

THE EPOCH TIMES LIFE & TRADITION

11

SIMPLE WAYS TO
LIGHTEN UP

Page 2

5 WAYS
TO 'LIVE
BELOW
YOUR
MEANS'

Page 4

Today her Zollipop is the third best-selling lollipop on Amazon, outselling classic brands like Dum Dums, Charms Blow Pops, and Tootsie Pops.

HOW TO
BUILD
THE IDEAL
CAPSULE
WARDROBE

Page 6

Alina Morse

HOW THIS TEEN ENTREPRENEUR CREATED
A MILLION-DOLLAR CANDY EMPIRE

Page 3



Save Time and Money: Build the Ideal

Capsule Wardrobe

Part 2: Rebuilding your wardrobe

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF MATCHESFASHION UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

MANY NGOM

Now that you've cleaned up your closets and left the clutter zone, let's explore the ways you can rebuild your wardrobe the smart way.

You can play with core basics, neutrals, and accent colors. Here are three mini-collections, each with 25 pieces, which will help you define your style without cluttering your closet. The first is for newly retired women, who finally get to wear the clothes they love. The second collection is for women who are returning to work in an office environment. And the last collection is for moms on the go.

The items in these mini-collections are available on Matchesfashion.com.



SLAVEN VLASIC/GETTY IMAGES

Now That I Am Retired, Let Me Be a Diva

You've paid your dues. You've worked long years in the corporate world, wearing your suits and high heels, sometimes khaki pants on Fridays. You did not really have your own style then, but now it's time to let the designer in you shine.

Capsule must-haves include kaftans (yes, we are in traveling mode), relaxed linen coordinates, denim pieces, and comfortable cotton tops. Everything is geared towards comfort. And please splurge if you can; you totally deserve it.



Joining the Workforce in Style

You were working from home but now you just got the opportunity of a lifetime—your dream job. Not only do you love what you do but the dress code is flexible. It's the perfect opportunity to be professional but not boring. Your capsule includes brights, patterns, and fashion pieces.



ANGELA WEISS/APF VIA GETTY IMAGES

LOOK 1



LOOK 2



JP VIM/GETTY IMAGES FOR NYFW: THE SHOWS

I Am a Superwoman and a Cool Mom

Just because you are a stay-at-home mom doesn't mean you have to wear sweats and hoodies. Instead, you can create a casual chic look for your day-to-day activities without sacrificing comfort. This capsule collection includes timeless basics with nice neutral colors that are seamlessly interchangeable.



LOOK 1



LOOK 2





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TRUTH AND TRADITION

TRADITIONAL CULTURE

The Invisible World We Ignore at Our Peril

Beyond the evidences of our senses, we may, like Moses, know some deeper truth, and this truth gives us an unstoppable power.

See Story on Page 16



Moses could see the unseeable. "Moses" by Michelangelo, in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome. (The horns on Moses's head are attributed to the commonly used Latin translation of the Bible at the time of the statue's creation.)

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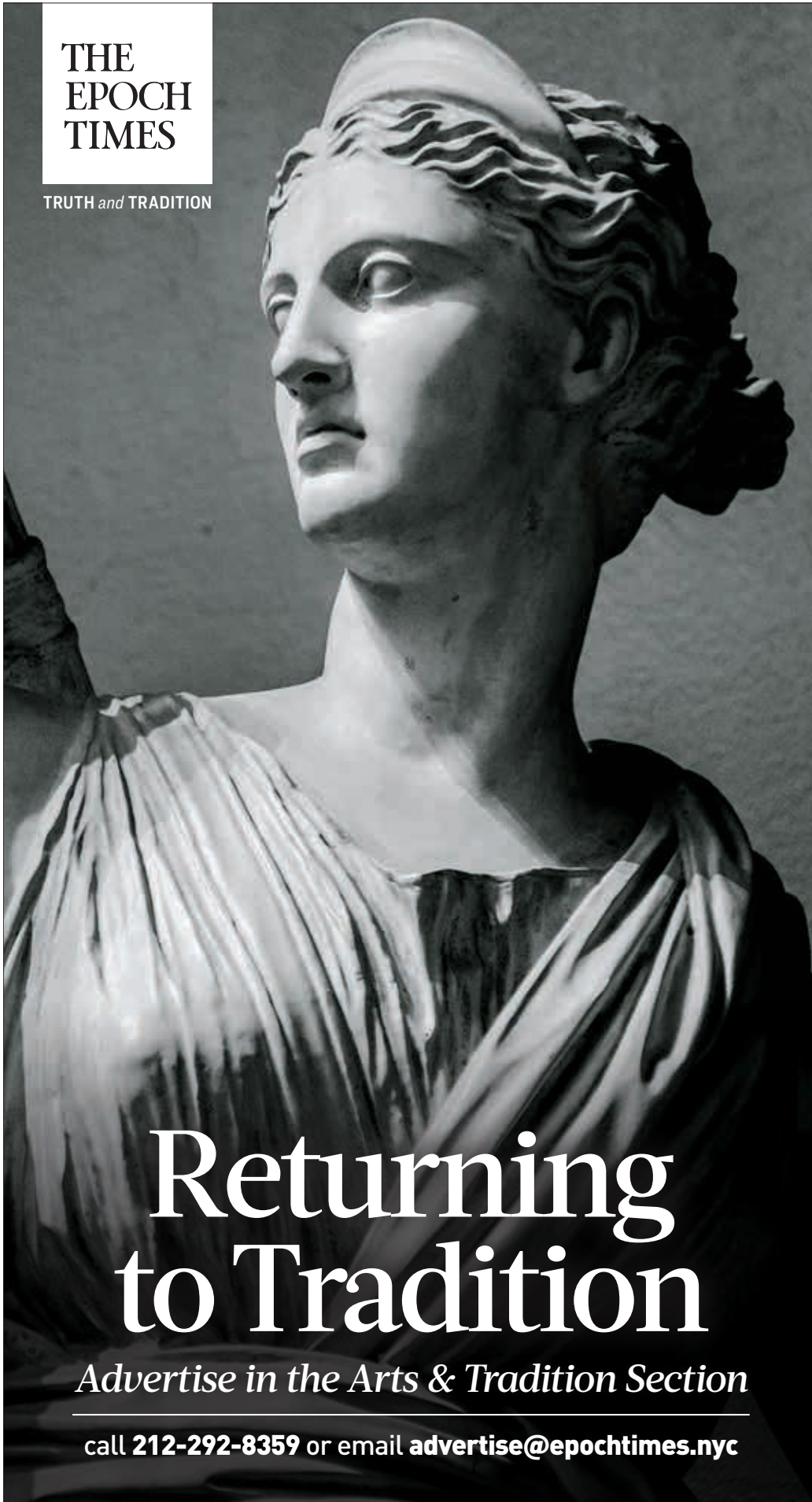
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POETRY

Comfort for the Living POETRY and DEATH

JEFF MINICK

Poets, like the rest of us, have varying attitudes toward death.

Some urge resignation, others rage; some point us to an empty tomb and salvation, others to the dust of obliteration; some bemoan the brevity of three-score-years and ten, others celebrate life even when faced with imminent death.

Others write poems on death that act as consolation for the living, medicine to ease our suffering and grief. These poets, possessed of the power to make beauty out of pain, put their words to paper to give us hope in the midst of our desolation. They remind us, too, of certain truths often forgotten—that death is a part of life and that while we live, our dead live on in us.

Death in Modern Times

We in America are less accustomed to death than were our ancestors. Just a few generations ago, most people died in their homes. Far more women perished in childbirth, and far more children before reaching the age of 5 lay on their deathbeds surrounded by a grieving family. Victorian poets in particular devoted their attention to the funeral, at times to assuage their own grief, at times to assist and comfort those left behind.

But while most of the dying in today's culture takes places behind hospital walls, and with much less pain and agony than that endured by our ancestors, still we find ourselves at the bedside of the dying—mothers, fathers, children, and friends. We offer them the sustenance of presence, we speak to them, we beg the Almighty for a miracle, and we hold their hands and weep as their last breath escapes their lips.

And then it is we who need comfort, who seek solace as we mourn that loved one whose departure has left us bereft and heart-wounded. Some turn to family and friends for ease of this pain, some to prayer, and some to memory. And some go to poetry.

Gentle Hope

Certain poets view death as a friend offering the possibility of immortality and rest. Emily Dickinson, for example, opened a poem with these lines:

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
And Immortality.

“Kindly” seems a strange word to apply to death, but many of us who are older have witnessed that kindness, especially in the demise of those who have suffered pain for years.

Like Dickinson, Christina Rossetti resorted to metaphor to explore the mystery of death in her lovely poem “Up-Hill:”

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long
day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just
in sight?
They will not keep you standing
at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Here, death offers an end to the troubles of this world for the “travel-sore and weak.”

A Thousand Winds

Some poets believe that death, however horrific or unexpected, wins no final victories. In “Death, be not proud,” Christian writer John Donne chides Death for its vanity, writing at the end of the poem: “One short sleep past, we wake eternally/ And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.”

Mary Frye turned to nature for her images of eternity. A housewife and florist, she wrote “Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep” on a brown paper shopping bag after hearing the story of a Jewish girl from Germany. Young Margaret Schwarzkopf was staying with the Fries in the United States and was unable to visit her dying mother in anti-Semitic Germany. Frye wrote the poem—various versions exist, as she never copyrighted it—as a message of comfort for her young houseguest:

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,



Study of a mourning woman, 1500–1505, by Michelangelo. Pen and brown ink, heightened with white lead opaque watercolor.

PUBLIC DOMAIN

I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.

The Dead Live On in Us

Other poets remind us that the dead live on in us—fixtures in our memory, whispers in our hearts. In William Wordsworth's “We Are Seven,” the poem's narrator meets an 8-year-old “little cottage girl” and asks whether she has sisters and brothers. She answers seven, and when he asks where they are she replies that “two of us at Conway dwell, / And two are gone to sea, / Two of us in the churchyard lie, / My sister and brother.”

The narrator tries to convince the child that she has only four siblings, but she is having done of his arguments. At the end of the poem, he reports:

“But they are dead—those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!”
“’Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

Some time ago, I dabbled in poetry. Perhaps the verse below, written about a girl I'd known in elementary school and composed long years later when grief over the death of someone I loved had a stranglehold on me, will further explain these relationships between the living and the dead.

Ora Pro Nobis

The dead die when we living let them die;
We breathing clasp to hearts our breathless dead;
We cover them with sheets on icy beds;
In silent rooms they speak our names.
They cry
To us: “Remember me! Remember me!”
Ah, Cissy, I remember you. Your eyes
Which last saw light at seventeen still lie
In me like jeweled cuts of sun-cut sea.
I dream your eyes, their baffled quiet grace;
Others forget, but I do not forget;
You prick my prayers, poor altars of regret;
My mind's sharp eye calls back your sea-sun gaze.
Pray all, I pray, who read these lines
of song,
For her whose eyes are gone when
I am gone.

Connections

Our dead live on in us. Some deeds and words of my grandfather, born more than 120 years ago, remain a piece of me. My wife lives on in me, and in my children, and through them, in my grandchildren who never met her.

The Persian poet Rumi recognized this connection between the living and the dead in “The Window”:

Your body is away from me
But there is a window open
From my heart to yours.
From this window, like the moon
I keep sending news secretly.

Actions, most of us agree, speak louder than words. In our visits with the dying and at the graveside, our presence when at all possible is the vital ingredient to saying goodbye.

But after “the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground,” words are sometimes all we have.

Jeff Minick has four children and a growing platoon of grandchildren. For 20 years, he taught history, literature, and Latin to seminars of homeschooling students in Asheville, N.C., Today, he lives and writes in Front Royal, Va. See JeffMinick.com to follow his blog.



“In Memoriam,” circa 1858–1861, by Alfred Stevens. Musée d'Orsay.



Certain poets view death as a friend offering the possibility of immortality and rest.

“Angel of Grief” at Stanford University.

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TRADITIONAL CULTURE

The Invisible World We Ignore at Our Peril

JAMES SALE

In our increasingly materially focused world, a world in which image is king over content, it is worth bearing in mind that sometimes the invisible aspects of life, the worlds that lie beneath what we see with the naked human eye, are of far greater import.

There is a wonderful story from the Book of the Hebrews (11:27) where it says of Moses in a flash of inspired insight: "By faith he left Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured, as seeing Him who is unseen."

He endured all manner of hardship because he was able to see "Him who is unseen." He saw what was invisible and unseeable. What a figure of speech we have here—an oxymoron, or paradox. Yet we know what this means, because in our imaginations we can see the invisible, and this seeing the invisible is correlated with faith: Beyond the evidences of our senses, we know some deeper truth, and this truth gives us an unstoppable power if, like Moses, we embrace and believe in it.

What to my mind this story so vividly shows and testifies to is the reality of the world we cannot see but which is all around, and to which all myths and ancient scriptures testify in one way or another. In other words, the invisible world we might call Spirit; and this spiritual world, as Moses demonstrates, is far more powerful than the material world that we actually and directly perceive.

A modern spiritual master, Teilhard de Chardin expressed it this way: "Matter is spirit moving slowly enough to be seen." Slowly enough? Why? Because Spirit is much, much faster! So fast, in fact, as to be invisible. This is atomic motion; it is so fast and so small that we cannot see it, but it is the foundation of reality.

72,000 Angel Warriors Ready!

In the Christian tradition, we have one important, comparable situation: In the Garden of Gethsemane, we learn (Matthew 26:53) that after Jesus orders his disciples to put their swords back into their scabbards, he says, "Or do you think that I cannot appeal to My Father, and He will at once put at My disposal more than twelve legions of angels?" A legion equaled 6,000 troops, so we are talking here of summoning some 72,000 angelic warriors! He is not alone in that desolate garden—all those holy beings are instantly available and around him.

The importance of the invisible in our lives cannot be overstated, particularly in a culture like ours, which has become so materialistic and anti-spiritual.

Just to make this point, we need to be clear that what is really important to us in our lives is really invisible: When we talk of "love" or "justice" or "freedom" or "democracy," or indeed any other value or abstraction that we may be prepared even to die for, then we are talking about the invisible.

Seeing Love?

We don't see love in its essence. But when somebody loves somebody else, the matter of their body moves slowly enough for us

to see some loving behavior perhaps, to which we say, "Ah, that's love." Or perhaps more accurately, "That's a loving behavior."

But the essence of love always remains invisible to us. And I say this because, of course, these invisible values dictate our behaviors, our actions, in the visible world of matter—be they positive, invisible values such as love or freedom, or negative ones such as hate or indifference.

Carl Jung, the founder of analytical psychology, asked the fundamental question: "The decisive question for man is: Is he related to something infinite or not?" Moses and Christ, as two prophets, assure us that we are. Christ establishes this in a particularly dramatic way, mocking—effectively—the blindness of his own apostles who trust more to their own swords than to Christ's unlimited power. We are reminded of the most often quoted line: "And He said to them, 'Because of the littleness of your faith; for truly I say to you, if you have faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move; and nothing will be impossible to you.'" (Matthew 17:20)

Krishna's Holy Beings

There is a parallel story in the Indian myths that is worth dwelling on for a brief moment, as it helps us see the Christian and Jewish tales in a refreshed light. In Donald A. Mackenzie's fascinating book "Indian Myth and Legend," there is a wonderful and highly expressive scene where the god Krishna in mortal form, and alone, advises the weak and old maharajah to discipline and restrain his ambitious and evil son, Duryodhana, before it is too late.

Duryodhana is planning—against all sound counsel—to defraud his cousins, the Pandavas, of their rightful inheritance to the kingdom. As Krishna is giving his counsel, Duryodhana is in a rage, waiting outside with three accomplices, plotting to imprison Krishna and take him captive; thereby, they reason, weakening the Pandavas.

But Krishna knows their thoughts and their plotting, and says these inspired words in front of Duryodhana's father when Duryodhana is recalled into the room: "Ah! Thou of little understanding, is it thy desire to take me captive? Know now that I am not alone here, for all the gods and holy beings are with me."

Then, in dramatic fashion, in a divine transfiguration, he reveals his true nature and becomes a tongue of flame, fire issuing from his mouth and eyes and ears; sparks break from his skin, which is as radiant as the sun, and around him gods and divine beings appear.

Like the Pharisees and Romans, Duryodhana cannot see all the holy beings, cannot recognize the invisible power of the prophet standing before him, and so he blindly pursues his ignorant path, grasping



(Left) Jesus did not need his disciples to defend him; he had an army of angels at his disposal. "Taking of Christ With the Malchus Episode," circa 1620, by Gérard Douffet. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

(Below)

1. St. Paul at the moment he is blinded by God. "Conversion on the Way to Damascus," 1601, by Caravaggio. Oil on canvas. Saint Mary of the People, Rome.

2. Jesus was transfigured in a blinding light; a Hindu myth tells of a similar transfiguration. "Transfiguration of Jesus" by Carl Bloch.

3. St. Thomas Aquinas, circa 1410–1412, by Gentile da Fabriano. From the Valle Romita Polyptych. Pinacoteca di Brera in Milan, Italy.



(Above) The god Sri Krishna as mentioned in Hindu mythology, on the wall of Jagannath Temple in Hyderabad, India.

for power and success, and betraying even his own family as he perceives them standing in his way. Ultimately, this process leads to total self-destruction. We see the same with those persecutors in the Christian stories; Herod, Pilate, and Judas are all destroyed by their blindness.

We might see one further extension of this analogy—and perhaps a reversal of it—in the tale of St. Paul, the agent charged with hunting down the apostles. Paul is physically blinded by God, but he ultimately comes to see the truth of Christ despite the lack of his material sight. Hence his sight is restored to him, and so much



1



2



3

more: He gains new purpose as the new, 13th apostle. Paul was a government man, a man with no spiritual dimension to his life whatsoever, a materialist who did bad things for payday. But by being blinded and therefore forced to examine the immaterial world, or inner world perhaps, he becomes spiritually enlightened and is able to hear God's message. The importance of trusting in the invisible to find our way through life could not be clearer.

Again, there is parity with the Indian legends. Krishna denounces those "persons of demoniac natures ... devoid of purity, good conduct, and truth" and who claim that the "universe is void of truth, of guiding principles and of ruler." These people, according to Krishna, are those "born for the destruction of the universe."

It's pretty stark stuff, and liberal humanism hates it and always wants to water it down. But the scriptures warn us that denying the spiritual world and its claim on us have very serious consequences.

There is a very direct connection, it seems, between denying spiritual realities and being, for want of a better word, evil. Evil, as a concept, is highly unpalatable to

modern thought, as is the idea that it can result from a lack of spiritual belief. Modern media frequently tries to portray those of spiritual inclination as the bad guys: zealots, extremists, terrorists. As psychoanalyst James Hollis observed: "The chief project of modernism, that movement of literature, art, music, psychology, philosophy, and troubled sensibility over the last two hundred years, was to witness the eroded authority of such institutions [of church, government, and family] and to dismantle their claims to govern the modern soul."

The Enlightenment of the 18th century enthroned reason (and as a consequence science, its dotting daughter) as the supreme authority and arbiter of our lives, and this despite the fact that after 200 years of genuflecting to it, we find it provides no basis on which to live the "good" life. Indeed, its abject failure to provide a convincing moral or ethical foundation for actually living a fulfilling life is palpable.

As English writer Peter Stanford observed, "We imagine that we are so much cleverer than past ages, that their wisdom can be surpassed by our own, passed through the

filter of science and logic and reason. The results are misleading and dispiriting."

The Unnameable Mystery

The true relationship between reason and the spirit is what Thomas Aquinas knew long ago in the 13th century: "Reason gets us to where unnameable mystery begins." What a marvelous expression: "the unnameable mystery." That points to where we become aware of the invisible, of the gods and holy beings around us, of miracles, of the cosmos working in almost inexpressible ways to bring about good.

And this is one of the reasons we need to believe in the spiritual world, because, to return to Jung again, "When people feel that they are living the symbolic life, that they are actors in the divine drama, that gives the only meaning to human life; everything else is banal and you can dismiss it. A career, producing children, all are maya [illusion] compared with that one thing, that your life is meaningful."

Without this meaningfulness our lives empty, and we fall prey to all forms of narcissism, addiction, emotional and physical pathologies—pathologies that have a

spiritual origin.

Finally, then, James Hollis again: "Symbol and metaphor are our greatest gifts, for they make culture and spirituality possible. The animal lives the mystery; the human experiences it as mystery." Denying the mystery, denying the holy ones, is to degrade us; we become like the animals that simply live and die. Our real destiny is quite the opposite: to one day become one with the holy beings that surround divinity and finally participate in the goodness of the whole cosmos.

All quotes are from the *New American Standard version of the Bible*.

James Sale is an English businessman whose company, *Motivational Maps Ltd.*, operates in 14 countries. He is the author of over 40 books on management and education from major international publishers including Macmillan, Pearson, and Routledge. As a poet, he won first prize in *The Society of Classical Poets' 2017 competition* and spoke in June 2019 at the group's first symposium held at New York's Princeton Club.

THEATER REVIEW

Finding That Special Person

JUDD HOLLANDER

NEW YORK— Can two people from completely different worlds find common ground? This is the underlying idea of Cary Gitter's touching romantic comedy "The Sabbath Girl." Presented by the Penguin Rep Theatre, the work is now having its New York premiere.

Thirty-year-old Italian-American Angie (Lauren Annunziata) is on top of her game professionally. She's just moved into a new apartment on New York City's Upper West Side—her first place without roommates—and is the head curator of a prestigious art gallery in Chelsea, a gallery that specializes in showcasing cutting-edge artists.

Playwright Gitter has brought a sweet, old-fashioned sensibility to this tale about finding the right person to share your life.

Angie's personal life is another story. Her nights consist of coming home, checking her emails, eating a bowl of cornflakes, and going to bed. Her past dating experiences have not ended well, and she's not anxious to put herself out there again.

The good-natured and sincere concern from her beloved

grandmother, Sophia (Angelina Fiordellisi), prods Angie to find the perfect soulmate, such as Sophia herself did with her late husband.

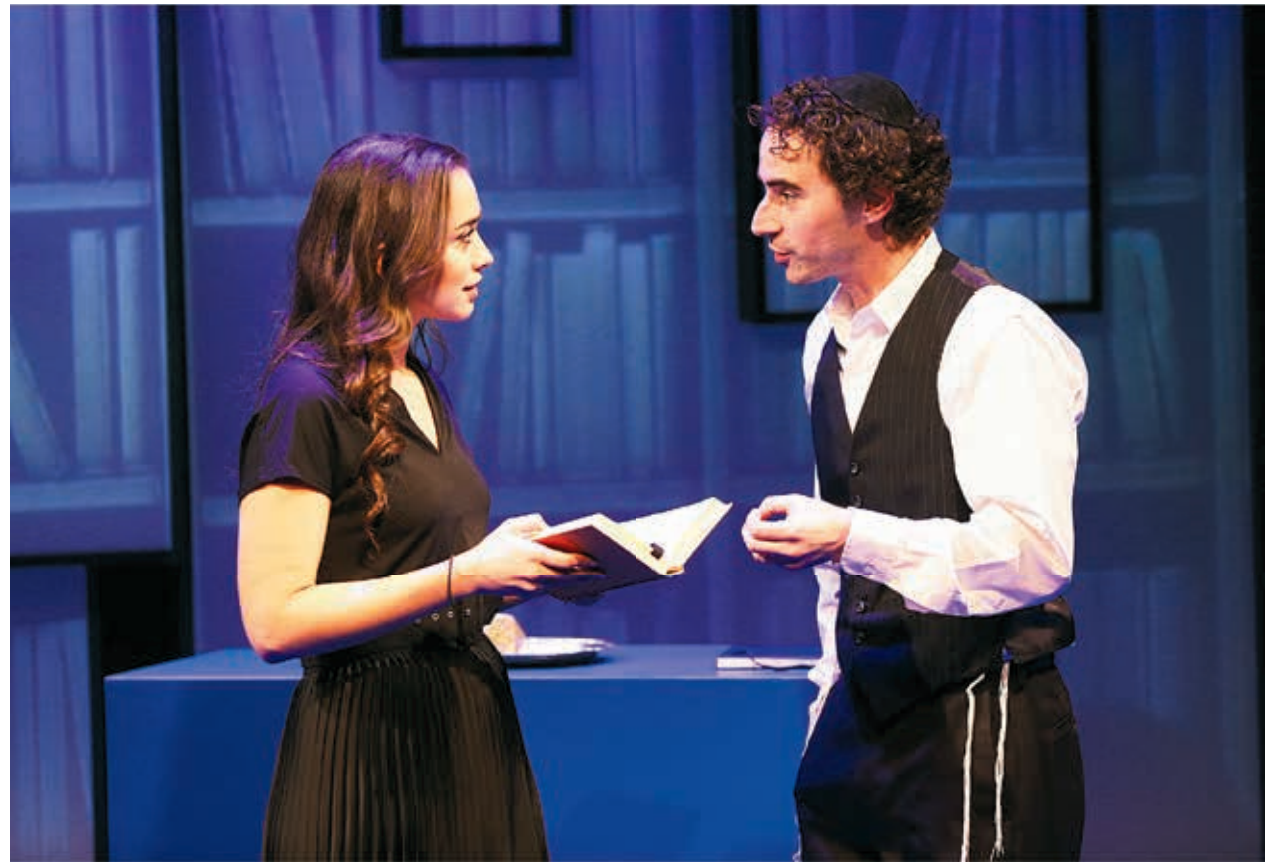
One summer Friday night, shortly after she's moved in, Angie hears a knock on her door and meets her neighbor Seth (Jeremy Rishe). Seth, who runs a knish shop on the Lower East Side, is an Orthodox Jew and thus not permitted to do any type of work on the Sabbath.

The man who used to live in Angie's apartment was Seth's Shabbos goy, a non-Jew who helps out with any needed chores (such as turning on the air conditioning) during this period. After a bit of awkwardness between the two, until Seth fully explains the situation, Angie agrees to take on this role.

That there is an attraction between Angie and Seth is obvious from the moment the two first lock eyes. They do that sort of awkward dance as they try to get to know each other.

Complicating matters is that Seth is trying to get his life back on track after a painful divorce; Angie is preoccupied with trying to convince Blake (Ty Molbak), a hot new artist, to present his first New York show in her gallery. The fact that there's also a growing personal connection between Blake and Angie gives both incentives to seal the deal.

Seth's growing friendship with Angie puts him at odds with his older, married sister Rachel (Lauren Singerman), who runs the knish shop with him. Rachel is trying to match Seth up with eligible women from their own



community, which Seth has left—temporarily, Rachel hopes—in the wake of his divorce.

Playwright Gitter has brought a sweet, old-fashioned sensibility to this tale about finding the right person to share your life. As Sophia points out, everyone needs a partner with whom they can dance through life. She also points out that no relationship is perfect, but the chance to be with that special someone is infinitely preferable to sitting on the sidelines and listening to music alone.

The text takes great care to explain the Jewish Orthodox lifestyle (as opposed to Hasidic or ultra-Orthodox Judaism), while never depicting it in a condescending manner. Rachel's comments to Angie on the subject show her to be a woman proud of the choices she's made and her people's history. (It would have been nice for the program notes to include a glossary of unfamiliar terms.)

Annunziata and Rishe have great chemistry. They each believably bring forth Angie and Seth's initial

▲ Italian-American Angie (Lauren Annunziata) meets her Jewish neighbor Seth (Jeremy Rishe), in "The Sabbath Girl."

'The Sabbath Girl'

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nervousness when in the presence of the other, while their characters stay true to their own values.

Fiordellisi makes a wonderful Sophia. Almost a second mother to Angie, the character takes great joy in dispensing wisdom that comes from experience.

Molbak does nice work as Blake, who's a bit of a caricature in the self-important-artist mold, but is a sensible sort deep down.

Joe Brancato's direction is very strong; he adroitly mixes the comic, dramatic, and romantic elements in the story. This is especially true in Angie and Seth's first meetings. The costumes by Gregory Gale are very good, particularly those of Rachel and Seth.

A heartfelt tale about trying to find that person you are meant to be with, "The Sabbath Girl" perfectly delivers its message on every level.

Judd Hollander is a reviewer for Stagebuzz.com and a member of the Drama Desk and the Outer Critics Circle.

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