



PositiViews



In YOUR Merit We Will Be Redeemed

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You, who awoke in the middle of the night to nurse your baby,

And you who nursed your ailing mother during those difficult times.

You, who continues to date and doesn't let despair overcome you,

And you who went to work even though it was hard.

You, who despite it all had the courage to have another baby,

And you who are so brave to try yet another procedure in order to hug a baby.

You, who got angry one less time today,

And you who concealed your pain in your heart and went to dance at a wedding.

You, who saves lives,

And you who passes out candles in the streets on Erev Shabbos.

You, who is fighting the dreaded disease,

And you who brings the downtrodden hope and comfort.

You, who is torn between the house and office and tries to do her best,

And you who gave up your dream in order to be with your children.

You, who despite the hardship makes the effort to cover another inch,

And you who reserves your finest clothing for your home.

You, who sits night and day next to your daughters bed,

And you who mourned the loss of your child and still smiles greets your neighbor with a smile.

You, who listens and assists,

And you who is willing to accept help.

You, whose husband returns close to midnight,

And you who grew up in a broken home and is now a loving mother.

You, who gives with mesiras nefesh to the community,

And you, who went all the way to your sons school to

bring him his forgotten sandwich.

You, who picked up the phone and said what was in your heart,

And you who restrained yourself and didn't pick up the phone.

You, who hugs and kisses your special needs child,

And you, who doesn't know where your child is and your tears and lips are whispering in prayer.

You, who although exhausted, journeys to Kever Rachel

And you, the Great Grandmother who says Birchas HaShachar at the Kotel.

You who is raising your children alone,

And you who braved giving marriage a second chance.

You who cleaned up after your son five times today,

And you who despite all you saw strengthened yourself in Emunah.

You, who gets up before everyone to daven,

And you who despite your age make blintzes for your einkelach with joy.

You, who never knows how many guests you'll be having,

And you who restrained yourself from eating one more piece of chocolate.

You, who are on bed rest,

And you, the labor coach who is there in the middle of the night and even on Shabbos and Yom Tov.

You, who didn't ask for your husbands help while he was learning,

And you, who remembered your neighbor who lives alone.

You the beautiful one who watches yourself,

And you, the artist who makes the world a more beautiful place.

You, who even though you were tense smiled at your children,

And you, who prepared Chalah dough with your own two hands.

You, who cleans your house for Pesach,

And you, who didn't scream when you found crumbs in a room you already cleaned.

You, who left everything for the truth,

And you, who encourages your husband.

You, who said Nishmas Kol Chay before the salvation,

And you, who is mekarev and uplifts women.

You, who visits the mentally ill,

And you, who said you were sorry first.

You, who carries a drum in your purse to greet Moshiach,

And you, who studies in order to lay pure and holy foundations for your home.

You, who even when entirely exhausted carefully says each word of Kriyas Shema,

And you, who sings each morning anew Modeh Ani.

You, who knows how to let go,

And you who remembers to pat yourself on the back.

And also you, who wasn't mentioned, and nobody will ever write about you, and nobody knows you, and maybe even you don't know your own inner-strength.

There is Someone who knows.

And in your merit,

And in the merit of your friends,

He will redeem us.