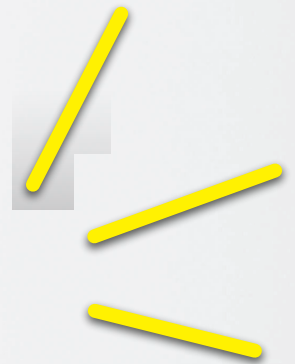


HEAL



Hope and Encouragement After Loss

Issue 3 - Spring, 2022



Please note: Some women find that reading about loss brings up pain. At the time when you are not comforted by the read, please be in touch with us to be removed from our mailing list.

Graphics Done by:

HEAL 

Pictales 
Photobooks
☎ 845-459-9995 @ PICTALES PB@GMAIL.COM

From Our Hearts

With the peeking of the first blossoms and the melodious chirping of the birds, spring, in all her glory, is finally here. The flowers, which a few weeks ago appeared neglected and forgotten, have now exploded with vibrant colors, creating a wonderful fragrance of renewal.

It is no coincidence that Pesach, *Chag Ha'aviv*, is always celebrated in the spring.

Like the Chosen Nation of yesteryear following the *Galus Mitzrayim*, we have just endured the harshest winter the world has seen, replete with storms and blizzards of tears and struggles. There is so much suffering, unbearable pain, and crushing grief. Yet, despite the cold winter, the trauma and loss the Yidden now and then have had to endure, we emerged victorious at *Krias Yam Suf*. Instead of giving up then, we lifted our eyes heavenward, and cried for the break of spring.

When going through a challenging

time, even the simple, most mundane tasks may appear to be undefeatable mountains. Feeling emotionally depleted, you may feel your physical energy slowly ebbing as well.

Welcoming Pesach into our homes can be challenging even in the best of times, but it is even more so in this time, when the winter has seemed so long and endless.

In the spirit of the *Zman Chairisainu*, stare at your reflection and say, "You're a hero!" You are a beautiful Jewish woman doing your best, putting on a façade of sunshine, regardless of the fact that you feel like drowning in the *Yam Suf* of your personal *Mitzrayim*. It doesn't matter what others are doing, and it doesn't help to compare your progress to anyone else's. Acknowledge the effort and work you are investing. Take the time to tell it to yourself; you are a hero!

Wishing you a *Chag Kosher V'sameach!*

HEAL The Heal Team
Chaya, Gitty, Ettie

H.E.A.L is a 501(c)(3), Non-Profit Organization. Our aim is to provide you with a *chizuk* magazine at no cost. Your donations will enable us to continue our work.

From Your Heart



Editors

Chaya K.

Gitty R.

Proofreader:

Chana B.

Design:

Ettie F.

Contact Us:

To Subscribe

[Click Here](#)

For all submissions,
questions, or comments

[Click Here](#)

You can also Email
healandhope1@gmail.
com , or call/text (570)
630-4419. Waiting to
hear your voice!

Wow, wow, wow!!!!!! What an amazing read!!!!!! Thank you so, so much!!!!

Y.

Your magazine really gave me a boost!

S.S.

I got the feeling that you work with exceptional heart! The note to be removed from the subscriber's list when it doesn't bring comfort is just one example.

F.R.

Receiving the HEAL Magazine in the mail was a treat! I must say, I was really waiting for it... Not that I wasn't in a good place, just that I felt that I could use another boost. It's so beautiful! And reading it made me cry! What touched me most was 'Dearest Mommy'.

Goldy

I was going to write a long complaint, as you were the cause that my housework didn't get done last night! The minute I had a chance, I sat down with the mag and literally swallowed the pages whole by reading so fast. I will not yell at you, though, cuz Hashem surprised me and sent a cleaning lady to my door the next morning, so I forgive you. Please keep them coming... and it should be a *zechus* for you and your families.

Bassy

I read the entire magazine in literally one breath! I was inspired and amazed to see such wonderful, beautiful work! I envy the *zechus* you have! ... and as you surely know, doing for others is doing for yourself! Wishing you loads of continuous *hatzlacha*!

B. Fried

This Issue was sponsored *L'zechus* Chananya Yom Tov ben Golda Mirel
and Chana Rivka bas Yenta Blima *l'hatzlacha bechol inyanim*

My Thoughts

Frady R.

My Little Angel

I have the most special baby...

I never put him to sleep

Yet he's always asleep on time,

I never give him food to eat

Yet he's always satiated,

I never hold him tight

Yet he's always being held,

I always sing to him motherly songs

Telling him how much I love him,

While I hear him singing back to me

'Mommy, I love you too!'

LOSS

Ashira Becker

It was over.

Hollowness where life once flourished, an ache so deep and real it choked me with its bareness. The loss was too great to bear, too deep for words or tears or even understanding.

One minute I was blissfully planning motherhood, shrouded in a cocoon of happiness and love. The next, I was gasping in pain as the vision crumbled before my eyes and a sinkhole appeared, lodging emptiness itself in the cavity near my heart.

Loss.

The days were a haze of aching agony, as the pain dripped constantly from my heart through my eyes, stinging my cheeks. That pain of what should have been, what could have been, what would no longer be.

When I felt I could bear it no more, that I would shatter from the gaping nothingness, I sought solace. I tried to find something, anything, which would relieve the pain pent up in my chest.

I found the number 3 bus. I stepped onto the vehicle, pressed myself against the rest of humanity who sought relief.

I wanted – no, needed - to let my ache bleed onto the worn Wall of Wailing, to find comfort surrounded by women in pain, in prayer. I sat, face pressed against the window, lips taut, eyes filled, waiting, waiting, for its comforting coolness.

As the bus rumbled around the ancient city walls and past the excavations, I spotted a tourist group mounting the stones, examining the ruins. Something in that sight jolted me from my self-imposed trance. The ball of pain inside me exploded with unprecedented proportions and I felt scorched and chilled all at once.

I lost a life, dreams, aspirations, the ability to love the being formed within. And He? He lost us all! He lost his children; not one, but millions He lost His place, His palace, His splendor, His beloved. My pain? What is the pain of something that almost was compared to something that was and then was no more?

I lost a child whom I did not have time to know; He lost His children of thousands of years, who promised to be faithful and did not honor their word.

I lost a dream; He lost a nation.

In a daze, I alighted and approached

the looming stones.

The tears that fell onto the worn wall that dark day were unlike tears I had ever shed. I have cried plenty in my years; there were times of hurt, of waiting, of hope that was shattered. All kinds of grief, angst and misery. Yet, for the first time, I felt pain for Him, for my Father. The searing suffering of my Father ripped through me, through the haze of pain filling the empty space within me, through all the feelings and emotions cradled inside. And suddenly, it wasn't my hurt; it was His- the pain of thousands of years of emptiness.

The ache was stronger when I got home. I wasn't soothed and calm. But I was intertwined, connected, uplifted. The ache was there, an empty nest in an empty heart, but I felt a deeper pain, something beyond that which I had ever experienced before. And somehow, I was comforted by the knowledge that my hurt was known to Him.

I cannot say it stayed with me. I still have my ups and downs, when I am sad or content and I forget the empty nest of our Father. I laugh and I am happy and celebrate life. However, as the weeks of mourning creep upon us- His wayward

children, His nation, I sometimes feel tears, unbidden, gathering on my lashes as I contemplate the sorrow.

I think how the southern wall was not just an excavation site for the archeologists and tourists and masses of nationals, but the steps leading up to the *Mikdash*, bustling with life, with joy. How we were in the cocoon of our living Father, home in His Palace, for all the nations to admire. How He showered us with love, with miracles. I can almost hear the joyful song, smell the smoky aroma, and feel the ecstasy and elation of His children coming home as they mount the steps.

How can He bear the pain, the loneliness, the emptiness and the profanity of His holiest site, once the glory of His Name and now property of His nation's tormentors? How can He bear the fact that only a small wall remains of His splendid house? That His children are so, so far – some so, so lost? And that the nation He crowned His own forgot that which they are missing and now are content?

Those who mourn Yerushalayim will merit seeing it rebuilt.

I can hardly wait. 

Reprinted with permission from the Binah Magazine

My Thoughts

By: @diaryoflossandhope

Counting

Lately, I've been counting. Counting women. Counting girls.

They say that one in four women will deal with pregnancy or infant loss, so I've been counting.

This morning I drove past a group of girls waiting for their school bus - there were ten of them. I couldn't help but think, 'two or three of you will

suffer an unimaginable loss.' Later on my drive, I passed mothers putting their children onto the bus. Again, I counted. There were twelve. Once more I couldn't help but think, 'three of you have pasted smiles onto your faces, yet have a hole in your hearts.'

It's unhealthy how much I've been counting. Counting women.

Counting girls.

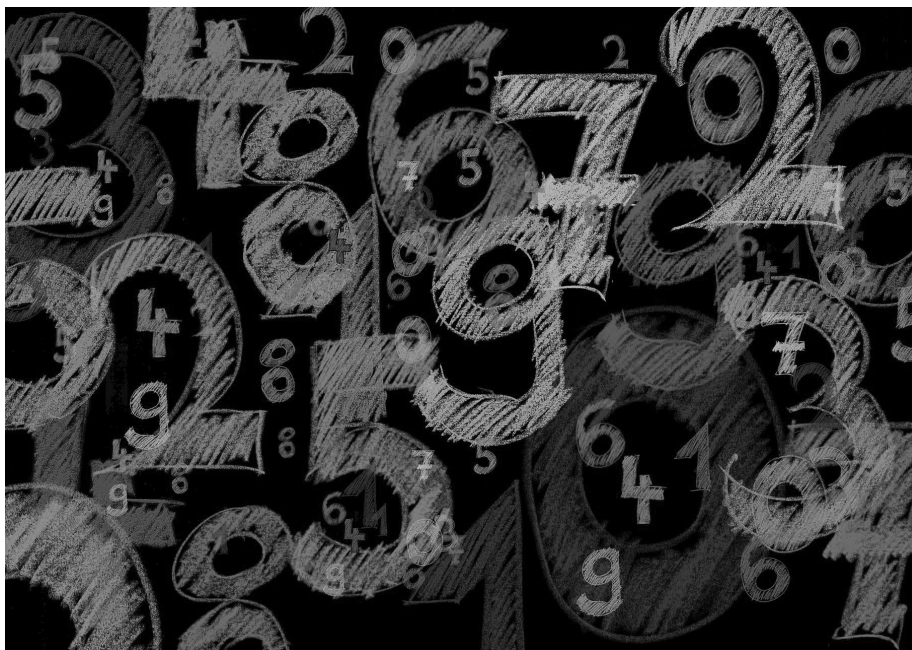
My daughter's class has twenty-five mothers. Six of them must have had a miscarriage.

There are fifty women who

work with me. Twelve of them must have suffered pregnancy loss.

However, we are not identifiable to one another. We all hide our pain.

We all wear a mask. None of us know who the other one is. If only we all could wear an armband or badge identifying ourselves so that we may lean on each other for support. If only we could know who the one in four are. Then maybe we could start to heal. Together. 



Faithfully Grateful

G.R.



Mrs. Chani Juravel, in her speech about preparing for positivity, talks about how we all try to be positive, think positive, and just be happy. There are many books written on this topic and many methods have been explored and tried. This proves that it is a constant struggle. There is also, unfortunately, no quick fix.

According to the encyclopedia, happiness is a state or mind of feeling, characterized by contentment, love, joy, pleasure, and satisfaction. This definition covers a wide range of feelings and emotions; there is a wide spectrum of happiness.

Tal Ben Shachar is a professor who teaches positive psychology in Harvard University. He has 860 students per semester, which is more students compared to those that are enrolled in economics in MBA, proving, once again, that people rather want to be happy than rich. The positive psychology class is the biggest class on campus. His curriculum targets tools like 'gratitude, appreciate and enjoy what you have, give up the need to be perfect'. No tools are about getting what you do not have. In order to be happy, you do not need an outside factor to be filled. You need an inner change. Happiness and positivity are in our control. *Ivdu Es Hashem B'simcha* is a constant possibility-and struggle.

Let's take a look at where true positivity comes from. Rabbi Shimshon Pincus said, 'What's the destination of *simcha* and positivity? Feeling good about us and about

others'. We should feel good about what we have. In the pursuit of happiness, one should let go of things that aren't making him happy. Don't focus on that; instead, focus on the light that you have.

Rabbi Daviel Travis talks about an interesting concept. In life, there is the idea of learning one thing by getting to know the opposing force. We have *choshech* to know and learn about the light. We go through the dark times, so we should know and appreciate the good times.

When we have everything going well, we are filled with tremendous joy. But what happens if we do not recognize that it is all from Hashem? We do not feel *simcha* and we get lost in the things that do not go the way we wanted it to be. Hashem takes it away. When a person has a small piece of bread, he might complain. When that little piece is taken away, he realizes how blessed he was by having that piece of bread to begin with. Still, we have the chance of thanking Hashem for the things we do have, bringing upon us and the world more blessings.

Now that Pesach cleaning is more-or-less done, it is time to clean our hearts from negative thoughts and fill it with happiness and positivity. Thank Hashem, sing with joy, note how everything that He gives us has unbelievable, intrinsic, eternal value. 



Answers on the Mark

Chumi Friedman

I know and understand that men grieve differently than women. After experiencing loss, my husband was back to himself within weeks, while I'm still struggling to cope, months later. He's ready to forget, move on, and live life, while I'm still stuck in my pain. On the day of my due date, which was two months post loss, I was a bundle of tears. My husband was calm and collected, oblivious to the emotional turmoil of the day. Didn't he also lose his baby now? I feel so misunderstood and it affects our relationship.

-Feeling Judged

Dear Feeling Judged,

The fact that men and women think differently, feel differently and react differently to a whole host of situations is nothing new. It's something we learn early on in our marriages. For the most part, we know how to navigate those differences.

When it comes to grief and loss, though, the knowledge can be harder to navigate or accept. As you said, you are a bundle of tears while he seems to have moved on. It causes us to wonder if he really cares about us, about the baby, about our relationship.

This wondering, this fear, is normal.

Let's go back to our opening sentence: men feel differently than we do and react differently as well. In general, men compartmentalize better than women. That means that your husband can be grieving, yet still goes to work, to learn, and participates in his regular activities. He may feel that he has no choice, or he has been taught that this is how a man acts.

If your loss was early on in the pregnancy, he may not have connected to

the baby in the same way you did. For most women, a connection, a bond is formed early on. It's not the same for men. They usually begin to bond when they can feel the baby move or when the baby is born.

Some men believe they must take care of their wives, they must protect them. This keeps them from sharing any overwhelming emotions. He might think that you don't need to hear about his pain when you have so much of your own.

So, what can we do?

We can start by expressing how we feel. When things are quiet and calm, sit down with your husband and talk to him about your emotions. Then ask him about his. Tell him you want to know what he feels. Remind him that you care about him and that his feelings are important to you.

And then wait. Give him some time to process your request. It may take some time, but hopefully he will understand how you are feeling and be there to support you. 🌟

Chumi Friedman
ATIME/HUG
chumi@atime.org

Been There
E.T.



HOLDING MY HAND

Sometimes we get blinded by the blackness. Things seem so dark and bleak, until we realize that perhaps all we need to do is to open our eyes. Slowly, as we do, the shadows start shaping into recognizable objects.

Sometimes, through the darkness, I can suddenly see and feel Hashem holding my hand, comforting me in my pain, because it is His pain, too. I am not alone in this, He is here for me. Sometimes it's in the darkest of times when Hashem's love and light seep through.

When the pain of giving birth to my stillborn child seemed too much to bear, it was His constant guidance that kept me going. His signs of love were in my everyday life, just waiting to be noticed.

It began when I went to the doctor for a routine checkup in my third trimester. I had an appointment with the head doctor, which isn't very common, but it wasn't uncommon enough to cause any real concern. After going through the motions of the appointment, the doctor focused his eyes on me, grave and serious. My heart started racing and mind-numbing anxiety began leaking out of every pore

in my body. I covered my ears so that I would not have to hear the words I knew he was going to say.

"No heartbeat. No life."

I frantically reached for my phone, desperately needing to speak to my husband. He didn't answer. I tried texting him, hoping he would see my urgent message and call me back. My husband was away from his phone, but because he was expecting a call, he had gone back to check his phone. Just a few minutes after receiving my message, he called me back. Silence spoke louder than a thousand words. He told me to hold tight; he was on his way.

While waiting for my husband to arrive, the doctor's team stayed with me and supported me during the awful, terrifying few minutes. They were exceptionally warm and caring, and suggested calling an organization to guide me through this.

In the face of my loss, I wouldn't have even dreamt of this on my own. My husband spoke to someone from the organization who was able to prepare us for the difficult day ahead. We also had the time to ask our *Rav* our questions and to get much-needed guidance during this turbulent time.

The next day was hard, probably the hardest day of my life, but Hashem's strong presence was felt throughout it all.

The head doctor in this particular clinic was doing deliveries the next day, so I was able to have him deliver my baby. I felt much better about that, secure in the knowledge that I was receiving top treatment. The chance of this doctor being available for me was one in four, but

Hashem pulled strings for me, to provide me that slight comfort amidst all the suffering.

The next day was hard, probably the hardest day of my life, but Hashem's strong presence was felt throughout it all. From my smooth and easy delivery, to having the doctor figure out the cause of my stillborn, I felt Hashem like I've never felt Him before. The doctor mentioned to me that many doctors would not have realized what caused this tragic outcome, and he himself would have been clueless had he not studied this specific field a few years earlier. Again, I was able to see Hashem right there, helping me out with my confusion and pain, in the small ways that matter the most.

A frum nurse from the practice, who also happened to be a doula, was there to guide us through the emotionally scarring experience of seeing and

holding our baby, as well as filling out the forms for the *chevra kadisha*. I had the option of having a doula there for my birth, but being that I thought this would be a regular birth, I declined. Hashem sent one to us anyway, which was of tremendous comfort and help.

Going home with empty hands was the most difficult part of it all. Besides the sadness and grief that threatened to drown me, I was overcome with tremendous guilt over the loss. Even after the doctor told me that there was nothing I could have done to avoid it and that it wasn't my fault, I still couldn't help but feel that I had messed

up.

One day I went out on my porch and davened to Hashem, pouring my heart out to Him, begging Him for a sign that losing my precious baby was not my fault. I walked back into my house and was shocked at the sight that met my eyes. There was a baby bird trapped between the screen and the window. It must have come in through the tiny hole in my window screen. Eventually, the bird found its way out, but I took this rare occurrence as a sign from Hashem that He was in charge of every occurrence, of baby birds and babies, and was overcome with gratitude for the comfort this sign

brought me.

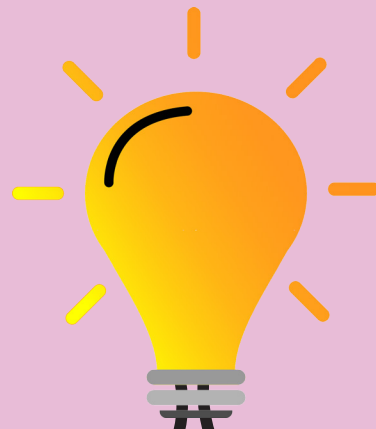
There is never a good time for loss and grief, but I was grateful that I had gone through this challenging time in the summer, when I wasn't working and had time to focus on myself. In this way, Hashem, in His infinite kindness, gave me heavenly sunlight, warmth and time to recuperate somewhat from my intense loss.

For reasons I will never know in this world, I had to go through this extremely difficult challenge. However, I felt like Hashem was there together with me, trying to make it easier for me. Thank You, Hashem, for holding my hand throughout. 



My AHA Moment

Chaya K.



Feeling great is more important than acting great!

Loss notwithstanding, I was keeping up my image as a successful woman. I was going where I needed to be going, doing what I needed to be doing, and being where I was expected to be.

Surprise, surprise! After being so very okay during the day, accomplished and all, I crashed at night. The pain would hit me squarely in the face, taking my breath away with its intensity.

One night, while I was in a mess of sloppy tears, my husband turned to me with a fateful question. "Why do you keep on doing this to yourself?" It was hard for me to formulate a response.

Why. Why? Because I have an image to uphold! I need to be seen as proud and successful and just "normal"... My thoughts and feelings were mine, not meant for anyone else to see. I deserved and respected my privacy.

As I continued giving this question a lot of thought, I realized that as much as I do it for others, I do it for myself.

I really want to go to this family gathering, class party, *vach nacht* or *kiddush*. Nobody is forcing me into it. I want to socialize and share in others' *simchas*. However, for the time being, I need to set limits for myself. As much as I want to be a part of society, I need to back off and allow myself to forgo social outings so that I should not subsequently be hurt.

With this light bulb thought crystal-clear in my mind, I skipped the next *vach nacht* and scheduled a game night with a friend while my husband traveled to the event.

Although it was hard, nobody said that it was going to be easy. Still, it was definitely easier than the hard night that would have followed had I attended the *simcha*.

Thanks to EF for sharing her AHA Moment with us! To share your thoughts, see our contact info on page 3.

Humor Me

Y. Freund

They said I need to heal.

Heal? What's that?
And how do I get there?
I figure they must have
simply made a spelling
error, and they seriously
meant I need **heels**.

Standing on my toes
I'm running to and fro
because my mind is neither
here, nor there Cheese in
the cabinet? Salt in the
fridge? Check. Papers in
the hamper? Dirty laundry
on my desk? Check. Wrong
words out of my mouth?
Check, check, check! I'm
definitely running on my
toes, especially when I am
wearing heels.

To get the high and
the low of it, high heels
show that I take care of
myself, that I dress for the
occasion. And do low heels
(flats) make me flat? Well, I
definitely feel like falling flat
on my face from the sheer
effort it takes me to get to
the *simchas*.

High heels are risky.
Ever watched a woman
walk like a tightrope walker,

shaking from side to side
to keep her balance? I can
relate to that.

Heels cause foot pain.
And healing causes heart
pain. And head pain and
chest pain and emotional
pain. Aches and pains
abound.

According to a
renowned medical journal,
*"feet contract and widen
according to the weather. In
the summer your feet will
swell, and in the winter they
will contract from the cold.
Get your shoes comfortable
to fit at all times."*

Healing is just the
same. Sometimes it swells,
sometimes it smells;
all depending on the
weather and the triggers
surrounding you.

Heels are measured
in inches, and healing is
measured in foot-steps; how
far you have come since
you 'set foot' in the walk
through grief.

We all know that
when we walk, our heels

are the first part of the
foot to hit the ground.
Well, our state of healing is
tremendously impacted by
the triggers that hit us time
and time again. I may think
I am on the right path to
heal, when the next trigger
makes me lose my footing.
Yet, have you ever gone in
this direction? Our heels
are very resilient! Although
they're impacted constantly
as we stride, it continuously
absorbs the shocks and
traumas, keeping us going
on this 'sole' searching
journey; through the path of
life, on our way to healing.

In the long run you
will eventually heal. Even in
the short run, it's the small
steps that count. Got out of
bed? Got dressed? Prepared
food for your family? Put a
smile on your face? These
are major steps!

Put your foot down!
Flatly tell yourself that
you deserve to heal at
your own pace, wearing
the shoes that you find
most comfortable on your
journey. 

Of Quarters and Hundred Dollar Bills

Genendel Krohn

Harav Shlomke Zhviller, zy"ta, told the following riddle: A beggar stood by the street corner collecting money. Whenever someone handed him a quarter or dollar bill, he nodded gratefully and put it into his bag. Once in a while, someone approached him and asked for five dollars. When that happened, the beggar was very happy. If someone asked him for ten dollars the poor man was even happier. On the rare occasion when someone asked for fifty dollars, the beggar was so ecstatic that he did a little jig.

The beggar wasn't strange. He was totally normal. Not only that, but if you were the beggar, you would probably react the same way! How do we understand this odd behavior? No one asks a beggar for money unless he's asking for change. Therefore, if someone asked the beggar for five dollars, it was because he was offering him a 10 dollar bill and wanted five dollars change. Understandably, the beggar was very happy to receive something more than the standard coin or dollar bill. When someone asked him for ten dollars, it meant that the person was handing him a twenty dollar bill, so the beggar was even happier. The reason he danced when he was asked for fifty dollars, was that he had been handed a hundred dollar bill.

We daven to Hashem for things that we want and get frustrated when life doesn't go as smoothly as we expect. Some days it seems like everything goes wrong. But really, we've got it all wrong, says the Zhviller Rebbe, because everything Hashem does is good. When we experience a small frustration, it's as if Hashem is asking us for five dollars. He's preparing to give us a donation, but He wants the 'change' first. When something more difficult comes our way, we must realize that Hashem has something special in store for us, but He's waiting for us to hand Him the 'change'.

We drink four cups of wine at the Pesach Seder, representing the four *leshonos* of *geulah*. In addition, we have the *kos shel Eliyahu*, which is poured, but not drunk. Why don't we drink the fifth cup? And why is it referred to as the *kos shel Eliyahu*?

The Chida offers a novel explanation.

Rabbi Yehoshua ben Levi once asked Eliyahu HaNavi for permission to accompany him on some of his missions. At their first stop, an impoverished elderly couple graciously welcomed them into their humble home, offering them their own beds to sleep in. In the middle of the night, Eliyahu awoke and davened that the couple's cow, which had been their

We refrain from drinking the fifth cup because it represents the 86 years that Klal Yisroel suffered from torturous labor.

only material asset, should die. And it did. After a few similarly difficult-to-understand incidents, Rabbi Yehoshua begged for an explanation.

The elderly woman had been destined to die that very night, explained Eliyahu. But since she and her husband were such wonderful people and had treated their guests so kindly, he *davened* that Hashem should take their cow instead of her life.

Eliyahu's parting words to Rabbi Yehoshua ben Levi were, "Remember that things are not always the way they appear. Even when matters seem bad, they may really be good, and vice versa."

Eliyahu HaNavi's message for posterity was that when a terrible calamity befalls us and we cry out in despair, it's very possible that Hashem is saving us or a family member from something far worse that was destined to occur.

Most of us grew up learning that *Galus Mitzrayim* was originally fated to last for 400 years. The Seder Olam Rabbah teaches that it was, in fact, supposed to last 430 years. According to all accounts, Hashem shortened the actual *shibud* to only 86 years, beginning with the birth of Miriam.

The Chida writes that the word *kos* has the numerical value of 86. If you multiply 86 by 5 (the number of *koses*), it is equivalent to 430, the total number of years that we were destined to be enslaved in Mitzrayim. Since Hashem reduced 344 years, (4 x 86), we drink four *koses* to thank Hashem for sparing us from those four sets of 86 years.

We refrain from drinking the fifth cup because it represents the 86 years that Klal Yisroel suffered from torturous labor. We don't even have a taste (*taam*) for those 86 painful years. This extra cup is referred to as the "*kos shel Eliyahu*" because Eliyahu HaNavi is the one that teaches us how to perceive things from the proper perspective and to realize that what appears to be bad is ultimately good.

Let us carry Eliyahu's message with us and remind ourselves that the obstacles we encounter are ultimately for our own benefit. Next time something difficult comes our way, let's tell Hashem that we are handing Him the change and ask Him to pour cups of blessing upon us. 🌟

Reprinted with permission from the Binah Magazine

Poems

Banana Boating Trough Life

Yehudis T.

Excited
Yet nervous
What is this all about?
Banana boating

~~~~~

I started moving  
It became quicker,  
And quicker,  
Better,  
And better,  
Till...  
I flipped  
Popped  
Into the sea  
With a splash  
To awaken  
Seconds later  
To a new reality  
Of wetness  
And dizziness.  
Then  
Came tough labor  
Of pulling myself  
Back up  
To my prior position  
Which now became  
only wetter.  
And when

I was finally settled  
Ready to go on  
In the battle  
Of not tumbling  
I was thrown off guard  
By another flip  
Wilder than the one before  
Just now  
I already knew  
How to climb back up  
Using my muscles  
And a lot of willpower.  
And when I was there  
Finally on the top  
I fell again  
But this time  
I didn't get disoriented  
I knew what I have to do  
Pick yourself up  
and climb up  
slow and steady  
So not to slip again.  
And this is what I did.  
Because this is the fun.  
This is the point.  
This is what I'm here for.  
This  
Is banana boating.



Excited  
Yet nervous  
What is this all about?  
Life

~~~~~

I started moving
I went higher
And higher
Better
And better
Till...
I flipped
Popped
Into misery
With a boom
To awaken
Seconds later
To a new reality
Of guilt
And dizziness
Then
Came tough labor
Of pulling myself
Back up
To my prior position
Which now became
Only higher
And when

I finally settled
Ready to go on
In the battle
To not sink
I was thrown off guard
By another flip
Wilder than the one before
Just now
I already knew
How to climb back up
Using my head
And a lot of willpower
And when I was there
Finally on the top
I fell again
But this time
I didn't get disoriented
I knew what I had to do
Pick yourself up
And climb up
Slow and steady
So as not to slip again.
And this is what I did.
Because this is the purpose.
This is the point.
This is what I'm here for.
This
Is life.

שבע יפול צדיק וקם

Poems

CONTROL

By: ET

We all like to be in control
To know what will happen to us the next
day,
To be prepared and to plan
Yet sometimes things just don't go our way.

I was in my eighth month
I would give birth to a healthy baby,
that was sure,
Adorable and cute,
would come
home with me
What else
could be in
store?

But
everything
changed with a
routine sonogram
With the words "I am sorry,
there is no heartbeat."
It doesn't make sense, it just cannot be
I am so far along, can't you see?!

How can everything change so quickly?
Everything was all planned, you know,
I feel scared with the lack of control
All my careful plans can't just go!

I try to grab back on the control
"It was all my fault.", I say,
"I just wasn't paying attention to the baby's

kicks,
If only I would have noticed when it
stopped, on which day."

The doctor tells me it was no fault of mine
It happened within minutes, nothing could
have been done,

If it wasn't this, then how did it
happen?

The guilt weighs on
me a ton.

I try to grab on
to the last bits
of control
It was
because

I didn't
appreciate the
pregnancy enough,
I am starting to feel really

awful again

I blame everything on myself, all the bad
stuff.

It takes time for me to realize
To open my eyes and see,
Everything was planned by Hashem
The control was but an illusion to me.

We don't know the reasons why
Let's try our best and aim not to fall,
Emunah and bitachon is a lifetime's work
In this world we will not understand at all. ✨



Poems

Perspective

H.M.

My struggles make me weaker
And don't try to convince me that
I am braced by my pain
Because when taking a closer look
The pain is taking its toll
Even if
Hashem gives me the strength to endure it
The determination doesn't last
And it's not true that
It's in my ability to stand strong
Because
Power and contentment can be obtained
Only if everything goes smoothly
It's not true that strength exists
I'm sure you can agree that
My struggle(s)
Weakens
My *emunah*
It's all beyond my control
And you'll never in a million years hear me say that
My struggles make me stronger

** Read from the bottom up to gain a new perspective **

Comfort Food

E. Fried

S'mores Pie

Make an everyday meal feel special! Wrap it up with this delectable, yet easy dessert.

Ingredients:

- 1 graham cracker pie crust
- 1 bar *parve* rosmarie chocolate
- Mini marshmallows
- Frozen chocolate chip cookie dough (Ostreicher's, or your preferred brand).

Instructions:

- Place 5-6 balls of chocolate chip cookie dough into a graham pie crust.
- Add pieces of rosmarie chocolate.
- Cover with mini marshmallows and bake on 350°F for 25-30 minutes.
- Enjoy the aroma, taste and smiles this dessert will elicit! 



Hugging Treatment

Toby Glick

Get ready to feel refreshed from the outside-in! A massage reduces stress, increases relaxation, improves blood circulation and energy levels. With a click of a button, a massage is underway!

'IN HOME' EXPERIENCE

Licensed massage therapists from the Zeel network travel directly to your home, so that you can enjoy a more convenient and rewarding experience. Your provider comes to you at the time of your choosing and you'll get more from every service when you don't have to get in the car, find a babysitter, or leave the comfort of your home. Zeel gives you your own time back, with added peace of mind.

[Click here to Book your appointment!!](#)

'OUT OF HOME' EXPERIENCE

Massage Envy has more than 1150 locations nationwide. They have 32 locations in NY, 44 in NJ, and many more spread across the USA. Check out the closest Massage Envy for a relaxing experience.



Emotional Eating

Rivka Ruchy Kollman

We are pleased to share with you some insights on a loaded topic which some of us (all of us??) grapple with on a daily basis.

Hi there!

I feel so honored to write to such a wonderful group of women. This is Rivka Ruchy Kollman from *Health with Heart*, and I've been asked to address the topic of emotional eating.

EMOTIONAL EATING.

We hear this term so often. What is it and why does it happen?

It is when we use food for reasons other than nourishment.

To help you understand this better, let's realize what food does to us from a physical and emotional perspective.

Physically, eating foods high in carbs and sugar release endorphins, which are the feel-good hormones. That means that these foods actually make us feel good. However, they also make us crave more. Having this knowledge helps us understand why we keep reaching for more.

Emotionally, food numbs and food distracts. When feelings are too difficult or painful for us to deal with, food may be the address for an easy and quick fix.

Tips to help you differentiate between emotional and physical hunger:

- ✦ Emotional hunger is felt in the throat and chest
- ✦ Emotional hunger comes up very quickly
- ✦ Emotional hunger is insatiable
- ✦ Physical hunger is felt in the stomach
- ✦ Physical hunger comes up more gradually
- ✦ Physical hunger is easier to satisfy

Note: Both emotional hunger and physical hunger require care.

Technically speaking, if we could turn to food to make us feel better for a few minutes, what is the problem with that?

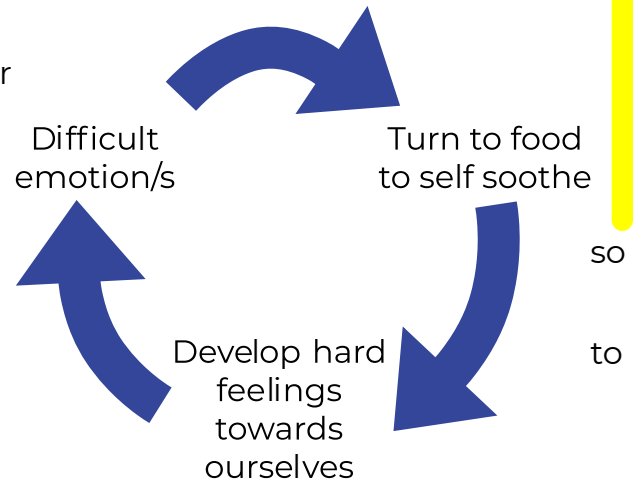
Let's think about what happens after such a scenario.

You are dealing with a difficult emotion; you reach for a bag of chips. You feel numbed,

distracted and better for the moment. Minutes later, you find yourself with an empty bag of chips. Now you have negative feelings towards yourself, upset about your lack of control. The original problem, difficult emotions, is still there, yet there is a new problem in addition to the original one. This bag of chips may have gotten us further away from your goal, which was to feel better.

How do we break the cycle?

- ✦ **Tefilla!** - Ask Hashem for *siyata dishmaya* on your journey towards health.
- ✦ **Balanced meals** - Clean up your diet. Make sure you're eating balanced meals that you are taking care of yourself and eliminating intense hunger crashes. Also, check see if you are eating foods that are good for you.
- ✦ **Remove foods that cause cravings** - In my practice, we focus on bio-individuality, which means we are all different and therefore we all need our individual approach.



Once people clean up their diets, it is easier for them to tune in and see how they feel around food.

- ✦ **Keep a Feelings Food log** - This a great way to help you tune in and see how you are feeling before and after eating certain foods. (see page 28)

Now what?

Once your diet has been cleaned up and you find yourself in an emotional eating mode, what can be done to break the cycle?

1. The first step in breaking the cycle is awareness. Realize that you are about to turn to food to self soothe.

Once you realize that you are in this mode, you can tell yourself the reason why you would rather find a different way to feel better.

It's important to write down reasons why you do not want to turn to food. This helps you organize your feelings and gives you the motivation to turn to healthier behavior.

2. The next step is trying to identify the reason behind this urge. Identify the feeling that is begging to be felt.

Sometimes just by noticing the feeling, acknowledging it, and sitting with it, the urge to turn to food will be eliminated.

If it is too difficult for you to sit with the

feeling, the best option is to create space. That means distancing yourself from the situation by turning to a healthy distraction. For example, fold a load of laundry, windex your countertops or listen to a *shiur*. Return to the feeling when you are ready to deal with it. Our feelings really just want our attention.

Healthy Distractions:

- ✦ Painting
- ✦ A bubble bath
- ✦ Calling a friend
- ✦ Taking a walk

MINDFUL EATING.

Mindful eating is the opposite of emotional eating. It means being in the moment with our food. This practice helps us to connect to Hashem by realizing the beautiful bounty that He has bestowed upon us. Being mindful when eating allows us to enjoy the different tastes, textures and colors of food. It reminds us to be grateful for the blessings in our lives.

Mindful eating helps us connect to ourselves by learning to tune inward and noticing our thoughts and feelings in regards to the food we eat.

Mindfulness is a practice that enhances our lives and goes beyond the scope of food. Firstly, being present in the moment helps us realize the blessings in our lives, thus creating a mindset of gratitude and connection with Hashem. Secondly, being mindful helps us tune inward to realize which areas in our lives require attention. With *siyata dishmaya* we can learn to fill ourselves in healthy ways, without turning to food to fill the void.

Some tools to help you eat mindfully are:

- ✦ Eat only when you are sitting.
- ✦ Plate your food with respect.
- ✦ Eat foods you enjoy and make you feel good physically, and emotionally.
- ✦ Eat when hungry and stop when comfortably full.
- ✦ Treat yourself- mindfully. It is important to create balance!

Now that you have taken this important step to learn about emotional eating, I wish you all lots of success on your journey. May all our voids be filled in a healthy and happy way!

I'm happy to answer questions on this important subject. You can contact me at:

Rivka.healthwithheart@gmail.com ✨

Rivka Ruchy Kolman, founder of Health with Heart, is a certified health coach as well as in emotional eating. She runs her practice in Monsey, NY and works both virtually and in person. Her program has helped many

27 **HEAL** ✨ people develop a healthy relationship with food and self.

Food Log

	Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner	Snack	Notes
Sunday					
Monday					
Tuesday					
Wednesday					
Thursday					
Friday					

Emotional Eating Word Search

D	N	A	E	X	H	A	U	S	T	E	D	C	B	K	R	M	D
H	T	K	U	T	R	T	D	K	G	T	R	F	V	R	N	D	M
U	F	R	E	W	D	A	M	J	K	T	I	P	E	Y	G	F	D
N	L	E	F	V	N	E	V	Z	O	W	D	R	H	L	A	W	Q
F	O	L	Y	N	H	K	X	S	A	K	I	M	A	M	D	S	E
U	R	E	R	K	M	B	X	C	O	N	F	U	S	E	D	A	Q
L	E	H	G	V	M	K	H	F	I	T	U	P	T	Q	F	Y	A
F	A	G	N	D	B	D	N	V	T	T	L	F	R	A	J	F	R
I	S	B	A	N	O	R	E	D	R	B	E	R	E	J	R	K	D
L	E	S	D	R	R	H	A	P	P	Y	A	D	S	I	P	O	E
L	G	K	F	C	E	M	R	D	K	P	M	S	S	F	Q	S	T
E	U	R	G	B	D	L	U	K	H	L	Z	N	E	H	A	J	S
D	T	G	B	S	O	F	I	R	R	I	T	A	T	E	D	G	O
E	N	L	X	J	M	F	P	E	G	Q	P	X	D	N	L	J	L
J	R	W	M	F	L	V	E	W	V	L	W	O	B	V	Z	F	B
P	K	G	V	K	E	D	G	Y	W	E	K	E	C	Y	M	K	S
D	E	T	N	I	O	P	P	A	S	I	D	J	T	G	Q	R	K
W	R	M	A	L	O	V	E	R	W	H	E	L	M	E	D	O	M

Happy

Stressed

Irritated

Angry

Disappointed

Sad

Relieved

Confused

Lost

Boredom

Mad

Overwhelmed

Exhausted

Excited

Fear

Unfulfilled

Small Talk, Big Talk

It's been a few months since my loss, and I'm still dazed, totally not back to myself. I am treating myself often and lately took on more cleaning help. How long should I let myself feel the pain and walk around in a fog? When should I push myself to get back to routine?

Don't push yourself, you need to feel ready to move on. Take as much time as you need..

F.L.

Firstly, I want you to know that it's normal to feel like that. Secondly, once you feel physically ready to get back into the swing of things, like working, cooking, and cleaning, try to pick it up little by little. Don't overwhelm yourself by doing it all. Instead, build it up slowly.

G.T.

There are great vitamins that can help you get back to yourself. You can take a good multivitamin, which includes vitamins C, B, and more. Good luck!

R.G.

As a friend and not a professional, I would recommend that you reach out to someone in the know. What you are describing might be intense grief or possibly bordering with depression. Organizations like, A TIME and Knafayim are here to support you; you don't have to suffer alone. Do yourself this favor and reach out.

Chaya K.

Please take a break! A mini vacation does wonders for the grieving soul!

R.A.

Next Issue's Talk:

I had a traumatic 19 week loss and there are many triggers along the healing path. The hardest one right now is my new workmate, who joined our place a few weeks after my loss. I'm constantly being triggered by her actions and comments. I don't feel comfortable sharing my history with her just yet, but on the other hand, she's insensitive to my sensitive needs. What should I do?

To ask a question or to share your insights, find our contact information on page 3

Frendz in a Frenzy

"A friend is someone who aims for your hand, but reaches your heart."

12:27 a.m.

I'm sitting here

Waiting

Looking

Hoping

Counting down

The seconds

Sixty.

Fifty-seven.

Thirty-five.

Almost two minutes.

It's two minutes.

I have to look,

I want to look,

Yet, I'm scared...

What will I see?

Will there be two lines

Bringing happiness

Or will it remain empty?

I look,

I cry,

I sleep,

I don't want to

Wake up.

How can I wake up

And face the sadness?

Go on?

I can't.

I got this message one night from a friend, waiting for a positive EPT after a traumatic loss. It tore at my heart, taking over my being! The reply took form as if on its own.

12:37 a.m.

I am
Looking
At your words
Reading
Between the lines
Feeling
Deeply for you
Hoping
You see those lines
Very soon
And then
We will rejoice
We will smile
Thousand watt
Smiles
We will dance
To the beat
To the heartbeat!
And gaze
With amazement
At the precious
Newborn face
We will whisper
Mommy
Waited for you
My friend,
The time is near
Let's hold on tight
For the day comes
After the darkest part
Of night. ✨

Perspective

ויהן שם ישראל נגד ההר

Bnei Yisroel camped there, towards the mountain.

Rashi states: As if they were one single person, with one heart. The question is why the Torah reveals this unity to us specifically here, as they faced *Har Sinai*.

Were they not united as they stood at

the shores of the *Yam*

Suf, watching their

oppressors flounder

and die? Were they not

joined together on that

glorious day when they

walked out of *Mitzrayim*,

once and forever?

And what about in the

throes of the pain, as

the *Mitzri* cracked a

whip above their tired backs, did they not

understand and empathize and feel deeply

with one another then?

Rabbi Bender repeated from Rav Kalman Epstein an interesting thought. It is easy to feel connected and identify with one another at times of distress and pain, when we are all victims, sharing misery

with one another. It is in the good times, when there is no pressure, that unity is a real accomplishment.

That is why the Torah teaches us this lesson here. Precisely at the best of times, at the peak of our national history, we were also united, one person with one heart.

Yes, my dear friends, *Klal Yisroel*

is a nation of *bnei*

rachmanim. We feel

each other's pain, we

unite in challenges.

Let us allow ourselves

to understand that in

difficult times we have

always drawn close to

one another, but we will

keep that alive in good

times as well. We will

make this last.

This is what *Har Sinai* teaches us. It is the potential for unity, to be close and connected, even when things are good. 

To sign up for *Knafayim*'s weekly erev shabbos chizuk text, please call/text 1-718-925-2113.

And what about in
the throes of the
pain, as the *Mitzri*
cracked a whip
above their tired
backs

To My Dear

Leah N.

Goodbye, my child, I'll miss you so
How I wished you'd never go
Hoped that you'd remain with me all the time
Yearned to cuddle you, wanted you to be mine
But alas, it wasn't meant to be
You took off, soul flying free
Left behind a gaping hole
I wonder if I'll ever be whole...
I miss you dearly, my little one
Can't believe our time is done
Leaving behind bloody tears
Endless worries, difficult fears
And as tears dry off and blood flow ends
Gradually, shattered hearts will mend.
Although your mission may be completed and done
You changed me forever, Little One.
I'll let you fly off to your place on high
Even as I heave yet another sigh
My dear baby, I'll forget you never
Goodbye my child, I love you forever.

Mommy



Dear Diary

Tova Ross

I am sure you agree that conversations are just really nice. I went to the allergy doctor today. Yeah, yeah, the one with the pink shirt and clear blue eyes. I wanted to check out a new allergy I developed. We chatted a bit and I must say it was quite pleasant. After a quick body scan, she asked me the question I've come to dread. "Soooo, how old is the baaaaaby?" (Note: loud, cheerful, BOOMING voice). I'm sure you'll be quite proud of my answer, Dear Diary. I didn't blush. I didn't stumble over my words. (Applause!) Frankly, I did not do anything wrong. "I had a looooooss", I replied, echoing her cheesiness. With twitching eyes and an abrupt "I am sorry", she started banging on her keyboard for salvation. I came home proud of how strongly I answered that question, although I did feel quite bad for being the cause behind her crimson face.

This reminds me of another incident that occurred. You know Leah, my friend who moved out of town last year? She called me to schmooze. We hadn't spoken in a while. Leah happily started the conversation by exclaiming, "Tova, I'm so happy for you! You know, I was totally insulted that you didn't share the good news with me earlier! I heard from a friend who saw you recently. Wow! So where are you up to?"

Talk about an awkward situation. While fighting back my tears, I managed to choke out that my news was no more. On a positive note, it earned me a gift from Leah. ;) You get the picture.

Like I said, conversations are just really nice. Especially the cheesy ones.

Be back soon!

Tova

Quote Me

"Who ever said 'remembering' is hard? I find 'forgetting' even harder."

"Hem your blessings with gratitude so they don't unravel."

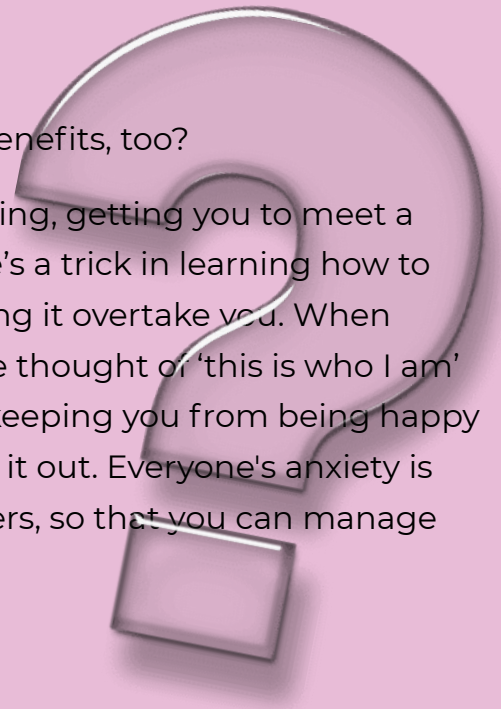
"I USUALLY SAY "IM FINE" BECAUSE THE PAIN OF LOSING A CHILD IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE."

Did You Know?

Toby G.

We all know anxiety isn't healthy, but did you know it has benefits, too?

Anxiety is programmed in us for a reason. It can be motivating, getting you to meet a tight deadline or to do tasks that seem hard to finish. There's a trick in learning how to use a healthy dose of anxiety to fuel your day, thus not letting it overtake you. When anxiety overtakes your life, it's time to get help. Don't let the thought of 'this is who I am' keep you back from getting the right help. Is your anxiety keeping you from being happy and productive? Get professional help and learn to balance it out. Everyone's anxiety is triggered by something else. Learn to recognize your triggers, so that you can manage them correctly. 



Pesach

Clean the healthy way with the following great hacks!

Hard water stains: Cut a lemon in half and rub on the stains. Let it sit for five minutes before rinsing with warm water.

Oven cleaner: Save yourself toxic fumes! Make a thin paste of baking soda and water. Coat all over surfaces, let sit overnight, and wipe clean with a damp cloth in the morning. It'll sparkle!

Bathtub/Shower: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup baking soda, 1 cup vinegar, and 1 gallon warm water. Spray your tub and tiles, then wipe clean. Spray undiluted white vinegar directly on the glass shower door. Wipe with cloth and rinse.

Countertops: Mix 1 quart water, 1 cup rubbing alcohol, and 1 teaspoon dish soap for an all purpose countertop cleaner. It works well on granite countertops too.

Silver: Make a paste of baking soda and water, scoop onto a damp sponge and polish gently. Rinse with hot water and softly pat it dry.

Toilet cleaning: Pour 1 cup borax and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup distilled white vinegar or lemon juice, into the bowl. Let sit for a few hours and scrub clean. If you don't have one of the ingredients, try this for equally great results. Cut a clean magic eraser into little chunks. Place them in the toilet bowl and let float overnight. They'll remove discoloration!

Wood cleaning: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white vinegar with 1 teaspoon olive oil. Apply on wood furniture with a soft cloth and polish it.

Glass cleaning: Wipe down with dryer sheets. Unbelievable results!

Scuff marks: A spritz of WD-40 and quick wipe down will do the job. ✨

