

שלא עשני גוי... עבד... אשה... שעשני כרצונו

Dear Nosson Baruch,

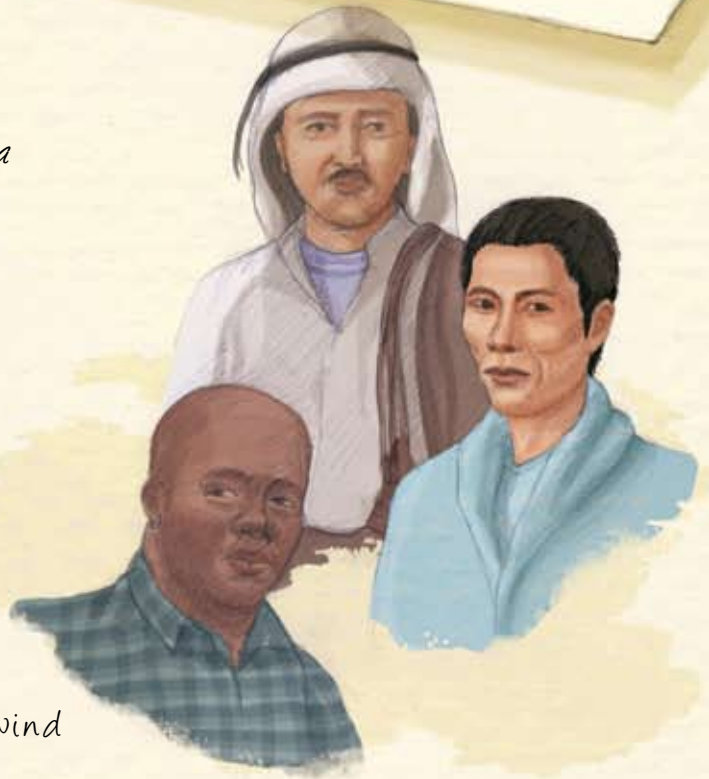
This letter comes to a special boy,
Flying across the ocean
Hurray for winning that getzer hara
And showing such devotion!

Hashem gives every person
A special job of his own
Each of us has a way
To reach the Heavenly throne

Some of us have mitzvos
That must be done at set times

Tefillah b'tzibur, k'vias ittim

Tefillin with straps that we wind



שלא עשני גוי... עבד... אשה... שעשני כרצונו

Who did not make me a goy. . .
a servant. . . a woman...

Who made me according to His will

Women, servants, and goyim too
As they live through every day
Are able to reach their shleimas
Each in their own way.



*All the nations of the world
Have a unique role to play,
They were given their own set of rules,
Seven mitzvos to obey.*

*Long ago, servants were responsible
To do their master's wish
They could not be bound by timely mitzvos
While they laundered or cooked a good dish.*



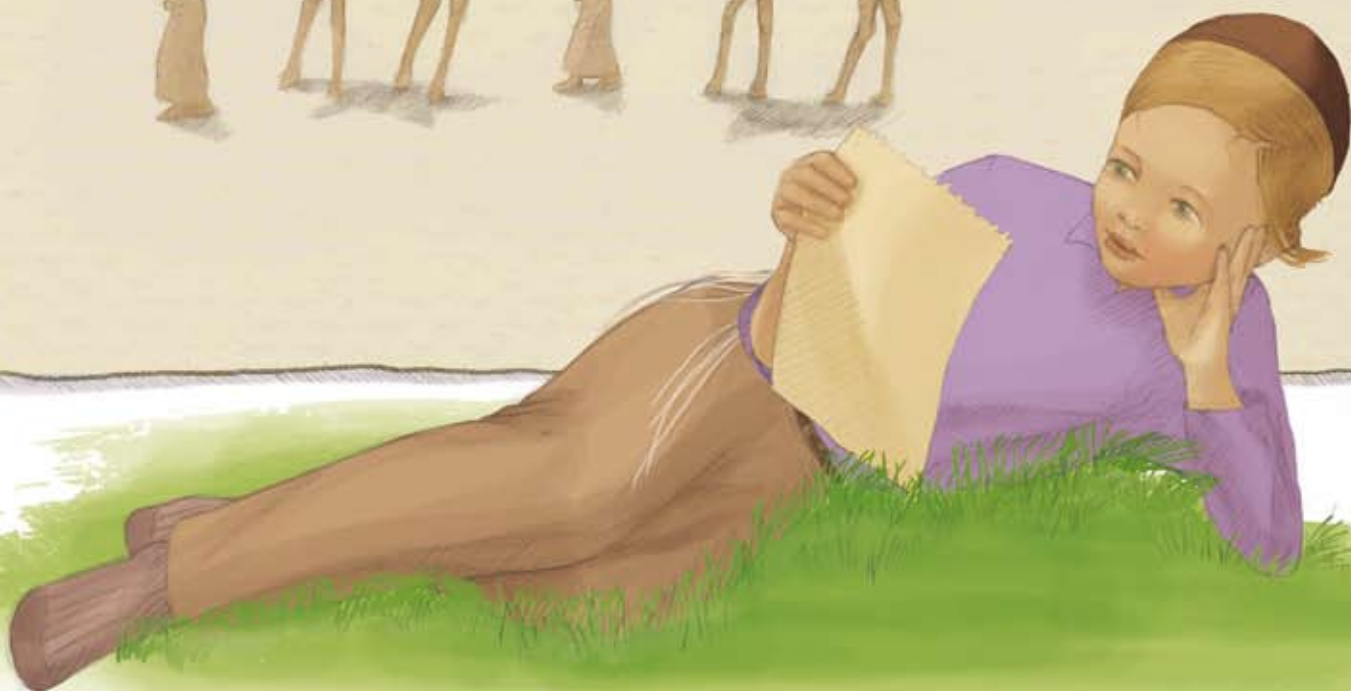
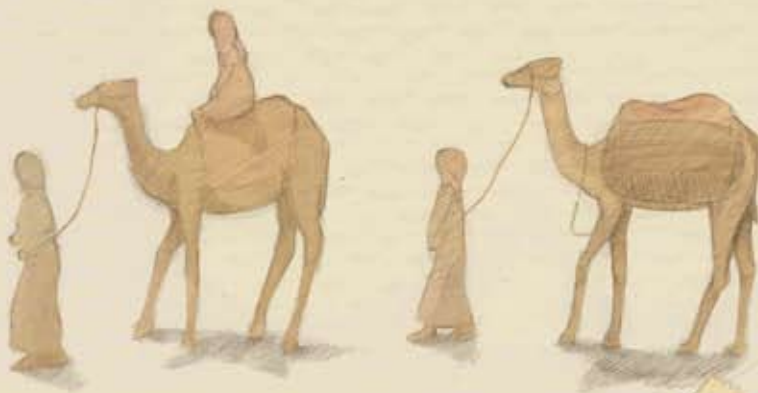
Women raise their children
Helping them to grow
They care for their family's needs
Giving their homes a special glow.



No one person is better or worse
Each of us Hashem did create
The secret is what one does with his life
That can make him become great.

Take for example Noach Ish Tzaddik
And the Imahos so holy and pure
Eliezer Eved Avraham
The list goes on for sure.

Wherever Hashem placed each one of us
No matter what role or position
We can control who we become
It is up to us, that decision.



פוקח עורים

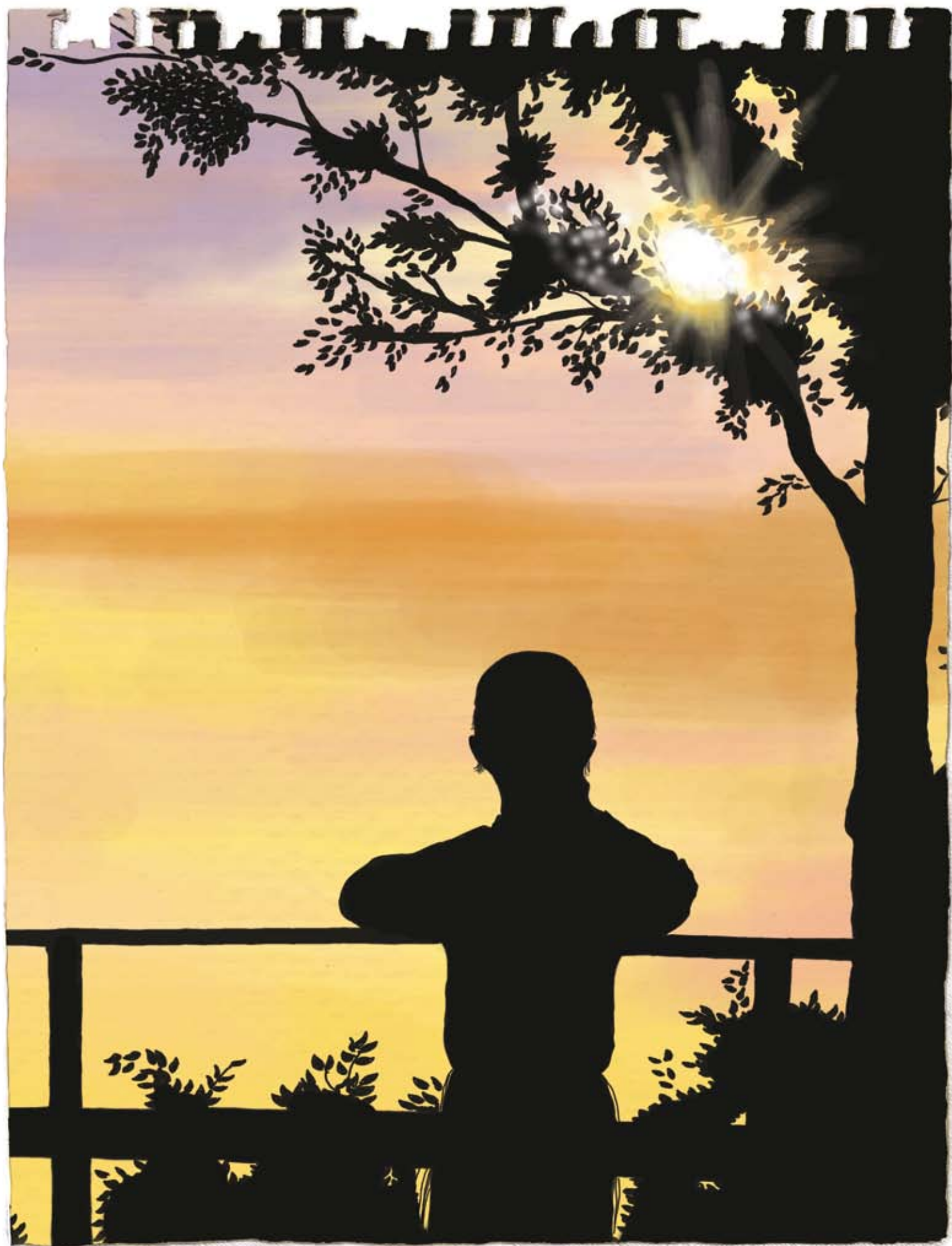
Dear Nosson Baruch,

The next *brachah*, as I'm sure you're aware
Is to thank Hashem for our eyes.
Did you ever wake up to discover
A beautiful sunrise?

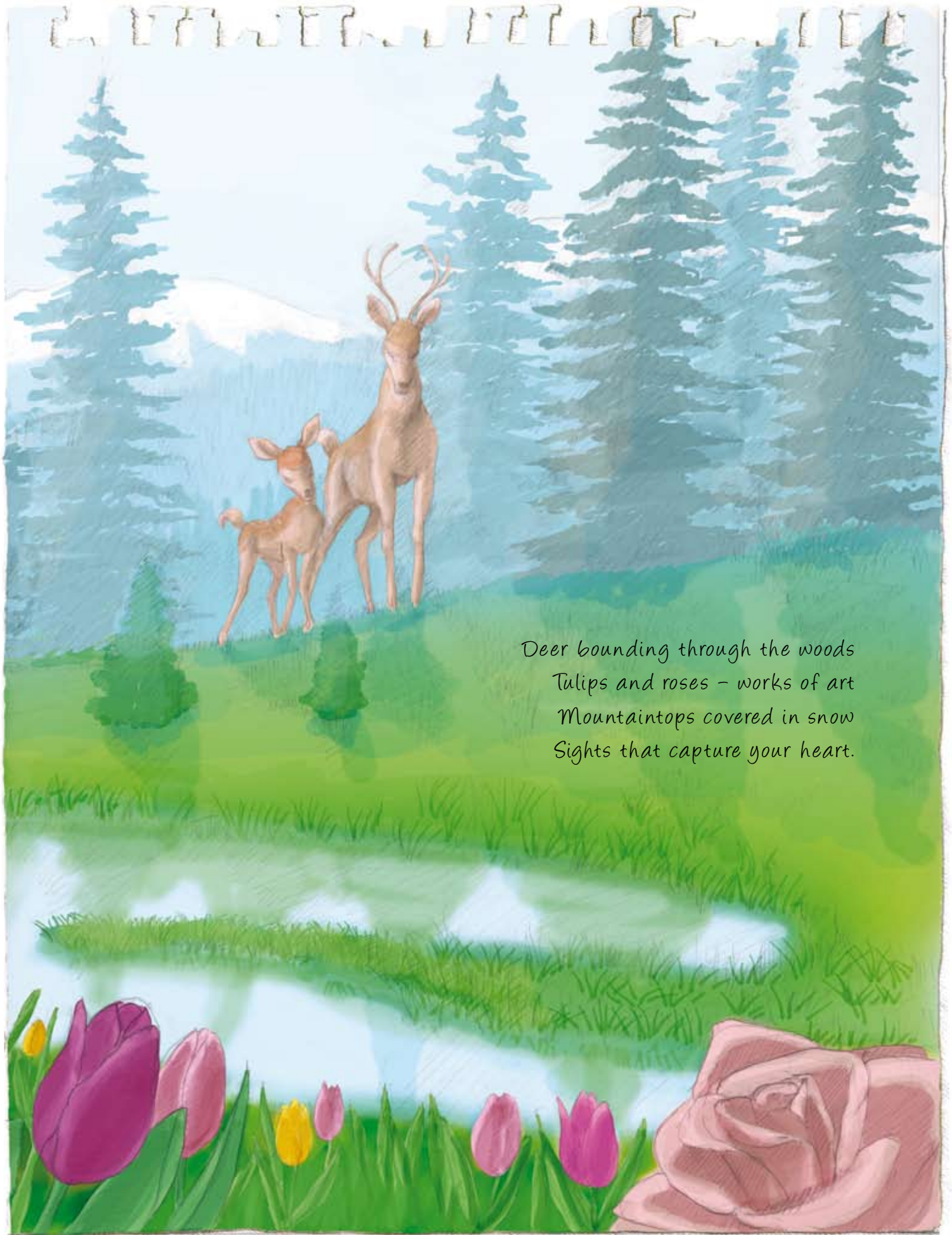
פוקח עורים

Who gives sight to the blind

Colors like pink, purple and gold
Paint the morning sky
Gratefully we say *Modeh Ani*
Happy to be alive.







Deer bounding through the woods
Tulips and roses - works of art
Mountaintops covered in snow
Sights that capture your heart.