

After lighting candles, the whole house had suffered a power outage. They had no lights, no electricity or air conditioning.

she lived so close. Little did we know how this would be fulfilled.

Friday night, Leil Rosh Hashanah arrived. I'd cooked up a storm, even though it was just for us and my friend. I sat down and got ready to *daven* alone again. My husband would bring my friend back with him after *shul*, because he would pass her house on his way home.

Contemplating a lonely two days, I was not expecting a sudden desperate rapping on our front door. There stood Rabbi Glanz, looking panic-stricken. He told me that just after Ziva had lit the candles, the whole house had suffered a power outage. They had no lights, no electricity or air conditioning.

"Could we please stay in your guest house for Rosh Hashanah?" he asked.

"The guest house is yours for as long as you need it," I replied.

Let me explain about our guest house. We bought our present property from a mature couple, who built it, together with a small apartment on the same lot, which was intended for their parents to come and live in. Unfortunately, the parents hadn't lived long enough to use it, so they had tenants instead. The property was a package deal, both homes or none. We bought both, and a designer turned the small apartment into a five-bedroom house through the magic of "building down." This house, known as the "small house" or the guest house, became the place for my family from London to come and stay if they needed more guest rooms than our main house could offer.

It had enough beds for the entire Glanz family; it was well equipped and spacious. It had working power and air conditioning. It had sheets and towels and tablecloths and Shabbos equipment. It was just what they needed.

Rabbi Glanz had not yet been *mekabel* Shabbos and Yom Tov, so he used the time to race around setting the lights, plugging in and putting food on their Shabbos *plata*, stocking the fridge, and preparing for the next two days before it was too late. The only thing forgotten was that the freezer in the guest house had been unplugged after the last guests, and by the time he realized it wasn't on, it was too late to plug it in. No big deal—when Ziva came over, she brought a bag of essential frozen items, and we found freezer space for her.

And so, in addition to my friend from *shul* at meals, I had unexpected company for Yom Tov after all. They didn't eat with us, but they borrowed a few items that they'd forgotten, and best of all, Ziva came by each evening before *nacht* for a chat, so I wasn't so alone. Ziva said that it wasn't the *seger* that stopped us from going to our son and daughter-in-law for Rosh Hashanah; it was Hashem orchestrating events so that we'd be here when the Glanzes needed us most. I shudder to think what they would have done if we hadn't been home.

And you know what? I think she's right. And it gave me instant payback, too—company over what could have been a long, lonely Yom Tov. ●

# A Different Plan

A mother yearns for her alienated daughter

By Esther Ziegler

It's a girl, the doctor said  
As he placed you in my arms  
My necklace of motherhood bedazzled  
With an exquisite, priceless charm

Tears were streaming from my eyes  
As I looked at you, my dear  
I knew I'd forever love you  
More than my human heart could bear

I was no queen  
Yet this princess was entrusted to me  
I vowed to give her the world  
Not knowing what was yet to be

I took this little pink bundle  
And held her tightly to my chest  
Made a promise to the heavens  
That her life would be the best

Fate had a different plan  
For this very beautiful child  
She was thrown into a storm  
Amidst angry waves of wild





I can't unsee the sadness  
In my little angel's eyes  
You were always so delicate  
Intuitive and wise

A perfect young lady  
The epitome of grace  
I miss that adorable giggle  
That pitzy gorgeous face

My heart a ghosted chamber  
My mind riddled with pain  
I think of you, my darling  
And of the times we danced in the rain

I hope that someday down the road  
You'll remember the things we shared  
The memories we created  
You will realize that I cared

Life has blurred the pathways  
We've walked on side by side  
I hope one day to meet  
When our worlds once again collide

In the meantime, my beauty  
Know I'll be waiting here  
My tired arms wide open  
My heart raw and bare

I never left the station  
My eyes still watch the trains  
The adrenaline keeps pumping  
In my aching maternal veins

I know one day you'll arrive  
With that precious boy of yours  
That old train will leave the station  
With empty, howling roars

It'll disappear into the distance  
Where eternal darkness hovers  
While you will feel safe  
Tucked beneath warm covers

At last you won't have nightmares  
Of a childhood gone awry  
You'll finally be healed  
No longer will you cry

It's a girl, the doctor said  
As he placed you in my arms  
My motherhood necklace still dazzling  
With my exclusive Chayeale charm.

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