

# Ayelet Mag

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Batsheva Miriam Altose and  
Sara Kayla Singer

*Pass Over  
the Dark...*

*...and Embrace the Light*



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# Ayelet Tour

[Letter from the Editors](#)—Your usual message from We Guys in Charge [\[pg 3\]](#)

[Meet the Staff](#)— Meet *three* staff members! [\[pg 4\]](#)

[Dear Diary](#)—A new Mah Nishtana that’s sure to delight the whole mishpacha [\[pg 5\]](#)

[Kitchen Krazies](#)—Chag Kosher V’Sameach from the Ayelet Kitchen! [\[pg 6\]](#)

[Food for Thought](#)—A healthy twist on a Pesach classic [\[pg 9\]](#)

[Short Story](#)—Sometimes there’s another side of the story [\[pg10\]](#)

[Take a Chill Pill](#)—Now more than ever, we REALLY need this Chill Pill! [\[pg 12\]](#)

[Star-Bright Spotlight](#)—This time, we interview someone who isn’t nearly as well-known as she deserves to be [\[pg 13\]](#)

[Pocket Message](#)—An inspirational quote for you, our dear readers [\[pg 16\]](#)

[Songspot](#)—Chords and lyrics to a song that fits right in with our theme [\[pg 17\]](#)

[ZAP Clay](#)—A new craft article—welcome to Ayelet Mag! [\[pg 19\]](#)

[Poetry](#)—Original poetry [\[pg 26\]](#)

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Hello again! As you can see, we have a clever little play-on-words going on with our theme this time: **Pass Over the Dark and Embrace the Light**. (Mostly courtesy of Leah L., can't take credit there.)

So, there are some obvious connections to Pesach here. One is, well, we left Egypt and received the *Torah*. Easy to make the light-and-dark connections there. But here's a deeper look.

A more (it would seem) black-and-white approach to the theme would be the *macca* of *choshech*, darkness. For the Egyptians, it was dark and after a few days they could not even move. However, for *B'nei Yisrael* there was light and they could see.

Thinking about this on a spiritual level, however, brings up some interesting connections. Although it may be "dark" around us-- and you can interpret that term as impurity or hard times-- we all of us have an inner light.

Never give up on yourself-- you have that spark of brightness that can't be extinguished. Strengthen it, pass over the darkness, and embrace the light.

Love,  
**We Guys In Charge**  
Batsheva Miriam Altose and Sara Kayla Singer



# Meet the Staff

|                                | C.L.B   | Rena<br>Langsner           | E.S,  |
|--------------------------------|---|----------------------------|---|
| <b>Hobbies</b>                 | Baking  | Reading, Singing           | Baking, Reading   |
| <b>Favorite Quote</b>          | “I tried to kill a spider with hairspray. He’s still alive but his hair looks outstanding!” | “No”<br>-Rosa Parks        | “In life, change is inevitable. Unless it’s from a vending machine. |
| <b>Favorite Subject</b>        | English   | English, Algebra, Megillah | English, Science, Math  |
| <b>Contributions to Ayelet</b> | <b>P.Q.</b>   |                            |   |

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|---|---|---|
|  | <p>We’re sorry, but a picture for this item is currently unavailable.</p> |  |
|---|---|---|



## Dear Diary,

Pesach. What first comes to mind? The Seder, which has 15 parts to it. Now, think about the longest, boringest part. Maggid. We sit there, read Hebrew that we can't understand for the life of us, and starve. We really relate to Avadim Hayinu. In the very beginning of Magid, we all have this "ritual". All of the kids recite the Mah Nishtana. In Yiddish, Persian, Russian, Italian, Spanish, or French. Basically, our 8-year-old brothers speak gibberish and get candy. But, that's not real gibberish. Farsi? Whatever. Mandarin Chinese? So what?! Now, here's some New Nonsense—The Teenage Girl Mah Nishtana (on facing page)

Try to understand it. Teenager really makes no sense. Enjoy your Yom Tov and the nonsense Mah Nishtanas!

~T. Rina

*Why is tonight different from all other nights?* You asked for a difference between tonight and others? On all other nights we don't stay up past midnight—oh wait, we do! Usually it's to study for a test, but on vacation? No way am I doing any form of studying OR thinking. *On all other nights we get to eat whatever we want.* Okay. So, come on. Seriously? Why do we have to eat Matzah? No doughnuts, pizza, cake... not that I would eat it, but it's nice to have the option. This flat stuff, is like, the worst.

*On all other nights we get to eat normal vegetables.* Fine. Whatever. What now? Beyond bitter stuff! News Flash—No one. Eats. Horseradish. On other nights, we eat romaine salad, with low-cal, gluten free, sugar free, fat free, taste free dressing. I guess the horseradish is also low-cal, gluten free, sugar free, fat free, taste free... *On all other nights...* Never. No way am I double dipping with a four-year-old at the table.

*On all other nights we have manners.* #CouchPotato! Tonight isn't different because we're laying down.



# Kitchen Krazies

The best part of Pesach is the delicious desserts and goodies. These are amazing desserts for you to enjoy! Pesach Sameach!

## Banana Churro Bites (delish.com)

### Ingredients

- 2 bananas, sliced into ½” coins
- 2 TBSP granulated sugar
- 2 tsp ground cinnamon
- 1 TBSP coconut oil
- ¼ cup melted chocolate

### Directions

In a small bowl, combine the sugar and cinnamon and whisk together until evenly combined. In a large skillet, heat coconut oil over medium heat. Add the bananas and cook until starting to caramelize, about 1 minute.

Sprinkle about half of the cinnamon-sugar over the banana rounds. Flip the rounds, sprinkle with the remaining cinnamon-sugar, and cook about 1 minute more. Serve with toothpicks to dunk the churro bites in melted chocolate.



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# Chocolate Hazelnut Cake (ohnuts.com)

## Ingredients

|                         |                                |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 cup toasted hazelnuts | 3 cups chocolate chips         |
| 10 TBSP butter, cubed   | 6 large eggs, room temperature |
| 1 cup brown sugar       | ¼ cup coffee                   |
| ½ tsp salt              |                                |

## Directions

Start by preheating the oven to 350° F. Place the toasted hazelnuts in a food processor and process them until they're very finely ground. [Watch carefully during this time, since it's easy to over-process and start to make hazelnut butter!] Once you have your hazelnut crumbs, set them aside for a moment. Combine the chocolate and cubed butter in a medium microwave-safe bowl. Microwave in 30-second increments. Stirring in a large bowl, combine the eggs, brown sugar, and coffee. Whisk everything together until smooth. Stir after every 30 seconds, until the chocolate and butter are melted together and are smooth. Add the melted chocolate to the eggs and whisk until smooth and shiny. When you first combine them it might look broken or have a funny texture, but just keep whisking until it is smooth, shiny, and satiny. Finally, add the ground hazelnuts and salt, and stir until everything is well-combined. Prepare five 4-inch springform pans by lining them with parchment circles on the bottom, and spraying the insides with nonstick cooking spray. Wrap the outsides of the pans tightly with 2 pieces of overlapping foil. It's important to wrap the pans well, otherwise water might sneak in through the bottom of the pans and make the cakes soggy. Using two wide layers of foil, wrapped at different angles, does the trick nicely. Divide the cake batter between the 5 pans, and put them in a large roasting pan (or divide them between 2 pans if they don't fit.) Pour enough hot water in the roasting pan to come halfway up the sides of the springform p a n s . Bake for 1 hour, until the tops look dry but still

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shiny, and they have only jiggle slightly when the pans are tapped. Remove the pan from the oven and take the cakes out of the water bath. Once they are room temperature, refrigerate them for 1-2 hours until completely cold. Release the sides of the pans and remove the cakes. Peel the parchment from the bottoms and place the cakes on individual plates. These cakes are delicious on their own, but you can finish them off with any toppings of your choice.



# FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Xylitol is a sugar substitute with no carbohydrates in it, made from plants. It can be used in place of sugar in equal amounts.

Short and sweet! L'chvod Pesach, I hereby present to you...

Coconut Macaroons!!! I'm actually very picky about my desserts tasting like "the real thing," and these score a 10/10 in my book!

Adapted from a recipe originally by [thekitchn.com](http://thekitchn.com)

## Ingredients

3 cups shredded coconut (could be sweetened)

4 large egg whites

1/2 cup xylitol (you can buy this online)

1 tsp vanilla extract

1/4 tsp salt

## Directions

Preheat oven to 350°F. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper. If desired, toast coconut for 5 minutes. Whisk egg whites, xylitol vanilla, and salt until completely combined and frothy. Pour in the coconut and mix until all the coconut is equally moist. Shape mixture into little balls, around 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Bake for 15-20 minutes, until macaroons are golden.

Have a Chag Kasher V'Sameach!

~Batsheva Miriam



# Behind the Bully

It all started one normal February afternoon, smack in the middle of an entertaining biology lesson.

"Atherosclerosis is the condition where—" Mrs. Stein was cut off abruptly as the classroom door opened and Mrs. Krasner, the principal entered. An unfamiliar girl followed, clearly anxious and wary.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Stein. I apologize for interrupting your lesson." Mrs. Krasner turned to us. "Class, this is Abby Brand. She will be joining your class today. I trust you will make her feel welcome."

Abby smiled awkwardly at us. Mrs. Stein pointed her to her new seat, which was parallel to mine. After Abby was seated, and her textbook open, Mrs. Stein continued on as if there had been no interruption.

I snuck a glance at Abby, who was carefully rearranging her books. Overall, she seemed very sweet. Although, she did have some acne and perhaps she was a bit overweight...but it was inside that truly mattered, right? Abby noticed me looking and smiled. I grinned back, a little embarrassed, but impressed that Abby handled my peeping so well.

Which is why I was so surprised when Chavie, one of my closest friends, leaned over and whispered, "Did you *see* her necklace? It's so nerdy. She probably got it at, like, Target in the kids section or something." Maybe I was just uncomfortable, or just taken aback, but I just murmured, "Mmm-hmm." In retrospect, I probably shouldn't have said anything, since that apparently prompted Chavie to continue snubbing Abby. At break, she sidled over to Abby and commented loudly, "Did you notice your shirt has some *stains* on it? Don't you know how to eat properly?" Abby, bright red, dashed to the nearest bathroom to quickly scrub her blouse. I felt a bit weird there, but I couldn't actually *say* anything, right? What if Chavie would turn on me?

\*\*\*

Chavie's bullying continued. She always seemed to find little faults in Abby and escalate them to greater heights. For example,

the time that she accidentally tripped over Abby's bag that was lying in the hallway. Chavie had yelled at poor Abby for five minutes straight about how messy she was and how she could have seriously hurt herself.

\*\*\*

Chavie's tormenting continued throughout the year. By April, you could barely recognize Abby. She was a shadow of her former self. She came in only for classes and left straight after. Some days she went home early. She never cried though. She kept it firmly locked up inside. I think she just didn't want to give Chavie any other chances to mock her. Each day, as Abby was broken anew, I would always be there, standing at the sidelines and never getting involved. I felt terrible though and often at night I would toss and turn, feeling guilty. *Why didn't you stand up for Abby today?* I would berate myself. *You could have spared her at least some shame...*

\*\*\*

One morning, as my classmates gathered around their lockers, Chavie turned to me. "Meira, wanna get together tonight to study for the test tomorrow?" I hesitated. I didn't really like hanging out with Chavie anymore...but just then an idea popped into my head. Perhaps I could fix this whole bullying problem...and not embarrass Chavie to boot. "Sure! What time?"

"I'm fine with whatever works with you."

"I'll call you," I promised.

Chavie, satisfied, turned away to make a snide remark as Abby hurriedly passed, her eyes trained on her shoes.

I slammed my locker door shut and hurried down the hall to class. Hopefully, if my plan worked, Abby would no longer be bullied. If it failed...I didn't even want to think about it.

\*\*\*

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That night, I headed over to Chavie's. She only lived about a block away from me and anyway, it was a beautiful evening in early May. I reached her house and knocked on the door. Chavie's sister, Devora, answered.

"Oh, hi, Meira," she greeted me. "Chavie's waiting for you upstairs."

"Thanks." I clambered up the stairs and knocked lightly on Chavie's door, which was adorned with the teal C I had bought her for her birthday last year. Last year...it seemed so long ago, back when we were in ninth grade...back before Chavie had turned into the monster she was now. Chavie opened her door with a big smile.

"Hi! C'mon in," she urged. I plopped down into my usual seat on the blue beanbag chair in the corner. Chavie sat on her bed, where she had set up a bottle of soda and some nosh.

"Soo...before we start studying, let's *schmooze* a little," she said, winking.

I laughed. "The last time we *schmoozed* for a little we only studied for two minutes!"

"It'll be five minutes this time," Chavie promised, her eyes sparkling. Slowly, I allowed myself to relax. This was the old Chavie I knew and loved.

"Fiiine," I said, rolling my eyes.

Twenty minutes later, Chavie glanced at her watch.

"Yeah, we should probably get started."

I rolled my eyes as I opened my math book to the right page. "Okay, let's do calculus first. It says here that—"

Just then, I heard the patter of footsteps outside and my heart began to pound. There was no going back now. The door was flung open.

"Hi," a familiar voice said shyly.

Chavie glanced up sharply. "Abby!? What are *you* doing here?!"

Abby shifted from one foot to the other. "Um...Meira said I should come here."

Chavie looked at me. "Okay, time for an explanation. Now."

I took a deep breath. Abby stepped further into the room and closed the door behind her.



"Well, Chavie...ever since you started...um...

bullying Abby, I've always felt kind of uncomfortable. I never said anything, because...well...I was afraid you'd start up against me. But now that we're out of the public eye...I thought we could talk it out together and no one would know anything." I let out my breath in a long whoosh. There. It was all out.

Chavie was silent.

I chewed my lip nervously. Was my social status destroyed? Would I end up like Abby?

Finally, Chavie spoke. Her voice sounded strangely croaky. "Um, Meira? I need to tell you something."

I glanced at Abby, who was staring at the floor. "Abby can hear too," Chavie said in a low voice. "The thing is...I...I think my parents are getting...um...divorced." She looked down quickly.

I was in shock. How could I have not known this?! I was Chavie's best friend for heaven's sake!

"The day I found out, it happened to be the day which Abby moved here. Now they're getting divorced for real. I guess

I just...took out my anger on you. I'm sorry, Abby. I'm ashamed of myself. I wish I could take all those horrible months back. I hope you can forgive me. But...I can understand if —if you can't."

There was a long pause.

Finally, "I forgive you," Abby said quietly.

Chavie looked up and I saw her cheeks were stained with tears. "I'm so sorry," she sobbed. "I'm so, so sorry." I looked at Abby and then, inexplicably, we enfolded Chavie in a huge hug.

"I'm sorry I wasn't there for you," I whispered into Chavie's ear. "Now, whatever comes, we'll face it. Together."

~Shira

I chewed my lip  
nervously. Was my  
social status  
destroyed? Would I  
end up like Abby?

In honor of Pesach, the holiday of stress, here's an extra long issue of Take a Chill Pill.

**Arts and crafts** aren't only for little kids. {Proof: Check out our new crafts article, Zap Clay! } Personally, I love to paint and draw. Even if you just sit and **doodle**, sometimes you find yourself turning that doodle into a masterpiece and put a lot of heart and energy into it. It's a great way to unwind, especially if you have the room to splatter-paint or spray-paint. The trick is here, you shouldn't start to stress about how it's going to come out. If you mess up on a face, and it looks like he now has cat eyes, that's okay. Have fun with that and be creative. Maybe you could repaint everyone's eyes like that, or make him the Waldo of the picture. Perhaps a mannequin is in order or even a make-up artist! It's important that you don't forget when you're de-stressing, you shouldn't *be* stressing about the activity.

**Clay** is another amazing way to take a breather. And no, I'm not talking about the clay your art teacher needed to stick in a kiln, I'm talking about the type of clay that you bake in a toaster. I'm talking about the type of clay that comes in different colors so you don't have to paint it. It's fun to sit there and shape it, even if that dragon came out looking like a mustard yellow and neon pink elephant – you should just sit back and have a good time over it.

**Reading** is one of my favorite pastimes, and when you don't find me writing or playing whatever instrument I have access to, you'll find me sitting and reading. It's a great way to forget all of your troubles by focusing on someone else's, who can't even hurt because they don't exist. A friend could have even read the same book and you could talk about it.



**Sports**, such as swimming and going to

the gym, are great to distress. Even dancing is considered a sport. Don't worry if you'll win or not, just focus on having a good laugh with those around you as you play. The same goes for any board or electronic **game**. It's a lot of fun to invite a couple of friends over to play a board game or two together.

There are a million and a half more ways to step back, laugh and breathe through all of your work. I guess it's lucky that there's more one the way. Until then, just hang on! I know sometimes you feel like you're drowning, but I assure you, you aren't. Do something you enjoy, share **jokes** with friends and until next time, remember to actually live through life with the glass half full and armed with a positive mind!

~Perri T.

TAKE A  
CHILL  
PILL



# Star-Bright Spotlight

**Ayelet Mag:** This time we're interviewing a Jewish woman navigating the ins and outs of being a frum freelance director. Introducing Jessica Schechter!

**How would you describe what you do in one sentence?**

I am a multifaceted artist who directs, performs, creates, and entertains.

**When did you know that you wanted to act/direct?**

I've known that I've wanted to perform since I was a little girl. I remember when I was in my nursery school's Passover play and all the kids forgot their lines, and I played all the parts. Seeing *The Lion King* on Broadway when I was 8 had a huge impact on me. I remember being overcome with the feeling that I wanted to do that for the rest of my life.

**Were you nervous? Did you have doubts about how your career would go?**

I get nervous before going on stage but adrenaline always kicks in and I always feel at home once I step out there. I had so many doubts about how my career will go and still sometimes do. There is no clear path of how you create an artistic life so I've had to figure it out as I go. It's a very unpredictable career so you have to constantly be networking to get your next gig and be open to what the universe gives you.

**How did you come to direct your first professional performance?**

I got introduced to directing in my

senior year of High School. A freshman was cast as a lead over me in the school play and I was initially devastated. But I turned it into an opportunity to learn and grow and ended up assistant directing the production. That's how I fell in love with directing. My first professional gig was when I was in college. I was asked to direct the Flatbush HS Yachad play. From there on, I directed at HANC, Central HS for Girls, Tizmoret Shoshana, and many other camps. Now I'm a freelance theater director all throughout NYC and am the resident director for a company called Infinite Variety Productions (IVP), a theater company that tells the untold stories of women in history.

There will be many people telling you that "you can't," but you have to tune out the negativity and just continue plugging along.

**Do you have advice for those Jewish girls with talents, trying to make a name for themselves?**

Train as much as you can and never give up. I believe that if you have a talent, you have to cultivate it by studying. Find classes to take, make your own work, practice, share, learn, and grow. There will be many people telling you that "you can't" but you have to tune out the negativity and just continue plugging along. Eventually, if you put good work out there, something good will come out of it. It just takes a lot of time, patience, and perseverance.

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**Did you have a role model when you were trying to make your dreams work in the Jewish world?**

I looked up to Amy Guterson who runs the Tzohar seminary who I met at an ATARA Conference many years ago. I was impressed at how poised and professional she was. Beyond that, my role models were my teachers and professors along the way. Although they may not have been religious, they always encouraged me to embrace my religiosity and make it a part of my art.

**Do you remember anyone in particular having a positive effect on your career?**

There have been so many incredible people I've met along the way who have believed in me and helped me to get to my next step. Here are a few of mention, though there are many more. Jonathan Schmidt who gave me the two most powerful roles of my lifetime as Anne in the *Diary of Anne Frank* in high school and Eva in *Kindertransport* at NYU. He ignited the flame. Dr. and Mrs. Singer who run Tizmoret Shoshana always believed in my talent and let me have the freedom to create a sophisticated and innovative drama program. Henya Storch was a source of strength and positivity and helped to introduce me to a lot of amazing and talented people along the way. Leah Gottfried gave me the role of a lifetime with *Soon By You* and is the most gracious and giving artist and partner in crime. And throughout it all, my mother, Toby Schechter, has been the most consistent, unwavering source of support and honestly, I couldn't do any of this without her.

“I was given criticism from so many angles... All of that motivated me to work harder to find a path to make it work.”

**Did you receive any criticism during your attempts, and if so, how did you use it to improve?**

I was given criticism from so many angles. I was told time and time again that this isn't a realistic or appropriate lifestyle for a Jewish girl. All of that motivated me to work harder to find a path to make it work. Just because it didn't exist in the past, doesn't mean that it's not possible. I just needed to find a creative way in. In grad school I was given a lot of critique about my work itself having to do with being too focused on what others thought. I've had to work hard to let that go and trust my intuition.

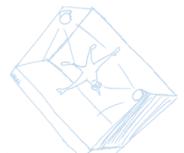
**How do you use your talents to serve Hashem?**

So much of artistic life has to do with intention which relates directly to Kavanah. My training has an actor has made more empathetic and has improved my davening and connection to Hashem. I perform comedy and run improv workshops for many Jewish events and it's exciting to create a space of freedom, fun and expression within the community. I think it's a part of my mission in this world.

**What was the best moment of your whole career?**

For my thesis for graduate school I chose the play *Fires in the Mirror* by Anna Deavere Smith. It's a piece of documentary theatre about the Crown Heights riots in 1991. I worked on the show for over a year with an incredible cast and crew. We visited Crown Heights, interviewed people who had witnessed the riots, and even spent a Shabbos meal with a Lubavitch family. I

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felt incredibly passionate about the project and was able to bring my religious and artistic world together in a powerful piece of theater. The show was challenging and thought provoking. It received an overwhelmingly positive response that still touches me to this day. At the final performance, James Lipton, the Dean Emeritus of The Actors Studio Drama School said that I am a brilliant director. After that show I was invited to become a Director member of the Actors Studio Playwright Director's Unit. There are times in your life as an artist where you are a part of something truly special, and that was one of them. It is an experience I will never forget.

**Was there ever a low point in your life when you felt uninspired and/or dejected? How did you motivate yourself to keep going?**

There are so many low moments that I have experienced in my journey. I remember throughout graduate school worrying about how I could possibly make a career out of being an artist. There's this little voice that always is asking "am I really good enough?" Whenever I feel low, or uninspired I turn to friends and family for inspiration to keep going. Oprah often talks about the importance of having dream keepers, people who believe in you. For me, that is my mother. For every moment of doubt I've had, she has been there for me, empowering me to keep going. Without her encouragement, I never would've been gutsy enough to take risks. The best way I find to get out of a rut is to do something creative. Every time I teach a class, see a show, and am around other artists, it reinvigorates my love for what I'm doing, and gives me the strength to keep doing it forever.



Who do YOU want to see featured in Star Bright Spotlight? Let us know at: [ayeletmag.weebly.com/readers-choice.html](http://ayeletmag.weebly.com/readers-choice.html)



A young girl with long, straight brown hair is looking out of a window. She is wearing a white, short-sleeved dress with a large, round, gold-colored brooch on the chest. Her hand is resting on the window frame. The background shows a blurred view of greenery and a red roof through the window panes.

Keep your face  
to the sunshine  
and you cannot  
see the shadow  
-Helen Keller

C Am  
 Broken shards  
 F C  
 They're small and yet so sharp  
 Am  
 She may not see in the dark  
 F  
 But they've left their mark  
 C Am  
 They've put her down  
 F C  
 And now she's insecure  
 C Am  
 She's hurt by words carelessly thrown  
 F  
 And now she's made them her own

G Am F  
 So if she's now broken  
 Am  
 Is she at all to blame  
 Am  
 For believing that  
 F G  
 Her glass is stained

C Em Am  
 He can see the light  
 F C  
 That's running through your veins  
 Em Am  
 He's the Father with the eyes  
 F C  
 To see you shining through your stains  
 Em  
 Can you believe  
 Am  
 That you're beautiful  
 F  
 He'll show you soon it's true  
 G  
 And darling  
 C F  
 Although you think you're stained  
 C  
 He'll love you just the same

**SONGSPOT**

# Stained Glass

Lyrics and music belong to Dalia Oziel.

Check our website soon to  
 hear our cover of Dalia  
 Oziel's Stained Glass! An  
 email will also be sent to  
 all subscribers.

[cont next page]



C Am  
She's moving on  
F C  
And picking up each piece  
Am  
She's scared by the work she must do  
F  
But she's starting anew  
C Am  
She's beginning to rebuild  
F C  
And she's thinking for herself  
C Am  
Glass that once was so sharp  
F  
She's molding into a heart

G Am F  
So if she's now broken  
G  
She'll push past all the pain  
Am  
And she'll see the beauty  
F G  
In her stains

C Em Am  
He can see the light  
F C  
That's running through your veins  
Em Am  
He's the Father with the eyes  
F C  
To see you shining through your stains  
Em  
Can you believe  
Am  
That you're beautiful  
F  
He'll show you soon it's true  
G  
And darling  
C F  
Although you think you're stained  
C  
He'll love you just the same

F Em  
He'll hold you closer  
F G  
And keep you oh so near  
F Em  
'Cuz you've got color  
F G  
All the other glass is sheer  
F Em  
He'll hold you high up  
F G  
For everyone to see  
F Em  
How truly beautiful  
F G  
He wanted you to be

C Em Am  
Can you see the light  
F C  
That's running through your veins  
Em Am  
Can you develop the eyes  
F C  
To see that you shine through your stains  
Em  
Can you believe  
Am  
That you're beautiful  
F  
He'll show you soon it's true  
G  
And darling  
C F  
Although you think you're stained  
C  
He'll love you just the same  
Em Am  
You're more precious than before  
F C  
So -- He'll love you even more



# ZAP CLAY

Hi! I'm Zahava, and welcome to Zap Clay! Today we're making a stunning tea light holder. Have fun!

## Supplies

|                              |                                     |   |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---|
| Pasta machine/rolling pin    | A good amount of light-colored clay | **I used light green, Sculpey brand           |
| Needle tool                  | Assorted metallic powders           | **You can use eye shadow for a cheaper option |
| Soft paint brush             | 3 other paint brushes               |   |
| Glaze **I used Sculpey brand | Exacto knife                        |   |
| Mason jar*                   | Toaster oven                        |   |

## Directions:



Roll clay through pasta machine on the thinnest setting and roll until the desired length and width. Remove the top part of the mason jar and put it away for later.



Wrap clay around Mason jar.

**\*Mason jar should fit a tea-light!!!!**





Using your blade, cut off all excess clay and put it aside for later





Using your needle tool, cut along the line where both ends of the clay sheet meets so it lines up and smooth the ends into each other



Using your needle tool again, carve 5 diagonal lines from one corner of the jar to the other and do more diagonal lines going the other way like it shows in the pictures above



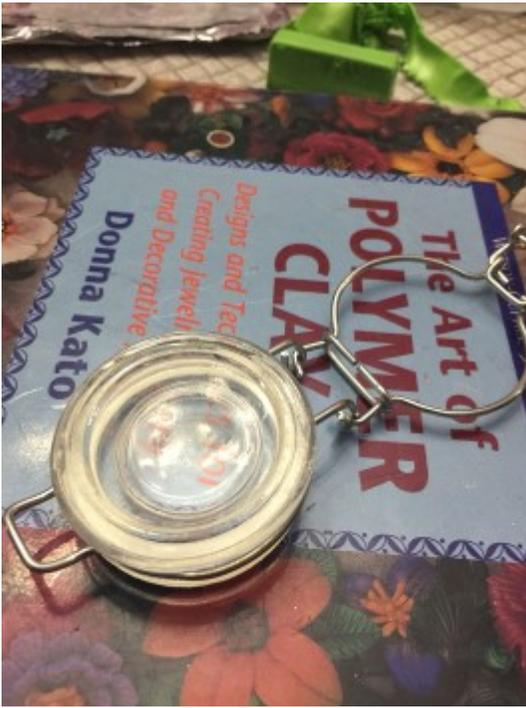


Take 4 different colors of metallic powder and using your soft paintbrush, "paint" the powder in whatever pattern you chose in between the longer lines



Take two other colors and "paint" them in between the shorter lines in a corresponding pattern





Take the top of the Mason jar, a dark powder, and some excess clay. Flatten out cut a circle out of the clay and paint the dark powder on the lid.





Bake both the jar and top of the jar in your toaster oven at 275°F for about 3 minutes. Once it cools, take your other paintbrushes and glaze it. Let the glaze dry and then put the top back on your jar.





Now grab your tea light, put it in, and let it shine!



# OUT OF THE DARKNESS

**From the darkness we came--**

**from a land riddled with slavery**

**From the darkness we came--**

**bruised and weary from our wounds**

**From the darkness we came--**

**seeking the gold of our slavers**

**From the darkness we came--**

**matzos rising on our backs**

**From the darkness we came--**

**from hunger to slavery to salvation to freedom**

**Into the rising light of the new day**



**~Sara Kayla**