

בס"ד, Mishmeres  
HaSholom Magazine

SHVAT 5786 • 231

הירחון טעון גניזה

# נפתלי

כאנין  
249  
שלום ב  
אמית

כאנין  
1039  
שיניים בריאות

כאנין  
1551  
בישול  
המשפט  
ובריאות  
הנפש

כאנין  
940  
הכל ילך  
בשורה

כאנין  
488  
פרנסה  
גדולה  
מאד



בעל ההבטחה ממנצ'סטר  
מין רה"י הנ' הנדריק רבי יהודה זאב הלוי סג"ל זצ"ל  
ניסד ליסוד שני הלכות ביום נספר תפץ חיים

כאנין  
1357  
פואה שלמה  
קרוב ממש

כאנין  
162  
גישמאל  
בלימוד  
התורה

כאנין  
950  
זיווג הגון  
בקרוב  
ובקלות

שגירת הלש  
רואים  
ישועות  
בעיניים!





heard an amazing story that happened on the first day of Gan: Thirty excited girls sit opposite the Ganenet, who starts davening with them. They say the words after her in a loud, clear voice. When they get to Kriyas Shema, the Ganenet says, "Now every girl covers her eyes with her right hand," and she demonstrates. Everyone brings her right hand to her eyes except for one girl. "What about you, sweetie?" the Ganenet asks, seeing the little girl's anguished face. "I don't have a right hand," she says in a whisper, and then adds explanation. "My big sister says I have two left hands..."

What a few words uttered at a moment of thoughtlessness can cause...

Words have power – for better or for worse. When the *chasan* says the words, "הרי את מקודשת לי" under the chuppah, the *kallah* turns into a married woman. Words that a person utters can obligate him in a *neder*, a binding oath. If he wants to retract it, he needs to do *hataras nedarim*. When the words "מקודשת השנה" are uttered in the Yovel year, they turn the regular year into a Yovel year.

A woman once told me that when her son, a young *bachur*, entered a new yeshiva, he underwent a very difficult period and had a hard time acclimating. One day, out of the blue, one of the staff members came over to him and wished him "Mazel tov" on his birthday... It seems that, "by chance," he had been going over the list in the office with the personal information of the *bachurim*. His eyes caught the column with the birthdates and revealed to him the birthdays of a number of *bachurim* that fell out that week. He made a mental note to wish those boys a friendly Mazel Tov when he'd meet them in the Yeshiva corridors. Those few words, accompanied by a pleasant smile and sincere interest, were literally like "cool water on a weary soul" for this *bachur* ---

We have tremendous power – the "*ru'ach memalela*" that only we human beings received. Let's utilize it only for good things: to give a compliment, say a good word, warm someone's heart with words that are capable of building worlds. And may we always be among the builders...

The *yahrtzeit* of Rav Yehuda Zev Segal, the Manchester Rosh Yeshiva, falls out in this month. He was the father of the revolution to learn a daily portion of *hilchos shemiras halashon*. Now, we are adding another level to the daily learning: a *mussar* section from the Chofetz Chaim's work, *Shemiras Halashon*. We don't want to just know the halachos but also to warm our hearts with messages that give us the power to stand up to the *nisyonos* of speech at the moment of truth.

*Sari Wertzberger*

## How About the "Villain" of the Story?

Thank you so much for Rebbetzin Wertzberger *shlita's* inspiring thoughts and personal words at the beginning of each issue. I wanted to comment on something that was mentioned in a recent column, about a friend who received an apartment for Shabbos on condition that it would be used to host a family without children, and in the end, a family with little kids stayed in the apartment and damage was done to the plumbing. The truth is, I was surprised that this story was printed. Isn't there a chance the friend in question receives the magazine and would be hurt to read about it? Regarding other readers, as well - don't you think such a story might cause damage by cooling off people's willingness to lend their apartments for Shabbos? Maybe it would be better to stick to stories with positive messages...

I'm really not the type to write letters of criticism, but I felt the need to say something so as to sharpen our awareness of the important subjects of *shemiras halashon* and derogatory words said (or written) *l'teles*.

Keep up your important work and *zikuy harabim*,

*L.T., Bnei Brak*

### Editor's Reply:

The concern for hurting someone is indeed justified, and in order to prevent it, we changed identifying details, even though it was an incident that occurred years ago.

As to the second concern you raised, this story had a highly positive message. It described the remarkable ability to believe that the damage was from Shamayim and to accept it in good cheer so as to avoid hard feelings and quarrels. The truth is, there's also a secondary message - how important it is to take care of an apartment someone gives us for Shabbos, especially if we come with little children...

## We Played, We Enjoyed, and We learned.

I wanted to share with you what we did for Chanukah this year. We decided to take the "Mishpachanukah Program" and use it for our family Chanukah party. It was simply amazing! The entire family participated. The game was a real hit. The truth is, we felt it affected the entire atmosphere at the family gathering; no one had any cheshek to speak lashon hara...

Thank you very much! You should be zocheh to continue being mezakeh harabim!

*S. Family, Yerushalayim*

### מסתדרים (בחילים)

מסתדרים בחיים

שיעורי מוסר יומיים מרתקים ע"פ שמירת הלשון

שיעור דקה ליום ע"פ הספר קיצור שמירת הלשון של הרבלי אשר יסרמן שליטיא

מוסר יומי בעזרה בהרה וסודית מורה"ג ממחה דוד שטייטא ע"פ הספר שמירה"ל

מוסר יומי קצר, מתועמת ומחזק מורה"ג נחום ברנמן שליטיא ע"פ הספר שמירה"ל

### כמניין הישועה

כמניין הישועה

שמייעת סיפורים אותנטיים או השארת סיפורים שלוחה 26

ילדים 3
נשים 2
גברים 1

072-337-2212

שיעורים יומיים << שיחות והרצאות >> סדרות מעצמות << פעילות ומבצעים לילדים

**בית הוראה**  
עזרה וי' באוכלוסייה חסרת

**מוקד הישועות**  
כלכלה שמעא אולטימטיא שלום

**קו השלום**  
נורמה האגון אומים אובים

**נציגות**  
בכא כגון באול

**חברים**  
אליטימ אולטימטיא

**כאחד**  
אשכנז אולטימטיא

**סמא דחיי**  
אכני פישלוג אולטימטיא

הענן לעני הרר יושוע הרר יצחק זצ"ל ברר יוסף יהודה ברר יחזקאל דל וזוג מרת ינידא בת הרר חיים שלמה ע"ה הרר שלום בהרר יחזקאל שרגא זצ"ל

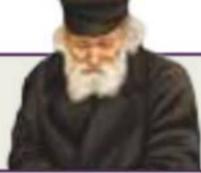
MAIN OFFICE:  
11 SDEI CHEMED ST. JERUSALEM  
TELEPHONE: 02-537-9160  
EMAIL: MO25379160@GMAIL.COM  
HOURS: 9 A.M. TO 3 P.M.  
FAX: 02-6506107

Published by Mishmeres HaShalom-the worldwide organization spreading shemiras halashon Distributed to 120,000 Jewish homes in Israel and around the world, in Hebrew, Yiddish, and English. to encourage and spread peace, shemiras halashon, and mitzvos bein adam l'chaveiro

**משמרת השלום**

כל הזכויות שמורות

For donations and to submit names: **1800-800-779**



### Lashon Hara about Someone "Considered" Different

**Question:** There's an older girl living on our block who is considered "different." Anyone who knows her or sees her behavior understands that she's "not 100% normal." Is there a halachic problem with me telling my sister that I saw this girl doing something strange?

**Answer:** From the questioner's words, it seems that even though all the girl's acquaintances know she's "different and not normal," she nevertheless did something unusually strange that people didn't know she was capable of doing.

Therefore, it's prohibited for the questioner to tell this to her sister. Even though something that "everyone knows" may be repeated under certain circumstances (see *CC, Hilchos LHR 2:4*), here we are speaking of an act that people were not aware that she's capable of doing. Since, by relating the incident, her strange behavior will be sharpened beyond what was known until now – it is considered *lashon hara*.

This case is even more serious than the Chofetz Chaim's ruling (*Hilchos LHR5:8* and *BMC 11*) that if Reuven spoke *lashon hara* about someone, and another person came and said the same exact report, without adding a single word – the second also violates *issur lashon hara*, because his report will lead the listeners to more strongly believe what they heard before from Reuven. In the incident we're discussing, the report emphasizes the girl's unusual behavior even more.

Another reason to prohibit telling this report is because the objective of the questioner in telling her sister the strange thing the girl did is to intensify the derogatory impression of the subject, and in such a case, one is prohibited to say it even when the report is well-known. (*BMC ibid* and *CC Hilchos LHR 2:3* and also *7:4*).

c. The students entered the school on the assumption that, if necessary, the educational staff would discuss their problems.

Nevertheless, they should make sure not to mention names (as specified in the question), and above all, should be very careful not to publicly bring up cases in which the blame is directed at certain parents. Such cases should be discussed privately with the people involved. And, of course, they may not believe any negative information, but may only suspect and take precautions.

All this is true for a small school. However, in a large school, where there are many students and several parallel classes, it's preferable to organize workshops for the staff in small groups, according to grade of students, because, generally, the students won't derive any benefit from teachers unconnected to them knowing about their problems (reason a), and it's also difficult to assume that they entered the school on this assumption (reason c).

Of course, one may organize a workshop at which the participants will discuss, in a general way, educational challenges that exist in all schools, not necessarily in this one – using proper judgment.



### Information That Accumulates by the Organization Coordinator

**Question:** As coordinator of a large organization, I'm responsible for dozens of workers. The information I accumulate about the staff's functioning, problems and failings, are general very critical for me, on subjects I need to deal with myself or transmit to my higher-ups. But sometimes I hear information that is of no *to'eles* to me. The problem is that it's hard to know in advance, before hearing it, if the info will be necessary or not. What can I do to avoid slipping into the prohibition of hearing *lashon hara*?

In addition, workers who don't get along often share with me details of their murky relationship. Am I allowed to listen to such reports?

**Answer:** The Chofetz Chaim says (*Hilchos LHR, 6:3*): "If someone approaches you and wants to tell you something about another person, and you realize that he plans to say something negative, ask the speaker at the start, 'Does the information you want to share with me have any relevance to me for the future? Will hearing it enable me to rectify matters by rebuke?...? If he responds that it is relevant or that you'll be able to rectify the matter, you may listen. However, do not believe what you hear, but merely consider the possibility it's true until the matter is clarified. But if you understand that nothing constructive will result... it is forbidden for you even to listen." These words of the Chofetz Chaim provide a clear answer to the first question.

As to the second question, since the questioner, in her position as coordinator, is capable of making peace between the workers, she must listen to this information – while, of course, having constructive intentions and not believing either side. By trying to make peace, she will fulfill the Mishnah (*Pe'iah 1:1*) that we say every morning: "These are the things for which a person eats the fruit in This World while the principal is preserved for him in the World to Come...and making peace between fellow men." She should *be"H* succeed and then, "*Ashreha v'tov lah.*"



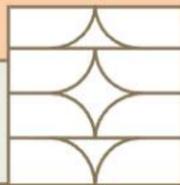
### Workshop to Give Teachers Tools in Social Areas

**Question:** As part of my job as educational advisor in school, in my desire to give teachers tools to help girls in the social arena, I initiate workshops for *mechanchos* at which we bring up various social problems and discuss suitable solutions. Of course, the cases are presented without using names, but since it's a small school and everyone knows each other, it's reasonable to assume that they'll manage to identify who is being spoken about. I want to ask if we can rely on the *heter* of "*to'eles*" if such discussions expand horizons for all the teachers and also help lead to a solution of the problem due to the joint brainstorming.

**Answer:** Since we're speaking about a small school, where the teachers know everyone, every one of the teachers is liable to encounter the need to deal with problems in any of the students. Therefore, the questioner may organize such a workshop.

The reasons for the *heter* are as follows:

- There's clear benefit for the successful running of the entire school.
- Generally, the flaws under discussion are not considered *lashon hara* at all, because of the young age of the students (see *CC Dirshu, 8, FN 8*).



# A Word in Thousands of Copies



"I loved writing from a young age, but it was my good friend, the well-known writer, Y. Golan, who gave me the courage to start publicizing my work. She also helped me find a suitable platform to publish my first creations. Back then, I didn't have the nerve to use my real name; I preferred to appear under a pen name..." (R. Tov)

## Feeling Responsibility

As someone whose words go out to the *reshus harabim*, how do you feel when you let them fly out of your hands?

"I feel great responsibility. A need to provide readers with reading material that is appropriate and well-written, with up-to-date and accurate details. Material that will captivate them, but also enrich them spiritually and impart values. And yes, it should also leave them with a good feeling and positive thoughts." (R. Sherman)

"When I write, I wear two hats simultaneously – of a writer and also a reader. I constantly keep in my mind's eye the need to be careful and weigh every word. When I'm dealing with a particularly sensitive topic, I also pass on the material for another review, just to be sure." (R. Tov)

"The truth is that when I write, I don't think and I don't feel... I am totally engrossed in the story. I bond with the characters, seeing what is happening in the story as genuine reality." (P. Stern)

"I daven that my words should accomplish their mission in the best possible manner. That I should convey the messages in the right way, especially in interviews, in which people expose themselves – that I shouldn't be the cause of any mishap." (G. Berenfeld)

## Getting Feedback

Over the years, it surely happened that words you wrote caused an unexpectedly major impact – positive or negative... Tell us about an especially startling reaction, and maybe also about the criticism or comment that you received.

"A grandmother told me that her grandson began taking Ritalin and started enjoying his learning after he read an interesting article I wrote on this topic. That gave me deep satisfaction. Another time, when I wrote about a support group for girls who were

Words have power. Reality. Especially when they go to print, leaving the domain of the writer and becoming public domain. With us are the writers R. Sherman, R. Tov, and G. Berenfeld, three of the in-house authors of Mishmeres, in a fascinating personal panel on the ko'ach of the written word. Along with them, we have the well-known author, P. Stern, who agreed to devote time and join the round table.

## Jumping into the Water

Let's go back in time and try to remember the first time you dared to publicize material you wrote. How old were you? What gave you the push, and what reactions did you get?

"The story of how I started writing is rather well-known. I was an only daughter, with two older brothers away in Yeshiva, and I needed occupation... How often can you invite friends? How often can you go to them? In those days, there weren't many books that could be brought into a *frum* home, and my father *zt"l* would buy every one that came out. I read and reread those books dozens of times.

"I started writing stories --- just to put away in my drawer." I was a bashful child and no one ever saw my work, other than my mother. One day, she took my notebooks to a PTA meeting and showed them to the teacher, without my knowledge.

"The next day, the teacher entered the classroom with a secretive smile. She said someone gave her a fascinating book and she read it overnight. Now, she wants to set up turns of who will read it next. Everyone raised their hand enthusiastically – me,

too. And then... I almost fainted when she took out my notebook.

"The girls read the 'book' and showered me with compliments. They promised I'd be a writer and were so encouraging that it really happened." (P. Stern)

"I always liked writing. The first time I dared publicize my work was in my last year of seminary. My best friend, daughter of a famous writer, showed me a pile of pages she'd written and told me she'd started writing for a newspaper. I said to myself, *If she can do it – so can I.* I took the information from her, sent in a few stories, and---they published one of them! The first check got to us on the day of my wedding..." (R. Sherman)

"The first time something I wrote was printed was in eleventh grade. The teacher who taught me creative writing was the editor of a certain magazine. She asked permission to publish my material. The fact that such an 'important' figure in the writing world chose to publish my work made me very happy and gave me confidence in my writing.

"The truth is that after the teacher was enthused by my first efforts, I also started panicking. I was afraid that the next times, she'd see that my success had been a one-time occurrence and would be disappointed..." (G. Berenfeld)



dealing with a certain situation, a girl called me and asked how she could join. Again, the knowledge that my words brought real benefit excited me very much."

"The truth is that when I write for Mishmeres HaSholom, I know my words have a *heilige* purpose. That they influence children to do good. That causes me to exert myself and draw out my maximum efforts.

"Of course, there will always be some criticism... With all my caution and good intentions, it happened that I received angry reactions to a story I wrote..." (G. Berenfeld)

"For me, writing is a *parnassah*, but I also feel it's a mission. For example, a friend of mine whose husband is involved in *kiruv* of *bachurim* from abroad told me that a *bachur* from a weak spiritual background was very inspired by a story of mine, and it caused him to change direction. An incident like that injects me with a lot of *ko'ach*..." (R. Sherman)

"I once wrote in *Marveh Latzameh* the story of my niece, whose lungs were damaged post-Corona, and in a divine *mahalach* of *emunah*, she underwent a miraculous lung transplant in the U.S. The article came into the hands of a woman who had a serious lung disease. She contacted the heroine of the story, came to that same hospital in the U.S., and *baruch Hashem*, successfully underwent the identical operation. I can't even describe how overcome with emotion I was ...

"On the other hand, I once wrote a serialized story in which the main character had an uncommon name. One day, I heard from the "mother of the heroine" – that is, of a girl with that same name who feels very uncomfortable being identified as that character. I felt very bad that I had indirectly caused pain to a Jewish girl..." (P. Stern)

"The need to always be creative and interesting, as is expected from a good writer, is very demanding. The good feedback I hear empowers me a lot, but criticism... brrrr... really weakens me. (R. Tov)

## Holding a Copy in Hand

How do you feel when you hold the printed material in your hand and see your name displayed on it (newspaper, magazine, book)?

"To this day, though I've been in the field for decades, it still excites me. Seeing the words printed and going out to the public also reminds me how great a responsibility I have." (R. Tov)

"Profound gratitude. I feel that it's a gift that Hashem bestowed upon me.. When I start writing, I feel how Hashem is guiding me, giving me the right words." (P. Stern)

"I read it over again, from the beginning, this time through the eyes of the readers. And, most amazing, when someone compliments me, many times I go back and read it once more, with the eyes of the one who enjoyed it." (G. Berenfeld)

"The truth is that it simply doesn't thrill me anymore... *Baruch Hashem*, I'm busy submitting the next batch of materials, there's the pressure of deadlines, and many times, I don't even keep track of my material that comes out." (R. Sherman)

## To Budding Writers

What tip do you have to offer budding writers who dream of the day that their works will become best-sellers?

"Write. Write. Write. The more you write, the more you progress, *b'ezras Hashem*. And yes, you'll find a platform - it doesn't matter which - that will publish your work." (P. Stern)

"Read a lot. Write a lot. It doesn't matter how it comes out. Show your work to people who know how to compliment. At the first stage, don't seek out criticism, just compliments that will encourage you." (R. Sherman)

"A fellow writer said to me: 'You don't have to think - what will make my work into a best-seller, but what will benefit the readers and give them *ko'ach*.' That approach really grabbed me. Instead of seeing myself when I write certain material, I try to see the readers." (G. Berenfeld)

"A tip I heard from a newspaper editor: Try to be original in your writing. If you read a lot about a certain topic recently - leave it alone. Try to find a different angle. It'll have more chance of finding favor and getting printed." (R. Tov)

Don't Sell Me Lukshen



A little girl once came home from Gan with a picture colored in with crayons and adorned with stickers. The picture showed two girls talking, one of them with a finger on her lips, and a speech bubble saying: "*Lashon hara!*"

"This girl's mother made *lukshen* for lunch," the young student explained in all seriousness. "And she likes *lukshen*, so she's saying '*Lukshen* – hurrah!"

"Is that what the Mora explained?" her mother asked, amused.

"I don't remember," the girl admitted. "But something like that. Here, it says – *Lukshen Hurrah!*"

---

Ach, children. They can be so amusing. *Davka* when they don't intend to make anyone laugh, they come up with the funniest mistakes, exposing a bit of what's going on in their little minds:

**The buildings are traveling backwards.** Remember that magic? Also the trees, the lamp posts, and the people on the street. They're all receding, while we, safely in the speeding car, are beating everyone in the race.

**The trees are making wind.** Look! They're swaying so strongly and all their leaves are "going wild," moving all the air around them. It's no wonder that poor man's hat flew off his head!

**Credit is for free.** The stickers in the store are too expensive? The special ice-cream pops are so tempting, but Abba says they cost as much as ten regular ice pops? What's the problem? Instead of wasting precious metal coins, just bring the plastic card to the screen and take home whatever you want – for free!

And in a similar vein: **No money left? Take it from the ATM.** After all, the bank is a philanthropic entity that posted a vital device in front, for the benefit of the public. Your supply of money is finished? Print yourself as much as you want...

**Inside the tape player, little men are singing.** Now it's an MP-3 with a Bluetooth loudspeaker, but the little men still manage to hide inside the electronic chip and sing in their sonorous voices to anyone who wants to listen.

**The orange balls on the electric wires are toys for the birds.** Why not? They're colorful, round, and pretty. (Challenge for the adults: Why, really, are they hanging up there...?)

Ach, children. They can be so amusing.

Hey, wait a second. What about us?

Maybe the time has come to zero in on some erroneous attitudes, ludicrous mistakes, and childish connotations that have taken root in our minds or hearts. To meet up again with the girls in the picture, to read their words properly, and instead of "remembering more or less" – to review, to learn, to love, and to fulfill.



# K'minyan Hayeshuah

## The Segulah Taking the World by Storm

### How Does This Wonder Happen?!

I don't want to listen to anyone who speaks negatively about my children!

As it says in the *sefarim hakedoshim*, when a Jew speaks negatively about another Jew, Hashem closes His ears to his requests. It's very hard to do *teshuvah* on *lashon hara*, because the moment the words leave our mouths, the damage they cause is out of our control. Not only that, but in most cases, it's not possible to approach the person we spoke about and ask his forgiveness.

The only solution is *teshuvah hamishkal*

When we start learning two halachos a day and donate *k'minyan hayeshuah* for the Sama D'Chayei project spreading *shemiras halashon* among the younger generation in the *yeshivos hakedoshos*, we build an entire generation of *shomrei peh* and *notzrei lashon*. In this way, we remove the barrier that previously blocked our *tefillos* from rising and being accepted in Shamayim – and instead, we create a receptacle to receive *yeshuos*, as Chazal say, "Hashem found no better receptacle to hold *brachah* than *shalom*."

It's inconceivable, but there's no other explanation for it!

It simply works and proves itself!

No one can explain it. A huge stream of phone calls from all over the world, around the clock. Everyone wants to do the *segulah*. Each one and the *yeshuah* they need. Major *tzaros* alongside minor, niggling everyday problems. The common denominator: They're all desperate to open the pipelines of *yeshuah*.

Every caller heard about it from somewhere else. The idea spread by word of mouth: There's one *segulah* that works! You donate a sum equal to the *minyan* of the *yeshuah* you need - and you see miracles.

One person asks to donate a monthly sum equal to the *gematriya* of "שיצליח לקום בזמן" -he should succeed in waking up on time. The caller explains that his son, who just started Mesivta, has trouble getting up in the morning. A few days later, he calls again: "I can't explain how it happened, but the day after I called, my son simply got an injection of energy and started 'rising like a lion' every morning. Now I want to change the sum to the *minyan* of 'שימשיך להצליח בישיבה'.

The calls informing us of the *yeshuos* resulting from the *segulah* keep rolling in. A Ganenet of a Teme't private Gan asked to donate the *gematriya* of "מפקחת טובה ונעימה" – a good, pleasant supervisor. Less than 24 hours (!) later, she called back: "For years, I've been coping with critical, strict supervisors who never leave my house without a list of complaints. Yesterday I called to do the *segulah*, and today a new supervisor came - more pleasant than any

I'd ever had!"

The list of "*K'minyan*" is fascinating: Dozens of donations of the *gematriya* of "טסט" – driving test (and heartwarming updates: "After failing 5-6 tests, I finally passed!"). *K'minyan* "שיאכל מבקבוק" – he should take a bottle (The baby refused to eat and was losing weight; he was on the brink of being hospitalized. Suddenly he agreed to take the bottle!). *K'minyan* "חמישה חדרים בנקל ובמהירות" – Five rooms, quickly and easily (under a month later, she updated: "Don't ask how it happened, but I'm already in a spacious 5-room apartment!"). *K'minyan* "עובדות טובות" – good workers (and two hours later, she called back: I can't say yet that the *segulah* worked, but during my call to you, I had two "beeps" from qualified women applying for the job).

The secretaries manning the phones are overwhelmed. The wonder of "*k'minyan hayeshuah*" keeps surprising them. An hour doesn't go by without phone calls coming in both from people asking to donate the sum of the *yeshuah* and from those calling to share good news and change the donation from the equivalent of "שתזכה לזיווג הגון בקרוב" to "בית נאמן בישראל" and from *minyan* "זרע של קיימא" to "תינוק בריא בקרוב".

Every call represents a moving story of people who suddenly stopped suffering and started living, of dreams that seemed out of reach and suddenly came true.

# Get the Chills >>

Donate "K'minyan Hayeshuah"  
See yeshuos with your own eyes

1800.800.779

Listen now to thousands of firsthand stories told by the callers themselves, thanking Hashem for the nissim they personally experienced, on the "K'minyan Hayeshuah" extension of the Shalom Hotline:

072.337.2212

Ext. 26



# Hundreds of bachurim attest to the tremendous personal yeshuah

they were zocheh to thanks to the Sama D'chayei project!

If you just study the moving feedback that flows in every day to the Mishmeres HaSholom offices from hundreds of bachurim who received their lives anew in the zechus of bringing the Sama D'chayei program into their Yeshiva, you'll understand that it's no wonder that a partnership in supporting this lifesaving project brings in its wake such a tremendous train of open yeshuos!

"I'll tell you the truth: At first, I joined the program just for the stipend and prizes. But after a month of learning two halachos a day, I suddenly grasped that my soul had become more refined. I was no longer capable of hearing someone speaking negatively about another Yid."

*Aharon L. Yeshiva Gedolah*

"As the Mashgiach, who receives all of the *bachurim's* complaints, I used to need to deal with countless fights and quarrels. Thanks to Sama D'chayei, the unbelievable happened: The number of complaints plunged by tens of percent!"

*One of the Mashgichim*

"We see our son coming back from Yeshiva totally different. More relaxed, happier, less defensive. It's important for the partners of the project to know that there are thousands of boys for whom the Sama D'chayei project is their insurance policy for interacting with their contemporaries in Yeshiva."

*G. family*

"As a *bachur* who was tested and *b"H* reached the final stages of the national 'Chasan HaSholom' competition, I can say clearly: It changed me. In addition to the *bekius* I achieved in *sefer Chofetz Chaim* and *Shemiras Halashon*, I also got the tools to get along with friends. I learned how not to get insulted and not to insult others. The prizes and stipends were nice, but the feeling of fulfillment is worth much more."

*Abraham B. Yeshiva Gedolah*

"For months, I would return to my room in the dorm afraid to meet up with my roommates, waiting for their next biting remark. But then the Yeshiva joined the Sama D'chayei project. Since then, the atmosphere was simply transformed. The *bachurim* think a lot more before they speak. I feel that you gave me a new life."

*Yossie P. Mesivta*

"We don't only grow *talmidei chachamim*; we grow *baalei middos*. And Sama D'chayei is the strongest tool we have today in our *chinuch* toolbox."

*One of the Roshei Yeshiva*

"You see it clearly: A *bachur* who participates in the Sama D'chayei project is a happier *bachur*. He doesn't have this unease inside him about "Who talked about me to whom? His head is available for Torah!"

*Maggid Shiur in Yeshiva Gedolah*

"The best investment they made in our son's Yeshiva wasn't in the realm of construction and renovations, but in our boys' *neshamos*. It is simply *hatzalas nefashos*."

*B. family*

"Thanks to the project, "respecting one another" has become a way of life in our Yeshiva. Even the biggest "*chevramans*" are careful to treat other with respect. You saved me."

*(Tuvia P. Mesivta)*

"You simply see it with your own eyes: A Yeshiva with Sama D'chayei and a Yeshiva without it — are two different worlds. In Yeshivos where the program operates, the boys are built up in the right way — emotionally strong and healthy."

*One of the Mashgiachs*

## Sama D'chayei – Saving a Generation for All Generations

The great vision of Rav Yisrael Meir of Radin, the Chofetz Chaim zy" a, is taking shape before our very eyes:

# The Sama D'chayei Project Saves Lives!

Tens of thousands of *yeshiva bachurim* studying two halachos a day and strengthening their *shemiras halashon*, as part of the Sama D'chayei program • National "Chasan HaSholom" competition in the Heichalei Hayeshivos to master *sifrei Chofetz Chaim* and *Shemiras Halashon* by heart forwards and backwards • Training the *rabbanim* of *shemiras halashon* of the next generation • The *zechus* to instill the foundations and values of *shemiras halashon* and *middos tovos* in the younger generation

The Sama D'chayei program, which operates in 140 Mesivtas and Yeshivos Gedolos throughout the country, was established with the understanding that the most worthwhile investment is in the younger generation. The program has swept up tens of thousands of teenagers, without exaggeration, who take part in the daily study of two halachos a day in *sefer Chofetz Chaim* and *shemiras halashon* and are trained in the appreciation of the great virtue of *shemiras halashon* and the importance of being careful to avoid every trace of *lashon hara*.

## What does the program do in the yeshivos?

The tremendous revolution going on in the *heichalei hayeshivos* among the younger generation is the direct result of long-time investment that is

constantly gathering speed, spreading, and expanding, without a stop. The *chinuch* staffs tell us that the face of the Yeshiva after joining Sama D'chayei bears no resemblance to the yeshiva before joining. The change evident in all areas of *bein adam lachaveiro* is inconceivable.

## How does the program manage to take the bachurim to a much better place in life?

The Sama D'chayei program includes a network of representatives in every yeshiva and persuasive publicity on a monthly basis, alongside internal campaigns inside the Yeshivos to join the program and incentive programs and prize-bearing campaigns that produce excellent results.



**368**  
Were tested on  
sefer Chofetz Chaim  
and Shemiras  
Halashon by heart



**12,5**  
Bachurim  
two halachos



**5,890**  
Participated in  
the "Chasan  
"HaSholom  
competition





# Tefillas Hayeshuos

## By the Baal Hahavtachah

**and be mentioned l'tovah at the kever of the Baal Hahavtachah, Hagaon Rav Yehuda Zev Segal zt"l**

founder of the seder limud of "two halachos a day" in the sefarim of the Chofetz Chaim, who promised that anyone who partners in spreading the limud of two halachos of shemiras halashon a day – will be zocheh to see a yeshuah in his matters!

**Join now**

with a partnership to support the Sama D'chayei program to spread shemiras halashon and middos tovos values among bnei yeshivos



Donate "K'minyan Hayeshuah" See yeshuos with your own eyes

# 1800.800.779



**145**  
Mesivtas and Yeshivos Gedolos



**500**  
hours of learning  
two halachos a day



**685,000**  
Hours of cumulative learning, memorization, and review a year



**15,682**  
Persuasive ads were hung in Yeshivos





## The Solution: Night Job

We were in a very dire situation *parnassah*-wise, and there was no hint of a solution on the horizon. One day, I was reading the column in the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine with stories of people who donated "*k'minyan hayeshuah*." When I called in to hear more about it, I discovered that there's a phone line where you can listen to true *yeshuah* stories about people who saw real *nissim* following their donations. Listening to them, I simply broke into tears...

My husband and I decided to donate a monthly sum equal to the *gematriya* of "847 – פרנסה בשפע" shekels, which is also the *gematriya* of "כל הישועות". That same evening, we were *zocheh* to see the *yeshuah*! A certain *askan* approached my husband and offered him regular nightly work of three hours a day, with a very high hourly payment that was enough to amply cover the needs of our family. We were *zocheh* to increase our standing order by dedicating our *maaser* money to strengthening the marvelous work of Mishmeres HaSholom.

*The Fischer family*

## Four Times Mazel Tov

We were four girls over age 22, still waiting for our *shidduchim*. In our Chassidic community, that was considered very old. In a joint initiative, we decided to open a phone line for learning the two halachos a day. In addition, we donated a standing order for Mishmeres HaSholom from our *maaser money* – 950 shekels, the *gematriya* equivalent of "זיווג הגון בקרוב" and "ובקלות", knowing the money would go to school activities, teaching children to be sensitive to each other and not cause others pain. And we were *zocheh* to see the pipeline of *shefa* open up and bring the great *yeshuah* we were waiting for! In less than forty days, the first two of us got engaged, and after we organized a "K'echad meeting for our seminary friends – the other two got engaged!!

Of course, we haven't discontinued our standing order. We want to continue enjoying abundant *brachos* and *yeshuos*.

We recommend to all single girls to try this *segulah* that worked for us...

*Brachie C. Yerushalayim*

## Baby with Atopic Dermatitis

Our baby was born with severe atopic dermatitis, and we were faced with a battle that only someone who experienced it can understand... The poor, suffering child cried all day. His skin was irritated and full of open wounds; his sheet was blood-stained. When he was eight months old, we'd reached the breaking point and were considering ordering plane tickets to Switzerland, to give him and us a few weeks of respite from the horrible itching. Precisely at that time, I met a friend on the street, and when she saw my child and heard about what we were going through, she suggested a donation to Mishmeres HaSholom.

"We saw a great *yeshuah* for our son thanks to our donation," she said. I came home and told my husband about it. We decided to donate a standing order of 1381 shekels, the *gematriya* equivalent of "שיעלם אשופיק מהר ולתמיד". And it happened!! The next Shabbos, we started seeing improvement, and in the days that followed, the condition got a lot better, *baruch Hashem!*

In addition to the donation, we all took upon ourselves to learn two halachos a day of *shemiras halashon* for forty days. On the fortieth day, the baby's face was smooth, like new---

*Sara S*

## Solution across the Street

We were looking for a suitable Gan for next year for our son, but due to the cutoff of subsidies in the day-care centers, all the private Ganim in the area were full. The only option was a Gan quite far from our house. We decided to donate 53 shekels to Mishmeres HaSholom, *k'minyan* "גן". The next day, we found the solution right across the street – an excellent *cheder*, with quality staff, that agreed to accept our little boy, even though he was slightly younger than the cutoff date.

*Michael's parents*



## Robust Health – Soon!

About a year ago, we were informed that Shmuli, our third son, 15 years old, had cancer. For weeks, we ran from specialist to specialist and from test to test. We sent the biopsy to the biggest medical centers in the world, and after many consultations, we decided to fly to Boston. The plan was to stay in the city for about nine months for radiation and grueling chemotherapy.

When we were on the plane, belted in, my husband suddenly remembered: *K'minyan hayeshuah*!! In our house, *shemiras halashon* is one of the central principles. In addition to learning the daily halachos, we serve as the Mishmeres HaSholom reps in our building and host the regular "K'echad" meetings. Before we left, we'd appointed a different family to fill in for us.

"How could we have forgotten this fantastic *segulah*?" I agreed with my husband. I added that as soon as we'd land, we'd donate a sum equal to the *gematriya* of "בריאות איתנה בקרוב". But my husband wasn't satisfied. He got up, took out the handbag from the baggage compartment, counted out 1,395 shekels, and put the money in a separate compartment of his wallet. "This is our donation for the first month," he said. After that, we'll give a standing order to this amount for the duration of the treatments, until he would *iy"h* return to Eretz Yisrael in robust health."

Today, months after that incident, people find it hard to believe the sequence of marvelous incidents. As soon as we got off the plane, we received a message that an appointment had opened up for us in the hospital. That was the first *kefitzas haderech*. From that point on, everything moved at unnatural speed. Within a few days, we were after surgery. Somehow or other, we were presented with an offer to join an innovative treatment program that eliminates the whole radiation process. And so, within just two months, we found ourselves returning home with a hale and healthy son, *b"H*

Special issue for  
the Mishmeres  
HaSholom kids

# הַשְׁלֹמִים

Ahavas chinam  
is here!

## A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Can you imagine the world without electricity? The weak light of gas lamps... Food stored in the cellar, because there'd be no refrigerators... Clothing washed in the river – no washing machine. Logs burning in the fireplace to warm up the house...

Can you imagine the world without motor vehicles? Everyone would ride donkeys or camels... Horse-drawn wagons or carriages... Ships bobbing up and down for weeks on the ocean waves...

Now, let's try to imagine the world without the Manchester Rosh Yeshiva, Rav Segal *zt"l*'s revolution. Without the daily learning of *hilchos shemiras halashon* that he initiated. Without the tremendous *chizuk* it brought about. Today, even toddlers just learning to talk say: "Shh! *lashon hara!*"

Nowadays, there are *b"H* many easily available ways to learn *hilchos shemiras halashon* – *sefarim* broken up into portions following Rav Segal's calendar; illustrated books for children; *shiurim* on the phone. And, above all, there's such an atmosphere of *hisorerus* that everyone wants to be part of it!

It doesn't matter how old you are; you're invited to choose a suitable *sefer* and start learning...!

## IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS

The Chofetz Chaim *zy"a*

## Crying behind the Door

A *bachur* from Yeshivas Navardok came to Radin to check out if the Chofetz Chaim's Yeshiva suited him.

When the *bachur* got to the village, he went directly to the Rosh Yeshiva's home. From behind the closed door, he heard the Chofetz Chaim crying!

*Why was the Rav crying so hard??* the *bachur* wondered.

The people in the house explained. Just before, a strange Jew had come to ask the Chofetz Chaim to daven for a mortally ill patient. The Rosh Yeshiva had dropped everything and started davening tearfully for the patient's recovery...

The *bachur*, who eventually founded Ponevezh Yeshiva and became one of the *gedolei hador* --- Hagaon Rav Yosef Shlomo Kahaneman *zt"l* --- was amazed. "If the Rosh Yeshiva is capable of crying so hard for a Yid he doesn't even know – I want to learn Torah from him," he decided, and remained to learn in the Chofetz Chaim's yeshiva.

## ASK THE RAV

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

## Changing Seats

**Question:** When it was time to change seats in class, the teacher said each girl could write who she wanted to sit next to. I asked her to please *not* put me next to friend X (because our friendship really suffocates me; she's very dependent), and, knowing how hard it is for me, the teacher accepted my request.

That friend was very hurt that the teacher didn't seat us together. She said, "Tell me the truth. Did you ask to sit next to me? I wrote that I only want to be next to you..."

I had no choice, so I said, "Of course I wanted, but the teacher decided otherwise..." Now I feel terrible. I lied and also dumped the blame on the teacher, when she just wanted to help me. What should I do?

**Answer:** The questioner did the right thing. A friend's excessive dependency is not healthy and the damage this causes is very common. She was wise to ask the teacher not to seat them together. On the other hand, it was good that she told the friend she wanted to sit with her but the teacher decided otherwise. She said it *mipnei darchei shalom*, and, as Chazal said (*Yevamos 62b*): "A person is allowed to bend the truth for the sake of *shalom*." Additionally, her words weren't *lashon hara* or *rechilus* about the teacher because everyone knows that teachers have scholastic and *chinuch* considerations when arranging the seating, for the girls' benefit.



Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes  
Last month's winner: Tzipora Dina Salvin - Kiryat Ye'arim

Shiur No. 18



And now for the next question:

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

In what connection does the Chofetz Chaim mention in Perek Gimmel the *issur* of eating non-kosher food?

1. The *issur* of eating non-kosher food is more serious than the *issur* of *lashon hara*,
2. Eating non-kosher food is an *aveirah bein adam laMakom*, while *lashon hara* is an *aveirah bein adam lachaveiro*.
3. If you tell someone that the food he's eating isn't kosher, he'll stop right away and spit out what's in his mouth. When a conversation runs into *lashon hara*, we also need to stop immediately.

\*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. 19, he will elaborate on the topic.

NO OFFENSE



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

The idea that won was from Rivka Kestenbaum

# History or Hysteria

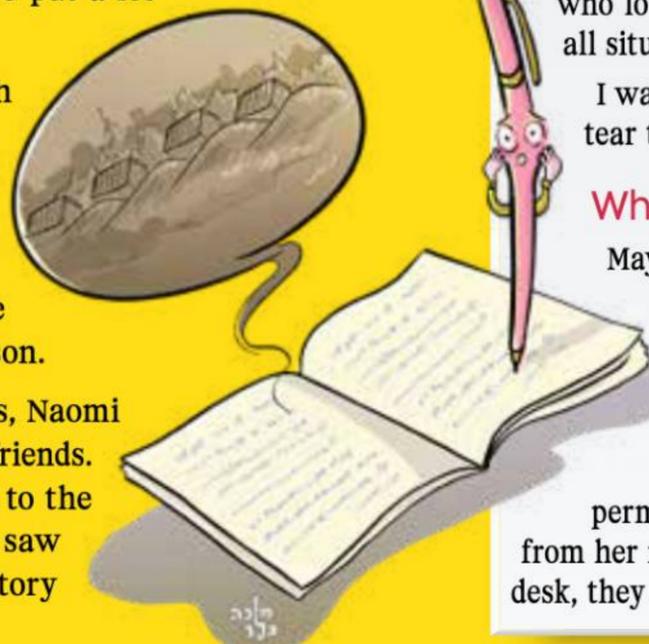
In history class, the seventh-graders were learning about the persecution of Jews in the Islamic countries, and for homework, the teacher asked them to write a story about the *mesirus nefesh* of Jews to fulfill the mitzvos in Galus, despite the *tzaros*.

"Morah, can we write about the Marranos in Spain?" Tehilla asked. The teacher nodded. "Yes, of course. That's a good example of *mesirus nefesh* in Galus. But there are many other countries and periods in history you can write about..."

Naomi likes history class a lot and she also likes to write stories. She decided to put a lot of effort into this assignment.

Naomi's grandmother is a high school history teacher. She was glad to help out her granddaughter with some ideas. Naomi worked for three days to write up the stories in clear and interesting language, and she waited impatiently for the next lesson.

For the recess before history class, Naomi went out to play jump rope with her friends. When the bell rang, she came back to the classroom and — believe it or not — saw Ruti and Yaeli sitting with her history notebook and simply copying---



## A few words from Naomi:

### What could have happened >

I wanted to scream at them! Who gave them permission to touch my notebook??

How did they dare do such a thing to me? I didn't make do with a short answer about some period when the Jews kept the Torah despite the persecution of the Goyim. I put in a few days' work and collected lots of stories about Jews who loved the mitzvos so much and kept the Torah in all situations, even when it was very hard.

I was so angry. I wanted to grab *their* notebooks and tear them to shreds---

### What happened in the end >

Maybe the special stories about the tzaddikim who risked their lives to keep the mitzvos had an effect on me. I felt that I was capable of overcoming the anger and not screaming at Ruti and Yaeli.

It turned out that it was a real *neis*. Ruti and Yaeli weren't to blame at all. They'd asked permission from Adina, who sits next to me, to copy from her notebook, and since both notebooks were on the desk, they simply got them mixed up---

Summary: Bentzie Berkowitz overhears bits of secret conversations in the house. He's afraid they're going to move again, after they just recently came to the new town of "Shacharit." Ima calms his fears and tells him the secret: They're going to open a grocery in the house.

# Dairy News

"Heave ho!" The delivery men panted, as they schlepped the large refrigerator on their backs.

*How do they manage to carry such a weight?* I asked myself, watching them from the stairwell.

"Here, here." Abba directed them. They came in, huffing and puffing, and put down the fridge at the end of our big yard, the part covered by a roof.

"Hey, Berkowitz!" Ushie Klein peeked out from the first floor at the workers who were walking back to the truck parked by the building, their faces dripping with sweat. "You're moving? Without telling me anything?!"

He skipped down the flight of stairs separating us and stopped in shock when he saw another huge fridge coming into our house.

"What's going on?" He could hardly talk, in his astonishment. "So you're not moving? And what's this fridge? It's almost the size of the supermarket refrigerator!"

Abba escorted the workers out the door, slipping them their well-deserved payment.

The door across from ours opened and Motty Leizerovitz peeked out. And so I found myself standing across from my two friends/neighbors, who were waiting curiously for an answer to the mystery.

"The truth is that... it all began from the milk," I tried to explain. I told them about the twenty bags of milk that were sitting in our freezer two weeks ago.

"My father thought about all the families in Shacharit who need to go all the way to the supermarket in the next neighborhood, and then he had an idea — to start a grocery in our house."

"Wwwwhat??" Ushi and Motty opened their eyes wide, just as Yehuda and I had done a few days ago, when Ima told us about it.

"I don't understand. A real grocery? With

a cash register and shelves and refrigerators and everything?"

"Precisely."

"And where will you live? Between the bread and the pasta?" Motty glanced at our house, estimating its size.

"Oh, no!" I laughed. "The grocery is going to be in our yard. We're closing it in now with fiberglass walls. It'll have two entrances — one from our house and one from outside, so that customers can come in without having to pass through our dining room."

"Wow!" Now Motty and Ushi understood the whole thing and their eyes lit up. "Amazing! And we'll be able to help you set up the shelves, sell to people, and---"

"Wait a second!" I invited them to come inside. "Let's talk comfortably in the air conditioned house... It's hot outside."

The two boys came in after me. I led them towards the yard — which, meanwhile, still looked like a yard — and explained: "As you can see, there's plenty left to do here... We need to build a ceiling, put down flooring, install shelves ... All this will take time — I think about three months."

"But the refrigerators are here already." Motty pointed at the huge fridges standing in

the corner, plugged in.

"Yes. Since Abba's goal was to help the people in the neighborhood, he decided that we'd start selling dairy products already now," I explained to them. "For one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening, we'll sell milk, cheese, leben, and everything you need for breakfast and a light supper."

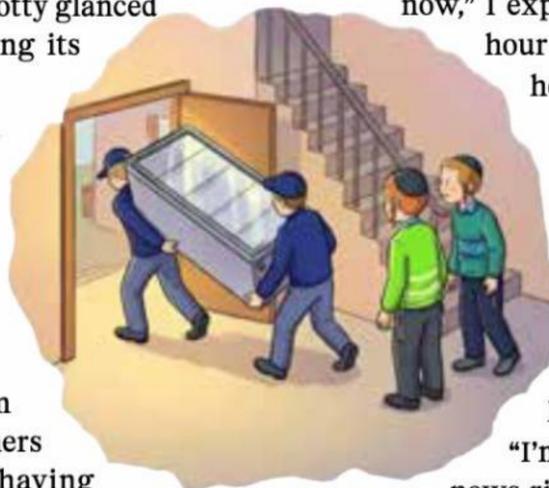
"That's great!" they both gushed. "My mother will be so, so happy!" Ushie stood up. "I'm running to tell her the news right now!"

"It really is big news!" Motty agreed. "You mean, starting tomorrow, we won't get stuck anymore with a sandwich that's missing cheese, or cocoa without milk?"

"I really hope so," I told them. "We only have two fridges here. They're big, but I'm not sure they'll hold enough for the whole neighborhood..."

"In a fantastic neighborhood like ours, with families who think of their neighbors and not only of themselves, you don't have to worry. Each one will take just what they need and will leave for the others, too... Right?"

Before I could answer, we heard a knock at the door. Motty's mother was calling him to come home for supper.



G. Bernfeld



# Way to Go!

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

## Miracle of the Sack of Salt

Did you ever have a word at the tip of your tongue?

That's what happened to me when Ima asked why I needed salt. Not a teaspoon. Not a quarter cup. Three bags!

"Because of..." I groped for the word. It wasn't exactly astrologist, but... "The meteorologist!" I jumped. "The meteorologist talked about snow for Wednesday!" I reminded Ima. "Precisely the week of the Merenstein wedding!"

I explained to Ima that Yanky Merenstein's sister is getting married and I needed the salt for his brothers, little kids who "never tasted the taste of sin."

"That's why you want them to taste salt??" Ima asked. "A bag for each brother?" She was alarmed at the thought.

"That's why I want them to get safely into the van that will take them to the wedding, without slipping on the snow," I explained. "Maybe the city will sprinkle salt on the main streets, but on a side street like ours, I have to take responsibility."

Ima was a little doubtful. They talked about maybe, maybe snow, and if at all, then at the end of the week... Deep in my heart, I also knew that the chance of seeing (corn) flakes in my cereal bowl was greater than seeing snowflakes in the air. But when it comes to *bein adam lachaveiro*, you can't take any chances. What if the snow arrives early?

"You're very sensitive to other people's problems," Ima said with a smile.

"I'm always sensitive," I said. "So, can I take three bags of salt?"

It's a *neis* that last week, my brother had a bad stomach virus. Of course, I daven we should always be healthy, but thanks to his stomachache, and to our neighbor the naturopath, who recommended heating salt and putting it in a sock on his stomach

to ease the pain, we had extra bags of salt in the house. (I actually once bought four instead of one – a careless mistake while reading the shopping list...)

Three bags would prevent layers of snow from covering the street and layers of worry from building up in young hearts.

When Abba heard that I wanted to sprinkle salt before the first snowflake even landed, and that I was planning to set the alarm clock for four in



the morning on Wednesday, he said that no way could I go downstairs by myself at such an hour. So, instead, we went down together, my devoted Abba and I. Abba told Ima something in Yiddish, on the lines of: "How can you hold back a boy who wants to help people?" and the two of us went out in the dark of night and sprinkled... and sprinkled... and sprinkled. The last time I'd handled the small, salty crystals was in Rebbe Brixler's Erev Pesach day camp, when we made some masterpiece out of chalk and salt. But what don't you do to help little children?

I realized the problem the next day. Abba thought on Tuesday night that in the next day's frigid weather, not many people would be walking down our street, so the salt would stay where it was. But when I came home from *cheder* for lunch break, I understood I was in trouble. The Elbaum boy was bundled up in a winter jacket and hat- you could barely see his eyes, and the tricycle he rode was trampling all the salt I'd sprinkled. Next to him rode another little kid, a big scarf concealing his identity. But even without seeing who it was, I understood that he, too, was destroying my hard work. What would the little Merensteins do if all the salt I, Kasriel, had worked so hard to spread has been scattered by a few careless children...

I wanted to scream at them to be careful. Couldn't they see how hard I'd worked? Just then, one of the kids almost fell off his tricycle, managed to catch himself, licked his finger, and made a face: "Phooey! It's salty!"

For a second, I wanted to say in the annoyed voice adults use: "Yes, salty. Why are you riding around and messing up all my work?"

The next second, I thought: *That boy, who tasted the salt, is also a "little kid who never tasted the taste of sin."*

Maybe I should wait before giving my lecture and treat the little kids with respect and...

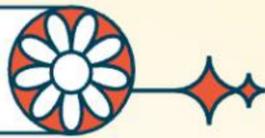
Beep! Beep!

A van pulled up to the building. The Merenstein boys came out of the building, looking festive.

Someone behind me said: "Oy, what's this? Someone spilled salt? Be careful not to slip! Oh, here's a section without any salt. Walk from this side."

Huh?

I wished a hearty "Mazel tov" to the Merensteins and thought of my own good mazel. It was a *neis* I hadn't yelled at the little kids and a *neis* that they'd scattered most of what was really slippery --- the salt. (I hadn't thought of that...)



# In the Middle of the Play



Baby Rivky has a high fever. Mommy puts her in the stroller and spreads out the plastic cover. It's cold and rainy outside, but Rivky needs to go to the doctor.

Mommy opens the door and waves good-bye to her big girl, Ahuvy. She's already in fourth grade and can watch her little brothers Shea and Ari for a while.

Ahuvy is about to close the door and make a day camp for her two brothers, but just then, she notices Mimi. Mimi wants to play in their house again today---

Mimi is the youngest in her family. She doesn't have any sisters or brothers her age, so she comes a lot to play with Ahuvy.

Mimi is a nice girl, but Ahuvy sometimes doesn't feel like hosting her. She wants to read quietly, listen to a story on the disk player, or just watch Mommy cut vegetables for soup.

Today, too, Mimi comes inside. She hears about the day camp Ahuvy is making and wants to be a counselor. She even has a good idea: They can put on a play.

Shea and Ari like plays. They wait for Ahuvy and Mimi to finish splitting up the parts and, in the meantime, they stand at the window and watch the rain, which is coming down harder and harder.

Suddenly --- just when Ahuvy has put on a Mommy *tichel* and Mimi has chosen a funny hat --- the pouring rain starts

coming right into their house. Streams of water are seeping in from under the porch door and spreading to the living room.

In seconds, the house turns into one giant puddle, with pieces of Lego, Rivky's bottle, Ari's slippers, and Shea's brown sweater floating inside.

"Help!!" Ahuvy starts screaming. "There's a sea inside the house! We could drown, *chas v'shalom!* Not to mention that we're alone. Mommy is still at the doctor and Tatty isn't home yet from Kollel!"

"I know what to do." Mimi isn't frightened. "The same exact thing happened to us by the last rain. My Tatty ran with the plunger and opened up the stuffed pipe on the porch."

Ahuvy is still trembling with fear. She brings Mimi the plunger and climbs onto the couch. The water hasn't reached there yet. She hugs her little brothers tight and keeps them safe.

And Mimi? She runs to the porch, presses down the plunger on the drain hole and starts opening the clogged pipe ---

When Mommy comes home, the big flood is almost totally gone. All that's left are a dripping wet sweater and slippers, a floor full of footprints, and one fourth-grade girl who keeps explaining again and again how good it is that Mimi always comes to us and how she saved the day---

## Just Add 'E' or an 'A'

Each line has two clues. Figure out the first answer, add an "E" or an "A" at the end, and you'll get the second answer.

From the first letter of the words, you'll get a name connected to this month.

1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							

1. Tear – Ready to eat
2. Exist – Region
3. Moving truck – Wind\_\_\_\_\_
4. Occupy a chair – location
5. Large moose – Girl's name
6. A break – Stare
7. First \_\_\_\_\_ – Assistant
8. Angeles – Misplace

What's the name and how is it connected to this month? \_\_\_\_\_

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:

Yehudit  
Ullman,  
Modi'in Ilit

**Summary:** The "For Body and Soul" organization provides discounted kosher food to far-flung towns, resulting in spiritual *hisorerus*. Erez, owner of a non-kosher restaurant in Cholot, is afraid this will affect his *parnassah* and he tries to undermine the distributions. At the same time, Rav Ozeri prints material for *chizuk* in *shemiras halashon* to distribute to the buyers along with the food products.

# PLOT

## That Doesn't Expire

Chapter 7

WRITTEN BY B. HALEVY.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. HASID



Hey, Erez! This will certainly be worthwhile for you!



It was given out for free to all the customers. Take it! You can also read it.



What's this all about??

Somebody must have leaked information to them about my scheme. They're informing all the customers to be careful and guard their mouths and tongues from the spoiled food.

And in the organization offices:



Here. This is a picture from the security camera they installed in the area of the distribution.



Check out how much it would cost us to bring a private detective into this story.



And also check if there are enough *shemiras halashon* flyers in the storeroom for the next distribution. We need a lot of *zechuyos*...