

בס"ד, Mishmeres
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הירחון טעון גניזה

משמרת

וידעת כי
שלום אהלך
(איוב ה כד)



Open Credit

The fear... that's the difference. I can't start being a detective and checking if Malky's working there today before deciding whether to purchase yellow cheese, chocolate yogurts and Deli-pecan cereal.

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In the Family Pot

Your oldest daughter sits down for some coffee and cake and mentions that they've decided to redo their kitchen. Is it your imagination, or is she actually hoping to get financial help from you?!

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Without Wings

You're sitting on the bus on Route 443, stuck in a huge traffic jam, with no end in sight. People around you inquire what's going on.

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Somebody once told me candidly: "I've already married off children and become a grandmother, *baruch Hashem*. But when I'm near my sister, I always feel like an envious little girl." There were tears in her eyes when she described her sister, the "*shpitz* of the school," who got a top-notch *shidduch*, and then became a popular, revered *mechaneches*. "I remind myself that her successes aren't at my expense. Even so, when I struggle with *chinuch* problems with my children and run with them to therapists, and, on the other hand, I hear how brilliant and successful her children are, I understand how envy can eat a person up..."

Envy is a *middah* we battle all our lives. It's a bitter root that can ruin a person's life and health. As the *pasuk* says, "Envy rots the bones." It is one of the three things Chazal say "remove a person from the world," ruining his *Olam Haba* as well as his *Olam Haze*. And our job is to strengthen our *emunah* that nothing in this world happens "by mistake." Both my challenges and the next person's successes - were orchestrated with divine precision.

In *Yelamdeinu Rabbeinu*, I saw a powerful story about a man who took a private room in an exclusive hotel. Suddenly he heard knocking at the door. A man stood there, who started apologizing profusely: "Oy, excuse me. I thought this was my room. The renter jumped on him and started screaming: "*Ganav! Ganav!*" When the police arrived, they identified the intruder as a long-time thief whom they'd been pursuing for years.

When they asked the renter how he knew the man was a *ganav*, he explained: "This is a private room. If it had really been his, he should have put a key in the hole and opened the door himself. When he knocked, he was actually checking to see if someone was in the room, and from that I understood he's a thief".

When thoughts knock on the doors of our heart, we need to check what they really are. Are they "*kol dodi dofeik*" - good, appropriate thoughts? Or is the *Yetzer Hara* hard at work, trying to trip us up? To kindle a fire of envy within us? When we realize the envy is sent to us by the *Yetzer Hara* - half the work is already done, and we can start to rectify matters. To work on *emunah* and *farginning*. To strengthen our *ahavas Yisrael* and our joy in other people's success. To remind ourselves that Hashem has oceans of infinite good and blessing and He gives each person what's best for him.

Let's thank Him, praise Him, be happy with whatever He gave us, and ask Him to continue showering us with good.

In the *tefillah* that we should merit to rejoice in other people's *simchah*,

Sami Wertzberger

All the Pictures Were Erased

I listen regularly to Mishmeres HaSholom's Hotline and enjoy the very interesting programs on the various extensions. Recently I heard some very valuable advice: To feel as if we're puppets in a puppet show. This gives us the strength and ability to restrain our anger even when people get us upset. Interestingly, the very same day I heard this tip, I was able to put it into practical use, when a family member accidentally erased all the pictures in my camera... At first I felt the rage building up. But then I remembered the clever tip and managed to restrain myself and not explode.

Thank you for this important and inspiring Hotline!

Sara G

Fun and Exciting Program

I heard recently from my granddaughters who attend "Netivot Moshe" about the *shemiras halashon* program they have in school. It's a very successful program, with a lot of beautiful material they distribute to the girls and with activities and interesting ideas that make the study of *hilchos shemiras halashon* a fun experience. I was very thrilled by this, and I want to ask you to spread this important program in more schools and *cheders*. I want my other grandchildren, too, to enjoy it and draw inspiration from it.

A grandmother from the Center

When the Words Can't Manage to Come Out

For many years, I had an annoying stutter. If you've never experienced this problem, you cannot understand how hard it is. Sometimes I'd feel like I was in prison. I'd sit in a crowd quietly, not even trying to speak up in conversations, because I didn't have the strength to embark on the long, tiring, and torturous journey called "talking," while enduring the stares of those around me, who didn't know exactly how to react and whether or not to try and help me get the words out...

Baruch Hashem, after many therapy sessions that didn't seem to help and lots of *tefillos* that surely *did* help, my situation improved substantially. But I try to remind myself how much we should all appreciate this marvelous ability, which is not self-understood. What a wonder it is when words leave the mouth fluently and easily, and how much we need to use this power of speech only for good things, not *chas v'shalom* for prohibited words.

ES

הירחון כולו מוקדש

העלון מוקדש לעל"ן אנשל (אמשל) בן גיטל שהיה בעל צדקה וחסד והועיל רבות לקהילתו.
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Conversations with Co-workers Report on Problems with the Special-Needs Students' Transport

Question: My job is chaperoning special-needs children on their van. Recently I was asked to substitute for a different chaperone who was away for a few weeks and I noticed a few safety hazards, such as a pick-up stop that's too far for one of the children, and a cold wind that enters the van because the driver isn't willing to close the window. I also heard from the Ganenet that the regular chaperone leaves a child in Gan even when there's no staff member present. Am I supposed to report these things to the higher-ups?

Answer: If these instances of safety hazards that the substitute encountered are not a one-time incident, but repeat themselves, as it appears from her descriptions, she certainly must inform the ones in charge, so they'll take care of correcting the problems for the benefit of the students.

But when she reports to the higher-ups, it doesn't have to be in the form of a complaint about the chaperone's poor character or a report about her deficient functioning. She can present it as inadvertent oversights or as things that may have been done in the desire to avert disagreements and confrontations.

to *lashon hara*. What's forbidden to hear is forbidden... So when a co-worker speaks *lashon hara*, the questioner needs to approach her, delicately and courteously, and say: "I may be very curious to hear the information you're saying about Ploni, but since, according to halachah, it's forbidden to listen to *lashon hara* when there's no *heter* of it being for a constructive purpose, I restrain myself from listening even to a small bit of *lashon hara*, and Hashem helps me overcome the challenge. So, I'd really appreciate if you'd tell me just good things about people, and that will rouse *limud zechus* on Klal Yisrael in Shamayim."

With words like these, the questioner will cause a *kiddush Shem Shamayim* and will save herself from serious prohibitions, and her reward will be very great.

Comment Said at the Shabbos Table

Question: I was sitting at the Shabbos table with the whole family, and I noticed that someone was violating the prohibition of *borer*. In order to save him from this violation, I walked over and corrected him quietly, but the one sitting next to him was curious and managed to hear what I was talking about. Did I violate halachah in the way I rebuked him, and if yes, how can I rectify it?

Answer: From the words of the questioner, it appears that if he had invested more thought at the time, he could have acted differently and averted the person's violation in a more unobtrusive manner, with nobody else realizing what it was about. (For example, he could have whispered to him to step aside for a moment, because he has something important to ask him...)

Since the questioner did not do so, and the manner in which he acted caused shame to the subject, he violated the Torah prohibition of "הוֹכַח תּוֹכִיחַ אֶת עַמִּיתְךָ וְלֹא תִשָּׂא עָלָיו חֵטְא" (*Vayikra* 19:17), as explained in *sefer Chofetz Chaim* (*Lavin* 14, BMC 14; *Hilchos Lashon Hara* 4:4; *Mishnah Berurah* 156:4). Therefore he should ask forgiveness from the subject and should also do *teshuvah* — *charatah, viduy, and kabbalah* for the future.

Conversations with Co-Workers Who Aren't Torah Observant

Question: Occasionally, when I'm at work, someone from the staff – most of whom aren't Torah observant – tells me something that qualifies as *lashon hara*, but it's very uncomfortable for me to stop her and tell her she's speaking *lashon hara*. How should I conduct myself in a case like this, when I know my rebuke won't cause the speaker to change her speaking habits but will just create an unpleasant feeling between us?

Answer: There are no compromises in the halachos of listening

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Mishpachanukah:

We left the exciting game on the Hotline, so you can still play, enjoy, and gain chizuk
שלוחה 45



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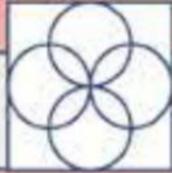
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With the Aroma of Barbecue

Mimi learned how to walk a few days ago and she wants to get out of her stroller. I let her climb out. With one hand, I push the stroller, and with the other, I hold my Mimi's chubby hand. The cute little bracelet that Bubby sent her from Miami dangles a bit in the air. Mimi falls, then gets up. I meet a neighbor who asserts that Mimi is a sweetie pie and asks where I get so much patience and do I have all the time in the world?

The truth is that yes, I have all the time in the world. At least until I get to the grocery store. We don't have any bread, milk, eggs, cheese, or Mimi's favorite yogurts in the house. I must go to the grocery, but I don't really want to get there. "Let's daven that Malky won't be working there at this hour," I whisper to Mimi. She looks at me, baring her four teeth in a big smile.

"I simply can't go any other time," I explain to

Mimi. "In the morning, I'm working and you're in playgroup. In the evening, Tatty comes home and we eat supper. I don't have all the products in the house and I need to start preparing something." Mimi has nothing to answer; she keeps toddling silently.

In the end, we get to the grocery. The entrance is a distance from the checkout counters, so I don't know yet if Malky's working there right now. Maybe she had a morning shift and, if so, I can buy myself everything I want and need, without being afraid.

The fear... that's the difference. I anyway buy everything I need. I can't start being a detective and checking if Malky's working there today before deciding to purchase yellow cheese, chocolate yogurts and Deli-pecan cereal, just because it's uncomfortable for me that she should

see exactly what I bought.

Mimi is back in the stroller. I take another few special sauces from the shelf and then go to the furthest checkout counter there is, all the way at the side.

But Malky isn't one to miss an opportunity. She calls out to me from afar: "Shuly, come to my checkout!" The checkout counter I'm standing at has a pretty long line. The line at hers is shorter. I can't think of any way to evade Malky, so Mimi, the groceries, and I stand at the end of Malky's line. It moves quickly. The grocery isn't crowded now. Apparently there are fewer people there on Sundays. No one gets on line behind me, which enables Malky and me to carry on a longer, more relaxed conversation.

Malky moves the items past the scanner. I blush internally when she takes the Cariot cereal box, the gourmet cream cheese, and the barbecue sauce. "Oy," she gets stuck precisely there. "Look, this is missing the barcode," she explains to me why she can't go on. "So forget about it," I say. "Leave it alone." Now I feel the blush flooding my face. "Why?" Malky doesn't understand. "Can I just trouble you to bring another one? I'll watch your little princess in the meantime."

My princess scrutinizes her new "babysitter" with interest, while I scoot over to the shelves. *Who needs barbecue sauce anyway? I hope they'll be out of it. But recently, I started using it a lot, mainly for stir-fried vegetables.*

I return to the checkout counter with the expensive barbecue sauce. Malky tells me that she works primarily in the mornings or evenings, after her children are sleeping. "Look at them," she says, pulling a photo out of her bag. A three-year-old boy and one-year-old baby smile at me from the picture. "They're really sweet," I ooh and aah, looking at the beautiful park in the background. "Where are you living now?"

"Near here," she replies, "in a teeny unit on the sixth floor, without an elevator." A muscle moves in her face. "And the picture is not from the house," she continues. I don't have room there to move and certainly not to photograph them. I don't have a camera, either. It's by my parents."

"Ah," I respond, because I have nothing better to say. Then she gives me the bill, flashes a smile to Mimi and receives a pleased grin in return. I take out my credit card. Good thing there are devices to put the card down on, and I don't need to give it to Malky in her hand.

Malky and I got engaged the same day. Her husband's parents live in Kiryat Sefer. He's the tenth in a family with twelve children. Malky is the oldest, with ten children after her. Her father is an *avreich kollel* and her mother is a Ganenet.

I come from a family of three girls and one boy. My husband is an only son and he has one married sister living near their parents, in Miami.

Hashem gave me abundant material wealth, plus my father-in-law's credit card. When I meet up with Malky – and it happens quite a lot – something inside me cringes. I think that if I were in her place, I'd be --- jealous.

The grocery is a short walk from my house. Every time Malky tots up my *cheshbon* and handles the costly products that she apparently never sees from the inside of their wrapper, I feel so uncomfortable.

Our next encounter is at the park. I come with Mimi, and Malky is there with her sweet little boys. At some point, we call them over to eat supper. Malky's boys eat bread with ketchup. I feed Mimi a chocolate yogurt. (If I'd known I would meet Malky, I wouldn't have brought it...) Malky offers her children cucumber sticks. "I want that," her eldest says, pointing at Mimi's yogurt. "That - Mimi is eating," his mother explains to him pleasantly, "and we have yummy vegetables." The boy nods.

"It's hard sometimes." The comment slips out of my mouth with total tactlessness. "What?" Malky asks, while keeping an eye on the boys sitting next to her on the bench, munching on their cucumbers.

"All the---" *How can I talk to her about my thoughts?* "You know, all the *cheshbonos* you need to make. The expensive items you can't buy..." The words burst out of me without permission. But they burn inside me so that I cannot stop.

Malky's boys eat bread with ketchup. I feed Mimi a chocolate yogurt. If I'd known I would meet Malky, I wouldn't have brought it...

"It's an *avodah* that takes a lot of *ko'ach*, doesn't it?"

Malky's children want to go back to the slides for a while more. Their mother looks at me for a moment. "I'm the type who likes to see other people happy," she almost apologizes. "I like to be happy together with them."

"Even if you don't have what they do?" If Malky streams along with my questions, I jump on the bandwagon and keep asking. "What does that have to do with it?" She looks at me in wonderment, as if the question is totally unconnected. "I also have a lot of things, *baruch Hashem*, and other people have other things, and it makes me feel good to see them happy."

I remember Malky as a sixth grader, longing to be chosen for the main part of the play. Someone else is chosen and Malky is genuinely happy for her. I remember the time of our engagements. One of our friends mentioned that the parents are buying *her* an apartment and Malky was so thrilled for her. All kinds of little, beautiful stories rise to the surface about the genuine *farginning* displayed by this woman sitting next to me.

"It was great seeing you!" Malky says with a smile. I follow her with my gaze as she leaves the park slowly with her two children. The figures become hazier in the dark. Suddenly I feel there isn't much value in a bottle of barbecue sauce, a box of Cariot or costly chocolate yogurts. Even the open credit card I have in my purse stands in the shadow. Wealth isn't measured just by money. And it's

clear to me that Malky's good *middos*, tranquility, and emotional health, her inner wholesomeness and the light she radiates – are worth more than anything else.

Behind the Checkout Counter

With us is Shuly G., a saleswoman in an exclusive shop for women's apparel:

How do you feel when dealing with customers who circulate with an open credit card and swish it without blinking?

Shuly doesn't deny that those circumstances demand *avodas hamiddos*. "It isn't easy working in such an exclusive shop and being exposed daily to a lifestyle beyond your dreams... When I'm at work, I try to put my 'I' aside a bit. To do my job without mixing in personal feelings. And to be happy that there are well-to-do Yidden who can allow themselves such purchases..." she says with a smile.

"Since I'm also involved in the complex challenge of shop maintenance expenses, I'm happy for my boss when such customers walk in. It means she'll turn a good profit. I experience the success of the business as my success. And I'm happy for the customer who found things she likes and left the store with a shopping bag and a smile."

Shuly adds an interesting statement, filled with lots of *ahavas Yisrael* and empathy: "Sometimes it's the opposite. It's hard for me to see a customer try on a garment that looks good on her and she'd really like to buy – but the financial consideration prevails and she's compelled to put it back on the hanger. It's sad for me to see the disappointment in her eyes..."

Family Ties



When they were little, you counted pieces of bamba and millimeters of cake so as not to cause jealousy. And what happens when they grow up and fly the coop? • Here with us around the table are mothers-grandmothers sharing insights that are relevant for every family with married couples, along with tips to help you create the best and warmest family atmosphere that can be



Shabbos Hosting

Wednesday night. You're standing in the kitchen as the mixer works energetically, whipping eggs. On the range, chocolate is simmering. This Shabbos, *b'ezras Hashem*, Sruly will be coming, and his family likes

your chocolate layer cake best.

The phone rings. With floury hands, you press "loudspeaker." The weary voice of Miri emanating from the phone tells you that for two nights already, she hasn't slept because of Heshy. That she has reports to submit tomorrow, which means that tonight, too, she'll have to stay awake. That her sister-in-law gave birth and her mother-in-law is hosting the children, so she can't have her over, too. That they must – simply *must* – come for Shabbos ---

Tzippy, Yerushalyim, a mother of eight marrieds scattered across the country:

Shabbos and Yom Tov are my chance to enjoy the children and grandchildren. It isn't easy hosting large families *bli ayin hara*, and it occupies me all week – half a week getting organized for

the coming Shabbos, and the other half, putting the house back together again... But it's worth it. That's my *nachas*.

I try to host two and even three couples together, even though my apartment isn't large. It's important to me to give them the chance to meet. To give the grandchildren a chance to get to know their cousins. I think it's worth every effort.

What's hardest for me is managing the "guest calendar." The need to navigate between the young couple who wants to come *davka* with family x, the wife of my second son, who has three delicate girls and doesn't have the *ko'ach* to be together with her sister-in-law's three wild boys, and the third daughter, who claims I'm so set on pampering the daughters-in-law that I have no time left for her...

Leah, from the Center, mother of seven marrieds

Years ago, when the number of couples grew, we decided that we're not "inviting" at all; whoever is interested in coming for Shabbos should call and check if there's room. This offered two advantages: First, it averted the possibility of anyone being insulted for not having been invited, because "the ball was in their court." Second, we didn't have to worry about couples coming when it wasn't convenient for them just to ensure that "the poor parents" shouldn't be left without guests.

L'maaseh, with time, we saw that some couples aren't organized enough to "catch a turn" at the beginning of the week, and very often, by the time they call, the house is full. So if there's a family that hasn't come for a long while, we call *them* to coordinate which Shabbos will be good for them, so nobody should feel "forgotten."

Chana, veteran grandmother from Ashdod:

As parents to quite a number of couples, *baruch Hashem*, we try to host each one who lives out of town at least once every month or so. (We mark down on the calendar who came when.)

On most Yamim Tovim, we all travel to be near our Rebbe. Everyone needs to get organized themselves with food, disposable dishes, etc. But even there, we try to host some couples at the meals – depending on the size of the apartment we rent and the conditions set with the owners.

Of course, couples who have a second side to invite them are *mevater* to those who don't, and a *yoledes* is also given special consideration.

My eldest daughter once said something very wise to me: "Mommy, you decide when and who, and whether to invite at all... Beyond that, there's no need for apologies. We're certain your decisions come from a thought-out and thoughtful place!" Since then, I understood that things are accepted however you broadcast them... Parents never have malicious intents, only practical considerations.

Shulamit, from the South, who already married off her youngest son:

As a young grandmother, I liked very much hosting the married couples. I enjoyed cooking

in quantity and lapping up the *nachas* when they came for Shabbos and Yom Tov. But today, when my energy level is not what it used to be, I know that beyond all the other considerations – you need to consider the parents and their capabilities. There are families whose children are calmer or whose parents try to maintain quiet in the home of Bubby and Zeidy, and therefore it's easier for us to host them.

Rina, a grandmother from Beitar with a young spirit:

Baruch Hashem, I have a few married children who live nearby and can come for a *seudah* and return home. They have an open invitation and can come whenever it's convenient for them. The ones who live further away, I try to invite as much as I can, working around the needs of my mother, an elderly widow. When she's with me, I need to invite only the couples that are most suitable for her to be with.



Technical and Financial Assistance

It's the first of the month. The salary goes into your account. But before you know it, the mortgage payments swallow it up. You renegotiated the mortgage and *baruch Hashem* managed to buy an apartment in Tzefat for your youngest. Recently you also started helping with medical expenses for one of the grandchildren. Then your oldest daughter comes for a visit – the one whose apartment you're also still paying for. She sits down for some coffee and cake and mentions that they've decided to redo their kitchen. Is it your imagination, or is she actually hoping to get financial help from you?!

Leah is familiar with this challenge from up close. She shares:

We're always attentive to our children's situations and try to help whenever there's a need. I think the children can understand that if their sister is out of a job now and going through a difficult time, or if their brother had an unusual medical expense, it's logical that the parents should help them more. Even so, we try to speak as little as possible about such help within earshot of the other children...

Shulamit agrees with every word, and Chana adds:

We try to help our children by sending cooked

meals when needed, watching the children, and more. Financial assistance is less possible, since we ourselves are deep in debt from their weddings. My father used to help us out financially and I remember that he would ask us not to tell any of our siblings about the money he's giving us.

Tzippy illuminates another angle:

The children know we're not wealthy people and don't expect substantial financial help. All the same, when we hear about an unusual expense one of them has, we try to participate to give them a good feeling. When the need is especially great, the siblings also help out with their *maaser* money. That's the choicest *tzedakah* – "מבשרך לא תתעלם".

Rina adds her input:

We just had an incident in which one of the children needed more support, and not only the parents helped but all the siblings who were able to pitch in did so gladly. *Baruch Hashem*, there's a lot of *achdus* and love among my children. Everyone knows who needs more or less help, and the young couples are generally the ones who can help the most.

We, as parents, always utilize opportunities to give to the children with all our hearts – for a birth, birthday, anniversary, etc.



In on the Secret

Your youngest is already of *shidduchim* age. Names are suggested – and rejected. The married siblings have a finger in the pot. One talks with the *shadchan*. Another – with the cousin who maybe knows the family in question. A third – with the *mechutanim* in Haifa who have a family connection with them. The oldest brother is right there. He feels responsibility for his baby sister. Equally involved is another brother, who always shows family caring.

Suddenly you realize that couple x isn't even aware that something is brewing. Somehow, they pick up that the whole family knows something important – and they feel that everyone has concealed it from them---

Rina shares from her experience

There are always some children who are more involved than others in what's going on in the family. You see it when a family event is being planned. They'll always be the ones who get the project going.

As the mother, my job is to make sure everything is being handled delicately: That no unpleasantness is being caused. That they're asking everyone for input and taking their opinion into account, rather than dictating decisions.

I think when there's a good atmosphere, the others accept it graciously. They know that Plonis is more suited to the role of "organizer" and are happy she's doing it.

Tzippy adds an important point:

The one who doesn't get involved isn't always less caring. Sometimes she lacks self-confidence. She needs more than anyone to be asked her opinion and drawn into the action – for *simchas* in the family, get-togethers, or anything else.

Leah nods in agreement and adds:

There are some daughters-in-law who simply don't like to initiate phone calls with the *shvigger*, even though they have a warm and easy relationship face to face. If we haven't spoken for a week or so, I look for an excuse and pick up the phone myself, just to start a conversation, not only when there are important updates. In my opinion, there's no reason to stand on ceremony and wait for her to call me.

Chana elaborates:

When there's good news in the family or other information we have to pass on, we try to remember everyone, but we're not angels. That's why we have a family phone line where I leave messages about *simchos* and also wish Mazel Tov on birthdays (just for the womenfolk. For the sons-in-law, I don't leave a message on the line).

As to *shidduchim* for the younger siblings – of course there will always be children who are more involved because they have better access to reliable sources of information. We avail ourselves of their services, and I think the others understand it and are deeply appreciative to whoever provides help to the parents.

And Shulamit adds descriptions from the field:

It happens in the best families.

Parents don't always remember whom they told and whom not. Sometimes, they tell one family a few times and think they told everyone, and meanwhile, the one who was skipped gets deeply insulted!!

In every family there will be those who say: "They always forget to tell us." But some children, out of caring and concern for the parents, call a lot and inquire. Others are more immersed in their own world and don't call as much. Our job as parents is to know the people involved and try to manage with everyone – and also to "smooth out ruffled feathers," when necessary.

In conclusion, grandparents need to relieve themselves of responsibility and seek only *nachas*, doing everything to live in peace with all the children – to be *mevater* and bridge the gaps. To see only the good and ignore the rest. And above all, to daven to Hashem that they'll all become true *bnei Torah* and bring them much *nachas*!

The Wings I Don't Have

You're sitting on the bus on Route 443, stuck in a huge traffic jam, with no end in sight. People around you inquire what's going on. Is it an accident blocking the road? A security incident affecting the nearby military checkpoint? Or maybe a demonstration halting traffic? Drivers are on the road, leaning on their cars, tapping their feet impatiently. You look up and see a carefree flock of birds. *Hey*, you suddenly think, *if I had wings, that could be a good way to escape from this awful traffic jam---*

Wait. Are we really feeling envious of those winged birds?!

A Natural Feeling within All of Us

Chazal tell us that "jealousy, desire, and the pursuit of honor remove a person from the world." But jealousy is different from desire and honor. A person who is pulled after his desires at least gains a certain physical pleasure, and the same is true for one who pursues honor. Envy someone who is more successful doesn't bring us any benefit, and the other person doesn't forfeit any of his success because of our envy.

Still, jealousy is a natural feeling that everyone --- not only lowly people --- have to deal with. As the Ramchal writes in *Mesilas Yesharim*, "This is something that affects the majority of mankind." Even one as great as Aharon Hakohen was liable to feel a trace of jealousy due to the high level his brother merited. That's why the Torah saw fit to specify that "When he sees you he will rejoice in his heart."

This quality that we all struggle with brings us a great deal of damage and can even ruin our lives, as we learned above from Chazal. Instead of allowing us to appreciate the gifts we received from Shamayim and utilize them to the fullest, jealousy compels us to waste our lives purposelessly pursuing the gifts others received...

Two downtrodden people knocked at the door of a well-known *baal tzedakah*.

Each came out with a big smile and full pockets. But the moment one of them realized that his fellow had received twice as much as he did, the happiness disappeared and was replaced by anger and bitterness. The very same dollar bills lined his pockets, but the pauper's envious feelings didn't allow him to enjoy them. "It's nothing compared to what the other fellow got---

In the *parshah* of the *klalos*, it says, "והיה חיידך תלויים לך מנגד" – "Your life will hang in the balance before you." Hagaon Rav Elchanan Wasserman *zt"l* explains that the word "מנגד" refers to the feeling that מנגד, across from you, others are living a better, more successful life. In short – jealousy. This jealousy causes a person to have no rest, day or night. All his life, he eats himself up and feels shortchanged. This is the greatest curse there can be.

And, conversely, let's look at the *nusach* of one of the *berachos* we give to the *chasan* and *kallah*: "שמח תשמח רעים – אהובים כשמחך יצריך בגן עדן מקדם" – "You should be as happy as Adam Harishon was in Gan Eden," when there was no one to be jealous of, no one to compare himself to... That is a *brachah* for true happiness.

What We Didn't Get in the "Package"

We don't really envy the bird for its wings. After all, a human being with wings would be considered deformed... That is precisely how we need to look at our lives. At what we have and what we don't have. To remind ourselves that everything in this world is precisely calculated: our talents and status, family and bank account, abilities and successes. Anything that wasn't included in the "package" we got from Shamayim obviously is not good for us. Had we received someone else's gifts, we would be like a human with wings --- a deformed being---

(Based on *Middos D'Leh*)

I'm Not Jealous



Life brings to our doorstep situations that rouse jealousy. Like teachers, who have tons of vacation days.

Like office workers, who don't have discipline problems.

The lucky woman who manages to squeeze onto the packed bus (the fourth one; the previous three didn't stop).

The Pilates teacher, who not only does the exercises easily, but talks at the same time!

The one with only boys who buys all their clothes right near her house.

The one with only girls, and when she puts a vase on the table, she knows that it'll just stay there.

The one in whose house the chocolate milk never spills. The one for whom the chocolate milk spills, but who doesn't understand why you need to get angry when it happens.

The one whose kids are geniuses.

The one whose kids aren't geniuses but she's sure they are.

The one who always knows what to say.

The one who has no problem saying something unrelated.

The one whose money increases at the rate of her laundry loads.

The one who isn't interested in money; she'd be happy folding laundry all her life.

Alas, jealousy is as bitter as the grave. But it waits for us in every stairwell and every supermarket line.

To counterbalance this daily battle against the department of "jealousy arouasers," there's also the department of those we'll never envy:

The one who meets me in the elevator at the end of the day.

The one who is in the shoe store when we come to do our family purchase.

The one who set the alarm clock on "snooze" but it fell under the bed, out of reach.

The cockroach that appeared in our house when the boys were around.

And the washing machine on Isru Chag.

Someone wise once said: Let's move all the objects of jealousy from the first department to the second. The one from the bus? Poor thing. She's on the way to Misrad Hapnim. Who knows how long she'll need to wait there on line...?

The one from the chocolate milk story? Of course it never spills, because she never has time to prepare it... And the vase? It's so ugly, it's better off breaking.

But that wise person thought about the idea again and decided to drop it. If Hashem believes we can work on our trait of jealousy, we can do it even in situations from the "Department of Jealousy Arouasers." Instead of switching the object of our jealousy to the other department, let's work on releasing ourselves from the clutches of this *middah!*



Who Needs a Dentist?

I sat in the teachers' room during recess and groaned to another teacher about the toothaches I'd been having recently. "I also have problems with my teeth," she commiserated. "And you know what they say – toothaches hurt twice, once in the mouth and once in the wallet..."

We continued talking, exchanging information about dentists and dental plans. Suddenly, she suggested: "What would you think of the two of us making some *ruchniyus* effort as a *zechus* for the success of the dental work?"

"Great idea!" I responded. Since our school runs a Mishmeres HaSholom "Chaveirim" program and there have been tons of notes from parents about *yeshuos* they saw in the merit of their children's *shmiras halashon*, we decided to take upon ourselves the regular learning of the halachos every day at recess.

That very day we started learning and the truth is – a few months have passed since then, and the toothaches have simply disappeared... Neither of us went to a dentist, and we almost forgot that we'd once expected to need a series of dental appointments...

Shira, from the Center

Cell Phone! Cell Phone! Please Wake Up!

What does a woman do when her cell phone falls into the water and dies a soggy death?

What if she's an organizer of getaways for women and her phone has thousands of phone numbers she needs RIGHT NOW??

I stood there with the silent phone in my hand, feeling helpless. I needed the numbers of the lady who runs the workshop I ordered for today and of the amplifier people whom I reserved for tomorrow and...

Suddenly I remembered the stories I'd read in the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine about people who donated *k'minyan hayeshuah* and saw *yeshuos*. On the spot, I pledged a sum of 1,438 shekels, equal to the *gematriya* of "שהפלאפון יתעורר" – that the cell phone should wake up. And, lo and behold, it came to life!

I grabbed it, copied over all the important numbers from the memory onto a piece of paper, and then --- the phone again went dead, leaving me in shock at the miraculous *yeshuah* I'd seen firsthand.

Tzivia

A Diamond in the Wedding Hall

I attended the wedding of my neighbor's child. When I reentered the hall after the chuppah, I noticed that the diamond that was set in my necklace had disappeared. I bent down and started looking for it. A number of women standing nearby joined the search and helped me comb the hall and the area where the chuppah had taken place, but a few minutes later, they gave up, and I also began to think it was a lost cause...

At that point, I said aloud: "I'm donating 91 shekels to Mishmeres HaSholom – the *gematriya* of "יהלום" – diamond." I started walking on the path leading back to the entrance to the hall, thinking I'd give one try to see if it's there. As I walked, I felt my shoe getting stuck on something... It was the diamond!

My friends couldn't believe I found it! One said to me: "Next time, donate the sum of "יהלומים" – maybe you'll find a few diamonds..."

Miriam S

A Stormy Staff Meeting

We had an important staff meeting of all the senior workers at our company. On the agenda were very important topics requiring decisions. Opinions were split and the tones rose sharply. We already felt the upcoming explosion approaching.

"Listen, fellows," I dared to suggest. "I propose we all take a brief break to refresh ourselves and that we transfer a donation to Mishmeres HaSholom equal to the *gematriya* of "שלום בעסק" – peace in the business (608 shekels)." The suggestion was unanimously accepted. I called and made the donation, and with remarkable *siyata d'Shemaya*, the rest of the meeting was calm, the atmosphere pleasant and uncharged, and we managed to arrive at excellent decisions.

Y. from Yerushalayim



\$150,000 Quicksand

We were going through a difficult time with our business, forcing us to borrow money just to survive.

Loans are like quicksand. We knew that, but we had no choice. Our responsibility as parents of children compelled us to borrow, month after month.

That's how we found ourselves in a hole, owing the bank a hundred fifty thousand shekels, with suffocating interest.

Suffocating. That's exactly the word. We felt as if a noose was tightening around our necks with each passing month. The way matters were, we seemed to have no logical chance of paying off the debt.

One day, I sat down with the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine and saw your ad, "See *yeshuos* with your own eyes!" Suddenly my thoughts started running in the direction of our financial situation. Something inside told me that we needed to take some step to rouse *rachamei Shamayim*.

With my husband's hearty agreement, the next morning I called Mishmeres HaSholom's *yeshuah* hotline. "I want to donate with the *segulah* of 'K'minyan Hayeshuah,' I told the woman who answered. On instinct, I continued, "The sum of 'להחזרת החובות במהרה ולפרנסה' בשפע".

We did the arithmetic together. It came out to a hefty sum – 2,212 shekels.

But I felt we *needed* to do it so our *yeshuah* would come. I arranged to spread out payments over a few months and ended the call. I took a deep breath and continued my regular schedule.

A few minutes later, I saw a call coming in on my cell phone screen. It was a representative of our credit card company, offering us a loan of fifteen thousand shekels, with easy conditions.

I said to myself, "It's nice to get such a phone call, but that's not a solution to our problem."

But then something unexpected happened.

Less than an hour after the donation, my husband's friend, whom we hadn't heard from for months, called us out of the blue. "I owe you a hundred thousand shekels from ages ago," he said, reminding us of the money we were sure we had no chance of ever seeing again. "Now I'm able to repay it. Give me your bank information."

Just like that, without any further explanation, he made a transfer to our bank account.

I rubbed my eyes, not believing that this impossible story was really true. That all at once, just like that, we were seeing an open miracle.

Tell me, how can it be that there are still people in the world who don't know what power there is in promoting *shemiras halashon*??

Special issue for
the Mishmeres
HaSholom kids

Ahavas chinam
is here!

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Imagine you're in a distant unfamiliar neighborhood and you discover you missed the bus that was supposed to take you home. At first, you're frightened. The next moment, you pull out the cell phone Ima equipped you with. But before you get to dialing your home number, you see on the screen that the battery is almost used up.

You call home and talk quickly, without a single unnecessary sentence. You just check with Ima what to do and where you can get a different bus that might help you get home.

A cell phone battery is liable to run out of juice, but our mouth keeps chattering without batteries, without charging up. Our words flow easily, at no cost, without a limit---

We just need to remember to use our power of speech for good things - for positive words that build worlds, not prohibited words that hurt and insult.

On p. 11, you'll read a moving story about the power of a good word - a word that doesn't cost money but is worth gold.

IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS

Rav Yerucham Levovitz zt"l,
Mashgiach of Yeshivas Mir

Gloves on the Railroad Tracks

The Mashgiach Rav Yerucham zt"l once came to the train station and prepared to board the train that had just pulled up --- as soon as it opened its doors. There was a big crowd waiting and everyone was in a rush to enter the train car and find a seat. In the tumult, one of the Rav's gloves fell down, just as he was about to enter the train.

A brief glance made it clear to Rav Yerucham that there was no chance of retrieving the glove. It had fallen between the tracks. It would only be possible to reach the glove after the train pulled out.

At that moment, the *talmidim* escorting Rav Yerucham noticed something surprising: The Mashgiach pulled off the glove from his other hand and threw that, too, between the tracks...

When he noticed their surprised looks, he explained: Whoever finds a single glove won't have any use for it. Let him at least have a pair of gloves..."

With that simple gesture, he taught them how a person should always think about the next person and be considerate of him.

ASK THE RAV

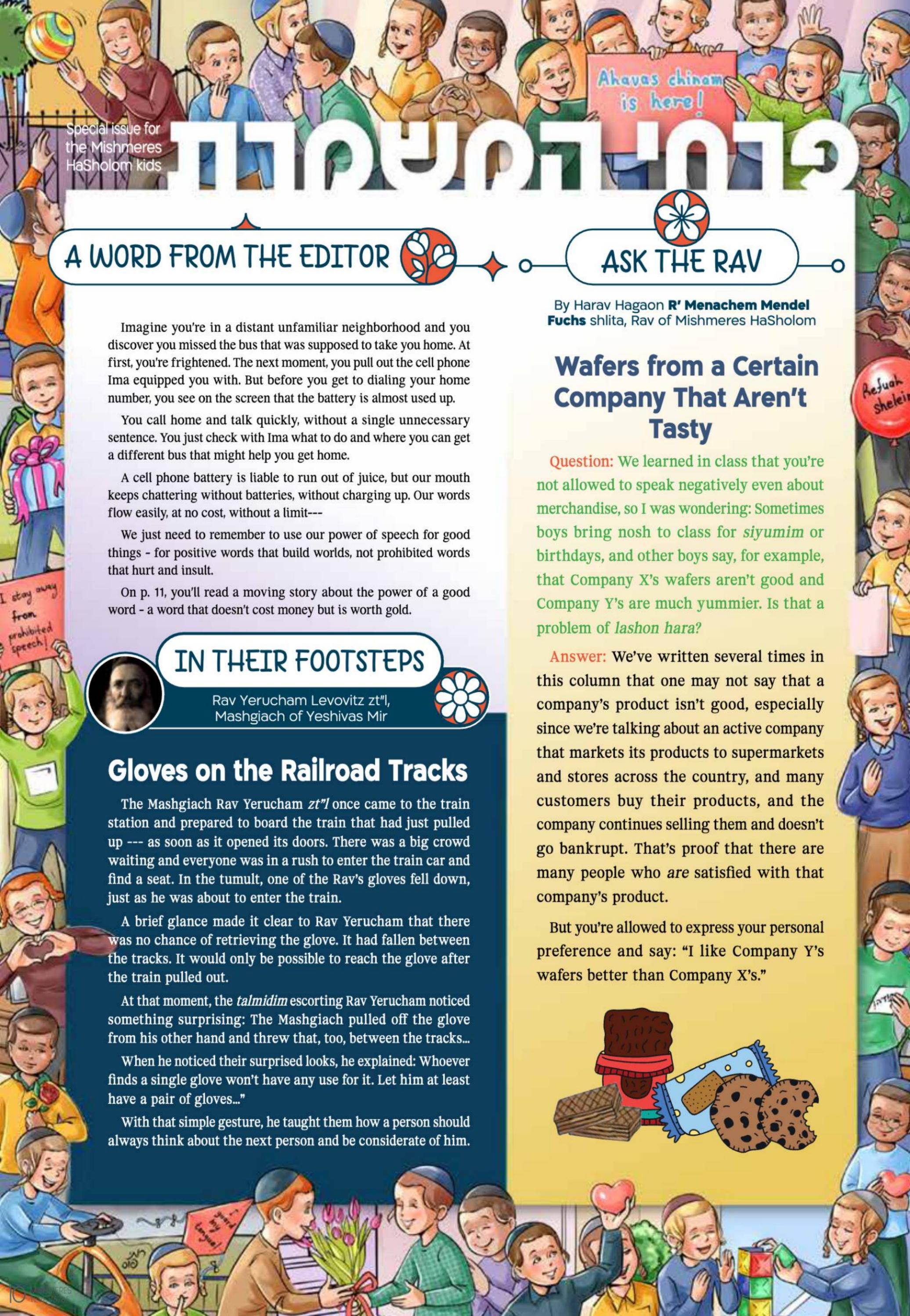
By Harav Hagaon R' Menachem Mendel
Fuchs shlita, Rav of Mishmeres HaSholom

Wafers from a Certain Company That Aren't Tasty

Question: We learned in class that you're not allowed to speak negatively even about merchandise, so I was wondering: Sometimes boys bring nosh to class for *siyumim* or birthdays, and other boys say, for example, that Company X's wafers aren't good and Company Y's are much yummier. Is that a problem of *lashon hara*?

Answer: We've written several times in this column that one may not say that a company's product isn't good, especially since we're talking about an active company that markets its products to supermarkets and stores across the country, and many customers buy their products, and the company continues selling them and doesn't go bankrupt. That's proof that there are many people who are satisfied with that company's product.

But you're allowed to express your personal preference and say: "I like Company Y's wafers better than Company X's."





A Volunteer with Tons of Energy

When Mrs. Frankel, the upstairs neighbor, who is the Chessed coordinator in their area, knocked on their door and asked to speak with Lolly, it was rather surprising. And when she spoke to the girl as if she was a mature young woman, even though she was just in sixth grade, and suggested that she volunteer twice a week at the home of a family with preemie twins – it was exciting and also complimentary.

“I already spoke with your mother,” she said to Lolly right away. “She was very enthusiastic. She knows Raizy, the mother of the tiny twins, and thinks that a girl like you could really come to her rescue...”

And that’s how Lolly heard about the two-month-old preemies who needed physiotherapy so they would grow and develop properly. And about their three older siblings, whom a girl like her could play with and keep occupied, to make things easier for their mother.

“They’re alone here in Eretz Yisrael. The grandparents live in America. It’s a tremendous mitzvah to help them,” added Mrs. Frankel. But Lolly didn’t need convincing. She was the youngest in her family. What fun it would be to babysit for three cute little kids!

The very next day, she went there for the first time. The Chessed coordinator hadn’t exaggerated in the least. The mother opened the door for her with a baby in her arms, looking tired and drained. Five-year old Avrumy and four-year-old Yanky were yelling at the top of their lungs, two-and-a-half year old Ruchie was sitting on the kitchen floor, munching leftovers from lunch, and the entire house was more upside down than Lolly ever dreamed a home could be.

She immediately got to work. She opened up her bag and pulled out a big book with beautiful pictures. Less than a minute later, all three children were sitting quietly, spellbound by the story she was reading to them.

After that, they built a whole city out of magnets, with roads and cars and people walking on the sidewalk, boys running to *cheder*, and even a giraffe and an elephant in cages at the zoo...

Lolly came home tired but brimming with satisfaction.

The next few times were a little less exciting. Raizy was very busy with the twins. Lolly barely saw her. Avrumy wasn’t so cooperative, Ruchy kept crying that she wants her Ima and refused to play any game with Lolly. And when Lolly got home, she needed to finish the homework she hadn’t completed yet, even though she was exhausted.

A week passed, and then another, and two more. Lolly felt she didn’t have a drop of *ko’ach* to continue this volunteering stint. One day, she told her mother, “That’s it. I’m going up to Mrs. Frankel to tell her I’m stopping.”

Ima wasn’t surprised. She’d already heard from Lolly several times that it had become too hard for her. That she’d had enough.

Lolly sprinted up the sixteen steps in twenty seconds and was soon knocking at Mrs. Frankel’s door. Estie, their fifth grader, let

her in and went to call her mother.

Mrs. Frankel was a very busy woman. She had a thousand and one tasks on her head. She’d heard it was hard for Lolly, that she had a ton of tests and homework and that she wanted to stop. The energetic coordinator started leafing through her notebook, looking for someone else who might be a good fit. Meanwhile, she dialed Raizy to update her that she was planning to send her a new volunteer.

Lolly was still standing at the door, chattering with Estie. Suddenly she heard Raizy’s voice from the phone, which was on loudspeaker.

“Oh, no!... Please don’t!” Raizy’s words, a mixture of English and Hebrew, poured out of the phone, straight into Lolly’s ears, and immediately entered her heart. “Please, don’t take Lolly away. My children wait for her all day. She literally saves me. She puts everyone into a good mood. She even straightens out the house a little with the children. Lolly is a treasure. A treasure! A treasure!” Raizy’s voice became louder. “Please, leave her with me...”

And these sincere good words led Lolly to wave her hands energetically in Mrs. Frankel’s direction.

To motion to her that it’s okay. She doesn’t need to search for a different volunteer.

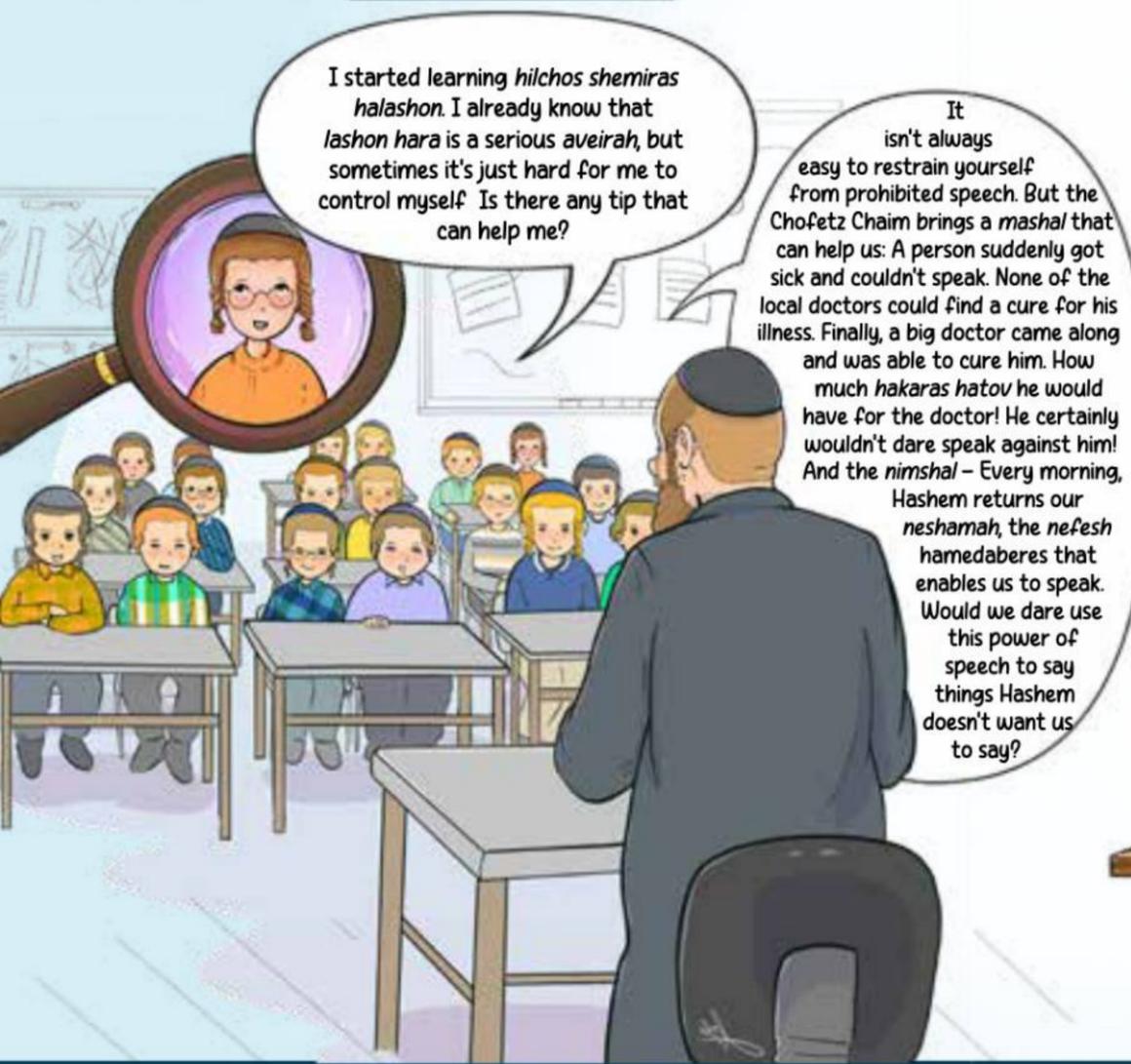
That Lolly had just received all the encouragement she was lacking. That she now had tons of energy to continue---





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

Shiur No. 17



I started learning *hilchos shemiras halashon*. I already know that *lashon hara* is a serious *aveirah*, but sometimes it's just hard for me to control myself. Is there any tip that can help me?

It isn't always easy to restrain yourself from prohibited speech. But the Chofetz Chaim brings a *mashal* that can help us: A person suddenly got sick and couldn't speak. None of the local doctors could find a cure for his illness. Finally, a big doctor came along and was able to cure him. How much *hakaras hatov* he would have for the doctor! He certainly wouldn't dare speak against him! And the *nimshal* – Every morning, Hashem returns our *neshamah*, the *nefesh hamedaberes* that enables us to speak. Would we dare use this power of speech to say things Hashem doesn't want us to say?

And now for the next question:

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

What do we learn from the *pasuk*, "Death and life is in the hands of the tongue"?

1. One who speaks *lashon hara* is liable to be punished by death.
2. *Lashon hara* is something that can kill *chas v'shalom*, as a sword can kill.
3. *Lashon hara* is liable to cause more damage than a sword because a sword kills only one who is nearby, while *lashon hara* can even hurt someone far away.

*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. 18, 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 Suri Anshin, Beit Shemesh.

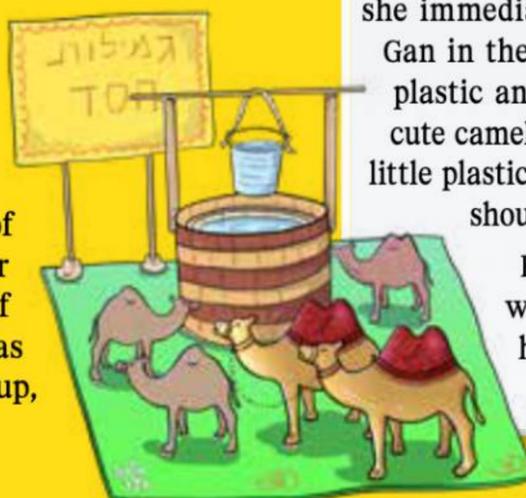
The Well and the Camels

When the teacher announced the exhibit project to the seventh-graders, it sounded very exciting – a display about *gemillus chesed* specially produced by their class. All the students in school would be invited to see it, and prizes would be awarded for the most impressive creations.

The girls quickly split up into twos or threes and started searching for original ideas. They arranged to meet in the afternoons to continue brainstorming. The exhibits had to be ready by the following Tuesday, as part of the opening event that would take place that day, introducing the school's annual theme.

It took Dini and Leahle three whole days to come up with an idea. They eliminated all kinds of possibilities as being too hard to produce. Neither of them was especially artistic, nor did they have older sisters who could help them out. Finally, almost at the end of the week, they decided to make a well of water and depict Rivka Imeinu, as a three-year-old girl, hurrying to give the ten camels of Eliezer water to drink, in her desire to do *chesed*.

The idea sounded good in theory, but when they tried to form the well from all kinds of materials, they ran into trouble. After hours of work, they were left with a rounded container that didn't resemble a well by any stretch of the imagination. And though they'd glued it as well as they could, when they tried to fill it up, the water seeped out from the holes...



A few words from Dini:

What could have happened »

It was Sunday evening. I went down to walk Leahle, after we'd sat together in my house for nearly three hours. We were both tired and frustrated. We already pictured how we'd walk into class Tuesday morning empty-handed and stand there, ashamed, while all our friends would bring their masterpieces for the exhibit. How we'd try to explain that we actually had a nice idea, but we just couldn't get it to work...

What happened in the end »

Outside the building, we met Estie. When she saw how sad we were and heard what had happened with our display, she immediately offered her help. Estie's mother runs a Gan in their house and Estie said she has a lot of little plastic animals. She could give us a whole caravan of cute camels! For the "well," she also had an idea: to put a little plastic container inside our round well, so the water shouldn't leak out.

Estie didn't only ensure that our display should win one of the first places in the exhibit, but also helped us with all her heart, carrying out the mitzvah of *gemillus chesed* in action!

Summary: Bentzie Berkowitz and his family move to the new town of "Shacharit." They discover the closest supermarket is a bus ride away, which leads them to an unplanned purchase of twenty bags of milk. Abba Berkowitz has an idea.

Secret Meetings

In the two weeks after the story with the twenty bags of milk (Remember? Our freezer filled up with the bags of milk we all bought, each unaware that the others were also buying...), all kinds of people circulated in our house, measuring, checking, and talking with Abba. Secret meetings took place in the dining room and an aroma of mystery wafted in the air.

"I think maybe we're moving again," said Yehuda, my fourth-grade brother, glancing at the closed door of the dining room, while we were quietly getting ready for bed. Another meeting...

"Really?" I stopped all at once. "Why do you think so?"

"Because the exact same thing happened before Abba and Ima decided to move to Shacharit," he explained simply. He was right. Then, too, there were meetings shrouded in secrecy.

What? Could it be we're really going to move another time?

A heavy feeling squirmed inside my heart. It's just two months since we came to Shacharit! And now that we've finally gotten used to it, and I have new friends, who are also good neighbors... *No! I don't want to move again!*

Suddenly I felt big tears filling my eyes. Even though I'm already eleven and a half. Even though I haven't cried in ages. When Abba and Ima told me about the upcoming move to Shacharit, I just got excited. It sounded like a thrilling adventure... I didn't realize how hard it would be to get used to another life. A new house. A strange neighborhood. Unfamiliar classmates. A different rebbi.... Now that I'd finally settled in – I didn't want to get up and leave!

"Bentzie! Yehuda! Ready for bed?" Ima peeked into the boys' room to see what we were up to.

"Hey---" She stopped suddenly. "Bentzie, you...you're crying?"

She saw the tears filling my eyes.

I nodded. I was afraid to say anything. I knew if I'd open my mouth, unpleasant sobs would escape, and boys my age aren't supposed to cry... So I was quiet. Ima sat down next to me and Yehuda and asked gently, "Do you want to tell me what happened?"

I remained quiet, afraid to attempt to speak.

"Does it have to do with *cheder*? With friends?" Ima started guessing.

I half nodded yes, half shook my head no. It wasn't directly connected to friends. But if I'd need to leave them and start again – then, yes, it would be connected.

"Is it because you miss our old house?" she tried to narrow it down.

Again, I half nodded yes, half shook my head no. It was sort of connected. I mean, if we'd move again, *this* would become our old house and I'd miss it, for sure.

"Ima, I think it's because Bentzie doesn't want to move again." What a *neis* that my kid brother Yehuda is so devoted and he managed to explain to Ima in one short

sentence what my tears were about.

"What?!" Ima didn't understand. "Why should we move?!"

"Because... Because that's what's going to happen, no?" Yehuda was confused for a moment. "Abba's having secret meetings with all kinds of important people, just like he did before we moved here..."

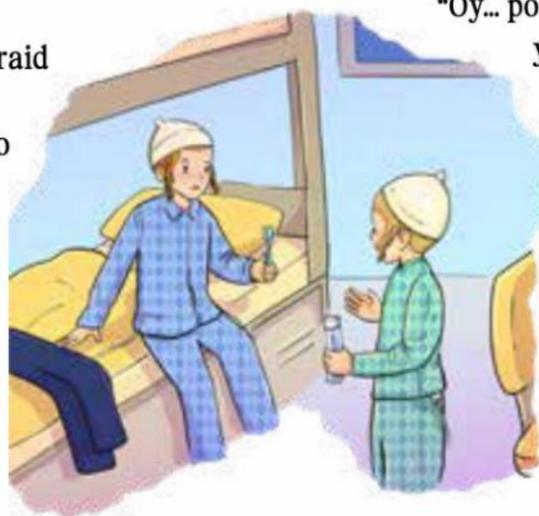
"Oy... poor *kinderlach*... Is that what you thought? That we're going to move again?!" Ima instantly grasped what was going on and she succeeded in stopping my tears in a moment.

"Y-yes, that's it. That's what we thought." Again Yehuda spoke in my name and I nodded in agreement.

"So, no, we're definitely not moving." Ima's voice was confident, and I breathed a sigh of relief. "And I think we can already fill you in on what's about to happen..."

I held my breath. Yehuda also listened nervously. And then Ima said:

"We consulted a lot of people and also got a *brachah* from the Rebbe, and *b'ezras Hashem*, in another few weeks, we're going to open a neighborhood grocery, right here, in our house!"



G. Bernfeld



Way to Go!

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

Baloney Experiences

It was a *neis* that the day I did the shopping was so wintry, so I was wearing my black coat and could stick groceries into my right pocket (cans of tuna and peas) and my left pocket (wicks, two small lemons).

With remarkable *hashgachah*, it was also precisely the day I finally remembered to wear home the blue sweater Ima had reminded me about at the beginning of last week. See how “one mitzvah leads to another”! First I redeemed the sweater from its lonely exile, and I was immediately rewarded with extra pockets to fill with mitzvos!

What mitzvos, you ask? Well, they always taught us that “a penny saved is a penny earned.” So some kids – so I’ve heard – help their parents save money by not asking to buy a cup of ice coffee every week. Others, like me, try to use a minimum of bags on each shopping trip, because each grocery bag costs 10 agurot, and the weekly shopping is expensive enough as it is. Once I saw a kid who tried to figure out where he could put the box of silver foil. Instead of buying another bag, he decided to open the roll and wrap the whole thing around his arm. When my mother heard about that brilliant idea, she wasn’t particularly impressed, but she’s happy for me, Kasriel, to use my hands and pockets.

That’s why I walked out of the supermarket with my pockets stuffed and my hands full, and made my way carefully to the bus stop. When I heard the bus clattering behind me, I didn’t even run. I kept walking at a refined pace, keeping a careful balance between the plastic container of baloney and the package of wicks. There were other items hiding in my hood and every careless move of hand or hood was liable to cost me dearly. And, above all, I wanted to save...

I’ll spare you the description of the wait at the bus stop, in the biting wind. I’ll just tell you that when I got on the bus and started searching for my transit card, the package of baloney jumped out of my left hand. After that, a few apples rolled away, falling not far from the tree – that is, from the wooden toothpicks. The apples, along with straws and the two lemons,



rolled between people’s legs and stroller wheels.

“Stop!” shouted an elderly man.

The driver braked, but soon realized the cry had been addressed to the lemon, not to him.

“Don’t step on the baloney!” “Hey, you’re crushing his wicks.” All at once, the bus filled with shouts, warnings, and rescue attempts. Children bent down under the seats, fishing out tuna, tomato sauce, and a bottle of grape juice that miraculously hadn’t shattered.

Someone offered me a cell phone (but who had an extra hand to hold it?), others pressed groceries into my hands, and one asked: “Maybe I’ll hold my baby so you can put everything in his stroller...?”

I nodded thankfully (trying not to think about what was falling out of my hood) and said, “Sorry, I really didn’t think everything would fall---”

Suddenly, a boy appeared in front of me...

It was the boy I’d met a few minutes earlier on line in the supermarket. The one who’d said to me, “I think I was before you.” And I, engrossed in holy thoughts of *kibbud horim* and how to save bags, had just replied, “Baloney...”

Now, this boy was next to me again, holding in his hand – the package of baloney. He smiled kindly and said, “It happened to me once, too. Not so pleasant.” Then he offered to combine his groceries into fewer bags to free up some bags to give me. As a gift.

“You mean it?” I asked him. There were a lot of good, caring people around me --- as well as lemons, cans of tuna, and a package of straws. But I looked mainly at this boy, amazed by how he didn’t hold a grudge against me for insulting him and maybe even pushing ahead of him in line. By how he crouched down to empty his bags for me.

“Ahem, we met before in the supermarket,” I said to him, embarrassed. Maybe he’d forgotten. But he nodded, gallantly giving me two orange bags. “I didn’t act so nice to you then... How do you do it? Um, thanks for everything!”

“Oh, I’m happy to help,” he insisted. “It’s nothing.”

My cheeks were flushed and my heart was pounding. I promised myself that not only peas, tuna, lemons, and baloney were going home with me. Today I’d acquired something else --- something very important --- and I didn’t even need a bag to take it home in...



Winter Fill

in Puzzle

Fill in the words on the list into the squares.

Take the letters in the highlighted squares and mix them up to spell an important word connected to *shemiras halashon*.

Words to fill in:

9-letter word:

SNOWSTORM

7-letter words:

SHIVERS

6-letter words:

MITTEN FREEZE ZIPPER

5-letter words:

GLOVE OILED FLAKE

SCARF SLUSH TITLE

SKATE FROST SLEET

MOTOR

4-letter words:

LAND SAVE MOST STIR

HAIL SOUP COAT SLIP

SLED

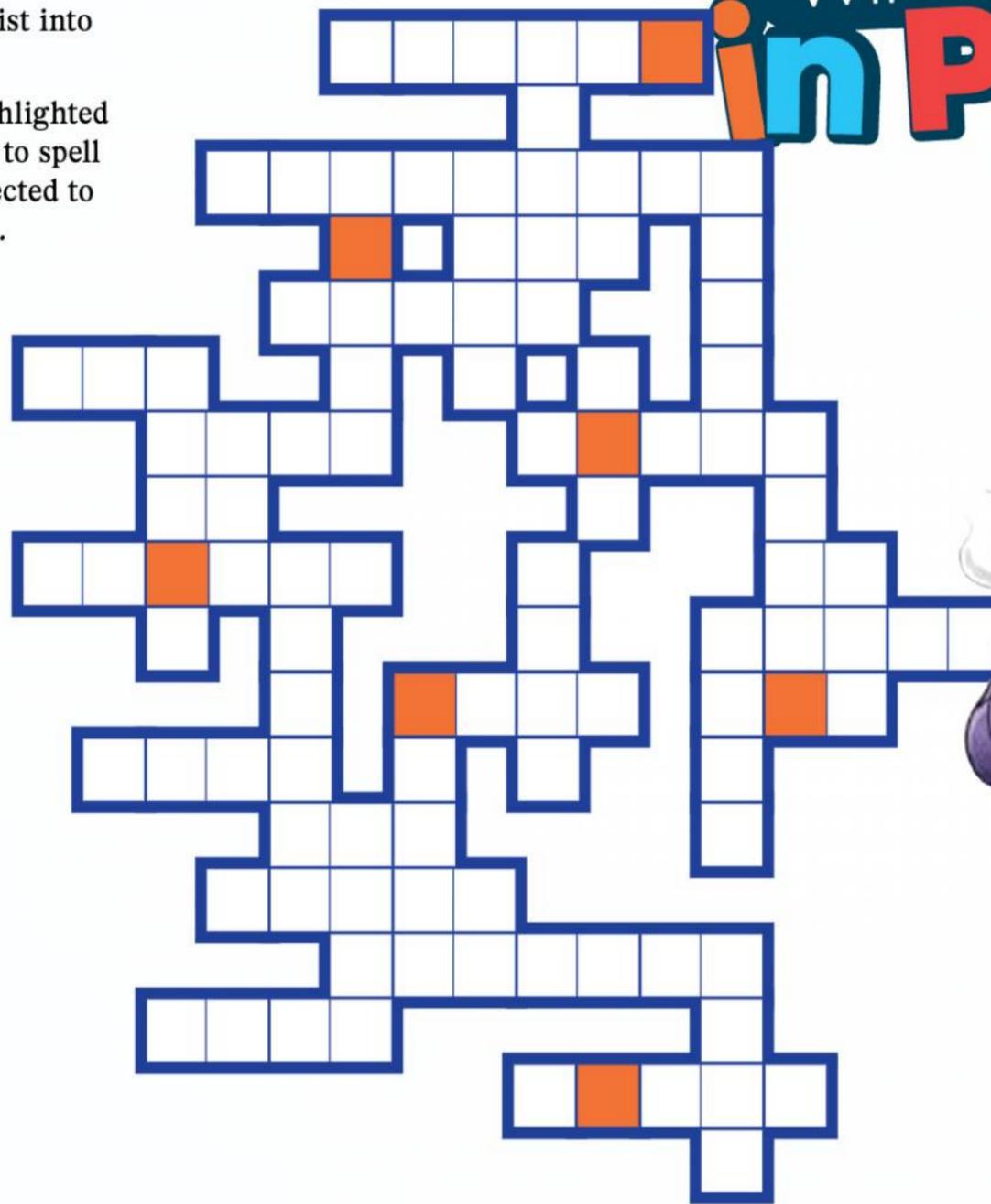
3-letter words:

BUS LET ICY EMU ALP

MAT ALE

2-letter words:

AM EL OP

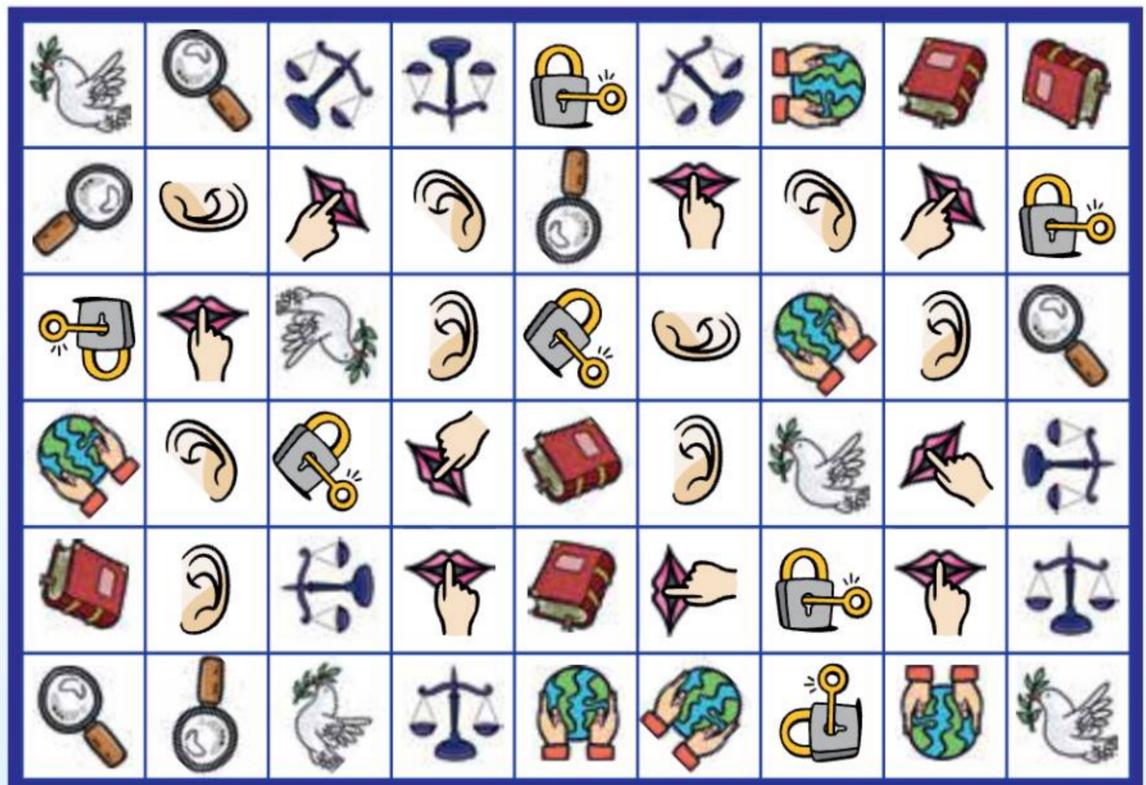


Color and Discover

Color only the following pictures



and you'll get meaningful Hebrew initials.



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:

Yitzchak Zev
Orenstein,
Yerushalayim

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 6

WRITTEN BY B. HALEVY.
ILLUSTRATED BY C. HASID



Great! The plan is progressing. There's quite a lot of spoiled cheese, too, already.

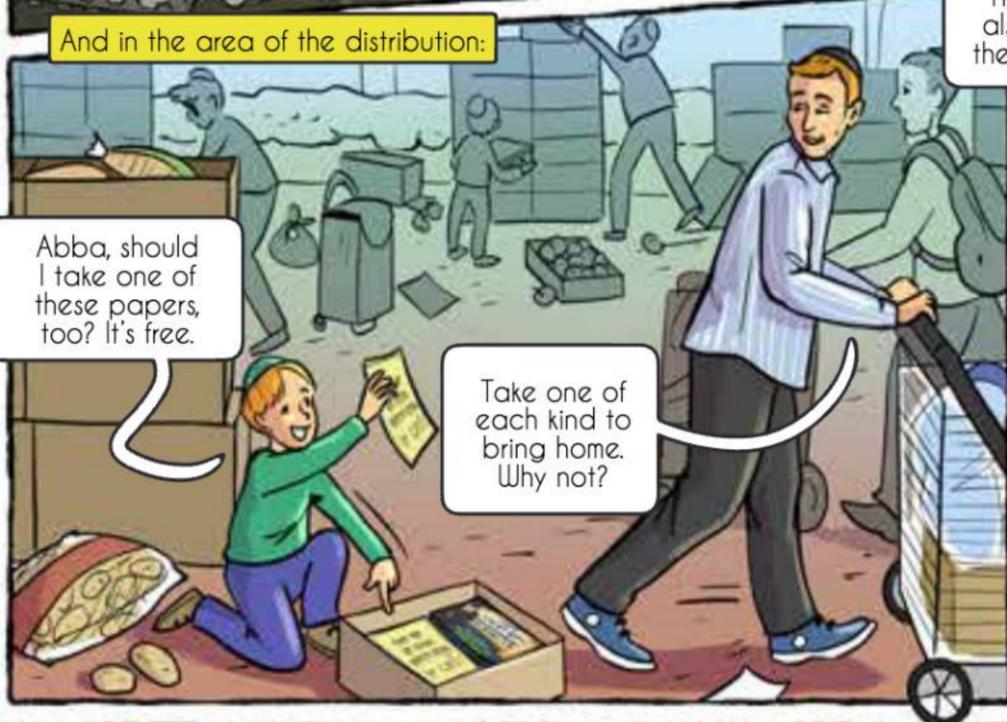


The last date for use was a month ago.



Now all that's left is the final stage - to sneak this "quality merchandise" into the area of the distributions. After two-three times that the "For Body and Soul" buyers get spoiled stuff, victory will be in my pocket.

And in the area of the distribution:

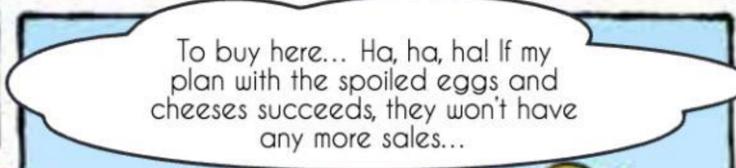


Abba, should I take one of these papers, too? It's free.

Take one of each kind to bring home. Why not?



Hey, Erez! I see that you've also started buying here, at the "For Body and Soul" sales.



To buy here... Ha, ha, ha! If my plan with the spoiled eggs and cheeses succeeds, they won't have any more sales...



Meanwhile, I'm just checking if it's worthwhile for me...

