Hashem, I got it back!

Whoa... close call. The deep sigh feels good to release... I go on to daven in the kever room it has been arranged to accommodate the huge crowd that is here today for Rosh Chodesh Tammuz. I face Jerusalem ...deep into Shemoneh Esrei, loud male voices disrupt, so strange. From the corner of my eye, I see a tall man with a worker and he seems to be giving orders... His orders permeate my space, "Gveret move!" I keep my eyes closed, wondering why of all times, when the ladies section is packed, has he chosen to enter to make changes... I keep hoping he will just go away, and finally they both do... As I step out, they are gone. But so is my purse! The panicky emotional mode returns: "That big man probably took my purse to punish me!" Minutes later I find my purse under the bench they have just moved to the back. This seems to be the day for yellers...

A skinny little lady with a baseball hat begins hollering in a shrill, disturbing voice that surely must carry far over into the men's section. She is pushing Tehillim pieces on everyone no matter what they are holding...she passes me up but then comes near "Shhhh...I say," The lady next to me says, "No, don't try to stop her; she knows what she is doing... she is very sick ...has had many operations ...she lives by the Navi Chavakuk when he says the just shall live by emuna. Every day she goes to different Kever... Davening just to stay alive."

Three times in this hour I have misjudged the situation. Why? Hashem was giving me a test and I failed! What was I supposed to learn from these incidents today? It's 2:00 and as the minyan of shofars blows us into another into another dimension. We cry out from our depths, my neshama screams out with more pain than ever, "Hashem save us... This galus is too long..." Beside me I hear one who seems only able to sob, "Abba, Abba, Abba...!"

In Tiveria a few weeks later, I hop on a #5 bus. It seems not to be completing the loop I expected but is zigzagging upward, and up and up... This has taken me all across the huge mountain right above the Kinneret. Finally half dizzy I arrive at the top and on the spur of the moment I decide I'm jumping off before he goes back down. Happily I have escaped pulling my little plum colored suitcase behind. moments later I am stunned – my shoulders are empty – can't be I left my laptop and purse on the bus! Calling my son he sends a grandson who races with his car to catch the now tunned #11 bus. After a "cop and robber" like chase we stop him. I claim my bag, cheerfully standing to get a mussar schmooze from the driver while the cars behind wait patiently.

Believe it or not, I had a fourth incident this month of losing my purse as I traveled from up north back to Yerushalayim. As the bus came, I put my suitcase in the luggage compartment and carried my laptop onto the bus, leaving my purse sitting on the ground at the bus stop. This time as I sat and tiredly pondered, I just accepted... This is just too bizarre... It's just all from Hashem. Later, a man in Beitar called. He had located me by only looking in my sid-dur for identification, baruch Hashem!

I was born with two creases already etched onto my forehead. My mother claimed it from her side, "the Duggar frown." My journey trying to uncover the mysteries of life must have started in the womb. At about four years of age, my mother tried to record for one hour all of my questions, counting over one hundred. She later told me she learned from me that you don't have to answer every child's question.

As I came to the Jewish people, I was taught that at Har Sinai we said, We will do and then we will understand. A gigantic lesson in the humility of the Jewish people, the most gifted intellectual people of the world: over and over acknowledging that they trust even before understanding. Moshe asks, "Why do the righteous suffer?" Hashem showed him that many times as time goes on, we understand more and more.

A precious little girls memory of mine is of my 6-foot-tall father holding my hand, which was stretched straight upward, my feet tiptoeing... Running with his long strides, I focused happily, flying, skipping, barely touching the dust...trusting him completely to take me wherever he wanted.

Two thoughts have directed my conclusions and consoled me in my recent experiences of why the good Hashem has given me and why the negative experiences of over and over losing my purse these past few weeks.

I just came across a thought by Rebbetzin Slovie Jungreis-Wolf where she says, "Jewish wisdom teaches us that when we go through a challenge, instead of asking "Madu'a – Why?" we ask, "Ma de'ah – What can I learn from this?"

It is said, In the world above, those who go up say back to those on earth, "Here there are no questions". Bottom line, I can't even answer the simple questions of my life experiences let alone the greater mysteries of my life. I must just focus on the extraordinary aspects, of my present phenomena's as in this one, that in every case, my purse came back to me within a short time, full and intact. What a series of miracles!

At one of our *chassunas*, a woman approached me and asked, "Do you exercise a lot? I guess I must dance a little faster than some people my age, but the way I really felt – how could I even express that in a quick answer? Its not a question of whether I exercise, or not. I just told her, "I walk a lot". But the real answer is a deep intense joy, maybe similar to what they must have experienced during Succos and the *nisuch hamayim* (the water libation), when they danced and juggled flaming torches, and myriads of Levites sang with musical instruments of harps, cymbals, trumpets...all night long. This is a mostly latent, unexpressed simcha that I feel inside, wanting to burst forth fully into these same exalted expressions! "As written in Tractate Sukah: He who has not seen the rejoicing at the place of the water-drawing has never seen rejoicing in his life.* This is one of the most deep, richest -divine-exalting experiences that we are all yearning for!

The Duggar frown of endless questions has turned into the Kriger smile of inner knowing and not-knowing, overflowing with gratitude!

*The Book of Our Heritage-E. Kitov



Ladies!

You Are Invited to Spend a Jam-packed

3-7 Day in Elul!

Tuesday 10th Elul 5782/ Sept. 6th, 2022

At the Matnas on Rehov Bender, Givat B, Beitar

Morning

Solid Earth in Beitar!

9:00- 9:45 *Breakfast - Hosted by the Beitar Ladies*

9:45 *Rebbetzin Rochel Ginsberg - "We Were Never So Far to Begin With!"*

10:45 *Rebbetzin Rochel Friedman - Mother of many, educator, Rebbetzin of Yeshivas Birchas Mordechai*

11:45 *HaRav Rabbi Avraham Stern - Rav of Anglo community, Beitar*



Afternoon

1:00-2:30: *Bagel Buffet - Hosted by the Beitar Ladies*

Torah From Tiveria — City of Water!

2:30 - 3:30 *HaRav Rabbi Shmuel Steinhaus - Yavne'el / South Africa*

Holy Air From Tzfat!

3:30 - 4:30 *Rebbetzin Eydil Reznik - "Repairing Our Relationships: How? When? Why?"*
Director, B'Derech HaMelech-The Right Track.

4:30 - 5:30 *Rebbetzin Miriam Krass - "Dancing on the Up Elevator—101 Floors!"*

5:30 - Break



Evening

Fire From Yerushalayim! - Hosted by Boston N'shei

7:00- 8:00 *Tehillim Mechulak* (Please bring a set if you have one.)

8:00 - *Rebbetzin Bassie Horowitz - "The Shofars Call"*

8:30 -9:15 *HaRav Dovid Gottlieb* "דרשו ה' בהמצאו קראוהו בהיותו קרוב"

9:15 -10:00 *Rebbetzin Tziporah (Heller) Gottlieb* "תשובה בשמחה" ("Teshuva With Joy!")



Contact numbers- 058-3215-121 or (02) 580-8274

Taxi's English Speakers available: Rocky— 052-4412-235 Elchonon— 054-6393-805 Ezra—054-847-3160

25 nis donation

Homecoming!

An Ongoing Forum for Gerim & Ba'alei Teshuva

To join the group, please email us:

Write "join me" in the subject line,

Tell us your full name & phone number.

5805428@gmail.com

+972 587106428

+972 587106429

International

**"Preparing ourselves for the Yamim Noaraim"
(High Holy Days)**

Shiur by Rebbetzin Esther Hochstadter!

Monday –Sept. 19th/ 23 Elul

International

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/8033355130>

Password:holylan

8:30pm - Israel

7:30 pm - Europe

6:30 pm - Portugal

1:30 pm - North America

N'shei Planning Meeting in Cheshvan!

Open to any one who wants to get involved

Anyone who has a good idea

THAT THEY PLAN TO EXECUTE THEMSELVES
is welcome.

Beitar

Stay tuned for further details!

"Navigating our way through the World of Shidduchim when Coming From the Outside"

Upcoming Zoom Panel–

With Rebbetzin Esther Hochstadter

Stay tuned for shidduchim zoom panel.

Date to be announced after the Chagim.

Soul Sisters Sharing

Tzfat -Week After Succos

Soul Sisters Sharing

Wed, Night - Oct. 19/ 24 Tishrei

At the home of Shfirah Rochel Wieder

Lochmei HaGetaot #41

Time-7:30

Ph. 058-3215-121

Tzfat

Recommended Shir -TorahAnytime

Rabbi Mendel Kessin

Current Events

The Great Reset - Part 1

From a

198379 7-14-2022

Torah Perspective!

**Our vision is to create
a connected group of spiritually
seeking, Torah-committed women
who continue to learn from, share
and support one another in their
lifelong journey to deepen their
relationship with Hashem.**

**Please send in your submissions
fully edited. All submissions are
to be in line with the highest of
Torah standards.**

058-3215-121

threteesat@gmail.com

