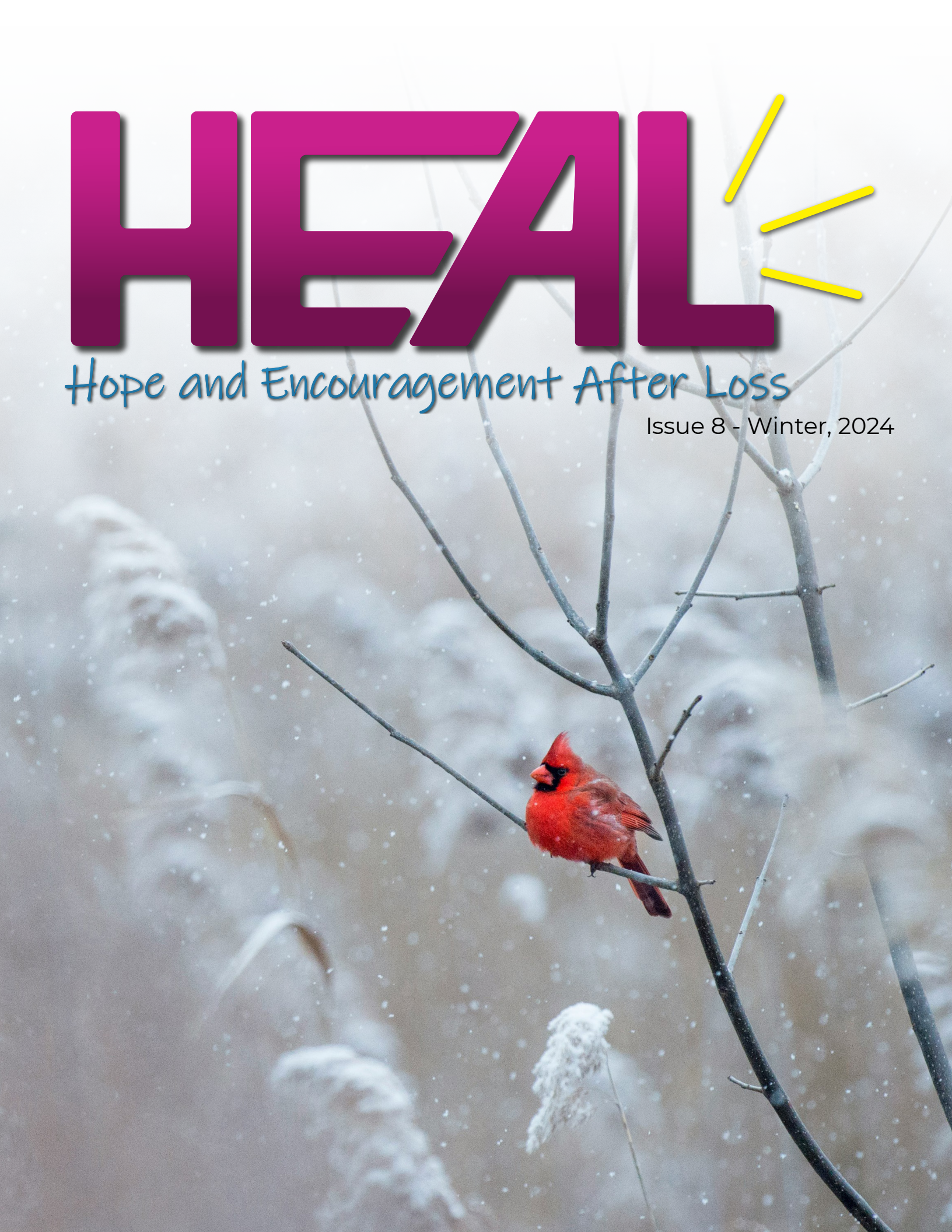


HEAL

Hope and Encouragement After Loss

Issue 8 - Winter, 2024



This issue was sponsored:

לעילוי נשמת חי' חוה בת חיים זאב הלוי

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

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From Our Hearts

Dear Friends,

As the *yom tov* of Chanukah approaches, we may find ourselves surrounded by family and friends, parties, and events where the difficulties of our situations are in the spotlight. Those around us seem to be moving on and keeping busy, caring for their babies, and leaving us behind to deal with the pain we face. *Yom tov* brings with it many challenges, and it is our job to channel that pain and try to ease it when we can.

Chanukah is a time where we light physical candles and ignite a spiritual fire. We show each other and the whole world the tremendous *nes Hashem* did for us. The oil that lasted for eight nights revealed Hashem's presence by changing *tevah* and going beyond the laws of nature. Hashem lit up our world and showed us His love through the power of the light of the *menorah*.

It brings comfort to remember that we also have light inside of us that can help us to be strong and persistent despite our challenges. Our little *neshamos* are sparkling up in *Gan Eden*, and they are watching over us. Although the pain is so great down here, especially with a *yom tov* so filled with family time and children all around us, we need to look inside of ourselves and find inner strength even when it all seems bleak and hopeless. Hashem did not allow the light of the *menorah* to go out. So too, we can find strength from within and bring light to our *yom tov*. We cannot allow that light to give in to feelings of despair and darkness.

This Chanukah, as we look at the candles and try to connect to that light, we may feel the spark inside of us awaken. It is not that we are forgetting. Rather, we are bringing our baby's *neshama* to shine before us in its purest form. Tap into this feeling and let there be light.

Wishing you all lots of *hatzlacha* in the coming days.

Thank you to all those who reached out to volunteer. It is heartwarming to know how much this magazine means to you.

A freilichen, lichtigen Chanukah!

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HEAL

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From Your Heart

I am touched. What a surprise I received in the mail today! Thank you! I can only thank you so much...But it meant the world to me.

G. F.

I read "Connecting through Prayer" by Hadassa Cohen in one sitting. Her words are beautiful, truthful, and honest in every way. It made me pick up my siddur to daven *shmoneh esrei*. So... Thank you, thank you. I'm sure her heartfelt words made an impact on all those reading the magazine.

C. K.

What a beautiful project you put together! It's mind boggling how you took your *nisayon* and channeled it to help support others.

C. Katz

When I signed up now with my credit card, it was in order to show my support. I am so happy I did that, because it was so meaningful, I can't believe the original signing up was for you;)

B. F.

It is incredible how the magazine arrives at just the right time of year. When I am just about ready to crash, that's exactly when I find it in my mailbox. It is now many weeks past *Sukkos* and the *yom tov* issue is still sitting on my night table. Also, I'll add that my husband enjoys it even more than I do;)

Y. W.

I just want to thank you for the amazing magazine. I truly enjoy every word.

F. D.

Just a short message: Please continue charging money and doing whatever you can so this magazine continues to be published!

R. S.

The magazine was an inspirational and validating read. The poem "Nothing Yet Everything" made me laugh. So, so true!

R. A.

The support I receive through out reading the magazine cannot be described. Would it be too much to say that this is what keeps me sane? The validation and support makes a world of a difference. May you be blessed with continuous *hatzlacha* and *siyata dishmaya* as well as personal *yeshuos*.

Rivky

Enable us to reach more grieving women with messages of validation and hope! Contact us to sponsor an upcoming ad in the Mishpacha Magazine

HEAL Issue 7 published a writing titled "Flicker of Glitter" without including the author's name. We apologize for the error and give due credit to the author, @healgrief.

Inspiration



“The truly strong ones are
those who relinquish
control by leaving it all in
the hands of Hakadosh
Baruch Hu.”

Finding Light

Let's imagine standing in a forest at night. Suddenly, there is the crash and boom of thunder. For a millisecond, we are able to see where we are headed. It's like a split-second of hope. Sometimes, all the darkness around us threatens to consume us, and we feel lost, can't find our way, and don't know where we are headed. Chanukah is a time where we see the light.

The Rambam states that, "*Mitzvas ner chanuka, mitzva chavivah hi ad meod*" (*Hilchos Chanuka 4:12*). This *mitzva* is very beloved and dear. It's interesting to note that the Rambam did not use this expression in reference to any other *mitzva*, so there is something special about this time of the year. Even Jews who are very far removed and detached from our observant way of life

seem to relate to the lighting of the *menorah*, even if they have no other connection to Torah and *mitzvos* at all. We all feel and understand how intrinsically dear it is. This is particularly fascinating, since this *mitzva* is not *deoraysa* but *derabanan*.

Shlomo Hamelech said, "*Ner Elokim nishmas Adam*" (*Mishlei 20:27*). The candle of Hashem is the soul of man. The *ner* that is hinted to is the Chanuka candles. According to this *pasuk*, they have the ability to revive the soul and bring it back to life. Outside in the winter it is bitter cold, and perhaps this may at times reflect what we are feeling inside; our own hearts may be frozen as well. A very popular question about Chanukah is, why do we light the first night if it wasn't part of the miracle: the flame did not burn

longer than it was supposed to on that first night. One answer is that the miracle was actually finding pure oil. Remember, the story of Chanukah took place after a war and much destruction. Not only that, but the Yidden at that time felt destruction within themselves. They were detached and lost, however, they searched for that little, tiny bit of purity - that one, single, small jar of oil. That was their light and their hope, and indeed it made all the difference.

In life, sometimes we can think of ourselves in a similar way. Our challenges can really separate us, from ourselves and from each other. We can feel detached when the pain is too much to bear. We can also feel detached from 'mainstream society'. We can feel detached from members of our family, and even detached from

In life, sometimes we can think of ourselves in a similar way. Our challenges can really separate us, from ourselves and from each other.

Hashem. When pain feels like it will never end, we become 'frozen' on the inside: devoid of any connection to our Source. However, Chanukah reminds us that no matter what is going on and how far removed we may feel, there is a part of us that is pure, untouched, and holy. There is a part of us that is still searching for connection, for inspiration, and for a chance to do the right thing. Even in difficult circumstances, that part of us never forgets Hashem's love. Pain is inevitable, yet if we choose to see light, it can be the hope that brightens our darkest times. The little jug of oil that was found in the *Beis Hamikdash* also reminds us that Hashem cares and is involved, and it was the source of the *menorah's* light.

It's having *Emunah Peshuta* that helps us get through it all. We have not been abandoned - even though at times we may feel that way. In our hardest situations we know that it is ultimately good, even when we cannot see it. We need to try looking out for winks from Hashem and we'll be able to spot our numerous 'Heavenly hugs.' The single jar of oil amidst so much destruction is what we need to focus on. Despite all the pain we've been through and all the pain we are still in, Hashem is not going to leave or abandon us.

We are never alone in our darkest hour. Even then, we always have a little flicker of light deep inside. It is the hope and belief that even when we have been through so much, anything and everything can happen. Our story is not over yet, and just like on Chanukah, Hashem can perform miracles. To end, let's also never forget and never underestimate our own greatness. We can be the Chanukah candle that uses its flame to light the way for others. ✨



Inner Expression

Rivky R.



I'm not sure
Who I am.
Many moons ago,
I knew exactly
Who I was.
I was a mother,
A busy, busy mother,
To many young children.
Having one,
After another,
Closely spaced.
I was usually
Either at the beginning,
Or at the end,
Or busy with a newborn,
And then at the beginning...
My days morphed
One into the other.
A long train
Of sleepless nights.
Relieved of so many obligations

Because I had babies.
It was delightful,
It was exciting,
And it was tiring,
But I was LIVING!
And I knew exactly
Who I was.
But then the *Eibeshter*
Had other plans,
And the train screeched to a halt.
By now, my baby
Is almost six,
And to you it looks like
I took a break
And had the time
To do things I couldn't do
When I had so many babies.
To you, it looks like
I found joy
In all the things I did
Because I could finally do them.

Honestly, I wish
That this would be the truth.
Because I would love to do
All the things I couldn't do
When I had babies,
And I definitely would find joy
In doing all those things.
But the truth is
I didn't take a break.
I was either in the beginning,
Or miscarrying,
Or trying to recover from a loss,
And then at the beginning...
The minutes of the clock
Continued ticking,
Continued moving onward,
Days morphing into months,
Months into years,
Until I find myself
With a 5 ½ year-old
And a stripped identity.

I'm no longer
A busy, busy mother
Of many young children,
Relieved of many obligations.
But I am also not
The very available woman
To keep all those obligations.
All the things I couldn't do
Because I had babies
Still didn't get done.

I feel like
I have nothing
To show for myself.
No accomplishment,
No learned skill,
No quality family time,
To attribute
To my baby-free status.

And so I wonder:

Who am I?!?! 



unsupported support

As *frum* Yidden, we firmly believe in *Hashgacha Pratis*, Divine Providence. We wholeheartedly trust that Hashem orchestrates the different events in our lives, and that each is a crucial part of His Divine plan for our ultimate good. During challenging times, we often find comfort in such beliefs, as they help us cope with things we can't understand or make sense of. This trust is a vital tool to help us persevere when life appears to be in shambles.

However, there's a difference between when we use these beliefs for our own experiences, and when we say them to someone else in their times of sorrow. While we are well-meaning, offering clichés may not provide the comfort and support we aim to give. These phrases often lack the depth of empathy that the grieving person truly needs. Statements such as, "Everything happens for a reason" may come across as superficial and obvious, and as a result, they can be unhelpful and dismissive of the other person's pain. Additionally, there is an unspoken 'second half of the sentence' that can sometimes accompany these statements. For example, if someone says, "It's all part of Hashem's plan," it can inadvertently suggest, "If you're telling me that it's all part of Hashem's plan (and for your ultimate good), it implies that my sadness is invalid and does not belong." For this reason too, it can come across as invalidating, leaving the hurting person still feeling unsupported.

When we visit someone during *shiva*, we are guided to express specific words of comfort, "המקום ינחם אתכם בתוך שאר אבלי ציון וירושלים." These words are exclusively rooted in empathy and compassion. This same principle about what to say is applicable in all scenarios of loss or challenge. Most people yearn for empathy, compassion, and validation, rather than attempts to rationalize or minimize their situation with obvious and overused comments.

Spirituality and the search for meaning following a tragedy are deeply personal journeys and can take years to unfold and fully develop. Trying to provide explanations or silver linings early on in the process of grief can even be more harmful than helpful. There is a well-known saying attributed to R' Yisroel Salanter that emphasizes this idea: "יענעם'ס גשמיות איז דיין רוחניות." This means that, "Someone else's mundane needs are your spiritual obligation and concern." In trying times, the most authentic form of spiritual support we can provide is understanding and care for someone else's immediate needs and emotions. ✨

Chaya Hott is a certified grief and trauma specialist. She guides women through the process of healing after experiencing profound loss by creating a safe space to be seen, heard, and validated in the fullness of their own unique encounter with grief.

My AHA Moment

Chaya K.



It's Okay Not To Be Okay!

My friend was mothering her kids along with a hollering newborn, and one day she mentioned to me, "I'm managing with the idea that I'm not managing". The wheels in my brain started spinning. I thought, "And what about me? Just because I didn't bring my baby home with me (or I did, but that's for another time), I don't have the right to say that too?" I revised her words and now I proudly proclaim, "I am okay with not being okay."

Grief experts say that experiencing the pain rather than constantly trying to escape it actually leads to better coping and well-being in the long run. As I heard from Malkie Klaristenfeld, founder of Knafayim, "Recognize that your behavior is a reaction to the shock you experienced. When you get that acceptance, 20% of the battle is done." Dvora Entin, LCSW, PMH-C, also comments on this topic by adding that, "Emotional acceptance is not just an indulgence; it's essential for what comes next."

Sometimes, when we are being hard on ourselves, we ask the following. Why am I so needy? Why am I so teary and down? Why am I not stronger in my *emunah*? Why am I not ready to try again? I think, if only I would try a bit harder... If only I could find a way to clear the fog in my brain... If only I could find the strength to be a better homemaker and a better wife...

Guilt is a '*yiddishe middah*'. However, I can rise above the negativity by telling myself that it's okay. It's okay for me to act and feel and be the way I am. No rights and no wrongs. It's okay and I'm okay. And I grant myself full permission to just be.

I can't finish off without saying that it's truly okay to be okay as well. As in, "Fantastic! You are doing okay!" (The only issue would be if you truthfully aren't doing well, but you decided that you need to be 'okay' and therefore are not dealing with the emotions;) Okay? 

Been There

Shifra Freedman

ONCE AGAIN

My story began over forty years ago. In retrospect, it was a great *chessed* that I got married so young (I was not even nineteen yet, and we're not *chassidish*!), as it took a while until *Baruch Hashem* I was finally blessed with children. I was expecting soon after our *chasunah*, but after having problems for several weeks (there was still a heartbeat for some time so I was just waiting it out), I had a miscarriage. It was not such a shock as things hadn't been going smoothly, but it definitely was a setback. (And remember, I was very young!)

Life moved forward, and I was soon expecting. Once again, it

did not end as we had hoped. However, we were consoled with the knowledge that two early losses did not automatically mean there was a problem.

Someone told my husband that, when things go *k'seder* as they should (including getting married and getting pregnant right away, not to mention delivering normally at the end and having a baby to take home), it's sort of 'automatic,' as if nature is just running its course. But when things are clearly not normal, when Hashem so-to-speak interferes with the natural order of things, we can see He is actively involved in our lives, although we might

not like the way it is manifested! Certainly, I knew I would not take it for granted when I would finally hold my long-awaited child. I felt that I could appreciate it far more than someone who didn't have to *daven* so much for it because they were blessed immediately.

The following year, I was *Baruch Hashem* expecting and happily made it over the hump of three months, and then four months... I was just *kvetching* about being hot, not being able to sleep, and how much weight I had gained which showed in what I wore. (In those days we wore tent dresses or maternity jumpers.) I was so looking forward to having a BABY!

Things were running smoothly until, one day at the beginning of the ninth month, it dawned on me that I hadn't felt any fetal movements for a while.

Deeply worried, with *tefillos* on our lips, my husband and I borrowed a car (in those days many of us in *kollel* lived with real *mesirus nefesh!*) and drove to the hospital, where testing revealed that the baby was no longer alive. Our baby's heart was not beating. How were we supposed to comprehend such news? It was a shocking, devastating, crushing blow. I could hardly grasp it.

Soon afterward, Rav Moshe Wolfson, *shlita*, showed my husband a letter of *divrei chizuk* he had written to a woman who had had a miscarriage. It was subsequently translated into English and later Hebrew as well, and printed in the Jewish Observer and in numerous books. I got a lot of *chizuk* from it, and was so grateful to read his words.

I hadn't told anyone about my early pregnancy losses, but once I had a stillborn, that became public knowledge. At this point, I regretted not having shared anything earlier. There is a lot of benefit to having support from

I remember telling him that I didn't want to go through the pains of labor to deliver a stillborn, and asked why he couldn't just do a Cesarean section.

someone who has been there and can empathize! (That's why I think HEAL magazine is such a fantastic thing! In my days, there was nothing like it and there was nothing like any of the other wonderful organizations like Knafayim and A TIME'S H.U.G.)

At the time, I was using a Jewish but non-*frum* doctor who I was very pleased with. The other doctor in the practice was an Italian with the bedside manners of a monster (which is being kind to him). When I came in on that dreadful day, I ended up in the hands of the latter. He informed me that I'd have to be induced, but he would give me strong painkillers, as they had no reason to worry about the baby. (P.S. It did nothing to alleviate either the physical pain or the emotional anguish)

I remember telling him that I didn't want to go through the pains of labor to deliver a stillborn, and asked why he couldn't just do a Cesarean section. He scoffed at the idea, saying I most certainly did not want that. It was an excruciating labor, and I finally delivered a beautiful but silent baby girl. (Someone told me afterwards that inductions can be more painful than regular labor. Also: We did not realize that it was a *shaila*. Some *rabbanim* say that in such a case, one should wait until labor happens on its own.)

They weren't so savvy in those days; no one offered me the chance to see the baby, and I don't think I wanted to, in any case (though afterwards I would wonder if any of my kids look like her!). There was no offer of counseling either. I'll never forget what that doctor said right in front of me when I came back for my six-week checkup. He was updating the other doctor, and told him, "We gave her [however many] cc's of Pitocin, and three minutes later she was screaming like a bat out of h_!!!"

When I repeated his words to my sister, she tried to cheer me up: "How does he know?! Did he ever induce a bat?"

Needless to say, we looked for a high-risk specialist in another hospital after that experience - but I wouldn't have gone back to that nasty fellow if he had offered his services for free — or even paid me!

I had another miscarriage over *Pesach*, and then my husband declared, "Okay, we're going to *Eretz Yisrael* for *Lag Ba'Omer*. We'll ask for many *brachos* and *daven* at the *mekomos hakedoshim*."

We emptied our meager bank account and made all the

arrangements, and spent an intense four weeks *davening* in *Eretz Yisrael*. Three days before our scheduled return to the U.S., I had an ear ache so I went to a doctor to make sure it was okay to fly. He also did a pregnancy test because I was wondering about that, and he called me the next day with the good news that it was positive.

I still remember how I stood at the Kosel, crying like I'd never cried before, and begging Hashem that this pregnancy should go through *b'shalom*. I asked that this time we would make it through. We came

back to the States and looked for a new obstetrician immediately.

I had been seeing a very well-recommended doctor in a top Manhattan hospital, but we didn't want to continue with him. We also didn't think any of his colleagues at that hospital would want to accept a patient from the same hospital. We were referred to the head of the obstetrics department in a smaller hospital. We didn't think that it mattered that this was a two-bit hospital compared to the Manhattan ones... and of course, what happened was *bashert*. This



was also a team; one doctor was a *Yid* (not *frum*) and the other was not. He was nastier (and that's being kind too!) than the doctor I had used in New Jersey the first time.

In the summer, we went to the country. All was looking up until one Shabbos afternoon when I suddenly realized I had a problem... I took to my bed and stayed there

until the summer was over. Then, we moved in with my parents so that at least we could have regular meals and some semblance of normalcy.

In the beginning of the seventh month I started getting contractions, so we hurried off to the hospital. They gave me Ritodrine to stop the contractions, which gave me palpitations, but

the labor did stop. I had asked the doctor whether, given my history, it might be better to just let me deliver, but he said it was too early to give the baby a very good chance at survival. (At that time, such early preemies did not do nearly as well as they do nowadays.)

The next morning, after monitoring me in the hospital overnight, they sent me back

home. At the end of the day I told my husband, "Um... I don't think I've felt the baby moving in a while..."

Back we went to the hospital, where I lay on a stretcher in a small room while a nurse tried to find a heartbeat. I can still remember, decades later, how she pushed this way and that, trying to wake up the baby, moving the monitor all around, and at one point muttering, "Stubborn child... C'mon!" I vividly recall looking up at the ceiling and thinking, "I thought they say lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place! How is this happening to me *again*?!"

Once again, the baby was no longer alive. Once again, they told me I would have to go through labor to deliver it. Once again, they said they could give me plenty of painkillers, and once again, it was an excruciating labor (this time I had back labor too). And, once again, it was a beautiful but silent baby girl. However, this time there were a couple of differences: a social worker came in to offer grief counseling, but we told her that we were religious and our faith would help us pull through. In addition, they offered me a chance to look at the baby, saying she just looked like she was sleeping, and I figured I might as well. (No, I did not get a picture, and I have no idea who, if anyone, she looked like, either.)

I still remember how, one Sunday soon after being discharged from the hospital, I was having a problem and some unexpected pain, so I called the doctors' answering service. The second doctor called me back and was outright mean and nasty. I hung up and bawled my eyes out. You might think even a stone-hearted fellow would have just a bit of compassion for a patient who'd just delivered her second stillborn... But he didn't. I guess there was still more pain I had to endure to fill the quota. 

To be continued...

Emunah Insights

All things that befall us in this world, the good as well as the bad, are tests...

-Rabbi Moshe Chaim Luzzatto,
Mesilas Yeshtarim

Why does Hashem have to test us? A physician has to test his patients to determine the nature of their illness and a teacher has to test his students to evaluate their progress, but why does an all-knowing G-d Who sees everything, Who is familiar with even the most secret machinations of our hearts - why does He have to test us?

Undoubtedly, our Creator knows us. He knows every fiber of our being. He knows our strengths as well as our weaknesses, but the problem is that *we do not know our own selves* and our own potential. We have no understanding of the energy that Hashem planted within our souls. Therefore, He has to test us to bring forth those treasures that are buried deep within ourselves and make us unique.

- Excerpted from *Life Is A Test* by
Rebbetzin Esther Jungreis A"H 

Answers on the Mark

Chumi Friedman

At the hospital, the nurse handed us a memory box and a stack of photos. We are unsure if viewing these photos is the right thing to do as part of our healing process. On one hand, they are very comforting, and these are pictures of our child. In addition, we want others to know our baby is real. But on the other hand, these pictures seem so precious and personal to be sharing.

- Wants to Move Forward

Dear Wants to Move Forward,

The grieving journey can be complicated. It's important to check in with yourself on a regular basis to assess what your needs are and how they can best be met.

When we look at the memory box or at the pictures of footprints, doing so can take us back to the original feelings we had at the time such as pain, anger, grief, hurt, and fear, yet it may be something you need to do. When that happens, give yourself permission to feel those emotions and to grieve the loss of your baby along with the hopes and dreams you held.

Often, when we sit with our feelings and honor them, we allow ourselves to take a deep breath and put the box and memories away to focus on our everyday life.

Another important point to consider is how often you are taking out the box or pictures. There is a

fine line between what helps us in the moment and what we need to do on a continuous basis, and it's important to evaluate whether this is comforting us or impacting our functioning.

In terms of sharing with others, this might be a conversation you can have with your husband. Who do you feel comfortable being vulnerable with? Does that person have the capacity to hold space for the memories and pictures?

Remember that not everyone will, and that doesn't mean they don't love or care about you. It just might mean they are not capable of holding this space with you.

Wishing you the best of luck.,

Chumi Friedman

Director, ATIME/HUG Program

chumi@atime.org 

My Thoughts

S. Newman

Chanukah:

Family time

For everyone.

Lighting the *menorah*,

Playing *dreidel*,

Telling over the miraculous story of how the *maccabim* beat the mighty Greeks.

Thinking about our own miracle,

Watching everyone else hand their children presents,

Trying to be a part of the *simcha*,

But feeling the void so painfully.

Being happy for those around us,

Eating extra donuts to feel like we, too, are expecting,

Knowing it won't help.

Wishing to see the *nes* happening in our own homes too,

So we can have our own light instead of the darkness that surrounds us.

Hoping that our little miracle will rise to great things.

Knowing for certain that Hashem is the *Kol Yachol*.

Eight days of lasting miracles,

Each day with something new to bring.

Emotions of spending another *Yom tov* without this child,

Without anyone to ask you what gift you bought them,

Without homemade projects that threaten to break the seams of every knapsack,

Without a *menorah* placemat framing a smiling child that's eager for Chanukah to begin.

Listening to all the songs they learned at school.

The pain,

That your home remains quiet.

Trying to bring *simchas yom tov* in,

While trying not to cry.

It's hard.

Very hard.

Being in the same place as last year when you heard the dreadful news.

Not knowing where it will take you,

But knowing you have a Tatty guiding you and lighting the way.

Chanukah:

A time to celebrate,

As you realize and come to terms with what you do have.

Chanukah:

A time to connect with your husband (and children)

To look at each other and be grateful,

To hand gifts to one another,

To play *dreidel* together,

To light and sing by the *menorah*,

Just us as a family.

Enjoying it, while hoping that next year looks different. ✨

Chanukah Again

Benefits of Yoga

It isn't uncommon to feel disconnected, distracted, and out of touch with ourselves physically, especially when there are so many feelings surrounding our experiences. Joining a yoga class is a great way to reconnect to ourselves, gain self-awareness, and embrace the discomfort that arises in the process. Whether you've tried it out before or this is your introduction, I'm here to explain what yoga is, how it's done, and what it can do for you. 'Yoga' means to be 'one with': to become one with yourself. In life, we keep busy and get sidetracked, we don't make the time to sit with our emotions, and we may even want to run away from ourselves. If we keep pushing our feelings away by ignoring them, they get stuck. They will begin to affect us physically and mentally, until they are noticed and addressed.

For example, a person who suppresses extreme anger instead of expressing it might feel back pain or tension, and stiff or locked joints. This is one way the body tries to contain emotions we do not provide space to feel. When we make the time to be with ourselves, we can finally listen to our bodies. If we pay attention, our joints and body parts hold many feelings, and it's up to us to hear their stories and provide them with the attention they need. Our bodies are loyal friends to our minds, and when we try to forget, we physically keep the score.

Practicing yoga helps us to feel calmer, more relaxed, and more balanced - both emotionally and physically. Yoga allows emotions to flow through our bodies more easily so they can be experienced and expressed. In addition, there are other benefits of doing yoga exercise that include:

1. Increased physical flexibility and motor function
2. Improves brain function and memory
3. Helps develop good posture
4. Boosts the immune system
5. Naturally enhances mood
6. Raises energy levels
7. Releases physical and mental tension
8. Enhances balance and coordination
9. Aids digestive system and improves circulation
10. Maximizes rest periods for quality sleep

Within the topic of yoga exercises, the different categories of yoga are options we choose from when finding a style that speaks through us. I was personally pulled to 'vinyasa flow' yoga which is a combination of yoga exercises performed in flow, similar to a dance. In addition to the styles, there are many poses that provide self-expression and objective reflection. Some poses are for balance and concentration, some are for deep stretching of a certain muscle, and some are for relaxing. Variations multiply, as these poses are further divided. There are standing poses, seated poses, and twisting poses, and all poses are done by learning and mastering the skills connecting breath to mindful movement.

My classes usually begin in a relaxing, grounding pose with a deep breathing exercise. Then, we slowly start moving and stretching to ignite our inner fire. We do a vinyasa flow to warm up our spine, and we continue with hip opening and balance. Towards the end of the class, we work at a faster pace, following a series of combined poses that bring our heart rates up before we go back to relaxing, letting go, meditating, and feeling the effects of the practice. At the end of class, each person gets a soft massage on their forehead and shoulders as they lay in their last meditating pose. This describes my usual experience, and even if you can't join an organized yoga class, you can take a few minutes a day to do some of this stretching, deep breathing and relaxing. Try it and you will find ways that the body and mind are connected.

One good way to start noticing this connection is with the 'child's pose'. To do it, find a comfortable space such as a nice, clean room, with as few distractions possible. Make sure you have a flat surface on a yoga mat or on a rug, with a pillow nearby. Come to your knees and bring it wide, bring your toes to touch, lower your hips towards your heels and stretch your arms forward, lowering your head to the mat or to a pillow. You can slowly roll your forehead from side-to-side, peeking under your armpits. Reach as far as you can and walk your fingers out, allowing your upper arms to stretch. Take a deep, slow inhale through your nose, feeling your ribcage expand. Try holding your breath in for a few seconds before exhaling slowly and completely, letting go of all the air you hold in your lungs. Repeat this, while bringing attention to your thighs. With each exhale, see if you can lower your hips a little more towards your heels.



With poses like this, you can be mindful of staying calm and relaxed, while physically releasing tension and staying present. You can feel the connection between body and mind, and yoga allows us to express it. Whenever you want to spend some quality time with yourself, yoga is a wonderful option. To make it even more enjoyable, you can put a drop of any essential oil that you like on the mat in front of you to inhale. Lemon and orange citrus scents make you more energized and happy, while lavender makes you more relaxed. Combine yoga poses that you like with mindful breathing, and enjoy this experience to its fullest with a pleasant scent to create a positive ambience.

In future issues, I look forward to sharing more of my journey to finding yoga, and more importantly, additional yoga poses that you can try at home for relief, relaxation, and self-care.

In the meantime, breathe slowly, close your eyes, and don't be afraid to feel. Wishing you all a meaningful and healthy winter! ✨



Reflections

Malkie Klaristenfeld

In *Parshas Bereishis*, the Torah tells us about the creation of the world. On day one, *ohr* and *choshech* - darkness and light - were created. As the *pasuk* says, "yotzer *ohr* uborei *choshech*."

Yetzira indicates creating something from something. Darkness, on the other hand, is created with the word "*borei*," which means a *yesh mey'ayin*: it's created from nothing. Darkness is considered better, or on a higher level, than light because it's called a creation. What many *meforshim* explain is that darkness gives us the potential and possibility for more light, because darkness is really a light that just hasn't been revealed yet.

As stated in *Koheles* (2:13), וָרָאִיתִי אֲנִי שֵׁשׁ יִתְרוֹן לַחֲכָמָה מִן־הַסִּכְלֹת כִּי־תְרוֹן הָאֹר מִן־הַחֹשֶׁךְ - "I saw that wisdom is greater than foolishness, just as light is greater than darkness." According to the *Zohar*, we should read the second half of the *pasuk*, "*kisron ha'ohr min hachoshech*," to mean that light is greater when it comes from darkness. Light that comes from darkness is even greater than light that has been there all along. Darkness is an even greater light than the light that we see (Excerpted from Soul Sisters).

So, my dear friends, perhaps this can give us a different approach to our lives. What we might perceive as *nisyonos* - challenges, are really the potential for greater light. When it seems we're groping in darkness, let's apply this thought. Darkness is greater than light, and darkness is the potential for more light; light needs the presence of darkness, and light that comes from darkness is brighter than light that's been there all along.

To sign up for weekly *chizuk* messages culled from the *parsha* of the week,

email Knafayim info@knafayimwings.org or visit the website at knafayimwings.org. Available by email or text. ✨

The Light of Darkness

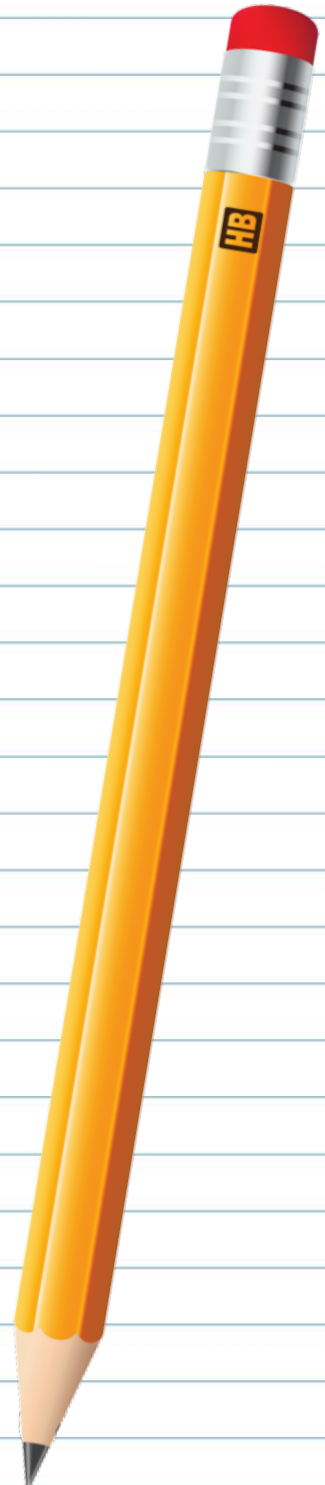


To My Dear

Anonymous

To my dearest little tzaddik'l,
I miss you.
I was so looking forward to holding you.
Nursing you.
Cuddling with you.
Simply enjoying you.
I did hold you,
And cuddle with you,
Looking at you carefully so that I won't forget-
Those perfect little lips,
And that squashed tiny nose.
You didn't cry.
I never heard your voice
And you didn't move.
You were oh, so still,
But I'm sure you know I love you
Forever.

With tears,
Mommy 



A Mother's Thoughts

Shira N.

No Questions Asked

When I had great grades in school, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

When I was valedictorian for graduation, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

When I got into seminary, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

When I got engaged to my first boy, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

When I got married first in the class, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

When *shana rishona* was great, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

Now that infertility makes its way in, I question.

Now that I miscarried, I ask, "Why me?"

When I got pregnant, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

When I carried a beautiful baby inside, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

With each week that went by, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

With each new scan, I didn't ask, "Why me?"

Now that my baby is no longer here, I ask why?

Now that I'm no longer carrying my child, I question?

Now I ask Hashem and wonder?

When all was good, there were no questions.

Now, too, I must remember:

There are questions. But in reality, there are no questions.

Tatty, I accepted Your good until now, and I also accept it now.

Hashem, I ache to know why,

But the answer to why is unknown.

Only You know why. 🙏

Humor Me

Y. Freund

Let me start with a riddle. What is the saddest fruit? (Think. Think. Don't look at the answer just yet... Can you guess?) Blueberries! Oh, c'mon, you didn't guess that, right?!

Blueberries are berry blue. They stain those that come in contact with them because of their blue'ness, making a sad mess that results in a downright exhausting job to clean up. Or rather, to try to clean up. The blue color tends to get stuck on those around, even while everyone is trying to handle it with care. Kid gloves needed, as in, those blue latex gloves. The hardships those around us endure... (I know, I know... you want me to focus on your pain instead of the pain you are subsequently inflicting on those around you.) Here: I'm giving it to you on a silver platter. Y'know what? We can

make that a golden platter. Stacks of validation, loads of comfort and support, and mountains of permission - tall, towering mountains of permission to feel the way you feel and act the way you act and cry the way you cry. And permission for all that's unlisted as well. Yep, I am granting you all that I want others to be granting me!

And still, I will (make an effort to) remember: nobody enjoys being around sour spots. I will try to be all sugar and dimple, delish blueberry pie... I don't want my blue mood staining anyone!

I will also carve out time for myself to be blue and express my true feelings to those select few that will know how to eat this fruit the right way. ✨

Feeling Blue

Comfort Food

Chaya K.

Crinkle Cookies

Note: These are HEAVEN! And DANGEROUS! And when all you have left are the crumbs, don't say I didn't warn you!

Ingredients:

- 4 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup cocoa
- 1 Tbsp vanilla sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp baking powder
- Confectioners sugar – for dipping

Instructions:

1. Mix all ingredients.
2. Form balls.
3. Dip into confectioners sugar.
4. Place on a lined cookie sheet - spread apart. (No need to flatten the balls)
5. Bake at 350° for 12 minutes.
6. Remove from the oven promptly.

Enjoy! ✨



Hugging 'Treat'ment

Esti S.

Unwind and relax at the end of a rough day with a calming bubble bath!

Use your favorite soaps, bath bombs and/or bath salts to truly give yourself the full pampering experience. Turning off the main lights and adding a scented candle can really set the tone. Why not complete the ambience with some relaxing spa music?

Spa music:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ceEYXS2a5sg>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q5u2Ddbvocc&t=17s>

Some Healing Powers and Health Benefits of Bubble Baths:

Relax your Mind and Brighten your Mood

Cleanse and Detoxify

Nourish, Hydrate, and Heal your Skin

Soothe Sore Muscles

Improve Blood Circulation and Heart Health

Burn Calories

Boost Your Immune System and Relieve Cold/Flu Symptoms

Sleep Better 



Small Talk, Big Talk

Hashem in His kindness gifted me with a child. Since then, I have been through a few losses. The last one was a year and a half ago. How do you get the courage to try again?? I really want to, but I am so, so scared...

Wow!! This is a really tough question!! I don't think anyone is really ready when they try again... I think when the desperation of wanting another child becomes stronger than one's fear, one tries again. However, it's always good to be prepared and to face your fears head-on. Make sure you have a way to deal with pregnancy when it happens. Ask yourself what methods you will use to survive the subsequent fear – which is a normal part of pregnancy post-loss. Will you be distracted by planning the things you will do to take your mind off the fear? For example, maybe a plan includes going to your doctor more often, taking upon yourself more *tehillim*, or a *kabbalah* (if that makes you feel stronger), and having a therapist/mentor to speak to. Preparing is probably key, as it will empower

you with the knowledge that you're doing the most you can in the midst of a challenge.

Much *hatzlacha* and may Hashem give you the strength and clarity you need!! Hugs!!

S.T.

Dear Friend, your pain and fear really resonates with me.

I too have *Baruch Hashem* been blessed with children and have since experienced five consecutive losses, the last being less than a year ago.

Each time I try again I carry two emotions, one in each pocket. In one pocket is the fear that I will *chas v'shalom* lose this pregnancy, and in the other pocket is the hope and belief that I will be holding a live, healthy baby in my arms once

more, *B'ezras Hashem*.

The hope and belief need to be so real that they become stronger than the fear.

I really feel that at this point, trying again is a workout for my *emunah* and *bitachon*: I know in my mind that Hashem can do anything, but that knowledge needs to reach the heart as well, and it's truly instilled when I can act upon it.

Another point that helps me is knowing that I want another baby so strongly, and the only way to get there is by trying again.

M. K.

I totally, totally understand you. Try to invest as much as you possibly can in preparing yourself emotionally, physically,

Next Issue's Talk:

If my baby's *neshama* is perfect, is it wrong to want to do something as an *illuy* for his/her *neshama*? Who am I to argue with the Rabbanim - but my heart aches to do something so he will never be forgotten by others. However, if his *neshama* doesn't need it, what can I do to honor his/her memory, without overstepping a *halachic* boundary? 

A Mother's Thoughts

Rose L.

and with things like going to therapy, speaking to doctors, and getting any medications which may help you through. It will probably still be extremely difficult and anxiety-inducing, even with the preparation, but if you feel you have done all you can, the only thing after that is to *daven* and get through each day. *Hatzlacha!*

Esti

I get you so well... Its hard and it's scary. Firstly, take your time and don't rush into it before you are ready. How will you know when you are ready? When your desire to have another child will be stronger than the fear of loss. Here are some tips that I learned in a support group and personally found useful. It can be helpful to have someone close that you trust, and maybe even went through something like this herself. It can help to be in touch with them from when you find out the news so that you can discuss your fears and have a listening ear even before you normally would have shared the news with friends. Another helpful thing is to have a compassionate doctor, and to ask for more frequent appointments so that you can be reassured that everything is okay. If going to the same doctor you used for your loss is triggering, you might consider changing doctors.

I hope some of this helps and I'm wishing you much strengt to go through this scary step.

N. K

less

No signs within your name.

Well, of course,

Since

You had no name.

You came

But left,

So of course

You remain:

Nameless,

Ageless,

Dateless,

Sizeless,

Genderless.

And of course,

I remain...

Motherless. ✨

My Thoughts

@diaryoflossandhope

GLOSSARY

Staining – THIS isn't happening. It happens a lot,

nothing is wrong,

Knowing I'm kidding myself.

Silence – No heartbeat, no commentary, no nothing.

Doctor, just tell me what you see.

I'm sorry – The words that bring the world crashing down,

Feeling dumb that I ever dared to hope.

Empty – As empty as the uterus on my OB's screen,

Leaving a gaping hole in my heart.

Sadness – All encompassing, ever present.

I think I will be sad forever.

Smiling – Gluing it onto my face like a mask.

The smile will peel off as soon as I'm alone.

Denying – To friends and to family I'm denying the truth,

Avoiding them so I don't have to face them.

Asking – For help, for guidance, for support, for love.

Worrying I am putting too much of a burden on others.

Pushing – To get myself out of bed, to socialize, to achieve "normalcy,"

Then collapsing in tears as the day ends.

Crying – Constantly, with no warning at all.

The tears have a mind of their own.

Breathing – Deeply and slowly to fight the tears and emotions.

Forgetting what natural, reflexive breathing feels like.

Sobbing – Into my sleeve, my pillow, my hands, Trying to muffle the sound.

Begging – For the pain to stop, or at least dull.

Doubting it ever will.

Distraction – With food, with music, with work.

Crying when distractions end.

Wiping – The mascara that's running everywhere.

Throwing away the tissue and walking into work.

Falling – Into an abyss of despair,

Feeling like no one can catch me.

Doubting – That anything will ever get better.

Telling myself it has to and it can only go up from here.

Silencing – My doubts, my fears, my shuddering sobs,

Not letting anyone in.

Praying – For understanding and to have to feel whole again,

Knowing that Hashem is listening.

Dear Diary

Shira N.

Dear Diary,

Today was my first day back at work since my baby died and oh, you guessed it, it was a real disaster. Everyone knew I was expecting, so it was mega-awkward when I no longer came in wearing maternity clothes. Stomachs were everywhere. I didn't even realize my co-worker was expecting, but now she stood out like a sore thumb. When I walked into the teachers room, everyone tried to be friendly - but they really just walked on eggshells all around me. Oh, and Malkie stopped mid-sentence when she realized she mentioned the word formula. Is this how it will always be? The pitying glances followed me wherever I went: down the hallways, to my classroom, and to the lunch room as well. They were by far the worst when they came along with whispers of, "Can you imagine what she might be feeling, she lost her baby? Nebach, I feel so bad." Somewhere along the way, a few teachers missed the memo and wished me mazel tov, and then those who knew felt very uncomfortable correcting them, so they were unsure where to place themselves and didn't know what to say.

I made it through the day. Do I get any brownie points? After all, I'm sooooo skinny now and can afford to eat anything. The comments are nonstop. "Now, you look great after just having a baby." I mean seriously, you couldn't think of anything else to say...? The best yet is, "How are you feeling?" Do they want to know physically, emotionally, mentally or spiritually? I mean, I just buried my baby. How do you want me to feel? It doesn't take five minutes to heal. Shocking, I know. And don't tell me it's okay because it's anything but okay. I'm so ready for the end of the day so I can curl up under my covers and call it a night.

Just day one back in the workplace...

Until tomorrow,

Toon 

A Mother's Words

Riva Wolfman

Shiluach Haken

"Mommy! Mommy! Come, you must see something!" Eight year old Shimmy urgently exclaimed upon reaching our doorstep. I was in the middle of multiple kitchen tasks. The *challah* was rising on the counter, waiting to be braided. The chicken soup was bubbling, ready for bottoms to be added. The brownie cake mixture was ready to be transferred to the oven. It was a typical Thursday afternoon scene in a *yiddishe* home.

"Ma! *Nu*, come! Come already!" The desperation in my *benyuchid's* voice drove me to stop, drop, and run. "What's the matter, *tzaddik*?" I asked as I came running towards

him. "Oh, Ma! You won't believe this! Look how precious! Oh, how cute! Mommy, they're so tiny! Can they be mine? I'll own them! I'll feed them! I'll take good care of them! I promise!" I stepped onto the back porch, following my enthusiastic son. There, on the ledge of the porch gate, I saw it. A warm and cozy bird nest. "Oh, Shimmy, this is lovely!" I joined him in his amazement. "How tiny! How pure! These birdies are awesome!"

"So, Ma! Can we bring them home?! They'll be my little brothers! I'll finally have someone to play with. Yes Mommy, will you let me?" We sat down to observe

these gentle little angels - these miracles of creation. My son was amazed! He went on and on, talking and dreaming about the newly found treasure, all the while bringing me along into his imagination and fantasy. I was swept into a different world, and forgot all about my kitchen left behind.

The sound of my husband's footsteps brought me back to reality. Oh! The soup! The *challah*! The cake! They were all awaiting my return. I hurried back to the kitchen. While trying to manage the over-risen dough and half boiled chicken soup, I overheard



Shimmy and my husband discussing the major news. “*Shiluach Haken*, what a *zechus*!” My husband Menachem’s words reached my ears. Oh, poor Shimmy. I envisioned his disappointed expression as his dreams would be shattered in front of his eyes. But little did I measure the quality and depth of a *yiddishe neshama*.

My Shimmy, my *tzaddik*, simply channeled his enthusiasm in a new direction. “Tatty, that’s huge! My *Rebbi* told us about the greatness of this special *mitzvah*! He even told us a story about a childless couple that were *zoche* to a *yeshua* in the *zechus* of the *mitzvah*.” My eyes dampened as I thought, “ Hashem, only You know how we, too, yearn for a *yeshua*! Thank You for giving us this amazing opportunity.”

Soon, the conversation turned into action. Our small family stood in unity with noses pressed to the glass of the windowpanes and eyes eagerly focused on the porch ledge. Our hearts

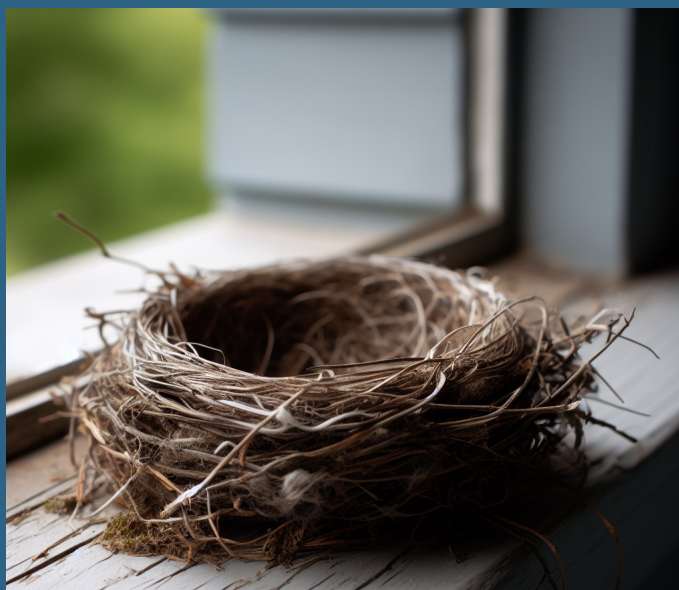
were pumping with emotions, and we were getting the opportunity to perform this rare, holy *mitzvah*. As we cautiously watched the mother robin returning to her warm, cozy little nest, tears filled my eyes. “My dear, poor, mother, bird. How hard you have worked to build your precious, little nest. How much effort you’ve invested in forming it into a warm and lovely home for your three little un-borns!” The lump in my throat made it hard to breathe. How I felt her pain! The pain of months of building, yearning, and waiting - just to have her dreams shattered right before she could see the fruits of her labor of love. This was too much for me and I burst into

tears.

“HASHEM, HASHEM, *KEIL RACHUM VECHANUN*!! If my human heart is overflowing with *rachmanus*, how much more is the *rachmanus* of the Almighty, the *Ba’al Harachamim*? You are the Creator of the female mother bird. The Creator of the prenatal Jewish woman. And You, our Creator, our dear Father, the source of *chesed* and *rachmanus*, have bestowed upon us the opportunity to perform this rare and great *mitzvah*. We can’t even try to understand the size of this holy *mitzvah*.

As I watched the mother robin returning to her nest, I just couldn’t keep in my sobs. My tears blocked my vision. There was lightning and thunder outdoors. The rain droplets were showering the porch gate. I envisioned the rain as heavenly tears pouring down on the little nest.

“Precious robin mother: Hashem is with



you! In your *zechus*, the *geulah* is coming closer. Your pain counts. Your tears remove barriers! How little and vulnerable you are, yet your cries and screams are validated. They matter. They open the heavenly doors, although you are just a small robin!"

A bird is without any emotional ability. A bird exists without any intentional mental function. And yet, the pain of this poor, little bird counts. "Father of all mothers; what prayer can be expressed in this moment? Who like me can feel the eternity of this moment?"

I have been there, dear mother bird. I have been exactly there! A wave of compassion embraced my broken soul, and I felt the presence of my caring Father. How validating it felt to be heard by Heaven at this moment. My dear bird, if your pain and hurt matters, what about mine? The heart of a yearning *yiddishe* mother is the longing of a mother in waiting. Only the Creator of the female soul can truly measure the depth of emotional pain when an eager, *yiddishe* mama has to face the loss of her shattered, precious nest.

"Almighty, Creator of the female soul: You have watched me build straw by straw, month by month...



There were months of trying and failing and days of hopes and prayer. One branch, one straw... One obstacle at a time, I finally built a nest of my own. Hashem, You've granted me this amazing gift of anticipation. How rosy were those months of joyous waiting! Thank You Hashem for this wonderful opportunity!! Thank You, Almighty Father, for showering me with Your love and care. How honored I am to have the Almighty Creator of the entire world perform a personal *shiluach haken* just for me!!! Out of countless women, you've chosen me to overcome this tremendous *nisayon*. And now, as I am watching my husband perform *shiluach haken*, I can tell that my pain counts. I can feel Your validating presence. I know You are here for me - always.

This time, please bless me so that I too can be a part of Your miracle. Grant me the experience of joining mothers in bringing down wholesome and healthy *neshamos* into this world. Fill up my nest, dear Father. And thereby, Father of *Klal Yisroel*, gather us all back into our original nest. Bestow the *geulah sheleima* upon all of us. Bring us all back to Yerushalayim, our holy nest, *b'karov*,

בביאת משיח צדקנו במהרה בימינו אמן. ✨

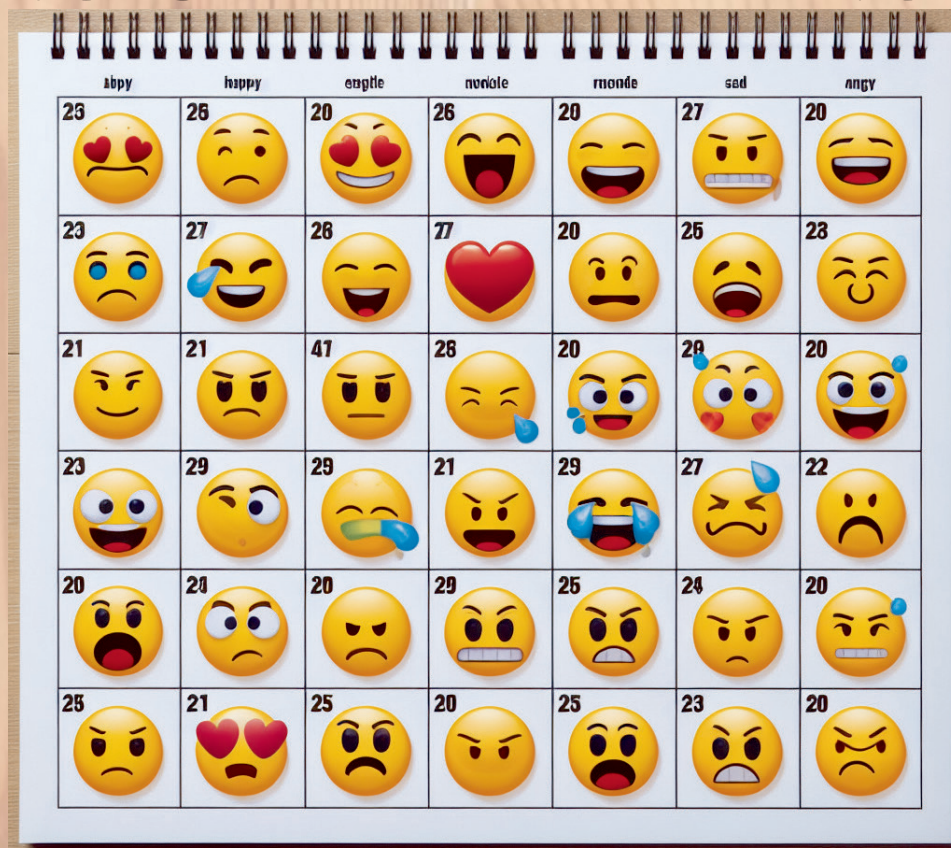
My Thoughts

E. T.

Some days are hard days; those are the days where I feel down and alone. Some days are better days; on those days, I fulfill my obligations and don't neglect my responsibilities. But on some days, in some ways, I feel different. I lack focus. I don't have energy for cooking, cleaning, or running errands. At times, I force myself to keep moving even though I don't feel up to it, because life goes on even when my world has ended. I go through the motions, but I'm overwhelmed. I feel like I don't have room for any more emotions.

I can't believe this has actually happened to me. These things happen to others but not us. I feel like everyone else got over it except for me, which makes me feel so lonely. It's hard to go on as if nothing happened, but it's also hard to sit with my emotions. I am hopeful that the days will get easier: that as the days pass one by one, time will heal, *b'ezras Hashem*. ✨

SOME DAYS



Chanukah

The moments the candles flicker are an auspicious time for prayer. In the presence of the *menorah's* light we can offer a personal *tefillah* on our behalf and on behalf of our friends in need.

It is said in the name of the Kedushas Levi that each night of Chanukah is *mesugal* for different things to *daven* for:

1st night - Not to be lonely or depressed.

2nd night - For *shidduchim* and *shalom bayis*.

3rd night - For good, happy, and healthy children.

4th night - To be a healthy and wholesome woman, as the *Arba Imahos*, in the four walls of your home.

5th night - That your husband and children should be Torah Scholars.

-By the 5th night, more of the *menorah* is lit up than not; *daven* for more light in your life and for clarity.

6th night - For *simcha*; you can have everything and still be sad. This is an opportunity to pray for joy and happiness.

7th night - Shabbos is the source of all *brachos*. Ask Hashem for happy and peaceful *shabbosos*, and for your *seuda* to be with *zemiros* and *divrei Torah*.

8th night – An auspicious time for barren women. Being that the number 8 is above nature, Zos Chanukah is a powerful day to *daven*.

The Chasam Sofer says that when you cry in front of the Chanukah candles you can be sure that your *tefillos* were answered.

May we all be *zoche* to have our prayers answered *b'karov*!

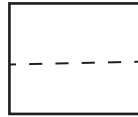
Reprinted for the benefit of our readers.

Chanukah

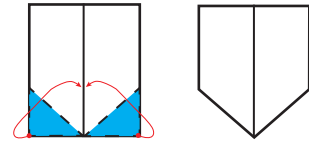
Dreidel Dollar Bill



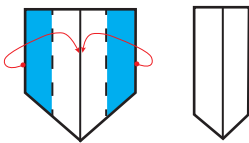
1- Fold the bill in half as shown



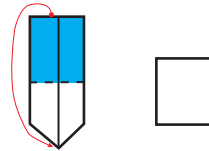
2- Fold it in half again as shown to form a crease and reopen



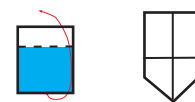
3- Fold the 2 bottom corners up to the crease as shown



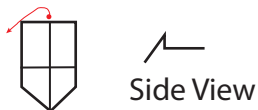
4- Fold the 2 sides in to the center crease



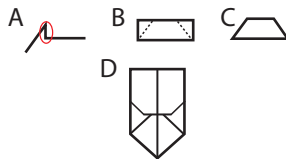
5- Fold the top down till the bottom of the point, as shown



6- Fold it back up 1/3 of the length where shown, to form a pleat



7- Tilt the top half down (see diagram)



8- With the circled part of the diagram (A) facing you (B) push down on the 2 corners and fold inwards until your bill looks like the image shown (C) then flatten everything back. Image D shows how your bill should look including fold lines



9- Fold the 2 top sides in towards the center as shown and there you have your dreidel!



Final look with folds



Flip to the other side for a cleaner look

Key:

- Fold Here
- - - Stays Folded
- Will become hidden after folding



The Old Me

When will I feel like the old me,
The one whom I used to be,
The one who was usually happy?

The one whose emotions weren't so confusing..
Who was always busy with errands, not just musing?

My focus was clear,
I didn't cry even one tear.

The new me is not much fun.
The old me is someone to whom I would run.

This is temporary, I think,
This thought helps me when I feel like I'll sink:

My emotions swing as if on a pendulum,
Different emotions go and come.

In time I will *iy*"H feel okay,
Then, "Thank You Hashem!" I will happily say. ✨

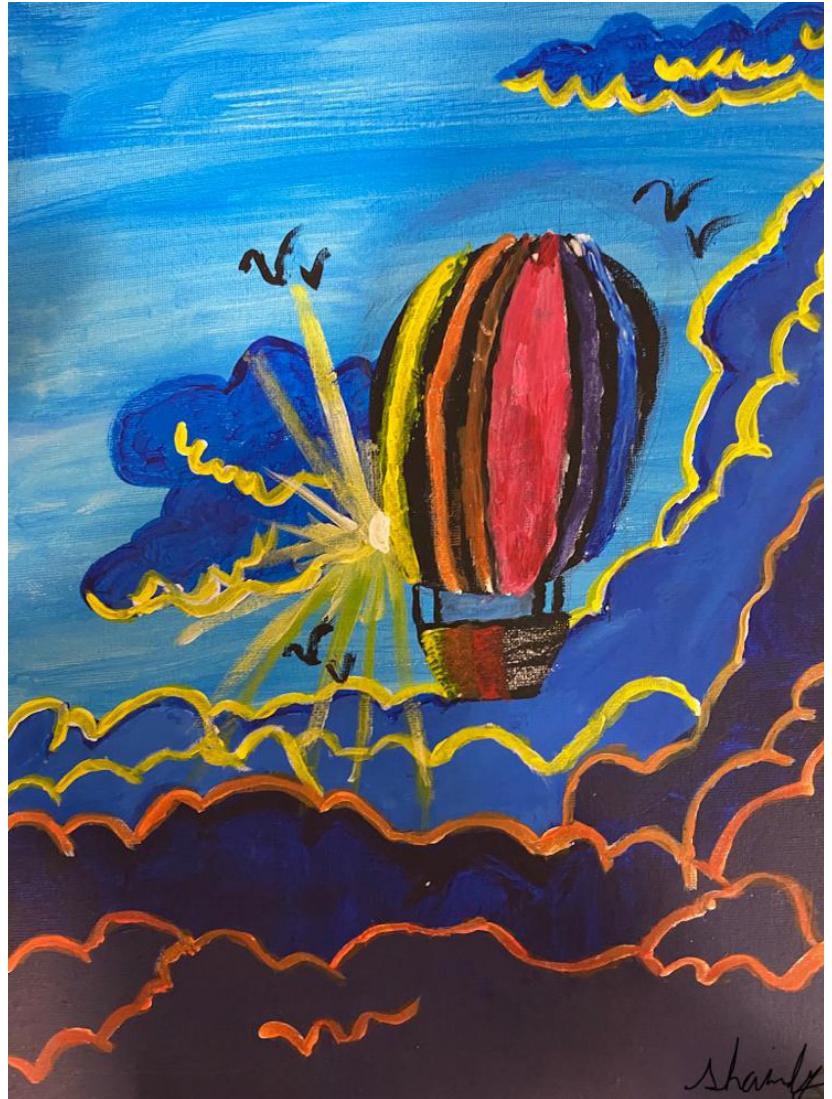
Artistic Expression

Shaindy M.

I am floating midair.
Up, up high,
Away from my pain,
Away from my sorrow.

In the sky,
Where clouds surround me,
I'm close to you, my *neshama*.
I feel you in my presence.
I miss you...
This journey is together.

I fly high,
To feel you, Hashem,
In a darkness so blinding,
In a cloudy, starless sky.
But You peek through and bring forth the light,
And You hug me in a cloud's embrace.
I'm floating into Your arms. ✨



To share your artistic creation, find our contact information on page three.

Quote Me

"If you can't cry while you daven, daven while you cry."

"If a mistake is not a stepping stone, that's a mistake!"

"H.O.P.E. - HOLD ON. PAIN ENDS."

Did You Know?

Rachel Aron

In the pursuit of happiness, many end up with unhappy feelings. Why is this so? Happiness cannot be attained forcefully. We need to try to cultivate true inner happiness by doing positive actions and thinking encouraging thoughts. Exercising, spending time outdoors in the sun, laughter, music and being grateful for what we are blessed with are some ways to feel that elusive sense of inner calm - which promotes inner *simcha*. ✨



Resources

Asking for help is a sign of strength, not of weakness.

A TIME

P: 718-686-8912 Ext. 113
E: losssupport@atime.org
W: www.atime.org

A TIME/HUG offers emotional support and medical guidance. Support includes comforting packets home delivered and/or mailed throughout the world, monthly phone supports, a Groupme support chat, special webinars and teleconferences, a 24 hour helpline (Kol Chaya/ 845-81-ATIME), doulas who are trained to be with couples when delivering babies born still, *chevra kadisha* services when necessary, and so much more.

Haneshama

A beautiful telephone line, in Yiddish, for the Jewish Woman. (A project of Tal Shel Tchiya) 718-906-6466, 4, 7. Options 6 and 7. For the password, call/text Rivky at tel # 929-214-0503.

Our Tapestry

P: 718-438-6930 and 718-771-3443
E: miriam@ourtapestry.org
chanadevorah@ourtapestry.org
W: www.OurTapestry.org

Our Tapestry provides support and inspiration to families who have suffered the loss of a child, sibling or grandchild. We offer a publication, WhatsApp chats, support groups and events.

OX

P: 347-552-1922

We hand-deliver *Mishloach Manos* in Williamsburg, commemorating a baby lost on Purim. Order for yourself or for a friend! Call or text to participate this year.

Knafayim

P: 718-925-2113
E: support@knafayimwings.org
W: knafayimwings.org

Knafayim Wings supports those who experienced a pregnancy/infant loss. We offer guidance, counseling, and referrals. We hand-deliver care packages for those who experienced a loss, lead phone support groups moderated by licensed professionals, host lectures by doctors discussing topics related to the physical and emotional aspects of loss, and send out weekly inspirational messages culled from the *parsha* of the week.

RSK

P: 845-414-8001 Ext. 103
E: thekitchen@rsk.org
W: RSK.org

Our program is geared for families hit by a sudden shift in the household which results in parental availability to prepare dinner, as well as financial constraints. We provide meals that would ease this physical and financial burden. Once an application is submitted and approved, we send you an email with the menu.

Hug In a Box

E: support@huginabox.org

Are you or someone you know struggling with pregnancy loss or infertility? Contact us for a complimentary care package to show you that you are not alone. Available in the US and in Israel.

IVF Loss/Spa Box

E: Ijustneedahug1234@gmail.com (Delivery in Lakewood)

Do you know of any helpful resources? Help us keep this list updated!

