

מישמרות
Mishmeres
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הירחון טעון גניזה

מישמרות

כל הנוטן פרוטה
לענין מתברך
בשש ברכות
וממפניiso בדברים
מתברך באחת
עשרה ברכות
(בבא בתרא, ט:)



Mishloach with an Address

How embarrassing... That was the first thing I felt. What mother doesn't remember who her son's rabbi is? The second thing I felt was regret about the money that went to waste

04

Alone in the Battle

We were on the way home late at night. The road was empty. Suddenly our car died. While we were debating what to do, a car stopped near ours. Two Arabs jumped out, holding flashlights in their hands.

06

Once-a-Year Opportunity

Purim is a chance to set aside the machlokes and send "Mishloach Manos."

06



friend who went with her co-workers for a day of togetherness and *tefillah* at the *mekomos hakedoshim* in the North told me the following: "During the day, there was a very unified atmosphere among the participants, with a lot of positive words and *ahavas Yisrael*. On the way back, a few women felt cold and asked me to close the window over my seat, which was open a bit. I tried to pull the handle. My seatmate helped me. Suddenly – boom!! The windowpane simply fell out on us and shattered!! There apparently was a problem with the sliding mechanism and the strong pull caused the crash.

"At first, there was a degree of panic. A number of women had been facing up, towards the window – especially me. I was right beneath it. The whole bus filled with thousands of tiny shards of glass. Miraculously, each of us emerged in one piece, *baruch Hashem*, with just a few small scratches. The Hatzalah volunteer who came said that if one sliver of glass would have entered someone's eye, *chas v'shalom* it could have blinded her, and I had several such pieces on my eyelashes..."

After I heard her story I said: "Maybe you were *zocher* to this miracle in the *zechus* of *ko'ach harabim*. When women gather to daven and be *mis'chazek* together, they see unnatural miracles!

Esther Hamalkah saw that Am Yisrael needed a great *yeshuah*, so she asked: "לְכוּ אֶת כָּל הָיּוֹת – go, assemble all the Jews." When Yaakov Avinu wanted to tell his sons what would happen in Acharis Hayamim, the advice he gave them for hard times was: "וְעַמְּךָ – Assemble yourselves!" It is this *achdus* that brings *yeshuos*.

This is also the idea behind the work of Mishmeres HaSholom. Each individual who works on his *shemiras halashon* is part of a huge *tzibbur* that is being *mis'chazek* together. Consequently, the merits become truly tremendous. With the help of this remarkable *ko'ach harabim*, we will succeed in generating the marvelous revolution of our generation in *shemiras halashon* – at home, in the neighborhood, at school – everywhere! We hear countless *nissim* from "K'echad" meetings, too. In the *zechus* of this *his'chazkus* and of *ko'ach harabim*, who gather together to be empowered in *shemiras halashon* – we are *zocher* to *yeshuos* beyond nature.

May we be *zocher* that in the month of Adar, when we saw supernatural *nissim* in the *zechus* of *ko'ach harabim*, we, too, should merit *yeshuos* and *simchos* and be *zocher* to be *marbit b'simchah*, with good news and happy hearts for all.

Shani Wertzyberger

Urgent Halachic Questions

Thank you for the special column that enables us to send *shallowos* in *shemiras halashon* to Rav Fuchs shlita. I never miss reading this column every month, and many times, my husband brings up the questions and answers for halachic discussion at the Shabbos table.

I wanted to ask if it would be possible to also receive answers by email, especially when one needs an immediate, urgent response.

Miri, from Ashdod

Response from the editors:

The Rabbanim of Mishmeres HaSholom do not work with email at all. Therefore, the option for an immediate response is to call the Shalom Hotline at 072-337-2212, Ext. 6, or, alternately, to send a fax or email to the editors' desk and wait until the next magazine is published.

Meishiv Shalom Part 2

I was happy to see that the *sefer Meishiv Shalom*, part 2, for which we've waited for years, has finally come out. We have part 1 in the house and derive great benefit from it. This is a very helpful *sefer*. It gives a clear and simple response to everyday *shallowos* that we all encounter, and also increases *shemiras halashon* awareness. Highly recommended!

Rivka, from Yerushalayim

Children, Try to Honor

I was excited to read the interview that appeared in the Teves magazine, "Family Ties." As a mother of married couples, I enjoyed every word and felt it really enriched me.

I wanted to take advantage of this platform to raise awareness of the other side of the story – that children need to honor and appreciate their parents and know that nothing is self-understood... The parents invite them and give to them with their whole hearts, but the children, on their part, need to honor and thank them, not to convey a feeling of "I deserve it." Not to demand. To remember that parents don't owe them anything and to give them a lot of appreciation for what they do give. To keep in mind that even if one time they forgot to update you or couldn't invite you, nothing really happened...

Mother-mother-in-law with 15 years seniority

?

Salesperson Who Acted Impatiently

Question: I went to an exclusive women's wear shop to buy a certain dress, but they didn't have it in my size in the color I wanted. The salesperson suggested I pay in advance and order the dress, and that's what I did. A few days later, on a very stormy day, they called to tell me the dress had arrived. When I said I'd come by later in the week, the salesperson snapped at me. She said the dress is getting in their way, and if I don't come immediately, she'll put it on the shelf, even though I'd paid for it already. She didn't soften up even when I threatened to call the shop owner, whom I know well, and who I know cares very much that her customers are treated nicely. Am I allowed to call her?

Answer: It's important to recall the exact words the salesperson said to the customer on that phone call. If she said she can put aside the dress just for today, and if the customer doesn't come – she'll put the dress on the rack, pinning on a note that it's sold, and allowing other customers to try it on – then she can't be blamed.

But if the conversation was precisely as written in the question, the questioner may speak to the store owner and tell her it's important to set aside a special place in the shop for pre-ordered, prepaid dresses, so as to avoid a situation in which the buyer must come the same day the garment arrives, regardless of the weather... She can then share what happened to her with the salesperson, adding that apparently, the shop doesn't have a special assigned place for garments that were ordered and prepaid.

?

Item of Clothing that Roused Laughter

Question: I was at a certain event with my friend. We saw a respectable figure and laughed together at a certain item of clothing she was wearing. I hope she didn't notice us talking and laughing about her. But in any case – I don't think any damage was caused to her. How can we do *teshuva* for this?

Answer: Let's divide the answer into two tracks: a. When the subject apparently didn't notice that people were laughing at her and

therefore didn't experience any pain, the questioners need to do the three steps of *teshuva* – *charatah* (remorse), *Viduy* (admitting), and *kabbalah* (resolving for the future). It would be proper to also decide how to interpret what they saw in a positive sense. For example, perhaps the woman has a family tradition to wear such an item and she doesn't want to violate, "Al titosh Toras imecha." b. If there is concern that the subject did notice that people are laughing at her, then they should also ask for her *mechilah*, at least before Rosh Hashanah-Yom Kippur, when everyone asks *mechilah* from each other.

?

Casual Conversation among Vacationers

Question: I was at a women's retreat. We sat and chatted in a casual, unrestrained manner. Stories came up of different challenges, and some of the women shared difficulties they had with their *shviger*, boss, and so on – stories that included derogatory information. There were a few women in the crowd who pointed out that it's *lashon hara*, but others claimed that this was precisely the opportunity to pour out their heart to people who don't know the person in question, and therefore, there's no prohibition. I wanted to know who is right and what the halachah is in such a case.

Answer: It's well-known that the *issur* of *lashon hara* applies even if the listeners don't know the object of the *lashon hara*, but would understand it from the details of the story (*Chofetz Chaim*, *LHR* 3:4). In our question, where the listeners would easily be able to know precisely whom is being spoken about – there certainly would be no *heter* to speak in such circumstances.

Regarding the argument of the other participants – that this is an opportunity to unload painful feelings, true, there is such a *heter*, as the *Chofetz Chaim* writes (*hilchos LHR* 10:14, 5th condition in the footnote). However, as we've written many times in this column, this is not a sweeping *heter*. It certainly does not apply at all to the subject of our question, which describes women chatting at a vacation retreat "in a relaxed, unrestrained manner," especially since the *Chofetz Chaim* there writes that this *heter* is contingent on meeting the seven conditions of *lashon hara l'yo'les*, which are not met here at all. Therefore, these conversations were definitely absolutely prohibited.

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Extra Mishloach Manos

A loudspeaker on the street screams at top volume to anyone who doesn't know yet, that "Purim is here!"

I must finish my costume accessory shopping: A shiny cape for Yossie, and maybe a new crown instead of the half-broken one in the costume carton. A giant hat for Yankie, who's dressing up as a tourist, and a toy camera to complete the look. And wait, Eliyahu also asked me to buy ---

After the costume purchases are done, I'll work on the main job of Purim — *mishlochei manos*.

We're a family of boys and every boy has at least two rabbis, aside from the Menahel and the educational supervisor, and the *melamed* who substituted a long time in Moishy's class... and they all get *mishloach manos*!

One year, I prepared more than a dozen *mishlochei manos* just for the *melamdim*, but that year was a record-breaker. I had seven boys in *cheder* then and needed to prepare almost twenty packages. It was a big project. I felt as if I'd changed professions. Instead of being a teacher, I'd turned

into a designer. And then came the turn of the notes. As a teacher, I know how important these *brachos* are and how much *ko'ach* they give the teacher/rebbe to continue putting their *neshamos* into their work. At least once a year, you need to express appreciation to the dedicated *melamdim*. But when you're dealing with so many *mishlochim*, it becomes a little more complicated.

In the end, on Erev Purim, lined up on my dining room table were rows of beautiful *mishlochei manos*, each one with a note written with a lot of thought thanking the rebbi for his investment in our child.

Next came the logistical effort of getting each of the *mishlochei manos* to the *rebbis' homes*. The big boys went out themselves, taking the valuable packages, along with numerous warnings, directions, and instructions in case of emergency (such as what to do if someone with a scary costume walks by you and the *mishloach manos* flips over---).

Eleven-year-old Moishy, a big, responsible boy, suggested that he'd

accompany some of his little brothers to their *melamdim*. That took off some of the burden from my husband's shoulders, especially since some of the *melamdim* lived quite far away and reaching them by bus on Purim was slower than a snail's pace.

One of the addresses Moishy set off for was the house of Yossie's Mechinah rebbi. I explained to him how to get there, which bus to take, and the exact address. I entrusted him with the fancy *mishlo'ach manos* and asked him to hold Yossie's hand all the time. On Purim, the street is crowded and confusing. I hoped they'd find their way there safely.

About an hour and a half later, Moishy and Yossie were on their way home, both of them beaming: Moishy — from fulfilling his mission, and Yossie — from the game he'd gotten. "The rebbi received us very nicely," Moishy told me.

"But it wasn't my rebbi," Yossie stopped playing with the fascinating game he'd gotten to make this dramatic statement. "He's just the rebbi of the school van."

I laughed. "Yossie, Rebbe Steinberg is your rebbi," I said to him and I ran to bring the *mishlo'ach manos* for Moishy's rebbi himself.

Later on, when the rush quieted down a bit, the boys talked about how it was by their rebbi. "Only I didn't go to my rebbi," Yossie insisted.

Moishy told me that all the way home, Yossie kept saying this rebbi wasn't *his* rebbi and he kept asking when we would go to *his* rebbi, too.

A doubt started gnawing at me. Could it be that --- A quick consultation with my husband, who had been at the PTA meeting two months earlier and met the rebbi personally — confirmed the facts.

Yossie was right.

Rebbi Steinberg had taught Meir, Nachum, and Mordechai. That must be why I got mixed up. Yossie had a different rebbi.

How embarrassing... That was the first thing I felt. What mother doesn't

remember who her son's rebbi is? The second thing I felt was regret about the money that went to waste and the *mishloach manos* I sent to someone who wasn't even my son's rebbi. And the third thought that arose was the most practical and logical: I needed to quickly organize a *mishloach manos* for Rebbi Rubin, who is Yossie's rebbi this year.

This time, my husband went with him, arriving at the rebbi's house at the beginning of his *seudah*---

"As if all the *mishlochei manos* that I organized and sent weren't enough," I said to my almost empty kitchen after the busy day, "I had to send an extra *mishlo'ach manos*. If at least I would have performed a mitzvah of *matanos levyonim*, for which there's an *inyan* to send more than the minimum. But this rebbi of the parallel class probably got tons of *mishlochei manos* from his *talmidim* and he didn't understand why we were sending him one, too."

Purim passed. Life went back to routine for a short while, until Pesach. Pesach ended, too, and one very ordinary day, in the middle of Iyar, Yossie refused to get on the school van.

He stood downstairs with two of his brothers, waiting for the bus. But when it came, Yossie started crying and ran home.

Two of the older boys, who traveled by city bus, offered to take him. But the next day, when the story repeated itself, I started wondering. Yossie wasn't my oldest. I had experience with kids who were afraid to go on the school van. But it usually happened at the beginning of the year, not at the end. Why did Yossie

suddenly start being afraid?

In the afternoon I went shopping with him — just the two of us. "You don't like riding on the school van?" I asked him. Yossie burst into tears. "I want Moishy to take me by bus," he declared resolutely.

"But on the bus, there are a lot of boys and sometimes, there's pushing. On the van, you have a place to sit," I tried telling him patiently, hoping he'd explain to me the strange mystery.

"But Rebbi Steinberg isn't there," Yossie stuck out his bottom lip. I noticed it was trembling a bit.

"Rebbi Steinberg?" How was this rebbi, who doesn't even teach Yossie's class, connected to the story? I felt a sour taste of that extra *mishloach manos* rising to the surface.

"He's the rebbi of the school van," Yossie said to me, his gaze wandering to the display window of the toy

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store. "And now he's not there."

The boys had mentioned something about a substitute rebbi on the van. I didn't think that the identity of the rebbi chaperoning the van was of such importance.

"And you don't know the other rebbi?" I tried drawing out the child. He shook his head. "I don't know him and he also doesn't take me to my class."

I slowed my pace, wanting to understand better. "Rebbi Steinberg used to take you to your class every day?"

"Yes," said Yossie with the simplicity of a four-year-old. "He knew I'm afraid to go by myself, because there are big boys, so he took me to the schoolyard of the little boys, where there are only boys from Mechinah."

"And the new Rebbi?" I continued, step by step.

"The new Rebbi says all the boys are big and can get off the van by themselves. But I'm not big."

Later, at home, we clarified the story. It turned out that Rebbi Steinberg's father, who lives in America, became sick. His son went abroad to help him, and meanwhile, a substitute was brought in, both for his *cheder* class and to chaperone the van.

Suddenly we heard for the first time that all year long, Rebbi Steinberg would walk Yossie all the way to his classroom, so he shouldn't be afraid of the bigger boys running around in the schoolyard.

We took care of the school van easily. Our big boys promised to walk Yossie to his classroom every morning. But something else fell into place for me — the *mishloach manos*. The *mishloach* I thought I'd sent for no reason. It turns out that there was a very good reason for it, and the Master of the World had arranged for me to send a *mishloach manos* to someone to whom I owed a special debt of *hakaras hatov*, without my even knowing...

When I Am for Myself

We thought of presenting to you an article on ko'ach harabim – so appropriate for the Mishmeres chizuk initiatives that unite individuals to create a spiritual revolution with public impact. But Adar, Purim, and the words of the Megillah – וְהַפְּלִיקְהָא – led us to change direction and assemble interviewees who document extreme situations in which they felt alone in their battle

It Wasn't Easy Standing There Alone

Rina, a Highway at Night

"It happened during one of the stormiest periods of the last war," Rina recalls. "We were



on the way home late at night. The road was empty. Suddenly our car died and we were stuck there, alone. It was frightening.

But that was just the beginning. "While we were debating what to do, a car stopped alongside ours. Two Arabs jumped out, holding flashlights in their hands. They asked what happened and offered help..."

Rina describes how she sat in the car, trembling from fear, while her husband stepped out to speak with the two Arabs. "In my mind, I already took leave of my children waiting at home, my parents, my family..."

Ricky, a Non-religious Neighborhood:

"We were part of a nucleus of families who came together to a totally non-religious city for purposes of *chizuk*," Ricky relates. There's a *kehilla*, a *kollel*, and schools for the children. But in our building, for example, out of twenty families, we're the only *Chareidim*.

That means there's no one you can borrow two eggs from for supper or a cup of sugar for a cake?

Ricky smiles. "It's much more than that. My sisters who live in the Center send their children down to play outside. They have a nice dynamic among the kids in the building lobby. That doesn't exist by us. When Shabbos arrives, it becomes even more disturbing, when you can't even sit with the children on a porch facing the view... of *chillul Shabbos, lo aleinu*."

Ayala, the Operating Room

"I knew I needed to undergo an operation. I prepared for it," shares Ayala. "Still, I can't forget that moment when the orderlies rolled my bed into the huge, cold operating room, while my dear, supportive family remained outside and I was surrounded just by the medical staff and countless instruments."

Ayala describes a feeling of helplessness. "You're alone in a bed, connected to tubes, unable to help yourself. It's hard for you to even *daven* because of the medications blurring your awareness."

Ayala adds that in the midst of this mix of feelings, she suddenly identified the surgeon she was afraid of... "I'd been hospitalized first in the ward and I caught her making a significant error. I knew she was a beginning surgeon. Even

though there was a senior surgeon together with her, it still made me very nervous."

Dorit, on the Other Side of the Divider

"We have family here in Eretz Yisrael – parents from both sides. They're even people of means. Still, at certain times, I feel so alone."

Dorit, who merited to cross lines and become a *baalas teshuvah*, is raising a lovely family *baruch Hashem*, together with her husband. They have *nachas* from the precious children whom they're being *mechanech* in Torah and mitzvos. "We're happy. We know how to appreciate this privilege. We try to give our children the Jewish upbringing we unfortunately didn't receive. But sometimes, especially in challenging periods, such as after the birth of a new baby, it becomes difficult and complex.

I Knew I Had to Cope

Ayala: "I felt such *kirvas Elokim*. I said to myself that I'm in Hashem's hands and only he can save me. I myself know someone who underwent this same operation, performed by a private surgeon, and encountered complications. I know there are also many who don't take a private doctor, yet recuperate without any problem. I reminded myself of what my grandfather used to say to us – that in difficult situations, you need to repeat 'אך עוד מלבך'."

"Since I'm very connected to Mishmeres HaSholom, I also davened that the Chofetz Chaim and Rav Segal would advocate for me."

Dorit: "Mood swings are familiar and expected in a *yoledes*. But by me, they are compounded by the major technical challenge that lies on my shoulders due to our 'aloneness,'" Dorit admits honestly. She describes how she sometimes dreams of a situation in which she has a mother's shoulder on which to lay her head and let go a bit... "But it doesn't exactly happen," Dorit quickly snaps back to reality. "My mother-in-law comes occasionally, after I

give birth and when she encounters scenarios of difficulty functioning, a disorderly house, and children who are acting wild because their mother wasn't home for a few days, she can't understand it."

Nevertheless, everyone survives. "I remind myself that this stage passes quickly, *b'ezras Hashem*. Soon we'll all regain our strength and return to routine, with a sweet new baby added to our wonderful family."

Rina: "The truth is, I was paralyzed by the fear. My thoughts also froze," Rina relives those terrifying moments inside the stalled car, opposite the two Arab faces. "But my subconscious was working, and that is what led me to silently cry out the two *pirkei Tehillim* I know best from the depths of my heart."

The terrible panic subsided a bit when it came out that these were two car mechanics from the area, who regularly drove around the area offering their repair services at a discounted price.

Ricky "In order to strengthen the *kehilla*, we set a rule that every family can go away for Shabbos just once a month," Ricky says. "At first it was really hard. I used to count the days..."

"In general, the whole subject of trips to family, to *simchas*, etc. is not simple. There's no regular transportation to *Chareidi* enclaves, and every trip involves several buses," she says. "But it's all worth it to sit on a bus in the morning on my way to work, and see a totally irreligious woman peeking at the siddur in my hand, 'May your prayers be accepted,' she says when I finish. Sometimes women say to me, 'I already prayed in the morning. I got up at five.' Or 'I say Tehillim all day!' And these are people you would never guess do such things, based on their external appearance..."

Chizuk Lessons I Picked Up on the Way

Ricky: "When I see my neighbors' empty lives, I feel so fortunate," Ricky enthuses. "Not just for the merits we have in Olam Haba, but also for our Olam Hazeh, which is so much better than theirs."

"What do they have in life? Nothing," she says. "Today television, tomorrow television. The street there is empty. Dead. And, in our area, we're talking about a well-to-do population, people with good professions and a higher than average standard of living. In contrast, what a full, lively life we have --

"Neighbors come over and tell us about their grandfather who was a Rav. They compliment us on our well-behaved children. One neighbor was thrilled to hold my baby. It's been twenty years since I last held a baby," she said."

Dorit: "There's nothing like the support you get from a good friend," Dorit declares warmly. She speaks of a friend who is on a similar life track. "We understand each other and work together to strengthen ourselves."

Rina: "It's not only in the dead of night and on an empty highway. We always need miracles and protection from Hashem," says Rina, and on the background of recent tragic events and difficult incidents that struck families in Eretz Yisrael, her words assume a powerful dimension. "We should be *zocher* to strengthen our *emunah* in Hashem from good and abundance, and shouldn't need to reach situations of difficulty and challenges."

Ayala: "In the past, my family members asked Maran Hagaon Rav Chaim Kanievsky *zt"l* about an operation like the one I underwent. They consulted him as to whether or not to take a private surgeon," says Ayala. "He gave a one-word answer: Daven. In other words, he felt that the primary *hishtadlus* is in the area of *tefillah*.

"When you think about it – it's calming and gives strength."

Purim K'Kippurim

A Day of 'Shlichah' and Mechilah

Purim is an opportunity to put machlokes behind you and reunite.

Among all the mishlochim to close friends, send a misloach manos and end unnecessary fights.

THE HARDER IT IS TO DO, THE MORE IT'S WORTH!

Did you send a misloach manos?

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The, "Matching" of Ko'ach Harabim

Did you ever try tracking a swarm of ants digging a joint nest? It's fascinating to see the efforts these tiny creatures invest - removing grain after grain to slowly enlarge the tunnel. The Gemara (*Berachos* 54b) says that when Og, King of Bashan heard that Bnei Yisrael were advancing towards his land, he decided to frighten them with a huge mountain that he simply picked up in his hands. He stood there, holding the mountain that was capable of burying them all beneath it... But then, huge swarms of ants came, sent from Shamayim to save Klal Yisrael. Every ant removed just one grain of earth, but all of them together managed to dig a tunnel that split the mountain in two. It landed on both sides of the giant Og and sat on him like a necklace, not allowing him to extricate himself...

The *ko'ach* of the *rabim* and what it can do.

Ishamelite Wolves

When a "matching" campaign is held for the benefit of the community shul, people of means donate substantial sums to tile the floor, cast the ceiling, purchase an air-conditioning system or shul furniture, dedicate the *aron kodesh*, or at least a *paroches*. But when building the Mishkan, the donation was just a half shekel. "The wealthy should not increase and the destitute should not decrease" - so that the diamond dealer should know his donation is not worth anything unless accompanied by the donation of the beggar. So that Klal Yisrael will understand that only with *ko'ach harabim* can we build a *bayis laShem*.

When Yaakov Avinu put the stones under his head, they started arguing among themselves: Each one said, "Let the *tzaddik* lay his head on me!" After Hashem united them into one piece, it didn't make

The Tefillah of the Jews of Persia

"Go, assemble all the Jews," said Esther to Mordechai HaYehudi upon hearing of the decree of Haman Harasha. In order to daven for me and for you, it's not enough for each one to sit in his home with a *sefer Tehillim*. We need to gather. To assemble. To use the *ko'ach harabim*, which empowers the *tefilos* and splits the gates of Shamayim. In order to rectify the *cheit* of separation - "There is a certain people scattered and dispersed among the peoples" - we need to unify the hearts and foster love and brotherhood. And from this "*b'yachad*" of *tefillas rabim*, that generated the *yeshuah* in Shushan and in all generations, the Geulah Sheleimah that we are so fervently awaiting will come to us, too, *b'ezras Hashem*.

When Yaakov Avinu put the stones under his head, they started arguing among themselves: Each one said, "Let the *tzaddik* lay his head on me!" After Hashem united them into one piece, it didn't make

Alone Is Power?!

You're probably familiar with it. The teacher announces preparations for a social event, or the boss announces a project that needs to be done as a team. A mother-in-law declares, "We're producing a family album," or a cousin recruits everyone to help organize a joint trip. One way or the other, a few heads get together and --- get to work.

Ugh, ay, oops! Everything gets complicated, like the *tovei ha'ir* in that village from the joke, who, by the end of the discussion, didn't know which leg belonged to whom.

Because one classmate insists on record-breaking gimmicks and claims there are no programs today without fancy clickers. The other espouses an intellectual program that plumbs the depth of the class's genealogy. The first colleague sides with comprehensive filing of every document before and after reading it, while the second is primarily busy creating interesting connections between the circles her cup of coffee left on the page. The energetic sister-in-law decides on a 20-inch tall format for the album that will adorn Savta's living room, while the conservative sister-in-law doesn't understand what's wrong with 4 x 6 in. photos in the original photo store envelope.

In short, unquestionably, working alone is easiest and most convenient. Alone is power! Alone, you can get anywhere! After all, if the woman who fell asleep on the bus hadn't been alone, how would she have gotten to the last stop? And if the two-year-old toddler wasn't alone, how would he have managed to climb to the top of the frighteningly high park fence? And if the teenager wouldn't have been alone in the kitchen - who else could have succeeded in bringing the kitchen to such an inspiring state, adorned with touches of nougat, sprinkles of egg yolk, and gold dust?

As we said, "Alone is power."

But actually...

If "alone is power," can you multiply that power?

If one baby screaming is possible, a whole group of babies in a day care center can take your breath away,

If a drop of rain on the nose is nice, a million drops is a flood.

If a crumb of *chrein* goes down the throat, but a heaping spoon of it - is aaargh!!!

Then certainly, if "alone is power," "together can be - fire!"

All you need is to agree to humble yourself, to give of yourself a bit, and to connect lovingly to something that is greater than any single one of us - the *ko'ach harabim*.

We'll get a lot further!



donate to Mishmeres HaSholom as a *zechus*, and *baruch Hashem*, it worked! She underwent three root canals at a regular dentist's office, using laughing gas!

Moshulam

Better a Close Neighbor

We were going through a period when we needed *yeshuos* beyond the realm of nature. We were waiting to see our older son engaged. Also, an apartment we'd bought as an investment was up for sale, and nothing was budging. In addition, we were enduring harassment by a neighbor in the building, almost on a daily basis.

After consulting with the Mishmeres HaSholom telephone receptionist, we decided to set up a monthly donation of 847, the *gematriya* equivalent of "ל" ה"שועה כ"ל", in the *tefillah* that the *zechuyos* of *shemiras halashon* would help us see great *yeshuos*.

A month passed. The standing order started working and we saw the *neis* with our own eyes, when that troublesome neighbor unexpectedly moved---

GB

31 Years Old - Mazel Tov!

After I'd been in *shidduchim* for years, a friend recommended to me to donate to Mishmeres HaSholom, a tried and true *segulah* in her family. She added that Hashem brings *yeshuos* to those who help strengthen *shalom* in Klal Yisrael. I decided to try it. I called to donate the sum of 892 shekels, the *gematriya* equivalent of "ל" י"ו ה"נ ב"הורה ובל"ו". I mentioned to the phone receptionist that I'm already 31, there aren't many *shidduch* suggestions, and even when something finally starts progressing, it suddenly stops... She *bentched* me that my next phone call to the *yeshuah* hotline should be with good news, and that's exactly what happened!

Two weeks later I called and asked to change the donation to the *gematriya* of "ר"כחה וצלה", after my long-awaited *shidduch* had finally arrived, and I wanted the preparations for the wedding to *b'ezras Hashem* be with a lot of *brachah* and *hatzlachah*.

Debra from Ofakim

Three Root Canals

My daughter refused to sit on the chair in the dentist's office. We had no choice but to treat her in the hospital, under full anesthesia. Time passed, and she again had a toothache, but it wasn't simple to obtain approval for another round of such treatment... We decided that since it was a problem in the mouth, we should

No Entrance to Dampness

For six years, we struggled with dampness in our home. Rainwater that penetrated through the walls turned our lives into a nightmare. We brought in several professionals, but they didn't succeed in solving the problem. My husband consulted with the Rav, who advised him to be *mis'chazek* in *shemiras halashon*. In addition to our personal *his'chazkus*, we decided to also donate a standing order to Mishmeres HaSholom so as to gain the merits of spreading *shemiras halashon*. After a short while, one of my husband's friends recommended a certain solution and also referred him to someone who specializes in this work. *Baruch Hashem*, despite the huge amounts of rain that fell this past winter - our home remained dry.

D. Migrati

Stopping the Downward Trend

At the beginning of the year, the income from our business slowed down. My husband and I reviewed the accountant's financial reports for the branches of our chain store. We saw a downward trend, which is normal for any business, but it put pressure on us because just then we needed to double our income to cover costs of two children's weddings. We considered what we could do.

Quite recently, my mother-in-law had passed away, and discussions about the inheritance had seriously muddled relationships in the family. We took upon ourselves to speak only positively about his brothers and sisters. At the same time, we called Mishmeres HaSholom and set up a monthly standing order for 677 shekels - the *gematriya* equivalent of "כ"ל ה"נ ה"כמתה" - doubling income.

If I hadn't seen it in black on white, in the balance sheets of the business, I might not have believed it, but the simple truth was that there was an impressive leap. We literally saw the income double, in the merit of the donation to Mishmeres HaSholom!

S. manager of a chain of stores



The Block That Was Overcome

The long wait for a *shidduch* for our oldest daughter was nerve-racking. Everyone told us "it will come." But the years passed and nothing moved. The unease pervading our home grew stronger. Most suggestions that arrived weren't suitable and the ones that seemed right - fell to the wayside for unclear reasons. We felt as if there was some block we needed to break through. Our daughter's pain was what hurt us most.

We decided we must do something to shake things up in Shamayim. When we heard about the *segulah* of *k'minyan hayeshuah*, we decided to try. We said to Hashem, "We're giving of ourselves for the good of the Klal, to increase *shalom* in Your world; please open up the gate to our personal *yeshuah*. We donated a sum equal to the *gematriya* of "ז"הו ה"נ ב"ק"ר ו"ש"ה", with full *emunah* in the importance of spreading *shemiras halashon*.

Believe it or not, the *yeshuah* came almost instantly! Just three days (!) after we made the donation, the phone rang. It was a *shadchan* we'd hardly spoken to in the past. She had a suggestion that sounded so exact. In contrast to previous times, this time everything flowed calmly, without extraneous questions or delays. We felt as if the road had been paved for us. Two weeks later, we already stood in a brightly lit hall, celebrating our daughter's engagement and breaking a plate! We thank Hashem for the home being built with marvelous *siyata d'Shmaya* and with the *zechus* of *shalom*.

Special issue for the Mishmeres HaSholom kids

PURIM

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Who wants a great costume for Purim? Everybody does! Kids dream about their Purim costume all year. They start planning it as soon as the previous Purim's costumes are packed away. It makes no difference which costume you've chosen – a doctor or a baker, a tourist or an artist. If you want any costume to be a success, you need to adapt yourself to the role, so it'll be as real as possible – with the right hat, a matching scarf around your neck, a belt and briefcase that a figure of this kind would use, and all kinds of other accessories connected to it. When we "step into the shoes" of the character we're dressing up as, that makes the costume really authentic... We can use this same capability in order to judge others *l'kaf zechus*. For example, when we're angry at the teacher, who, in our opinion, was too strict today, maybe we can try to understand her. To feel her. To think that for her, too, it's hard to be in the classroom on Erev Purim... The last period of the day... Or, if it irritates us when the driver of the school bus comes late, let's think a bit about what could have caused the delay. Maybe he didn't sleep well at night, and therefore, he woke up late. It is this ability to judge favorably that will give us a happy and satisfied life, not only on Purim.

IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS

The "Birkas Avraham" of Slonim zt"l

A Special Mishloach Manos

Purim in Tveria, seventy years ago. Tefillas Shacharis had just finished in the shul of the Baal Birkas Avraham of Slonim. Megillas Esther was read for the large crowd. Then, the Rebbe, who was at the beginning of his years as an Admor and wished to strengthen the *tzibbur*, spoke about some spiritual *takamos* for the benefit of the *kehilla*. But the Rebbe's words didn't find favor in the eyes of one of the *mispallelim*. That person, one of the distinguished people in the community, didn't keep his opinion to himself. He started shaming the Rebbe in front of everyone, saying, "He was just appointed as the Admor and he already wants to change things...?" And the Rebbe, the Baal Birkas Avraham? He heard his disgrace... and remained silent. He didn't react in the slightest to all of the insults. But when they came home, he asked his son to prepare a special, impressive *mishloach manos* and bring it to the home of that man... There was no end to the admiration the son felt at that moment upon seeing his great father's noble conduct.

ASK THE RAV

By Harav Hagaon R' Menachem Mendel Fuchs shlita, Rav of Mishmeres HaSholom

Buying Friends with Candy

Question: In our class, there's one girl who often isn't included in games. Recently she started bringing very special candies and nosh (that the school doesn't allow to be brought to class) and offering it to girls so they'll play with her. Do I need to tell the teacher about it?

Answer: From the wording of the question, it appears that the questioner's only concern is if she's allowed to tattle on the girl who is bringing candy against school rules. But the truth is there's an entirely different and very serious concern: the fact that girls in the class have made a *cherem* on one girl and don't include her in their games, which led to her needing to bring special candies so they'll let her participate. This situation is bad from all aspects and is liable to cause the girl emotional damage both now and for the future, when she grows up and remembers what she went through. She might even need psychological or psychiatric treatment. Therefore, it's very important to tell the teacher what's going on with this girl. *Be H*, the teacher will make sure to be *mechanech* the class in the mitzvah of "*V'havta l'reyacha kamocha*." Despite the fact that this girl apparently has some personality problem and maybe acts a little strangely, the girls need to overcome their negative feelings and to draw her in. With that, they'll also fulfill the great mitzvos of *gemillus chasadim* and emulating Hashem's ways, they'll avoid the *aveirah* of "*Lo sonu*," hurting their classmate, they'll train themselves in *vatranus* and tolerance, and more. When they do so, the problem with violation of the school rule of not bringing special candies will also be solved.

STORY / L'Yerushalmi

Yes. The pacifier. Not a candy in the shape of a pacifier, but a simple silicon pacifier that was tucked into the *mishloach manos*, to hint that...

You didn't have to be a genius to understand. He was hinting that I'm just a baby. As far as he's concerned, I could sit in a playpen and play with a toy bowling pin, instead of sharing childish ideas that don't interest anyone. *A baby. That's what he thinks of me.*

Two salty tears trickled from my right eye. I quickly dried them. That's all I need – that someone should ask me what happened. That they'd understand how hurt I felt and would stick a pacifier in my mouth...

Shimshy! – mature Shimshy suddenly said to the sad, hurt Shimshy inside me. *Get a hold of yourself! Maybe it's not what you think? Maybe it's all a funny mistake? And maybe... even if Motty sent you a hurtful hint, you don't have to be dragged after him like a baby. You can take the reins in your hands and act maturely and responsibly. Only you can decide what your Purim will look like on the inside.*

Later, at Motty's house:

Moishy's deafening howls could not be ignored. From minute to minute, he increased the volume. "Paci!" – he screamed. "Moishy's paci!"

It could have been funny, if it wasn't so sad. Moishy, the "pacifier seller" of Purim 5786, was covered in pacifiers, from head to toe. In his hand, he held a basket brimming with pacifiers of all kinds – and he was

We shook hands.

Best friends, no?

crying bitterly: "Paci..."

Anyone who knew him understood that "*Kol zeh einenu shoveh lo* – all this is worth nothing to him." All the pacifiers in the world, along with jewels, gold, and piles of toys – cannot match the value of one tattered pacifier, the only one dear to his sensitive palate.

"We must search for Moishy's pacifier right now!" – echoed the cry throughout the house. "If not..."

"What's going on here? Is it Purim or Pesach? Why are you looking in the nooks and crannies, like by *bedikas chametz*?" asked Moishy's Zeidy when he came into the house.

"It's Moishy's pacifier. Did you see it? It disappeared!"

"We'll soon check. Motty, your friend's at the door."

"Shimshy!" All my doubts about whether I was really acting maturely or was just being a chump – evaporated when I saw Motty's warm and genuine smile.

"Thanks for the nice *mishloach*!" I said, handing him a *mishloach manos* from me. Then I took the pacifier out of my pocket and asked: "Can it be that this slipped by mistake into the *mishloach* you prepared for me?"

Motty almost hugged me in his excitement. "Moishy's pacifier! What a funny kid. First, he hides it in a *mishloach manos* that has nothing to do with him, and then he puts us all to work looking for it. Moishy! Look what my best friend brought you!"

MISHMERES ADAR 5786



Shiur No. 19



To answer, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 36

Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes
Last month's winner: שרייל דינקל, מודיעין עילית

And now for the next question:

Look up, up *sefer Shemiras Halashon, Shaar Hatevunah, Perek Daled*, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 3, and choose the correct answer to the following question:About what did the Chofetz Chaim write in *Perek Daled*, "The more the person practices this *middah*, the less he will violate the sin of *lashon hara*."

1. The good and important *middah* of *vatranus*.
2. The excellent *middah* of "B'tzedek *tishpot amisecha*" – being *dan l'chaf zechus*.
3. About all the good *middos bein adam lachaveiro*.

*The recorded question and answers are in Hebrew only.

Rebbe Chaim invites you to check what the correct answer is, and be "H, in Shiur No. 20, he will elaborate on the topic.

NO OFFENSE

You're invited to send us stories suitable for this column: stories in which a friend was almost hurt or embarrassed, and thanks to someone's sensitivity, it was prevented, and also stories in which, sadly, a friend was hurt. The stories chosen for the magazine will earn the sender a prize: M025379160@GMAIL.COM | 02-650-6107

The idea that won was from Chaya Feldman.

Notice from the Building

A few words from Dassy Yaakobi:

What could have happened»

The Yaakobi family lives in a big building, with many families and lots of children, *bli ayin hara*. As you know, children don't always keep their surroundings perfectly clean... The building has a "Building Committee" that collects money from the neighbors to take care of the garden, the elevator, the electricity, and the cleaning. Each time, a different family takes on the job for six months.

Right now, the Yaakobi's are in charge of the Building Committee and they're putting a lot of effort into this job. They decided to prepare a nice, big sign reminding all the neighbors – and especially the children – to keep the stairwells clean and to toss all the candy wrappers and empty snack bags into the trash can, and not onto the floor. They hung up the colorful sign in a prominent place, next to the elevator at the entrance.

The next afternoon, when Dassy Yaakobi came home from school, she noticed Yair Levy, son of the neighbors from the second floor, standing next to the sign and reading it carefully.

Nice. *Putting up a notice was a good idea* – she thought to herself while waiting for the elevator. *I see the children are reading it and taking the matter of cleanliness to heart.*

But then, as the doors opened and she was stepping into the elevator, she saw something very annoying – seven-year-old Yair simply yanking off the notice and tearing it up!



What happened in the end»

Ima waited until the evening, so she could speak to the neighbor calmly. When Mrs. Levy heard the story, she was surprised. It wasn't like Yair to do such a thing. A few minutes later she called back and explained to Ima: "Yair needs new glasses. When he read the sign, he thought it said, 'Everyone must rend this.' He'd just learned in Megillas Esther that the English word for 'vayikra begadav' is 'rend his clothing' – that is, to tear it. So he did what he thought the notice said to do. He tore it right up!"

Summary: The Berkowitz family starts selling milk products so as to help the residents of the new neighborhood, "Shacharit," who have to travel far to get to the nearest supermarket.

SERIES // S. Tarnovsky

Goat's Milk

All night, baby Pinny cried and refused to eat, even though he was definitely hungry.

"A bottle?" Ima tried.

"A pacifier?" Pinny put the pacifier in his mouth for a second, and then started screaming again.

In the morning, Ima was exhausted, and since I'd woken up early, I offered to watch Pinny until I had to leave for *cheder*. Pinny looked so miserable. He wouldn't even touch the cookie I offered him. I really felt bad for him.

"Pinnush!" I picked him up high, but he didn't smile, even though it's Adar...

Again I tried to make him laugh. This time, he gave a little smile, and... that's when I saw them – tiny white pimples on his tongue and dozens more of them hiding inside his mouth.

"Poor thing!" I hugged him tight. "Is that why you're crying? It's not your teeth coming out; it's pimples coming out..."

"It looks like mouth disease," sighed Ima when she woke up from her brief rest. "We'll need to get hold of goat's milk."

"We have a few bottles of goat's milk in the fridge," I pointed in the direction of the big yard where the milk refrigerators stood.

"No, not that kind of goat's milk," explained Ima. "Goat's milk straight from the goat. I heard it does wonders for mouth disease."

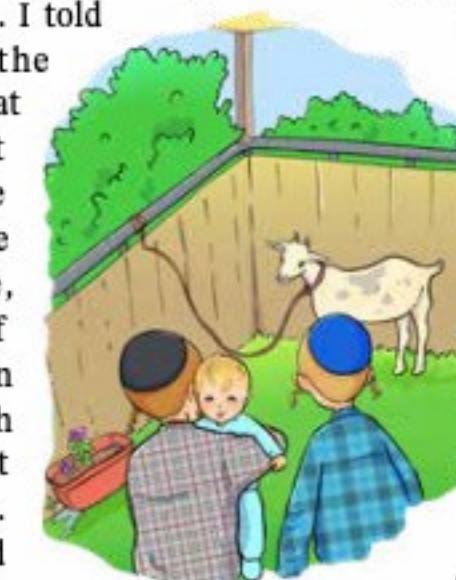
"But where do you get it?" I asked.

"I'll inquire in the course of the morning," said Ima. "Hey, Bentzie, isn't it late for you already?" I glanced at the clock and jumped up. Taking my lunch bag, I zoomed outside, flying towards the *cheder*. Five minutes of huffing and puffing, and I was there.

"Good morning, Bentzie," whispered Ushie. "Got up late?" he asked sympathetically.

I wanted to tell him I'd actually gotten up extra early, but I didn't have a chance, because just then the rabbi came in and we began davening.

I only got to telling Ushie the whole story



"Must be someone coming to buy milk," Rivky guessed. She went to open the door. An unfamiliar man stood there, holding a toddler. "I heard you have a milk Gamach?" he asked in an accent I couldn't identify.

"Right," she said. "How many milks do you need?"

"Ummmm..." He looked embarrassed for a moment, and then said, "Maybe...one."

"With pleasure," Rivky went inside and came back a moment later with a bag of milk.

The man looked at the bag and again looked uncomfortable. "It's... regular milk..." he mumbled.

"Right." I tried to understand. "Do you need milk in a carton? Or goat's milk? We have."

"Yes, goat's milk!" The man's eyes lit up. "My baby has pimples in his mouth... They said you have a Gamach for special milk."

At that point, I also came to the door. "We have a Gamach for regular milk," I said with a smile. "But apparently, Hashem sent another mitzvah our way..." I led them out to our yard and helped Rivky spritz fresh milk into the baby's mouth. Only then did I see that the toddler looked familiar. He's a friend of Pinny from the babysitter's house. Maybe they caught it from each other? Who knows?

"Thank you very much," he said, as he left. "You've done a tremendous mitzvah,..." and the goat echoed from behind: "Meeeehhh..."

05

EXPERIENCES from the Shelf



G. Bernfeld

40

Kasriel's amusing corner,
with stories on middos
tovos that happened to
him on the way.

Way to Go!

An Original Grogger

When Abba and I walked out of the Merenstein wedding, I felt a kind of "Nahafoch hu": From the warm hall to the freezing outdoors; from the noisy wedding to a quiet street; from bright lights - to darkness. Maybe that feeling of "Nahafoch hu" is what made me think that the big hot plate next to the garbage bin could be connected to Purim. The metal was a little old, and I don't know if it heated up chicken that was cold, but one thing I knew: An idea in my mind was starting to unfold!

Did you notice those rhymes? I was a little dizzy from the dancing, but the moment I laid eyes on the hot plate, my head cleared up and I started thinking in rhyme. The perfect *grogger*? That's what it'll be! Last year's *grogger* (which I made with Yonah-Dan out of wine bottle caps) wasn't much of a success, but this year's would be different!

"Can I just check something small here?" I asked Abba.

"Small?" Abba gave a hearty laugh, and watched me approach the big hot plate.

"Something thin," I corrected myself. "Don't worry, Abba! If Ima tells me to throw out this noisemaker before Pesach, I'll get it out pronto."

"Sounds like the man who took apart his succah as the judge ordered - by the end of the seven days of Succos," Abba winked. "But think logically, Kasriel. How will you schlep such a giant *grogger* to shul?"

I tried. I thought. The logic part was a little complicated for me...

"Please!" I pleaded. "I want to do the mitzvah of wiping out Amalek *b'hiddur*!"

In the end, Abba said, "Oh, all right," and my eyes lit up.

I didn't know yet if I'd bang with a ladle or a spatula (what is that, actually...?) but I assumed Ima would contribute a suitable utensil when the time comes. Meanwhile, I left the big metal "treasure" in the *ginas habisan* that is, the yard

of our building.

On Rosh Chodesh Adar, the time finally came. "A *gutten chodesh*!" I wished everyone sitting in the kitchen, as I nervously tapped on the big hot plate I'd dragged inside. The cold thin metal seemed a bit out of place in our warm, cozy kitchen.

I thought of starting my *derashah* with the boiling bath that Amalek cooled off, but before I had a chance, something happened. One of the people at the table had a taste of the fancy yogurt Ima had bought for Rosh Chodesh and made a face. "That's how they lie to people and make them buy," she fumed, licking a bit more of the whipped

"Lashon hara!" I cried. "I object!"

"Object?" Ima wrinkled her forehead, and then asked if my objection could be quieter.

I didn't know if protesting quietly would do the job. Besides, the wooden spoon was in the sink and I didn't know what else would make more restrained sounds. While I was still racking my brain, I heard voices talking about the neighbors upstairs, who "simply went too far when they asked that all the girls---"

BOOM. BOOM-BOOM. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! I banged on the metal plate with all my might, but when my hand came down the ninth time, I saw Ima standing there. She gave a deep sigh and said, "You're so creative, Kasriel, and so full of good intentions. But the noise---"

"Bothers you?" I asked sheepishly, happy I'd understood Ima without words.

"Bothers us," Ima confirmed. "The baby woke up. And besides, when this "*grogger*" is in action, we need to scream in order to be heard ---"

I almost cried. *Oof. Why stop? Why give up a mitzvah?* At first, I thought I should try to prove to Ima why I needed to protest loudly. Against *lashon hara*! But instead of explaining and elaborating - I just kept quiet.

Reflected on the hot plate (I guess someone cleaned it before throwing it out...), I could see Ima's eyes pleading and my sisters with hands clapped on their ears.

A tiny voice in my heart (I could only hear it now, when it got quiet...) told me that I don't have to stop. I can continue reminding everyone what yes to say and what not. But I'll first remind myself what's the best way of giving that reminder... and what's less than best.



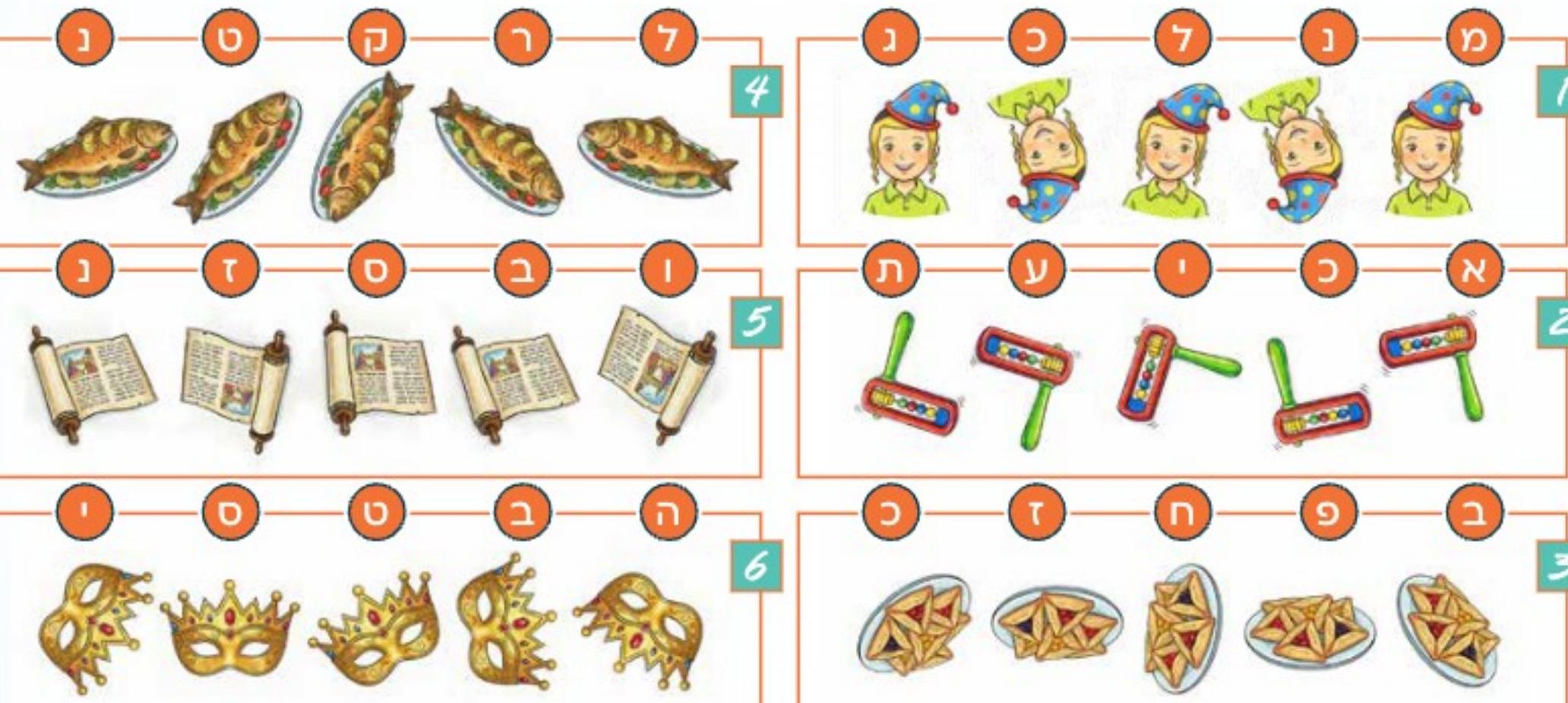
herself

d o w n .

"Everyone knows what the quality of---" At that moment, I went over to the *fleishig* drawer, took the first spoon that came into my hand, and banged it hard on the hot plate, protesting the accusations with all my strength.

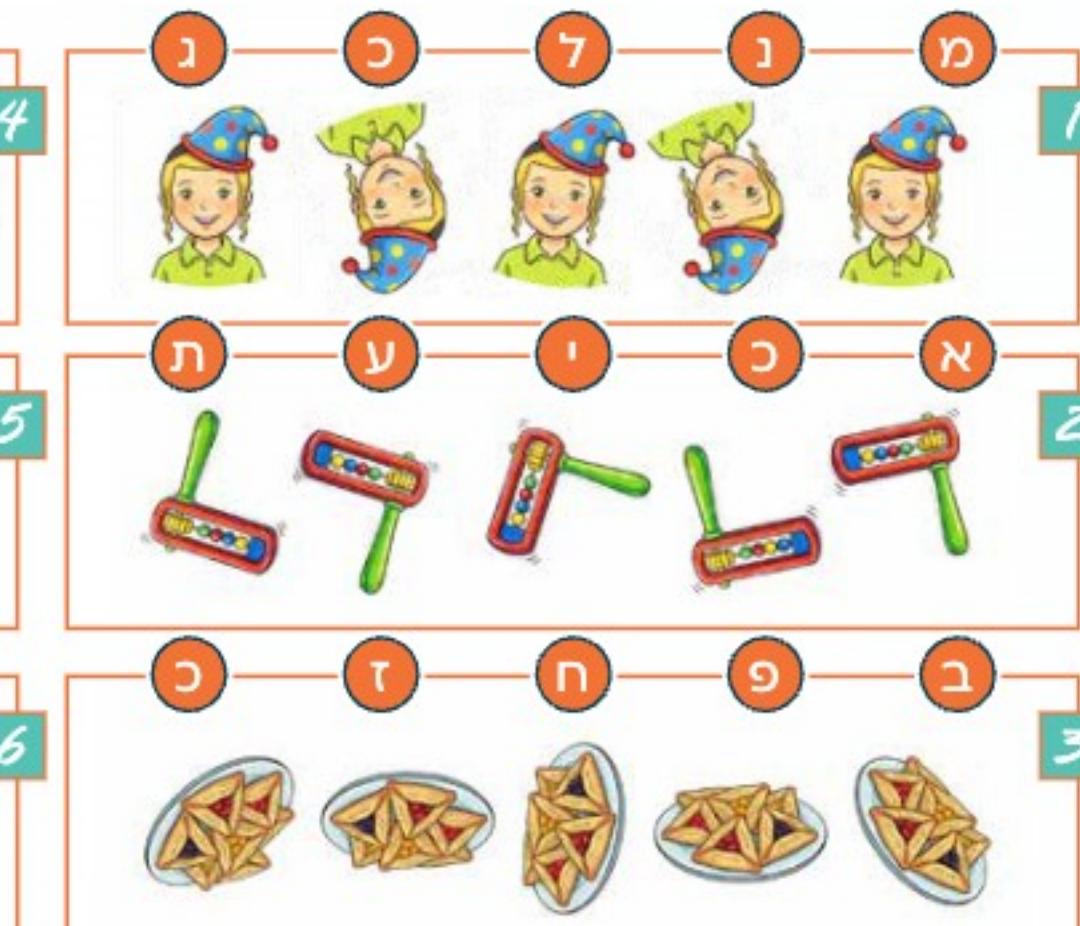
"Kasriel, what happened?" Ima quickly closed the kitchen door so the baby wouldn't wake up.

An Exceptional Purim



On each line, find the picture that doesn't belong. Arrange the letters of the exceptional pictures to form two words from Megillas Esther that symbolize *achdus* and brotherhood.

6 5 4 3 2 1



Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

City: _____

Raffle winners
for the puzzle
section:
איציק
מילר,
בית שמש

Meshulam and his friends prepared for you a Challenging Purim Riddle

Help Meshulam and his friends fill the mishloach manos basket with goodies

1

Leaf through the sections of *Pirchei Hamishmeres* and look for at least 7 words or pictures you could send as *mishloach manos* (a not-true example: package of wafers)

2

Call the Hotline, ext. 362, and say clearly the words and pictures you found, so as to enter raffle no. 1 (a not-true example: a package of wafers is peeking out of the boy's pocket on page 5).

3

After Purim, you can also enter raffle no. 2, if you record on the Hotline ext. 363 a story of a special incident of *hisgabrus* that happened to you connected to *Mishloach Manos*.

2 raffles for valuable gifts

072-337-2212 Ext 362 for a solution to the riddle
Ext 363 to record stories of *hisgabrus*

Summary: The "For Body and Soul" organization provides discounted kosher food to far-flung towns, resulting in spiritual hisorerus. Erez, owner of a non-kosher restaurant, notices the promotional material on "shemiras ha'pah v'halashon" and thinks that someone has discovered his plan to slip spoiled merchandise into the area of the distributions.

Chapter 6

WRITTEN BY B. HALEVY.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. CHASID

PLOT That Doesn't Expire



To be continued, be"H