



The Light Within Miriam

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A Shabbat Story



Miriam sits at the edge of a bustling family dinner, her eyes downcast as her cousins laugh loudly and share stories of their achievements. She smooths her simple dress, feeling like a shadow in a room full of bright, flickering candles and vibrant conversation.



Miriam & Ima - Erev Shabbat Shalom

On Friday evening, Miriam watches her mother's hands move in graceful circles over the Shabbat candles, ushering in a holy peace. While the world outside feels loud and demanding, she finds a momentary flicker of comfort in the ancient rhythm and warmth of her home.



At the community center, Miriam watches a group of girls her age who seem to possess a natural, effortless glow that she feels she lacks. She hides her sketchbook behind her back, convinced that her quiet thoughts and delicate drawings aren't worth sharing with anyone else.



Her grandmother, Bubbe, calls her over to polish an old, dented silver Kiddush cup that has been passed down through generations. Bubbe whispers that the cup's true value isn't in its external shine, but in the many blessings it has held and the resilience of the family who carried it through hard times.



One rainy afternoon, Miriam notices an elderly neighbor struggling with heavy groceries and rushes out to help without being asked. As they walk together under a shared umbrella, the woman's genuine smile of gratitude makes Miriam feel a sudden, unexpected warmth blooming in her chest.



When a classmate is teased for a small mistake, Miriam feels a surge of courage and stands by her side, offering a quiet word of support. She realizes that being seen by the crowd isn't as important as seeing the needs of others and acting with a brave, kind heart.



During a long walk in the park as the leaves turn gold, Miriam reflects on the concept of the Neshamah, the soul that is a pure spark of the Divine. She begins to understand that her worth is inherent and eternal, independent of her appearance or the fleeting opinions of those around her.



Under the starlit roof of the Sukkah, Miriam shares a story about her ancestors with her younger siblings, her voice steady and clear. For the first time, she doesn't look around to see if others are judging her; she simply enjoys the deep connection of family and faith.



In the quiet of her room, Miriam pauses to pray, feeling a deep sense of belonging to a story much larger than herself. The heavy weight of comparison begins to lift, replaced by a gentle peace that settles over her like a soft, protective shawl.



Miriam stands by the window as the sun sets, her expression calm and her spirit grounded in a new-found strength. She is no longer the girl hiding in the shadows, but a young woman who knows that her inner light is the most beautiful thing she possesses.