

Soul Sisters Sharing

#3

Hodu L'Hashem!

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.

Shevat 5
Jan/ Feb 2020 **7**



"Since Rosh Chodesh is the source of all change, it is a fitting time to pray for the ultimate Redemption..."*

The Biala Rebbe, shlita

Each Rosh Chodesh - 7:00am
(If two days only second day)
Join the Yerushalayim Women for Kotel Davening!

Tu Bishvat
Feb. 10/ 15 Shevat

Bi-Annual 
Global Shidduch

Initiate a "Shidduch Meeting" in your own town or work on making a shidduch.

3-T Spanish Beitar

Our newly formed Spanish speaking group will, B"H, be meeting this upcoming Wednesday, Jan. 29th, at Chaya Raziell's (Susan) home, Rabbi Akiva 35/13 Beitar at 5:00



"The Torah is so sweet!"
Rabbi Nosson Zvi Finkel, z"l

Who among the Jewish people can not be utterly transfixed with the Siyum HaShas celebrations of the past few weeks! Even those of us who only heard and felt the faintest spray from these huge gala events were inspired!

As I listened to the live video in Beitar, my soul swelled up in thanks to the One Above who brought me to a people who continually saps the mind of the Master of the Universe, becoming the spiritual geniuses and wisest of all the world.

And the stories...

The policeman who stopped the Yid the morning after the event in New York and asked if he had done his page for the day, after he offered to forgo issuing the traffic ticket if the yid would promise to learn his "page".

The policeman explained his action to the inquisitive Jew "I was part of the security last night. We are used to dealing with the wild drinking crowds of the sports spectators.

We were so amazed last night there wasn't anyone drinking, or even smoking! You had an ecstatic celebration of thousands of men dancing and yet there were no incidents. We were stuned—we've never seen a crowd like this!"

Years ago as I attended a sisim HaShas in Yerusalem. I'll never forget when Rabbi Nosson Zvi Finkel, z"l slowly made his way up to the podium and with Herculan effort, struggled to push out each word to a mesmerized crowd,

"The—Torah — is— so —sweet.

The -- Torah—is—so — sweet"!

On a personal note, as I stood in the Ezras Noshim in Yavneal last motzee Shabbos at the Siyum HaShas, we were also celebrating sheva braches of a son & grandson,

(Cont. last page)

Ask the Rabbi

Rabbi Chaim Coffman

QUESTION -

So we are told that Abraham was promised that his descendants would take great wealth - spiritual treasures, when they left Egypt. The spiritual treasures are those who joined the Jewish people as converts. But it seems that soon after this, the *airev rav*, led *Bnai Yisrael* to commit the sin of the golden calf.

How can it be that this "great wealth" that was promised to Avraham (who loved making converts) be such a thorn-in-the-flesh to Israel both then and now, be a reward for Avraham & his offspring?

The Call of the Torah -Munk ArtScroll Bereishis pg.592-3, Shemos pg. 121, The Midrash Says - Sh'mos, Weissman, pg 316

ANSWER -

The *erev rav* were the converts that Moshe took out from Egypt. Some commentaries say there were Egyptians, others say they were from other countries. In either case, this isn't something G-d wanted but allowed it to happen. These people were not sincere and we see that to be the case by the sin of the Golden Calf.

The others that came out of Egypt, came to Mt Sinai and received the Torah as converts, kept the mitzvos to a very high level. So yes it is true they got the physical wealth coming out of Egypt but at the same time, they were spiritually on a high enough level to receive the Torah and see G-d face to face at Mt Sinai.

Converts throughout the generations have been seen as a thorn in the flesh of the Jewish people either because they become super frum and make the rest of the Jewish people look bad or because they don't do enough of what they should and embarrass themselves and the Jewish people.

The purpose of Torah is to make us better so we should strive to reach our true potential. The only way the convert truly makes it is when they have proper *da'as* Torah guiding them throughout the process and beyond!

Excerpts from MISHPACHA

Dec. 18, 2019 20 Kislev 5779

Where's the Follow-up?

Yonoson Rosenblum



The issue is raised.

Approximately 250,000 *baalei teshuvah* and their descendants, are now part of the *shomer* Shabbos community since the miraculous victory of the six-day war.

But in spite of tremendous efforts and money put into *kiruv*, little funding and efforts are put into successful integration into the larger chareidi community.

Without the needed support, the results are commonly of failure- divorce and declining religious observance, for example. Statistically children of *baalei teshuvah* constitute a disproportionate share of the drop-outs from Orthodox life.

The quality of the *baalei teshuvah* has nothing to do with successful integration as many are on tremendous spiritual levels.

But too often they are under the impression that the entire *chareidi* world simply relies on miracles with respect to *parnassah*, and they come aspiring to be at the top of the charedi hierarchy with little awareness of the practical steps. The naiveté of some *baalei teshuvah* is one of the sources of estrangement from their children. The latter view their parents as dupes.

The director of Shalavim, Ilan Kosman, says they are the only organization in Israel devoted exclusively to supporting the integration of *baalei teshuvah*. With 400 full time and part time employees they are working to identify and smooth the transitions of both first and second generation *baalei teshuvah*.

Shalavim, works to develop their self confidence with such projects as youth programs, a pilot program of professional training for young women, and advisors and a gemach to aid *baal teshuvah* entrepreneurs.

Shalavim- Ilan Kosman

077-4050-812

Chodesh Tov,

The astral symbol of the month of Shevat is a “bucket.” A bucket is a vessel of transmission—(the secular astral symbol is the bucket carrier). This is the month to fill our spiritual bucket! We must refill in order to pour forth Torah wisdom to our families and all those that we connect to! In the month of Shevat we take our normal physical behavior and elevate it “.

Eating “is very much associated with the month of Shevat -especially “indulgent eating “How ?

**Fill
Your
Bucket!**

Let’s go back to Gan Eden -the first sin was about improper eating. Tu Bishvat is the unique time our sages say to fix this! Rav Tzadok Hacoen (1823-1900) explains that we re enact Adam and Eve in Gan Eden. Before the sin they were fruitarians. When we sit around our beautiful Tu Bishvat tables partaking of the fruit, it is as if we are in Gan Eden fulfilling Hashems positive commandment to partake of the fruits.

How does this account for the negative commandment” not to eat from the tree of knowledge of good and evil “? We eat figs and grapes and wheat at our Tu Bishvat seuda. The Gemara suggests these as possible options for the forbidden fruit. Rav Tzadok explains: the eitz hadaat was all of the seven species and none of them! It was not a “thing,” not even an apple, rather a way of doing something .

When we “grab” pleasure from this world we fall ...we get so distracted by pleasure that we forget the Creator! When speaking of pleasure we include accomplishments and successes, not merely physical pleasure. When we attribute all to ” כוחי ועוצם ידי “the strength and power of my hand” we forget that it is the creator that endowed us with this power! When we eat the fruits associated with the eitz haddat and do so with the consciousness of the Creator, that is the rectification of what transpired in Gan Eden.

On Tu Bishvat we partake of all fruits and add G-D awareness and G-D consciousness to our eating .The message to keep in mind: enjoy the pleasures of the world without being consumed by them!

Remember that as Jews we are not what we eat, but rather we are HOW we eatEating is a mundane repetitive activity but when elevated by our thoughts, we transform and uplift this mundane physical activity countless times a day particularly on Shabbat and on festivals.

The world is here to be elevated by you. As the Baal Shem Tov said, “You are where your thoughts are!” By elevating eating we tame the animal souls within us. May we merit to use these days leading up to Tu Bishvat to fill our spiritual buckets and ready ourselves to celebrate the birthday of the trees “ כי האדם עץ השדה ” (Devarim 20:19) “Man is a tree of the field”.



Warmest regards from cold snowy Montréal! להתראות.

Esther

Zahava of Boro Park

בס"ד Hello dear sisters,

I am giving over "my story" from the physical *galus* of Boro Park because this is where the *Ribbono shel Olam*" has placed me—as for now that is. But soon, *b'ezras HaShem*, just as our father Avraham moved to Mount Moriah, so too will I and my family make *aliyah* before the Temple is built! Please *HaShem* now!

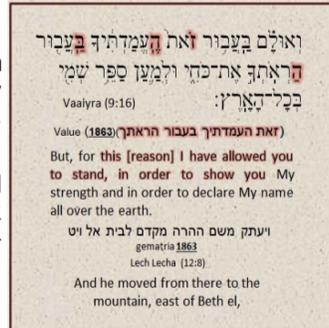
Ladies, we all have stories to share. And (singing) "Here is my story, of a Boro Park lady. Who as a child had great *Eemunah* in *HaShem*. My life's journey took me in many directions—Erev Shavous 2004 I became a Yid."

And ladies, what a journey I had! My journey to Yiddishkeit started as a child. You see...(singing) "When I was small, I could hear the voice of *HaShem* on *har Sinai*. And I longed to say yes, I will do and obey, but was trapped in a lie and couldn't escape. But all would be well because I knew that *HaShem* would guide me home. No matter how long my journey would take, my soul knew where to run to. And now I'm home. *Boruch HaShem* I'm home." (There is more to the song but I will end it there because of space limitation.)

Every convert knows why they converted—so there is no need to tell the whys. Instead, I will focus my story on how *HaShem* has had me in His hand every step of the way—just as He does with every one of His children that cling to Him.

(I wish to preface that I am giving you a "head's up" that my journey steps will be documented with gematrias and DNA connections. As this is what makes my story very interesting!)

My first stop was in Charlotte, North Carolina with the Chabad House under the leadership of Rabbi Groner. I began attending services there after Pesach of 2003. Previously, *HaShem*'s guiding hand took me thru a fellowship with a small "messianic congregation" where the fake "rabbi" wearing *tzitis*, and reading from a nonkosher Torah scroll, actually taught me how to sing *Adom Olam*, *Yigdal Elokim* etc. Out of his mouth he also sang praises to their messiah god. Where did he learn to sing these songs from? He told me he attended the Chabad House in Charlotte for many years and this was confirmed when I mentioned this to my mentor Rabbi Shlomo Cohen. As I type these words, every Shabbos and Yom Tov of eating at the Shabbos tisch of the acquaintances I met, and the oneg kiddish after davening, and every learning event I attended is being played in my mind as if I am sitting watching a movie. I spent close to a year in Charlotte. While there I learned to daven in *Loshon Kodesh*, learned all the laws of Shabbos and Yom Tov, read through the *Kitzur Shulchan Aruch*. I must say I have an impressive library that I still refer to and learn from.



My journey in Charlotte came to an end when I moved to Monsey, New York in January of 2004. I was determined to become a Jew before Shavous.

I wish to mention that I have DNA matches that have "Groner" in their family trees. Hopefully one day I can connect them to my tree.



Rabbi Shlomo Cohen in Charlotte, whom is involved in teaching and reaching adults through the world renowned Jewish Learning Institute, was the person that was my mentor. You may know that Chabad is not known to "convert" people wishing to join the "family" but they certainly are welcoming to those pursuing the truth—as it was with me. AND I HAVE DNA with COHEN!



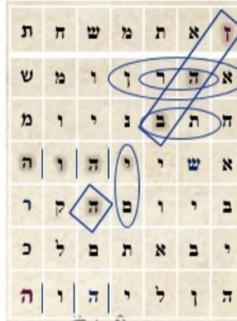
michael cohen

5th-8th Cousin

Shared DNA: 10 cM across 1 segments

	Anna Cohen	05/09/2019	3rd Cousin - 5th Cousin
	Bridgette Cohen	05/09/2019	4th Cousin - Remote Cousin
	Mordechai Cohen Kadosh	05/09/2019	5th Cousin - Remote Cousin

NOW TAKE A LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING!



I found through learning with HaRav Ginsburgh (inner.org) and speaking with him via phone - that every convert is converted through the Beit Din of a particular tribe.

This is Divine Providence. In a certain way, that convert belongs to the portion of the person who brought him to Judaism. He receives his portion from that tribe!

ובת־כהן כי תהיה לאיש זר הוא

בתרומת הקדשים לא תאכל:

Emor (22:12)

זר הוא בתרומת הקדשים

gematria 1049

And if a kohen's daughter is married to a non kohen (stranger), she may [no longer] eat of the separated holy things.

אנכי יהוה אלהיך המעלך מארץ מצרים

Tehilim (81:11)

gematria 1049

This 49 letter square picture is from Parsha Tzav. This possuk can be written 7 letters across and 7 letters down. Our sages tell us that all 7's (and 3's) are beloved. This possuk has the first and last initial of a convert named Zahava. The gematria of Tzav is 96. The first time a Hebrew word is used in the Torah with the gematria of 96 is the Hebrew word vayadah וידעו in Genesis 3:7. This word is translated as "and they knew".

זהב is the mispar katan of Avraham and the first 3 letters of the name Zahava as show diagonally in this square. The first "hei" of Zahava is connected to Aaron the High Priest and also is the first letter of har/mountain. The "beit" is connected to the word bat/daughter. The 2nd "hei" of Zahava follows the first initial "yud" of the 26 letter name of HaShem! It is also very interesting that not only Avraham is showing in this square, but Sarah (with a count of 11 skips), the mother of all converts, is also included in this possuk that begins and ends with the first and last initials of חַבָּה

To be Continued



3-TEAS

Summer

Now more than
ever its vital for
us to connect up...

Strengthen yourself,

Take someone under
your wing,

Introducing 3-TEAS!

*"There is no such thing as a
'closed person', just as there's
no such thing as 'closed skies.'"*

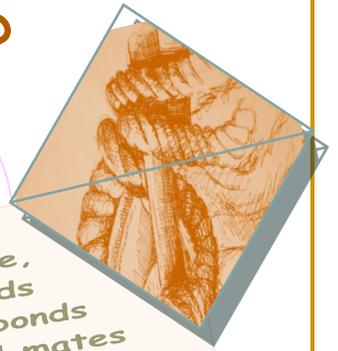
Rabbi Nachman



Webs or Cords?

Cotton candy-spidery-webs
of social sugar,
Fill the earth and
quickly melt in the wind.

Super souls,
that we all are,
Crave thick cords
of deep steel-bonds
Securing us as soul mates
Forever...



Friendship Bubble? "Acquire a Friend!"*

Group-up with one, two, or more friends!

Bring on the tea (or coffee).
Share a vort.

Converse with warmth & chessed.
Conclude on an optimistic beat!



*Avos 116

HaRav Elazar Mann Shach

"Shocking things happen & the streets
have become terribly corrupt.
Opinions and views that utterly
oppose Da'as Torah reign supreme."

"This is just as Chazal have predicted it
would be in the epoch of the Mashiach."

"Under these circumstances individuals
cannot hold their own. They are unable
to maintain a Torahdik way of life against
such forceful winds.

"Therefore, it is the 'duty of the hour' to
create organizations and chizuk
groups. Two people together are
far stronger than one person alone."

*Rabbi P. Falk, z"l "Modesty", pp. 164 & 165,
Feldheim, Elul 5728

Chaburos for Ladies also Recommended by
the Belzer Rebbe & Boyaner Rebbe

"A three-ply cord is not easily severed!"

"If the companionship of one friend yields such benefits, imagine the value of two companions!" *



A Mini-Structure -For Strength & Connection!

T *Torah*

 Share a Torah Thought!

"We create a spiritual bond when we learn and talk things over."

Rebbetzin Esther Greenberg

E *Empathy*

Empathize & Encourage! 

"Whether they deserve it... Shower them with baseless love ~ exhibit true ahavas Yisrael."

"Yemima Mizrachi Speaks" (ArtScroll)

A *Action*

 Forward Action!

"Anyone who sustains one soul in Israel, it's as if he sustains the entire world."

Mishnah

S *Simcha*



"It will be ahavas Yisrael that will reunite and strengthen the entity of Klal Yisrael, and enable the Beis HaMikdash to be rebuilt."

Nesivos Sholom
(Rabbi S. Binyomin Ginsberg,
p. 61)

Before You Are Lost...

Chaya Deena



I held the small metal tag out to him when he knelt next to me;
I did not even try to speak,

because I was crying and shivering a bit and ashamed and horribly frightened and I did not know his language. He read the tag and squinted, deciphering it. It was pulled taut from a chain round my neck, rather like a keychain, only longer. I felt my face go hot and cold with another wave of shame and fear, as I realized the tag would be useless to him.

When I had started kindergarten the previous fall, the school had offered the students ID tags to wear like a necklace, on a chain. The tags were printed with each student's name, address and phone number. My parents had ordered one for me and one for my sister. I was wearing mine now — but I was not lost in my hometown in my native country where someone could pick up the phone and dial the number and my mother would answer and they would say, "I found your little girl," and my mother would say, "I'm driving over right now to pick her up!"



I was lost in a European city whose name I did not remember; at the time, even the country's name eluded me. It was summer and my family was traveling in Europe. We had stopped off to visit friends of my parents living in Bonn, Germany (as I was reminded later), and I had had the misfortune of quarreling with my sister while the two of us were playing alone in a neighborhood park. Or perhaps we did not quarrel, only I was tired. Perhaps my sister had brought us to the park when we grew weary of the adult conversation, but now I was weary of play. She was three years older than I; the housing complex where my parents' friends lived was likely right down the street or around the corner. But when I decided it was time to go back "home" and my sister was not ready, I started out alone and was lost within thirty seconds.

Child
Lost In
Europe!

The young man had long hair. He was speaking to me again, softly and kindly. He released the chain gently and the tag settled against my shirt. He patted his shoulders; I understood. I climbed on, he stood slowly up. Suddenly I was tall and some of my aching fear left me. A giant, I surveyed the quiet streets with him, straining for a sight of someone familiar. He held firmly to my ankles as he strode along, and I did not know his intentions. Possibly he meant to help; possibly to imprison me. Tears spurted from my eyes. I shifted frantically on his shoulders and saw my father and sister hurrying toward me.

The exchange was made; I do not remember if they spoke or not. As he swung me down, the tag bounced and thudded against my heart.

Another foreign country has been my home for close to twenty-five years. Not Germany; Israel. I do not wear an ID tag anymore, but I have an Israeli ID card. One needs it at the bank, at government offices... I always carry it in my purse.

One morning several years ago I visited relatives in Beitar. It was a time when I was very, very ill, yet I managed to drag myself outside and onto a city bus to run an errand. I returned to my mother-in-law's house, where I was staying, and collapsed in bed. Shortly, I heard her calling, "Chaya Dina!" her voice vigorous and bouncy as usual. She knocked on my door.

She was holding my *teudat zehut* (ID card) between her thumb

Before You Are Lost...

card) between her thumb and forefinger, wagging it at me. "I was at the post office and the clerk said you forgot your *teudat zehut* there when you left. She gave it to me to return to you." I was ashamed of my oversight, but grateful. I had not even known it was missing and I thanked Hashem that He had returned it to me before I could have begun to worry and fret, as is my wont.

Several weeks later a similar event occurred. I was once again in Beitar, this time with my daughter. I again ventured out on some errand and came home to rest. Later my daughter arrived at the house. "Ima, I found your *teudat zehut*. You must have dropped it on the bus." Once more I felt a rush of shame, then gratitude, for once more I had not realized it was no longer in my purse, yet already it was restored to me.

Then, when a few years later hard times came again, I did not think I could bear them. I had forgotten who I was; had I ever known? There was no clarity, and why and how and why and why were circling endlessly... the pain — and I wanted an end. I contemplated that end, sometimes daily, sometimes hourly. Sometimes less often. And I received two new messages, two weeks in a row. I will not say that then everything was fine, or even better. Just that I received two new love letters from Hashem.

One day, at home, I had taken my *teudat zehut* (do you see a pattern here?) out of my purse to access a child's ID number during a phone call. I had moved downstairs during the conversation, leaving my purse upstairs. Later, I placed the ID card on top of a semi-full laundry basket at the foot of the stairs, thinking I would carry both the card and the laundry basket up in a bit. Meanwhile, of course, I forgot entirely about the card and piled more laundry into the basket, essentially burying the forgotten card. I also procrastinated in *shlepping* the basket upstairs, leaving it standing awkwardly at the foot of the steps for hours. Then, during one of my passages, I bumped into the basket and the clothes tumbled out, along with my *teudat zehut*. I am not someone who is so up on their laundry, and I realized when I saw my *teudat zehut* there, that it would have remained buried for days (weeks!) if not for this spill.

Next week, I was back in Beitar, at the post office again. I saw the same clerk who had worked there for years, the one who had given my mother-in-law my *teudat zehut* to give back to me. We smiled. I finished my business and headed up the hill to the grocery store. Inside, I saw the post office clerk rushing about making hurried purchases on her break. How she had gotten to the store ahead of me — well, it was a bit surprising, but I walk very slowly. She saw me and hurried over. "Your *teudat zehut* must have dropped out of your purse while you were at the post office. I picked it up for you and left it with the other clerk. Go back and get it."

I
had
forgotten
who
I was!

Which I did, slowly, and full of wonderment. Imagine, over and over, over and over, Hashem had sent me a message! Over and over, with such patience, until... Each time previously that I had "found" my *teudat zehut* before discovering it was lost, I had felt gratitude to Hashem for sparing me the worry and stress of having a lost ID card.

But suddenly now, I began to understand another message (and do not think I comprehend it fully, but maybe I can understand a small portion of the message behind the message, which is LOVE: that even as I did not know who I was, and never had perhaps, and did not see a purpose at times, and at times was nearly lost, buried in pain; even as all this transpired, Hashem was saying, before you are lost, I have found you.

I have always known who you are.



"Before you are lost,
I have found you.
I have always known
who you are."

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Orthodox Conversion- Netiv.net
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Janis Bulman

Shidduch Services
052-7656-972

Hot Potato Tip

Blizzardy weather?

Do you have to go out??

**Put two baked potatoes
wrapped in foil, in your
pockets to warm your hands.**

Necha Golda



Bulletin Board



Twenty-six-year old gerus from Europe needs a shidduch. Contact Zahava of Boro Park.



Need contact information for a convert named Rus who lives in Northern Georgia, maybe in Lafayette or Dalton area.



If you would like to do an illustration for our newsletter, please contact us.



Yavneal in northern Israel needs a kollel. If you would like to sit and learn in a budding community just ripe to bloom & blossom, with Hashem's help, we are ready to start with even one couple

Our children are in desperate need of a rebbe or rebbes- we presently have no chedar.

Lastly, we need funding to support a kollel couple and a rebbe & wife.

*Signed,
A Crying Babby*

Book Review

For The Love Of Torah

Stories and Insights of

Rabbi Nosson Zvi Finkel, z"l

By Hanoch Teller – Feldheim

Read of the miracles!

* The shul built about thirty years before the Mir arrived in Shanghai. It had exactly the number of seats as there were students.

* The American baseball boy from Chicago who became a Rosh Yeshiva of one of the largest & renowned yeshivas in Eretz Yisroel!

* The emuna of a Rav who raised nearly a half-a-billion dollars during his tenure as head of the Mir.

A thin Litvisher chassan at the head table squished between two Admors, a youth who quietly strengthened himself in Torah and now sits among the ranks of the greatest giants of the world! We who have come so far don't take these mountaintop experiences lightly.

It had been a chassanah of dancing with a floor full of grandchildren and spending Shabbos with a bursting hall of children and grandchildren. Who would have believed that I, a mountain mama from the Appalachian Mountains of Georgia, and also hailing from the atheistic materialistic chaos of Southern California would now live a life greater than any dream!

On a more national note— again in spite of the threatening clouds of the world Hashem is so good to us constantly He is giving us wake-up calls woven with miracles'.

In Tel Aviv as they attempted to bring public transportation to the beaches on Shabbos. Hashem sent them a flood—lives were lost. Rabbi Yossi Mizrachi, said, “We are saying, they wanted to get to the ocean so Hashem brought the ocean to them.”

And as we continually fight for the sanctity of Shabbos the attack against Torah is also never ending. The *rasha anti-semitic* mayor of Tiberius entered the small yeshiva of my grandsons. With fury and hatred he locked the doors, forbid them to learn and had his gang carry out the *Aron Kodesh* to the dumpster. Our yeshiva boys rescued it and brought the pieces to Yavneal. Without skipping a beat their Rosh Yeshiva has kept them learning in Tiberius at the shul next door. Baruch Hashem, as Rabbi Chaim Kanievsky foretold, this enemy has fallen as the higher courts removed him from his “mayor seat.”

As we continue to daven for rain it is coming down this year with abundance. The Kinnerit now approaching less than two more meters and it will reach its “filling level”. The hills of Yavneal are once again covered in green, wagons of the most freshly picked luscious lettuce passed by me this week pulled by a tractor. In between the storms and the mud the workers of Thailand have rescued food for our tables.

In the darkness of this early morning the thunder and the pouring of the rain are again relentless.

Its erev Shabbos.

In spite of the constant struggles and challenges, the blessed Shabbos peace will again descend upon our land and our Families. And as we come to Rosh Chodesh Shevat and the singing of Hallel, we will again raise our souls to proclaim, “How can I repay Hashem for all of His kindnesses to me?!”

Mitzvah of Month-

"Fill
Your
Bucket!"

Esther

Next Month-



Soul Sisters Sharing [A Torahdik Jewish Digest]

- * Share Your Snippets -
An hashgachah pratis story, a significant experience, a meaningful gem...
Let us hear your voice!
- * Please send us names of converts or baal teshuvahs, who might benefit from this newsletter.
- * Print out and give a copy to those in your orbit who, are not connected to technology.

**Deadline: First of week before
Rosh Chodesh - Tuesday Feb 18**

**Our time is precious. Please send
in your submissions fully edited.**

**All submissions are to be in line
with the highest Torah standards.**

