

Approbation

THE PRINCESS OF DAN WEAVES TOGETHER TWO PARALLEL TIME periods, the present and that of the redemption. The unique perception that this novel presents arouses our awareness that our lives now are like dream-states compared to the redemptive consciousness that we will soon collectively share. This is reminiscent of King David's prophetic, "*hayinu k'cholmim*," which can mean "we were like dreamers [and now we're awake]," or "it will be so wondrous that we all feel as if we are dreaming." On the one hand, all of history will be seen to have been one long dream. On the other hand, our subjective experience of the Future World which will be so much beyond anything we could ever have conceived that "we will feel like we are dreaming." I highly recommend this book for enriching our sense of who we are now and the selves that we are maturing into.

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Introduction

THE PRINCESS OF DAN FOCUSES ON TWO MAIN CHARACTERS, SARAH Danborne and Danya. Sarah's life, not unlike that of thousands of others, is a journey of persistently seeking truth and trying to live that truth. In the process she is led to the ancient wisdom of Torah, including the teachings of the *Kabbalah*¹ and *Chassidut*,² which guide her in facing the challenges of her soul's development in this lifetime.

Sarah is dedicated to establishing her life in Israel where she can fulfill her life's purpose. She believes that from her private domain, she may most effectively contribute to building a peaceful, nurturing and unified world, one that recognizes the One Creator and is guided by Israel's universal message for transforming our reality to a redeemed world free of suffering. Sarah's struggle to claim her birthright in Israel becomes the altruistic goal of her journey.

Danya lives in the time of the Redemption when the *Beit haMikdash* (the future and eternal Third Temple) crowns Jerusalem. She basks in the light of revelation and is free from the doubt and confusion of life in the darkness of exile. Danya cherishes every moment of her life, surrounded by family, friends, and the ingathering of humanity.

One might claim that Danya's generation exists in some future time. However, as a living vision of the accumulative history of humankind's striving, her generation pervades all time periods.

Danya and her classmates, who have recently been *Bat Mitzvah*'d³ are studying the historical manuscript of the "Princess of Dan." Originally written in Sarah's lifetime, it was a light to those seeking inner truth and offered a glimpse of the imminent Redemption. The complete manuscript of "The Princess of Dan,"

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- 1 Kabbalah is the received tradition of the mystical parts of the Torah, describing the spiritual mechanics of the universe.
 - 2 Chassidut describes the relationship between G-d and humanity based on Kabbalistic principles.
 - 3 Bat Mitzvah is the point in a Jewish girl's life cycle when she is considered to have become a woman. This transition is celebrated when a girl turns twelve years old.

as well as Sarah's poetry, can be found at the end of the book. (This section of the book can also be read independently of the story.)

As the story evolves, the relationship between Danya and Sarah, as well as many other characters, is revealed. Through them the reader bears witness to the trials and tribulations of the redemptive process.

The people of Sarah's generation are under the illusion that the reality they grew up in will continue forever. For a child, every moment is eternal. As adults, people assume that each generation will adapt a similar life style with slight variations and improvements.

However, when the visions of the true prophets are allowed to guide us, a redeemed reality emerges. Humanity is evolving into a world where there will be no more confusion, revolution, wars, disease, or suffering. The cycles of living and dying will be transcended, and humanity will experience a lasting peace and harmony. This is Danya's world.

The Third Temple in Jerusalem welcomes all. Its manifestation coincides with humanity's process of transformation and refinement. Relationships have been fully developed through lifetimes of rectification and refinement. Freed from all personal issues and agendas, humankind is fulfilling its purpose of revealing divine light. The process of *birur* (separating and clarifying good from evil) has been completed. Humankind has reclaimed the Garden of Eden on a level that is even higher than before eating from the Tree of Knowledge.

Our sages reveal that the Redemption can come either *b'ita* (in its time), that is after 6000 years of humankind's existence, with each 1000 year period corresponding to one day of Creation, and redemption being the eternal Shabbat. At the time of the publication of this book, it is the year 5774. On the other hand, the Redemption can come *achishena* (hurriedly), meaning, at any moment. Through yearning and effort, humankind can be rewarded with an earlier redemption. The more the world prepares for this shift in perception, the greater the likelihood of redemption in this lifetime.

Sarah's Life — Pre-Redemption

The Journey Begins

THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION OF THE SIXTIES IS IN FULL swing during my tender, early teen years. The Vietnam War is being challenged by peace demonstrations on college campuses throughout the U.S. I must choose between supporting America's foundational principles of liberty, justice, free enterprise, and democracy, or rebelling together with those who want to stop blood shed at any cost. I'm not sure that I'm ready to give up siding with the country whose flag I had pledged allegiance to since first grade; the country that now justifies military confrontation with the expanding communist world. In my early search for truth, I waver between liberty, freedom and democracy, and my peers' cry for peace and love.

My brother Michael, to all of our great relief, is spared from the draft. The daily rise in soldier and civilian fatalities and my older sister Hedi's strong anti-establishment convictions help tip the scales. I find myself changing from mini-skirt to army jacket and blue jeans. When I visit Hedi at university we stand on the streets for hours handing out anti-war fliers. It is tiring and not easy to put myself out there, but for the first time I feel I am doing something meaningful, beyond my personal comfort.

Besides the issue of war, materialism and capitalism are now being scrutinized in the face of world suffering and starvation. I'm confused about being part of a privileged minority, as the global array of the human condition stares at us through our television

screens. I'm appalled by the sight of starvation.

The vision of a peaceful world and a humane distribution of food and supplies seem to clash with America's aggression in defense of her foundational principles. Organizations such as the Peace Corps shine a light of hope from 'my country 'tis of thee.' New sexual mores are challenging traditional boundaries with a wave of 'freedom' that flirts with the prison of chaos. Even at such a young age, I seriously considered never marrying. Current prophets sing out their messages of love, peace, justice, and freedom on the radio, TV, and in concerts. Their voices are potent because no one else seems to be addressing these crucial issues.

Outdoor amphitheaters are being claimed by protest sit-ins. Ecological awareness is challenging environmental abuse. Women's liberation is the reaction to the degradation especially, but not exclusively, of females as sexual objects. The old order is crumbling and a new one, undefined, is groping to arise on shaky foundations. As I breathe in the excitement, inspiration, and confusion, I find myself grasping for the meaning of life. Years later I would wonder what happened to all of us flower children when the Vietnam refugees we possibly saved through our protests were combing our streets, looking for their next meal in garbage cans.

We lived in Dansville, New York, a small, sleepy rural village surrounded by farms, lakes, and the beautiful, lush Adirondack Mountains. Dansville was named after David Danborne, my grandfather, a Jewish immigrant from Galicia. Grandpa and grandma settled here in 1930. Sadly, grandma died a few years before I was born and although I would have preferred to have known her, instead I was named after her. She left this world on the eighth night of Chanukah. Throughout the years I would gaze at the fully lit menorah and imagine grandma's soul dancing through the flames.

Our home was a large colonial semi-mansion surrounded by a sprawling lawn and summer flower gardens. My friends and classmates admired and even envied our home. I felt strange about that. All of this had nothing to do with me. I just happened to be born there.

Danya's Life — Redemption

JERUSALEM HAS BEEN FULLY BUILT AND STANDS IN ALL OF ITS glory. The Third Temple, a symbol of both individual and cosmic peace and harmony shines forth a beacon of light from Mount Moriah. I live with my entire extended family only a half an hour away on a beautiful pastoral *moshav* (small village) surrounded by forests. Although we and our neighbors are from very different American and Yemenite backgrounds, all of us are from the Tribe of Dan which historically split and left the land of Israel, remaining scattered in the diaspora for so many years. Now we reunite and share the gems of the cultures from which we have returned.

Our *moshav*, like many others in the region, has numerous guesthouses which house visitors from all over the world. Here they receive orientation and guidance before they travel to Jerusalem and other parts of the country in order to benefit from all that Israel has to offer.

Our social life is balanced with our private time with family. On many *Shabbats* (the weekly Sabbath day of rest) our extended family enjoys large communal Friday night meals together. Other times are more personal and intimate.

During the week I particularly enjoy breakfast time which I share alternately with different members of my family. One particular morning I was able to eat alone with grandma and grandpa. We entered into a lively discussion about history.

Grandpa explained that in order to appreciate the beauty of our world today and the wonder of life, it's important to look at history.

“Danya, did you know that we are living the vision of the ancient prophets? We are a result of thousands of years of devoted learning, prayer, tears, yearning and meditation!” I listened intently to grandpa’s words. I really couldn’t grasp everything that he was saying, but I knew that someday I would.

Grandpa continued as if I could understand. “In fact, our reality pervades all time dimensions and has always been accessible to those who lived in the past. Throughout history there have always been certain righteous people who were able to reach beyond the cycles of time and tap into the Redemption. Many were able to catch glimpses of our world through their dedication to Shabbat and holidays, prayer, learning and self-sacrificing acts of kindness. However, most people lived in darkness—the limitations of a constricted time and space.”

“What was life really like back then, before we all returned home?” I was learning history at school, but still could not imagine what it was like back then.

Grandma interjected, “It’s not necessary to dwell too much on the past.” I felt that she was trying to protect me from something.

Grandpa responded to my inquisitive mind. “People once suffered from war, disease, famine and natural disasters. Family members lived far apart from one another.” I raised my eyebrows, then squinted my eyes and returned to a pensive state of wonder.

“Back then, people did not know who they were and what life was really about,” Grandpa reflected.

Grandma assured me, “Now there is peace, no more suffering and each person from every corner of the world is finding his/her true place and purpose in the world. Now we all love and honor one another.”

Grandpa joined grandma in comforting me. “Yes, now Israel’s unique role in transmitting the divine code of life and the secrets of creation is known, acclaimed, and embraced. In fact, the definition of ‘Israel’ is understood in its fullest sense, and everyone is discovering his or her true relationship to her.” Grandpa seemed to be looking through time and space. “Yes, yes, now all of humanity enjoys a lasting peace and harmony.”

“Come, Danya, finish up your breakfast so you won’t be late

“Ah . . . Bradley.”

Julia went to the phone and smiled slightly as she took the phone from Jhiannis, the proprietor.

“Hello.”

“Julia?”

“How did you find me?”

“I’ve been calling every youth hostel in Crete looking for you.”

“Well, here I am. Where are you?”

“I just flew into Heraklion. Listen, I want to see you.”

“Ok, well, I just met a couple of colleagues from Boston, and I’ll be traveling with them in two days to Israel!”

“Two days? I want to see you now. I’m taking the next bus or taxi I can find. Don’t leave! I’ll be there in an hour.”

Julia hung up the phone with a very pensive look on her face.

“Is everything ok?”

“A . . . friend wants to come and see me before I travel to Israel.”

“That’s nice . . . when?”

“Within the hour.”

“Let’s go for lunch in the meantime.”

The three new companions went to a café and ordered the traditional Cretan white bean soup in a tomato sauce base.

“Who is your friend?”

“He’s a very special talented musician; too creative for a university environment. I don’t think he’ll bother to graduate.”

“Well, he’s sure intent on seeing you.”

“The soup is good.” Julia nervously changed the subject.,
“You know I’m only 17.”

“Really!”

“Yes, I began university at the age of fifteen.”

“Wow, a child prodigy!”

Julia blushed.

The three discussed numerous subjects from politics to art-history as they compared notes on which professors and courses they had mutually selected. Time seemed to fly by. Beth and Harry admired Julia’s beauty. Her large eyes adorned an aristocratic refined face of delicate features. Her humility made her so attrac-

tive, as if she assumed that everyone was as beautiful as she. For this reason Julia was constantly met with the same admiration that she projected towards others.

“Here you are, a beautiful young Jewess with a great desire to go to Israel and a musician is chasing you. This seems to be quite an intrigue.” Harry was amused.

“Well, we’re looking forward to meeting your friend.”

“You’ll love his music.”

“What kind of music does he play?”

“Eastern/Mid Eastern”

“Oh,” Beth looked at Harry and her eyes rolled upward. “We don’t like that kind of music.”

“It’s very meditative and spiritual. It will be a treat to have a private performance.”

Bradley entered the youth hostel. Although breathless and disheveled, he tried to appear cool and calm.

“Is Julia here?” he asked the proprietor.

“Jhulia went to café.”

“Which café?”

“Socrates.”

Bradley turned on his heels and fled out the door. He knew the shortcut through the back alley ways. He saw Julia through the window laughing and conversing with her new friends.

Harry looked up and saw a tall striking man entering the café. His thick, puffy head of hair crowned a face that would only be found on a Greek statue. Bradley’s presence commanded silence.

Julia, seated with her back towards the door, observed Harry’s eyes open wide as he stopped short in his conversation. She knew that Bradley had just entered. Julia turned around and felt her passions ignite, as her mind struggled to focus on her new goal to reach Israel. Bradley rested his rababa on the floor and sat down beside her. She graciously introduced everyone. After a brief, but respectable amount of time Harry and Beth excused themselves. “I suppose you two want to be alone. We’ll see you later.”

“Yes, thanks. Looking forward to our trip,” Julia assured their connection.

A New Awakening

I KNOW SOMEONE MUST BE PRAYING FOR ME. IT'S A MIRACLE I'm sane."

"What do you mean?" Tsippy asked emphatically and with genuine concern.

"I spend a lot of time daydreaming and fantasizing."

"I do that too," Tsippy confessed.

"I lapse into re-creating my life according to my script. Everything that I wanted to happen and didn't work out becomes true in my world of imagination. What do you fantasize about?"

Tsippy blushed and laughed. "You'll never believe it, but I fantasize about being a champion figure skater, gracefully gliding over the ice, jumping and twirling with total abandonment."

"That sounds great, Tsippy, but you are graceful, anyway, and the more you overcome your fears, the more you will dance or should I say, skate through life! The truth is, G-d knows best and everything that you went through, accomplishments, as well as failures, was truly a victory for the soul. It's exactly what you had to experience. The Torah in its pure form values people for who they are, not if they won a gold medal or went to a certain university, or if and where they received *semicha* (rabbinical ordination) or . . . Yes, some of the greatest tzaddikim were poor shoemakers. The great Rebbes were always revealing the truth of the soul, rather than lauding the external social self."

"But you keep fantasizing . . ." Tsippy wanted to bridge the gap between the wisdom I was expressing and the reality of my life.

“Well, today, I woke up freed from all this imagination. I feel more whole since I started to travel to the gravesite of Dan. There, I realign with my soul, the place inside that doesn’t need any external validation. There, all of the sadness of the past peels away like layers of an onion, revealing essence.”

“Sounds wonderful . . . maybe I can join you on one of your trips.”

“It’s like—all of the dreams you had that failed—you see they were not really the true dreams. Yet those ‘failings’ were all road posts directing you to where you are really meant to be. It seems like settling on your nahala is stepping into your dream.”

“Please take me with.”

“Sure, I’ll let you know when it’s a good time to go together.”

An Evening Out

Deborah, Tsippy and I shared a cab to the Jerusalem Theatre where the professional performance of ‘Queen Esther’ attracted a full house. We enjoyed an evening of superb entertainment imbued with life wisdom, typical of Jerusalem.

“Talk about living a life not according to your own script. Queen Esther, with her pure faith, knew that her situation was divinely-ordained. Instead of resisting a life that was not according to her plan and fantasizing about what could be, Queen Esther courageously accepted her story. She is eternally remembered as our true heroine, saving us from physical annihilation.”

“May we all be inspired by her to accept our scripts written by the true Master.”

“There ya go,” Deborah smiled at my progress.

“And may her self-sacrifice spare us to live happy lives, freed from any more dramas.”

“Wait a minute. Perhaps the message here is to really leave the paradigms of ‘should be’s’ behind and come to wholeness in the exact context of the reality of our lives.”

“Well, what about prayer?”

“Yes, we must pray, but even if our prayers aren’t answered that also has to be okay. Our challenge is to believe, love, and be

grateful, no matter what we do or don't receive in a revealed way."

"This is a bit too high of a level for me."

"Do we really have a choice? We can only control our thought, speech, and actions in the present."

"Yeah, we can't control what cards we are being dealt, we can only choose our reactions by refining our perceptions and interpretations of our experiences."

"Our challenge is to become greater than our stories."

Travels to the Land of Dan, Son of Jacob

☞ **R**eclaim your inheritance
Enjoy the blessing of coming home
Run, dance, sing, and cry as you heal the broken
places in your heart where those deep secrets no one
else will ever know
turn into the most profound prayer of inner healing
The land you walk on is sacred
Here you will be guided in putting the pieces of the
puzzle of your life back together
as you connect to your ancient great-grandfather
reclaiming the source of your unadulterated mascul-
linity
Is there someone in the past calling me back
Or is it simply an unresolved imagination of my mas-
culine identity?
Yes, now you may relive life's journey
But now it's different
Now the part of you that truly was never touched
becomes the ruling mistress
of your new-found destiny

From mistress-princess to Queen

May you be blessed to meet your King ☿

I made frequent journeys to the resting place of Dan, son of Jacob, and his wife Aflalla. I preferred to go alone until I felt centered enough to share this sacred journey. As soon as I felt ready, I would invite Tsippy to join me.

In my nahala I felt a timeless familiarity. With every step I was entering a deeper level of my soul. I was passionately driven to understand my past, my present life's purpose, my tribe, my people, and my relationship to all of humanity.

Here I reflected on our long conversations in Jerusalem. Throughout the years I had listened with patience and compassion to so many women's stories of love, broken hearts, misdirected passions, and even abuse. I wondered what I could do, what I still needed to discover within, in order to heal and to possibly help the plight of my sisters.

I observed a consistent split between one's survival instincts and where one's passions are placed. Now the memory of that evening at summer camp became forefront in my consciousness. Although the divine gift of the inner, river-like serpent intuition had been buried for so long, it was now slowly and steadily emerging.

I would often hike to the resting place of Samson (a descendant of Dan) and his father, Manoach and mother Tzelafonit. This further strengthened my inner, river-like serpent, which continued to surface with increasing clarity and duration. It became a source of both healing and present survival.

Solo hikes on the land slowly shifted my identity. I frequently envisioned myself as a pure soul embodied in flesh and blood of strength and vigor. I felt timeless, 18 years old again in a woman's body; the immortal youth bursting forward with the wisdom of age and learning.

Sparks of my pure soul that had been embedded in emotional dramas, draining my vibrancy, were now being redeemed. Confusion stemming from unresolved passions would occasion-

you were required by heaven to spread his teachings of the Kabbalah in order to meet your soul-mate.”

“Yes, of course I remember! I’ve been working so hard for twelve years, how can I forget? The book is finally in the publishing house, but the plates have been sitting in a pile collecting dust, waiting for the press.”

“Well, get on it!” Deborah, like a labor coach, urged me to push one more time.

“Okay, I’ve got to do something. They keep stalling me with excuses. I’ll have to go there myself in the morning and insist.” I felt like a bull about to charge. This was the result of having to fend for myself for twelve years of living alone in Israel.

“Wait, don’t be aggressive. Act like a lady. Play up to the workers. Dress nice and talk gently. Be feminine!”

“You’re right. Being here alone for so many years, I’ve become . . . hardened. I’m not feminine enough.” I readily passed judgment on myself.

“This world is a stage. Shakespeare knew what he was talking about.”

“Well, what does that have to do with it?”

“Play it up! The guys at the printing press don’t need more pressure. Act like a woman!”

“Okay, if I can,” I relented. “Hey, before I forget, I had this amazing dream. This radiant, joyful, young woman, she was like a . . . princess, met this dignified . . . prince . . . at what seemed like or what I would imagine to be the Third Temple. They immediately recognized each other and connected. I felt such a peace.”

Deborah listened in astonished silence.

The next morning I was driven with determination. I dressed in a beautiful outfit that Mom had sent me, combed my hair for an extra five minutes, creamed my face and dotted myself with lavender oil. “This is weird. I haven’t played this game for such a long time. I’m so used to being alone, separated from men. I’m so unequipped for this world.” I struggled with the task at hand.

With all of the feminine charm I could muster, I appealed to the workers. I softly pleaded, batted my eyelashes, and tossed my long hair over my shoulder with a swift movement of my hand.

“Please put my plates on the press next.” They conceded, and even brought me a glass of water and a comfortable chair to rest on during the lengthy process. ‘Hey, this isn’t so bad,’ I thought.

I spent long hours in the printing house examining each of the seventy prints of my paintings for the right color intensity. Completely absorbed in this long scrutinizing process, I unwittingly tested the patience of the workers as I insisted on reprinting each plate until it reached color perfection. Finally the last color plate passed through the press. I had done all that I could. The rest was up to the production manager. “It’s in your hands now. I’m going to Safed. Please send me the first twelve books as soon as possible.”

Raphaella, a close friend whom I nicknamed the “Princess of Levi”, had just gotten married. She invited me to stay in her vacant Safed apartment. Two days later the bundle of the first twelve books arrived. I was ecstatic! I grabbed one copy and immediately headed to the gravesite of the Ari z”l. Nuria and Malka, two friends, joined me.

Elated, I placed the book on the gravesite like a long-awaited offering.

Twelve years after praying for forty days by this gravesite I was fulfilling my obligation. The rest was in G-d’s hands. We climbed back up the mountain and made a few l’chaims. Feeling slightly tipsy, I collapsed on my bed and fell into a sweet sleep that is reserved for those who have finished a long term task of the soul.

Within an hour I was jolted awake by the phone.

“Shalom!”

“Hello, it’s David.”

“How did you find me here?”

“I’m psychic.”

We immediately made plans to meet back in Jerusalem.

Shalom and Danya

Shalom and I communicated telepathically. We had both tuned into the meeting of Sarah and David. ‘It all happened in the same moment. When we met, they met . . . or is it all beyond time and life-

time? It's miraculous! Souls unifying in many lifetimes together.' The word-thoughts danced between us.

Within one month Sarah and David were engaged, and in two months they were married. Shalom and Danya were married at the same moment as Sarah and David, yet in a dimension that defied space and time.

Sarah and David Marry

45 *In marriage, nisuim, from the root 'nasa' (to elevate), a man and a woman lift themselves up and bring two polarities together, male and female, uniting above the disparity. Those aspects of one's past which marred the spark of nobility are being reabsorbed back into the larger picture. Rather than being a burden in which one is bogged down by unpleasant details, one's personal history simply becomes a background, a springboard, for higher aspirations. It is in this rhythm that a man and woman truly unite. ¶*

We chose (or was it heavenly ordained) to have an open wedding in a park in the Old City overlooking the City of David and the Western Wall. Everyone was invited. Friends from all over Israel gathered on this full orange moon night. Mom and Dad flew in from the States. Together in joy, we felt that we were reclaiming Jerusalem.

The rest of our families were overwhelmed for any number of reasons and could not attend. We understood, as compassionately as we could, that it is not that easy to tear oneself way from the exile, even if just for a few days.

With guests from many 'worlds', the chupa was like the gathering at Mount Sinai. "One people with one heart," as my friend Henni and her family, Danborne Chassidim, later reflected. The joyous evening's music and dancing was punctuated by fireworks in the form of two hearts, one inside another. To this day, no one claims to know who arranged their appearance. It was the Master Director.

Our Nahala

THROUGHOUT MY LIFE, I HAVE HAD A RECURRING DREAM in which I was walking through the forest and came across a house standing in a beautiful meadow. A deep sensation of a peace, such as I had never known, would permeate my entire being. I would wake up from my dream and wonder where this wondrous place could be. After many trips to the land surrounding the gravesite of Dan, something clicked. In a moment of inspiration, reality bowed to a higher order. I was stepping into my dream. This was our nahala.

After years of living in Israel and learning the secrets of Kabbalah, I understood how deeply important it is, for the sake of all of humanity, that every soul find its true nahala. From this place one perceives truth clearly, fulfills one's soul purpose, and radiates a unique healing light to the entire world. Guided by my recurring dream, I followed my vision.

Fourteen years previously, I had immediately responded when the Lubavitcher Rebbe had asked all women to request a blessing for their nahala in Eretz Yisrael. Now the blessing was being realized.

In the meantime, David and I continued to reside in the Old City. My small apartment, once a cozy womb, was steadily becoming a tight squeeze. In our confined space, our individual quirks became emphasized. David had a weird habit of locking his toothbrush in a trunk after every use, and his nightmares and screaming rages shattered me. The combination of the two sent me to the Danborne Rebbe. The Rebbe, with a sweep of the arm, assured me that David's toothbrush habit was nothing to