

HEAL



Hope and Encouragement After Loss

Issue 11 - Winter, 2025



HEAL

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From Our Hearts

Dear Friends,

Chanukah is the time when we remember the sacrifices that the Yidden made to learn Torah in hiding. If they were found, the punishment was death, but they were not afraid. When the Yevanim came, they took out their *dreidels* and began to play. We can learn a wonderful and important lesson from these brave Jews. In life, when we are told “No,” we can reply with a resounding, “Yes!” If it seems like life has shut the door in our faces and taken what we most desire, remember that Hashem has decided that this *neshama* must return.

When we view difficult situations in life with acceptance despite how hard it is, we are, in essence, showing Hashem that “You told me no and I'm still saying yes to You!” What more can we show Hashem in our darkest moments of pain and grief? What more can we show to prove that we are strong in our belief? We are those *dreidels*, coming out in the hardest times, but showing light and hope instead of fear.

This Chanukah, attempt to be a spark of light and strength to someone else going through a hard time and you'll see how much good it brings to you. Even when we're sitting around with family and friends and the pain stares us in the face, remember to say yes when all we feel is no.

Have a *freilichen* Chanukah! 

HEAL  The HEAL Team,
Chaya, Shira & Ettie

From Your Heart

The magazine was so comforting and the graphics were beautiful!

C.F.

As an avid reader of the HEAL magazine, I read it from cover to cover and then again. I must say that whichever state of mind I am in at that time, I always find something that speaks to me. Thanks for discussing loss from so many perspectives! There was one article, though, that I couldn't bring myself to follow. The yoga poses by Tzippy W. sounded like a big challenge. (I guess that shows how much I can really use it.) I still hope to take the leap and try it one day.

Thank you so much for everything, keep up your amazing work!

C.S.

Thank you for your kind words and amazing magazine.

You should be gebentcht

F.T.

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ONLY HASHEM CAN TURN

A MESS INTO A MESSAGE,

A TEST INTO A TESTIMONY,

A TRIAL INTO TRIUMPH,

AND A VICTIM INTO A VICTORY.

Inner Expression

Shira N.

Tonight is Chanukah.
We awaited it this year.
We thought you would be with us.
We anticipated your arrival.
I could feel the kicking with each donut,
And I could sense the connection as we sang.
Now there is nothing
But a broken heart,
An empty womb,
A painful *yom tov*,
Left again
With no *yeshuah*.
Chanukah.
A time for family.
Seeing others around us
As it aches from the deepest part,
Engulfed in our pain,
Shutting others out.
Our sweet baby, you were our light,
Our miracle.
Everyone dances,
Everyone sings.
We sit alone.
The joys,
The *yom tov*,
For us it is just pain.
It's a reminder
Of what we don't have,
Of what we yearn for.

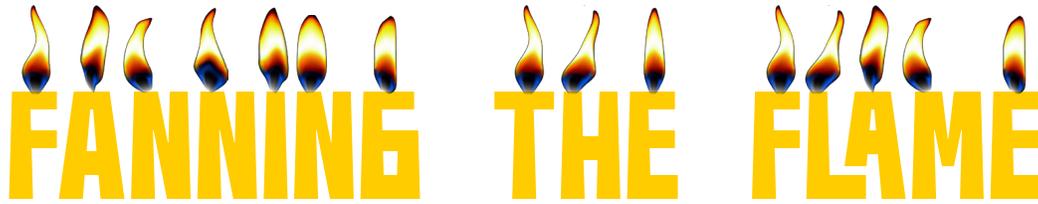
Tears mingle with the Chanukah *lecht*,
As we watch the eager face up in *shamayim*.
He's smiling down at us,
Lighting up our world from above.
We *daven* that he stays close,
Hoping to see him soon,
Nestled in my arms,
Hugging me close,
With the *yeshuah* near.
But for now,
Empty and longing for you,
We welcome Chanukah.

*Longing For
You...*



Inspiration

Hadassa Cohen



FANNING THE FLAME

Chanukah is the festival of lights and of miracles! We all love it!

Indeed, it is beautiful, and if we're honest, we know deep inside that it also comes with some tough moments. There are many Chanukah parties, whether for family, friends, or work colleagues, that we may be invited to. We may not be in the mood, as if we must put on a smile even though we're just not feeling it. Here are some tips to help you navigate this time of year.

For me, preparation is always paramount. If we know what we might be 'up against,' we can prepare for the worst and not be surprised when we see or hear things that could trigger us. Chances are, there are going to be uncomfortable moments and situations during this *yom tov*, so let's plan. Perhaps we do not have to attend every gathering. Choose wisely. I remember a friend telling

me to think about it in terms of what is the '*ikar*' and what is the '*tafel*'. Where do we have to be, and where would it be nice to show up? Perhaps we must go to that family party, but not the work one. Choose what's right for you. Be kind to yourself and acknowledge that it's going to be hard.

The next idea is to set boundaries. People may say things which are (to put it mildly) inappropriate. Prepare a response for if someone asks something that is too personal for you to share. Perhaps humor is a tactic you're good at, or maybe it's a "Sorry, but this is a no-discuss topic" (from experience, that one's worked well!). Or, perhaps you have a completely different comment. Don't be afraid to use it; we need to protect ourselves. Only you can decide which things you don't mind if people know and what you prefer to keep private. Even prepare a way to escape

the situation altogether if it gets too hard (like, you remember you didn't feel good the whole day and need to get to bed early!). We are completely allowed to walk away from uncomfortable conversations. Setting boundaries in some way is like having control over a small part of our situation. Maybe this way our lives feel less out of control.

It's a nice idea at this time of the year (or really any time of the year!) to engage in what sparks joy in your life. Do you feel energized by spending time in nature or taking long hot bubble baths? Do it! Do anything that distracts you from the pain that is inevitable at this time. Indulge in activities that bring you comfort and offer self-care. We must prioritize ourselves when times are difficult. Do whatever you need to de-stress.

Let's remember that we're not alone. We have each other to lean

IF WE KNOW WHAT WE MIGHT BE 'UP AGAINST,' WE CAN PREPARE FOR THE WORST AND NOT BE SURPRISED WHEN WE SEE OR HEAR THINGS THAT COULD TRIGGER US.



on and support us. Even reading this is a reminder of just that! We can communicate our feelings, fears, hopes and dreams to our spouses, or to each other. We may have friends in the same situation that we can meet up with who really understand the nuances of what we're going through. There are also different organizations that offer support material that can really bolster us at this time. Let's make use of what's available out there.

Most of all, we need to focus on the positive aspects of Chanukah get-togethers and be present to try to enjoy some parts. Be grateful if you have family that is around and available. Be grateful that you are not alone. Be grateful that you are surrounded with others that care (even though they may not know

how to show it). There are always going to be some positives in every situation. We can't be sad and feeling gratitude at once, so forcing ourselves to find one or two things to be grateful for can literally be a game-changer. We may even want to say out loud or write down what we're grateful for, as that makes it more real (been there, done that). Even more, trying to focus on appreciation and thankfulness for the areas in life that are going well. This might be a good job, a connection to your community, financial stability, or health.

And lastly, for me, when it's hard and I can't 'get out of it,' I always keep in mind that it won't last forever. Nothing does. When all else fails, that's always a comfort to me. 



From Grieving to Healing

I wish I had known then what I know now.

When I was grieving the loss of my stillborn son, I was told by my own father to move on before my baby was even buried. This was startling to me and it foreshadowed how others would handle my grieving, too. Along my journey, I encountered people telling me that everything happens for a reason. That proved to be harmful to me instead of comforting me. People questioning my struggle while I was in the early stage of grief really hurt me. I know people meant well and wanted me to feel better quickly, but unsolicited advice rubbed me the wrong way. I felt misunderstood and dismissed by well-meaning friends and family. I thought there was something deeply wrong with me or that my grief was lasting too long.

In fact, there is nothing wrong with grief. It is a natural

and human response to the loss of someone or something important to us. If we grieve it means it mattered to us. If we're still grieving, it means it still matters to us. It might also indicate that there's more to be processed.

In our society, grief is often seen as something to 'get over' or 'heal from' - ASAP. We live in a fast-paced world where we can click a button on Amazon, and within a day or two, the order arrives at our door. We place our food in the microwave and a minute later our food is ready for us to eat. We are used to instant service, but we are not Amazon, microwaves, or emotional robots, and it's not how humans were designed to be! Healing is a journey, not an instant destination. Grief is an evolving process that we must experience, not a problem to be fixed by a specific time. This quote from Viktor E. Frankl, a

Jewish Holocaust survivor, sums it up, “To the European, it is a characteristic of the American culture that, again and again, one is commanded and ordered to 'be happy.' But happiness cannot be pursued; it must ensue.”

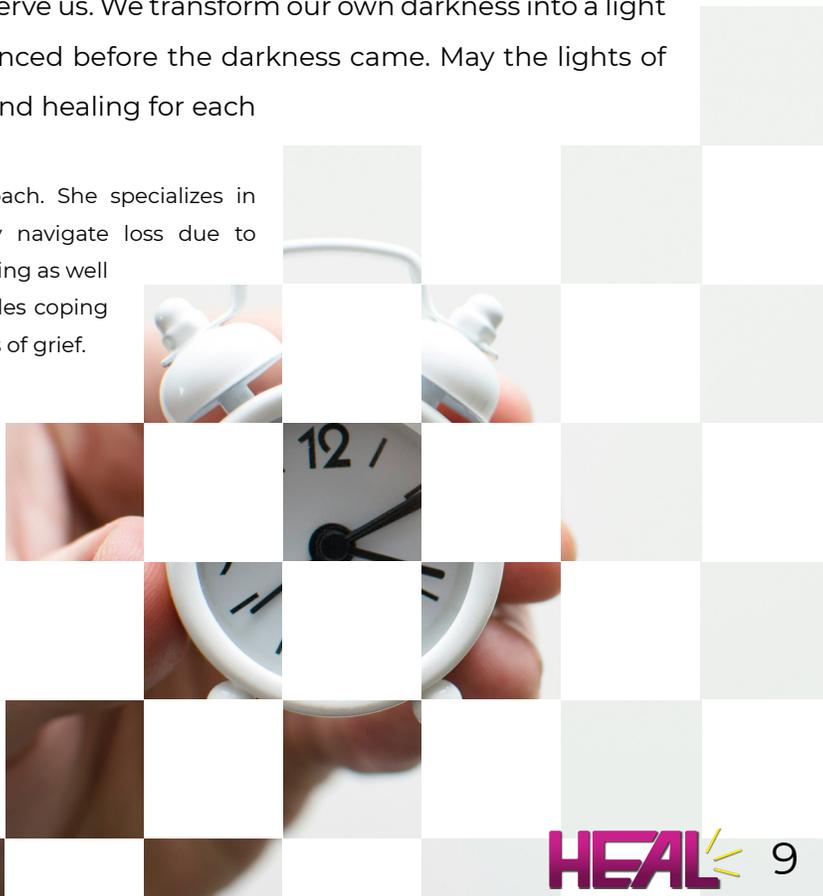
Our childhoods and the cultures we grew up in become the blueprints for how we view both ourselves and the people around us. Early experiences directly influence how we handle emotions and challenges later in life. Like a computer, our minds will continue to function, even 30 years later, exactly the way they were wired and programmed from the very beginning. Therefore, the grief process that unfolds after the loss of a baby is more complex than some realize. To heal from loss of any kind, we must examine the unconscious beliefs, coping strategies, and myths about grief that were formed in our younger years. Only by healing the past can we change the story we tell ourselves and create new, healthier patterns for how we handle loss, hardships, and emotional challenges.

As we celebrate the Yom Tov of Chanukah this year, it may be difficult for those of us who are grieving. This is a gentle reminder that grief is an essential part of being human. There is nothing wrong with you for experiencing grief. You are capable of healing. When we heal, we not only move through grief but also transform outdated beliefs that no longer serve us. We transform our own darkness into a light that far exceeds the light we have experienced before the darkness came. May the lights of the Chanukah *menorah* hold hope, light, and healing for each one of you. 

Chaya Hott is a certified Grief and Trauma Coach. She specializes in supporting and coaching Jewish women as they navigate loss due to miscarriage, stillbirth, or infant loss. Through her training as well as her own personal experience with loss, she provides coping strategies and tools to navigate all stages and aspects of grief.

Chaya offers individual sessions as well as group workshops.

Chaya can be reached by phone at 718.310.8678 or by email at chaya@jewishgriefgroups.com



A Mother's Thoughts

Esther Kurtz

“IT” IS FOR OBJECTS

It'll be a year in a couple of days. It's 11 months already, so we wouldn't have still been saying Kaddish for him.

But there would have been a *yahrtzeit*. And people would be looking at me with concerned eyes, asking me how I'm doing, and if I'm doing anything to commemorate it.

But he's not considered a person. He didn't live 30 days,- he didn't live for even a moment. But he was very much alive in me. We don't talk about these things — not directly, not openly, maybe with some euphemisms, mostly in trailed off sentences and excessive pronouns.

I'm not sure what it is. It's not shame. I don't feel any shame in what happened. (Although some

caressed and kissed him, if I told you I named him, if I told you he was buried but nobody will tell me

where, will you let me call him my child?

But why do I feel the need to justify the depth of my sorrow? Why do we ascribe so little meaning to miscarriages, late miscarriages, and stillbirths?

The science is

literature suggests many women do.) I think it has to do with that in-between status, the non-being aspect of it. Was he my child, was he a child? Or was he just a fetus?

If I told you I labored with him, if I told you I birthed him, if I told you I held him, if I told you I

that early miscarriages are often the body's way of ridding itself of an unviable fetus. There's nothing to mourn, because the pregnancy never was viable. It's a convenient way for others to minimize and intellectualize other people's pain.

I carried small. Most people



didn't know I was pregnant. It was a "late miscarriage," which means that it took place after the first trimester. My son was perfect, he was healthy and strong; my body just failed him.

But I sometimes feel a need to wish my circumstances were worse: that I was later in my pregnancy, or that my son took a few ragged breaths, just so the world would allow me to feel the pain that courses through me, making my knuckles stiff and my throat hurt, instead of swallowing hard and focusing on whatever stupid thing is in front me, consciously wiping away thoughts and telling myself, "Not now. Don't think, no one cares anymore, no one gets it, it was a long time ago."

Why do I feel the need to share all the gory details so the world will understand and allow me to cry without judging me?

I have a good (read: awful) story to tell. But no woman should have to feel like she needs to feel better before she's ready to. No woman should have to wish she were worse off so people would respect her story.

"Some people take it harder," someone said to me in a gentle voice of *chizuk*. Gee, thanks for calling me weak, I think.

One of the most comforting things someone wrote to me after it happened (note the handy pronoun usage) was, "I was saddened to read about you losing your son." She called him my son. She didn't say "it," she didn't call it "a loss" or use the word "miscarriage." She identified my son for who he was: my child.

When my mother heard me say that I'd had a miscarriage, she corrected me, "What happened to

you wasn't a miscarriage, Esther, you lost a child." I knew she spoke the truth, but I felt uncomfortable saying that aloud to others. I had been on the other side just a few days prior, and I know what most people think: My son is a "loss," not a "child."

"What should I tell her, Esther?" my mother asked me a few months later. She's a volunteer doula and an organization had asked her to accompany a woman in labor at 27 weeks. The child was no longer alive. She had never been a doula in such a capacity.

I shrugged. I really didn't know. Some people crave *chizuk*; I found it offensive for the first few weeks. People grieve and process differently. The one thing I was able to tell her definitively was what she had told me. "Call it a child, call it a son, call it a daughter." They are real. Our relationships and bonds are real, our pain is real. And even the joy of a rainbow baby won't replace the mourning for the child who was lost.

I know someone who suffered many successive early miscarriages before she eventually had a live birth. While elated over her child's birth, she still views each miscarriage as an individual child, not just a stepping stone and process. Someone close to both of us commented to me, "Doesn't she realize that she could have only had one of those children? The miscarriages were so close together."

True. But.

It's not about the living child. Each pregnancy is an individual. Our miscarriages and stillborns had *neshamos*, every single one. Please know that and acknowledge it. Because no woman should ever have to defend her pain the way I am now. 

Been There

Malkie Klaristenfeld



Watching Over You

From the start, this pregnancy was shadowed with uncertainty.

For the first few weeks, I reined in the excitement that the promise of new life carries on its wings — especially at my age, when the merest sliver of promise is a blessing. The days turned into weeks, and slowly — in an agony of doubt — the weeks morphed into months.

I counted them carefully. I saw myself holding this little, precious *neshamah'le* and marveling at its innocence and perfection. Every ten days brought another appointment, another run-

through of all the numbers, another sonogram. 10:30 a.m. on Tuesday, December 31st, was to be just one more. The anxiety that had been stalking me peaked the night before.

"Come with me," I asked my husband, only half in jest. "I'm scared to go alone."

"It's just another appointment," he said. "But... but you'll call me as soon as it's over."

I walked through the doors of Methodist Hospital and submitted myself to the ministrations of an unfamiliar, tight-lipped sonographer. My heartbeat quickened as the image appeared

on the screen. My baby! There it was; a beautiful little silhouette outlined with that special halo that only Hashem's protection could provide.

I smiled involuntarily and then looked closer.

Nothing marred the perfect picture. Nothing to signal even the slightest hint of life.

"There is no heartbeat," I said.

Silence. The sonographer matter-of-factly repeated my words. "There is no heartbeat."

I froze.

"When did you last visit the doctor?" she asked, getting up and heading to the door. "I'll call

another doctor," she threw over her shoulder.

I was alone.

Just me and my silent, silent baby.

Not long after, I stood in the corridor of Methodist Hospital, toying with my cell phone uncertainly.

"Oh, Mrs. Klaristenfeld!" an enthusiastic voice greeted me.

I turned to face the smiling countenance of a valued professional contact. "So, how's it going?" the doctor inquired solicitously.

In that deserted corridor, the tears finally came. It was embarrassing, breaking down in the presence of a respected doctor with whom I deal professionally. But I cried. I cried for the little baby who was to be such a special gift when I hadn't expected to receive another. I cried for myself and for my husband who was still unaware that we had lost our child forever.

"This was my biggest fear," I finally said, amid the tears. "I have buried so many children! Too many." I told him that I wanted this baby delivered whole, without a D&E procedure.

The doctor was silent and I forged ahead. "This precious *neshamah* must be delivered without trauma. I want my baby to remain... complete. As complete as

she is right now."

He solicited the opinion of another doctor, who approved. Based on my history and medical status, he felt that a regular delivery would not pose any threat. My regular obstetrician stepped up to the plate, as I knew he would. Although he believed that the better approach was to do a D&E, he promised to do whatever it took to give me that one remaining comfort, in the safest way possible.

"Rethink your decision," he urged. "But if this is what you want, then we'll stand behind you."

The tears were once again tumbling over each other at this simple gesture of warmth and empathy. My doctor would be in the hospital on Thursday, and irrationally, I was glad to have one more day to carry my child close to my heart.

I came home and walked straight toward the couch in my

dining room. I sat down heavily... and sat... and sat. Hours passed in silence, as I continued sitting in the same position. I couldn't talk. I couldn't think. I couldn't even feel.

Instead, I fielded a tangled web of questions that grew thicker and more complex as the minutes ticked by. The pain and scathing agony covered in their respective corners, as a surge of anger overtook me.

I was hurt. I was resentful. I was confused.

Hashem! *Tatte in Himmel!* What message are You sending me?!

For years, I have been counseling and supporting and guiding couples experiencing a loss... a loss just like my own.

What are You telling me, *Tatte!* What is the message in this heart-slicing pain?! I have helped so many of Your suffering children in just this situation!

Was it anger? Was it confusion?

Hours passed in silence, as I continued sitting in the same position. I couldn't talk. I couldn't think. I couldn't even feel.

The hours ticked by slowly, and tomorrow's ordeal peeked out at me from behind the stars. I was scared. So, so scared. I needed to take someone along with me to support me. For more than a decade, I had always dropped everything to be there for others in this situation. Would no one be able to do the same for me?!

The answer was hurtful and unequivocal.

I walked into the delivery room, appearing for all the world like a woman in the bloom of pregnancy. It was a fleeting moment, just a passing illusion.

The induction progressed slowly, and I remained awake, haunted by a progression of little faces and tiny, delicate fingers. All those babies I had held and cuddled, supporting their parents as they bid them final farewells... All those pure *neshamos* who had flitted briefly through my life, leaving an imprint that neither

time nor activity could erase...

They were all there, in the Mount Sinai delivery room.

Delivery was difficult and draining. I was terribly and achingly alone. No one was there to hold my hand or to reassure me that these horrific moments would soon pass. No one could give me that which I gave to others.

Helpless and broken, I couldn't give it to myself.

The baby finally made her appearance. I couldn't look. I could barely feel. My little princess was lying there, silent and cold. She was mine. Mine. The doctors called her 'a second-trimester pregnancy failure.'

But she was my little girl.

And I was her mother. The only mother she would ever have. A mother for mere moments, but a mother nonetheless.

And then came the painful, wrenching farewell. I felt detached. "I can't do it now," I cried out. "I'm

not fully present and... and I can't squander these moments!"

"The baby is here now," I was told. "This is the time."

And then the silent, little form that had nestled within me for so many months was brought to me. I trembled. Come on, Malkie, I urged myself. You know what these babies look like! You've seen hundreds of them! You know how to get acquainted; how to sing to them, how to bond with them... and then... to let them go.

But knowing was one thing. Feeling was quite another. That helplessness washed over me again, stronger and more potent than before. I was alone. I would have to face this all on my own.

For a moment, I saw myself bending over that tiny form and handling her with love. I saw myself soothing the bereaved mother, wiping her tears and holding her hands gently.

But then I saw... myself. I wasn't



Malkie of Knafayim. I wasn't the giving, supportive presence that others had come to know. I was just a mother. A grieving mother whose daughter had gone even before she had come.

And I screamed.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't even look at my bundle of innocent purity. I couldn't!

The baby lay near me, completely covered. I didn't touch the blanket. I just looked at that tiny form concealed under a pure, white blanket. It was so small.

Somewhere in my subconscious, I realized that someone had softly opened the door and then closed it again. I was in my own world. It was a small world; a world just big enough for me and this little *neshamah'le* who would soon be taken away, never to be seen again.

Suddenly, my little world filled up. Hundreds upon hundreds of stillborn babies crowded in on us, squeezing the air out of my lungs. It was so crowded and yet so eerily silent.

I saw myself handling those

little souls, caressing them and smoothing their features so that their parents could form the most positive memories. I saw myself gently pouring water over their tiny little hands. I heard myself reciting *Nishmas* over them; putting those little fingers over small and unseeing eyes for their first and last *Shema*.

Help me! I cried out to those innocent souls. I welcomed you into this world and escorted you out. I was there for you... but who will be here for me?!

In a moment of reprieve, someone gently walked in and ever so softly lifted the blanket. Once again I was left alone. My little baby daughter and me. To get to meet each other and then... to say goodbye. And so, I ever so slowly leaned over to my baby — the one little baby in this whole parade who was and always will be just mine, and I uncovered her smooth little face. She looked so fresh. So perfect and untouched.

I counted her fingers. Ten perfect fingers and ten perfect

toes. I looked at every part of my little girl's body. So many minute details had come together. So much perfection and so much silence.

The door opened softly once again.

"I think it's time to... to take her back," I was told.

I flinched. Take her back?!

This was it. She was being taken from me forever.

I allowed someone else to enter and to do what I did for so many, bringing her to her final journey.

The bassinet was wheeled toward the door, while I murmured those timeless words that I had said so many times in the past. "*Ki malachav yetzaveh lach...*"

May the *malachim* watch over you, my precious little one. They will come with you on this final journey while I — your mother — will stay far, far behind. ✨

Mrs. Malkie Klaristenfeld is the founder and director of Knafayim, holding space for the silent pain of shattered hopes and dreams.

Inspiration

Y. Roitenberg

The flames of Chanukah light up the dark, cold winter nights. But if we want to hold on to the lights long after the last candles flicker out, we ourselves have to be blazing like a fire. Then, even the gustiest winds, fiercest storms, and most threatening challenges cannot extinguish the flames.

When kindling the *menorah*, if we simultaneously tap into the meaningful messages of Chanukah, we ignite a fiery flame and a sense of purpose that prevents us from sinking into darkness and despair. In *Eishes Chayil* we say *אורה לא נכבה בלילה* her light is not extinguished by night. Even at night, in times of challenge and adversity, a spiritual perspective and a powerful connection to Hashem prevent us from being thrust into darkness. When a bright spark burns within us, it illuminates our surroundings and allows us to power our homes, leading lives that are radiant with light and enveloped in warmth.

At times, though, we feel utterly worn out, and such energy levels seem beyond our capabilities. Chanukah, however, reminds us that we can attain and reach supernatural levels. Chanukah is intertwined with the number eight, which is the figure that signifies rising above the laws of nature, transcending to reach the sublime and the

miraculous. Just like the tiny jug of oil that was miraculously found and burned for eight full days *bayamim haheim*, so too, *bazman hazeh*, we can refuel our energy, unearth our vivacity, and keep our inner drive and sparkle aflame.

The Maccabees had every reason to feel despondent. They were a small group waging war against a mighty, huge army. They were threatened physically and spiritually, and the Beis Hamikdosh was defiled and in ruins. When they discovered one tiny flask of pure olive oil, only sufficient for one day, what gave them the incentive to light the *menorah*? They knew they did not have enough oil to keep it burning. Why, then, did they even begin to light the *menorah* if the following day they would just be plunged into darkness again?

They could not be deterred by the seemingly impossible success of their effort. The oil might not have been enough to burn, but they themselves had a burning passion - and this was their secret. They taught us that, no matter how bad the situation, no matter how impossible the probability of success, it is worthwhile to just begin the task. At times, we might not be able to foresee a positive outcome and we might fear disappointment

Their enthusiasm and the Chanukah miracle teach us that, often, little things have great significance and that big things have very small beginnings

Ignite a Spark; Light Up the Dark

and dread the darkness of defeat, failure and loss. However, with passion and purpose, we too can stay motivated, rather than giving up; the candle might not stay alight, but nothing needs to extinguish our spirit and drive.

LaHashem hayeshuah—miracles and salvation come from Hashem, but let's not underestimate *haneiros halalu anu madlikin*—these are the lights that WE kindle and generate when we remain energized, even when the going gets rough.

The Chashmonaim found only one, tiny vial of sealed, pure olive oil. They were weak and few in number but they refused to succumb to despair. They did not allow their small number or the small quantity of oil to dampen their mood. Their enthusiasm and the Chanukah miracle teach us that, often, little things have great significance and that big things have very small beginnings. Their motivation to light one tiny flame resulted in a miracle so great *bayamim hahem* that we still celebrate it today. It continues to infuse us with light, hope, and optimism *bazman hazeh*.

Chanukah is a time of *hallel* and *hoda'ah*—thankfulness and appreciation. It is of no coincidence that Chanukah falls in the middle

of winter. Even now, when the nights are the longest, when it is cold and dark outside, it is the designated time for *hallel* and *hoda'ah*. We might be living in dark times, we might be struggling through enormous challenges and we might be faced with crushing disappointments, but there is nevertheless still so much to be grateful for.

Being able to focus on the good and to find a ray of light in the darkness is an integral part of Chanukah. *נאמן* has the identical number value as the words *נאמן נאמן*. There is so much good and kindness in our lives. When it is obscured by challenge, pain and adversity - on occasion, or perhaps even for a long period of time - like the Maccabees, we too can uncover the secret of pure joy and faith. The two words *נאמן* and *נאמן* have the numerical value of 86. Hashem's name of *din* is *Elokim*, and the numerical value of its letters- *aleph, lamed, heh, yud* and *mem* also equals 86. This indicated that even in the throes of hardship we can sing praise, find joy, and focus on good and kindness- *ki tov Hashem le'olam chasdo*. We can find the oil, light the oil, and rise like oil, rising to meet our challenges. We need not wait for a miracle to bask and rejoice in the

light. Rather, if already in the face of bitter disappointment, we can kindle a flame and ignite a miracle.

When all appears bleak, *ki archah lanu heyeshuah* – the salvation is long in coming, we should think about the *dreidel* that the Yidden played with in the dark caves. The letters on the *dreidel*- *nun* (50), *gimmel* (3), *heh* (5), and *shin* (300) have the same numerical value as *Moshiach* = 358. While hiding and secretly learning in the dark caves, the *dreidel* was not merely a gadget to con the Greeks. It actually symbolized their hope for redemption. Hope is what prompted them to kindle the *menorah*. They lit the few drops of oil they procured, and subsequently, Hashem performed a miracle. We need only make the initial effort by trying to live with faith, gratitude, and purpose, and this can open the doors to personal and national *yeshuos*.

As the *dreidel* spins and turns, it reminds us to have hope. The world rotates, seasons alternate, winter makes way for spring, and light follows dark. Let's try to stay motivated and keep going, growing, and glowing. Because where hope grows, miracles blossom; where gratitude glows, miracles shine; and where faith is staunch, miracles launch. ✨

Answers on the Mark

Chumi Friedman

I really want others to acknowledge the loss of my baby by acknowledging the day I delivered. I know that many people, even grieving parents, are uncomfortable about it, yet I want to remember the day and would even like other people to remember it as well. How can I do that?

-Wants to be acknowledged

Dear 'Wants to be acknowledged',

What does it mean to remember? What is it that we are trying to accomplish by remembering? These are just two of the questions that made their way through my mind as I read this question and worked on writing the column. To get clarity and *hadracha*, I spent some time with A TIME's Rabbinical Director and *Dayan*, Rav Chaim Aharon Unger, *shlita*. What I share here is based on our conversation.

Remembering is defined as "having or being able to bring to one's mind to an awareness of," and in this case, of someone or something that one has seen, known, or experienced in the past. A *zikaron*, a remembrance of past events and dates, plays a very important role in Yiddishkeit.

We want to remember the babies we lost because they are important to us. They represent the hopes and dreams we had of a possible future. We want to remember because these babies were real. They may not have lived lives other people recognize, but we may have felt them move, we may have seen images of them, and we may have imagined what the future would look like with them. And so, remember your baby in any way that feels right to you - and on any day that feels right to you. Maybe it's the day the doctor told you there was no heartbeat; maybe it's the day

on which you had a D&C or D&E; maybe it is your due date or the day you delivered. The day you choose is about you and what you want to remember.

As for those around you, your spouse, family, or friends, ask them to at least respect that this is something you need to do. You can ask them, if possible, to share that day with you. Yes, it might make them uncomfortable, and maybe they don't see things in the same way that you do. That is okay. They don't have to share your feelings in order to respect them.

What should you do on that day? Light a candle, say *tehillim*, go to a beach or boardwalk, talk to the baby, release a balloon, cry, laugh, have a *brachos* party, or anything else that feels meaningful to you. Your options are endless: it's all about how you choose to remember and connect.

You can also email hug@atime.org to have the date added to a special calendar where the date you choose will be recognized.

May whatever you do on that day bring you a measure of *nechama*,

Chumi Friedman
Director, ATIME/HUG Program

718-686-8912 Ext 225

Cell: 347-986-6443

chumi@atime.org 

Have your question answered by the professional!
Find our contact information on page two.

Virtual Support Groups

atime^{ry} community

General Infertility United States

Dr. Shoshana Karasick
Thursdays, 9:30pm

Nov. 28
Dec. 19
Jan. 23
Feb. 27
Mar. 27

General Infertility International

Mrs. Joy Ehrman
Sundays, 12pm NY 7pm Israel

Nov. 03
Dec. 01
Jan. 05
Feb. 02
Mar. 02
Apr. 06

Secondary Infertility

Mrs. Ruchy Rosenfeld
Rebbitzen Malkie Spira, LMHC
Tuesdays, 9:00pm

Nov. 19
Dec. 17
Jan. 14
Feb. 18
Mar. 25

Pregnancy Loss

Mrs. Chumi Friedman, HUG Director
Mrs. Yonina Kaufman, LCSW, PMH-C
Tuesdays, 9:30 pm

Nov. 05
Dec. 03
Jan. 07
Feb. 04
Mar. 04
Apr. 01

Mothers Of Couples Experiencing Infertility

Tuesdays, 9:00pm

Nov. 19
Dec. 17
Jan. 21
Feb. 18
Mar. 18

Male Factor, Wives

Sundays, 8:30 pm

Nov. 10
Dec. 15
Jan. 12
Feb. 16
Mar. 23

Women's Fertility Affected By Cancer

Mrs. Yonina Kaufman, LCSW, PMH-C
Mrs. Toba Wolf
Sundays, 10am NY 5pm Israel

Nov. 24
Dec. 22
Jan. 19
Feb. 23
Mar. 30

Enhancing Your Marriage

Mrs. Brany Rosen
Mrs. Suri Moskowitz
Wednesdays, 9:30pm

Nov. 13
Dec. 11
Jan. 22
Feb. 26
Mar. 26

Post-Hysterectomy

Dr. Shoshana Karasick
Mondays, 9:30pm

Nov. 11
Dec. 09
Jan. 13
Feb. 10
Mar. 17

Unsuccessful IVF Cycle

Mrs. Channa Nass, MA(BACP)
Mondays, 8:30pm

Nov. 18
Dec. 16
Jan. 13
Feb. 10
Mar. 10

Mothers of Singles with Known Fertility Issues

Mrs. Joy Stimmel, LCSW
Tuesdays, 9:00pm

Nov. 26
Dec. 24
Jan. 21
Feb. 25
Mar. 25

General Infertility, Men's Group

Mondays, 10:00pm

Nov. 25
Dec. 23
Jan. 20
Feb. 24
Mar. 31

Single Girls With Known Fertility Issues

Thursdays, 10:00 pm

Nov. 14
Dec. 19
Jan. 16
Feb. 20
Mar. 20

For more info reach out to the ATIME Office:

718-686-8912

Email: events@atime.org



Reflections

Malkie Klaristenfeld

To Be an *Aishes Chayil*

When Binyamin was forced to descend to Mitzrayim, Yaakov recalled that his beloved son Yosef had been killed and he threw up his hands and cried, "I can't anymore. *Alai hayu chulanah* - All the pain in the world has fallen upon me." Yaakov was a *tzaddik* who knew many challenges and struggles. He wished Hashem would grant him some peace in this world, but was told that only in the next world do great people receive this reward. A *rasha* has momentary pleasure, while a *tzaddik* suffers but ultimately is granted peace.

The Baal HaTurim notes that the only two places in Tanach where the word *chulanah* is used are here, in reference to Yaakov, and in Mishlei, when Shlomo Hamelech sings the praises of the *eishes chayil*, proclaiming "*v'at allis al kulanah*." The *eishes chayil* has the capacity to rise above all the pain in the world. How can we, like the *eishes chayil*, rise above the pain that surrounds us?

We can because we know and believe that there

is something beneath the surface of suffering that we cannot see. We believe that although we do not understand everything that happens in our lives, everything in Hashem's Master Plan for the world is beautiful. Sometimes life may seem difficult, painful, and confusing, but we understand that there is a reason for everything.

As women, we have this innate ability that Yaakov expressed throughout his trials and tests. We too can rise above our challenges because we live for a higher purpose. We have been gifted with the incredible ability to grapple with the most trying situations yet persevere. There is tremendous strength within us. Let us reach inward to connect with ourselves and with Hashem when challenge falls upon us. ✨

Mrs. Malkie Klaristenfeld is the founder and director of Knafayim, holding space for the silent pain of shattered hopes and dreams.

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.



A Mother's Voice

Freida R.

Missing My Carriage

After my third little fetus I had to bury,
I started to feel it necessary,
To check the definition in the dictionary
Of the new word in my vocabulary
So I went to look it up and this was what they wrote,
Word for word ... I hereby quote:

Miscarriage:

- 1) failure in the administration of justice;
- 2) spontaneous expulsion of a fetus before it is capable of independent life.

One day I was walking down the street
Going down the avenue, doing some shopping
Picking up some milk and juice and some more
When I slowly started *chapping*

Miscarriage is not a failure of justice
Because all Hashem does is just and good
It is certainly not a spontaneous expulsion
It is actually a long process in motherhood

Its definition is simple, clear as day
For anyone who has been in this situation
When your little one grows up and losses follow
You MISS your CARRIAGE to the point of
desperation!

Every trip outdoors requires calculation
How much can I carry before I get sore?
How many pounds can each hand hold,
And can I afford a stop in another store?!

Oh, how I miss my carriage
(also the baby, let's not put that aside!!)
But oh how, oh how, I miss my carriage-
For all the things that were held inside.

For having a tissue handy in the carriage bag
(Besides for the hooks to carry all that I buy)
A rain bonnet for if it starts to rain
And a bottle of water for if I get dry.

So now that I think we're all clear on the meaning
We'll all daven to Hashem to be *zoche* again
To rejoin the ranks of stroller-pushing-mommies
As I reunite with my carriage *pen nitz' plc!!* 



My Thoughts

Brittin Oakman

*I lied and said I was Busy.
I was Busy;
But not in a way most people understand.*

*I was Busy taking deeper breaths.
I was Busy silencing irrational thoughts.*

*I was Busy calming a racing heart.
I was Busy telling myself I am okay.
Sometimes, this is my Busy..
And I will not apologize for it. ✨*

My Kind of Busy

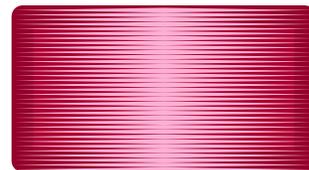
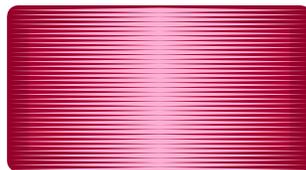
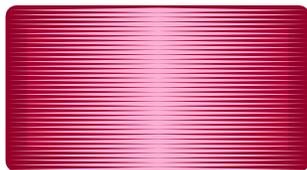
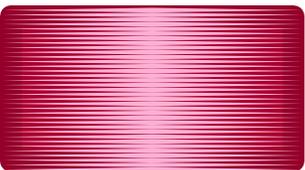
Tears

Thank you, Hashem,
For a special gift,
To help me cope,
To encourage and uplift.
To soothe and ease,
To let go of fears,
The pain to release,
The gift of tears.
When I can't anymore,
It's too much to bear,
I welcome the tears,
And my burden I share.
I feel You so close,
In a loving embrace,
As the hot tears,
Roll down my face.

I let it all out,
My frustration and despair,
I direct it to You,
For I know You are here.
Listening to me,
Feeling along,
It gives me comfort,
It makes me strong.
And when I feel ready,
I wipe the tears away,
I've got the courage,
To face another day.
To smile and be happy,
And yes, it is real,
Because I've allowed myself,
To truly feel. 

My Thoughts

Esther Reiss



My Forever Baby

The sky is bluer and the grass is greener, the leaves have that satisfying crunch, and the air is refreshingly cold on that glorious, glorious day during midwinter vacation. There's this pocket of excitement, this thrill that fills me, and it's growing with every passing second.

I need to go somewhere, see someone, or do something with all this joyous energy coursing through me. We do a girls' day out; my mother, my sisters, and myself at an expensive boutique with a half-price sale and all. We have fun dressing my sisters in gorgeous things (when did Sari get so big, Ma?) and narrowing down our options. It seems funny that I'm the only one aware of the latest discovery in my life.

And then I spot it: the tiniest, most precious, most perfect baby hat. It's baby pink and rose gold with a single soft pinch forming a gorgeous bow. The label says Sonia Rykiel, size zero to three months, \$100.

"Ma, for my baby," I say, putting it atop the heap of clothing in her arms. I say it quietly, so the shoppers don't hear, but casually, so that she doesn't suspect

a thing.

"Gorgeous," she says, fingering it gently, and putting it right back onto the shelf it came from.

I can't tell her yet. It's too early. We haven't even absorbed it ourselves yet. And anyway, I shouldn't be buying a baby pink hat on the day I discover that I'm finally pregnant.

Sari gets stuff: an all-year-round Shabbos dress and some cute weekday tops, the little girls get matching dresses, and I walk home with empty hands but a full, full heart.

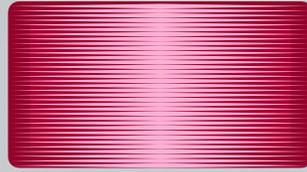
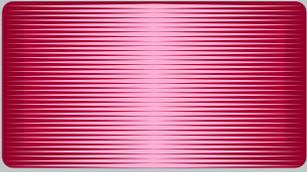
I tell my husband about the hat. I fall asleep that night with thoughts of that hat. When I share the news with my mother, I remind her about the hat we saw.

"If it's a girl, I'm for sure getting it."

"Our *minhag* is not to buy stuff in advance," she says. My mother's a real stickler for *minhagim*.

"One hat won't make it or break it. Anyhow, I'm still weeks away from knowing if it's a girl."

And then — it's not a girl. It's not a boy, either. I lose the baby, and it's the most painful experience in the world: losing my dreams, my hope, my naivete,



possibly forever, and wondering how something so tiny and short-lived could cause such tremendous pain and heartache, havoc and mourning. It triggers such intense feelings of loss.

I cry and talk and cry and talk and repeat my story yet again, as I begin to process my loss.

But I need something more, something concrete to hold onto, to look at and remember that I have a baby, even if only Upstairs. I'm a mother forever, even if I never saw my child.

I'm in that boutique again later that season, buying a gift for a colleague who'd just had a baby, when I see that hat again, marked down. Something squeezes my heart and I take it, swiping my card.

"Should I pack them together?" the saleslady asks, displaying white, white teeth.

"No, separately, please," I answer. She wraps the hat, first in paper, then seals it with a sticker with the boutique's logo on it, then some ribbon, a spritz of a delicate baby perfume that instantly brings images of fuzzy pink blankets to mind, puts the whole package into a neat box, and finally into the store's signature bag.

I stand there silently, but internally

screaming. No one's ever going to wear that hat. It's just for me to hold onto, a physical memento of my baby - the baby I'll never hold until Moshiach comes. It's for me, to remind myself that my pain is real, and my baby was real, only not down here: not for the world to know or see.

I thank her, flash a perfect smile, and leave.

I'll be glad if that hat turns yellow or white or gets cupboard stains. Because it's a hat that's never meant to be worn, belonging to my forever baby, just there. It's for silent, painful nights, for when friends share their good news, and for difficult days or lazy Sundays.

It's a tiny hat, baby pink and rose gold and perfect. It's a concrete reminder that I am a mother and that I have a baby. It gives me permission to remember, to heal, to move on, even to laugh.

My darling, I love you. 



Comfort Food

Esti S.

Hot Cocoa

Nothing says a cozy winter night like hot cocoa! Rich, hot and chocolatey, there is something very comforting about a warm mug to keep you going and cheer you up 😊.

The following recipe makes enough for 3-4 cups.

Ingredients:

- 2 ½ Cups whole milk
- ¾ Cup sugar
- 2 Tbsp unsweetened cocoa powder
- 6 oz chocolate bar (bittersweet, semisweet, or milk)
- 1 tsp pure vanilla extract

Instructions:

1. Add milk, sugar and cocoa powder to a medium saucepan.
2. Heat over medium heat, whisking occasionally, until the mixture just begins to bubble but does not boil.
3. Add chocolate and vanilla and whisk until the chocolate is melted and the mixture is smooth.
4. Pour into mugs.
5. Serve with whipped cream and toppings.

Topping Ideas:

Whipped cream, mini marshmallows, chocolate chips, wafer rolls, or Klik balls - anything goes!



Enjoy! ✨

To My Dear

S. Newman

To my dear child,

I look at the candles and tears fill these pages. I thought this year would look different. I wanted you next to me, your smiling face filled with endless laughter and energy. You would have been coming home with a briefcase, bursting with projects and proudly showing them off. You would have stood next to Tatty, your face beaming, following his lead and lighting your menorah. My memories just continue to blur. It hurts, sweet little one, how much I miss you - even more in these joyous times. Oh, what Chanukah would look like with you here beside us... Until we light the menorah in the beis hamikdash once more, I'll always sing with you in my heart. I love you, and happy Chanukah to you up above. I hope you're lighting your menorah and dancing with us.

Signing off with tears,

-Mommy ✨



Small Talk, Big Talk

A neighbor asked me to take her two-year-old for the night. Had my child been alive, they would have been the same age. It was very hard for me to hear the request in the first place, and either response would leave me feeling bad. Any advice or thoughts?

I experienced a full-term stillbirth two years ago and this is what I recommend responding. I would simply say, "I'm sorry, it doesn't work for me to take your child." I wouldn't go into specifics on why it doesn't work because what you feel today may not be what you feel tomorrow, next month, or next year. It sounds like you have a good enough relationship with your neighbor and this child for her to have asked you in the first place. You probably wouldn't want her to think she needs to constantly hide this child from you.

Esther R.

This is a question that doesn't have one answer that will be correct for everyone. If you think that watching your neighbor's two-year-old will be very painful for you, you should not do it. On the other hand, if you feel a little uncomfortable with the thought of watching the baby but you think you will mostly be okay, you can give it a try. *Hatzlacha!*

E.C.

Next Issue's Talk:

An acquaintance of mine recently experienced a pregnancy loss. Should I reach out to her, if we never exchanged anything more than 'hi' in the past? 

As someone who experienced four losses in a short period of time, I very much relate to this scenario and the pain that comes along with it. I, too, used to have the same thought process, and with time I learnt that if I respond to this friend with "Sure, I'll take your toddler," which is what she wants to hear, it doesn't do good for either of us: not for myself because I know I will be triggered and end up feeling resentful, and it isn't in my friend's best interests either to have her child left with me while I'm having all these strong feelings and resentments. I learnt to politely decline such requests with, "I would love to have your child (insert name of child so it's personal), however, it doesn't work for me at this time. Please feel free to try again another time." I found this worked for most people. They are understanding. I am not blaming anyone or being cold. I am politely declining while staying neutral. She doesn't know the reason why it won't work for me and I let her know she's welcome to ask again in the future. Hope this helps, and remember: your mental health comes first! Sending strength.

A Fellow Mother

What a great question. When reading it, I know how I would feel in such a situation. On one hand, I would want to take care of my own feelings and say no, but on the other hand, I wouldn't want to sound like a brat for saying no... It's a tough one. Knowing myself, I would probably be very open and tell her how I feel, hoping she will understand why I'm saying no. I know not everyone is able to be open like that, but whether you are open about it or not, please take care of yourself! Your feelings come before anyone else's. If you feel like you can't do it, say no. You don't have to give any excuses. If you still feel bad and want to say yes, please treat yourself to something yummy that

night, be it a big ice cream cone, an order-in supper, or a hobby. Wishing you the best of luck in whatever choice you make.

E.T.

There's no right or wrong . . . Whatever feels ok with you is right for you. I felt extremely uncomfortable taking a child that would be my stillborn's age... You don't necessarily need to share your reason, though.

I did other favors gladly but this was a hard one for me.

F.R.

Emunah Insights

"Baruch gozer u'mekayem." When we say this, we acknowledge that Hashem is the One giving decrees, and fulfilling them. However, not only does He ensure their *kiyum*, but we are also recognizing that He gives us the strength to withstand. ✨

-Reb Baruch of Mezhibuz, zt"l

Hugging 'Treat'ment

Esti S.

Walking for Your Mental Health

After one of my losses, one thing that really helped me get through was going for regular walks. I can honestly say that it made a difference to my day, giving me energy and helping me feel better both emotionally and physically. I tried to walk 2-3 times a week by myself while listening to music, but that was just my preference. You might find that having company makes it easier for you. I still try to go regularly, although when the weather is rainy (like today), it does make it much harder to motivate myself to go out. Keep at it, and hopefully, we'll get to see the benefits for ourselves!

Although it might seem basic, walking can really improve your mood. It makes you feel good physically and mentally, reducing stress and anxiety.

Walking is simple, free, and one of the easiest ways to get more active, lose weight, and become healthier. Sometimes overlooked as a form of exercise, brisk walking can help you build stamina, burn excess calories, and make your heart healthier.

The Benefits of Walking:

There are numerous benefits to walking. Some of the most common ones include:

- Improved sleep
- Higher endurance
- Stress relief
- Improvement in mood
- Increased energy and stamina
- Reduced tiredness and increased mental alertness
- Weight loss
- Reduced cholesterol and improved cardiovascular (heart) health

While it sounds like a big commitment, you do not have to walk for hours. A brisk 10-minute daily walk has lots of health benefits. Make sure you walk fast enough to get your heart pumping, but go slow enough that you can still hold a conversation with a walking partner without feeling breathless.

If you don't walk regularly, try starting with going once or twice a week in the local park, and go with a friend or listen to music on your own. Alternatively, you can swap your usual driving for walking to errands or work.

How to Build a Walking Routine:

- Find a time of day that works best for you, like first thing in the morning on your lunch break.
- Make sure to go regularly, and if you miss a day, go the next day and keep at it!
- Start by only going for 10-15 minutes and let it build up over time.
- Make sure you have comfortable footwear and the right clothing, including something waterproof if it's rainy and something warm for cold, windy days.
- Use a Fitbit-style speedometer or any walking app (e.g., Strava) to record your walks.

To sum this up, walking provides the best of both worlds. It offers the physical benefits of exercise while also boosting your emotional well-being. Walking regularly can help ease symptoms related to chronic mental health conditions like anxiety and depression. You can walk anywhere, anytime, without equipment or a special membership. The more you do it, the more positive effects you'll experience...so get out there and enjoy the benefits of walking!

Enjoy! 



Article adapted from www.mentalhealth.org.uk and www.webmd.com

Artistic Expression

Anonymous



I want to be free just like you: my mind no longer filled with worries, my thoughts carefree and safe... I want to be cast into the wind and returned the same way. However, my life has been changed. Like a caterpillar, I had to work hard to make

my cocoon. I toiled through long pregnancy months and came to the realization that my body is not the same it was before. Like a butterfly, I burst from the cocoon, hoping to see freedom and beauty in the familiar. But I was faced with something different. In

Hashem has willed for me. When I am cast into the sky and told to fly on my own, I know that Hashem has my back and that I can always look to Him, the source of it all: for He is the one who created my ability to fly. ✨

becoming a butterfly, I wasn't left with the caterpillar I so much remembered. I am no longer the same since I have been through so much pain and hardship. I look back at myself and see how much I have changed, not by choice but because that's what

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

Dear Diary

S Newman

Dear Diary,

Chanukah is fast approaching and my mother-in-law is hounding me to make the Chanukah party in my house, because we have so much extra time (we're not taking care of our baby) I can't believe she actually said that to me straight out.... And of course we need a game for all the kids to play and the mess... oh the mess while I'm still recovering and dreaming about what my little boy/girl would look like now beside the other grandchildren. The pain tears me. It hurts so much in these difficult moments. I really want to smile but diary it hurts the memories eat me up and Chanukah becomes a blur. The tears mix with the candles and I become oh so emotional. I'm davening for a better Chanukah this year and I know my baby would want his mommy to smile. I'm trying my best. I miss you sweet baby.
Happy Chanukah!

Until next time,

Toon 

Quote Me

"You may feel helpless, but you are never hopeless!"

"When you are feeling low, pick something up: YOU!"

"Turn to Hashem in your pain, not away from Him"

Did You Know?

Rachel Aron

Emotional eating refers to using food to cope with stress. Although we associate it with turning towards food in moments of anxiety, stressful thoughts, or uncomfortable emotions, it sometimes involves turning away from and avoiding food or drink as well. 🌟



Seasonal

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.

Seasonal

חנוכה שמח!



Imagine if your cellphone
was on 10%
but lasted 8 days
Now you understand
Chanukah



"Why did the
donut go to
the dentist?
To get a filling"

Donuts are not antibiotics, there is
no need to take 2 every 3 hours.

Marshmallow Dreidels

Give yourself a little salty-sweet chocolate treat with these edible marshmallow dreidels!

What you'll need:

- Marshmallows
- Pretzel sticks
- Hazelnut chocolate spread
- Chocolate chips
- Cake decorating gel (blue)

Instructions:

- Push a pretzel into the flat side of the marshmallow.
- Use the Hazelnut Chocolate spread as "glue" to attach the chocolate chip to the flat end of the marshmallow.
- Then pipe on one of the four *dreidel* letters *ש*, *נ*, *ג*, *ך* onto the surface of the marshmallow with blue cake decorating gel, and let them dry for an hour (or more, depending how thick the gel and chocolate spread are).



Spin, Eat and Enjoy! 🥰

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, special webinars and teleconferences (Kol Chaya/845-81-ATIME), a Groupme support chat, a 24 hour helpline, doulas who are trained to be with couples when delivering babies born still, chevra kadisha services when necessary, support for fathers 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.

IVF Loss/Spa Box

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

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 limited 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, UK and Israel.

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

HEAL

Hope and Encouragement After Loss

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With sensitivity and care, please share the subscription form with others who are experiencing the pain of prenatal / infant loss. **As a token of comfort, the first issue for all new members is free.**

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