

בס"ד, Mishmeres  
HaSholom Magazine

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# משמרת

שְׁנֵדְבֵר כָּל אֶחָד אֶת חֵבְרוֹ  
בְּדַרְךְ הַיָּשָׁר וְהַרְצוּי לְפָנֶיךָ  
(תפילות הרה"ק ר' אלימלך מליז'ענסק זצוק"ל)



## Free Vacation for a Crowd?!

Apparently, on their way from Bnei Brak, some eight or ten yeshiva bachurim were 'born' to them, and they hosted the boys, too, at your expense.

04

## Bayis Ploni L'ploni

Nowadays, there's no laundry hanging on lines across the yard.. Still, the story about the neighbor who was bothered by the laundry hanging in the Yerushalmi courtyard continues to relay a resounding message

06

## A Close Neighbor Is Better

A young neighbor knocked and asked if I could hold the baby for her for a few minutes. She's in the middle of bathing the kids, and the baby is screaming...

08



## A Popular Ganenet Who Was Transferred to a Branch in a Different Neighborhood

**Question:** This year, our *cheder* opened a branch in a different neighborhood, and in order to increase registration in the new *mosad*, they transferred the best and most experienced *ganenet* to the new *cheder*. Instead, they brought in a different *ganenet*, who does her job reasonably well, but many parents are upset by the switch and feel it was a big loss.

Recently we heard that registration for the *cheder* is lower than usual this year and the *hanhalah* is bothered by this. We are uncertain whether we are permitted to convey to them well-founded information we have about parents who decided not to send their children because the outstanding *ganenet* left. On the one hand, there is clear *to'eles* for the administration and also for the parents in our neighborhood. On the other hand, it is liable to cause damage to the new *ganenet*.

**Answer:** It seems from the question that there are no complaints against the new *ganenet* or about her devotion to the children. Rather, the previous *ganenet* had a good name and was unusually successful, and these points are public knowledge. Therefore, by telling the administration about parents who aren't sending their children because the special *ganenet* left, they are not saying *lashon hara* about the new *ganenet*, nor about the parents who aren't sending, because they are entitled to change to a new *cheder*. Besides, it is reasonable to assume that the administration took into account that some parents would do so. Therefore, they may convey this information to the administration, but with extreme care not to denigrate anyone - neither the parents, nor the *ganenet*, nor the staff members who were behind the switch of the previous *ganenet*.

## An Insult That Caused Anger, and Concern about Holding a Grudge

**Question:** A few months ago, I was deeply hurt by someone's inconsiderate act. Even though I try to wipe out the memory from my heart and stop being angry - I haven't managed to achieve forgiveness. Am I violating the prohibition of "Do not hold a grudge"? And what can I do? After all, these are feelings of the heart, and aren't exactly in my control...

**Answer:** The Kadmonim and Acharonim discuss what kind of offense the prohibitions of taking revenge and holding a grudge apply to, and what exactly is the *nekimah* and *netirah* that the Torah prohibits. The Chofetz Chaim also addresses this in a few places (in the *Pesichah, Lavin* 7-9 and *Asin* 2, as well as *sefer Ahavas Chesed*, vol. 2, ch. 4, and more).

We don't need to get into the details of the offense that took place, because, in any event, the Chofetz Chaim ruled (*BMC Lavin* *ibid*) to be stringent that

"Do not hold a grudge" applies in all cases. But if we clarify a few points regarding the definition of *nekimah* and *netirah*, we'll see *iy"H* that it isn't so hard to fulfill this mitzvah:

If the offender hasn't come to ask the victim's forgiveness, he is not obligated to forgive him;<sup>1</sup> however, beyond the letter of the law, it is proper to forgive.<sup>2</sup>

If the offender did not ask forgiveness and the victim cannot find a *zechus* for him, he is allowed to think negatively about the offender, such as that he is suspect of having bad *middos* and one should beware of him.<sup>3</sup>

Even if the offender asked forgiveness and the victim forgave him, if he doesn't find any *zechus* for him, he is permitted to think negatively of him.

After this introduction, let's see what the Chofetz Chaim (*Lavin* 8-9, *BMC*) quoted from the *Sefer Hachinuch* (241): "The root of the mitzvah is that a person should know...that anything that happens to him, good or bad, is brought about by Hashem. No man can harm him unless Hashem wanted it so. Therefore, when a person hurts him, he should know that his sins led to this and Hashem decreed on him as such, and he shouldn't ponder how to take revenge from him."<sup>4</sup>

According to this, the crux of the mitzvah of "Do not hold a grudge" is that even when he is not obligated to forgive and is allowed to think negatively about the offender - he is still prohibited from being angry at him, because, at the end of the day, this offense was decreed on him from Shamayim. If so, every Yid who believes in Hakadosh Baruch Hu's *hashgachah pratit* in the world, understands that the offense caused to him by Ploni was decreed from Shmayim, and if that offender had overcome his *yetzer* and not done it, the damage would have come via someone else, or from natural causes, like a hurricane or tsunami, a fire, etc. And if the offense was in the form of degradation, it would have happened through an error or slip by the victim himself. Therefore, there is no reason to be angry at the offender - "Why did he do it to me." [But even though everything is decreed Above, the damager must pay for the damage or conciliate the victim for the pain he caused. He cannot claim, "I'm Hashem's agent and I don't need to pay or conciliate." And as long as he hasn't conciliated or paid - the victim doesn't need to forgive him.]

From experience, anyone who lives with this *cheshbon* is easily saved from violating the prohibition against holding a grudge. And if someone cannot keep himself from being angry at the offender, he should look inward to make sure he isn't lacking in the *middas ha'emunah v'habitachon*.<sup>5</sup>

1. ש"ע ח"מ תכב, א, ומש"ב חרו, ט.
2. מש"ב רלט, ט.
3. ח"ת דרשו א, ט הערה 37 ד"ה ולחשוב.
4. וראה עוד נושא זה משי"כ הח"ח ב'שם עולם פי"ג בהנהגה, ובח"ה ע"ת קדושים, ובפלא יועץ ערך נקימה ונטייה.
5. וראה עוד בענין זה בח"ה דרשו לאוין ח-ט ה"ע 56, ובספר ח"ה אמרי שיח עמודים ג'-ב באריכות.

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# A Word from the Mishmeres

Rebbetzin Wertzberger



A woman recently told me about a complex challenge she faced in her relations with her neighbor.

"This Shabbos, I was *zocheh* to be a good neighbor, and it wasn't easy..." she began. I asked to hear the details, and she obliged: "Every time we go away for Shabbos – and it happens quite often – I offer the apartment to my neighbor, who has several married couples.

"Last Shabbos, for a change, we hosted guests and we looked desperately in the entire area for an apartment. Suddenly, on Friday afternoon, one of the neighbor's married children knocked and asked for the key to his parents' apartment, because they had gone away for Shabbos (a rare occurrence) and he needed to take something out."

Pain stood in the woman's eyes when she related that her children said, "That's it. We're not giving them the apartment anymore..." It was very hard for them to digest the neighbors' conduct.

After Shabbos, the neighbor mumbled something about how bad she feels; they decided just at the last minute to go away, etc... But the story wasn't over. The *nisayon* came before the next Shabbos...

"When we decided we were going away, it was hard for us to offer them our apartment, as we'd always done," she said frankly, "but I explained to the children that being a good neighbor means sacrificing even when it isn't easy. *Baruch Hashem*, we managed to overcome our feelings and give the apartment."

Bilaam says that he saw Am Yisrael "*shochein l'shevatah*"; he saw the way they were *shochein*, from the word *shecheinim*, neighbors. Their doorways did not face each other, so that they shouldn't see anything they didn't need to see in their neighbor's home, so that they could be close when necessary and far when necessary, so they could extend a helping hand, while keeping the mouth sealed. This is the sight that led him to bless them: "*Mah tovu ohalecha Yaakov*."

The *pasuk* continues, "*mishkenosecha Yisrael*." *Amishkan* is where you offer *korbanos*, and likewise, good neighborly relations at times entail sacrifice! There are all kinds of trivial accountings that are liable to poison the atmosphere, and it isn't easy to look away. But when we elevate ourselves, overcome, and try to do what's best - the Shechinah comes to dwell among us and turns the building into a place where peace and tranquility reside, a place that will always be full of *nachas* and *simchah*, *brachah* and *hatzlachah*.

*Sari Wertzberger*



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way from Bnei Brak, some eight or ten yeshiva *bachurim* were 'born' to them, and they felt at home hosting the boys, too, at your expense..."

The story sounded hallucinatory at first, but it became more and more upsetting with every additional word of the neighbor, who colorfully described how he saw their young guest standing at the entrance of the building surrounded by a group of lively *bachurim*, full of youthful energy---

*How could they behave in such an ungrateful manner towards people who did a chessed for them and gave them a beautiful apartment at no cost?! How??* Rav R. was totally unable to understand such intolerable conduct.

When he walked into the house, with all his good intentions to filter his words and tell the story to his wife with restraint, the waves of anger rising within him were too overwhelming.

The G. family from Bnei Brak relates:

The Shabbos in the North was marvelous and full of atmosphere. We enjoyed every minute in our generous cousins' apartment and we tried to leave it clean and orderly, just as we'd gotten it.

On the dining room table, we left an effusive thank-you letter, along with a cute, practical gift that we'd manage to buy before setting out, so they should have a nice memento from our visit.

We put the suitcases into the trunk, fastened the kids' seatbelts, and returned to Bnei Brak, gratified by the wonderful opportunity we'd had to rest and vacation in our dear cousins' well-kept home. Indeed, it was an unforgettable Shabbos.

We never could have imagined the unanticipated phone call we'd receive the next day.

When we saw their number on the screen, we were sure they were calling to thank us for the gift, or maybe to praise the neat, clean house we'd left behind us. Or both. But the tones that emerged from the phone were different. Totally different.

"A guest doesn't invite a guest?" What were our dear Northern relatives hinting at?

A big group of *bachurim*? What were they talking about?

There was a huge mistake here. A troubling mistake that cast upon us absolutely undeserved guilt. That was very clear to us. But it was less clear to the cousins on the other end of the line. They were so convinced, so charged, that no explanation or clarification could penetrate their hurt and angry hearts.

Monday evening.

Soon the weekly *shiur* delivered by the Rav of the neighborhood would be starting, and R' Moshe, the dedicated *gabbai*, is rushing to leave the house and head for the shul. He tries not to miss a single *shiur*, and he comes early to turn on the heaters and prepare the Gemaras on the tables.

"R' Moshe, we missed you here on Shabbos," the elderly neighbor who lives a floor below stops him on his way out of the building, three bills in his hand. "We missed you in shul, too," he adds. "Here is money that two of the guests who were with us for Shabbos left with me. They got *aliyos* and asked me to deliver this money to the shul *kupah*."

Guests on Shabbos in their city was a very common phenomenon, and still, a little light flickered on at that moment in the *gabbai's* mind.

"Who were your guests, if I may inquire?" he asks the elderly neighbor pleasantly. "I'm sure you know that we have a married daughter in Kiryat Sefer, and her son learns in Yeshiva Gedolah in

Bnei Brak!" You could hear the pride in the grandfather's voice. "The yeshiva came here for an inspirational Shabbos, along with the entire staff, and my grandson came to us for one meal with a group of friends to give us some *nachas*."

A group of friends.

For Shabbos.

Here, in their building. One floor below.

Why didn't he think of that possibility before?

Why was he so quick to believe what he'd heard, to get angry, and hurl accusations? Why didn't he at least try to judge favorably and to seek points of *zechus*?

And what will be now with the terrible offense that was caused to their fine Bnei Brak cousins? How will they conciliate them and ask their forgiveness??

It really was an unforgettable Shabbos. Now, not only the cousins in Bnei Brak think so.

So do their hosts, and even the neighbor who realizes now that he simply saw the young guest schmoozing with some of the *bachurim*, whom he recognized from their Bnei Brak yeshiva.

Because they hope that the lesson they learned here about the ramifications of a superfluous word, even one that is mentioned offhandedly, without intention to speak derogatorily or to cause harm - they won't forget so soon...

Rav Shmuel Wosner's son, Rav Mordechai Elimelech Wosner (from the US) related: Every Erev Shabbos, we'd call my father to receive his "Gut Shabbos." One Thursday, I got into an argument with a neighbor. A few hours later, I called Eretz Yisrael to wish Tatte, "Gut Shabbos." But before I opened my mouth, my father said gently, "My dear son, always live peacefully with your neighbors and respect them."

(Rav Rabbanan)

### Peace among Neighbors

It pays to give up on what's yours - not to fight,  
To keep your relations with neighbors just right!





# HOSPITALITY TIMES TEN



"You must be on vacation all year," people tell them many times, when they hear where they live. It's not true, of course, because everyday life in their popular Northern city is as routine as can be. It's only on Shabbos and during vacation seasons - especially in the summer - that every apartment or tiny living unit turns into a desirable vacation resort...

Even so, on that early winter Thursday, when the suitcases were already opened in the R. family's living room, in preparation for their trip to Yerushalayim, they understood that this time, their apartment was going to be empty.

And then they remembered their Bnei Brak cousins, the ones who never forget to put in a good word for themselves whenever the extended family meets at *simchas*: "If, by chance, your apartment is empty, call us, even if it's Friday morning." The friendly young couple described how they'd "pack up themselves and the two little ones in a few minutes, pull out the food that's ready in the fridge, start the car, and get going."

It's not such a big deal to prepare the apartment for a couple with two little kids, especially since they're used to having vacationers coming to rent their apartment... It really would be a shame for their lovely apartment to stand empty, and they're allowed to do a *chessed* for cousins who manage all year in a crowded matchbox unit in Bnei Brak, no?

They were so happy to get the call from their Northern relatives. They couldn't afford to rent a full-price vacation apartment for themselves. But they certainly felt the need to take a little break from the non-stop race of life, work, and children. "Don't trouble yourselves to organize the apartment," they said, trying to ease the burden on their generous hosts. They thanked them warmly a thousand times over, stressing that all they need is four beds, and of course they're bringing with them linen and towels and everything---



Sunday morning.

Rav Moshe R. returns from Shacharis at the shul where he's been serving as *gabbai* for years, and gives a pleasant greeting to his neighbor from across the hall, who was just coming out to his car at that moment. "You're very brave to rent the apartment to a group of *bachurim*," the neighbor says to him with a smile and a wink. "I hope they at least paid you well," he adds, pressing the remote control and opening the car door.

"A group of *bachurim*???" Rav R. doesn't understand where this strange mistake is coming from. "My wife's cousins were in our apartment - a young couple from Bnei Brak with two little kids."

"That's what *you* think..." the neighbor guffawed, putting one foot inside the car. "Apparently, on their



## And at the End of the Month: A Vort!

Following a very inspiring interview we'd read in the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine on the topic of *shidduchim*, we decided that the time had come to carry out the plans we'd had for a long time and to begin learning *hilchos shemiras halashon* at home daily, with the children, as a *zechus* for our two sons who needed *shidduchim*. We started on 27 Cheshvan and promised to publicize the *yeshuos*...

*Baruch Hashem*, we are able to keep that promise even faster than we thought we would. An excellent suggestion came in, things moved at remarkable speed, and on 27 Kislev, precisely a month after we'd started learning, we celebrated a *vort* for one of our sons!

We hope and pray that we will soon be able to share good news about the next son, as well. Meanwhile, please accept our ongoing thanks for the fascinating magazine, full of columns that are periodically upgraded and that are read in our home from cover to cover!

*B. from the Center*

## After the Dismissal

In recent times, my business has slowed down. The monthly balance sheets show a substantial drop in income, in addition to the general difficulty business owners and the self-employed are dealing with in Eretz Yisrael due to the ongoing war. We tried checking out the matter with our accountant and consulting with experts in the field, but at some point, I decided

that perhaps we need *hishtadlus* of another type. I remembered the worker I was compelled to fire during the summer... It wasn't an easy decision and caused aggravation to both sides. Now, in retrospect, I started thinking that perhaps I should have searched for alternate solutions and not dismissed her so quickly.

I decided to write a letter of apology – not just lip service, but a genuine, sincere apology for the way things were handled and the possible offense that was caused. I added a nice conciliation gift and sent it to my former worker, praying that in this *zechus*, Hashem would send me *brachah* and *hatzlachah* in the business. I promised to publicize the *yeshuah* in the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine.

*Baruch Hashem*, the letter and gift achieved their goal. The worker was placated, and we are already seeing the first signs of improvement and growth in the business.

Thank you for your tremendous *zikuy harabim!*

*MS. T.*

## To Get Out of the Entanglement

I was pulled into a complicated situation that involved two acquaintances and in order to solve the problem, I'd need to speak with one of them. I knew it would be a sensitive discussion that would hurt her deeply, but I had no choice, because if I wouldn't do it, the other friend would be very angry.

I was feeling very stressed, thrust between a rock and a hard place. Whatever I would do would

cause a conflict. The only solution was to *daven* that something unexpected would happen to change the picture... I took upon myself to donate a hundred shekels to Mishmeres HaSholom if the matter would work out without my intervention, and promised to publicize the *yeshuah*.

Shortly afterwards, in a totally unreal turn of events, one of the parties took a certain step that rendered my intervention unnecessary!

I'd appreciate if you could publicize my absolutely unnatural *yeshuah*, to fulfill my promise and make a *chizuk harabim* –

*anonymously, for obvious reasons.*

## Merits of Reconciliation

One day, at work, I had a heated run-in with a co-worker. On the way home, I replayed the argument in my mind. Suddenly I remembered what I'd read the Shabbos before in the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine about the importance of peace *bein adam lachaveiro*. What *tzaar* I caused in *Shamayim* with this fight, I thought to myself. I decided not to leave matters as is, but to try and make up

I called the co-worker to apologize and we reconciled. Since both of us are in *shidduchim*, I suggested that we have in mind that these merits should go for our *yeshuah* and that we should also *daven* for each other to find a *zivug hagum*.

*Baruch Hashem*, a few weeks later, I got engaged!

*R. from Yerushalayim*



# A Half Hour at the Yeshuos Hotline

Sometimes we think that in order to believe that a *segulah* works, we need to hear a resounding, dramatic *yeshuah* story. But, perhaps the power lies *davka* in the small *yeshuos*, the ones we tend to forget a minute after reading about them.

Here is an authentic collection of phone calls that came to the Yeshuos Hotline in the space of just one half hour:

First story: Chaya L. called and said she can't find her Shabbos tablecloth. It's a very valuable tablecloth she got a few years ago as a gift from her mother-in-law. Her mother-in-law will soon be coming for a visit and she must have the tablecloth on the table in her honor. She decided to call Mishmeres HaSholom and

donate the numerical equivalent of "מפּה." She soon called again, to say that seconds after she hung up, she saw the lost tablecloth in front of her stunned eyes.

A few minutes later, an email came in from a family that donated 324 shekels (Chai times chai), saying: "We recently moved to a town on the periphery. Very soon we understood that it's hard to manage here without a car. For us, buying a car was out of the question due to our financial situation, but we had *emunah* that if Hashem wants, He can even bring down a car from *Shamayim*... We also promised, *bli neder*, that if Hashem sends us a car by a certain date, we'll donate 18 times Chai to Mishmeres HaSholom. That was our *hishtadlus*.

"We couldn't believe it ourselves, but, remarkably, just a short time later (!!), we got a car in excellent condition as a gift - more easily than we could have dreamed. Totally beyond nature. Thank you, Hashem, and thank you to Mishmeres HaSholom for all the *zechuyos* you bring to Am Yisrael!"

And you won't believe this story, which also came in during that half hour. A Yid by the name of Bentzie called to say: His son turned on the fan one hot summer night. He wanted to go to sleep, but the fan was very noisy and kept him awake. The father promised 20 shekels to Mishmeres HaSholom, and - whoop! - the problematic fan situation straightened out. Suddenly the noise stopped, it was quiet in the room, and the boy fell asleep peacefully.



## The Challenge Behind the Door



Nowadays, you don't see laundry hanging on lines across the yard. Clothespins are almost extinct in our "instant" generation of electric dryers. Still, the story about the woman whose path was blocked by her neighbor's laundry hanging in the Yerushalmi courtyard, which ended up rolling in the mud because of her uncontrolled anger – continues to relay a resounding message of the noble *vitur* that brought to the birth of Maran Hagaon Rav Elyashiv zt"l.

But friction between neighbors has not faded with time; it has simply changed form. It's only natural that when families of different types, age brackets, personalities, and financial situation all assemble in one apartment building - it's a challenge... But that is precisely where a person is measured.

### "FALLING IN" WITH DIFFICULT NEIGHBORS

"Which is the proper way to which a man should cling?" asks the Mishnah in *Avos*. "Rabbi Yose says: A good neighbor." Rabbeinu Yonah explains - a neighbor who is good to others. One whom it's pleasant to live with in the same building. Who doesn't drum up arguments, who's always ready to lend a hand, who is considerate of his neighbors' needs.

Sounds idyllic, but not at all simple to apply, when faced with neighbors who make noise at unreasonable hours; who take over the stairwell and use it as their storage room; who renovate and leave construction waste all over the place. And there will be many who claim that compared to the neighbors they need

to cope with, this list is small change...

The Gemara (*Sotah* 2a) says that just as it is announced in Shamayim who will marry whom, so is it declared "*bayis ploni lploni*," where everyone will live. So there's no such thing as "falling in" with intolerable neighbors who embitter one's life. Your placement in this particular building is a divine decree, complete with all the difficulties and challenges that come with it. Surely, if our *neshamah* was given the opportunity to choose its *nisyonos*, it would opt to live with a mess in the stairwell rather than being hurt in a car accident *chalilah*...

### AN OPPORTUNITY WITHIN EASY REACH

People search for *zechuyos*. They're willing to invest time, thought, money, and energy into mitzvos, *tzedakah*, and *chesed*, in order to rouse Divine mercy. Sometimes they don't notice that right on their doorstep, there is a golden opportunity to exercise self-restraint, *vitur*, silence when a neighbor does something outrageous... an opportunity that, first and foremost, is worth your while. As the Gemara explicitly promises us (*Yevamos* 62b): "One who loves his neighbors and brings his relatives close... of him the *pasuk* says: Then you will call and Hashem will respond, you will cry out and he will say, 'Here I am!'"

It isn't easy. In fact, it is difficult and complex. But it simply...pays!!



## A Meal with a Ribbon



Supper and showers, assembly-line style. A dose of antibiotics instead of the one forgotten in the morning. She'll have to slip in the second dose while he's sleeping. Formula inside a new bottle - instead of the three that rolled under beds, destined to fester there... The insane weekly race of Monday evening, when she needed to get out to her continuing education classes. This choice of the "advanced" track too often turns the situation at home into "regressed" track...

She exits the elevator. The bus is supposed to come any minute. In a split-second decision, she decides to go out through the parking lot and not the building lobby, to avoid meeting up with her first-floor neighbor...



There. She made it. She swipes her transit card and plops into a seat. Twenty minutes of relaxation on wheels. If not for the hysteria of racing to catch the bus, she could have finally heard which new family moved into the building. At some point, she'd noticed a truck unloading furniture... She also should probably have said goodbye to the family that moved out (apparently...if a new family moved in) and hello to the ones who came, but who has time...? And just this week, the Ezer Layoledes representative called to say it's her turn to prepare a meal for a new mother in the neighborhood. Another thing to add to her "To-do" list...



The next day, she comes home from work to the sights of mountains of laundry, a sink full of annoying flies busy dining on yesterday's leftovers, and evidence of a swarm of lice that received another day of life, all thanks to her absence last night. She tries to keep her head above water (sink, bath, and washing machine). After everyone is in dreamland, she thinks of a good kugel recipe that could represent her culinary skills at the organization, if she only had eggs in the fridge... She could knock at the neighbor across the hall, but she prefers to call. The neighbor will probably have someone at home to send over with four eggs.



When the meal is ready, adorned with a curled ribbon and warm Mazel Tov card - because if you're doing a mitzvah, do it all the way - she realizes that, in her rush, she forgot to ask the phone caller from Ezer Layoledes the name and address of the *kimpeturin*. A phone number, too, so she can make sure someone is home to answer the door. She rummages in the drawer for a working pen, calls up - and gets a shock. The *yoledes* awaiting her elegantly prepared meal is --- her neighbor downstairs...

Can it be she was so involved with herself that she didn't even hear that her neighbor had a baby??!"



## A Day Camp For Each Child

"Our building is in a sheltered Chassidic community. People move in only after being okayed by a committee that checks the family's spiritual level. "That's one of the foremost advantages here," emphasizes Mrs. B. "It's wonderful that you can send the children to play at the home of any one of the families in the building without concern of their being exposed to inappropriate technology, *chalilah*." She adds that they can rely on all the neighbors from the *kashrus* aspect, as well.

### I understand that it's not boring for kids in your building in the afternoon hours...

"Every day, there's a lineup of 'day camps' in the stairwell," relates Mrs. B. "On every floor, boys or girls of a different age group assemble. The dedicated counselors are aged four and up..." The noise and hubbub that fills the building at these hours doesn't bother anyone. They're all young families with children of about the same ages, and mothers are willing to manage with the mess and dirt that remains after the 'day camp,' as long as the children are busy and happy.



## When Everyone Knows the Mother-in-Law

### Do you get to know all the neighbors in such a large, densely populated building?

"The truth is that I don't..." Mrs. E. admits. "When there's an elevator, encounters between neighbors on the stairs are rare." Mrs. B. agrees. "When there's a problem with the elevator, suddenly you meet the neighbors... At the beginning of the war, a family from a city near the front lines came to our building and I didn't even know about it, until we had a K'echad meeting, and then we all got to know our 'evacuated' guest."

### There are probably more sensitivities in such a building, more need for *avodas hamiddos*...

"In our building, most of the families belong to one *kehillah*. We send the children to the same schools, and daven in the same shul. This is a situation that demands closer attention," describes Mrs. B. "When you're sitting on a bench outside and talking about a problem your child has with the rebbe in *cheder*, you need to take into account that most of the listeners will know which rebbe you're talking about, so it can be real *lashon hara*. Besides,

his wife or sister-in-law may be sitting on the next bench...

"Likewise, if you want to talk about a difficulty you have with your mother-in-law, there will be at least fifty percent who know her personally, so naturally, there is a much more serious problem of prohibited speech..."

### And that's before we even mentioned the four sisters-in-law who live together in your building...

Mrs. B. agrees that it's an unusual phenomenon. "They decided among themselves never to come for a surprise visit without calling first," she says, revealing another aspect of the necessary sensitivity. "In general, when you live in a homey, community building like ours, maintaining limits, as well as respecting privacy, are top on the list."

Mrs. E., a Ganenet, speaks about another angle: "When the Ganenet or babysitter is a neighbor in the building, this can invite uncomfortable situations. I know of places where the residents agreed among each other in advance not to send to the neighbor's Gan. It's really not a very healthy situation. With family - and neighbors - it's better to eat *kugel*, and not do business..." she smiles. "However, I did send to a babysitter in my building, and a neighbor on my floor sends to my Gan, and we manage."



## And Tonight's Menu: Skip the Scrambled Eggs

### What happens when you need a cup of sugar? There are dozens of doors you can knock on to ask...

"In a building like ours, you're really never stuck. Even if you forgot to cook a fish head for Rosh Hashanah (yes, it happened to me once!) or to prepare tea essence for Shabbos, you have whom to ask," Mrs. B. agrees. "Still," she adds a reservation, "there are some things that it's not worth bothering the neighbor for. If the olives are finished, for example, you can manage one day without them. Even eggs - if you're stuck in the middle of baking, you run to the neighbor. But if it's for supper - how about serving tuna or grilled cheese today, and saving the scrambled eggs for tomorrow, instead of bothering the neighbor...?"

### You must also have organizations within the building to help with *simchas*...I surmise.

The positive answer is expected.

Our interviewees talk about a building coordinator who is in charge of recruiting volunteers to cook meals for *yoldos* and to watch the other children in the family so the new mother can rest.

"But it's not just for special times; it's also for routine times," Mrs. B. emphasizes. "If I'm delayed getting home in the afternoon and I see I won't be in time to pick up my daughter from Gan, there are always three or four neighbors I can call who'll be happy to help."

And what happens at the busy "putting to sleep" times? "A young neighbor knocked and asked if I could hold the baby for her for a few minutes. She's in the middle of bathing the kids, and the baby is screaming..." - a literal example of 'A close neighbor is better than a distant brother...'

Another interesting phenomenon is connected to the area of children's clothing. We freely exchange bags of clothing with others in the building. A neighbor who gets packages with new clothing or used items in excellent condition picks out what suits her children and passes on the rest to the neighbors. Also, when sorting through closets, if someone finds a nice outfit that her child has outgrown, she doesn't hesitate to pass it on to the neighbor's child..."



## K'ECHAD MEETINGS

"You wouldn't believe how much the monthly K'echad meetings contribute to the atmosphere in our building," attests Mr. B. "No one misses out on participating. The spiritual content is so inspiring..."

"One of the last few months, there was a very interesting article on *tzarus ayin* in the Mishmeres HaSholom kit. We sat there, a few dozen women, and engaged in heated discussions on the topic, as if we'd gone back to our high school years..."

"The girls also have a K'echad meeting every month, with craft projects and interesting programs. I highly recommend it, not only for lively buildings like ours..."





Introducing...  
R. Tov

# Neighbors LIKE BROTHERS



**A DAY CAMP IN THE STAIRWELL, BAGS OF CLOTHING CHANGING HANDS, AND BRIEFCASES IN THE AIR  
AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE DAY-TO-DAY CHALLENGES IN DENSELY POPULATED APARTMENT HOUSES, AND  
CONCLUSIONS WORTH ADOPTING BEFORE ENTERING THE STAIRWELL**

Neighborhood relations are complex.

In big, humming buildings, it's even more complex.

And sometimes there are interesting circumstances that compound the challenge, such as, for example, **in Mrs. E.'s building, where there are five (!) Ganim and family day cares, with one elevator...or in Mrs. B.'s building, where four sisters-in-law and another three cousins live...**

We went out to hear what everyday life is like in these buildings. What are the glints of light and the weak points, and how does *avodas hamiddos* come in – the basis of a peaceful and pleasant life?



## Who Took over My Elevator?

We went for a tour of the new, developing neighborhoods of Beit Shemesh and visited two buildings with many apartments and living units, strollers, bicycles, and kiddie scooters. We tried to breathe in the atmosphere and were sent, first of all, for a simple "trip" in the elevator.

One elevator, serving dozens of families and hundreds of kids *bli ayin hara*...

**Wow! How do you manage every morning, when everyone is rushing to the school bus and to work?**

"We send out one of the kids to summon the elevator a quarter hour in advance," describes Mrs. B., who lives on the third floor and has to get down to the lowest of the "minus" floors, because that's where the school buses stop. "Meanwhile, there's time to get the lunch bags organized, brush the girls' hair, and even put the house in order a little," she adds with a resigned smile ...

**And when the elevator comes, it's not too overloaded? There's room to get in with strollers?**

Mrs. B. describes how, with the help of good will and consideration, everyone crowds together to enable one more neighbor to get inside with a stroller... "The girls are used to holding their briefcases over their heads, to save space," she describes, amused.

She adds a nice application of *tznius*: "If the elevator is full of men, I put in just the kids, and I rush down on foot." And vice versa,

when a *yungerman* sees that the elevator is full of women, he pushes the carriage inside and runs down the steps.

Mrs. E., who runs a Gan in her house describes the critical hours of the morning and afternoon, when, in addition to the residents of the building, there are dozens of parents and strollers on their way to the Ganim and family day cares, and then back... "The Vaad Bayit set hours when the elevator is reserved for residents of the building, and not for the parents of the Gan children," she says, adding with a sigh that not everyone obeys this rule. "Some of the Ganenets go downstairs at the end of the day and wait in the lobby. It's an effort for them, but it makes it a lot easier on the parents and eases the crunch in the elevator."

"In our building, too, there are babysitters and Ganenets, and they also wait in the lobby to avoid the pressure on the elevators," Mrs. B. chimes in. "Some argued that the babysitters and Ganenets should pay more to the Vaad Habayit for use of the elevator, but the Rav of the community ruled that they don't have to, and no one would think of contesting his ruling, *baruch Hashem*."



# Almost Identical Twins

"Ayala, it's for you---"

Her sister Shuly's voice broke into the ship that was rocking among the waves on the high seas. For a moment, it took Ayala out of the drama of the poor boy hiding in the ship's hold, and forced her to look up from the book.

Shuly was holding the cordless phone, and Ayala motioned to her to press "mute." She had to check which friend was calling. Because if it was Tehilla, again, then---

Then forget it. She didn't have the strength for her.

Very soon, she was back with the secret agents sitting on the deck and the messages they were sending in secret code---

But after she finally pulled herself away from the book and sat down to supper in the kitchen with her siblings, Tehilla again jumped to mind, this time, from little Dovi's direction:

"Adar Aleph and Adar Beis are like twins, right?" Five-year-old Dovi never ran out of interesting ideas, the kind his big sisters enjoyed.

"If they're twins, then Adar Aleph must be jealous of his twin Adar Beis, the month that all kids love and look forward to." Ayala felt bad for poor

Adar Aleph. As she put another two slices of red pepper on her plate, her thoughts suddenly wandered to a pair of real twins, twins she knew very well from the neighborhood. Twins, one of whom was bright, popular, and well-liked - and the other, who was just plain "Tehilla," the twin who had trouble with schoolwork and always needed help---

That night, she couldn't fall asleep. Thoughts about the poor stowaway, who the heartless people didn't try to help, jumbled together with thoughts about the twin sisters, the successful one in the parallel class, who was always surrounded by friends, and the other one---

Wait, was it her imagination, or did she hear Ima talking about her?

She heard it again. "Listen, Hadassah, I need to leave now; I have a bus in another three minutes. But I'm certain that my Ayala would be very suited to help such a family, with little kids." Ima's voice could be heard clearly now. She must have left the dining room and walked towards the corridor. "I'll speak with Ayala tomorrow and tell her to take a friend along and---" The front door opened and then closed. Ayala didn't hear the end of the sentence.

Wow! Hadassah, the neighborhood *chessed* coordinator, was inviting her to take part in the organization's work! How exciting! She just needed to find herself a good partner and---

She really felt like going with  
Y e h u d i s  
or with  
B r a c h i e,  
h e r

good friends. There was really no reason in the world why she should suddenly ask Tehilla, of all people.

But maybe she should give it at least one try?

Maybe *chessed* was not meant only for unfamiliar families, but even for classmates?

She never knew that Tehilla was so talented in art.

The truth is, it was strange for her to use the word "talented" in regard to Tehilla. But as her friend's pencil ran across the pages, drawing beautiful Adar-themed pictures for the Schwartz children, Ayala simply sat there, entranced.

"Adar Aleph is liable to be jealous of its twin, Adar Beis, for being so happy and fun," Ayala explained to them in a Ganenet voice.

The four sweet children, whose mother was in the hospital with a tiny baby who was not yet released from the preemie ward, were excited by the idea. They willingly cooperated in the contest that Ayala organized for them to collect the toys; and the prize was that meanwhile, Tehilla would draw them some more pictures...

Afterwards, they sat down to color the pictures with a lot of crayons and markers. Ayala didn't even notice the time passing. She had to admit that she actually enjoyed the time with Tehilla.

The Bubby that arrived to put the children to sleep looked at the pictures with admiration. "I see that it's almost Purim here, even though Adar Aleph has just begun," she said, smiling appreciatively at the devoted volunteers.

"Now Adar Aleph is definitely very happy, just like his twin," said Tehilla as they walked down the steps and headed for home.

"Happy and content!" Ayala agreed, and the glint in her new friend's eyes added genuine *simchah* to her, as well - *simchah shel mitzvah*.





## Ask the Rav

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

## Unfair Card Trading

**Question:** In our *cheder*, these days, everyone is trading cards from a certain series, to try and complete the set. Some cards are more rare and "valuable" and others are common and are worth less. One classmate is very persuasive and he convinces innocent boys to trade cards with him when it's really not worth it for them. I wanted to ask if I'm allowed to tell those boys to watch out for him because he's just trying to cheat them.

**Answer:** The questioner wants to fulfill the mitzvah of "*Lo saamod al dam reyacha*" by saving boys from

being tricked into trading valuable cards for plain ones. It is permissible and a mitzvah to do so, but he shouldn't say the name of the boy who is trying to trick them. He should just explain that, unfortunately, there are some boys who don't play fair, so they should be careful and shouldn't make a trade without consulting someone else.

The questioner should also be careful to speak for *l'to'eles* intentions, not to prevent the success of that boy, whom he might be jealous of for his ability to be a wheeler dealer.

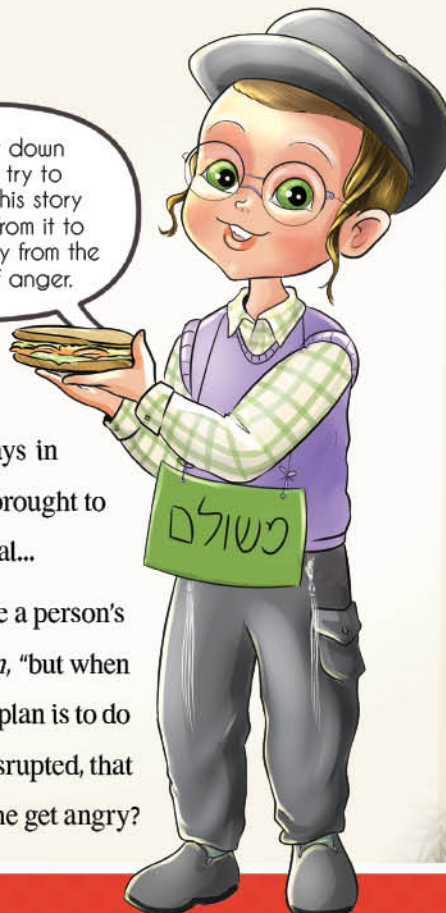
## Is Supper Ready?

One day, the Chozeh of Lublin zy"a asked to be served supper ahead of time. He wanted to go to bed earlier that day, for his *avodas Hashem*.

But precisely that day, there were delays in preparing the food, and the meal was brought to the tzaddik's room even later than usual...

"This sort of incident is liable to rouse a person's anger ..." the Chozeh said to his *talmidim*, "but when one remembers that his only desire and plan is to do Hashem's will, and if something was disrupted, that is surely the will of Hashem - how can he get angry?"

When I sit down to eat, I'll try to remember this story and learn from it to stay far away from the *middah* of anger.



And this  
time:  
The Chozeh  
of Lublin  
zy"a





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

# Way to Go!

## A Sack of Costumes

"Something doesn't smell right..." I murmured to myself, taking a brave step towards the garbage bin. Holding my nose, I repeated, "Sobething... doesn't sbell right (not that I didn't spell it right, but it doesn't sbell/smell right.) My right hand pinched my nose to protect it from the odor, while I put out my left hand towards the sidewalk. What bothered me wasn't the smell, but the collection of items next to the trash bin: Pants with paint stains; a visor; three wooden sticks that might just be... part of a ladder!

It's a miracle I wasn't standing on a ladder just then, because the simple, brilliant thought made me leap into the air. Of course a ladder! If the pants have paint stains, and if there are pieces of wood (that apparently were once a ladder) next to them, and also a visor, then it's clear as whitewash on a black wall! My thoughts kept racing, and, putting two and two together, I understood the whole story. Someone tossed his whole bag of costumes into the garbage by mistake! Just as I read in a book yesterday!

Imagine this poor kid, who simply asked Ima to take down the costumes at the beginning of Adar Aleph. Think about his patient mother who stopped what she was doing and took down the bag. And what now? How upset they'll be to discover that the bag of costumes is gone! The thoughts tumbled inside me at top speed. Crouching on the sidewalk, I saw more telltale items: Shirt. Belt. Metal rod (apparently a scepter). I could just imagine all the costumes *zichronam l'verachah*. A cook, or a mailman, or a Kohen Gadol (all right, without *mitznefes* and *choshen*, but those red rings may have been *rimonim* in better times). How can I return the lost items to their owners?

For a sweet moment, I understood that I was about to be a great hero. I put my honor aside and, with trembling fingers, pulled out more items from the pile. The odor was repulsive, but the feeling was sweet. As I was holding a battered yellow knit

hat (a brilliant idea for a chick costume), a voice interrupted my thoughts:

"Kasriel!"

"Huh?"

"Kas-ri-el!" the voice screamed again.

I didn't know who was calling, but I immediately replied: "What happened?"

"Look behind you," said the voice. "And up. Nu, here!"



The instructions were complicated, but after turning my head in five different directions, I found the source of the voice. Behind me, a few floors up, was the Schartzensteins' porch. Now I saw hands waving from it, motioning to me to come.

I came. Of course. I'd just climbed seventeen steps when Yona Moshe Schwartzstein came running down to meet me. "I ran down thirty-one stairs in your honor!" he panted. "I had to stop you because---"

"Stop me?" I asked.

"From rummaging in the garbage heaps," said Yonah Moshe. "Tomorrow the sanitation workers will come. Spare yourself."

I started saying - spare all the costumes--- but stopped because Yona shot me a strange look. "What are you talking about?" he asked. Then he explained everything. How they saw me from above, pulling out the yellow hat that his mother had just thrown out a quarter of an hour ago. And how all the shmattes they threw out...

"Shmattes??" I wanted to tell him that, to me, they were costumes of kings and musicians and cooks... but I remained quiet. Embarrassed. "If they would have been worth anything, we would have brought them to a Gamach," Yona Moshe summed up. "And I'm asking you, why collect other people's garbage?"

That reminded Yona Moshe about other garbage. He started talking to me about the situation in the *cheder*. "Some boys are so inconsiderate. It's terrible. True there's a cleaning man who comes in the evening, but is that a reason for Gavriel and Yechiel and Michoel to toss everything on the floor without---"

Wait! Stop!

"Garbage," I coughed. "This kind of talk is like... eh... garbage. Why should I collect it?"

Yona Moshe got quiet. Then he mumbled: "You're right."

And so, right and righteous and hoping that the right thoughts would continue to stand by me, I left the building, and no, I didn't go towards the garbage bin...

Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes  
Last month's winner: Moshe Yehoshua Relech, Ashdod



## In the Principal's Office

"Did you see the boy who just went into the principal's office?" whispered Asher to Avreimy and Yoel, who sat beside him on the bench at recess. "It was Elchanan, the wild kid from the parallel class. He must be getting punished again, like last--"

"Hey, Asher!!" Avreimy stopped him in mid-sentence. "Did you notice that you're tripping us up in the sin of *lashon hara*?"

"What you told us about him last week wasn't right, and now, too, we don't want to hear such things, and we don't believe you!" Yoel agreed.

When *cheder* was over and Asher was walking home, he thought about what had happened at recess and regretted the derogatory words he'd said about Elchanan. Asher decided that he wanted to do *teshuvah* for his sin.



Look up *sefer Chofetz Chaim, Klal Daled, Se'if Yud-Bets*, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 3, and choose the most appropriate answer.

Those who answer correctly will automatically enter a raffle.

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



The prize-winning idea was sent in by: Tamar T., Yerushalayim

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

M025379160@GMAIL.COM | 02-650-6107



## No Offense

## Free Period?!

Thirty-four girls stand up for Morah Naomi when she enters the classroom, as they do every morning.

Thirty-four siddurim are opened, also, as usual. But the moment *davening* is over and the teacher begins the lesson, it is clear to everyone that today is not going to be a regular school day.

Morah Naomi is very hoarse. You can barely hear her. And there is a packet of tissues on her desk that is emptying out at top speed--

Morah Naomi asks the girls to open their notebooks, but in the last rows of the class, some mouths open, instead. "What fun! The Morah is sitting down today; she can't even see us," whispers Miri to Tzirel, her seatmate. Racheli prefers to "chat" with her best friend Suri, who sits a bit far from her. No problem. The teacher can't see them today, so she can use the "postal service" and pass notes from one desk to the other...

Shevy spins around and gleefully tells the neighbor at the desk behind her about the new dress her mother bought her for her cousin's wedding.

And the teacher?

Perhaps she tries to quiet the murmurings at the back of the classroom. Maybe she asks the girls to concentrate and listen to what she's teaching. But they don't even hear her strained voice.



### A Few Words from Morah Naomi:

#### What could have happened:

That day, I came home feeling really sick. In the five hours that I tried to teach, my voice totally disappeared. Hammers pounded inside my head, but that wasn't all. My heart also ached. Literally ached. Yes, girls. True, I'm a teacher, but I also have feelings, and what happened today in class is simply insulting--

#### What happened in the end:

After recess, I had a pleasant surprise.

When I came into class, all the girls sat quietly and listened to the lesson. I was still hoarse, and my head hurt a bit. But when I saw how hard the girls were trying to listen - it gave me the strength to continue.

At the end of the day I discovered that two girls were behind this surprise. Two girls who saw that their teacher wasn't feeling well and who cared about her--



# Happy in Pairs

In the chart below, there are three exactly identical pairs of children. Find at least two of them.  
(Each face can be identified with a letter +number)



The matching pairs: 1.   2.   3.

## Forwards and Backwards

Fill in the chart from left to right with the Hebrew answers to the clues below. Then, read the letters from right to left and you'll find a Maamar Chazal about speech.

Clues from left to right:

- 1. How many people in a minyan (gimatriya)
- 2-3. 2-3 Roshei Teivos of "Roshei Teivos"
- 4-6. A type of tzaraas (Vayikra 13:39)
- 7. Number of Dibros (gimatriya)

8-9. Fill in letters of current Hebrew year:   פ"ד

- 10-11.   הניסים
- 12-14. Reason in Hebrew
- 15. Gimatriya of 30
- 16-17.   המלח

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----

Send solutions to  
Mishmeres HaSholom  
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or fax: 02-650-6107

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

Name: <input type="text"/>	
Address: <input type="text"/>	
Phone: <input type="text"/>	City: <input type="text"/>



# Welcome to the Herd

The pillow was very soft and even more comfortable than the pillow I'd left at home.

In the dream, there were curly-fleeced sheep with innocent eyes and tinkling bells. I was the shepherd. With my magic flute, I played a sweet tune. "That's the melody my father z"l used to sing to us Leil Shabbos after the *seudah*. We'd fall asleep to these beautiful notes."

"Do you remember the words, Zeidy?" asked one sheep. Suddenly, it wasn't a sheep; it was Chaim, my mischievous grandson. "Nu," I explained to myself, "I always said that the Kravitz gang looks like innocent sheep. Only *looks like*..."

I gazed at the fresh, green grass and tried to remember the words of the song. And then...

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

I woke up, sat up in bed, and tried to make some order amidst the confusion.

First of all, the new, pink dresser and the polka-dot curtain reminded me that I'm not at home, but in my daughter's house, in the room waiting for the princess, Elisheva, to grow up a little. Just three months ago, she came into the world, where no fewer than four brothers awaited her.

After a lot of discussions, planning, and getting organized, I'd arrived that morning at the Shibolim neighborhood and received a happy welcome. Until the pink Kravitz was born, this was the guest room. Now it had temporarily become Zeidy's room - mine, that is. The intended resident of the room is still being pampered in her parents' bedroom.

Second of all, the big "boom" that I'd heard was not supposed to cause me any stress. The Kravitz team is not a quiet one, to put it mildly, nor are they particularly innocent, if you'll recall what I mentioned in my dream. Besides - and this is already third of all - I heard hushed voices behind the door that made the whole picture become clear.

"What will be?" asked Eliezer.

"Zeidy must have heard the balloon burst and now he knows what surprise we're preparing for him."

"And it doesn't bother you that maybe he'll wake up?" Chaim chided him.

"So let's whisper" - suggested Matis. "If we don't make any more noise, then even if he woke up, he'll fall back asleep. That's what Ima always tells me at night if I drag a chair by mistake and Shmuli wakes up from the noise."

"If only!" Shmuli raised his voice, ignoring his brothers' recommendation. "If only I would fall back asleep! Do you know how long it takes me? Really, why can't you be more careful when you go to sleep after me?"

"Nu" - again Chaim took the job of doling out reprimands. "What's the point of arguing now, when we want to surprise Zeidy? It was disappointing enough that he arrived before we had a chance to get it ready."

I didn't wait to hear what "it" is. I opened the top drawer and took out a pair of earplugs.

Quickly I stuck them in my ears and...instant silence. Now I was certain I wouldn't hear about the surprise even a second early. Furthermore, I realized what had been strange about the welcome. The boys were definitely happy, but there was something sour in the air. It was simply disappointment that they hadn't had a chance to prepare their surprise.

Apparently, I dozed off again, and then, suddenly the door opened a crack and four cute, cheerful faces peeked in. Their lips moved rapidly, but I didn't hear a thing. I pulled out the earplugs and asked, "Why are you standing in the doorway? Come in!"

"You see!" Eliezer announced triumphantly. "He didn't hear!"

"He had earplugs in his ears. Right, Zeidy?"

"Very right," I answered. "These earplugs can help us choose whether to hear or not. If, for example, there are words of *lashon hara* being said around us, we can put in the earplugs, and then we won't hear the wrong thing."

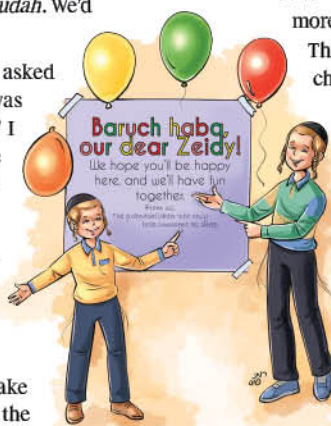
"What a good idea!" Matis said excitedly. "And you used them so we could surprise you. I know! So here it is..."

And with that, my grandchildren pointed at the huge sign, framed in balloons:

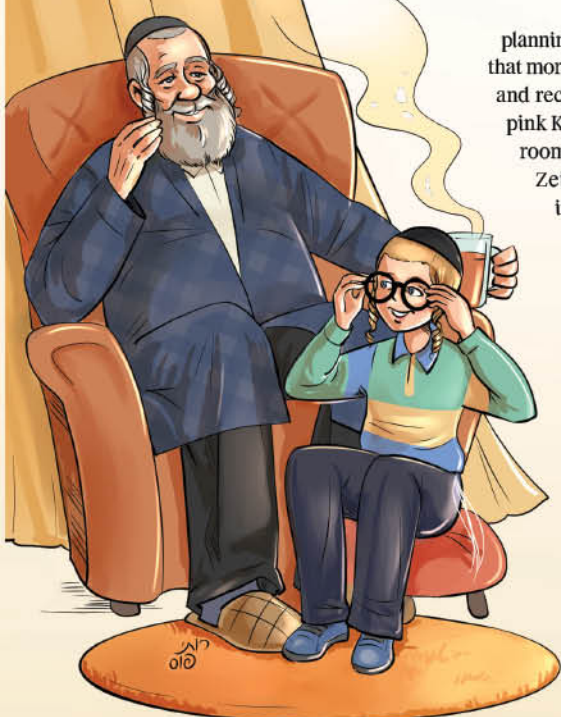
Baruch haba, our dear Zeidy!  
We hope you'll be happy here  
and we'll have fun together.  
From us,  
The grandchildren  
who only look innocent as sheep.

What do you say, readers?

Right, it's not going to be boring??



## THROUGH ZEIDY'S EYEGLASSES



# MELTING THE ICE

Summary of the previous chapter: A coarse fellow who appears to be drunk enters the Jewish inn. The children of the innkeeper are frightened of him.

Written by B. Halevi  
Illustrated by R. Fus

2



The soldiers are gone. We can start...



I didn't know that you get together here every day to daven.

Sometimes we also manage to review *pesukim* that we remember by heart.

Don't be afraid of them, Leible. Come tomorrow, too.



תלמד ייִדיש



I heard that inspectors from the headquarters in Moscow will be coming soon.



His Majesty, the Czar, wants to see from up close how the children are being absorbed here, in the army camp.

Sure. These cantonist children are the future generation of Mother Russia's army.



Poor Leib was snatched from his home as a young boy, and for many years, he had to serve in the Czar's army, cut off from every trace of Yiddishkeit.



He's really pitiful...



It's no wonder that he acts like a Goy...