

A Very Moving Letter From A College Student That Visited the Tsfat Mikveh And Education Center!!

“I am the first to say that my religious transformation was sparked in Israel. However, it did not happen at an expected place. My peers on my birthright trip told me that this transformation may happen at the Kotel: I would be able to pray and feel connected to Judaism in its entirety—its past, present, and future. However, I recall awkwardly putting a note in the wall and staring at it blankly: I didn’t know how to pray and Hashem seemed to far away to even connect with. Then my peers told me that my “ah-ha” moment may happen on Shabbos in Jerusalem. They told me I would feel connected when we walked in the quiet streets and prayed alongside other Jews in the holiest city. However, I recall being annoyed that I had to walk miles all day and embarrassed that I did not understand what was going on in Shul.

My transformation did happen in a magical, special, and holy place. This place was not characterized by the hustle of Jerusalem or the intense emotion of the Kotel. This place offers a sense of peace and comfort every time I think about it. It is the Tsfat Mikveh, and I will forever be grateful that they opened my eyes to Judaism in such unexpected ways. The feeling of having a women’s space to reflect and re-energize each month really made me begin to feel connected to Hashem and Judaism. I vividly remember our tour through the facility and the stories that the women told. Hearing about their experiences led me to feel so empowered knowing that Judaism can offer me a safe place in a crazy, uncertain world. I left the Tsfat Mikveh in tears: I was so moved by what they said.

That experience was 2 years ago. Since then, I have slowly (but surely) embraced my Jewish identity more and more. When I feel discouraged, I remember that feeling I had in Tsfat: the feeling of a women’s place that offers serenity, comfort, and clarity. Last year, I started keeping Kosher and lighting Shabbos candles. Last month, I started only wearing skirts. Last week, I moved walking distance to a Shul and started going by my Hebrew name.”