

מישמרס, Mishmeres
HaSholom Magazine

AV 5783 • 202

מישמרס

"If there is no derech erez,
there is no Torah"

(Avos 3:17)



Did They Forget Me?!

She can't understand how suddenly, she's not part of our family – so much so that we didn't even call her...

04

Solo Performance

For the first time in her life, she's facing the reality that, until now, she'd tried to deny in every way possible.

06

It's Not a Game

Pastels and paints, plasticine and kinetic sand... Working with art materials and games brings to the surface topics that are hard for the child and helps walk him through the emotional process.

10



A young mother told me about the problems her second grade daughter has been having with a girl who insults and fights with her classmates. It was so upsetting for her to hear such stories. Should she ask the principal to move her daughter to the parallel class?

I told her that from my experience – a problem isn't resolved by changing classes; it will just be exchanged by another. In every class, workplace, building, family – any group – there will always be people who are more positive and easy to get along with, and others who... Generally, it's better to assist the girl in dealing with the situation where she is, rather than helping her to run away from it.

Look around you. It's easy to pick out the people everyone likes to be with, the ones who have a good word to say to everyone, who judge favorably and aren't quick to criticize. People who smooth things over and accept everything in good cheer, who think first about others and then about themselves. These people generally manage well in all circles – in the home, with close and extended family, at work, in the social arena, in the community...

In contrast, there are also those who will complain and criticize at every opportunity – about neighbors who built at their expense, about relatives who take advantage of them, and about co-workers who do not *fargin*... Inflexible people who don't always remember that there are people around... other than themselves...

For the last nine months, we've been working on our life circles- the family circle, the neighbors, the *kehilah*, and so on. Now the time has come to wrap things up with the crucial point that lies at the center of each of these circles: *Avodas hamiddos*, the most significant factor of all in our interpersonal conduct.

Baruch Hashem, we've gotten a lot of feedback from women who were *mis'chazek* a lot from the magazines and experienced real change in all the circles in their lives. Suddenly, my neighbor is not so annoying; she just likes cleanliness. My husband is not intentionally ignoring me; he's simply occupied with his learning. My daughter-in-law didn't forget about me; she's just very devoted to my son and my grandchildren. It's amazing how one small change in me turns each individual around me into a better person...

The combination of learning two daily halachos in *shemiras halashon* and *avodas hamiddos* in the areas of *bein adam lchaveiro* – what we put our greatest efforts into in the Mishmeres HaShalom magazines – is the powerful motor that can generate a real turnaround and make your life better and more pleasant. *Avodas hamiddos* is a "root canal"; it creates a revolution in the mind and enables us to interpret the other person's behavior positively, which automatically lowers the number of potentially negative comments and helps us slip less frequently.

May we carry out the words that Rav Elimelech of Lizhensk wrote in his *LeMiah: "Aderaba"*, put into our hearts to see only the virtues of our friends, not their flaws," and also his conclusion: "That everything should be *asafus ruzch* for You."

Sarah Wertzberger



Main office:
11 Sdei Chemed St. Jerusalem
Telephone: 02-537-9160
Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Email: m025379160@gmail.com
Fax: 02-6506107
For donations and to submit names:
1800-800-779

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 lchaveiro*

- | | | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|------------------------------------|---|
| תורים
02-5379160
3 ימי חודש | Beis Hora'ah
072-337-2212
6 ימי חודש | Shurim
072-337-2212
21 ימי חודש | Shalom Link
072-337-2212
5 ימי חודש | Sama D'chayim
02-5379111 | Mishmeres Magazine
02-5379160 |
| בניית השלום
072-337-2100 | Publications
02-5379160 | Schools
02-5379160 | KECHAD MEETINGS
072-337-2100 | כינוסי ילדים
02-5379160 | Tefillah events
1-800-800-779 |



The Art of Speech

Just off the presses: Part Two of *The Art of Speech – Tips for Shemiras Halashon*, the fascinating series that leads to real change in speaking habits.
For details and purchase: 02-567-4705
You can listen to *shurim* on the *Shalom Hotline*: 072-337-2212 Ext. 2.5.3.2



The Six Principles

of *Maran Rosh Hayeshiva zy"n*
Publication of the *Rosh Hayeshiva Hagoan* R' Y. G. Edelstein zt"l's "tzetzer" at the end of his *shiloshim* and before the Three Weeks has roused a great response. The *Shalom Hotline* panel relays that thousands of *chizukim* and *kabbalos* were submitted, in the hope that all this inspiration will bring us closer to the *Geulah* and the building of the *Bais Hamikdash*.



Give Feedback and Win!

Thank you to the thousands of feedback givers
In the grand readers' survey, in honor of our 200th issue, you gave feedback and had an impact! Thanks to you, we'll get higher quality content! And the winner of NIS 17,200 is... **R.P. from Beitar Ilit**
Our good wishes to the winner! And to all the participants!



Beis Hora'ah for *shemiras halashon*-related questions- 072-337-2212 Ext. 4. To submit questions to the column- Fax: 02-650-6107 Email: m025379160@gmail.com

A Mother at a PTA Meeting Who Reports a Problem in Her Daughter's Friend

Question: At a PTA meeting, I confided in the teacher that I wasn't happy with the friendship that had recently developed between my daughter and a certain girl, whose behavior, in my opinion, is not proper. I gave a few examples of this. The teacher listened and did not express an opinion. Afterwards I thought that perhaps what I told the teacher was not *to'afes*, because I could have put an end to their friendship myself, without the teacher's help. Was I guilty? How should I rectify it?

Answer: The questioner did the right thing by telling the teacher about her daughter's new friend improper behavior. This story is *to'afes* from all directions. First, so as to save her daughter from being influenced. Even if the questioner thinks that she could take care of this herself, she doesn't need to rely on this at all. Second, so as to deal with improving the *midkos* and *yiras Shamayim* of the friend, which is the job of every teacher.

Dentist Who Doesn't Appear Professional Enough

Question: I went to a private dental clinic and was disappointed by the dentist who treated me. I had the feeling he worked quickly but not carefully enough. For example, some of the anesthetic substance he injected dripped into my mouth and some grains of the filling material almost went down my throat. I suspect the treatment wasn't professional enough and I want to know what I am allowed to say about it to the head of the clinic.

Answer: It's known that you cannot judge a doctor or any other professional based on a single experience. Even if he really bungled – one cannot deduce that he is unprofessional, because mistakes happen. Therefore, if the questioner would have asked if she can tell her friends that Dr. X is of dubious quality – the answer would be: Definitely not, because the listeners would decide immediately

Harav Hagoan R' Menachem Mendel Fuchs shlita



that the dentist is unprofessional. However, since she is asking what she may tell the head of the clinic – she can tell him the details she wrote in the question, as long as her intentions are *to'afes*. The boss will understand on the spot if there is concern for unprofessionalism, which would require him to track the dentist's work, or if we are speaking of common problems, some of which are in the patients' imagination. And since the questioner won't return to this dentist so fast, there is benefit to her words. But there is no *heter* to tell the head of the clinic unequivocally that this dentist is not professional enough; she can only describe the facts and leave the matter in doubt.

Sister-in-Law Who Doesn't "Click" with the Family

Question: One of the sisters-in-law in our family doesn't exactly "click" with everyone and it's a known fact that a few of the couples prefer not to come to the parents for Shabbos together with this couple. Is it permissible to explain this to the mother/mother-in-law when she presses us to know why we are evading coming?

Answer: The questioner writes that the subject "doesn't exactly 'click' with everyone," but she doesn't explain how – is it from the *hashkafic* aspect, that she's more easygoing or more strict than the others? Or socially, that she doesn't join in conversations, experiences, etc.?

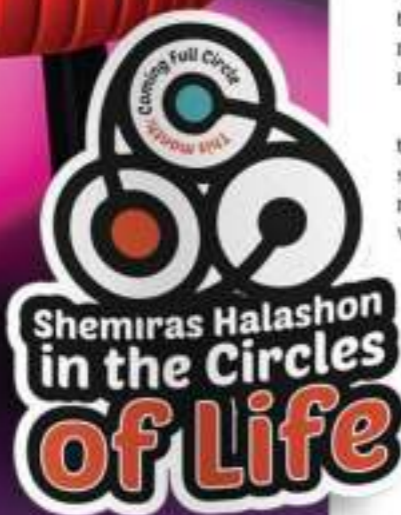
If it is a difference in *hashkafah*, those who prefer not to come for Shabbos together with her are justified, because of the risk of negative influence on them or their children, or tension, etc. The mother should know this and shouldn't push others to come or she should find another way to avert the negative influence. Therefore, it would be permissible to explain the reason to *Ima*.

But if the issue is discomfort spending time together – those who avoid coming with this sister-in-law for Shabbos are mistaken. On the contrary, it would be a *big chessed* to give her *simchas chuyim* and a good time, and help solve her basic problem by getting her to open up and be more natural. In this case, instead of explaining the reason to *Ima*, it would be better to explain to the other marrieds how important it is to overcome their natural feelings and come together with her for Shabbos.

ככות שתהא 'ניאמרת אום' לתרומות והקדשות: 1-800-800-779

סיפורי ימים לשנת ה'תשפ"ב	250 סיפורים ב-25 בגידיים	סיפורי ימים בשם המערכת	ביתנו לימוד לחננום שלם	סיפורי ימים בשם המערכת	סיפורי נעורים ב-50 בגידיים	המורה בכל רגע שנתו	50 סיפורים ב-25 בגידיים	סיפורי ימים בשם המערכת	סיפורי ימים בשם המערכת
לימודי חינוך במסגרת ישיבה בן ציון	בשילום שם	בשילום שם	בשילום שם	בשילום שם	בשילום שם	בשילום שם	בשילום שם	בשילום שם	בשילום שם

ראיתם ישועות בנכות השלום? שתפו ב'קו השלום' 072-3372212 (שלוחה 23)



SHE BELONGS

Flour, sugar, and cocoa dance a jig on the counter, spilling over to the floor and leaving their mark on the cabinets, as well. Oily hands open the refrigerator, hunting for another egg to replace the one that rolled off the counter, when it was supposed to be opened carefully, checked, and poured into the Kitchen-Aid mixing bowl.

"Kids, today we'll eat supper in the dining room," Mommy announces, when she sees that there's no chance of seating children and serving them a cooked meal in the sticky pandemonium that was once her kitchen...

The children run to the big Shabbos table. First, the yummy brownies that Suri is preparing in the kitchen, and now, this interesting break in routine! Fifteen-year-old Ruchi tries to hint to Mommy something about the mess in the kitchen, along with a wink at the clock, which seems to have picked up speed, in contrast to the painfully slow pace of the preparation of the celebrated cake... Mommy responds with a look full of understanding and empathy, but decisive and uncompromising.

Whatever will be, will be. Let the kitchen turn over, the sugar grains fall, the eggs crack and the hands on the clock fly. Let the journey of the chocolatey batter from the Kitchen-Aid to the oven stretch out on end – the objective she'd set for herself remains paramount. Today, Suri is baking brownies /*kavod Shabbos*. All by herself.

Suri spent her childhood years in a school near her house that had a "small class." The developmental delay she was born with was challenging, and complex conditions at home made her upbringing even more difficult. But when she approached the end of her elementary school years, the situation became really problematic. In all of Detroit and its environs, there was no *Chareidi* high school with a framework for girls like her.

To send Suri, the pure child who had always received a true *Yiddishe chinnuch* – to a school that did not suit her spiritually? That wasn't even an option. To push her into a regular high school, where she'd feel like a fifth wheel and wouldn't get the therapy she needed? Her parents' hearts ached at the thought. Maybe they'd be better off just keeping her at home...?

And then came the call from Tanta Henya, Bubby's youngest sister.

"Here in Cleveland, there's a school that's just right for your Suri," she said, her voice brimming with genuine caring. "I see the girls who attend the special classes there. I see the gleam in their eyes. I hear about the therapy they get, the efforts invested in them." And --- Tanta Henya invited Suri to live with her so as to attend that school.

At first, Suri's parents were flabbergasted at the unexpected offer from Henya – the mother of a large family, including young children – to take on the challenging responsibility of caring for Suri. Henya needed to work hard to explain and persuade, but eventually, the sincerity that suffused her every word tipped the scales in favor of Cleveland.

Tanta Henya absolutely refused to hear about payment, even just to cover expenses. She explained that they were taking in Suri as a daughter. Did you ever hear of parents who take money for hosting their own children??

A late supper in the small, cozy kitchen. Libby and Ruchi have just gotten home, exhausted after a long day in high school. Suri takes one plate off the table and brings it to the sink. Another plate, with scraps of spaghetti and salad balances precariously in her hand, decorating the floor with some saucy starchy strings, but eventually gets to the sink safely. Today is Suri's turn to clear the table and wash dishes, and she does her job ve-e-ery slowly, with her characteristic awkwardness. Meanwhile, the two girls listen to Suri's stories about her class, her friends, the test scheduled for the following week, and the homework in math that is "really hard, and most of the girls in class didn't understand the material..."

"Don't worry, Suri," Libby, a year older than her, reassures her. "I'll just finish eating and then we'll both work together on your homework. I was in ninth grade just last year," she adds, "I remember the material..."

Her dedicated "sisters" study with her for tests, too. They explain and review, with endless patience. Thanks to them, Suri gets a hundred on almost every test. Nobody ever asked Libby or Ruchi to help their struggling cousin; it was the atmosphere in the house that swept them in, that led them to love Suri with all their hearts, to be considerate of her, to be *mesater*, to see the good even in moments of difficulty.

A year goes by, and another. Suri progresses in tiny steps and with tremendous effort. The excellent professional staff at the high school, together with devoted Tanta Henya and her entire family, who opened their door and their hearts to Suri, do everything they can to make her everyday life pleasant, to help her bridge scholastic and functional gaps, and to prepare her for a normal, independent life.

Finally, after four years of school in Cleveland, Suri stands there, waving, all worked up and brimming with thanks. That's it. Her high school years are over. She says a tearful "Goodbye" and returns home.

The door closes. A new, unfamiliar routine streams in Tanta Henya's home – a routine without beloved Suri. Ruchi prepares for the following school year, when she will be entering twelfth grade, and Libby, the eldest... moves excitedly towards a very significant stage in her life---

Yes, a few weeks after Suri's departure, Libby is gearing up to become a happy *kallah*!

A cloud of joy floats inside the house. They can hardly believe that it's happening: that they are on the verge of their oldest daughter's engagement...

A flood of phone calls. Flowers and gifts

and good wishes flow into the house. A hall and catering, dresses and lists of invitees to the thrilling event of the *erusin*, due to take place in just another two days. And in the midst of all the commotion, it happened---

Suri, the beloved daughter and precious sister, who was a part of the family for four years of high school – wasn't invited to the festivities.

Tanta Henya called once and again,

SURI CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW WE COULD HAVE FORGOTTEN HER. HOW, SUDDENLY, AFTER SUCH A SHORT TIME, IT'S AS IF SHE WASN'T A PART OF OUR FAMILY – AFTER ALL, SHE DIDN'T EVEN GET A CALL TO INVITE HER..."

She dialed and she tried. But when no one answered, the matter flew out of her overloaded mind--- Only at the end of the thrilling evening, when they came home with the *kallah* and the gifts and the flood of *berachos* – they suddenly realized that Suri was missing. She hadn't come, because

she wasn't invited...

"Suri is angry at us. She's offended to the depths of her soul." Henya feels so terrible. She doesn't stop whipping herself. "Suri can't understand how we could have forgotten her. How, suddenly, after such a short time, it's as if she wasn't a part of our family – after all, she didn't even get a call to invite her..."

Angry?---

Years of sacrifice and caring, heart and soul. Years of love and boundless giving. A whole family that opened their home and their hearts, forfeited comfort and privacy and dedicated themselves beyond all limits. And it's not as if they dropped her from the invitation list intentionally. They simply forgot---

How does she have the *zechus* to be angry with them?!!

But...

They have the *zechus*. The great *zechus* not to be angry at her. Not to be angry at all. Just to understand and accept and feel bad and think of how to rectify.

And so, they pack up cakes and petit-fours, drinks and desserts, and they all set out on a trip. They're driving to Detroit. With the *kallah*, of course. A four-hour drive in order to conciliate, to gladden. "We came to celebrate a special *erusin* party just with you," they say to her.

They sit with Suri, with endless patience, love and sisterhood. They pull out photos from the *erusin*, do everything to rejoice together. And they don't leave until they are certain that Suri, too, is happy and feels that she belongs, more than anyone else in the world.

100% AVODAS HAMIDDOS

Libby and Ruchi, Suri's "sisters," on a personal note:

"We sat there, in Suri's house in Detroit, trying as hard as we could to conciliate her," Libby recalls. "Even though we didn't really feel we'd done anything wrong..." Ruchi rushes to add.

Libby smiles and continues: "All the way there, Mommy tried to think of ideas that would make Suri happy. In the end, she hit on it. She promised Suri that for the wedding, we'd get her a gown from the 'set' worn by all the sisters in the family..."

Without thinking that this is liable to slightly mar the appearance of the family on their big day. Without thinking about "What people will say" about Suri's not exactly standard image.

And Ruchi says: "The truth is that at the time, it *did* bother us a little. We *did* worry about what our friends would say. What *everyone* would say. But, in retrospect, I understand that all these considerations were meaningless. I'm very happy that we overcame them and did it wholeheartedly."



If Your Friend Has Sharp Points

You know the babysitters who are willing to babysit "only for sleeping children?"

And the cleaning ladies who will come "only if the house is in order and ready for a floor wash?"

And the delivery man who will bring the boxes to the door "only if there aren't too many steps?"

People like an easy life. They're not willing to exert themselves... This is doubly true for our generation, since we've become accustomed to simply pressing a button to accomplish things that in the past demanded real physical effort.

But Man was brought into this world to gain control of his *middos*. That is our goal and mission. It's not easy in the least. It's a lifework that none of us is exempt from...

When Moshe Rabbeinu went up to Shamayim, the *malachim* complained: What is a mortal being doing among us? Here in Shamayim, there's no room for humans, who are much lower than *malachim*... Moshe answered them: Do you have a Yetzer Hara? We human beings battle the Yetzer Hara and defeat it, and that is a level that the *malachim* will never experience...

LIFE OUTSIDE THE ISOLATION CHAMBER

In the most serious hospital wards, there are isolation chambers, where they put patients whose immune systems are incapable of protecting their bodies. They need to be isolated from human company to avoid unnecessary exposure to harmful elements.

But other than those patients - we all live in an active, bustling environment.

We are surrounded by close and distant relatives, neighbors and friends, co-workers, community and neighborhood contacts, and so on. Some people are easy to get along with, and others... But we didn't come to this world to do only what's easy. The Yehudi Hakadosh used to say: "If the other person has sharp points - don't try to cut them off. Instead, make holes in your heart for them to go into." Work on your *middos* so that you can understand each person, so that you can tolerate this one's sharp points and that one's idiosyncrasies.

When a person works on his middos, his life within the circles that surround him is more pleasant, more tranquil

SUBDUING THE "DONKEYNESS" IN US

The Mishnah in *Pirkei Avos* says: "Yehuda ben Taima says, 'Be bold as a leopard, light as an eagle, swift as a deer, and strong as a lion.'" The Baalei Mussar explain that every person has a bit of the qualities and drives of the various animals of the world. Our mission is to subdue the "donkeyness" in us, the "snakeness" and "wolfness" that throb within.

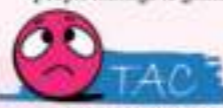
Man is "born like a wild ass" - We come into the world with the wild qualities of animals, which we must direct, navigate, and subjugate through continuous and uncompromising *avodas hamiddos*, an *avodah* that never ends. An *avodah* that bears fruit.

When a person works on his *middos*, his life within the circles that surround him is more pleasant, more tranquil. A person like this is content, and anyone who comes in contact with him is also content. He is beloved and desirable, accepted and admired. He is the person who is fulfilling his mission in the world.

A Picture is Worth...



These people she has to deal with every day are not normal. And don't tell her stories about "that's how it is in every workplace." There are days when she feels that, more than she needs to be a staff chief and manage the workers below her, she needs to be a fish and remain quiet about all the outrageous things happening around her and threatening to swallow her up. In the end, she has to swallow them. How did such a collection of inhumane people manage to gather precisely in their office? How?!



The problem is that this bad luck simply goes with her everywhere. She fell in with a mother-in-law from the stories, and along with her, some sisters-in-law of the same type - a package deal. And much as she tries to apply the rule of "Better a close neighbor than a distant brother" still, every encounter with her neighbors is a battle that drains all of her inner strength. The miracle is that their split-level apartment has a separate entrance, so at least she's spared one section of this challenging *avodas hamiddos*.



Sometimes the situation spirals out of control. She feels as if someone - or a few someones - around her has outdone himself and totally gotten carried away. In these cases, when she is on the verge of an explosion and her frustration threshold has reached new peaks, she finds herself looking in the mirror, combed by the fact that at least one person remains here in the area who acts normal...

The truth is, what's demanded of her is a lot more than normal behavior. It's uncompromising *avodas hamiddos*, 24/7, around the clock. Without a single miss. That's the only way she has a chance of survival.



It could have gone on like this, if not for the time when she was compelled to sit across from the security camera perched opposite her manager's chair and pass the photos, one at a time. It makes no difference right now what the criminal circumstances were that required her to present filmed testimony to the lawyer. What makes the difference is the documentation she came across during her leafing and searching, containing a dramatic, authentic, true solo performance that stood her, for the first time in her life, opposite the reality she tried to deny in every possible way.

Miraculously, no other workers were in the room with her during those moments of viewing. They apparently would have been a lot less surprised than she was...

A Needle in a Haystack

I had just done my big monthly shopping at "Osher Ad," a major supermarket, and was ready to leave, when I suddenly felt that something was missing on my ear - one earring, an earring that was very precious to me. I looked helplessly at the huge store, full of shoppers, and said to myself - *No point in even trying. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack.*

Still... I couldn't bring myself to leave. My feet carried me back inside the store, as I strengthened my commitment to learn two halachos a day in *shemiras halashon* and promised to send a donation to Mishmeres HaShalom.

I retraced the route I'd taken when doing my shopping, keeping my eyes glued to the floor, which was full of feet and shopping cart wheels. And believe it or not - I found the earring, cast in a corner near the disposable dishes, smiling at me and just waiting for me to pick it up...

G. a tip from Yanishalayim

Wanted: Apartment Renter

One day, the phone rang, and on the other end was someone from the Mishmeres HaShalom office, calling to say that our standing order had bounced back. Perhaps we had changed our bank account, or there was some other technical problem? "I'm so sorry to hear it," I replied. I told her about our difficult financial situation and the other standing orders that the bank was not honoring. "We have an apartment that we rent out and that is the basis of our income," I added. "Unfortunately, for two months it's been empty; we haven't managed to find a renter..."

A moment before the friendly secretary hung up, I said to her: "You know what? I have a credit card from a different account that is still working. Let me give you a donation now, so it should be a *zechus* for us..."

The donation went through and the *zechuyos* did their job. Within a short while, we *baruch*

Hashem found an excellent renter and signed a contract for an extended period.

N. Madina Lit

Sleepless Night

My two-year-old didn't feel well Friday night. She cried for hours and writhed in pain. This clearly wasn't just a desire for attention. We debated whether to call an ambulance and go to the hospital on Shabbos... My husband and I sat next to her anxiously, trying to ease her pain in any way possible. As we sat there, I suddenly remembered a few words I'd said that morning to a neighbor, which may have offended her... I felt that I needed to do *teshuvah* and ask her forgiveness and I took upon myself to try not to slip into such hurtful speech in the future.

Our little girl finally fell asleep shortly before sunrise, exhausted from the crying and the Neurofen, and when she woke up late Shabbos morning - she was like a new child, refreshed and happy and totally healthy!

Ima of Ayeala

Did you see a yeshuah? Call and be mezakeh harabim. To hear and record yeshuah stories for women, call 072-337-2212

A Tongue for a Tongue

At the beginning of last year, I started noticing compulsive behaviors in our son, who was near bar mitzvah age. It was evident primarily in his *davening*; he would repeat words many times and his *tefillah* was abnormally long.

We didn't know how to relate to the phenomenon or what to do. We consulted experts in the field, but didn't see any improvement. On the contrary, our son stopped coming to shul. He explained that the presence of people around him disturbed his concentration, so he *davened* alone at home.

At the end of the year, our son finished Talmud Torah and continued to Yeshiva Ketana (Mesivta). That opened more problematic

fronts... We knew we had to do something to help him.

At the beginning of the winter, I took upon myself *achizuk* in *teshuvah*, but I decided that I also wanted *zechuyos* of *shemiras halashon*, since the problem manifested itself as compulsive behavior in the area of speech - repeating words in *davening*. I called Mishmeres HaShalom and made a credit card donation of 180 shekels a month for a year. We also strengthened ourselves in *shemiras halashon*.

Around Chanukah time, we started seeing an improvement. Suddenly he resumed saying Shmoneh Esrei quietly (he had been saying it out loud, claiming that when he *davened* quietly,

he wasn't sure he'd said all the words) - first, for half of the *tefillah*, and then for the entire *tefillah*. His repetition also lessened somewhat.

On Erev Pesach, an *avrech* in the neighborhood who knew how nicely our son *lavin* asked him to read the Torah for his shul. At first he refused, but we encouraged him, and *baruch Hashem*, he met the challenge and started going to shul, after a long period of *davening* at home. He read the Torah in a clear, beautiful voice (we all went to hear him...). Everyone enjoyed it and praised him. The result was that he started coming to *tefillah* in shul regularly, and after Pesach, returned to yeshiva like a regular *bachur*, totally forgetting about his compulsive behavior.



- 5 סיפורים שדווחו למוקד הישועות בחודש א"ר: מנאו דירה למטרים
- 7 משפחות זכו לפרנסה בהרחבה
- 12 חולים התרפאו
- 9 חתנים וכלות נישאו בזיווג הטוב
- 4 זונות נפקדו בשיק

זכיתם גם לישועה? ספרו לנו במוקד הישועות 1800-800-779

קייזרזוהט אפיצור פתח!



16478 2250750905



בכל יום מימי בין הזמנים נפתור חידת מספרים, כל המספרים יובילו לצופן שעתיד לשנות לנו את החיים! הפותרים את הצופן הסופי יכנסו להגרלה על:

10 דקות למלא עגלה בחנות משחקים

רשמו כאן את הפתרון היומי, כך תגיעו בסיום בין הזמנים לצופן האמיתי!

ניצחתם פיצחיתם?!!

הירשמו עכשיו בשלוחה 42, כדי לקבל תזכורת בשעה 12:00 בכל יום של בינ'אמנים, עם החידה היומית!

שלוחת חידון 072-3372212 בינ'אמנים-46

אז אנה אתם מתכיוס???

<p>9 ★★</p> <p>מהו המספר שיצא לכם?</p> <p>חפשו בסוף החלום המשיכו לראש האדון תתלוו את לב הפיתון תאספו את השלישית מהשלישית ונגם את השנייה מהשלישית ואז תחזרו שוב לסוף החלום.</p>	<p>8 ★★</p> <p>רק אחד מהמשפטים הבאים נכון. מה מספר המשפט הנכון?</p> <p>1. על ארזן הכנה נאמר שהיה אורב שלום ירוף צדקה וחסד. 2. יש לקבל כל אדם בסדר מים שזף. 3. גריץ לרצוא את החבר דונקא בשעת כעס. 4. בעל נפש רחבה הוא מתלמידיו של אברהם אבינו.</p>	<p>7 ★★</p> <p>איזה מספר הוא מכנה משותף לכל המושגים הבאים?</p> <p>ראש השנה • שולחן ערוך • חושן • אב המזיק • מערת המכפלה • בקרייה • אימא</p>	<p>6 ★★</p> <p>מהו המספר המבוקש?</p> <p>מלקות - פחות אחד נתיבות חוכמה - פחות שמונה גרות החכמה - פחות ארבע ועוד תשע - ימי ספירה ולא חזו בצרפחית, זל בען לוכה ולא קף בכרכה</p>	<p>5 ★★★</p> <p>איזה מספר מרומז בשורות הבאות?</p> <p>סמך בחסד ולא טית בטריקטור, בית בודיבות ולא זין במחתה, אלפי באהבת חיים ולא חזו בצרפחית, זל בען לוכה ולא קף בכרכה</p>	<p>4 ★★</p> <p>איזה מספר מרומז בכתב החידה הבא?</p> <p>לעיתים בסוף החודש תמצאוני וגם את תקופת הכוח מבשר אני, וכאשר השור את העבד יכלה שוב אבוא ואתגלה.</p>	<p>3 ★★</p> <p>בתוך הסיפור שלפניכם שתלנו שלוש הברות שאינן קשורות לסיפור. הברות אלו מרכיבות מספר, מהו?</p> <p>החזי מוש ברויב, כוללמם חוסה זאנן לעבד יעבד עם חושדיו עו עמך מפסחי חורישו שלחי בערות מכונאי יו לזב איהו בעצמו? ריהס וריחא לעבדי חוריה, אי או סוסו זב לעבסתי חוריה ים המסככה למעור רחודי אנטוס חוריה על עע בעלע חרוב, או וז הכניס חוריה לז"ב בכלל לא ריהס חפחית אלף בכלל, ויה לזב עויה חוריה רכוב חפחית ירץ זושט כזן זכר.</p>	<p>2 ★</p> <p>איזה מספר משותף למושגים או לביטויים הבאים?</p> <p>יב לב • מי ידע? • עולה בקנה • מני אלף • בסגנון • יצדיק בסדום • כאיש</p>	<p>1 ★</p> <p>כל המילים הבאות הן ערבוב של מספר מסוים. מהו המספר?</p> <p>רשעים • שערים • ירעש ים • שי עמר • משי רע • שיר עם • עיר שם • יעמי שר</p>
<p>18 ★★</p> <p>בני כמה היו יצחק ועשי כאשר התחתנו?</p>	<p>17 ★★</p> <p>איזה מספר יוצא?</p> <p>אחי נדול ממני בחמש שנים וקטן מאחותי בחמש שנים. לפני חמש שנים היה סך הגילאים של כולנו 15. בן כמה אחי כיום?</p>	<p>16 ★</p> <p>איזה מהמספרים הבאים יוצא דוקא?</p> <p>79 300 3 7 813 19 601 511</p>	<p>15 ★★★</p> <p>איזה מספר מוטמן בכל אחת מהשורות הבאות?</p> <p>חוף מהחזי יש שלוש יונים מאולפת • חובה מחולטת • ידועה שצרף יהודי מצוות • תצי מכספו צרום שלים ירושלים מנדבתו</p>	<p>14 ★</p> <p>איזה מספר אוחזו אומרים עם יד על העיניים?</p>	<p>13 ★★</p> <p>איזה מספר מרומז בכתב החידה הבא?</p> <p>ראשו ואחריתו שם ועשי בצק בליבן, מי נשאל? להסן בהתחלה זה שייך לז ולבסוף תנית.</p>	<p>12 ★★</p> <p>בכל אחד מהמשפטים הבאים מתחבא מספר זזה בן חמש אותיות, מהו המספר?</p> <p>• חונקה המאשר, במיעוץ הבנות הוא ירחיקל חושב עמטאל. • המושבע יחזון לדעים על טורח המעור של היותי המסכן. • הרמטט בעמוד הוא מספספס ועלולים דרכי לזעמות ומוט. • העמיר המבע ימור לזעמכה כדי לחזק לעניים רבנות.</p>	<p>11 ★★★</p> <p>מהו המספר?</p> <p>כשניול של אבא שלי יהיה כפול ממה שהוא רואם, ונוסף לו את נילו כיום - הוא יהיה בן מאה ועשרים, בן כמה אבא שלי הימ?</p>	<p>10 ★</p> <p>לפניכם מספרים שונים כולם נכונים, חוץ מאחד. מהו המספר השגוי?</p> <p>טיקא סדרי משנה • שריוע ורבע פחות סדור • כנעה עשר כחמח • חמישה טות • כנעה כנעות • עטר מילות • ננים עשר נכסים • ארבעים חסדוי נביאים • חמישים שתי כזן</p>

גר שזוי 2000 ש"ח, עליף המקונן, להמחשה בלבד



Quality of Life For the Taking

People are willing to invest a lot to renovate their home and make it comfortable and well-equipped. And what about the "burdens" people schlep with them everywhere they go? • Mrs. R. Bukretzky, an art and play therapist for children and a personal coach for women and girls, opens a window into the world of change • Believe it, you can!

Pastels and paints, plasticine and kinetic sand - her clinic is full of them, and not only them. That is what magnetizes kids to her clinic. "I introduce the children to the wide selection and tell them they can choose what they like best and create whatever they want, with zero judgment on the art object they create," says Mrs. Bukretzky. "As the child works with the materials," she explains, "he connects, gains self-confidence, and starts talking." When necessary, she guides him along a bit with questions or by reflecting what he says. The point of the work with art materials and with games is to bring to the surface topics that are hard for the child and to walk him through the emotional process.

"I sometimes offer women, too, a blend of art. It's an amazing tool that helps bring difficult things to the surface," she adds.

What's Blocking Me?

What brings a woman to wake up one morning and decide to go for professional therapy for herself or one of her children? In other words, who comes to your clinic?

Mrs. Bukretzky smiles and points at her packed appointment calendar. "I've never advertised my services," she says. People pass on information from one to the next, when they feel that there's some difficulty blocking them or their child (and sometimes, both are correct...). They decide that it's too hard for them to carry all these burdens that aren't contributing anything but suffering to their lives, and they decide to help themselves."

What kind of problems are you talking about?
"A high percentage of the clients come because

of fears and anxiety. Some also describe difficulty in controlling anger, social problems, compulsive behavior, and actually - any difficulty that interrupts their routine, that blocks their emotional management, and, as a result, also their technical management," explains Mrs. Bukretzky.

Why can't parents of an anxious child try to help him themselves? Why do they need to come to professional therapy?

"Parents are indeed the best support for their children, but just as Acamol is not always sufficient to treat physiological problems, so parents cannot always provide a satisfactory response for emotional difficulties," Rivka explains. "Take an example of a child with fears. The parents try to explain to him that his frightening thoughts are unfounded. They promise that 'We're here with you.' But sometimes, that's not enough. The child needs a more professional response. Also, parents are involved parties, and are also busy with many other responsibilities. They're not always available enough to feel what their child is experiencing.

The same is true for adults. A woman who is going through a major difficulty may benefit from a Rebbetzin's *schvatz* or pour her heart out to a sister or neighbor, and that's excellent, but it's not always

Shemiras Halashon from a Personal Viewpoint

"For years, I was the Mishmeres HaShalom rep in my building (with five entrances!) - Mrs. Bukretzky doesn't forget to emphasize. "After my daughter's wedding, I passed on the *zechus* to the neighbors' children." Of course, I continue learning the daily halachos of *shemiras halashon*. I don't go to sleep until I've done so. "Baruch Hashem, I've seen many *veshuvs* in the *zechus* of the learning and of donations to Mishmeres HaShalom," she adds, recommending it warmly.

enough. In that case, professional help is called for to bring the woman to a process and help her acquire tools to help herself."

Is Avodas Hamiddos for Me?!

Excuse me for asking, but why do we need to change altogether? Why shouldn't a person continue as he is, with the virtues and flaws he was born with, and expect the people around him to learn to live with him?

Rivka is not put off by the question...Apparently, she's heard it more than once...

"Avodas hamiddos is the life work of every one of us," she says. Unrelated to her clinic, she emphasizes, it is worthwhile for every person, at every age, to invest effort in improving himself and moving forward. Sometimes it's comfortable for us to wallow in our past, but it's a shame, because it causes us unnecessary suffering.

"What we do in the clinic is actually *avodas hamiddos*," with an added therapy aspect. Sometimes, there's a need for external intervention, such as drug treatment. I work in collaboration with medical staff when necessary, as well as with *rabbanim* and *askanim*. But all that is just in addition. The main thing is the work done by the client sitting across from me: there's no escaping that. Anyone who comes to me has actually chosen this, even if it's a teenage girl whose parents or high school sent her to me. She is here because she's having difficulty with a certain aspect of her conduct. She's the one suffering and I'm here to help her emerge from her difficulty professionally and with dignity. *Beztzas Hashem*.

Working on yourself is not something that can be done instantly; it's an extended process. Can you tell us about someone who "jumped into the water" and set off on a new path and what she felt in the process?

Mrs. Bukretzky doesn't have to think long. She immediately pulls out an authentic story that happened very recently (changing the details, of course).

"A woman came to me who had suffered for years from a substantial difficulty in her interpersonal conduct. For years, she felt that she'd fallen in with a husband who... and a mother-in-law who... and, accordingly, she felt like the world's biggest *nebach*." In the course of the sessions, and especially at the last session, which took place before Shavuos, after doing an exercise geared at flashing out emotional baggage from the past, she burst out crying and told me: "Today I am accepting the Torah anew and also renewing my married life. I understand that it all depends on me, and I don't need extraneous blaming anymore... I'm ready to accept the good!"

Special issue for the Mishmeres HaShalom kids

הנהגות



Ask the Rav

By Harav Hagoon R' Menachem Mendel Fuchs שליט, Rav of Mishmeres HaShalom

Bubby Who Inquires from Her Grandson about the Other Bubby

Question: I like to talk to my Bubby Cohen on the phone and tell her what's going on at home and in school, and she also enjoys it. But sometimes she asks me questions that I'm not sure I'm allowed to answer. For example, she asked me what birthday present I got from Bubby Stein. If I tell her the truth, that Bubby Stein gives me simple gifts, it might be *lashon hara*. And if I don't answer, Bubby Cohen may be insulted. What should I do?

Answer: If one Bubby asks her grandchild what gift he got from the other Bubby, it's not so terrible if he tells her that the other Bubby gives simple gifts. This

isn't *lashon hara* at all. Apparently, her approach is not to spoil the grandchildren too much and get them used to luxuries. Besides, it could be that she gives the parents money so they should buy the children what they need.

But, in general, if one Bubby asks her grandchild questions like: Does your other Bubby talk to you a lot? Does she love you like I do? Does she visit often? - This is not proper and can cause great damage. In this case, the questioner should answer that he tries in general not to talk about people because he is very careful to guard his tongue from *lashon hara* and *rechilus*.

Who Is the New Dress For?

Rabbanit Attia zt"l once brought a seamstress to the house to sew an outfit for her daughter for the coming Yom Tov. The seamstress worked all day sewing the festive dress. As she worked, she complained that her own daughter doesn't have a new dress for Yom Tov, even though she herself works a seamstress.

Hagoon Rav Ezra Attia zt"l overheard her comment and didn't hesitate for a moment. "The dress that was just sewn will be a gift to the seamstress for her daughter!" He also made sure that the Rabbanit would pay her for her work in full.

(Based on the *sefer Derech Hamiddot*)

Sewing is really not my department, but thinking about the next person definitely is!



And this time: Hagoon Rav Ezra Attia zt"l

Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes
Call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33 for more info



Answering K'halachah

G. BERNFELD

A New Shop

"Did you see the ads about the new stationery shop that opened in the shopping center?" Yaakov asks his friend Yossie when they meet at the local park.

"It's not exactly new," Yossie replies. "You're new here in the neighborhood, so you don't remember his father's store that used to be here. He's simply reviving the family business."

"I think it will succeed. He's offering really good discounts..." says Yaakov.

"Maybe..." Yossi says, making a face. "The truth is, the son who's opening the store looks pretty honest, not like his father..."



Look upsefer *Chofetz Chaim*, *Klal Taled*, seif 1, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33, and choose the most appropriate answer for what Yossie said about the owners of the new shop. Those who answer correctly will automatically enter a raffle.



The idea that won the prize was from Chana Shrem, Be'er Brak.

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. MC25379160@GMAIL.COM | 02-650-6107



No Offense

The Cheese Cake That (Almost) Got Ruined

A few words from Brachie:

What could have happened:

SPLAT—
One moment of carelessness, and the serving container with my beautiful cake is on the floor. I close my eyes; I can't bear to see the smashed masterpiece. I'm sure all the cousins are laughing at me. I wish the ground would open up and swallow me; I'm so embarrassed...

What happened in the end:

"Don't feel bad, Brachie," I heard my cousin Rachel say from behind me. "What a pity that the cake was in a closed container and didn't get crushed when it landed on the floor!" Rachel carefully lifted the container and showed me that the cake had remained almost whole; just the whipped cream topping had gotten a little smeared. "Did you see what a fancy cake our talented cousin Brachie prepared?" she called out in a cheerful voice. Then she added: "Wait, we'll spruce it up a bit and soon we'll put it in the center of the table, scrumptious and beautiful."
Rachel schlepped me to the kitchen and helped me take off the part of the top layer that had gotten ruined. Then we moved the cake to a clean platter that we found in Bubby's kitchen and melted chocolate on top, to replace the smeared whipped cream.
That's how she helped me save the cake, and also my good mood, which had almost gotten irreparably smashed...



"Remember the cheese cake I prepared for Shavuot?" I asked Ima one day of summer vacation. Ima nodded. Of course she remembered. It was a real *poichke*. I'd worked a few hours on baking and decorating it.
"What would you think of my preparing one now for the cousins' get-together?" I suggested.
"An excellent idea!" said Ima. She called Tante Shiffy, who was in charge of the menu for the event that would take place next week at Bubby's house, and informed her that we'd be bringing a cheese cake, adding proudly: "Brachie will bake it. She has a marvelous recipe!"
I checked that we had all the ingredients and figured out with Ima what quantity we needed so it should be enough for all the participants in the get-together. Then I found a nice serving container with a matching cover and excitedly got to work. I pictured to myself how my impressive cake would sit in the middle of the big table in Bubby's house, next to all the other goodies that the aunts and cousins had prepared, and how Bubby would cut pretty slices and give them out to everyone on little plates...
I never dreamed that after all the hours of work, in a moment of carelessness, I would trip on the wheel of a stroller standing in the hallway next to Bubby's dining room, lose my balance with the cake platter in my hands and—



Way to Go!

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

Seven Times the Strength



"Can you stand here and wait for the car, Kasriel?" Ima asked me. On the one hand, she wanted to get home already with the little kids. On the other hand, there was the trampoline—collapsed, wrinkled, longing to get to its home...

I hesitated. I'm a good hearted kid. I hope you already noticed that. But there are two things that are hard for me - and those are precisely what Ima had just asked of me: To stand and to wait. Two boring jobs that never finish.

In the end, I said, "No problem!" I hoped it really wouldn't be too hard. For a full hour, I'd jumped on the inflatable trampoline like a lively goat. Makes sense that now I should manage to stay in one place and wait...

I waited for five minutes. But other than a curly-haired fellow who looked in my direction from his car (maybe he was impressed by the trampoline), nobody came. After nine minutes, I took the earplugs out of my ears and called Ima. I told her it was a *neiv* that she'd left me the cell phone, and how long does the trampoline need to wait. Soon the sun would set.

"No car honked?" Ima was surprised.
"No," I declared. "But ... the truth is... when we jumped on the trampoline, it was really noisy, so I put in earplugs. Maybe someone honked and I didn't hear?"

Ima didn't say a word, but I would've heard her sigh even with three pairs of earplugs.
"Don't worry, Ima," I reassured her. "Give me the address of the people who rented us the trampoline. I'll manage."

Apparently, Ima had no alternative, because she agreed... I called Rubinstock, asked if their

shopping cart was available, and if he thought it could carry a trampoline.

"A trampoline?" Rubinstock jumped at the opportunity. Before I had a chance to explain that all the air had already gone out of it, he announced: "Wait there, I'm bringing the cart."

Together we hauled and heaved the trampoline and somehow got it inside. The wheels of the cart creaked. "Pull it!" Rubinstock panted. "Where exactly does it need to go?"

When Rubinstock heard the exact address, he



was flabbergasted. But I explained that a long way is actually good. If the way would be short, how would we have a chance to "fall seven times and get back up"? Besides, a long way passes by a lot of houses, so we'd be able to recruit a lot of kids to help...

We recruited Lichtstadt. We helped Berger work on his *middos* (and leave the comics

book behind in order to help—). The further we went, the bigger our group became. Soon we had seven kids, and the job became a lot easier. Part of the way, we all pushed the cart together, and other parts, we took turns. Berger passed it to Lichtstadt. Lichtstadt passed it to—

Oops! The moment the cart went from Lichtstadt to Stein - I moaned silently. Stein is a marvelous friend with a lot of self-confidence, but he has a limp. Passing him the cart meant totally slowing the pace. If we were supposed to get it back by sunset, now, with Stein pushing the cart, it would be after lots of stars come out.

"Get ready, get set," shouted Lichtstadt, as he had by the other turns.

"Go!" The rest of us chimed in.

If this were a regular story, it would probably say here how the heroic boys bit their lips, clenched their fists, and didn't let a word escape their mouths; they just gave looks of encouragement to their friend—

Okay, so none of these things happened to us. We just continued walking, a little more slowly, and that's it. Stein pushed the cart and said, "Hey, it's really heavy! But we'll get there!"

After we unloaded the cart and returned the trampoline, and started the long, long way back, so we could drop each one off by his house, I thought about what the trampoline owner had asked us in amazement: "You schlepped it all alone? How!?"

We told him that we didn't schlep it alone. We were a group. And a group - has strength.

Maybe it was thanks to the group - with the strength of our *achdus* - that it was quite pleasant for Stein, too?



Almost Kidnapping

The phone rang.
 "Shalom!" - I answered calmly.
 "Shalom," said a guttural voice. "I'm here with your saba. Don't understand what it says on the *haber* and I need money. Understand?"

No, I didn't understand at all. And when the anonymous caller added a few more sentences that sounded like the opposite of *berachos*, and in... Arabic, it didn't sound good at all.

The call got cut off and I stood there, in a panic.
 "Help!" - I screamed. "I think someone kidnapped Saba!"

Mendy, Srull, and Shalom were at my side in seconds, flooding me with questions.

"Where did you get that ridiculous idea?"

"Oy, come on. Do you think we're characters in a suspense story?"

"Someone's been kidnapped? How do you know? And why Saba, of all people?"

"Tzvi, stop frightening us!"
 "Right you were just kidding!"

"No," I insisted. "It's not a joke. Look - the kidnapper is calling again! Don't answer him! First we need to get advice from an adult!"

"What exactly did he say?"

"He said he's here with our Saba and he needs money."

"*Hashem yishmor!*" - Mendy was the first to catch on to what I meant. "He wants us to pay a ransom before he'll release Saba!"

"He said something about a *haber*! I don't know what he means and how it connects to this whole scary story..." - I added.

Shalom was horrified. "I know who it must be! One of Saba's neighbors is renovating his apartment. Arab workers go in and out of the building freely. One of them must have broken into Saba's apartment. Who knows what he's doing to him?"

"What irresponsibility! - Sruly pinned the blame on the neighbor. 'How could he let workers walk around there and do whatever they feel like?'"

"Right. It's unbelievable how people are so focused on their own needs and don't notice what's going on around them!"

"And they give the impression of being so good and *menschlich*..."

"Listen!" I said to my brothers. "What's important now is not who's to blame but what we do with this story, when Abba and Imma aren't home and we won't be able to reach them on the phone for at least an hour. We have to get someone older involved, the sooner, the better!"

Meanwhile, the phone kept ringing and the "Arab" number appeared on the "caller ID" again and again. We didn't answer. We were afraid that something we'd say would hurt our beloved Saba.

We called one of the neighbors - using the other line - but they didn't answer. We tried another neighbor - call waiting.

The panic level kept rising. Each of us reacted a different way:

Mendy took a *sefer Tehillim* and started saying

perek afterperek.
 Srull hid in his bed under the blanket.
 Shalom sat there, trembling, his eyes filling with tears.

And I? I felt that I had to be the "responsible adult" and take charge. Hey - it suddenly occurred to me. Maybe this whole story is the product of our wild imagination? Maybe we should first simply try calling Saba...

That's what I did. Saba answered after five rings. "Oho, Tzvi!" he said cheerfully. "How nice to hear from you. What's new?"

"Saba?" I asked, relief washing over me. "Are you okay? Nobody..." Suddenly I got quiet. I couldn't bring myself to continue that strange sentence.

"Everything's fine, *baruch Hashem*. Why are you asking?"

I let out a few more sentences. Saba burst out laughing - but then he was able to explain everything, one detail at a time.

"First of all, Tzvi, you know that Arabs can't say the 'p' sound. Instead, they say 'b.'"

I nodded. That sounded familiar.

"The 'Saba' he has with him must be the couch - the *sapah* - that Abba and Imma ordered as a surprise for the family.

"The *haber* is the paper with the address he couldn't read what it said.

"And, needless to say, the money he wants from you is the payment for delivery..."

The suspense story ended with a new *sapah*/couch and a promise to check things out next time, before rushing to pin the blame on innocent people..."



Names of the winners in the BIG RAFFLE

From among the children who participated in the Meshulam Campaign



Gibor Ko'ach

Shifra Steinberg
Beitar Ilit



Ish Milchamah

Malka Barzel
Modi'in Ilit



Menatzeyach

Naftali Novak
Beit Shemesh

Names of the winners from Part 2 - Earthshaking Discoveries:

Week 1	Week 2
100 shekels in a toy store Yehoshua Pachtalt, Modi'in Ilit	100 shekels in a toy store Shmuel and Nadav Yissachar, Bnei Brak
Comics book Srudik Friedman, Dvulzor Haglilit	Comics book Tehila Nohari, Bnei Brak
Week 3	Week 4
Electronic memory game Uriel Sulban, Petach Tikvah	Electronic memory game Miri Levin, Bnei Brak
Comics book Yaakov Cohen, Yerushalayim	Comics book Malka Gutfarb, Yerushalayim

Special Prize For Masmidim

To all the dear *masmidim* in the Sofras Heimer Campaign, who are eligible for a prize without a raffle! The prizes didn't get to us from the factory yet. If you're in Ramat Hashem, when they come to the office and to the stations, we will tell you the list of stations on the Sofras Heimer extension (02-331-2212, Ext.23) and Ramat Hashem, we'll also send a phone message to all those who are eligible.



Word Search

Find 15 words connected to the month of Av - horizontally, vertically, or diagonally.

ת	א	ש	נ	א	נ	ש	נ	ב	ד
ש	י	פ	ת	ב	ב	א	י	י	ז
ע	כ	ד	ר	ג	ו	ת	ב	ר	צ
ת	ה	ו	ג	ל	ה	נ	י	מ	ר
ה	ח	ב	ה	מ	ח	צ	ה	י	פ
י	כ	ב	ק	מ	נ	ש	ה	ה	ר
מ	צ	ד	ו	ח	ס	ע	מ	ו	ו
י	ש	י	ל	ו	ג	ת	צ	ד	מ
מ	י	ר	ז	ה	ת	ע	ר	א	י
ז	ב	ח	י	ש	מ	י	נ	י	ח
נ	ל	ש	ו	ע	ל	י	מ	נ	ת
ע	ל	נ	ה	ר	ו	ת	ב	ב	ל

- 3 letters: בכי
- 4 letters: איכה, נחמו, משיח, רומי, גלות,
- 5 letters: תענית, נאולה, חורבן,
- 6 letters: ירמיהו, שועלים
- 8-10 letters: בית המקדש, בין המצרים, על נהרות בבל, תשעת הימים,

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:

TREASURES IN THE SAHARA

Summary: Rav Teemach Duran, who became rich from copper mines in the desert, contributes money to stop the deflection to the Haskalah schools. Two Arabs plot against him. Reuven is suspected by his classmates of being friendly with the boys who attend Haskalah schools.

Written by A. Hohen
Illustrated by J. S. G. G.

5

