

It never snows in the little Israeli town where little Pnina lives with the rest of her family. But it sometimes snows in Jerusalem and Pnina is determined to see it snow—even if means traveling in the middle of the night! A heart warming tale with delightful illustrations of how a father makes his daughter's dream come true.

"Aaron Zevy is the author of many children's picture books like *My Afternoon Guest*, *No Nuts For Me*, *A Light In The Darkness*, *Once Upon Breath*, and more! He lives in Toronto."

# A SNOWMAN IN JERUSALEM

WRITTEN BY  
AARON  
ZEVY

PICTURES BY  
JERIC  
TAN

US \$11.99    CAN \$12.99

ISBN 978-1-77-620177-6



9 781778 201776 >



# A SNOWMAN IN JERUSALEM

Written by Aaron Zevy  
Illustrated by Jeric Tan



ISBN: 978-1-7782017-7-6

Copyright © Tumbleweed Press 2022. All rights reserved. Printed in Canada.

## Dedication

For my sister Danielle. The best bubby in all of Israel!



Shalom  
My name is Pnina and  
I live in Israel.



That's my house right over there.



I live with my Abba and Ima  
and my three brothers.



We live in a little town  
called Beit Shemesh.

I guess we should start by talking about my name. Pnina.  
It is a very common name here in Israel and very easy to spell in Hebrew.



But there is some confusion about how to spell it in English.  
I spell it like this: Pnina.



My Uncle Ronnie, who is not my uncle but my great uncle, always says the same thing when he sees me. He says, "Hi Pnina. I'd like to buy a vowel please Pat." Then he laughs. I still don't know what that means. But I laugh too. Uncle Ronnie doesn't like it if you don't laugh at his jokes.



This is a picture of my Abba in Canada when he was eight years old. Which is how old I am now. He is standing next to a snowman. He says he built the snowman himself with his own two hands.



I say "Abba, how can you build a man with snow?"  
He says it was easy. It doesn't look easy.  
But my Abba never lies so it must be true.





I tell Abba that I wish I could see snow and build a snowman. Abba says "b'ezrat Hashem."  
"But Abba," I say, "it doesn't snow in Israel."  
"Ma pittom!" He replies. "Of course it snows in Israel. But only in Jerusalem."  
"Is it a miracle Abba?"  
I learned about miracles in school.  
"It's like a miracle," he says.



Jerusalem is about 30 minutes away. We go there a lot because my Bubby and Zaidy live in Jerusalem. My Ima once bought me a beautiful dress there.




I love going to see my grandparents and going to the Kotel with my family. I don't understand how it could snow in Jerusalem but not here in Beit Shemesh.



But if my Abba says it snows, then it must be true. I really really, really want to see snow. "Abba," I say, "can we go to Jerusalem and see snow?" Abba says "b'ezrat Hashem." He says that a lot.






This is my best friend Chana Leah. She lives next door. She is my best friend in the whole wide world. "Chana Leah," I say, "my Abba is going to take me to see snow in Jerusalem."

"Paaaaaaniiiiinaaaaa," she says, "you are craaaaazzy. There is no snow in Jerusalem." That's how she says my name. Paaaaaaaaaniiiiinaaaaa. Maybe she bought all those vowels from Pat. My Abba says it snows. If my Abba says it snows, then it must snow.

Chana Leah says "I think you are meshugah." Which is Jewish for crazy.



I go home and look at the picture of my Abba and the snowman again. He looks so happy. I really want to see snow. But maybe Chana Leah is right. How could it snow in Jerusalem?



At home, my Abba is in the kitchen cooking his famous cholent for Shabbos. People say he makes the best cholent in all Beit Shemesh. I think they are right. It is delicious. "Abba," I say, as he hands me a potato to peel, "even if it doesn't snow in Jerusalem, I still love you." "I love you too Pinoosh," he says. That's what he calls me, Pinoosh. "But for sure it snows in Jerusalem. Big, big flakes of snow. Sometimes it reminds me of Canada." "And you will take me to see the snow?" I ask. Then we both say "b'ezrat Hashem" at the same time.



But then days and weeks and months went by and it never snowed in Jerusalem. I went from asking my Abba once a week to not asking at all.



Every time we went to Jerusalem to visit Bubby and Zaidy, no matter the month, I would look up at the sky and wait for the snow to fall. But it never did.



I asked my Bubby if it snowed in Jerusalem and she said she would be happy to never see snow again.





So, when my Ima woke me up in the middle of the night and said "Get dressed Pinoosh," (she calls me Pinoosh too), "we are going to visit Bubby and Zaidy," I didn't really understand. "But Ima," I said, "it is in the middle of the night. Won't Bubby and Zaidy be sleeping?" "We are going to surprise them," she said, "put on a sweater and a coat Bubeleh. It will be cold in Jerusalem." So I got dressed and my Abba and Ima and my three brothers piled into the van and we drove to Jerusalem in the middle of the night.



Now I can't tell a lie. But it was my brother Avi who saw it first. "Pnina," he said. "I think it is snowing." He was right. It was snowing. I said "Abba, stop the van." But we were already in front of my Bubby and Zaidy's house. They were outside. It looked like the entire street was outside. All looking and playing with the snow in Jerusalem.



If I tell you what snow looks like you won't believe me. You won't believe that it fell like stardust, sparkled and fell in impossibly big flakes that night against my face. You will have to see it with your own eyes. Even Bubby who said she would be happy never to see snow again, bent down to touch the snow with her fingertips like a little girl, and then let the flakes melt in her palm as the kids played in the streets.



It was cold in Jerusalem that night but the children didn't seem to notice, they laughed and jumped, they twirled and stuck out their tongues hoping to catch an icy flake of snow.





## About the Author

Aaron Zevy is a writer and publisher from Toronto, Canada.

His children's books, *No Nuts for Me*, *Once Upon a Breath*, *A Light in the Darkness*, *Bad For Them Good for Me*, and *My Afternoon Guest* have been read by hundreds of thousands of kids, parents, and teachers in over 100 countries around the world.

*A Snowman in Jerusalem* is his sixth book for kids, parents, teachers and librarians.

"Boy," said my Abba, with a smile as he took a cup of hot chocolate from my Bubby, "They are all acting like they have never seen snow before." There wasn't enough snow to make a snow man. But Chana Leah doesn't need to know that.



The End



## Hebrew Glossary

**Shalom:** Hello, goodbye, peace

**Abba:** Father

**Ima:** Mother

**B'ezrat Hashem:** With the help of God

**Ma Pitom?:** What are you saying? Of course yes

**Bubby:** Grandma

**Zaidy:** Grandpa

**Kotel:** Western Wall

**Meshugah:** Crazy

**Cholent:** Stew

## About the Author

Aaron Zevy is a writer and publisher from Toronto, Canada.

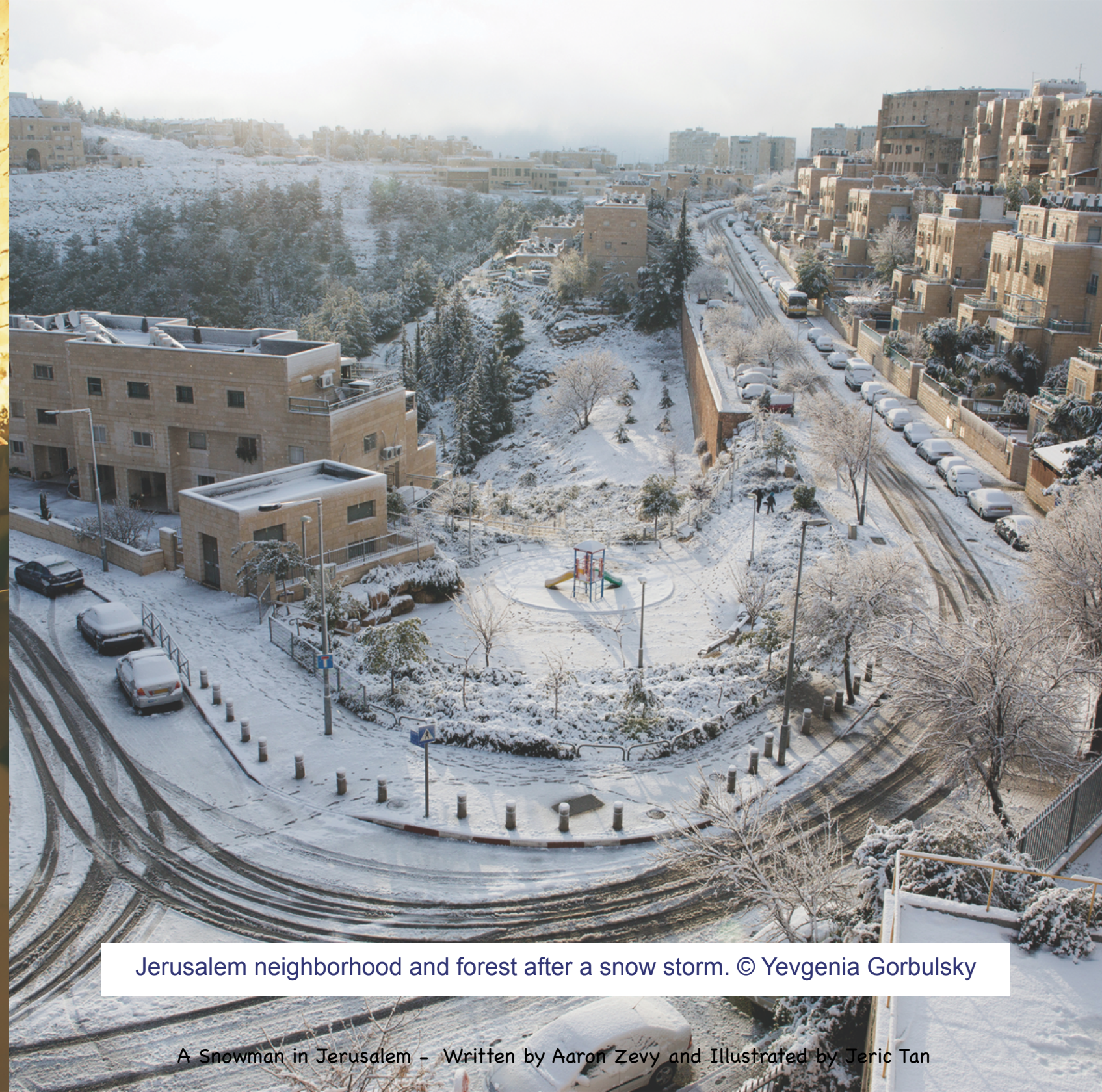
His children's books, *No Nuts for Me*, *Once Upon a Breath*, *A Light in the Darkness*, *Bad For Them Good for Me*, and *My Afternoon Guest* have been read by hundreds of thousands of kids, parents, and teachers in over 100 countries around the world.

*A Snowman in Jerusalem* is his sixth book for kids, parents, teachers and librarians.





Night shot of the illuminated Old City Wall, the minaret of the Tower of David and an olive tree, after a snowfall, with footprints in the fresh snow; Jerusalem, Israel. Photograph © John Theodor.



Jerusalem neighborhood and forest after a snow storm. © Yevgenia Gorbulsky