

מישמרת  
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הירחון טעון בנכיה

# מישמרת

בדזומים בשפטם  
לערבה, צפוף  
שפטם תכפר ערבה  
(הוושענות להר"ג)



## A Special Shabbos Ofruf

"I didn't want people to pity me," the chassan explained. "I didn't want them whispering about the poor chassan without family who is being *oleh laTorah*. I didn't want them to look at me and shake their heads in sympathy."

04

## From Door to Door with All Their Hearts

There are homes where we feel a need to sit for a longer time. Sometimes it's a fresh widow or there are complex incidents that need our listening ears and caring Jewish hearts.

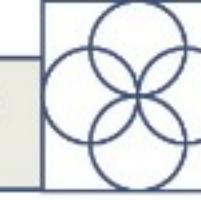
06

## Sat in the Corridor and Listened

He tried starting up with the chassid: irritating him, "accidentally" spilling tea on him, and so on, but for some reason, he was unsuccessful.

07





Many years ago. Shabbos Chazon. The Reich Guest House in Beit Hakerem, Yerushalayim.

The atmosphere at the hotel is a bit heavy. Shabbos that is also Erev Tisha B'av. On Motzaei Shabbos, Jews throughout the world would sit on the ground and mourn the Churban Beis Hamikdash.

Activity in the small hotel is minimal. The few guests are primarily older people recovering from surgery or after an illness. They've come to rest and recuperate. Young vacationers tend to come to the place in happier times, after Tisha B'av. On Shabbos Chazon, especially this year, when Tisha B'av comes out on Motzaei Shabbos, people prefer to remain in their own homes.

Among the sparse guests are two illustrious *gedolim* of the time, who have come to rest a bit from the onus of public responsibility that lies on their shoulders: Hagaon Rav Yosef Shlomo Kahaneman *zt"l*, Rosh Yeshivas Ponovezh, and Hagaon Rav Reuven Katz *zt"l*, Rav of Petach Tikvah.

On Leil Shabbos, while eating his *Shabbos scudah*, Rav Kahaneman notices a young man who seems somewhat withdrawn, sitting alone at a side table and eating his *scudah* quietly.

The sight was a bit strange. The young man stood out among the other guests, who were all much older than he. Rav Kahaneman asked himself – *What is a young bachur doing here, and what led him to vacation in this place specifically on this Shabbos?* The *bachur*'s refined appearance, and the nobility and *yiras Shamayim* that illuminated his countenance spoke of a mysterious secret surrounding him. Rav Kahaneman guessed that a story was hiding behind his stay at the guest house.

Rav Kahaneman felt that the mystery touched his heart. He decided to move to the *bachur*'s table. He sat down on an empty seat next to where the boy was eating by himself, and struck up a pleasant "getting acquainted" conversation.

"As far as I know, people – especially young people like you – prefer to vacation Bein Hazemanim, not these days before Tisha B'av, and certainly not on Erev Tisha B'av itself. I assume that if you've come here at this time, you must have a good reason," the Rav said.



The *bachur* nodded and his face became somewhat serious. "Yes, I certainly do have a reason," he replied, silently debating how much detail he should go into. Rav Kahaneman regarded him patiently with a warm, pleasant gaze, and the *bachur* decided to open his heart and tell the Rav his surprising story.

"My name is Moshe," said the *bachur*, clearly a *ben Torah* and a *yersei Shamayim*, "and I'm a Holocaust survivor." Brief words that say so much. He looked downward. "I'm the only one remaining from my big, extended family. I don't have a single relative or friend in the world. I'm totally alone."

There was silence for a moment. Then Moshe took a deep breath and continued: "Hakadosh Baruch Hu, in His great compassion, kept me alive in that Valley of Death. He saved me several times from certain death. And He also helped me come here, to the Eretz Hakodesh, and find my *zivug*." He looked at the Rav, and a glint of emotion shuddered in his eyes. "B'ezras Hashem, I'm getting married this week."

A moment of excited quiet. Rav Kahaneman had also lost most of his family in the Holocaust. His wounds, as well, were still open and bleeding. "If so," concluded Rav Kahaneman, "this is your Shabbos *ofruf*."

"Yes, it is," the refined *bachur* confirmed, blushing. "and I didn't know exactly how to celebrate it when I'm so, so alone." A brief sigh, and then another one. One heart understands the other. "I have no family to rejoice with me, no father to place his hand on my head and *bentch* me. No mother to cry for me when she lights the Shabbos *licht*. No brothers to walk me to shul. No one."

"And the *kallah*?" Rav Kahaneman asked gently. "She's also a survivor?"

A broad smile lit up the *chassan*'s face. "I was *zochch* to enter a large family that is well established here in Eretz Yisrael," he said, his face beaming. "They actually suggested that I celebrate the Shabbos *ofruf* in Tel Aviv, in their shul, but I felt uncomfortable putting them to so much trouble."

Moshe fell silent. It was evident that his loneliness distressed him, especially now, at the threshold of the most important moments of his life - building a Jewish home.

"Nu, so you decided to come celebrate this special Shabbos here, in the Reich Guest House," said Rav Kahaneman, his kind eyes resting on the embarrassed *bachur*. "And where are you planning to be *oleh laTorah*?"

Moshe mentioned the name of a shul that was quite far from there. "I decided I didn't want people to pity me.

I didn't want them whispering to each other about the poor *chassan* without family who is being *oleh laTorah*. I didn't want my friends shaking their heads in sympathy. So I decided to go as far as possible. To a place where no one will recognize me. I arranged to come to this hotel, and then I looked around for shuls in the area."

"The shul you mentioned isn't exactly in the area," commented Rav Kahaneman.

"True," Moshe confirmed. "But there, they agreed to give me an *aliyah* without asking any questions." Moshe paused for a moment. "And I'm a young fellow. I can walk there. It's no problem for me."

Rav Kahaneman nodded. He shook Moshe's hand and wished him "Mazel tov." At a late evening hour, they parted, each one going to his room for a night's sleep---

Seven-thirty in the morning. A Yerushalmi sun rises over the houses of Beit Hakerem, a warm sun of Shabbos Chazon.

Moshe is already up, getting ready to set out. The last preparations before going to his Shabbos *ofruf*. Alone. Without family.

So far, everything had gone according to plan. He came to this far-flung hotel in Beit Hakerem. He's going to an unfamiliar shul in Bayit Vegan. Nobody knows anything about him. He'll have an *aliyah* as an anonymous *bachur* and go back to this hotel without anyone being the wiser. Or so he thought---

Moshe opens the door of his room and before his astonished eyes - the two *gedolei olam* are standing there, Rav Yosef Shlomo Kahaneman and Rav Reuven Katz. He stares at them, wide-eyed. He doesn't understand why they've come and what they want from him. But the two esteemed

*rabbanim* don't hesitate a moment. As soon as they see the young man in the doorway, they break into song - the traditional melody sung when accompanying every *chassan*. Moshe stands there motionless. He doesn't grasp what's happening.

"You're a *chassan*!" the *rabbanim* inform him emotionally. "And we've come to escort you!"

The *bachur*'s eyes almost pop out. He can't believe this is happening to him. Two great and famous *rabbanim* – and there are obvious problems: they're not young, it's a hot Shabbos, and the walk is long, winding up the mountain.

"It's far---" the embarrassed *chassan* tries to object. "And it's a climb. I don't want to trouble you."

He barely manages to speak, but anyway, the *rabbanim* don't listen to him. Rav Kahaneman takes him by one arm, Rav Reuven Katz takes the other, and they both raise their voices in song: Lalalala - lalalala - lalalala - la la la---

The song travels through the streets. The Yerushalmi mountains blink in disbelief at a scene the likes of which they never saw

*bachurim* up the steep mountain, escorting the lonely *chassan* to shul, singing to him all the way, rejoicing with him.

And so Moshe the *chassan* arrived in shul. Not only wasn't he alone, but he was *zochch* to a huge *kavod* that none of his friends merited: Two great and renowned *rabbanim* walked him all the way. Two tremendous *talmidei chachamim* ignored the heat, the long walk, and the difficulty, and went to every length to be *mcsameyach* him and allay his loneliness.

I saw with my own eyes how simple people, who didn't learn mussar at all... were so inspired after learning this sefer

that they were totally transformed

in their deeds and speech... because nothing inspires "shemiras halashon as much as learning this sefer

(Introduction to Shemiras Halashon, Os Baled)

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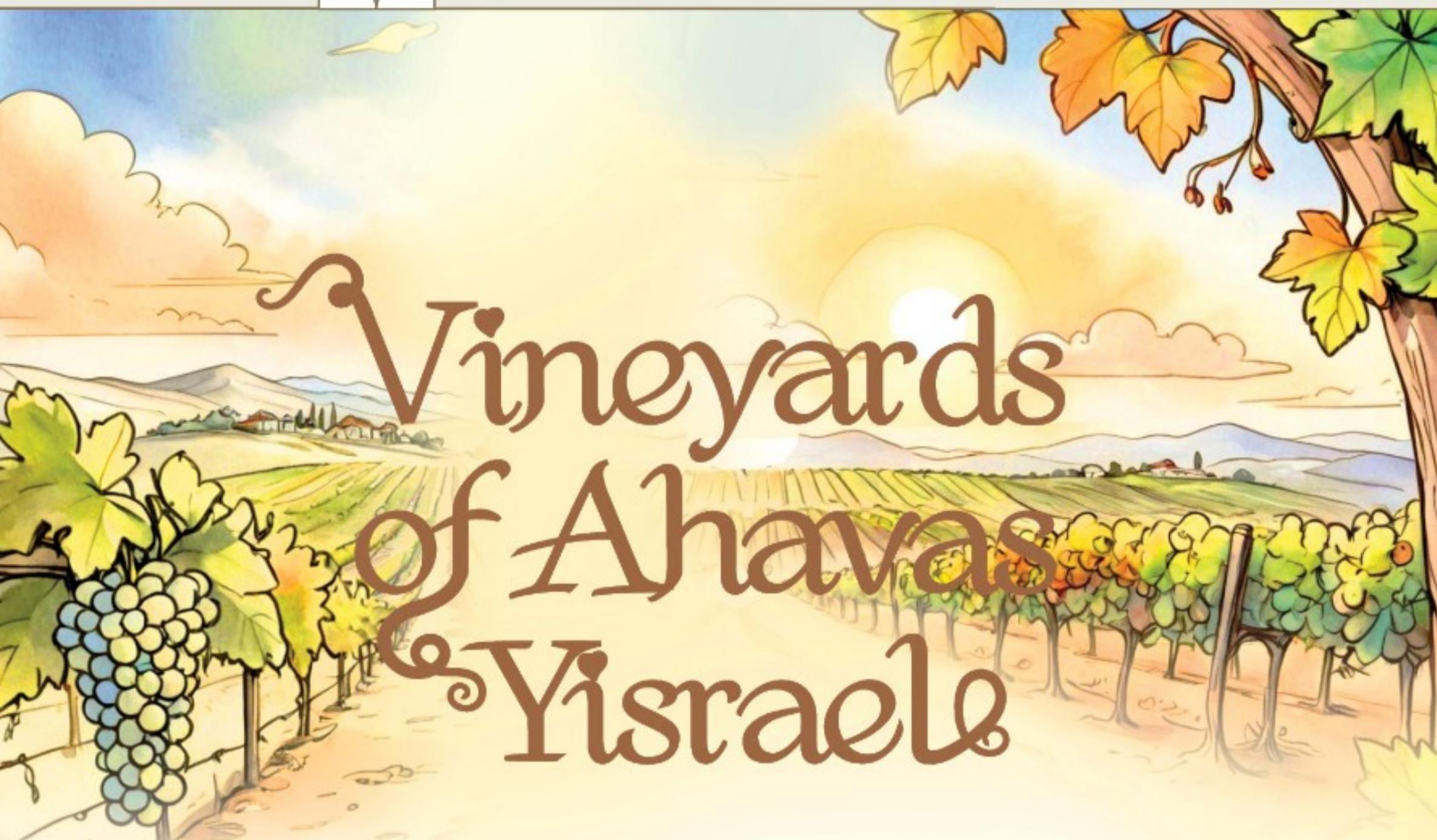


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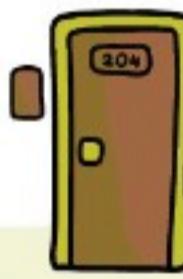
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# Vineyards of Ahavas Yisrael

**Meetings full of heart. Shabbos candles that started burning again, and kabbalos dispatched to the Hamas tunnels • "Abba, I give you my whole heart," and the atmosphere is electrifying • Mrs. Zahavy Abramowitz from Kiryat Gat in a sweeping interview**

On Simchas Torah 5784, the country trembled. The entire world shook. After that, the hearts of Jews everywhere were with our brethren "in distress and captivity." Zahavy Abramowitz and Sari Peller, two ordinary women from the Chassidic community in Kiryat Gat, packed up "sacks" of Ahavas Yisrael and set out to give their heart to the community of Nir Oz evacuees. We've recorded for you a sampling of the moving stories they've collected along the way.



## Door by Door, with All Their Hearts

How did you decide, out of the blue, to make contact with the families of the captives?

When evacuees from Kibbutz Nir Oz started arriving in Karmei Gat, a well-kept neighborhood in Kiryat Gat, I got a call from "Likrat," the organization that distributes Shabbos candles every Erev Shabbos around

the country. They asked if, as a resident of the city, I'd be willing to go into the neighborhood and distribute candles." Zahavy recalls how it all began.

"The Shabbos kits are generally offered in central places, like shopping malls. But Sari – my partner in the mitzvah – and I decided to give the families "VIP service" and come to their doorstep. For people who experienced the "Holocaust" of 5784, we felt they deserved it," Zahavy adds. You can feel that the families of Nir Oz touch her heartstrings.

And so, two Chareidi women, simply "landed" in a neighborhood of evacuees from a "Hashomer Hatza'ir" kibbutz? Weren't you nervous about the uncomfortable encounter?

Zahavy doesn't whitewash the truth. They

definitely were apprehensive. These were people whose only familiarity with the *Chareidi* sector was through the hostile media... "But you cannot imagine what a warm encounter it was!" she enthuses. There was one 82-year-old woman called Chanale, who reminds me of that period to this day. She speaks of how we "fell" on them like angels from Heaven, how we cheered them with our sincere interest in their welfare, in their situation."

And since then, as they say, it's all history... "Every Thursday, we're with Nir Oz. We start at four thirty, finish at eleven, and don't give up on a single family. We go door to door. Knock. Come in. We give our hearts."

Zahavy talks about the feedback they get from the Nir Oz women. "They love us. They wait for this weekly meeting with us and talk about how important it is to them."

Zahavy and Sari give each family a Shabbos kit that includes two candles, challahs, and cakes that righteous women from the community bake every week. It's all wrapped up esthetically, full of caring and heart.

"We ask how they're doing, talk to them as equals, and also get to some deeper discussions about *hashgachah pratis* and recognizing Hakadosh Baruch Hu," Zahavy relates. "There are homes where we feel a need to sit for a longer time. Sometimes it's a fresh widow or complex incidents that need our listening ears and caring Jewish hearts."

Zahavy says, emotionally. "When she stands with me on the stage, she asks all the women in the community to light candles for her sons. She is certain that these merits are what will save them, *b'ezras Hashem*."



## A Smartphone Smashed on the Stage

Tell us about the audience's reactions to Mrs. Konyo's moving words. About the his'chazkus that you've witnessed.



## Mother of Two Sons in Captivity

Do you feel that your words really penetrate their hearts? Do you see real signs of spiritual arousal?

Zahavy speaks about Sylvia Konyo, a special woman whose two sons are in captivity. "David ben Sylvia Monica. Ariel ben Sylvia Monica. With Hashem's help, by the time these words are printed, they should already be home, hale and healthy! I accompany the women to lectures and *chizuk* gatherings, where they tell the story of the Nir Oz families. Sylvia stands on the stage and points her finger upwards. She tells the women, 'Neither the Prime Minister nor the President of the U.S.A. will bring my boys back home. Only Elokim."

According to Zahavy, Sylvia Konyo is an example of a woman who was *mis'chazek* in a truly awesome way. She is very connected to *ruchniyus* and *emunah*. "She lights Shabbos candles regularly and also lights candles *l'iluy nishmas tzaddikim*. She's also *mafrish challah* and gives me *tzedakah* to pass on to poor families in the *kehilla*."

"I once told Sylvia that Shabbos is a

marvelous *segulah*, that it protects us. I was afraid to suggest to her to take on something too obligating, so I said, 'Maybe decide on one thing you'll do for Shabbos Kodesh, say--- to smoke a little bit less on Shabbos.'

Mrs. Konyo accepted the suggestion with all her heart. "From that day on, she simply stopped smoking altogether on Shabbos!"

Zahavy says, emotionally. "When she stands with me on the stage, she asks all the women in the community to light candles for her sons. She is certain that these merits are what will save them, *b'ezras Hashem*."



## Regards from My Abba

One of the most moving experiences Zahavy and Sari had in Karmei Gat was absolutely unplanned.

"It was almost at the end of our rounds. We had one last kit left," Zahavy recalls. "A woman we hadn't met on previous visits was walking ahead of us and we decided to approach her. We offered her candles, challahs."

She describes the shocked reaction of the unfamiliar woman. "Today is my father's first *yahrzeit*" she cried. "Tomorrow we're going to his *kever*. He was a Holocaust survivor who lived to a ripe old age. He was one of those who cut himself off from religion totally after the Holocaust. And it's very fitting for my father, who had an excellent sense of humor, to send me precisely today a pair of religious women," she laughed. "Listen, you really raised my spirits," she added, and she said that this Shabbos, she'd light candles in her father's honor.

"Before we parted, she asked for my name, and I told her, 'Zahavy.' The woman couldn't believe her ears. 'Zahavy? That's my father's family name!' she cried. 'It's just perfect. I'm sure my Abba sent you both today!'

Two weeks later, they met again. "She immediately recognized us. She described how, at her father's *kever*, she told the entire family about the candles she got from us and relayed to us how excited they all were to hear about it.

Another two weeks passed. "In remarkable *hashgachah pratis*, we met again," Zahavy says. "In precisely the same place. 'Regards from my Abba,' she said, astonished. 'I was just thinking to myself and I said to Elokim, 'If you see me from Shamayim, send me a sign.' And here, he sent you!'

"She caught our hands in hers and shook them warmly, with feeling," Zahavy says. "She asked what my friend's name is. When she heard that it's 'Sari,' she really went wild. 'That's my mother's name!' she screamed. 'And I'm going to keep lighting candles. Every Shabbat. Without stopping. I'm going to tell this to all the women I know. So they'll know there is Elokim!'



## When the Heart Needs to 'Erase'

Textbooks are a costly project, especially when several children in the family need them. In order to alleviate the heavy costs, many schools operate a textbook loan system. Still, there are families in which the children sit down in the course of summer vacation and erase... and erase... to prepare a workbook for repeat use.

Some children will assert that an erased workbook is a nice thing that makes doing homework easier, since the answers written in by the older sibling remain slightly legible on the erased page... Because erasure, after all is said and done, cannot restore the page to its original state.

And what happens when it's the heart that requires erasure?

### Heard from the Crack in the Door

Think about an accident that leaves you with a bleeding, stinging open wound - the kind of wound that will cause children to cry hysterically, while adults will bite their lips and silently suffer the pain...

And when the wound is inside the heart? When someone insulted us and the heart is throbbing with pain? It hurts no less, and the natural tendency is to repay him in kind. As the *baal Mesilas Yesharim* writes, "Revenge is sweeter than honey." That is what brings comfort to the victim's heart.

That's why Chazal rave about the *gadlus* of someone who is *maavir al midosav*, who overlooks offense and is forgiving, who doesn't hold a grudge against the one who offended him. But how do human beings like us manage to erase anger and overcome resentment when the heart is pained and hurt?

A chassid once came to his Rebbe and complained that he cannot restrain his outbursts of anger. The tzaddik told him to wait in the corridor. Meanwhile, he called his attendant and sent him on a

### The Code Is in Our Hands

These days, we all hope and yearn that Hashem will conduct Himself towards us with the *middas harachamim*. Chazal (*Rosh Hashanah* 17a) give us the key to the gateway of *mechilah* and *yeshuah* in the words of the *pasuk*, "וְשַׁא עַמְּךָ וְנַבְּךָ עַל פְּשָׁע" (*Michah* 7:18) - "To whom does Hashem 'pardon iniquity'? To he who 'overlooks transgression.'" To those who also forgive their friends.

So this important secret code is in our hands. Won't we use it?



She'd always looked admiringly at consistent people.

The ones who were capable of drinking the same green shake that tastes like laundry bleach every morning, just because someone told them that if they'll do it for 400 days, they'll lose a half a pound.

The ones who started knitting a scarf in seventh-grade arts and crafts class, and, remarkably, finished it.

The ones who don't just buy Vitamin D and iron drops, but remember to give it to their babies every day.

It was very hard for these consistent people to understand her, just as they didn't understand any of the others who didn't belong to their camp.

The kind who announce every Sunday that they've started a diet - and convince themselves on Monday that "creamed pasta is good for your emotional health..."

The ones who start solving a Sudoku and abandon it after they fill in all the numbers that are easy to figure out.

The ones who buy a special dessert for Rosh Chodesh and forget to serve it.

"What's the problem?" the consistent ones wonder. "Put a reminder on your cell phone."

A cell phone reminder is really a marvelous thing. It plays a sweet melody and develops finger flexibility as you desperately try to silence it. Because it always goes off while you're shopping or giving baths.

Those consistent ones have a lot of wonderful advice:

"Buy a notebook. Make charts. Check things off."

But she forgets where she put the notebook. The pen runs out of ink. And in the end, she can only check off "buy the notebook."

"If you keep at it for three weeks, it'll become second nature," they tell her.

But by the end of the first week, or maybe after eight or nine days, she's already forgotten what the assignment was.

"I'm consistent in my inconsistency," she announces to anyone who is willing to listen.

One day, she has a real urge to join the learning of the daily halachos of *shemiras halashon* and enjoy all the ensuing benefits. "Forget it. It's not possible for people like you," someone whispers in her ear.

To her mazel, the second ear remains available, so she is able to hear the secret: When you learn to value each instance on its own - there's a chance you'll manage to keep at it. Even if you missed out yesterday, you'll sit down and learn today's portion. And even if you remember just after two weeks - you won't hesitate to learn.

Perhaps you might say, this is the "Torah" of consistency...



## I'm the Last One to Believe in Segulahs

I'm writing this not because I'm a *chassid* of *segulahs*. On the contrary. I'm the type who says: "Say *Tchillim*. Take on a real *chizuk* and ask Hashem to help you." I didn't grow up in a home of magical *yeshuos*. These *segulahs* always seemed irrelevant to me.

To be honest, when I heard recently about the *segulah* of "K'minyan hayeshuah," for spreading *shemiras halashon*, I promptly categorized it as another emotional manipulation. (Forgive me, but I even scoffed at it to some of my buddies...)

Last week I met an old friend I hadn't seen in a long time. As we were catching up, the conversation turned to his sons.

I knew he had three older *bachurim* at home. I was a little nervous to bring up the topic, but I decided to casually toss out, "Can I suggest a *shidduch* for your oldest son?" (The truth is, I didn't have anyone specific in mind; I just wanted to show I was thinking of him.)

His reaction sent me reeling: "What? You didn't hear that he got engaged three months ago? And the second is also engaged already. Now I'm just waiting for the third."

I was in shock. I knew how much he'd gone through with *shidduchim*. Years of attempts that simply didn't go anywhere. When everything was simply stuck. Now, I didn't know how to contain this exciting news.

"Wow!! Mazel tov! How did it happen?" I asked.

And then he told me excitedly:

"I saw the ad for "K'minyan hayeshuah" and I decided to set up a monthly standing order to Mishmeres HaSholom for the *gematriya* equivalent of 'שיזון הבנים' (447 shekels). I can't explain it, but since then, the suggestions just started rolling in. From here and from there. *Shadchanim* who hadn't called for ages started appearing on the caller ID. With no logical explanation - the door simply opened..."

I was flabbergasted. I couldn't believe it really happened to him, but it did.

Since then, I look at everything differently...

special issue for the Mishmeres HaSholom kids

# TOUCH-UP

## A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Some girls already know how to bake excellent cakes. They take the hot trays out of the oven, exuding wonderful aromas *lchvod Shabbos* or *yom tov*. Others even prepare the fish for the *seudah*. They know how to spice it well and the whole family compliments them on the excellent taste.

Boys also fill important roles at home. Some participate in the building of the *succah*, alongside the adults.

But let's remind ourselves of the familiar story of Rav Levi Yitzchak of Berditchov, who was walking down the village streets on his way to shul for *tefillas Kol Nidre* when he heard a baby's cry emerging from one of the houses on the way. He decided that it was his job at this moment to walk in and calm the crying infant, even if he'd end up missing the important *tefillah* of Leil Yom Kippur...

A crying baby? A screaming toddler who needs to be calmed down? These scenes are surely familiar to you from everyday life in your homes. They seem like such simple, unimportant tasks. But if we think about the story of the Berditchover Rav, we will have a lot more *ko'ach* and *cheshek* to run and catch these specific jobs and earn tremendous *zechuyos*!

May we all have a marvelous and good year, full of acts of *chesed* and huge merits!

## IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS

The Brisker Rav, Rav Yitzchak Zev Halevi Soloveitchik zt"l

### The Guest and the Esrog

A guest came to the Brisker Rav, Rav Yitzchak Zev Halevi Soloveitchik zt"l, and the Rav went to great effort to arrange for him a comfortable bed, serve him a good meal, and host him in the most pleasant manner. The guest felt uncomfortable putting the Rav to so much trouble and wasting his precious time, when he would usually use every moment for *limud haTorah*.

The Brisker Rav reassured him: I put in a lot of time, money, and effort to acquire an *esrog mehudar*. After all, it's a precious mitzvah and I want to do it *b'hiddur*! Now, when you're my guest, you are my *cheftza shel mitzvah*, and I want to do this precious mitzvah *b'hiddur* by providing you with maximum hospitality!

### ASK THE RAV

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

#### Eighth-Grade Girls Talking about High Schools

**Question:** At the beginning of eighth grade, the topic that most interests us girls is high schools. Even those who know for sure which high school they're going to are interested in hearing what's happening in the other high schools – the advantages and disadvantages of each... How can I participate in these discussions without slipping into *isurim lashon hara*?

**Answer:** It is permissible to speak about the good points of every high school, but not the drawbacks, since there is no practical *to'el* in doing so.

Generally, every school has certain areas on which it puts a special emphasis, while leaving other topics at the usual average level. Therefore, one may discuss which topic each high school puts special effort into, but may not say that in high school X, topic Y is rather neglected, since there is no *to'el* here. Even if there would be *to'el*s in knowing this detail, it wouldn't come about through girls' discussions.

Everything we've written applies also when speaking about the type of students, the teachers, and the general atmosphere.

True, it isn't easy to restrain oneself and avoid most of the interesting discussions about high schools, but one must overcome the *nisayon*, and know that the reward for doing so is immeasurable. In that merit, they will have great success next year in whichever high school they attend.

STORY // L. Yerushalmi

The princess.

That's what I called the spoiled four-year-old girl. This youngster had all the counselors wrapped around her little finger. And she was ruining the whole day camp!

It was in the last days of the summer break, after all of the families had returned from their vacations and the boys had already started *cheder*. My big sister, Shiffy, organized a day camp together with her best friend, Naomi. Naomi lives in an area where there are a lot of young families. They have a big ground-floor apartment with a shaded yard. It was a perfect combination that made their day camp very popular.

Nearly thirty girls, ages four to seven, signed up, and Shiffy offered me a job as assistant counselor, with a salary that definitely attracted me. We prepared exciting activities and brought in programs from outside – inflatable trampolines, workshops – every day with its unique attractions.

The girls enjoyed the day camp no end, even though the "princess" didn't stop getting on everyone's nerves – turning things over, making a mess, fighting, howling like a one-year-old, and being obstinate about nonsense.

"Call her mother and tell her that's it. Tomorrow she can't come here anymore," I told my sister Shiffy. I'd reached my breaking point, after the "princess" overturned a box full of tiny beads because she wasn't given the seat she wanted. "She's spoiling the day camp for you! If her mother doesn't know how to raise her, let her deal with the brat by herself!"

Shiffy agreed with every word. Both she and Naomi felt they'd used up all reservoirs of patience for this intolerable child. But they didn't have the nerve to kick her out---

This interesting information stirs our imaginations. We're curious to meet this

# The Uncrowned Princess

privileged child, imagining how she looks and trying to guess her name, which *gan* she attends, if she has braids or a ponytail---

One day, I simply meet the teacher on the street with her little girl --- who turns out to be none other than "the princess"---

I am struck dumb from shock. But the princess recognizes me and jumps on me. "Gitty, Gitty from the day camp!" Her mother tells me that the ship made of beads (... after she scattered them all over the room and we gathered them up, she agreed to sit down and glue them...) adorns their room. She adds that she hopes it wasn't too hard for us to manage with her. "I know she's very spoiled. We work hard to be *mechanech* her, to accustom her to being in the company of girls her age, to get along with them, to be *mevater* to them."

Suddenly, all at once, all of the irritation I felt in my heart at this "princess" disappears. I suggest to the teacher to bring her little girl to play at our house. I have little brothers and sisters and loads of toys. She'll have a good time with them.

I put out my two hands and jump her along the sidewalk. She chortles with happiness and laughs out loud. I feel that my heart is full of love for her.

Because if I love her mother, I love her, too...

Maybe that's how I'm supposed to feel towards everyone who is a child of Abba in Shamayim. To love every Yid. Every "prince" who is a son of the King of the world Whom we all love so much...





Shiur No. 15



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

Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes  
Last month's winner: בית שמש

SERIES // S. Tarnovsky

And now for the next question:

Look up *sefer Shemiras Halashon, Shaar Hazechirah, Perek Yud Zayin*, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 3, and choose the correct answer to the following question:

What is the connection between a sheep and a wolf - and the *pasuk* from *Koheles*, "הַלְקִים בַּקְשׁוּ - אֶת הַנֹּרֶד" - "Hashem always seeks the pursued"?

a. If a person sees a wolf pursuing a sheep, he needs to run and save the sheep from his hands, and he'll be rewarded from Shamayim.

b. When there is a fight, it's worth being on the side of the "pursued," because Hashem loves them. It's similar to a sheep who is being pursued by a wolf.

c. When Am Yisrael live in peace, they are zocheh to the realization of the promise: "And the wolf will dwell with the sheep."

\*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. 16, 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: MO25379160@GMAIL.COM | 02-650-6107

The idea that won was from Fradl Braun, Beit Shemesh

## Who Doesn't Want to Jump?

## A few words from Estie:

It's not actually a secret, but Estie doesn't like when people talk about her medical issues. She wants to feel like a regular kid, like everyone. So what if she has a problem with her legs. So what if she underwent a rather serious operation recently. She doesn't want the whole world to know about it.

Still, Sari, who was a cousin and also a neighbor, living just three buildings away, knew about Estie's operation. Estie's younger brothers stayed with Sari's family while Estie was in the hospital. She herself came to visit Estie in the hospital and tried hard to cheer her up.

Baruch Hashem, Estie recovered. She went back to school and resumed regular functioning. Almost regular, that is, because she had to be careful not to exert her legs too much, so there were things she couldn't do - like jumping rope, for example.

A month passed... and then two. Bein Hazemanim arrived and the aunts organized a lively "cousins' Shabbos."

Estie and Sari travel together excitedly. They always enjoy getting together with their cousins, who live all over the country. At these gatherings, there's good food and tons of nosh, lots of conversation and fun. On Shabbos afternoon, Tzippy pulls out a rope and invites everyone to join the game...



## What could have happened»

When I saw our cousin Tzippy holding the rope, I felt my heart sink. What do I do now, when everyone will join a lively game of jump rope, and just I will have to sit on the side like some *nebuch* and not participate?

## What happened in the end»

What a *neis* that I have an amazing - and smart - cousin like Sari, who anticipated such an event and came equipped with a fascinating board game, just for a moment like this. "You want to jump rope in this heat?!" she said.

Then she pulled out the game and waved it around - "Wouldn't it be better to sit in the air-conditioned house with this fantastic game?"

The jump rope was set aside. Everyone got excited over the game Sari had brought. And my heart resumed beating at its regular pace...

## Welcome to Shacharit

wouldn't find any friends here at all."

"Don't worry," Ushie chuckled. "There are other kids here already, and more will be coming, *b'ezras Hashem*. It's just that the neighborhood is still new, so you don't see everyone."

"Are you in the local *cheder*?"

"Right now, there's just one *cheder* here," he explained to me, "with ten to twenty boys in each grade, so if you're in the sixth grade, then---"

I nodded.

"Oho! You are in sixth grade! So we'll be in the same class!"



"Tell me a little about the class. The Rebbe. The *cheder*?" I was excited. How much I'd agonized the last few weeks! There were nights when I couldn't fall asleep because I was so worried I wouldn't have any friends. And here, Hashem sent me a friend my age right in my building!

"I can tell you whatever you want to know," he laughed. "Of course - only good things... But right now I'm on my way to the supermarket. Want to join me?"

"I'll ask my mother." The idea actually appealed to me. It sounded a lot more interesting than sitting here and watching the workers.

"Ima?" I walked into the house. (I'm still not used to calling this apartment my house!) "Ima, can I go to the supermarket along with a friend I found in the building? Hey, maybe

"I'm Bentzie Berkowitz," I said, stretching out my hand. "And you?"

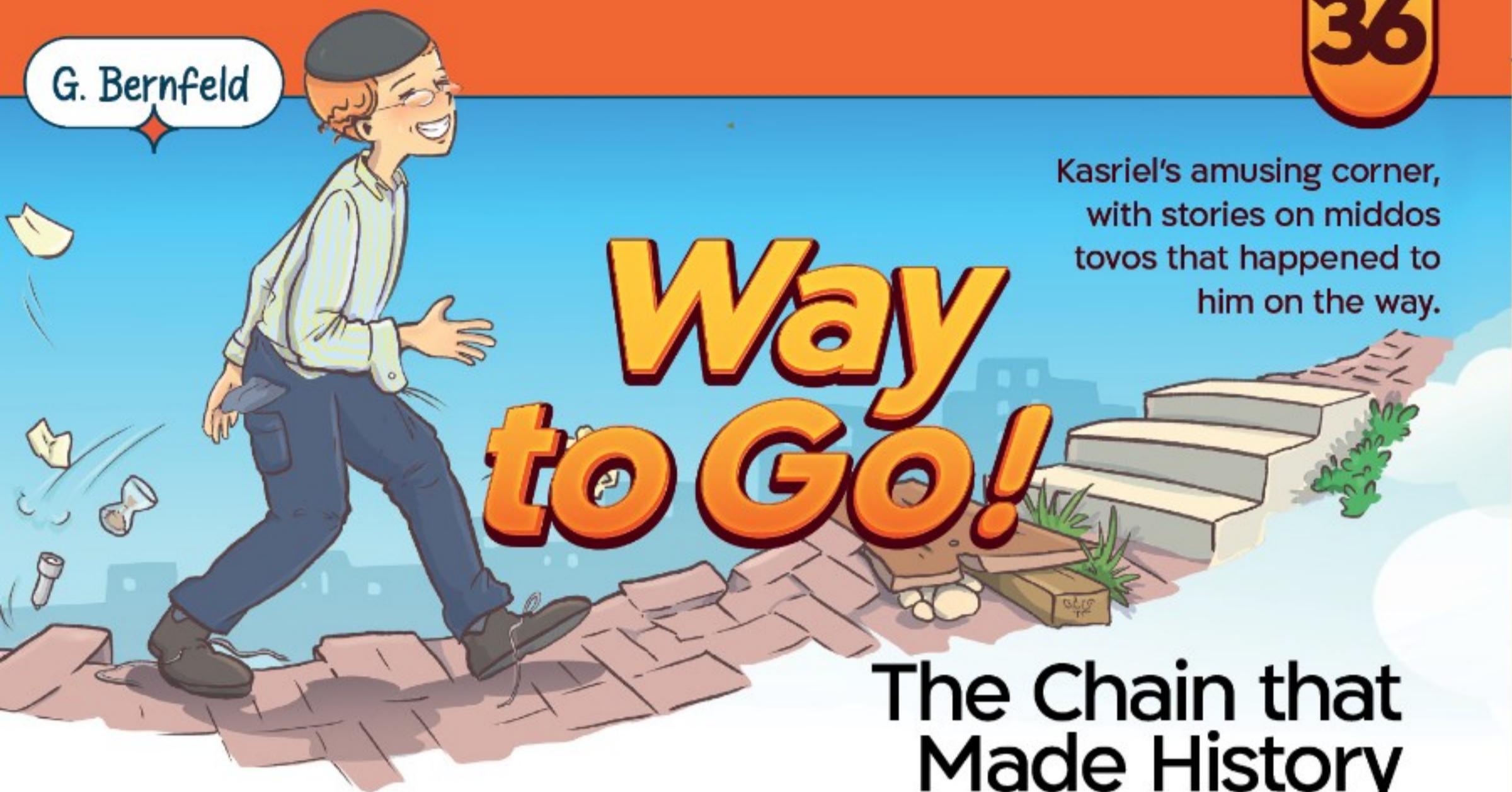
"Ushie Klein." He smiled, but didn't offer his hand in return; he just shoved it inside his pocket. "Nice to meet you, Bentzie!"

"Nice to meet you, too," I said. "I'm really relieved to meet a boy my age. I was afraid I

01

## EXPERIENCES from the Shelf

סדרה  
חדרה



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

## The Chain that Made History

"You hear me?" asked Yona Dan as we approached home.

I wanted to ask if we're in an audiology institute (where they do hearing tests), but it was Aseres Yemei Teshuvah, so I remained quiet and didn't insult him. I just asked, "Nu?"

"What – nu?" he rumbled. "I'm in the middle of telling you about the biggest *tallis* in the world, and you're quiet?"

"*Tallis*," I muttered, understanding that I'd missed a few words from Yona Dan's end of the conversation, but I quickly got back on track. "The biggest in the world! It's unbelievable that--"

"Absolutely believable. I already told you!" Yona Dan scolded me. "Yesterday I saw it myself. In my great-grandfather's house. I even folded it. Guess how many folds..."

"Hmmmm. Wow... Listen... You're really challenging me," I said to Yona Dan, in a jumble. That was when I understood that I had no way of guessing how many folds a giant *tallis* folds into, if I was busy thinking about the day's tribulations while Yona Dan was telling me about it.

Moments before I was about to admit defeat, the miracle happened. I found a way out.

"Guess what I'm thinking about now!" I threw the ball back into Yona Dan's hands. I didn't leave him at a loss for long, so I, Kasriel, shouldn't be guilty of revenge, *challilah*. "If that's how they talk about the biggest *tallis* in the world, the one that's earmarked for "*Kol Hane'arim*" on Simchas Torah, let's talk about the biggest paper chain in the world, intended for Succos, for... um... the *succah* of the Rav."

"Chain?" Yona Dan studied my face.



they had in stock. Including the shiny ones. Including those in the storeroom. Yes, yes, including even the slightly faded ones from last year.

I left the stationery store, and after that, "Everything," as they say, "is *historia*."

Or, more precisely: Hysteria.

"Help! How do I finish this chain?" I wailed into my kind sister's ears after doing seventy-five links – meaning an investment of eighty-six staples, with two changes of staple strips. "And what will be with me? I'm always taking

on grandiose projects and giving up in the middle!"

Uncharacteristically, maybe under the influence of the *teshuvah* season, I felt real tears on the verge of trickling down. As a result: a. The strips of paper were in danger of getting wet; b. My sister's sympathies were aroused, and even though she usually considers it her responsibility to give me *mussar*, she didn't even ask, 'Who even needs a chain that will go around the Rav's *succah* seven times over...?'

Instead, she suggested compassionately, "Maybe ask a friend?"

"A friend?" I was skeptical. Who would have such patience?

"Or two," she upgraded the suggestion. "Or even three, maybe."

"You think so?" I asked, dragging a hundred and one links towards the door.

"Even four or five," she called in my direction. "Actually, six or seven would do the job even better."

Since, during Aseres Yemei Teshuvah, I make an extra effort to honor and obey my sisters, I decided, *l'chumrah*, to call twelve friends, and each of them volunteered to call three more.

Who needs a book of records? Believe me, if you would have come to the building's front yard just then, you'd say that even if it never appeared in the book of records, a scene like this is the most moving one in the world. Oodles of kids and oodles of staplers stood in a row. Each one added just two links to the paper chain, and – poof! Within five minutes, the chain doubled itself, and got longer... and longer... What I wouldn't have managed to do even in three days, instantly and easily took form, with everyone working happily together.

## The Nicest Succah Decoration

The is already built on the porch.

Eli comes home from Mechinah, and in his is a special .

Eli's sparkle with excitement. He put a lot of work into the and he wants it to be hung up in the most important place – opposite the entrance to the , so all the guests will see it.

In Gan, Hadassah also prepared a beautiful .

She also tried to make it exact and pretty. She also wants her to be hung up in a noticeable place, opposite the entrance to the , so all the guests will see it.

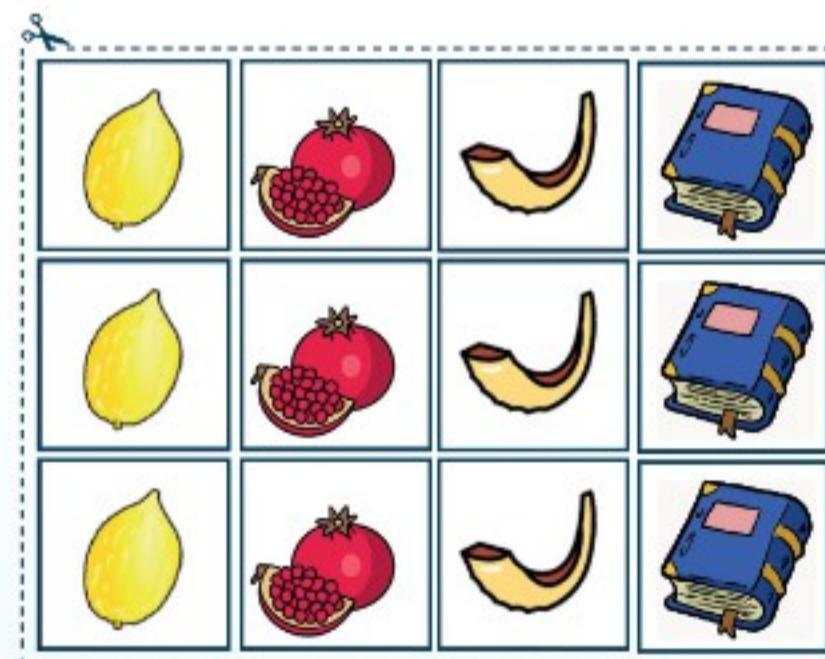
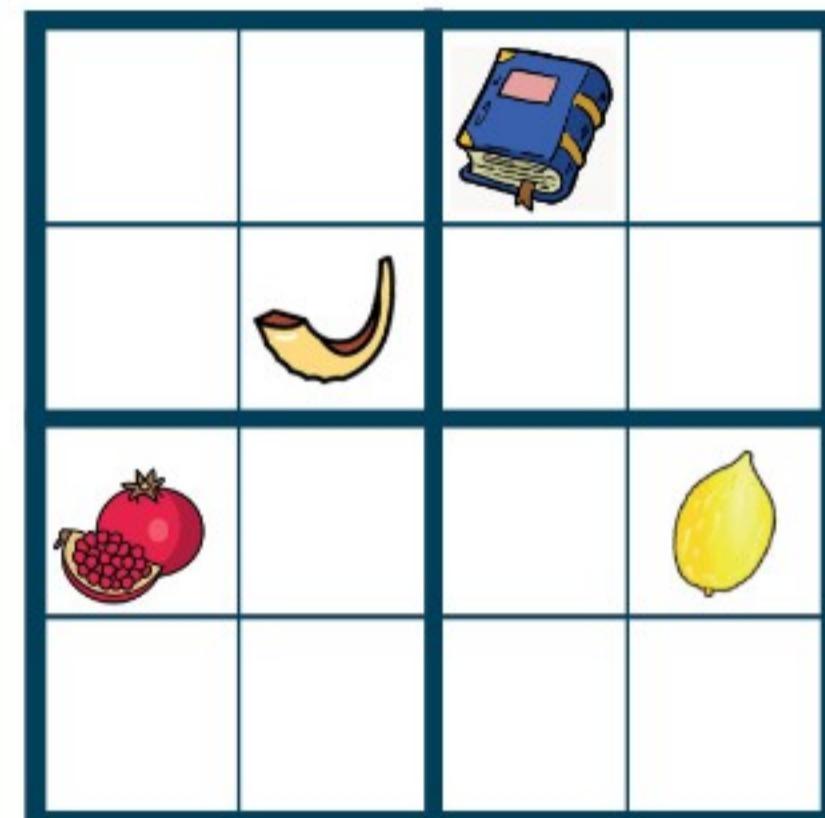
But on the wall opposite the entrance, there is room for just one What should they do?

Eli looks at Hadassah. Hadassah looks at Eli. Any second, the will come to their . And maybe angry words will come to their .

But the next second, their are smiling at each other. Eli and Hadassah have decided that they want their succah to be a *shalom* and not a *succas merivah*.

## Tishrei Sudoku

Fill in the Sudoku such that in every line, column, and square, each picture will appear just once.



Send solutions to Mishmeres HaSholom  
11 Sdei Chemed St. Jerusalem or fax: 02-650-6107

Raffles follow the protocol at Mishmeres  
HaSholom offices. Winners will be informed

Name:	
Address:	
Phone:	
City:	



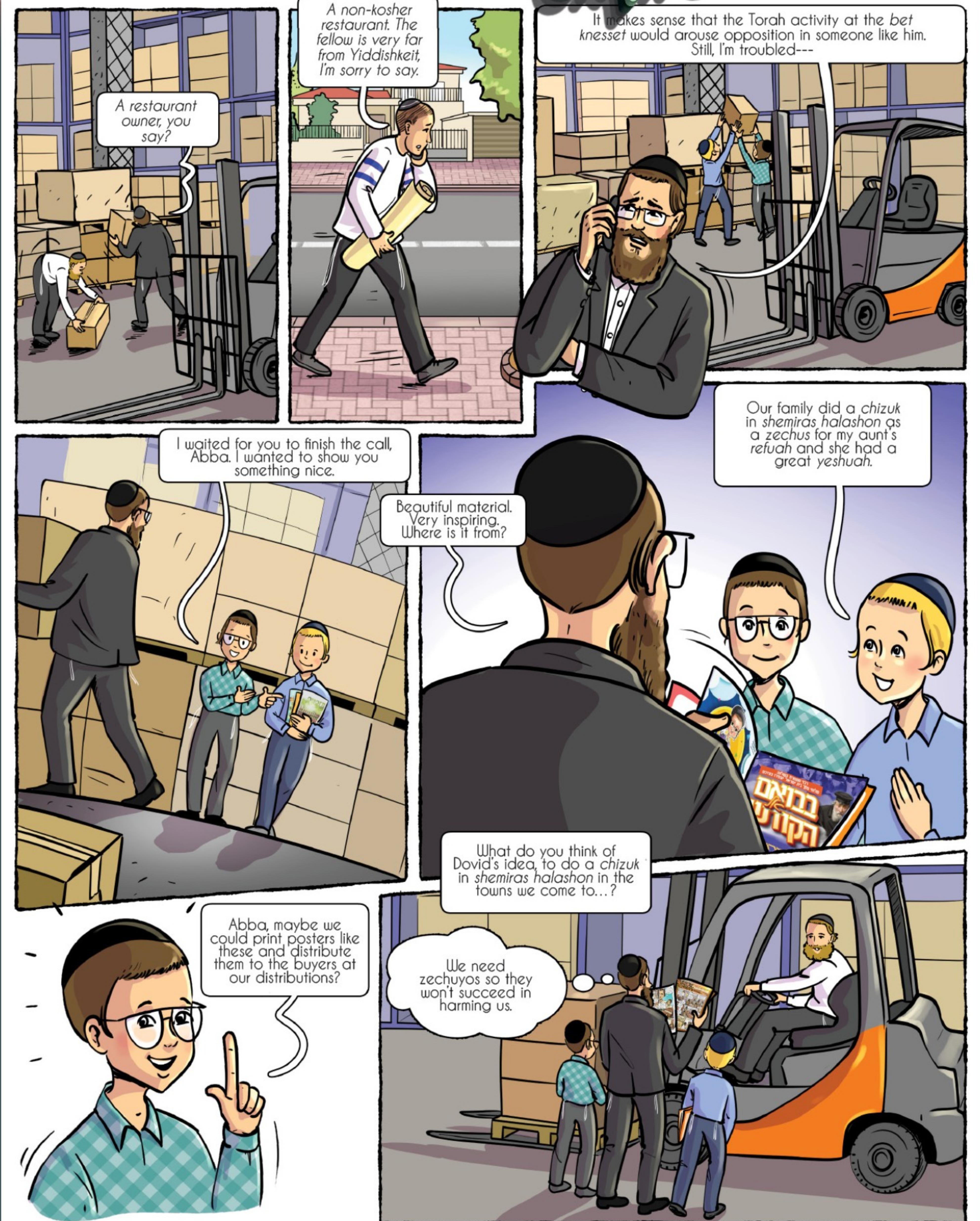
Raffle winners  
for the puzzle  
section:  
Tichyah  
Tehillah Alfasi  
Old City,  
Yerushalayim

**Summary:** The "For Body and Soul" chessed organization, headed by Rav Ozeri, arranges delivery of discounted kosher food to far-flung towns, resulting in spiritual *hisorerus*. Erez, who lives in Moshav Cholot and owns a non-kosher restaurant there, is afraid this will affect his *parnassah*.

# Chapter 4

WRITTEN BY B. HALEVY.  
ILLUSTRATED BY C. CHASID

# PLOT That Doesn't Expire



To be continued, be "H"