

Ayelet Mag

המגזין

POSITIVELY BALANCED



המגזין

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Ayelet Tour

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[PSA from BM: Since I eventually plan to sell my original songs, I took the files down from the Ayelet Mag website, and I plan to keep doing that at the end of](#)



[each year. So don't flip out, 'twasnt a glitch :\)](#)

Dear Readers,

Aaaaaand we're BACK for year two! Thank you, thank you. Yes, it was amazing. Why yes, it WAS challenging to do this while still in high school. Thank you for asking.

But, um, moving on...

Koheles, read on Sukkos, is full of fascinating insights and phrases. Perhaps some of the most well known are the ones that speak of a time for everything. "A time to plant, a time to uproot," "a time to kill, a time to heal", etc.

The one we've chosen for our theme is, as aforementioned, "a time to mourn, a time to dance."

Life is full of ups and downs. Hope and despair, joy and sadness. And a time for each. There are times where it is normal, natural, and completely healthy to mourn. But there are times when we let go of grief, times when we "dance".



In our lives we create a

balance between the two, a scale, at times tipping precariously to one side or the other. We strive to maintain a healthy balance throughout our lives.

May we be granted the wisdom and guidance from Hashem to do so.

Love,

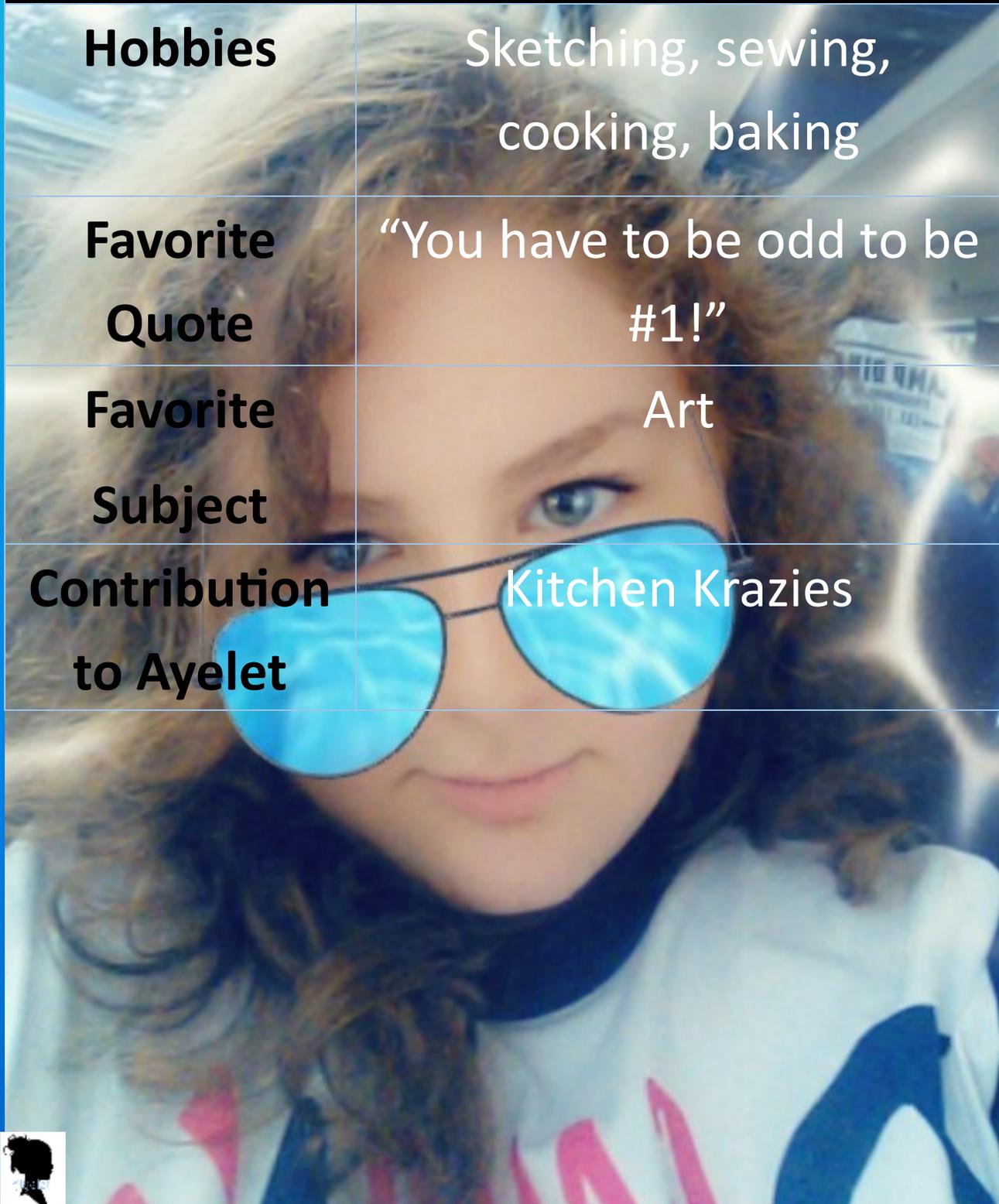
We Guys in Charge

Batshava Miriam and

Sara Kayla

Leah Langsner

Hobbies	Sketching, sewing, cooking, baking
Favorite Quote	“You have to be odd to be #1!”
Favorite Subject	Art
Contribution to Ayelet	Kitchen Krazies



Dear Diary,

So Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur have passed; we blew shofar, made kabbalos, and basically finished with Tishrei. So... does that mean that I have finished what I need to do? That I'll just be normal for the next 10 ½ months?

NO!

Teachers all stress to us during Elul how important it is to connect to Hashem. But, for the rest of the year, it seems to be a forgotten topic. We have long school weeks, tests, more school, finals, and then the long awaited summer. So, how do we keep Hashem in our lives, how do we make sure that we don't lose sight of Him in this world?

There are two ways: add, or subtract. For me, the way that I "keep" Hashem with me, is saying a few perakim of *tehillim* every night before I go to bed. At first, I was very motivated – for, like, a week. Then the flame died down. I reignited it by putting a calendar next to my bed. That way I knew what I

had to do and could see my goal. I realized after some time, that (in this case) adding is really hard. So I decided to try to subtract something.

I decided that one day a month (keeping small) I would not listen to any non-Jewish music. This is hard for me, because I listen to that 24/7. This is new for me, but hopefully I'll be able to do two days a month, then a week, and so on and so forth.

So my question for all of you Ayelet readers out there is this – how do you/will you "keep" Hashem with you? In other words, how do you stay connected to Him year round and stay motivated to do so? Send in your responses via the contact page on our website (ayeletmag.weebly.com).

Start your comment with 'DEAR DIARY RESPONSE'. I wish you all hatzlacha!

T. Rina

Kitchen Krazies

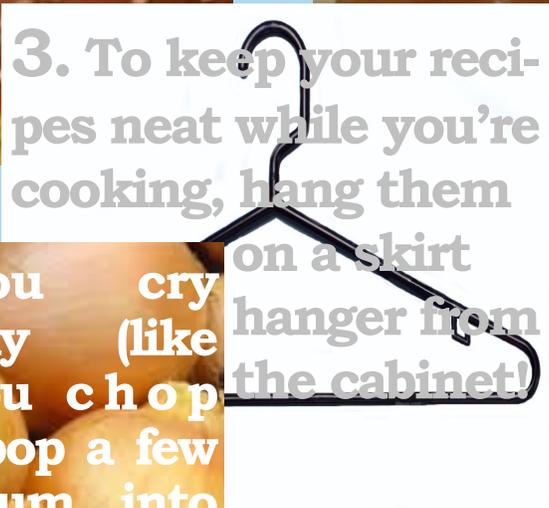
For this issue, something a little different:
KITCHEN HACKS to make your life easier and
your food better!



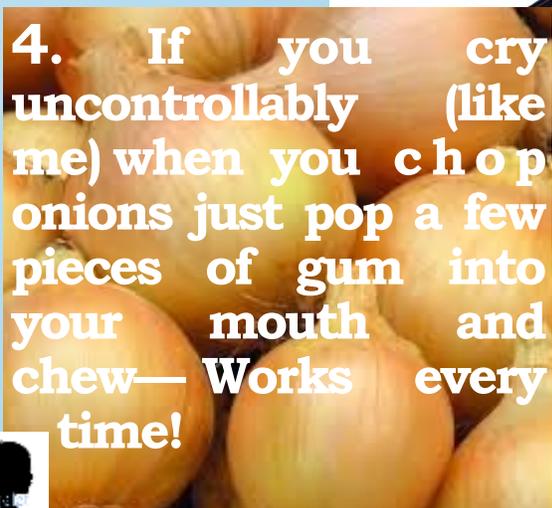
1. If your challah always seems heavy, just use seltzer instead of water!



2. If you have a hard time opening jars, just turn the jar over and tap the bottom with the heel of your hand.



3. To keep your recipes neat while you're cooking, hang them on a skirt hanger from the cabinet!



4. If you cry uncontrollably (like me) when you chop onions just pop a few pieces of gum into your mouth and chew— Works every time!



5. If you have a hard time juicing lemons, just heat 'em up in the microwave for 15 seconds.

~Leah Langsner



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

I know I said this in the intro, but this is my absolute favorite dessert right now.

Chocolate Pudding (alldayidreamaboutfood.com)

Ingredients:

1/2 c whipping cream	2 TBSP cocoa powder
1/2 c non-dairy milk	1/4 c monkfruit sweetener
1/4 c butter (shortening)	1/2 TBS hemp protein
2 oz. unsweetened chocolate	2 lg eggs

Directions:

1. In a small saucepan, combine everything. Be sure to stir constantly so your eggs don't cook by themselves! Mix until everything is smooth and uniform.
2. Take the pot off the stove and let cool for a few minutes.
3. Use an immersion blender (Blenderstick, hand blender) to blend the pudding even more. Let cool again.
4. If you'd like, you can pour the pudding into cute little serving cups. Chill for at least one hour. Serve with whipped cream!



~Batsheva Miriam

MYSELF AND I

“Alright, this is the last question.”

”Finally, these tests are always way too long.”

“I know. Sometimes I wonder if Ms. Parlor is trying to see how long she can make them without making the office completely run out of paper and ink.”

“As best a theory as any. Now, read the last question before we run out of time.”

“Okay, ‘In the 1936 Olympics-’”

“Those kids over there need to be quiet.”

“Huh?”

“Those kids over there. They’re talking. It’s extremely rude.”

“Oh, yeah. Well, anyway, ‘In the 1936 Olympics, Jesse Owens-’”

“Their chatting is breaking your concentration, you should raise your hand and ask Ms. Parlor to make them stop.”

“Honestly, you’re kind of distracting me more at this point than they are. Just let me finish reading the question. ‘In the-’”

“Well, at least you’re the only one who can hear me talking. I bet their voices can be heard from the next classroom over, they’re so loud.”

“Maybe, but that’s not really my concern right now. Just let me finish reading the question at least.”

“Okay, fine. Read away.”

“Okay, ‘In the 1936 Olympics, Jesse Owens participated as a track and field runner and won four gold medals. He also set a number of world records, one of which wasn’t broken for a whole twenty years afterwards. What-’”

“The answer’s C.”

“What?”

“The answer’s C.”

“But I haven’t even finished reading the question yet.”



"I know, but I'm telling you, the answer is C."

"You're just blindly guessing!"

"Honestly, you're kind of distracting me more at this point than they are."

"Trust me, I'm literally your intuition. The answer is C. I can feel it."

"Just because you're a voice inside my head, doesn't mean you're necessarily my intuition. And your feeling isn't based on anything!"

"Just trust me on this one."

"This is insane. Just let me finish reading the question and answers and then you can give me your opinion."

"Oh, that was the one minute warning. Quick, circle C before you run out of time."

"I'm not that desperate! I'm not circling anything until I finish reading both the question and all the answers."

"Fine, then circle E."

"But there is no E."

"Then make one."

"Say what now?"

"Write the letter E, then next to it right 'yes', and circle it."

"That's even more ridiculous than your first idea."

"Quick, she's starting to collect the papers."

"This is insane."

"Do it!"

"Okay, I'm doing it, I'm doing it."

"Good. Your name is on it, right?"

"Yes."

"Great, now hand it in."



"When we fail that test, I'm blaming you."

~Yet_Another_Schwarz_Kid

Dancing in the Dark

The rain thrums against the window, forming a steady pattern. I am sitting on my bed, knees pressed tight to my chest, staring intensely out the window. The rain is falling in sheets now, drenching the sidewalk and what little front yard we have with a much-needed shower. As I gaze out, there's the sound of a vehicle pulling up to the driveway. A car door slams shut. I squeeze my knees tighter.

Yehoshua is home now. Or Josh, as he prefers to call himself these days. The front door is forcefully opened and banged shut. The ashy smell of cigarette smoke wafts up the stairs and under the crack of my tightly shut and locked bedroom door.

The sound of heavy footsteps storming into the kitchen. Where Mom is. I involuntarily shut my eyes, not wanting to hear the bloodshed that is certain to follow. Sure enough, I hear the metallic clang of a pot crashing to the floor and then Mom says tremblingly, "What...what are *you* doing here?"

"I'm here to crash," I hear my brother answer flippantly. Though he sounds casual, I

hear an underlying thread of tension weaving its way through his words. I lean closer to my door to hear more. "My new place didn't work out, so I'm gonna stay here for a few days till my friends fix me up with somethin' else."

My knuckles suddenly hurt and I look down. They are white, numb from gripping my bedspread so hard. I hadn't even realized I was clutching it.

"And... and who said you can stay here?" Mom's voice is tight, carefully controlled, but I can hear it trembling.

"And who decided that your own child has to pay rent to stay in their own house?" Josh shoots back, firing up.

There's a tiny, quick moment of silence and I clap my hands over my ears. But it's no use. My mother's and Josh's shouts escalate to such a volume that no matter how hard I block my ears, their yells override my efforts.

"Why do you always have to be so *against* me?!" screams Josh. "Your attitude doesn't help me behave better, this is not the way!"



"I have other children now!" cries Mom. "I don't want them going the same way as you: hanging out with high school dropouts, smoking till your lungs are black, getting caught up with Mafia mobsters...who wants that kind of life for their child?!"

"Well that's my life now!" yells Josh. "And I'll always be your child, so don't you forget that! Just because Chaviva and Elisheva are your precious little darlings doesn't mean you aren't my mother too!"

"Just because you messed up, I'm not letting them go off like you! Just because you are too far gone, just because there's no hope for you left doesn't mean I am giving up my other children to cater to your every whim and fancy!"

I stuff my head under a pillow and whimper. I don't want to hear any more. It's too painful. There is only one thing which can distract me at this point. Dancing. Although every fiber in my being protests, I know I will feel better afterwards. I slide a disc into the CD player and turn it on the highest it can go. At the right beat, I am flying, dancing. My hands weave seamlessly through the air, as my feet are leaping and jumping. I keep dancing until I can go on no

longer. Gasping for breath, I sit down hard on my bed, spent, but exhilarated. I switch off the music and thankfully, I cannot hear any more arguing downstairs.

*There's a tiny,
quick moment of
silence and I
clap my hands
over my ears. But
it's no use.*

I change into pajamas and immediately fall into a restless sleep.

Josh gets his way, as usual. The

next morning, when I come downstairs for breakfast with my twin sister, Chaviva, my parents and Josh are sitting stiffly at the kitchen table, eating breakfast in silence. Chaviva and I exchange a worried glance and then quietly sit down and pour ourselves cereal. I notice that Mom's face is red and blotchy while Abba is emotionless. But I note that his eyes are red. Josh sits rigidly, eating breakfast stiffly. He's dressed in an Adidas T-shirt and ripped jeans and his head is noticeably bare. I'm suddenly not hungry anymore. I push my bowl away. "I'm leaving now." Chaviva shoots me a surprised look, but stands up, deposits her bowl in the sink and after saying quick goodbyes, we depart from

our frosty house.

As we walk to school, Chaviva asks, "What was that all about?"

"I just couldn't stand being in our house. Why did Josh have to come back and ruin everything?!"

"He's our brother, Shevs, what do you want from him?!"

"Nothing anymore..." I mutter.

Chaviva simply sighs and then looks at her feet for the remainder of our walk to school. We arrive at the school building and after bidding each other quick goodbyes, we head to our own separate classrooms. I enter 8C and sit quietly at my desk, finishing up the last of my World History sheets. Ilana Applebaum comes over to say hi and schmooze a little with me, but other than that, no one else notices my existence, which today is fine with me.

The school day flies by in a flurry of numbness and desperate struggles to contain my emotions. Chaviva meets me outside my classroom and we exit the building together. We walk in silence for a few minutes. I'm the first one to speak.



"Tough day?"

"You better believe it."

The rest of the trip is quiet, each of us immersed in our own separate thoughts. We arrive home and glance at each other anxiously, worried about what we will find on the other side of the door.

"I'm sure it'll be fine," says Chaviva, trying to soothe me. With an audible breath, I open the door.

*"He's our brother,
what do you want
from him?!"*

"Nothing anymore..."

And scream.

Mom is slumped on the living room floor, unconscious! And Josh is freaking out in the next room. I can hear his choked sobs and gasping breaths.

Chaviva and I rush in. Chaviva wobbles over to the couch and collapses, bursting into terrible, rack-ing sobs. She seems frozen; she can't move! I take action immediately, grabbing the phone and calling Hatzolah. Within minutes, there's the scream of sirens, a flash of blinding light and squealing tires and three Hatzolah volunteers are barging in and take her out to the ambulance, where they

connect her to IVs and fluids and rush her off to the hospital.

One volunteer stays with us, reassuring us and calming us down. After calling Abba, who rushes home, then straight over to the hospital, promising us he'd call us with any updates, he leaves and we are left alone with Josh.

"What happened?!" I demand.

"I-I-" stammers Josh. He rubs his head and I deign not to mention his bare head. "I was... arguing with Mom... and she was yelling something about me bringing shame on the family... when she suddenly screamed and clutched at her heart... and then she collapsed. I froze up... and I was crying and screaming... didn't even think to get the stupid phone and call Hatzolah..." He trails off and I remain silent, unable to say anything.

The next morning, unsurprisingly, Josh is gone. Mom is still in the hospital. Abba had remained with her overnight, and called us at 8:00 that Mom was Baruch Hashem doing better. The doctors said they thought she'd had some form of cardiac arrest,

but a very minor attack, Baruch Hashem. Abba said he thought Mom would be home sometime in the next two days. Chaviva and I somehow find the strength to go to school.

We get through the next few days somehow, through a thick, numb

*I open the door
and stumble back
in shock.*

haze. Mom comes home two days later, weak and pale, connected to various IVs. A nurse accom-

panies her home; Abba says she will stay with us through the week to make sure nothing else happens. After we arrive home from school, we are all sitting around, not feeling up to doing homework or helping around the house, when there's a soft, timid knock at the door. I glance at Chaviva and Abba and then get up to get it. I open the door and stumble back in shock. Josh is standing there, a shy smile on his face, dressed in a more conservative blue button-down shirt and black pants. Best of all, sitting proudly atop his head is an, albeit small, gray suede *yar-mulke*.

"Josh-?" Abba comes up behind me and gapes at him. Chaviva rushes over and gawps at our brother.

It's not

~Shira Moskowitz



Despite the stress of going back to school, there are many overlooked and forgotten parts and pieces to it that are actually quite de-stressing.

The Structure. Structure will always be vital to being more stress free, as I keep reiterating. It helps because you know exactly what you are doing at a certain time. It also helps out in school, because of all the homework (cue the groans) that our teachers give us. Oddly enough, homework is a good thing. First, it makes sure that you retain the information that you will need in order to pass your classes. Second, you have to make time for it. Because of this, you are forced to actually organize your time carefully and thoughtfully outside of school. I know a lot of you are “lol-ing” at this but, seriously. If you even have a scrap of energy left at any given point, write out a schedule for outside of your school hours. It helps.

Renewed Energy. I know, I know. How on earth do you keep that excited feeling in your stomach alive? How in the world do you keep that first-day-of-school-energy? Well, for starters, it is a new start. New notebooks, maybe a new backpack, new writing utensils, possibly a new binder and of course, fresh, crisp writing paper. But how does this tie into keeping that feeling of Renewed Energy? Well, try to keep your things neat and organized throughout the school year. It tends to make one



feel less overwhelmed and more positive. And on that note, you

SHOULD have a positive outlook too. Or at least if you have a negative one, be so sarcastic and snarky inside your head that you start to laugh at yourself. (I'm sure that's something you've never heard before!) Because one of the key things here is to be sure that school never gets too BORING. If you find yourself getting bored, figure out a way to get excited about something going on in school, or challenge yourself to nitpick and ask “thoughtful and intelligent” questions (according to the teachers) and have a blast by making the class go on about that one REALLY interesting topic.

I must also explain that I do not, in any way, shape or form, support or endorse the purpose stalling of a class for the sake of entertainment, pranks for the sole purpose of “livening things up” and that I want people going around hurting other people's feelings by saying snarky and sarcastic things. However, I DO support stalling a class for a good cause (i.e. a surprise party for a teacher or something along those lines). I DO support SAFE pranks during Adar and I DO support being snarky and sarcastic, as long as it stays within the boundaries of not being rude and it is with someone who is equally witty and will not get offended.

Good luck and stay chill!

~Perri T.

TAKE A
CHILL
PILL



Star-Bright Spotlight

How do you describe what you do in one sentence?

I run Devora's Gym LLC, a gymnastics center in the frum community with gymnastics programs for all levels and ages!

What made you decide to start a gymnastics school/team for Jewish girls?

When I was 6 years old I began to compete on a non-Jewish gymnastics team in the USAG system. I was halachically allowed to compete until the age of nine. Throughout the years, that was part of my identity—I was the gymnast. When I was in eighth grade, somebody approached me and asked if I would teach her daughter gymnastics. At that point it wasn't a conscious decision to open a whole business, but the very beginning of Devora's Gym was born! I began teaching a couple kids with a single mat in my bedroom. Slowly the word got out and I started to expand - moving to my den, garage, basement, and finally renting a space of my own. At each stage of my gym I was

always dreaming of what the next big step could be.

Was anyone particularly encouraging?

My parents, I know it sounds cliché, but honestly... nobody runs a gym by themselves. Beyond just encouragement my parents are the force that helps my dreams become reality. If I would go into details we would be here all day, but just some examples of the support that we are talking about: My mother ran the gym while I was away for a whole year, coaching every night of the week during competition season. Another time, I bought lots of gymnastics equipment from an auction in North Carolina and didn't know how to transport it here. My father flew to North Carolina and drove a truck back. And then there's the "smaller" stuff, helping me navigate the world of taxes and paychecks, setting up equipment... Just absolutely incredible support. And don't forget - for years I was operating out of my parents' house! How many parents would be ok with that?



Did you have doubts about things would go?

Definitely. There's always a doubt because you're relying on a lot of things: people to sign up, popularity, new workers, new equipment... and you're making big investments.

They say that the bigger risk there is, the bigger the opportunity for success! There are definitely times when things are unknown. But I

have seen so much hashgacha pratis, I can't even begin to tell you! My old location was much smaller, and the rent was high. Towards the end of the year, the landlord told me he was going to raise the rent even more. I knew that I did not want to stay there. At the same time, I heard about a gym that was going out of business in Boston and I wanted to liquidate the equipment and bring it to Cleveland. People told me I was crazy: "You're going away for a year, you bought all this equipment, and you have no place to put it!" and I said, "No, I saw this deal, we bought the equipment, the truck is already on



its way, and we're going to find a place to put it." A

repairman who was fixing something in the gym mentioned a place, and Baruch Hashem it worked out, and that's where I am today. I definitely had a lot of doubts and saw lots of hashgacha.

Was there ever a low point in the conception/creation of Devora's Gym, when you may have felt uninspired / dejected?

I remember when I was still in high school and running

a program out of my house, several students' mothers got together and decided that I was charging too much money for a high school girl (\$10 an hour). I had recently invested in buying new mats; and while my friends were heading to the mall on Sunday afternoons, I was teaching gymnastics. I always spent time lesson planning and putting my all into teaching the girls, and I felt that my prices were very fair. I was devastated and so hurt! Instead of just closing down the program, I sent a note home to the parents explaining all the details that go into running a gymnastics program and why I felt that the prices were reasonable. That night a mother called me up to apologize.

I have seen so much hashgacha pratis, I can't even begin to tell you!

How did you publicize your gym when you were starting out?

At first, it was just word of mouth. Eventually when I started doing summer programs I did regular ads in the Local Jewish News and at Unger's. Eventually when I moved into my current location I needed more publicity, so I started the famous bumper stickers, and set up a website. I also have a large WhatsApp broadcast list for anyone who requests to be on the gym's contact list.

Looking back, what do you do differently at Devora's Gym now that you're out of high school?

My gym now is very different than my gym in high school, as I am always, always looking to grow. For example, I have a shipment coming in to a shipping center in Parma tomorrow with two new sets of uneven bars! Every season, every session, we're always looking to grow and try new ideas and programs. So, as we grow, we change. Now that we have a new place, I do have a lot more classes, students, opportunities for classes, etc. One of my big focuses this year is to



start focusing on departmentalizing the different roles I play. I'm looking into hiring a manager, a front desk person, and many different coaches.

How did you balance a new gym along with high school and multiple other extra curriculars?

Balance is a good word. When you have other responsibilities, you always have to make sure you're

meeting them all, so nothing drops. It was definitely a balance knowing when to put in time to study, when to put in time for the gym, and I did not want to sacrifice my social life as well... so I sacrificed my sleep (not recommended!). I also had a huge amount of self control and dedication that I'm learning is pretty rare to find in high schoolers!

What did you do with your gym while you were in seminary?

It was stressful, and not good for business; I'd just moved to a 5500 square foot space. We had a lot of interest and publicity, and I had lined up a bunch of coaches. My mother is a retired gymnastics coach and she agreed to help. One of the coaches I hired had health

We aim to provide a complete competitive experience for the girls on our teams.

issues, one had to leave for school... my mother ended up in the gym all day, all year. I know that my family didn't even tell me all the back and forth because they didn't want to worry me while I was in seminary. It was definitely a hard year for the gym but Baruch Hashem the gym stayed open and is still there, and when I came back I took it back under my control.

Is this something you plan to make into a career? If not, what do you plan to do?

Actually not. I'm in middle of applying to physicians assistant programs right now. Last year I was a full time college student, completing all my science prerequisites and separately finishing my Bachelors of Science. My definite career plan is to be a PA in emergency medicine – but I'm hoping to get Devora's Gym to run without me so that that I can still manage it even if I'm going to PA school in a different city.

What's up with the competition thing? It sounds really cool!

In a very short synopsis, Devora's Gym along with other frum gyms from many different cities (Miami, Far Rockaway, Passaic, Monsey, Edison...) have banded together to create the JGL



(Jewish Girls League). We aim to provide a complete competitive experience for the girls on our teams. Our girls compete with the USAG routines, the official code of points, and we only hire nationally certified judges. Our first competition was held in January 2016 in New York, it was a small competition with one level of gymnastics and about 60 gymnasts. Throughout the years, all the gyms have been growing – at our past competition we had three time slots and three different levels! We are actually hosting the next competition here in Cleveland for the second time! It's amazing to see how the competitions and league has changed over the years. When people who are unfamiliar with the concept of competitive sports first hear about it, it is not uncommon for them to think negatively. I often hear, "Why should I teach my daughter to compete with others?" But that is entirely not the case! It is so amazing to see what it does for the girls. Firstly, is the concept that they are really only competing against themselves. The girls are working towards a goal, with a deadline and a specific routine. All my team girls know that even the most talented gymnast requires an incredible amount of hard work

and training. Just learning a skill is not enough, each event takes practice, repetition, and hard work on all the tiny details. When a gymnast is on the floor competing, the only thing she has to present is whatever she put into it for all the months before. Teaching our girls this personal work ethic and dedication (especially in this generation!) will surely permeate many facets of their lives - it's more than just turning cartwheels! Secondly, is the teammate aspect. They're all rooting for each other - it's adorable, it's amazing, it's beautiful.... At the same time, I obviously understand that competitive gymnastics is not a fit for every girl, and I focus a lot on our recreational program as well. Every year we make a big performance for the community. Each class has a coordinated routine. We try to give each group a "special" feature (disco lights, costumes, themes etc.), the girls are proud of their routine, and it keeps the audience interested! We work hard to design the shows so that every single girl can showcase her best and new skills. Last year we had over 250 people come watch our gymnasts, who ranged from age 2 through high school! I love that we can provide this "kosher"



opportunity for so many from girls.

What do you hope to achieve with Devora's Gym?

I have a secret dream of opening up a whole Swim 'n Gym center and expanding the gymnastics program as well as starting a from swim team. I also would love to bring the gym to other cities. Although it is just a dream now....there's no telling where my dreams can go!

Do you have any advice for girls with talents/visions, trying to find a way to achieve them?

Don't take no for an answer. Ever. The only person who can tell you that you can't do something is yourself! I think there are plenty of girls who have special talents that they can bring to the community, but they don't let it grow because they are "just a high school kid." Connect yourself to people who can help you, and don't stop until you have realized your visions! Good luck!

Check out Devora's Gym at devorasgym.com!

~Batsheva Miriam, Sara Kayla, and Devora

SONGSPOT

Intro: F C F C F C G

C F C

I don't know how to do this without you, but isn't that the point?

G F G Am G

That I'm following your footsteps, trying to fill the shoes you left behind

C F C

I'm floundering around, I'm lost, feeling disjointed

G F G Am G

Have no guidance but the recollections of your actions in my mind

F C G Am

All those memories I have of you are floating round my head

F C G

But all those happy thoughts are broken into by what I never said

F C G

So now I'm sitting here alone, just waiting for you to come back home, but -

F G Am

Eis lirkod v'eis l'sfod

F C F C F C G

I know you had to go

C F C

I'm lost, scrambling around without a map; forget directions

G F G Am G

I need more and less than that, I need you here with me

C F C

With every second you're gone, I feel a weakening connection

G F G Am G



A growing distance; why did you have to leave?

F C G Am

All those memories I have of you are floating round my head

F C G

But all those happy thoughts are broken into by what I never said

F C G

So now I'm sitting here alone, just waiting for you to come back home, but -

F G Am

Eis lirkod v'eis l'sfod

F

I know you had to go

F G

This ocean pulling us apart

F G

Will never break my stubborn heart

F G

And while I know you're far away

F G

I can also see a dawning day

C F

A time to dance, a time to mourn

Dm G

But mourning's over, I've gotta move on

C F

I'm dancing now, to let you know

G Am

That while I know you had to leave me, I'm never letting you go

F G Am

Eis lirkod v'eis l'sfod

C

I know you had to go

I think a lot of people can relate to this song on some level—we just have to always remember that there's a time for good and for bad, and that it's all part of Hashem's Master plan.

~Batsheva Miriam



ZAP CLAY

Welcome back, y'all! This time we're making a cute little ballet shoe display.

Disclaimer: Except for the toaster oven, any tools you use should not be used for future food preparation.

Supplies:

Light pink clay

Needle tool

Light green clay

A small razor

A couple of rhinestones (optional)

A paintbrush

A roller/pasta machine

Sculpey glaze

A rubber shaping tool (you can use the needle tool if that's not available)

Directions:

1. Roll out your green until it's around 1/4 inch thick, and set aside.

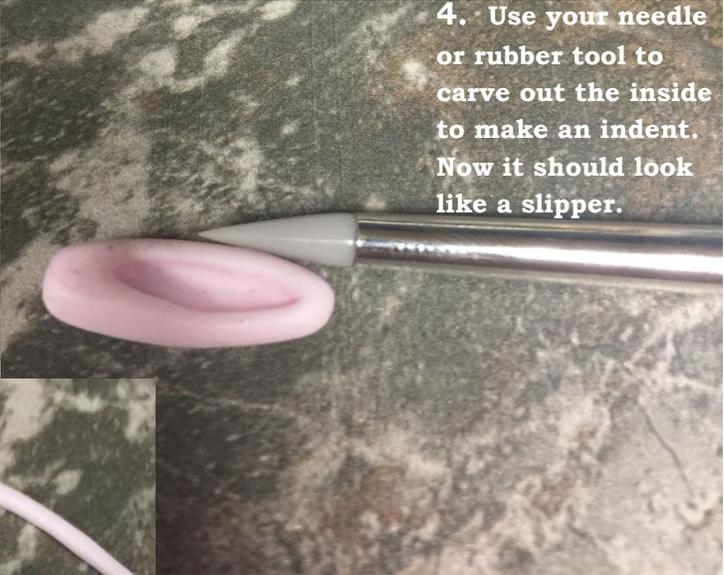


2. Take a bit of the light pink clay and roll it into an oval. With your fingers, squish it a bit so that it just barely flattens.

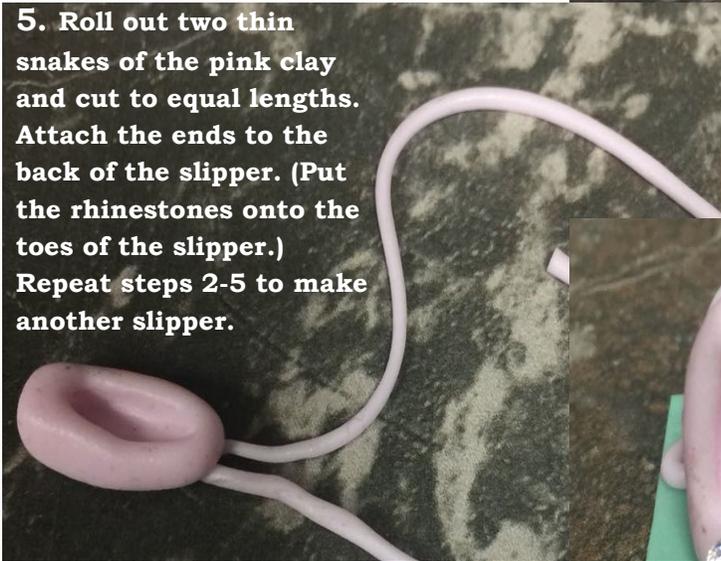




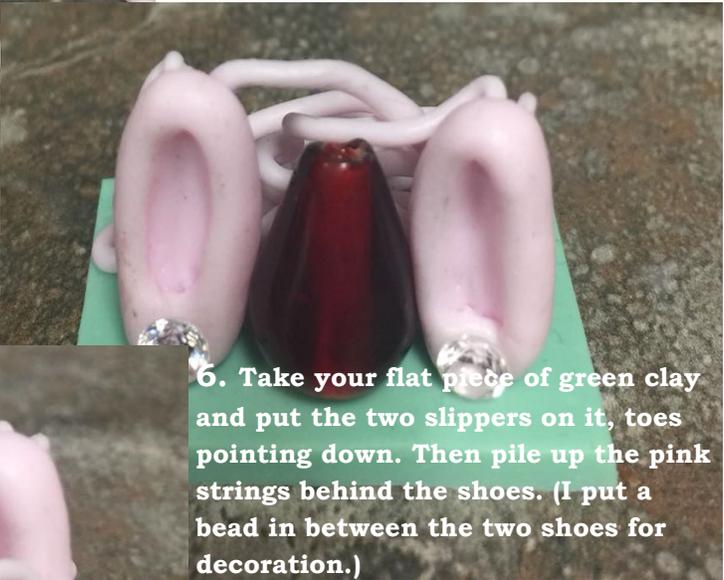
3. Push one end of the oval into the table to make it flat.



4. Use your needle or rubber tool to carve out the inside to make an indent. Now it should look like a slipper.



5. Roll out two thin snakes of the pink clay and cut to equal lengths. Attach the ends to the back of the slipper. (Put the rhinestones onto the toes of the slipper.) Repeat steps 2-5 to make another slipper.



6. Take your flat piece of green clay and put the two slippers on it, toes pointing down. Then pile up the pink strings behind the shoes. (I put a bead in between the two shoes for decoration.)



7. Tie a bow with some of the pink strands, then bake at 275°F and glaze.



~Zahava Greenberger

NEGATIVE ENHANCES POSITIVE

I was walking to school one day for the first time in a while. It was February, and the entire week it had been snowing. But Cleveland has wacky weather, and the snow was melting. Outdoors, it was only 50 degrees or so, not exactly warm. But everyone was outside, commenting on “the gorgeous weather”. But why, in hardly 50 degree weather, with icicles dripping on your head as they melt, is anything gorgeous? The answer is simple and beautiful, just 3 words. Negative Enhances Positive. Without negative, positive wouldn't exist! If it hadn't been cold and snowy all week, then nobody would have appreciated the weather! But we did enjoy that weather, because it was better than 4 inches of snow that makes driving a bother, and it wasn't a freezing 6 degrees, rather 50. You see, it's all about perspective and previous experience. So many things in life are like that; without x, y wouldn't be good. And with that perspective, we can be thankful for a painful previous experience. I didn't come up with this concept of 'negative enhances positive'. It's actually in the Torah. [Shemos; 30:34] When Bnei Yisrael combines the spices to make the Ketores, they mix 11 spices. We are told the Ketores is a wonderful smelling combination. But one is Chelbona, a bitter, bad smelling spice. This is where we

can see how the negative, the bad smelling Chelbona, enhances the positive, the good smelling Ketores.

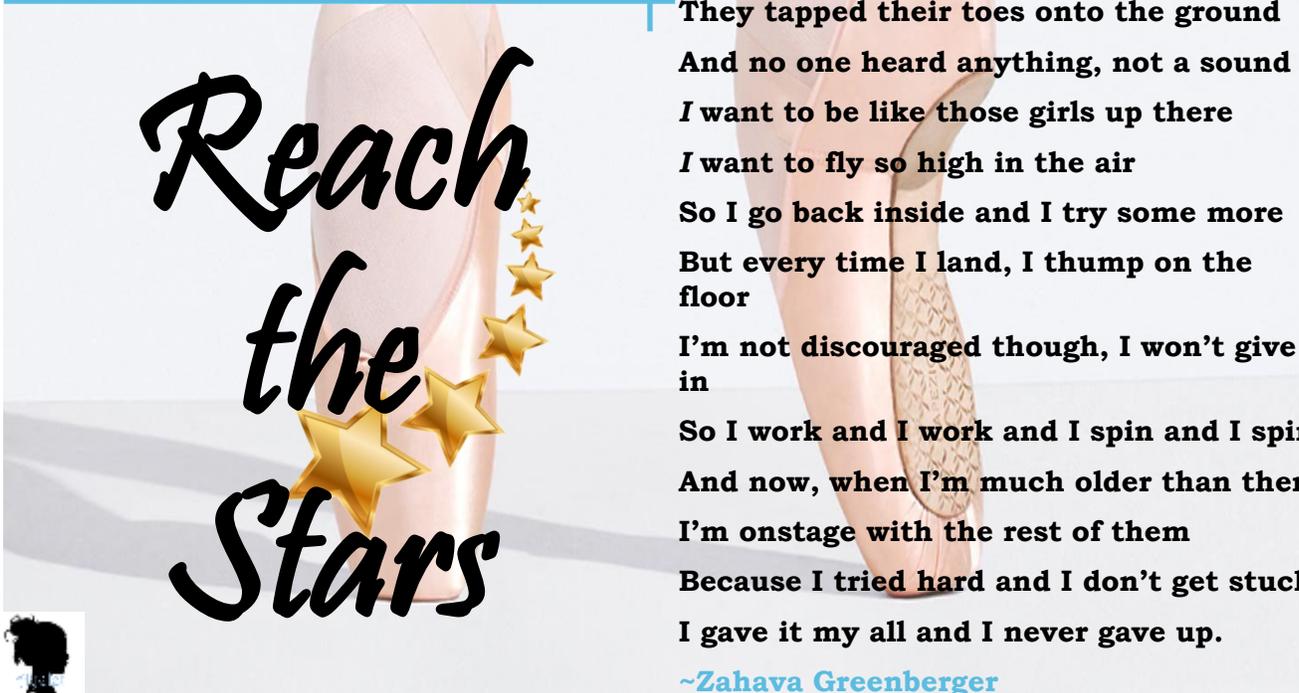
A more relatable example is baking. Why do we put salt in sweet cake? We put in salt because the sharpness of it brings out the sweetness of the sugar. And this is where the concept comes into our lives. Our loving Father, Hashem, only wants what is best for us, top quality only. But He gives us tests, hardships, Chelbona, salt. But He doesn't want us to focus on that. He wants us to see the sugar, the other spices, and how the end result, the finished cake, is wonderful and is perfect. And the salt makes the cake taste better; the Chelbona makes the Ketores smell better. And hardships make our lives better, they make us stronger. Without the big huge hardships, the small hardships would seem like huge ones. Without big, noticeable mistakes, the smallest ones would seem humongous.

Every day, there is a negative. Negative is real, it exists. But there is also always a positive. And if the positive seems invisible, then think of how lucky you are to not have something worse than what you may have received. You may be thinking, “That's a nice concept. But what if chas v'shalom, there is a situation, and it



really can't get any worse, it is as bad as can be?" I won't lie; there are times like this. And all we can say is that we aren't Hashem. Hashem is an artist, and He is painting the most beautiful, splendid picture. We can't see the whole thing; we don't understand why He is giving us pain, colors that seem wrong. But in the end, those "wrong" colors, those negatives, result in us growing, in us becoming stronger. Hashem could have made it so that we were perfect, as strong as can be, with no tests, nothing hard, and no pain. But He chose to make us work on ourselves, hence allowing us to feel accomplished, as if we did something, as if we fought through the negative. This is why we have to be thankful, and accept His judgment. We have hardships because the negative enhances the positive.

~Tara Diddle

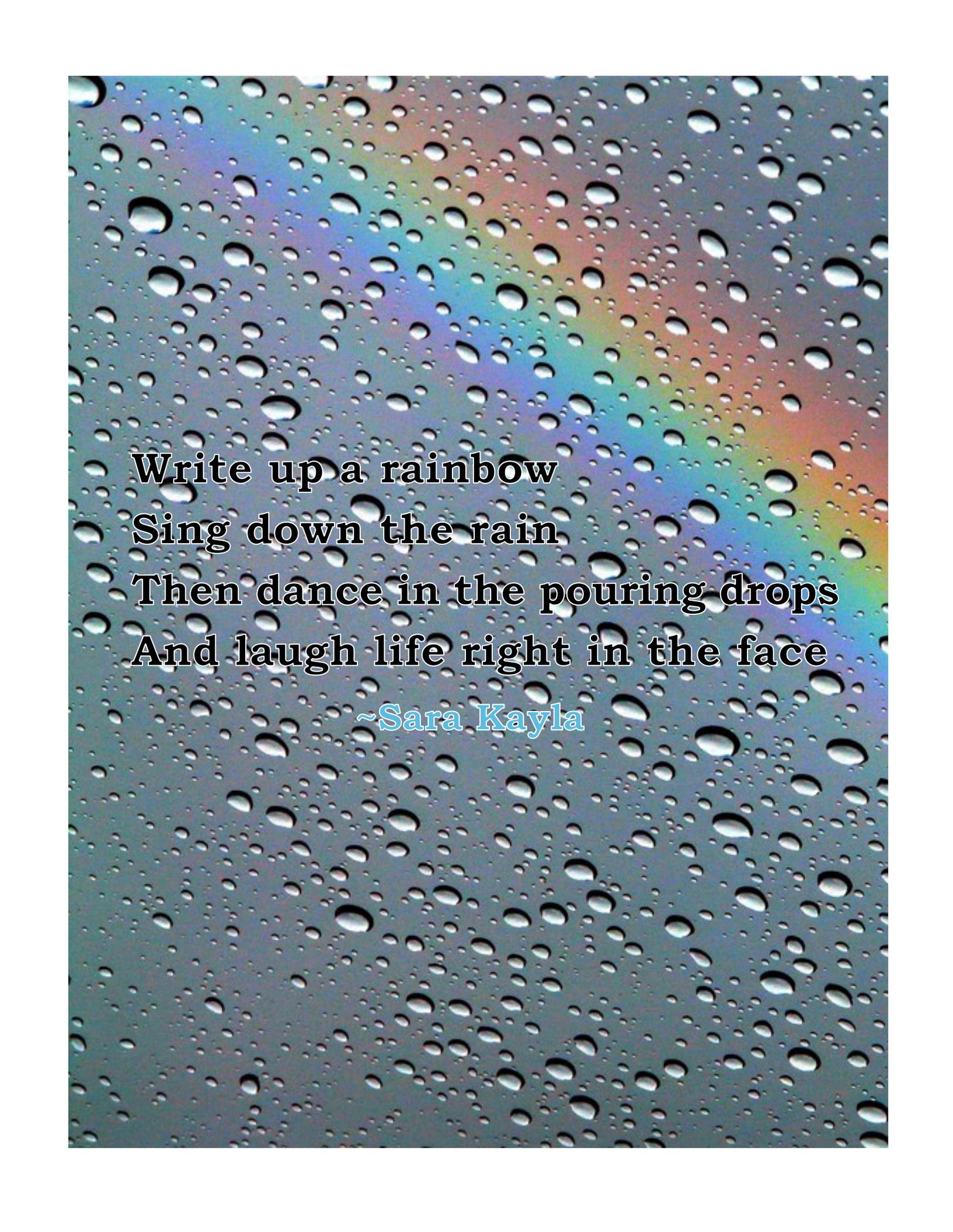


Reach
the
Stars

**Up on stage I see them all
Leaping and flying and nobody falls
Oh, how graceful they all are
They look like they're trying to touch the stars
I wonder why I can't do that too
It looks so easy to me and you
But when I go home and attempt those stunts
I fall onto the floor with a thump
I try and I try but I can't get it right
And before I know it, it's the night
So I go outside and look at the sky
And a shooting star flies right by
Then I remember those girls up on stage
How they flew so high and seemed to hang for an age
And when their feet hit the wood
It didn't make noise like you and me would
They tapped their toes onto the ground
And no one heard anything, not a sound
I want to be like those girls up there
I want to fly so high in the air
So I go back inside and I try some more
But every time I land, I thump on the floor
I'm not discouraged though, I won't give in
So I work and I work and I spin and I spin
And now, when I'm much older than then
I'm onstage with the rest of them
Because I tried hard and I don't get stuck
I gave it my all and I never gave up.**

~Zahava Greenberger





**Write up a rainbow
Sing down the rain
Then dance in the pouring drops
And laugh life right in the face**

~Sara Kayla