

AS TOLD TO DEVORIE KREIMAN
BY NECHAMA TAUBER

T U R N I N G P A I N I N T O P U R P O S E

After Menachem and Nechama Tauber lost their three-year-old son Sholom in a tragic accident, they were determined to do whatever they could to ensure that no other parents would ever suffer such a loss.





y husband, Menachem, and I have been married for 20 years. We moved to Florida 18 years ago on shlichus for Lubavitch Educational Center (LEC) in Miami.

Menachem and I were blessed with nine children. Our oldest is a girl; she's followed by eight sons. Our seventh son, Sholom, was born in 2019. True to his name, Sholom was the peacemaker in a sometimes rowdy household.

July 11, 2022, marks the line between our family's "before" and "after." Every thought, every conversation, every decision is sifted through the experience of that day.

When I was expecting Sholom, we moved to a new gated area called Coconut Cay. We were excited to be part of the pioneering families building a new community. Sholom was the first baby boy born in our community—first *shalom zachor*, first *bris*—and everyone celebrated with us. During COVID, when Sholom was 17 months old, our youngest son was born.

From a very young age, Sholom showed unusual sensitivity to others. We have a photo of him as a preschooler offering his bottle to a child who was crying. When he saw kids fighting, he'd go over and hug them.

Monday, July 11, 12 Tamuz 2022, a month after Sholom's *upsheeren*, marks the line between our family's "before" and "after." Every thought, every conversation, every decision is sifted through the experience of that day.

It was summer vacation. I had taken a job teaching for a few hours a day at the LEC girls' day camp to cover the expense of sending our older kids to sleepaway camp. Our younger children went to the LEC day camp. On some

days, Menachem drove them there in our 12-passenger van, and I took the smaller car. On the mornings that I taught, I drove them to day camp. Now we recognize that a constantly changing schedule is a risk factor—one we weren't aware of until it was too late...

On that summer morning, I was feeling overwhelmed. A therapist had come to our house to work with our baby, so I felt pressured to straighten up while I got all the kids dressed and packed for day camp. Menachem came home from *shul* and prepared his breakfast. I dressed Sholom. His *tzitzis*, which he was very proud of, had been left upstairs. He said, "Mommy, I need my *tzitzis*."

I remember the flush of pride that I felt. I said to him, "Start going outside with the big boys, and I'll get them."

I ran upstairs to get the *tzitzis*, and I missed what came next. Later, much later, I saw it on the video of our Nest security system. One of our sons swung the camp bag containing all his swimming gear. It hit Sholom and knocked him into the hedge. Our

son picked him up, and because he didn't want to be blamed for hurting his little brother, he immediately turned to another brother and said, "Bad boy!"

Sholom spoke up. "That's not nice!" It was a closing message from a little boy who wanted his siblings to treat each other with kindness.

Menachem came outside and opened the van doors. Sholom said, "And now we go."

I've played that video over and over. A *neshamale* sensing. Accepting. His last words, captured on the Nest video: "And now we go." Sholom, letting us know that it was time.

Our kids got into the van. The bigger ones often squabbled, as kids do, about who got to sit in the front row. Sholom didn't complain about sitting in the second row. He climbed into his car seat. I brought the *tzitzis* and threw them to Menachem, who was buckling Sholom in. Menachem took off Sholom's shirt, put on his *tzitzis*, and buckled him back into his car seat.

I don't remember saying goodbye. I must have waved them off. Menachem pulled out, and I rushed back inside. So much to do...

Now...now I know how to slow down, how to stay present and aware.

I took my baby to the babysitter and drove to LEC. At 9:45, as I was about to begin teaching, I saw a message from Sholom's *morah*. I checked. It was a group message, not a personal one to me. She wrote: *Hey, moms. If you're coming to camp late, we're at the pool.*

I thought: *Great. Sholom loves the pool.* And I didn't respond because she'd messaged the whole group.

I taught for two hours. Then I picked up my baby from the babysitter and headed home. Menachem had a longer work day and would drive the kids home when day camp ended.

I remember a feeling of urgency. The

summer was passing quickly, and I had a long to-do list that I'd hoped to tackle during vacation. Even though I was working in the mornings, I felt the need to push myself, to get more done... It wasn't enough just to be, to take some time to relax, to enjoy the afternoon hours with my baby; I had to do, do, do.

My kids usually came home from camp between 3:45 and 4:00. At 3:30, I went into the kitchen with the baby to begin preparing supper. Menachem called. Something about his voice sounded off. He kept saying, "Oh, my. Oh, my."

It irked me. I thought, *You sound like the world ended. Stop the drama. Just tell me what you want to tell me.*

He said, "They told me Sholom isn't here!"

I knew that every time he picked up Sholom, Menachem stood at the classroom door and held his arms out, and Sholom would dash into them.

I screamed, "*Run to the van.*" I stayed on the phone while Menachem ran. I kept screaming loudly. My voice became ragged and hoarse. "Just tell me he's okay!"

Menachem called out for help as he ran. A father in the parking lot heard him and came to the van, which was parked in an outdoor parking lot. It had been sitting in the searing heat of a Florida summer...all day.

They opened the van door. Menachem said to me, "I have him."

I kept repeating, "Tell me he's okay!" Someone called 911 and Hatzalah.

I took the baby, got into the car and headed to LEC. I drove very quickly. LEC is about 15 minutes away. On the way, I called 911 and yelled, "Go to the



school now!" They asked me questions, but I insisted, "That's not relevant."

They said, "Ma'am, someone is already at the scene, but we have to ask you some questions."

I hung up. I called my sister and my mother; we'd been on a group call before Menachem had called, so I reconnected and told them what happened—all while driving as fast as I could.

My mother said, "Calm down. Drive safely."

I was still shrieking. "Calm down? How can I calm down?"

When I got to LEC, I saw the

ambulance and tried to drive toward it, going the wrong way. The security guard stopped me. I said to him, "Let me through. I'm the mother."

The guard gave me a pitying look and said something like "There was no hope..."

I ignored him, jumped out of the car, grabbed my baby and ran to the ambulance. I saw Sholom inside. I didn't see Menachem.

I tried to climb into the ambulance, but they wouldn't let me. I kept shouting, "I'm the mother. Let me go to him." A member of Hatzalah came up to me and said, "We need the space

to work on him. You can't go into the ambulance."

Menachem called. Something about his voice sounded off. He kept saying, "Oh, my. Oh, my."

Menachem wasn't answering my calls. I found out later that a friend had been holding his phone for him. My phone kept pinging; our community chats were calling for *Tehillim*. Terror took hold of me, and my body reacted. I was nauseated and faint. I wanted only to see Sholom, to hold his hand, to help him. Together we'd fight this—whatever it was.

I googled, *How long can someone survive in a car? In the heat?*

Ten minutes.

Sholom had been in the car all day.

But he could still be okay.

They were working on him.

There was no way he wouldn't be okay.

He just needed his mommy.

I saw a group of doctors walking toward me, their faces serious and sad. I thought: *No. No. No. Don't tell me!*

They said, "We tried. There was nothing we could do."

I started throwing up. My body seized up in pain.

Friends arrived. Some bustled around me. Others stayed quietly nearby, which was actually more soothing. Our four older kids were away at different overnight camps. We had to tell them what happened and arrange for them to come home for the *levayah*. I didn't know how to break the horrible news over the phone.

Someone called Chai Lifeline, and they guided me in how to tell our children. They said, "Be clear. Don't say things like 'He's in *shamayim* now.' Explain that there was an accident and Sholom passed away. Spell it out."

My friends coordinated the flights and rides to the airports. I still couldn't reach Menachem. It hit me so hard

that I had trouble breathing: *Menachem! What is he going through now? How will he survive this?*

A detective came to me, offered condolences and asked, "Is there anything we can do for you?"

I said, "I need my husband. Please bring him to me."

Menachem arrived at the hospital. My husband, with the face of a stranger, pale and hollow-cheeked.

Rabbi Klein told everyone to leave the room so that Menachem and I could be alone together. We cried and cried. I tried to imagine the weight of the guilt, the brokenness he was carrying. I said to him, "It's not your fault. It could have been me! It could have been me!"

They told us that because the case was still under investigation, we would be allowed just five minutes with Sholom to say goodbye. I thought: *Five minutes? How do we say goodbye to our child in five minutes?*

Sholom was in a small room surrounded by police officers and hospital personnel. We were warned not to touch him. He looked so tiny. His hair, which had been curly, was still standing up a bit at his temples. He'd been so proud of his first "big boy" haircut. I leaned forward to smooth his hair down, and someone yanked me back and warned, "We'll have to take you out early." I said, "No. I won't touch him. Let me stay."

When our time was up, I couldn't walk out. My legs wouldn't move. Someone held me and pulled me out of the room. Away from Sholom. I remember thinking, *I didn't say goodbye. I will never get to say goodbye.*

My friend drove us home. It was brutal. I didn't want to leave without Sholom.

Our four youngest kids were waiting for us at home. They'd been brought back from their friends' homes. They were confused, dazed. No one had told them. One of our sons had seen his friend's mother crying, though.

We told them that Sholom had passed away. One of our sons said, "Today was the best day. We had a rally in camp. And it's July 11, 7-11, so we went to 7-11 and got free Slurpees. And now it's the worst day of my life." Our twin sons were only five years old. I could see that they didn't understand what was happening.

That night I was desperate to escape into sleep, but my body wouldn't relax. I was on the phone with my sister after midnight when our doorbell rang. A case worker from the Department of Children and Families (DCF) arrived to check our house. I was terrified. She said, "I need to see the house and the kids." She came in, looked around, took photos and finally left. I understood that she had a job to do. But why in the middle of the night? Nothing made sense!

The next morning, Sholom was buried near some other children in a new Jewish cemetery. I didn't know, in the early haze of shock and horror, that I would connect with a few of the mothers whose children were buried near him and that they would be a source of comfort and strength.

Throughout *shivah*, our house was full. People brought food and toys for the kids. When the men *davened*, I stood by the door and listened to *Kaddish* and answered, "*Amein*." I heard Sholom's name a few times in the *Kaddish*, which gave me a sense of connection to him.

People kept coming, offering words of comfort. At first it felt like nothing would ever heal my broken heart. But I remember feeling so loved and supported, that *klal Yisrael* really felt my

pain.

A website was set up for people to take on *bachlatos* in Sholom's name, related to bringing peace, even people we didn't know who were touched by Sholom's story. Our community also organized a fund and raised money to help us. At first I was reluctant to accept the money, but eventually I realized that we needed the support in order to allow for extra cleaning help, different therapies for our family and extended time off from work. Looking back, I recognize that the funds were an expression of love and support, and that it was all part of Hashem's plan for us to receive from others and heal.

During *shivah*, some friends from our community offered to install an air conditioner in our garage so that there would be more space to fit people who came to comfort us. We agreed. They cleared out our garage and installed new lighting and the air conditioner. Our kids were excited that we now had an extra room in the house.

It was uncomfortable for me to accept that losing Sholom had resulted in a home improvement, and at first I

refused to go into the fixed-up garage. When I was finally able to go in, I made the decision to accept the new room with love and to dedicate the space to Sholom. It was no longer the garage. It was The Sholom Room—a haven for our family and the children of our community.

Before The Sholom Room was painted, our kids wrote messages to Sholom on the walls. The paint covered the messages, but we know they're there. We set up swings and chose calming sensory toys for The Sholom Room. My friends collected books and created a library system there. Every Sunday, children—many of whom were Sholom's friends—come to read, play and connect. It feels special to spend time with them in the room dedicated to Sholom.

Menachem and I had always been on the same page—sharing priorities, teaching, raising nine children side by side, busy, and for the most part, content—but as the sorrow settled heavily over both of us, we found very different ways of coping. Menachem went back to work shortly after *shivah*

ended. Steady, consistent...and a bit frozen. As if the only way he could function was to shut down his feelings.

I know now that any reaction to an abnormal situation is normal. But in the early days, I couldn't understand how Menachem was functioning. I found myself pulling away from him. I was angry...so angry, yet unable to talk about my anger with him. Wanting to say, *You forgot him in the car!* Then thinking that Hashem had set it up that way. Wondering if Menachem had accepted, at a *neshamah* level, to be the one who forgot him in the car, because—and of this I was sure—had I been the driver that day, I would not have survived.

I looked up the statistics online. Many children all over the world are forgotten in cars by people who are convinced it would never happen to them because they're good parents. I knew how painful this was for Menachem. I also know that anyone can forget a child in a car. It can happen. It does...

I had trouble opening a *siddur*. In our family, whenever someone nearly got hurt and ended up okay, we'd say, "*A malach caught you*." It felt so real to me. Now I wanted to know, *Where were the malachim? How could they have let this happen? Why couldn't Sholom have been sick that day? Skipped camp? Why didn't one of the many people who passed the van that day look inside? Why him? Why us? Why?*

I had to stay in survival mode and help my eight children, who were still shellshocked. At one point, two of my kids had a fight, and one of them said about the other, "I hate him. I wish he was dead."

I lost it. I shouted, "How dare you say that? We just buried your brother!" He ran out of the house. I was shaking. Menachem went after him and calmed him down. I was horrified. Was this our new normal—my grief erupting? My kids didn't need a mother like this!

I remember thinking,
"I didn't say goodbye.
I will never get to say
goodbye."

"Moms Favorite" Pump By

speCtra

medela

Amēda

Dr. Brown's
natural flow



Free through insurance
Free shipping

718.486.6717

info@amedsupplies.com 888.877.7765

amedsupplies.com



My tears turned into a cry for help. I davened, “Hashem, You allowed this to happen. I accept it, but please send the right shluchim to help us heal.”

I tried going to talk therapy, but it wasn't helpful. I felt that only Hashem could help me. Erev Yom Kippur, nearly three months after Sholom passed away, was a turning point for me. I told myself: *I want to be in shul. I need a conversation with Hashem.*

In *shul* on Yom Kippur, I said the *tefillas*, and I also talked directly to Hashem. “You gave me a child for three years and a month, and then You took him away?” It occurred to me that holding in what I was thinking and feeling wasn't helping me. It was okay for me to tell Hashem how angry I was. The possibility of being safe with my anger brought a welcome relief. I felt the anger loosen a little bit, and my tears turned into a cry for help.

I continued to *daven*. “Hashem, You allowed this to happen. I accept it, but please send the right *shluchim* to help us heal.”

During the break between *Musaf* and *Minchah*, I saw a letter to the editor in an old *N'shei Chabad Newsletter* about a *frum* life coach who had moved to Florida. I contacted her after Yom Kippur. That was the start of my healing.

During my first session with her, she asked me, “Did you speak to Sholom?”

I told her I couldn't. It was too painful.

She said, “Talk to him. He hears you.”

I reached for a pillow and hugged it as if I were hugging Sholom. I could feel him for the first time since losing him. I was sure my tears would never stop. In that moment, I had a breakthrough. “Grief is love. I love him so much.”

I hugged and hugged. And my love streamed from me. I realized that I'd been blocking my trauma and pain, and also withholding my love—from Sholom and from my other kids, and most of all from Menachem, against whom I was holding so much

resentment and anger. My heart opened, and I was ready to love again.

I started going to healing retreats and learned that my emotions were feelings in motion and that I could ride the waves. Slowly, carefully, Menachem began to face his feelings as well.

He described his experience, saying, “I shut down. I couldn't feel. There's a narrative: ‘Hashem is in charge.’ That's what people were saying to me. So that's what I kept repeating. But the truth is, I couldn't allow myself to feel because the guilt was too heavy to bear.

“Nechama wasn't pointing fingers and blaming me, but when I saw her falling apart, instead of being able to join her in grieving our shared loss, it brought up my self-loathing and blame. I'd see her suffering and think, *This is all my fault.*

“*Baruch Hashem*, Nechama taught me that I don't have to shoulder it on my own. She treated me with kindness and reminded me that Hashem set it up this way. The biggest gift the healing brought is that we're back on the same page, able to mourn our precious

Sholom together—as a couple and as a family.”

Sholom woke us up. Before he passed away, we'd been rushing from kid to kid, from place to place, stressing about unimportant things. Nothing had forced us to be more aware that change was needed. We figured, “This is marriage. This is life.” But afterward, everything was turned upside down, and we could no longer go back to being who we'd been before.

Menachem and I have become different people. We're not afraid to look at even the hardest things, to be open about what we're feeling, to talk, and to listen to what the other is saying without trying to fix it. We know how to hold space for each other's pain. We pause. We are more focused on understanding each other.

I used to think that peace meant figuring things out and deciding who was right, and that I must either give in or convince the other person to see things my way. Now I understand that it's not like that at all. Sholom taught

me that peace doesn't mean “my way or your way.”

The letter *shin* of Sholom's name has three lines extending upward—one for how I see or feel about something, one for the other person's viewpoint, and the one in the middle, for both truths to coexist peacefully. We can do this by staying attached to the thick baseline of the *shin*, which represents the acknowledgment of our common values and our Creator.

Recently, one of our sons was upset about something and spoke sharply to Menachem. Before Sholom passed away, we might have focused only on the chutzpah and shut him down before he had a chance to express what was bothering him. This time I heard Menachem thank our son

for sharing how he was feeling and guide him through a more respectful communication. It's a deeper way of connecting, a gift we've been given because of Sholom.

As Sholom's second *yahrtzeit* approached, I was contacted by Rabbi Zvi Boyarsky of the Aleph Institute. He wanted to share Sholom's story for an initiative he was developing, with Hashem's help, called Team Protect. I was then also connected to Zalmy Cohen, who helped launch Hatzalahthon, to get Team Protect off the ground. The mission of Team Protect is to raise awareness and empower families with multiple layers of protection to help prevent accidents from turning into tragedies.

I recognized that if I was being asked to do this and felt strong enough to share

Sholom's story, Hashem would support me. Indeed, I feel that He is lovingly guiding my steps, and I also feel Sholom's presence in my life in a very tangible way.

At that time, we were preparing for the dedication of a new *sefer Torah* in honor of Sholom, funded by our family and donors from our community and around the world. Our children were all involved in the project; our daughter designed the *mantel*, and our sons helped us find the *sofer*, created the pamphlet that was given out at the event, fundraised, and dedicated a *niggun* to Sholom.

The *bachnasas sefer Torah* took place at the start of the school year in the parking lot of LEC. Hundreds of school children marched with Sholom's Torah—right where our van had been parked that day, where the medics had worked to revive

SPRING FRESH

THE MASTERS OF FINE LINENS SINCE 1972

elegant linen
by ben barber

NEW COLLECTIONS

BORO PARK 5719 NEW UTRECHT AVE / 718.871.3535
MIDWOOD 1910 AVE. N / 718.972.3535
LAKEWOOD 6776 RT. 9 S. HOWELL / 732.905.9444
LAKEWOOD SOUTH 1263 RIVER AVENUE / 732.256.8444
MONSEY 1581 US 202, POMONA / 845.613.3535

SHOP ONLINE WWW.ELEGANTLINEN.COM



Rabbi Menachem Tauber speaking at the hachnasas sefer Torah l'iluy nishmas his son, Sholom, z"l

him...and where Sholom used to run happily into his classroom to learn and play.

It poured that day. I heard the clap of thunder. Sholom used to come to me for a hug whenever it thundered. As we dedicated the *sefer Torah* in the rain, I felt a hug from him.

At the event, I spoke to our community about the fact that every step we take is perfectly timed and orchestrated by Hashem, our loving Father. *Hashgachah pratis* is commonly used to describe pending disaster that turns out all right in the end, or better than could have been predicted. I explained that for me, the concept of Divine Providence is about noticing and experiencing Hashem's Presence in the details of my life. Thinking about this has strengthened my love and

connection to Him and has carried me through the challenging times. I also introduced Team Protect and shared our mission to be proactive about saving lives.

Menachem spoke about his trip to New York to pick up the *sefer Torah*. He'd carried it wrapped in a *tallis*, the way he would have carried Sholom in for his *hachmasah l'cheder*; in our family, we do this when our sons are five years old. The *sefer Torah* was dedicated two years after Sholom passed away. He would have been five years old now, and his father would have carried him, wrapped in a *tallis*, into *cheder*.

We are commanded, "*V'nishmartem me'od l'nafshoseichem*." We have to protect our children. We've made some important changes in our routine. Every time I get to a destination, before I

turn off the engine, I open both sliding doors. Every morning, Menachem takes a photo of himself dropping off our three-year-old son at school and sends it to me.

He explains, "It's critical to be aware that the moment you put your car into park can be a dangerous time. We tend to worry as we drive—about speed, staying in the lane and avoiding distractions—but when we park, we feel like we're done, and we turn our attention to checking our phones or rushing to wherever we're headed.

"Our message is that even when you arrive, you're not there yet—not until every child is out of the car. There are campaigns for people not to text and drive. There must be a campaign for people to park with presence."

There are additional steps families

and schools can take to make sure children are safe. If there is any change in routine, if someone new is driving or there is a change in schedule, make sure there is a phone call after the kids are dropped off and a confirmation that every child is where he or she is supposed to be.

LEC adopted new safety measures after Sholom passed away. Their security team walks around the parking lot every day with flashlights looking into every car. If a child is not marked present within 45 minutes of the start of school, an automated email goes out to the parents notifying them that their child has been marked absent and reminding them to contact the school if there's a mistake.

An activist in our community raised money and distributed a device called

the BABI smart cushion, which goes underneath a car seat and sends an alarm notification to the parents' smartphone.

All these are important steps forward. They're not enough. Safety is not a one-person job.

We need an added layer of protection so that mistakes don't end in tragedy. This is the mission of Team Protect, and it has become my life's work as well.

The mother of a little girl who drowned and is buried near Sholom partnered with me on this project. Together, we're helping other parents keep their children safe. We were connected with Chesky and Batsheva Abramsky, who live in Lakewood and wanted to do something for their community, so they started an organization called For the Babies.

Their first project is the distribution of a device called the Clever Elly, which speaks up (in different voices and phrases so that drivers don't become too used to it) and reminds parents to check the backseat as soon as they turn off the engine. It's small, easy to use and plugs right into the car's charging port. The Abramskys raised money to give out several thousand Clever Elly devices at cost or for free, with a primary focus on the Lakewood community.

Team Protect offered information and gave out safety devices at the Hatzalah Expo in New Jersey. Menachem volunteered to run a booth to distribute Clever Elly devices at the *Kinus Hashluchim*, where he invited attendees to sign the "Park with Presence" pledge, emphasizing the importance of those critical 15

BEAUTY JUNKIE

New York

WE ARE YOUR PROADDICTION EXPERTS

- Organic Keratin
- Formaldehyde Free
- Wash Hair Same Day
- Zero Restrictions

- Safe for Children
- Safe for All Women
- FDA Approved
- Restores Hair

- Repairs
- Protein • Collagen
- Nutrients
- Customizable

- Non-Toxic Hair Treatment

917-621-5411

3858 NOSTRAND AVE., SUITE 203
BROOKLYN, NY 11235

find us on Google

46 AMI-LIVING APRIL 23, 2025 25 NISAN 5785

“We tend to worry as we drive, but when we park, we feel like we’re done. Our message is that even when you arrive, you’re not there yet—not until every child is out of the car.”

seconds when the car is put into park. He explained that signing the pledge helps people associate parking with being present, and he highlighted the shift in focus we all experience when we reach our destination; we often allow ourselves to check a text or mentally move on to the next task, even though that moment requires the utmost mindfulness. The pledge brings awareness to this habit, so that even when routines change, we remain fully present and attuned to our surroundings.

We have also created a partnership with Coral Mylo, a new technology with AI drowning detection that monitors pools above and beneath the water, detects when someone is in distress and sounds an alarm. We have secured a significant discount for this product to help make it more affordable, because it’s not enough to have a gate around a pool. Parents must take extra measures, such as assigning a “water watcher” at parties, teaching survival swimming skills, and learning both CPR and first aid.

Since I’ve started working with Team Protect, I’ve felt a renewed sense of purpose and strength. The opportunities and experiences, including being interviewed for this article, have pushed me out of my

comfort zone.

Rav Yaakov Bender has stated that just as the Torah tells us to build a *maakeh*, it’s a *chiyuv* on everyone who transports a young child to put something they absolutely wouldn’t leave the car without (phone, shoes, purse) next to the child, and to adopt one of the many technologies available to serve as a backup. It is a matter of *pikuach nefesh*, and no one should ever say that it could never happen to them and that they don’t need to take such measures.

It is imperative that every pool has a secured fence surrounding it, and that the adult who is responsible for watching the children puts his phone out of reach (or closes it) to prevent distractions. Every pool owner must also get one of the numerous technologies available that can help prevent drownings.

As a family, we honor Sholom every time we slow down, listen carefully and make space for each other’s feelings. And through Team Protect, we are reminding people to take extra steps to keep their children safe.

Hashem protects. But it’s up to us to do what we can to save lives, in honor of our sweet little boy who wanted more than anything that those around him be at peace.

Turning Pain INTO PURPOSE

Team Protect was created in memory of Sholom Tauber, z”l, whose life was lost tragically in a hot car accident. Through education, awareness and cutting-edge technology, Team Protect is dedicated to promoting mindfulness and child safety.



PRACTICAL TAKEAWAYS TO PROTECT OUR CHILDREN

CAR SAFETY

- Pledge to “Park with Presence”; commit to mindful parking habits and build lifesaving awareness.
- Never leave a child in the car, even for 60 seconds.
- Use the Clever Elly device—a simple tool that plays a verbal reminder when the car turns off—to build the habit of checking the back seat every time you exit.
- Open the back door every time you park to ensure no one is left behind.
- Cultivate the habit to “look before you lock,” even when a child isn’t in the car.
- Place a shoe, key, purse or wallet in the back seat as a reminder to check for children.
- Teach children how to honk the horn if they find themselves stuck inside a car.
- Always keep young children and car seats in the immediate back seat where they are easier to see, rather than all the way in the third row.

POOL SAFETY

- Forget aesthetics. Always have a fence, self-latching gates or automatic covers to block unsupervised access to pools.
- Assign a “water watcher” to supervise actively when children are near water.
- Keep toys and floats away from the pool when not in use to avoid tempting children.
- Consider advanced technology like the Coral Mylo, an AI-powered monitoring system that can detect movement and alert you to potential drowning risks.
- Have a sign near your pool clearly stating your address and the number of Hatzalah in case of an emergency.
- Education is key! Ensure that children take swimming lessons, and prioritize water-safety education and CPR training for adults.

JOIN THE MOVEMENT

- Get safety tips and resources.
- Share ideas, volunteer, or collaborate with us.
- Learn more about the latest lifesaving technologies.

Together, we can build lifesaving habits and create a safer world for our children. ●

For safety tips and updates, to share your thoughts, and for ways to get involved, visit TeamProtect.org or email nechama@teamprotect.org.

You need LogoMints for your next corporate or personal event

WOW

LEAVE A FRESH IMPACT

Crisp, cool, and unforgettable—because great impressions should always be mint condition.



mylo.



variety of flavors



individually wrapped



quick turnaround

Candify

shopcandify.com

216.250.2651 • info@shopcandify.com

