

בס"ד, Mishmeres  
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הירחון טעון גניזה

# משמרת



## A Second before the Explosion

I close my eyes, feeling the earthquake approaching. In another moment, the beautiful atmosphere, the month-long efforts, and all my tefillos – would be a pile of ashes.

04

## Kindling Flames in the Senior Residence

People come to me and say they don't feel well. Many times I have no way to help them. But when I sit with them, listen, and smile to them, they forget their aches and pains.

06

## With the Morning Coffee

I was trembling all over. I couldn't even react. But the next moment, I wanted desperately to know when exactly this giant neis happened. The answer gave me the chills.

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מחיר חצי איו"ח?

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למרטום ורכישה:  
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שני כרך

## משיב שלום

לקט תשובות הלכה למעשה על שאילת מהחיים  
בענייני בין אדם לחברו בנושאי משפחה, עבודה וקהילה

הספר שנחנק לכל בית יהודי  
כעת במוקדי משמרת השלום ברחבי הארץ



הספר  
שרבים  
ציפו  
לו!!



A few years ago, my friend from Bnei Brak made a *simchah*. She asked if I could give my apartment in Yerushalayim for Shabbos to a family from Bnei Brak, and in exchange, she'd get *their* apartment for her guests. I really wanted to help her out, but I stipulated it should be a family without young children.

When I got home, the guests were still there. They apologized and quickly got ready to leave. I looked nervously at the little kids running around, and the next day, I found that my concerns were justified... There was a serious stoppage in one of the sinks, and the plumber I called said that apparently, one of the children had thrown something inside.

I remember vividly how hard it was for me to restrain myself and not tell the friend about the financial loss, especially since I understood that the young family had cooperated only as a favor for the *baalei simcha*, and I didn't want them to have regrets when they understood they'd need to cover the costs.

I knew every word I'd say would cause ripples of pain and aggravation, and I decided to simply be quiet.

I strengthened myself by utilizing the Chofetz Chaim's suggestion for such incidents - to keep a "Shalom fund" and put some money in there from time to time. Then when a *nisayon* arises requiring being *mevater* on money for the sake of peace - one can use the money set aside for this purpose.

Learning *hilchos shemiras halashon*, especially the *mussar* part of it, brings a person to a different place, thanks to his awareness of what one is allowed to say and what not. It also gives him the sensitivity to know when to remain silent, even when it isn't easy.

I heard a moving story about Rav Avraham Genichovsky *zt"l*, who was known for his remarkable sensitivity to others. Once he was sitting and learning with a *talmid* when the neighbor downstairs knocked at the door and complained that the painting the Rav did had caused damage to his pipes. Rav Avraham asked the cost of the damage and immediately paid. A few minutes later, the neighbor came again, complaining about additional damage, and again, Rav Avraham graciously paid. When the neighbor left, the Rav said to the *talmid*, "We didn't paint at all. The damage isn't connected to us. But it's worth any price to avoid *machlokes*..."

At one of our *chizuk* rallies, Harav Hagaon R' Menachem Mendel Fuchs *shlita* mentioned the *maamar Chazal*, "For every moment a person keeps his mouth closed, he merits the hidden light that no *malach* or creature can imagine."

"Why is the reward for silence so great?" he asked. Because when a person has a 'spicy' story on the tip of his tongue, it's like a bomb. An internal battle goes on inside him, and yet he's not even allowed to hint that he has something to say, because that in itself is already *lashon hara*.

No one on the outside is aware of his battle. Only Hashem sees how hard it is for him to control himself and remain silent. But, as the Rambam says (*Peirush Hamishnayos*, end of *Maseches Makos*), the most important mitzvos are the ones no one knows about other than Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and "He can be trusted to pay you remuneration for your deeds..."

My wish to everyone is that we should always be *zocheh* to see that hidden light, especially this month, when the lights of Chanukah are glowing.

*Sari Wertzberger*

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רח"ל משה בנאי יו"ר

כל הזכויות שמורות



**?** Mortgage Broker Who Dragged His Feet

**Question:** When we were purchasing an apartment, our lawyer recommended a certain experienced mortgage broker. In the end, we weren't satisfied with how he handled our case and the way he dragged his feet. For some reason, he is certain we were pleased with his work and asked if he could send potential clients to us for a recommendation... What should we do?

**Answer:** The questioner can evade the issue and tell the broker: It's hard for us to do this because people who call are liable to go into great detail, and these kinds of phone calls are too tiresome for us.

By the way, it's still unclear whether this broker did his work properly or not. It could be that this is how it goes with the experts, who have a lot of cases on their desks.

**?** Information about Unfiltered Internet

**Question:** I wanted to ask if there's anything wrong with mentioning that a certain family in the neighborhood has insufficiently filtered Internet, if they themselves make no effort to conceal this fact, or if the *heter* applies only when there is practical benefit in saying it?

**Answer:** Since this family is living in a *Chareidi* neighborhood, where the residents are careful not to have unfiltered Internet, it's important for their neighbors and acquaintances to know this, so as to avoid exposing themselves to prohibited matter on the neighbors' Internet and so as not to be affected by improper statements they might hear from them. Therefore, the questioner should inform his children and *talmidim* about this, as well as others who are friendly with this family, emphasizing that he is reporting this in keeping with the halachah of *lashon hara l'to'eles*. However, he should not tell people who have no connection to this family. (*Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos LHR 4:10*; see also *Chofetz Chaim Dirshu* *ibid*, comment 66).

**?** A Neighbor Who Tried to Help with Shalom Bayis

**Question:** A young couple lives on the floor above us, and without wanting to, we sometimes hear exchanges in unpleasant tones emerging from their apartment. In my sincere concern and desire to help, I went over to this *avreich's* Rosh Kollel and asked him to try to offer them guidance. *Baruch Hashem*, the situation really improved. Unfortunately, however, I discovered, after the fact, that they understood that one of the neighbors had reported the situation and they were deeply insulted. Do I need to ask for their *mechilah*?

**Answer:** In general, if the questioner did what was really necessary for the good of the couple living upstairs, he doesn't need to ask forgiveness. However, it isn't absolutely clear here that he did the right thing, and it could be that's why the couple was so deeply insulted. I'll explain: First of all, when you hear unpleasant tones emanating from a couple's apartment, even if it happens frequently, it's still not clear that there are *shalom bayis* problems. It could be they're screaming into the phone at someone they have a disagreement with.

Even if it's clear that the couple is fighting, you don't always need to intervene. You can assume they'll find the way to manage with each other or they'll call his *madrich* or her *madrichah*. Even if it's clear as day that they need help, the Rosh Kollel may not have been the right address for this. Now that the information was conveyed to him, the neighbor will always feel embarrassed in front of his Rosh Kollel. It would have been much more suitable to speak to their *madrichim*, and it's easy enough to verify their identity.

If the questioner wanted to do the right thing, he should have first consulted with a *shalom bayis* expert who is also knowledgeable in *hilchos shemiras halashon*. If he didn't do so, it's reasonable to assume that he has to ask the couple for forgiveness. If it's unpleasant for him to do so, or he's afraid this might intensify their anger at him, he can make a general apology before Rosh Hashanah or Yom Kippur.

לענין הרה"ח ר' שבתי זאב ז"ל בן הרה"ח ר' מנחם מנדל ז"ל וזוגות מרת חיה דבורה ע"ה בת הרה"צ ר' משולם זושא ז"ל  
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## A Dream of a Shabbos



One tray of chicken comes out of the oven and the next one goes in. I don't remember ever preparing such a large amount of chicken, fish, and salads, yet the work is so easy. My heart is singing and rejoicing, singing and *davening*.

We have twelve children, *bli ayin hara*. Nine are married, and we have another two boys in Yeshiva and a daughter in high school. Some of the married couples live nearby, others live further away, and one lives in a far-flung Northern town.

We meet at *simchas*, Chanukah parties, and such, but usually, on such occasions, not everyone can come, or some come without the children. And even when everyone is there, it can take time for both the adults and the children to break the ice. By the time everyone warms up to each other, the get-together is about over and everyone is going home. For years, I've been dreaming about a family Shabbos like this, with everyone.

My husband also wanted such a Shabbos, but he was more realistic. "I can't afford to pay for a Shabbos like this for everyone," he said. "Nor can I ask them to pay for it themselves. I'm fully aware of their strapped financial situations."

And so, my children continued meeting in our house. Sometimes I invited two couples, sometimes even three, but our not very big apartment couldn't hold more than that. I was sure my dream would remain just that - a dream.

And then, one day, a miracle happened. A friend of my husband, who has a large guest house in the countryside that he rents out, told him that for a certain Shabbos, there were no takers and the place was going to stand empty. He asked if we'd like to take it at a greatly discounted price.

I was thrilled, and so were the kids. We all took an active part in planning and preparing the event, with all of its complex logistics. Now, finally, we're here.

The place is amazing. The children are racing around on the grassy expanses, and we're ready to *bentch licht*.

I close my eyes and *daven*. I ask Hashem to give His *berachah* to this Shabbos. We put so much money, planning, and resources into it. Yet I know all too well that one word or a wink of the eye can build worlds or destroy them. In one split second, all of the upbeat atmosphere can collapse and then the whole Shabbos would have been better off never happening.

I beg Hashem to give all of us a positive spirit, that the Shabbos should be empowering and unifying, and that nothing should cloud it.

Leil Shabbos. The men go to daven in the village shul. We sit around the table, while the children play outside. One of my daughters prepared a cute game, connected to the family experience. The atmosphere is calm and pleasant and I finally allow myself to relax. Just then, my grandson Yankie bursts into the room, trembling with tears and anger. Everyone jumps up, concerned that something happened to him. A few minutes later, it emerges that nothing happened to him - that is, he wasn't hurt and didn't need medical help. Apparently there had been some kind of unpleasant confrontation between him and one of his siblings or cousins.

Shifra, his mother, is still worked up. She takes the boy aside, coaxing him to talk. None of those present knows what she and I know: This child has complex issues and challenges. Maybe that's why his pain touches his mother so deeply.

Yankie is still whimpering. We try to continue the game. Shoshie, one of my daughters-in-law, receives an "assignment." She's supposed to recall when Dassie last painted her house.

She closes her eyes, saying the memory is at the tip of her mind, but she can't manage to retrieve it. All of a sudden, a sharp cry cuts through the comfortable silence. "Shoshie?"

It's Shifra, mother of the child who was crying hysterically, but already looks calmer. Shoshie abruptly opens her eyes. "Yes!" she

asks apprehensively.

"Do you know that your Motty saw that Yankie wouldn't give up the swing and there were other kids who wanted a turn, so he forced Yankie to get off?"

A heavy, tense silence reigns. I, of course, do not say a word, but I can understand the situation more or less. Apparently Yankie had gotten on the swing and totally ignored the long line waiting their turn. Motty, a good-hearted child, didn't want the swing for himself; he wanted it for his brothers and cousins, so he told Yankie that enough is enough. Yankie burst out crying and turned to his mother to come to his defense. And now she was doing it, beyond all expectations---

"Oysh." Shoshie pales a bit. "I'm really sorry." She looks at Yankie who is following the exchange with big eyes. "Yankie, tell Motty I'm calling him."

"No, that's not enough!" I have no idea what's happening to Shifra. She's usually so level-headed. Is it Yankie's pain? His undisclosed challenges? "You need to go yell at Motty. Tell me, is that how it is by you in--- (here she mentions the name of the distant city where Shoshie lives)? They don't know there how to raise children?"

Hashem!!!

I close my eyes, feeling the earthquake approaching in giant steps. In another moment, this whole beautiful Shabbos would be crushed, smashed, and broken. In another second, the beautiful atmosphere, the month-long efforts, and all my *tefillos* - would be a pile of ashes.

I know Shoshie. She's sharp, quick as lightning. In a war of words, she'll always have the upper hand---

I wait ten seconds, twenty. Nothing happens. I see Shoshie. She's white as a ghost, but all she says is, "I'm really sorry. But it's a shame to stop this lovely game because of a childish quarrel."

Yankie goes back outside, Shifra returns to the table, and the game continues. The atmosphere is a bit strained at first, but slowly, the tension relaxes. A quarter hour later, Shoshie even manages to laugh.

When she laughs, I allow myself to breathe, and I'm surprised to find tears glistening at the corners of my eyes.

Shoshie knew how much I put into this Shabbos, how badly I wanted it to be a success, that everyone should enjoy it. I'm sure she had countless crushing responses perched at the tip of her tongue, but she didn't say even one of them.

"Thank you, Shoshie," I say to her afterwards, as the men start coming in. She looks at me and nods her head. "It really was difficult," she suddenly says, "to simply be quiet. But I didn't want this Shabbos to be ruined because of a few words..."

"*Barchuni l'shalom*," they sing in the *ezras gevarim*. And with tears in my eyes, I give profound thanks to the One who gave us this magical Shabbos and the special light that has illuminated it from within.



## Without a Translator

Salmon or sole? With vegetables or herbs? Fried or baked?

The answer is not really relevant to the incident that took place in the home of the Mashgiach of Yeshivas Kefar Chassidim, Rav Dov Yaffe *zt"l*, when he finished the portion of fish he'd been served and complimented his wife on the delicious taste.

"It was good?" She was so happy to hear. "Then wait, I'll bring you another portion..."

At her reaction, the Mashgiach smiled and said to the *talmid* sitting beside him: "You see? When you give thanks for the *shefa*, you get more..."

The *pasuk* says, תודה לה' כי טוב, כי לעולם, חסדו. Chazal explain that if we thank Hashem for the good, the end of the *pasuk* will come true - that His *chesed* to us will be forever.

### The Open Miracles of Chanukah

The first thing in a Jew's daily schedule is a declaration of gratitude. As soon as he opens his eyes, he says, "תודה אני לפניך." - "I thank you..." - in order to teach us the importance of *hakaras hatov*. *Hakaras hatov* that is not just recommended etiquette or *middas chassidus*, but rather an absolute requirement. *Hakaras hatov* to Hakadosh Baruch Hu Who created us and keeps us alive; to the parents who care for us; towards anyone who ever did us a favor; and even towards inanimate and animate creations, as the Torah teaches us when Moshe refrains from striking the Nile because of his *hakaras hatov* to the river!

Chazal say (*Midrash Hagadol, Shemos*), "When one denies the kindness of his friend, it is as if he denies the kindness of Hashem." Anyone who does not show gratitude to his fellow is destined to deny the favors he gets from Hakadosh Baruch Hu, as well. We saw this by Pharaoh, of whom the *pasuk* says, "לא ידע את יוסף," and the end was that by the ten *makkos*, he said, "לא ידעתי את ה'." This gives us a dimension of the importance of *hakaras hatov*, as a basis for recognizing the kindness of Hashem.

The days of Chanukah are earmarked for the purpose of "להודות ולהלל", days whose essence is recognition of the open and concealed miracles that Hashem did and thanking Him. By thanking Hashem for

the obvious *nissim* and publicizing them by kindling the Chanukah lights, we are inspired to also recognize the hidden miracles that fill our everyday lives, and to thank Hashem for them.

### "Thank You" to the American Surgeon

When Maran Hagaon Rav Yosef Shalom Elyashiv was close to a hundred years old, he underwent an operation performed by a top professor who came especially to Eretz Yisrael from America. An operation at such an age, on someone who was the Posek Hador, upon whom the eyes of the entire nation were focused, was no small thing...

A few days passed. Rav Elyashiv gradually recuperated. Suddenly he made an unexpected request from his family: He wanted to learn one word in English... Though all other communication with the surgeon had gone through a translator, the Rav wished to say 'תודה' himself...

Rav Elyashiv explained: In Chazaras HaShatz, there is one section in which the *tzibbur* reads along with the chazzan: Modim D'rabbanan. Because thanking is something each person must do himself - not through a translator and not through an emissary!

Let's look at the instructions the Torah gives us on this topic: "Do not despise the Mitzri because you were a stranger in his land." Even though it was bad and bitter for us in Mitzrayim, we need to show them appreciation and not "cast a stone into the well from which we drank."

The Gemara (*Berachos 58a*) asks: "What does a good guest say? 'How much trouble the *baal habayis* went to for me! How much meat he served me, how much wine he poured for me...' But what does a bad guest say? 'What trouble did the *baal habayis* go to for me? I just ate one slice of bread and drank one cup of wine. All the trouble he went to was for his wife and children.'"

So it's possible to receive favors from someone and feel one's heart brimming with *hakaras hatov*, but it's also possible to look at things differently and see everything in a negative light...

The decision is in *your* hands.



with her walker. She sat with friends and chatted. Of course, this affected her physical condition, which *baruch hashem* stabilized.

"Keep in mind that at this age, people often have the feeling that they're not of any use anymore, that nobody needs them." It's important to Orit to transmit this message. "It could be our elderly parent or grandparent. Let's remember to convey to them how important and significant they are in our lives.

"I've been working in this senior residence for decades, and from my vantage point, I can attest to how important the family's attitude is and how much light the visits of children and grandchildren can bring.

### A Childhood Dream Come True

**What drew you, as a young nurse, to working with people of advanced age?**

Orit smiles. Her name is so suited to her - full of light that she radiates to those around her. "When I was young, we had elderly neighbors, a couple who were both Holocaust survivors," she recalls. "I liked to listen to their stories. It simply interested me. I would sit with this woman on the bench outside like a friend. I saw how good my sincere attention made her feel and it was very fulfilling."

Orit adds that already then, as a young girl, the desire took root to go into the medical field so as to help sick people and ease their suffering. "I was an innocent youngster. I thought I could change the world and make it a better place," she chuckles.

**So you decided to study nursing and to go to work in a senior citizens' home...**

"Not exactly," Orit responds. "After completing my studies at the Tessler Nursing School at Laniado Hospital, I worked for several years as a hospital nurse. It was very challenging work. I was newly married, starting to manage a household and then beginning to bring up children, *baruch Hashem*."

"I quickly reached the conclusion that my children were a lot more important to me in life than my job. And since work in a hospital was around the clock, including shifts on Shabbos and Yom Tov, I felt it was affecting my motherhood, so I searched for something else. That's how I got to the senior citizen's home. As head nurse, I do work long shifts, but I have a few days off every week and, above all, on Shabbos, I'm home with the family."

### The Illnesses and Pains Disappear

**As head nurse, who is surely overwhelmed with work, do you really have the technical ability to give each of your patients personal attention?**

Orit sighs. She truly wishes she could give a lot more to each of the seniors, but then there is the work pressure... "Still, there are certain times of day when things are calmer. In the evening, for example," she says. "Then they know that I'm here, waiting to hear their stories. To listen to them."

"There are people here who are totally lucid and flowing with remarkable stories. I really enjoy hearing them," she says sincerely. Orit adds that one can certainly sit and talk also with those who are somewhat confused due to the maladies of old age and let them tell their stories. "It makes them feel good when we listen to them and show that their narratives interest us," she says.

"People come to me and say they don't feel well. They're in pain. Believe me, many times I really have no way to help them. But when I sit with them, listen, and smile to them, they forget their problems and illnesses, aches and

## Volunteers, Inc.

"We have one woman here who is all by herself. She has two children abroad who don't exactly maintain contact with her." How sad the reality can sometimes be...

"In her younger years, this woman had worked as a home attendant and cared for a sickly elderly woman. She sat at her bedside when she was in the hospital and put her entire heart into her work. That elderly woman passed away long ago, but it's very touching to see how her daughter remains in contact with the one-time attendant. She travels from afar for occasional visits, gives her financial support, and repays her for the years she put into caring for her mother..."

This special story has an even more amazing continuation: "This daughter of the former patient recruited two righteous women who live near the senior citizens' home. They come every week to visit the lonely senior. They sit and talk to her and see to everything she needs. Recently she needed to undergo a series of tests in the hospital and these marvelous volunteers accompanied her, walked her through the entire process, and didn't leave her alone for a second.

pains. I see them simply returning to life," she says emotionally.

"We all know that there are many cases in which medicine has no way to help - cases of serious, terminal illness and, at advanced age - mobility problems, dementia, and complex debilitating situations." Orit's voice is measured, stable. She feels the medical responsibility that lies on her shoulders.

"But especially in these cases, when our hands are tied, I can attest as a nurse how important is the attitude we give to our patients," she says.

Of course, Orit also speaks of the various activities that take place at the senior residence to enhance the seniors' quality of life and help them pass the time pleasantly - social programs, musical performances, and more. "We see clearly that this extends the people's life expectancy," she says.

**After so many years of demanding work, how do you manage to continue giving your whole heart and engaging your entire soul?**

"Since we are all human, I can't declare that I don't experience any burnout," Orit replies honestly. "This is work with a lot of responsibility. With long shifts. With situations that sometimes make you feel you're about to explode.

"What gives me strength is that I always ask myself - how would I want others to relate to me in such situations? I reflect on how I would want them to treat me with patience. How I would and would not want them to react. Generally, it helps, and I manage to get hold of myself and meet the challenge to continue being responsible and patient.

## Kibbud Av Va'eim. in All Circumstances

"We had an elderly woman here with psychiatric problems." Orit's voice lowers a bit. "This woman had been diagnosed many years earlier, so the children knew she was like that even when she was younger," she says. "It was amazing to see how the father of the family imparted to his children the values of *kibbud av va'eim* and of boundless dedication to their mother. They used to come and visit her. They spoke to her respectfully. They brought gifts for the entire staff, with warm notes.

"This mother really lived a long life - until past age ninety. The care and attention she received from her children gave her true longevity."

Could We Have Some Quiet Around Here?



One of the brilliant innovations that Madame Technology brought with her is the "Mute" option.

True, this development was created in order to alleviate the unceasing noise with which technology has flooded our lives. However, some claim that it is worth tolerating the babble of endless phone calls just for the pure pleasure of pressing down on the "Mute" button.

Then you are free to scream, knowing no one on the other end can hear you; talk without anyone complaining about a word that was or wasn't said; laugh even when it's not in place; and cry even when everyone else is whooping with joy.

This option is so revolutionary that someone recruited it for the world of therapy and developed "Mute Therapy." Remember the letters we used to write and then toss into the trash bin, in order to clear up charged relationships with figures in our lives? Along comes "Mute Therapy" and suggests: Instead of investing paper and ink, simply call the figure in question, press "Mute" and start talking - getting off your chest everything you'd want to say but would never vocalize. (Just keep in mind that you'll soon get a call back, saying, "Did you want something? You called but I couldn't hear you..." Actually, maybe that's the underlying secret of the technique: Maneuvering the fighting parties towards direct dialogue...)

One significant drawback clouds the "Mute" innovation and the greatest minds are working on a solution: The development only works for phone calls, not for dealing with people who are physically present. Imagine a world where you could talk, laugh, and sing anything you want, under the cover of the wonderful "Mute" option. We'd just have to remember to cancel it from time to time; otherwise we'll feel insulted that those around us continually ignore us...

The next in line on the list of innovative wonders - perhaps the first on the list - is the "5" key. Muting ourselves is one thing, but to be able to mute others? That'd be a real revolution. Doesn't it sometimes happen, in the midst of a phone call with an especially talkative partner, that you instinctively press "5" to give your overheated ear a break? How disappointing that it's not a recorded content line, but a real conversation, like in the good old days.

Actually, before we submit a request to expand the reach of the "5" key, we should try to imagine how the world would look with the option of planned or compelled artificial muting. Let's remember all those developments that were meant to bring benefit and ended up causing harm. We might just reach the conclusion that the innovation that will bring mankind true quality of life is none other than... working steadily and sincerely on controlling the muscles that facilitate our speaking and our silence ...

**To sit and listen to their stories. To give them a feeling of respect. It revives them and makes them forget their aches and pains • Orit A., head nurse at a senior citizens' home, with an interview full of heartfelt caring**

For Kislev, the month when we seek to increase the light, Orit - head nurse at a large senior residence in the center of the country for more than thirty years- agreed to devote some time to us and reveal a few professional secrets that draw the patients to her station, and not just to have their blood pressure taken or to ask for a pill to ease their pain.

### Started Blossoming, Resumed Living

"A major part of my job, before all the medical care, is the warm smile that is so important for people of any age and in any situation." This sentence encapsulates Orit's motto. "For the elderly people I work with, it is even more evident. You can literally see how a pleasant attitude brings them to life and a warm smile brings light to their eyes."

And she has stories from the field to prove it. "We have a woman of ninety-plus here whose condition began to decline. Her son, who lives abroad, heard about it and came to Eretz Yisrael for a period of time. He came to visit her every day, bringing with him special blended food that his mother likes. He bought her nice clothes and devoted himself to her care.

"It was absolutely amazing, because this woman, who already had one foot in Gan Eden, began to blossom. She got out of bed and went downstairs

הדים נרחבים בעולם הישיבות למהפכת האחדות והשלום:

# מהפכה בעולם הישיבות: גדולי ומאורי הדור שליט"א במעמד הכתרת 'חתן השלום' שע"י משמרת השלום

שמחה אדירה בקרב אלפי בני ישיבות שזכו להצטרף למהפכת שמירת הלשון בעולם הישיבות. בסיומו של ערב מלא וגדוש בחוויות רוחניות מרגשות, הוכרז שמו של החתן הנבחר, הבה"ח אליהו צבי דושינסקי נ"ו מיישיבת ישועות משה וזניץ בני ברק. פרויקט מיוחד של סמא דחיי שע"י משמרת השלום

בסיומה של תקופה מיוחדת, שבה אלפי בני ישיבות מכל רחבי הארץ עמלו ויגעו בלימוד ספר חפץ חיים בעיון כדי לעמוד בכור המבחן על ידיעת הלכות שמירת הלשון במסגרת תחרות חתן השלום הארצית שע"י משמרת השלום, נערך המבחן הפומבי בראשות גדולי ומאורי הדור שליט"א לקבוצת

השלום' למען הפצת הלכות שמירת הלשון בקרב בני הישיבות

מאות הבחורים מכל גוני עולם הישיבות ומכל החוגים שהגיעו ביום ראשון האחרון לאודיטוריום 'רמת אלחנן' בעיר בני ברק, נבחרו לאחר חודשים ארוכים של לימוד עקבי ומבחני בקיאות על ספר 'חפץ חיים' ו'באר מים חיים' במסגרת התחרות הארצית, שבה השתתפו למעלה מארבעת אלפים נבחנים בקרוב למאתיים ישיבות מרחבי הארץ.

אלפי הלומדים זכו להתחבר למסע חינוכי מופלא שמטרתו להפוך את הלכות שמירת הלשון למהות החיים. המיזם הארצי הזה לווה במערך מבחנים רחב, ובסיומו העפילו המצטיינים לשלב הגמר שבו הוכרז חתן השלום הנבחר המעמד עצמו, שהתקיים ברוב פאה, נערך בנוכחות מרנן ורבנן גדולי ומאורי הדור שליט"א, אשר הפליגו בדבריהם על גודל המפעל והשפעתו הנרחבת על עולם התורה כולו.

המעמד נערך בראשות מרן ראש הישיבה הגאון רבי מאיר צבי ברגמן שליט"א, מרן ראש הישיבה הגאון רבי משה הלל הירש שליט"א, עמוד ההוראה מרן הגאון רבי יצחק זילברשטיין שליט"א, ועימם מרנן: הגאון הצדיק רבי מרדכי שמואל אדלשטיין שליט"א, המשיגה הגאון הצדיק רבי בנימין פינקל שליט"א, זקן המקובלים הגאון הצדיק רבי דוד בצרי שליט"א, כ"ק מרן האדמו"ר מאלכסנדר שליט"א, כ"ק מרן האדמו"ר מזוטשקא שליט"א, הגה"צ רבי יעקב גרינוולד שליט"א חבר בד"ץ בעלזא, הגאון הגדול רבי שמואל אליעזר שטרן שליט"א רב מערב בני ברק, הגאון רבי יעקב מאיר שטרן שליט"א דומ"ץ וזניץ, הרה"צ רבי חיים מאיר הגר שליט"א אב"ד וזניץ, הרה"צ רבי אברהם הברשטאם שליט"א אב"ד צאנז טבריה, הגאון הגדול רבי עמרם פריד שליט"א, הגאון רבי מאיר פלקסר שליט"א ראש ישיבת חידושי הר"ם, המשפיע הגה"צ רבי אהרון טוסיג שליט"א, הגאון רבי אריה מרדכי ורצבורג שליט"א מראשי הארגון ודומ"ץ בני ברק, ורבני בית ההוראה של משמרת השלום הגאון רבי עקיבא וואזנר שליט"א, הגאון רבי נחום ברגמן שליט"א, הגאון רבי ישראל ויינמן שליט"א, הגאון רבי משה לוי שליט"א והגאון רבי יהודה דוב רוטנר שליט"א. עצם נוכחותם של כל גדולי ומאורי הדור במעמד אחד למען חיוק ענייני שמירת הלשון שידר את גודל האחריות על הקפדה וזהירות בנושא זה, והמסר לעם ישראל שדרך ארץ קדמה לתורה במרכז הערב נשמעו דבריהם של גדולי ישראל על גודל השעה ועל חשיבות

הלימוד.

בסיום המבחן הפומבי שנערך בנוכחות מאות בני ישיבות, הוכרז חתן השלום הנבחר הבה"ח אליהו צבי דושינסקי נ"ו מיישיבת ישועות משה וזניץ בני ברק. לצידו הוכתרו שרי השלום, הבה"ח יצחק גולקרוב נ"ו מיישיבת סלבודקא והבה"ח יצחק גסטנר נ"ו מיישיבת דמשק אליעזר וזניץ הר נוף.

המעמד כולו עמד בסימן אחדות לבבות. חסידי וליטאים, בנוסח אשכנז ונוסח עדות המזרח, מיישיבות קטנות ומיישיבות גדולות - כולם יחד, כאיש אחד בלב אחד, זכו לקדש שם שמיים בהתנהגות מופתית לאורך המעמד כולו.

בחלקו האמנותי של המעמד הוצג מיצג מיוחד בבימויו של אמן הרגש הרב מאיר אדלר שליט"א, שהמחיש באופן מרגש את עוצמת המשפט 'שומר פיו ולשונו שומר מצרות נפשו' ואת ההשלכות האדירות שיש לכוח הדיבור - לבנות או להרוס, להחיות או לפגוע.

את הערב כולו ליוו תזמורתו של הרשי סגל, מקהלת מלכות בניצוחו של פנחס ביכלר, ואמני הרגש מוטי שטיינמן ועוזיאל דייטש שהוסיפו נופך של הוד ושיירה לכבודה של תורה.

במעמד מרגש חולקו הפרסים למצטיינים שהעפילו למקומות הראשונים, כשחתן השלום זכה וקיבל את המענק המיוחד בסך עשרת אלפים שקלים! תעודות הוקרה מיוחדות חולקו לחתן השלום ולסגניו לכן לכל מאות הנבחנים

המעמד ההיסטורי שמסמל אבן דרך במהפכת שמירת הלשון בעולם הישיבות, לא היה יכול להתקיים לולי נדבת ליבם של רבבות שותפי משמרת השלום הזוכים לראות ישועות מעל לדרך הטבע באמצעות הנתינה הקבועה להפצת שמירת הלשון. בזכותם מפעלות הארגון ממשיכים לצמוח ולהתפתח



### Summoned to Court

I was sued in court for a large sum of money. I felt very stressed about the pending outcome of the trial, and decided to do spiritual *hishtadlus* to rouse *rachamei Shamayim*. I called Mishmeres HaSholom and pledged a donation, and I also gave them my name for a *berachah* and a *tefillah*.

A few hours later (!) I got a call that sounded like a dream come true. The litigant in my trial had decided to withdraw his claim. The trial was canceled!!

R.E

### Three Apartments... All for Sale

Shortly after Pesach, I was sitting and reading the Mishmeres magazine column with true stories about people who donated "*k'minyan hayeshuah*" and had *yeshuos*. Suddenly I thought about my parents' apartment, which had been on the market already for a long time, but wasn't getting anywhere. Then I remembered the apartment we'd bought in the North way back, as an investment, when my daughter got engaged. Now that she was already a mother of three and wanted to move into an apartment in an area suited to a *frum* family, she was having trouble selling that property.

On the spot, I decided to give a donation to Mishmeres HaSholom of the *gematriya* equivalent of "דירה". As I was speaking with the telemarketer, I remembered that my brother had also been trying to sell his apartment for a long time, and I added him to the list ... "So we have three apartments," she summed up. She suggested we donate the equivalent of "דירות". That was already a higher sum, but I decided it was worth it.

The *yeshuah* didn't come instantly, but today, a half year later, all three apartments have been sold --- for very good prices! My parents' apartment was bought by people who'd seen it in the past and backed out. After our donation, they came back to us and carried through with the purchase. A perfect *yeshuah!*

Sara R

### Work Close to Home

For a long time, I searched for a job that would be closer to the apartment we'd moved into. The daily commute was very exhausting, but it was clear that I couldn't just stop and be left with no source of income. I scoured the local newspapers, inquired in every possible place, sent resumes, but nothing budged. I decided to also do spiritual *hishtadlus*. I donate to Mishmeres HaSholom a sum equal to the *gematriya* of "מציאת עבודה" - finding a job. We davened that this *segulah* should rouse *zechuyos* in Shamayim. And it happened! Unexplainably, just two days later I got a suitable job, close to home, with excellent conditions! I feel that this was special *siyata d'Shemaya!*

Bachie

### Four Sisters, Four Yeshuos

We were four sisters over the age of twenty, each hoping to build a *bayis ne'eman b'Yisrael*, but not yet seeing the *yeshuah* on the horizon. After reading the moving *yeshuah* stories in the Mishmeres HaSholom magazines, I decided that, as the eldest, I should call and donate for the *yeshuos* of all of us. As expected, the telemarketer recommended donating a monthly sum of 406 shekels, the *gematriya* equivalent of "זיווג הנכון". Even though this was a relatively steep sum, it was clear to me that this was the *hishtadlus* I needed to do.

In our rosier dreams, we couldn't have imagined the amazing *yeshuos!* The first month, I called to inform Mishmeres HaSholom of my engagement and to ask them to add the name of the *chasan* to the list of donors for the *rabbanim* to *daven* for. The second month, I called to tell them that my youngest sister had gotten engaged. Over the next few months, to the tremendous joy of the entire family, we celebrated a *vort* for each of the two remaining sisters.

All that's left is to thank Hashem for the special *zechus* of being a partner in the *zechuyos* of Mishmeres HaSholom and to publicly announce that - it works!

Tehilla S



### Critical Moments at the Tzomet Intersection

At the beginning of the school year, together with the first weekly page that my daughter brought home from Gan, the Ganenet included an issue of the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine. I'd never seen this magazine before and the truth is, I didn't think it would particularly interest me. Meanwhile, I put it on the kitchen shelf.

The following Sunday, I noticed the issue on the shelf and decided to slip it into my work case. Maybe the next day I'd have a minute to peek at it.

Unfortunately for me, that Monday morning started off on the left foot, when a staff member mortally insulted me. I was very tense and worked up by the incident. I felt I couldn't let such behavior go by without reacting.

Meanwhile, I went out for a coffee break, hoping it would calm me down a bit. Remembering the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine I had in my case, I took it with me, even though I wasn't much in the mood of reading...

I glanced at the titles, riffled through the columns, and without planning to, found myself engrossed in reading. Connecting. Feeling that the messages of *avodas hamiddos* had been written especially for me...

From article to article, I felt that something inside of me was relaxing. The fire of anger was gradually dying out. Instead, I made a heartfelt decision to restrain myself and simply not react to the insult and the pain it had caused me. I also decided that I'd like to donate a specific sum to the organization so as to merit the special *segulah* of "*k'minyan hayeshuah*" that I'd read about.

Eventually the coffee break came to an end and I went back to work. A half hour later, I got a call from my husband. His voice was tremulous with emotion.

It was Monday, 15 Elul, the morning when the terrible, murderous terrorist attack took place at the Ramot intersection, and I heard from my husband that we'd had a huge miracle. Our son had been right there during those terrifying moments when the terrorists opened up a round of gunfire, but he'd managed to flee...

I was trembling all over. I couldn't even react. But the next moment, I wanted desperately to know when exactly this giant *nes* happened. My husband's answer gave me the chills: It was precisely when I sat there in the coffee corner and drew inspiration from the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine, when I decided to restrain myself and forgive the co-worker who had insulted me - that my son was saved from death!!!

Of course, that very day I called Mishmeres HaSholom to share the great miracle and also to transfer the donation, with a giant thanks to the Borei Olam and the *tefillah* that we'd always be *zocheh* to see many *yeshuos*.



Special issue for the Mishmeres HaSholom kids

### A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Which *sufganiyah* do you like best?

With strawberry jam or butterscotch filling? With nougat or whipped cream topping? Perhaps a shiny chocolate glaze and colorful sprinkles? Or maybe you prefer the traditional fried jelly doughnut with powdered sugar on top?

Wow! What a hard decision.

Butterscotch is a delectable treat, but a layer of whipped cream attracts you more. And chocolate with sprinkles is certainly something you like. But these specialty doughnuts are so expensive. Maybe it's not worth spending so much; better to take the plain old classic *sufganiyah*!

Each type has a different appearance and texture - and the price varies accordingly.

The *nimshal* is us people. Chazal say: "Just as their faces are different, so their opinions are different." Every person has a unique personality, slightly different qualities and attributes. We have to constantly remind ourselves of this important truth.

So even if your sibling or friend acts in a way that gets on your nerves, try to remember that it's because of her personality that is different from yours. You have a "chocolate personality" and she has a "whipped cream personality." Both are tasty, both are attractive, but they aren't at all the same---

If we get used to looking at the people around us like that, it will be a lot easier for us to judge them favorably and foster love and friendship with everyone.

A freilechan Chanukah!

### IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS



The Rebbe Hakadosh, Rav Aharon of Belz zt"l

### A Tzaddik Who Speaks like a Rasha

A person who was known for his unacceptable, distorted views once came to the town of Belz and wished to enter the home of the tzaddik, Rav Aharon of Belz zt"l. He, too, wanted to merit being in the presence of the Rebbe and basking in his *kedushah*...

Rav Aharon was renowned for his special care to always find the good sides in every Jew. He simply couldn't say or hear anything bad about a member of Am Yisrael. And what about a figure like this man, whose views were improper and who was liable to have a bad influence on those around him?

When that man left his home, the Rebbe said to the *gabba'im*, "I'm afraid he might go now to the *bais medrash* and try to spread his false opinions. Please inform the *tzibbur* that there is "a tzaddik who speaks like a *rasha*, and no one should stand in his *daled amos*."

### ASK THE RAV

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

### A Friend Who Goes to an Emotional Therapist

**Question:** My friend told me that she goes to an emotional therapist who teaches her how to manage better in her social circles. Without thinking, I passed on this interesting information to another friend. (She hadn't warned me to keep it secret.) Did I violate a prohibition?

**Answer:** Even though it has become very acceptable today to go to therapy in a number of areas, still, there are people who keep this information confidential because they're afraid others will look at it as a certain flaw. Therefore, the questioner apparently was guilty of *lashon hara* and should do *teshuvah* for it. However she doesn't need to ask her friend's forgiveness, as long as it doesn't come out that the friend was damaged or will be damaged in the future by this speech. (See Chofetz Chaim, *Hilchos LHR* 4:12 and BMC 48)





The Chumash lesson is about to end. Morah Shoshana writes questions on the board and asks us to copy them down quickly. Soon we'll be going down to the auditorium.

A flutter of activity. The girls who finished copying put their pencil cases away. Suddenly there's a knock on the door. The principal is standing there.

"Girls," she says, "A new student has come to us from Beit Shemesh. I'm sure you'll welcome Ety nicely and help her feel at home."

We see the new girl peeking out from behind the principal. She has a short ponytail and a shy smile.

Morah Shoshana scans the classroom quickly and discovers the empty seat next to me — Ruti didn't come today. "Ety, put your briefcase down here, next to Racheli," she says, explaining briefly that we're about to go down to the auditorium to practice the performance for Mothers' Night.

We run to the auditorium. The new girl looks mixed up. I explain to her that every year, there's a big event for the mothers before Chanukah, and the two sixth-grade classes present a special performance.

"We already learned the first two songs," I tell her excitedly. Suddenly I grasp that it's not so exciting for her, because she missed the first practices. "But the music teacher reviews everything each time from the beginning, so you'll be able to learn the motions," I add. We reach the doorway to the auditorium, streaming along with the girls from the parallel class.

The rehearsals progress nicely. Today, the music teacher

# Directing the Crane

will pick soloists. The girls try to guess who will be chosen. Morah Shoshana and Morah Dina, the teacher of the parallel class, are busy preparing the scenery and props, making final alterations on the costumes, and another thousand and one jobs for the performance, just one week away. We barely learn two hours a day. The rest of the time, we're busy rehearsing.

I am even more overwhelmed than the rest. My older sister Nechami had a baby boy! She'll be coming to us with the new baby, and I need to watch her "big girl" — two-year-old Rivky — and also to help with preparations for the bris. Maybe that's why I don't have a chance to think much about Ety, the new girl, who "landed" in our class precisely during the busy and confusing time of the rehearsals, and may be having a hard time acclimating---

Wednesday. The day of our bris.

Devory, my cousin from Beit Shemesh, surprises me. She's also in sixth grade. We're in very close contact and her mother let her come to the bris.

At the *seudah*, we sit together, of course, and while I keep my sweet niece Rivky occupied, I also have a chance to enjoy the encounter with Devory.

"Ety is in your class?" Devory is excited to hear about my new classmate from Beit Shemesh. "She was in my class! What a fantastic

girl!" While I carefully feed Rivky little pieces of chicken and roast potatoes, I hear from Devory a barrage of compliments about Ety: Bright. Original. Popular. The one whose desk all the girls gather around at recess.

I put a bib on Rivky, so she shouldn't soil her dress, and think to myself — *Interesting. I didn't notice any of those wonderful attributes in Ety. She's been in our class for more than a week and she seems like a quiet girl, who remains on the sidelines. The kind who doesn't speak up much. I'd barely heard her voice.*

Thursday morning.

As I approach the school building, I notice a truck in the schoolyard, with a gigantic crane attached to it.

Lots of girls are crowded next to the fence. No one is allowed to go into the yard.

A "caravan" — a mobile classroom — is swinging up above, at the top of the crane. Since the beginning of the year, one of the classes has been learning in the *miklat*, the bomb shelter. Now, finally, the new trailer classroom has arrived.

A worker standing below tries to direct his friend up above, on the truck. "No. No. You're not at all in the right place."

"Move right. More to the right. A bit forward. You're still not in place."

"A bit more. That's it. Now."

And the trailer starts going down, slowly. Suddenly I notice Ety, the new girl, next to me. Her eyes, too, are focused on the "caravan" as it almost touches the ground. I remember what Devory said to me. All at once I realize that Ety, too, is out of place. She doesn't yet feel that here is where she belongs. That's why she's so shy, afraid to open her mouth.

Someone has to help her. "A little to the right... a bit forward..." Yes, that's *our* job--

Summary: Bentzie Berkowitz and his family move to Shacharit. Bentzie finds a new friend there and also discovers that the closest supermarket is quite a distance from his new house.

# Twenty Bags of Milk :

We arrived in Shacharit just last week, and we already feel at home. It's hard to believe how quickly you get used to things.

We already walked from the built up end of the street to the opposite end, still under construction. We already got acquainted with the few Gemachim here (gemachim for medicines and for baby formula, in case you were wondering...). But there was one thing we didn't yet get used to: the problem of food shortages! Yes, a real shortage situation!

We never imagined that in our day and age, you could have an empty refrigerator, not due to a lack of money to buy food, but because there's nowhere to shop nearby.

Up until a week ago, everything was available at our fingertips. The milk ran out? Hop over to the grocery a few steps away. Just a few slices of bread left for sandwiches? Run out and, in a matter of moments, buy more. You want to bake a cake and some ingredients are missing? No problem! Go down to the store and momentarily, everything you need is on the kitchen table.

So, you see, the move to Shacharit introduced us to a rather unpleasant reality. Here's a description of what went on last night in our house:

Chanie, Shevy, and Tully sat down to eat supper. Chanie wanted bread with chocolate spread. There was plenty of chocolate spread... but no bread. Shevy asked for hot cocoa. Ima found the cocoa powder, but the milk --- that was finished. Two last eggs waited in the fridge... so not everyone could have a scrambled egg.

"Nu, we can borrow a few eggs or a bag of milk from Leizerovitz, across the hall," Ima sighed. "But I can't ask them for an entire supper..."

Ima opened the closet and tried to improvise. Supper that night included biscuits with chocolate spread, a single can of tuna, and hot tea for dessert. That's when we realized that if we want to have basic products in the house and not get stuck, we'd need to be very organized.

"Bentzie, could you go to the supermarket?" Ima asked. "I'll prepare a shopping list and

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She stopped. "Actually it'll be a very big purchase. I don't think you can manage it on your own."

"Maybe just give me a list of the most urgent items," I suggested. "That much, I should be able to schlep by myself."

"Good idea," Ima said, going to bring a paper and pen.

Just then, the door opened, and Rivky, my sister who attends a seminary in the city, walked in, huffing and puffing. In one hand she held her heavy seminary bag, and in the other — two big white bags with the supermarket logo. "I bought eight bags of milk," she panted, downing a cup of cold water.

"I saw in the morning there was no milk for coffee, so I decided to buy milk for the whole week."

She started loading the bags into the refrigerator, when the door opened again and in walked Abba. Guess what he had in his hand? Precisely — two big bags full of milk. "I saw in the afternoon that there was no milk for the children's cocoa, he said. So I decided to stop at the supermarket on the way home and bring plenty of milk — enough to lend the neighbors, too." He opened the fridge and gaped in shock at the bags of milk smiling to him from there.

Then there was a soft knock on the door. I opened it up and discovered the Leizerovitz

neighbors, with two bags of milk. "We borrowed milk from you last week and didn't return it yet," whispered Motty Leizerovitz. "Sorry for the delay..."

I closed the door and returned to the kitchen, two bags of milk in my hands.

Rivky and Abba still held bags of milk in their hands, and we all looked at each other, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"We'll leave two bags in the fridge. Let's put all the rest into the freezer," Ima ruled.

And so, we all stood at the open freezer, trying to stuff nearly twenty bags of milk onto the already full shelves.

"We can open a Gemach for milk," my sister Rivky giggled.

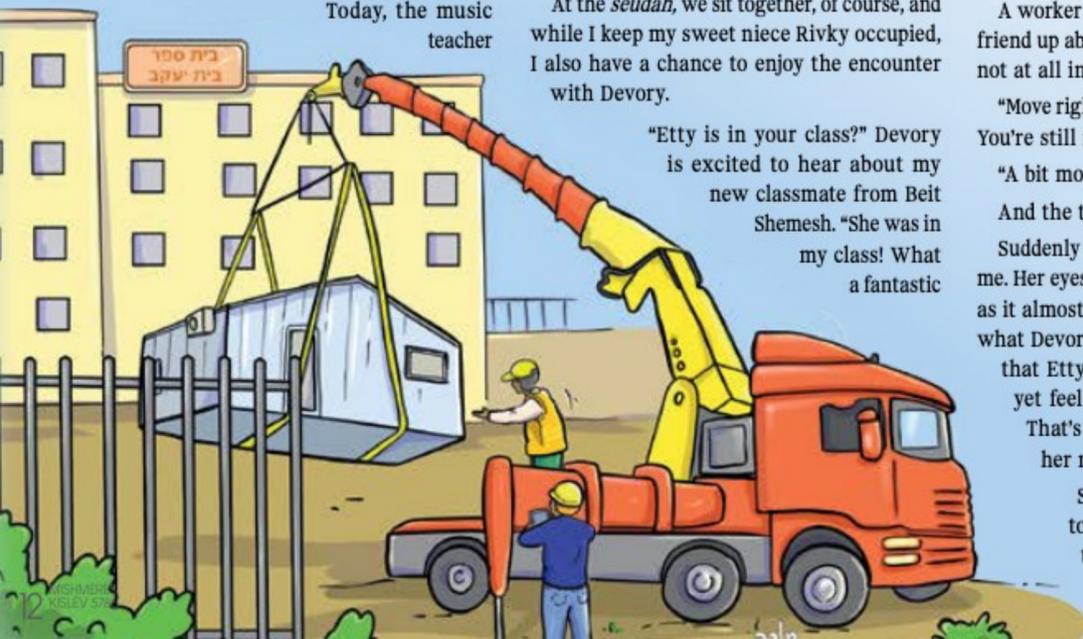
"Maybe for bread, too," I suggested, remembering the special biscuit sandwiches we'd eaten that evening.

"An interesting idea..." Ima smiled, closing the freezer.

"Very interesting, indeed!" muttered Abba.

I saw Abba standing at the counter, deep in thought. You could practically see the gears moving in his brain. If I know Abba, he has an idea.

**What was Abba's idea and what happened as a result of the inundation of milk? I'll tell you all about it next time, b'ezras Hashem.**

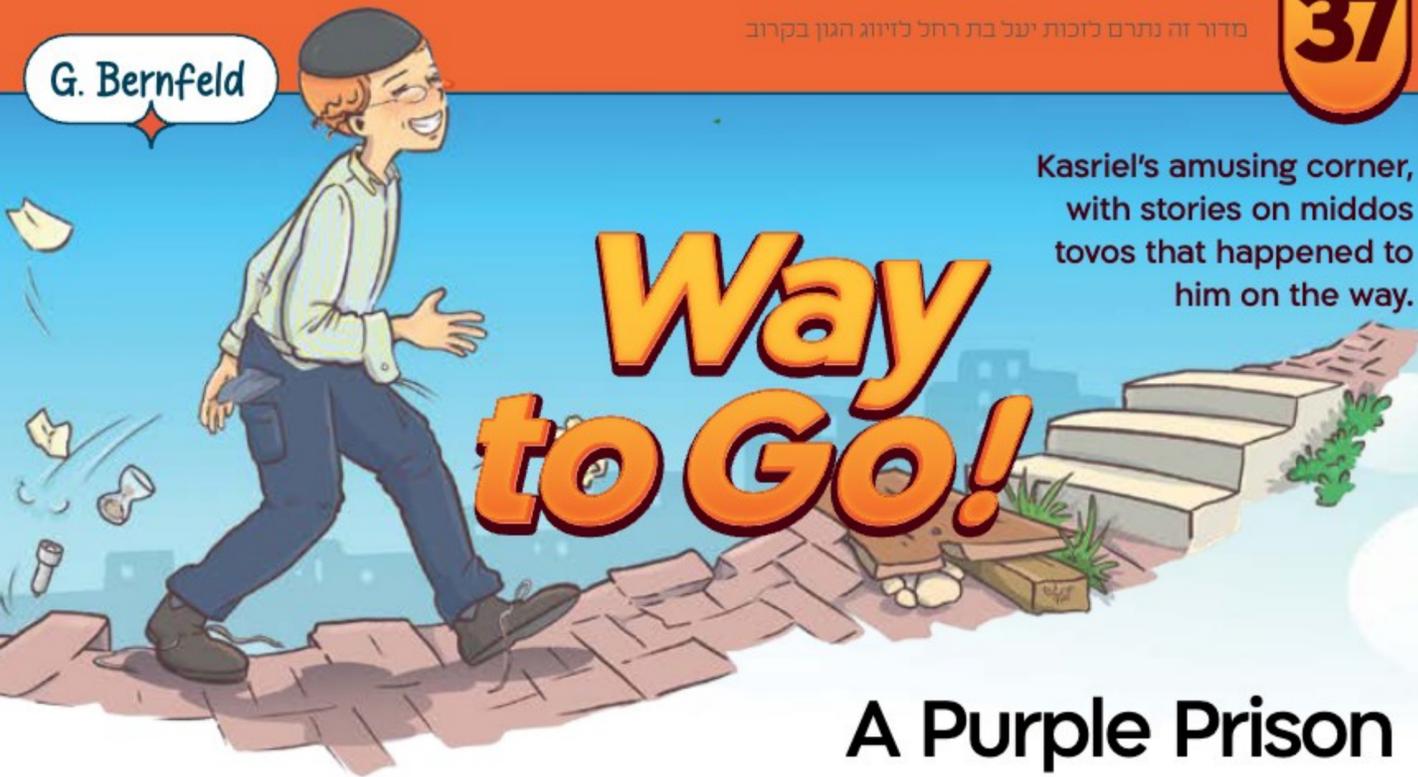


02

# EXPERIENCES from the Shelf



NEW SERIES



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

## A Purple Prison

"Hey, you!" someone cried from behind me. "Look at your leg!"

It was a touching cry. How often do we notice our own leg as it walks? Or thank Hashem for our hand that writes? For our heart that pounds and... A fiery *derashah* started forming in my mind. (When I was five, Uncle Zundel asked what I wanted to be when I grow up. Ever since I answered: a *darshan* - I can't get out of it...) I continued walking on the sidewalk, thinking about the wonders of the Creation and of the One Who fashioned the human body. But the boy walking behind me insisted: "Look at your leg!" This time, he actually shouted. "You're going to trip!"

I glanced down. At the bottom of my pants leg, I saw something thin and purple. I didn't think it was a spider web or a snake. In any case, I was in a hurry to get to the hardware store before it closed. So I just tried to walk faster, hoping to get rid of the purple.

But the purple just got more tangled. Even when I tried to free myself of the annoying strand with the polite help of my right foot, I discovered I was in trouble. I just hoped that the photographer of Mishmeres HaSholom wouldn't catch me, Kasriel, in this embarrassing pose. "*Achuz b'chavlei butz* - caught in cords of fine linen and purple wool." To tell the truth - I was tangled from shoe to waist in some foolish length of yarn (yes, yes, that's what it was...) that some girl must have brought for her crafts lesson but evidently it fell out of her briefcase. How did I get ensnared in its net?

The one who met me in the end wasn't the photographer but rather a friend of mine (whose name I won't mention). He gave me a funny look and then asked if this is a new *segulah* for this month, instead of putting a red thread that encircled Kever Rochel on the wrist...

I smiled nonchalantly. (I don't know if that's the right word, but I flashed him a non-committed expression.) On his part, he understood I didn't feel like talking about my entanglement, so he moved on with amazing agility.

"Now what do *you* have to say about Shuki and what happened to him today in *cheder*?" he said, to begin his interview. (I guess he's



not a photographer; he's more like a reporter...) "What can I say?" I sighed. "If he only had more *seich*..." A moment before finishing the sentence, I stopped short. Maybe the purple yarn reminded me of the *chut hashani*, and the *chut hashani* reminded me of Yom Kippur, and Yom Kippur reminded me of my good resolution: to watch my tongue a little better.

"I don't mean he doesn't have *seichel*," I quickly corrected myself. "Gadi and Naftali and Zevuli - all those who were with him at recess and did what they did - they all don't have

*seich*..." Whoops. That was the second time I stopped in mid-word, desperately searching for where I'd left my own *seichel*.

"And I'm not accusing Gadi-Naftali-Zevuli etc. of not having *seichel*, because if the *menahel* would make sure that during recess there would be some rebbi who would r-e-a-l-l-y keep an eye on everyone, not like Rabbi..." I was really working hard to undo the damage and not speak *lashon hara*, but things just kept getting worse.

"Look," I tried again, hoping this would be the last time. "You can always blame the *menahel*, and justifiably, for appointing a rebbi - you know like whom - as the one responsible for supervising the yard, and then kids, you know which, do whatever they do. But the real problem isn't the *menahel*. Let's not *stam* say bad things. The real problem is the mayor who refuses to give funding..."

"The mayor?" This time, my friend was the one who cut me off. "How is *he* connected to anything?"

I stopped, too. Because at that moment, I felt all twisted up. With all my good will to finish the sentence correctly, I was just getting more tangled up, just as my leg was with the purple yarn.

"It's not at all connected," I decided to cut. "And everything else I said isn't connected either... I just talked without thinking. I was in distress because the purple thread is pressing on my veins and I don't really hear what I'm saying... *Tachlis*... Tell me, do you have scissors on you?"

If I ever become a *darshan*, I think I'll already have a *derashah* ready on *shemiras halashon* (aside from the *derashah* on the wonders of Nature...): "Just cut, my friends. Don't get entangled in more and more *lashon hara*. Simply cut and move on."

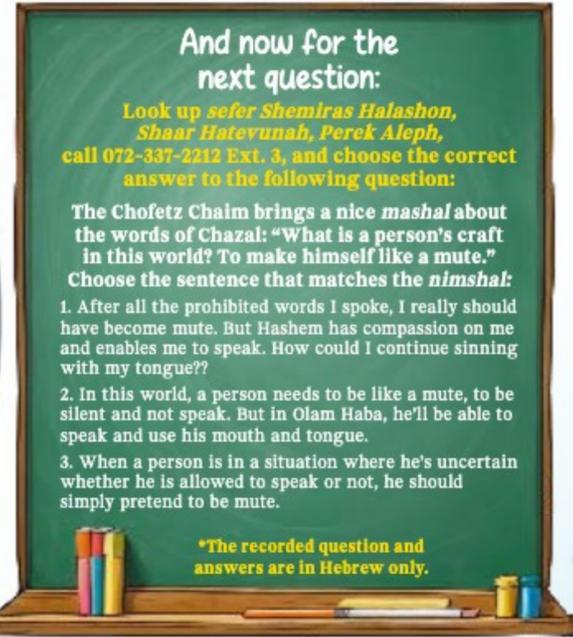


Shiur No. 16



When there are two sides in a fight, it's always worthwhile being on the side of the *mevater*, the weaker side, the side that Hashem loves, as the *pasuk* says, "והאֱלֹהִים יִקְרָא אֶת הַנֶּזֶק" "Hashem always seeks the pursued." Chazal explain that even among animals, there are the "pursuers" and the "pursued": The lion pursues the ox; the leopard pursues the goat; the wolf pursues the sheep. But Hashem loves the pursued best, and he tells us: "Offer *korbanos* to me only from the pursued animals."

Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes  
Last month's winner: מרים מירדסן בני ברק



And now for the next question:

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

The Chofetz Chaim brings a nice *meshal* about the words of Chazal: "What is a person's craft in this world? To make himself like a mute." Choose the sentence that matches the *nimshal*:

1. After all the prohibited words I spoke, I really should have become mute. But Hashem has compassion on me and enables me to speak. How could I continue sinning with my tongue??
2. In this world, a person needs to be like a mute, to be silent and not speak. But in Olam Haba, he'll be able to speak and use his mouth and tongue.
3. When a person is in a situation where he's uncertain whether he is allowed to speak or not, he should simply pretend to be mute.

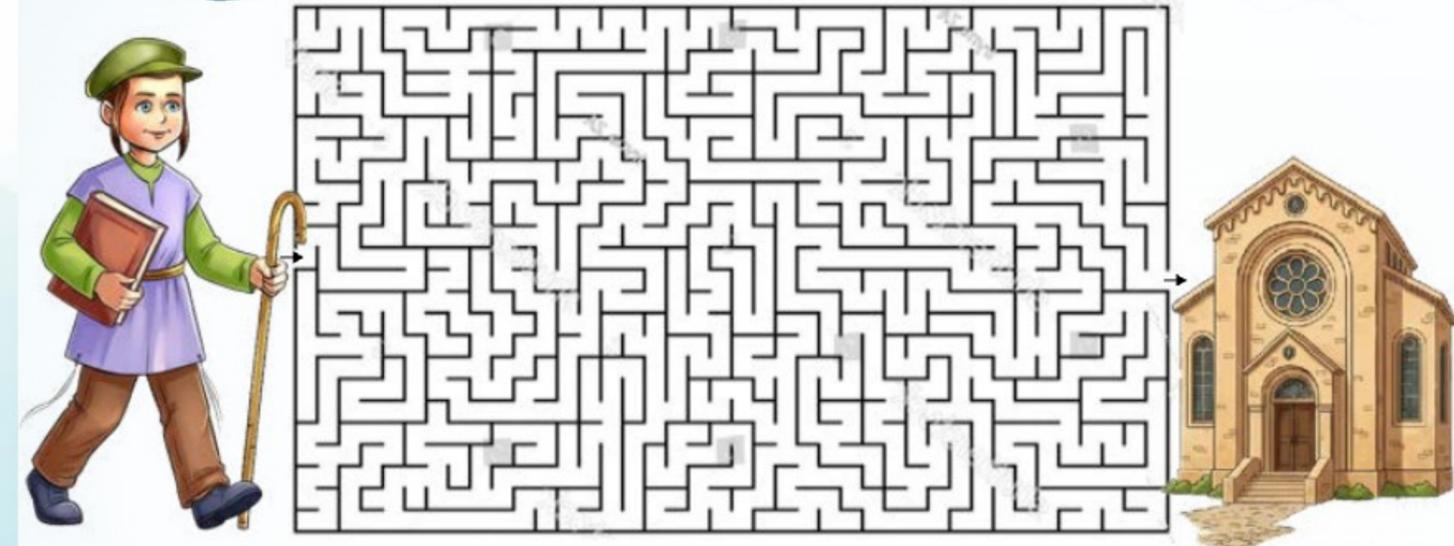
\*The recorded question and answers are in Hebrew only.

Rebbe Chaim invites you to check what the correct answer is, and be"H, in Shiur No. 17, he will elaborate on the topic.

## The Path to the Shiur

Shloimy wants to attend the *shemiras halashon* shiur that takes place in shul, but the way there is a little complicated. Help him get to his destination!

FUN PAGE



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:  
מ. זייבלד  
מודיעין עילית

**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, owner of a non-kosher restaurant in Cholot, is afraid this will affect his *parnassah*. At the same time, Rav Ozeri considers printing material for *chizuk* in *shemiras halashon* to distribute to the buyers.

# PLOT

## That Doesn't Expire

### Chapter 5

WRITTEN BY B. HALEVY.  
ILLUSTRATED BY C. HASID



Here's the material on *shemiras halashon* that came from the printer.



We always take care of food for the body. Now we'll add food for the soul...

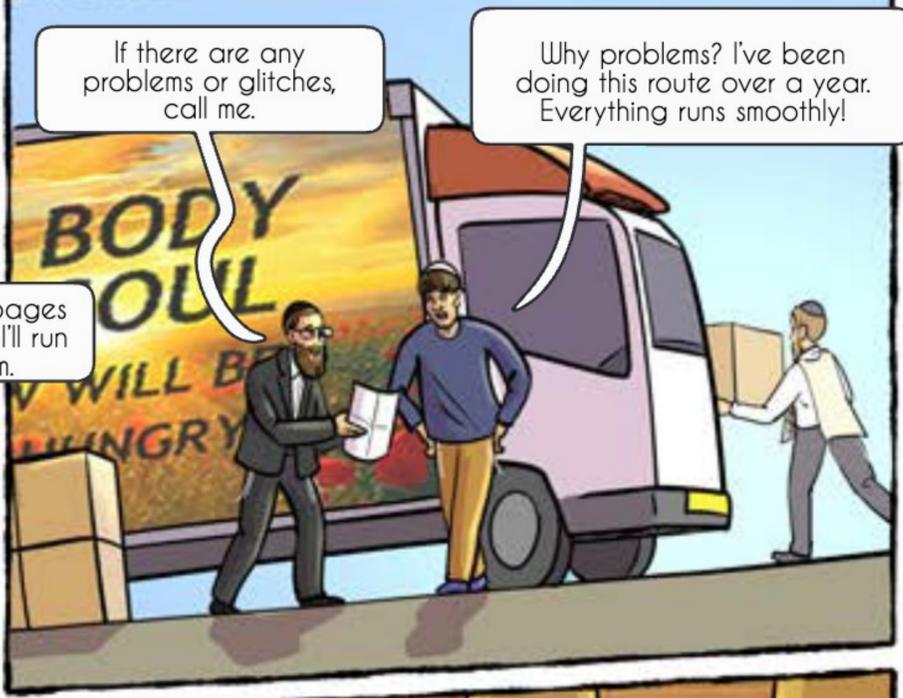


To every delivery you pack up, add this beautiful material.



Are there any more of the Chofetz Chaim pages? My pile is almost finished.

There are more pages in the storeroom. I'll run to bring them.

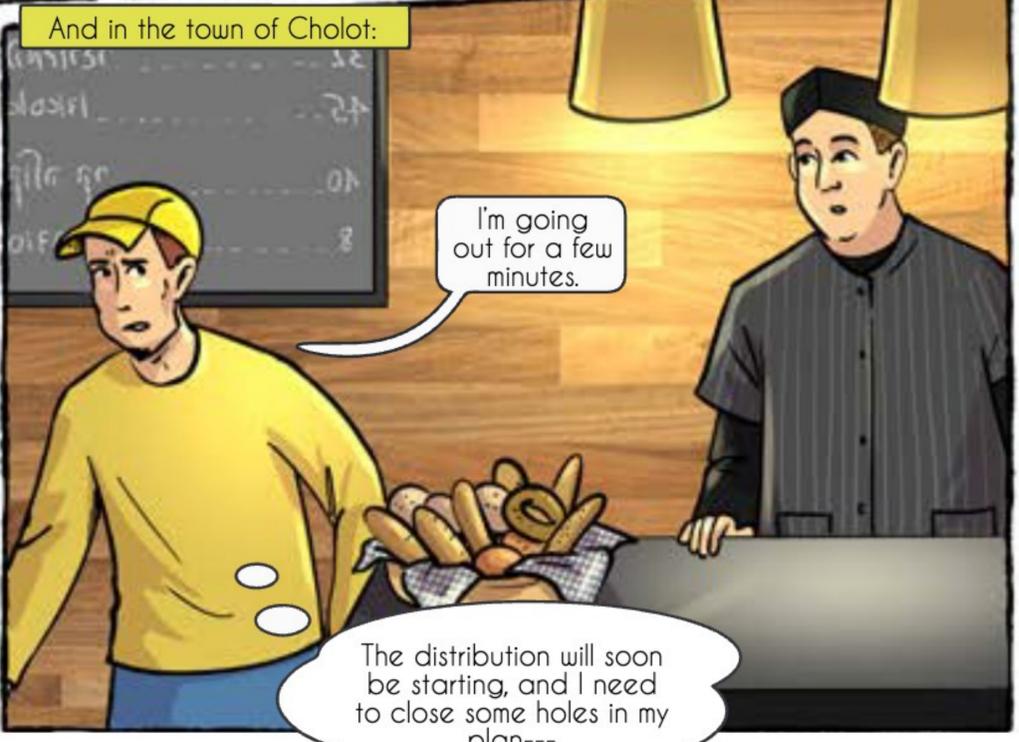


If there are any problems or glitches, call me.

Why problems? I've been doing this route over a year. Everything runs smoothly!



Yes, sure. It's just that we have information about some unrest in one of the towns. Someone isn't happy about our distributions.



And in the town of Cholot:

I'm going out for a few minutes.

The distribution will soon be starting, and I need to close some holes in my plan---