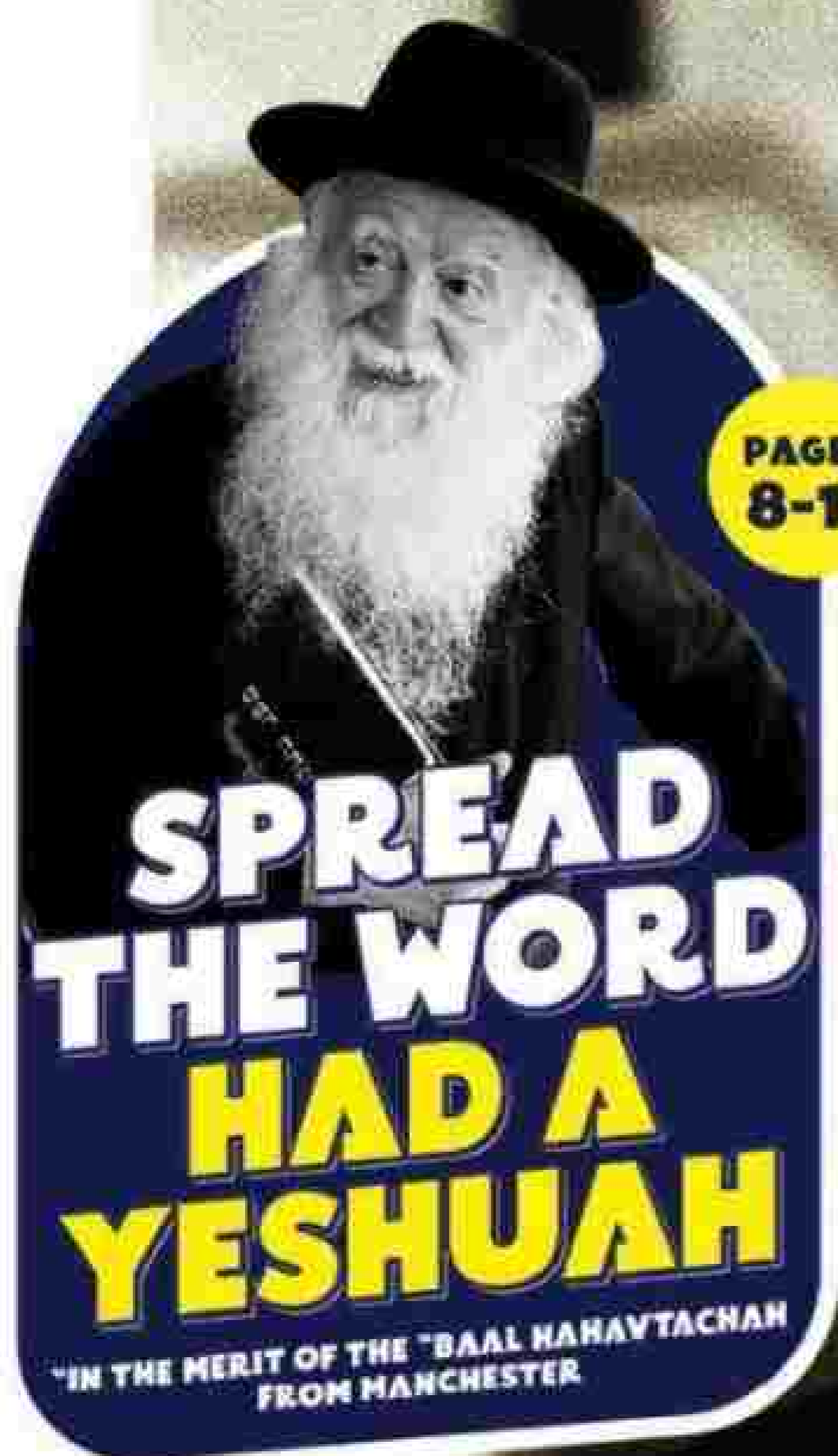


ת"סג, Mishmeres
HaSholom Magazine

SHVAT 5783 • 196

תורה

This is my entrance"
"ticket to "Gan Eden
(Baal Hahavtachah)



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In our office, three workers recently quit their jobs, motivated by the boss's unpleasant and disrespectful manner.

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Once heard a sad monologue given by a lonely Tel Aviv senior citizen, who claimed that his family doctor was just about the only person who occasionally exchanges a word with him, when he comes to the doctor's office. Nobody in the neighborhood takes an interest in him, and if something should happen to him *challah*, chances are that no one will even notice---

In our *kehillos*, people meet in the local shul. There is a sense of belonging, and support. There are organizations and mutual caring, and incidents of such extreme loneliness do not happen, *baruch Hashem*. The *kehillah* gives us both spiritual and material quality of life.

Living a community life is a *zechus*. It provides us with a spiritual leader and a community experience, with camaraderie, special customs, and joint *simchas*. But it is also obligating! In a *kehillah*, you need to display responsibility and obedience. To humbly accept and not separate oneself from the *tzibbur*. The Chasam Sofer used to say: "You can be of different minds, but can never *challah* be of divided heart."

Anyone who ever tried to organize a joint gift for the rebbi or teacher knows that after all the effort, there will always be dissatisfied individuals who come with complaints... The same is true for *zedakah* and *chessed askanim*, and in any other public work, for that matter. The *tzibbur* doesn't always appreciate the efforts, and many times they argue... How easy it is to criticize - much easier than it is to stand behind any kind of public work. It takes years to build, but to demolish? That takes minutes...

They say that, many times, cats would gather around Rav Shlomo'ke of Zevhil, and the *gabbaim* couldn't get rid of them. Once, the Rebbe gave a chilling explanation: "These are *neshamos* that have come to seek their *tikkun*. In their community, there was a great *machlokes* between two Torah leaders *Ishem Shamayim*, and these people mixed in. Regretfully, they spoke *lashon hara* and fanned the fires, so they were punished and now need atonement..."

We, who were *zocheh* to be born into warm, supportive *kehillos* don't always appreciate this gift. That's why it is important to sharpen the meaning and the *zechus*, and to remember also that it often demands of us to bow our heads for the sake of peace, for the strength of the "togetherness."

And "*middah tovah merubah*" - the reward is many times greater; anyone who helps restore peace is promised immeasurable reward, because Hakadosh Baruch Hu has no greater receptacle to hold blessing than *shalom*, peace.



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I Spread It and Had a Yeshuah!

For the yahrtzeit of the "Baal Hahavtachah," Hagoon Rav Y.Z. Segal of Manchester zy"א, coming up on 22 Shevat, we set out on a special initiative that enables you, too, to merit the zechuyos of spreading shemiras halashon. **Need a yeshuah? Call: 1-800-800-779.**



Traditional Tefillah Event in Manchester

This year, again, there will be'ezras Hashem be a special tefillah by the rabbanim of Mishmeres HaShalom at the kever of the "Baal Hahavtachah," Hagoon Rav Y.Z. Segal of Manchester zy"א, on his yahrtzeit, 22 Shevat, as a zechus for all the partners of Mishmeres HaShalom. **To submit names, call: 1-800-800-779.**

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- Silver Chanukah Menora** R. Eisner, Beit Shemesh
- Designer watch** Y. Olivia, Yerushalayim; Y. Eisenbach, Beit Shemesh; S. Shnur, Yerushalayim; H. Gilboa, Haifa
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Names of Winners in the Exciting Mishpachanukah Clickers Game

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- And in the raffle drawing among all participants for a prize of 250 shekels:** C. Rublin, Beit Shemesh; R. Rubinstein, Modi'in Ilit



Beis Hora'ah for shemiras halashon-related questions- 072-337-2212 Ext. 6. To submit questions to the column- Fax: 02-650-6107 Email: m025379160@gmail.com

Harav Hagoon R' **Menachem Mendel Fuchs** shlita



Random Discussions on the Topic of Shidduchim

Question: Sometimes, when I'm talking with a sister or friend, and the name comes up of someone who is waiting for *azivug*, we try to come up with a suitable *shidduch*. One suggests an idea, the other one explains why it sounds appropriate or not, and, in general, there is a risk here of the discussion sliding into problems in the candidate or their family.

I wanted to ask if this is permissible, since the purpose of the discussion is constructive: to try and find a suitable suggestion.

Answer: We must preface: The *heter* of *lashon hara l'to'eles* in *shidduchim* applies only when the speakers are really working seriously on a proper *shidduch* for Ploni and are investing real effort in the matter. In contrast, if people are just talking about *shidduchim* as a kind of pastime - there is no *heter l'to'eles*, because there is no serious readiness to act.

From the beginning of the questioner's words, it appears that she and her friends are not involved in real *shadchanus*; they're just speaking randomly, for the enjoyment of it. Therefore, there is no *heter* for them to bring up the candidates' flaws. But if the questioner's intentions are serious, as the last paragraph of her question seems to imply, and her purpose in speaking is indeed to decide if this suggestion makes sense - the speakers are permitted to mention drawbacks that are known to *shadchanim* and that are not considered a secret. But, they may not mention a secret flaw, because they are not discussing actually clinching *ashidduch*; they are just consulting each other as to whether to suggest it. This is not adequate cause to allow revealing such a secret. It would be enough to say that the *shidduch* suggestion would not seem appropriate.

Derogatory Information That Has Become Very Well Known

Question: In our Age of Communication, it is very easy to transmit information from person to person, city to city, or even country to country, especially when we're talking about special dramas or non-routine events. I wanted to ask - how does this work out with the topic of *shemiras halashon*? That is, if I hear word of derogatory information that has already become very well-known and is being spoken about on every street corner and/or printed in the newspapers, is it permissible to listen to the report and to believe it?

Answer: If something has become very publicized, such as in the newspapers and other media, as the questioner described - the basic halachah is that there is no violation of *lashon hara* in repeating it, even if the listener is among the few who hasn't yet heard it. However, there are limitations: a. There is no *heter* to believe the report; b. One may not tell it to someone who is liable to believe it is true; c. One may not relate it with intention to publicize; d. One may not intend to denigrate the subject and certainly may not add to or emphasize the derogatory information.

According to the above, there is rarely license to report something that was publicized. The *heter* applies primarily when speaker and listener already know the story and the report enters their conversation totally by chance, as an example of something, and only without added commentary.

(Sources for the above are thoroughly explained in *sefer Chofetz Chaim*, Dirshu edition, Klal Beis, Os 36.)

A Boss Whose Conduct Causes Workers to Leave

Question: In our office, three workers recently quit their jobs. Their departures were motivated by the boss's unpleasant and disrespectful manner. After each incident, I heard the boss inquiring among the workers regarding what happened and asking what was the reason for the worker's resignation. It seems that she understands that there is discontent among the workers, even though she, of course, is not privy to the derogatory talk that is whispered behind her back.

What is permitted and worthwhile in answering her?

Answer: In principle, not only is it permitted to answer the boss, but it is a mitzvah to address her questions and raise her awareness of the disrespectful attitude that the employees receive from her. This is a double fulfillment of the mitzvah, "*Lo saamod al dam reyacha*": a. Saving the boss from losing more workers; b. Sparing the existing workers from suffering her unpleasant manner.

This can and should be done respectfully, such as by explaining that she is using the mindset from the previous generation, and in today's reality, relationships between employer and employees have changed. In the past, instructions were given in a tone of command, with all that implies, while today, the language is gentler and more considerate. You can add that no one is to blame for this communication clash, and it can be easily corrected, *be'ezras Hashem*, for everyone's benefit.

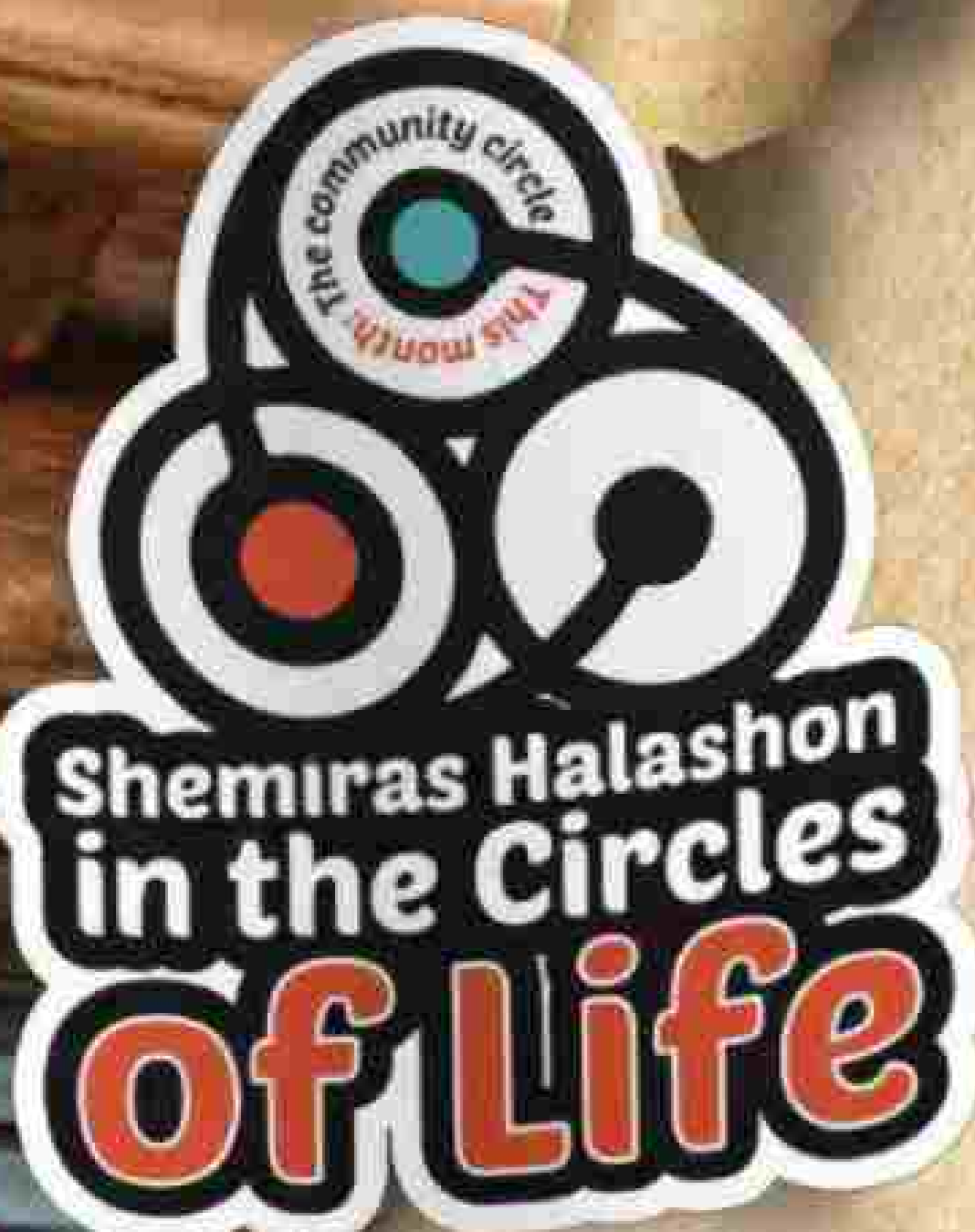
At the same time, one must be very careful not to let details slip about any derogatory comments that workers are whispering behind her back, but simply to give her the message in a general way.

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LETTER OF RESIGNATION x3

The familiar taps of Zanvil's cane on the path leading to the home of Berel, the wealthy fabric merchant, briefly preceded his rhythmic knocks on the carved wooden door. Shaindel rushed to straighten out the lace tablecloth on the polished table in the center of the room and to wipe off a few specks of dust from the windowsill. One couldn't take a chance of creating a less than perfect impression on the celebrated *shadchan* who was about to enter their home. That could *chalilah* affect the level of suggestions that he'd lay on the table for Roizy, their virtuous and modest daughter.

Berel donned his woolen robe and straightened his beard, and then opened the door importantly to the honored guest, inviting him in to say what he had to say.

A true *shadchan*, Zanvil elaborated eloquently on the virtues of the subject - that he was a true genius, head and shoulders above the rest, with wondrous *middos* you won't find anywhere else, a *masmid* who had made himself a glorious reputation among the *talmidei hayeshiva*...

But the moment Zanvil uttered the name of the Yeshiva where the *bachur* learned, Reb Berel's face turned gray. His gaze hardened and his fists clenched.

"What??" He stood up from his seat angrily. "Zanvil, aren't you ashamed to suggest to me a *chassan* from the wayward group that violated the honor of the *mara d'asra*, Rabbeinu the Maharam??" he cried.

"Nu, don't get so angry, my dear Berel." The acclaimed *shadchan* was not overly excited. He was used to occasionally getting furious reactions from his clients. "If you want only suggestions from the camp of Rabbenu, the *mara*

d'asra, I can suggest to you the son of Leibish the baker. A fine *bachur*, a *lamdan*, but nothing that comes close to the level of the sugges---

"I don't want to hear another word about *bachurim* from the other camp," Berel sputtered. "We and they cannot sit together at one table, as one family..."

None of the residents of Lublin, a bustling Jewish metropolis, could explain how the disagreement between two Roshei Yeshiva regarding the explanation of a certain "*Tosafos*" in the Gemara had turned into a consuming fire, tearing the community into two bleeding parts. How the walls of hatred between the *talmidim* of the Maharam, Rav of the city and also illustrious Rosh Yeshiva, and the *talmidim* of the other yeshiva, led by Rav Shimon Zev, son of the Maharshah, had grown so high. All in all, this was a Talmudic debate. One of them tried to explain the opinion of the *Tosafos* with sharp reasoning, while the other asserted that the letter *vav* had been inadvertently omitted from *Tosafos*, causing the mistaken understanding, and that the correct explanation was entirely different.

But the *talmidim* from both camps fanned the fires of discord, and the *roshei Kahal* and *askanim* also intervened, adding coal to the burning bonfire. Soon, the entire city was in turmoil---

When the two *roshei yeshiva* saw the depth of the catastrophe that had stricken their community, they both got up and tendered their resignations from all public positions. And so, the prominent community remained without a Rav and without a Rosh Yeshiva, wallowing in its blood and crying for rescue.

Full of sorrow, pain, and worry, the *askanim* of Lublin came to the joint decision to search for a different Rav who would agree to come and take over the orphaned throne of Rabbanus in their city. They discussed the matter once and again and considered the options, emerging with a single conclusion that appeared to not have a chance.

Nevertheless, perhaps out of desperation, they decided anyway to send a dignified delegation to the Maharsha, who was then serving as Rav of the respected district of Ostra'ah---

The Maharsha, who merited that his commentary on the Shas was accepted in Jewish communities all over the world, led a Yeshiva with hundreds of *talmidim*. For years, the burden of providing for his family and also maintaining the yeshiva lay on the firm shoulders of his mother-in-law, Maras Aidel. After she passed away, the Maharsha needed to find himself a Rabbanus position offering a substantial salary. Before long, this merit went to the region of Ostra'ah, the most prominent district in those days, numbering two hundred and eighty towns with large and developed Jewish communities.

There was no logical reason to think that after several years of serving in this respected Rabbanus, the Maharsha would agree to abandon his lofty position and to become the Rav of a city that was torn asunder by the fire of *machlokes*...

But sometimes, reality exceeds everything that one could imagine. The members of the delegation who knocked at the Maharsha's door were astonished to hear that he was seriously considering their offer.

Before long, the Maharsha submitted his written resignation from the Rabbanus in Ostra'ah, and boarded the carriage that would bring him to the new role of Rabbanus awaiting him in the Lublin community.

"We expected to hear a *derashah* with Torah *pilpul*, eh?" Rav Kalman the *gabbai* was full of wonder, his eyes fixed on the revered figure of the new Rav, who had just left the *heichal* of the main shul, after finishing his first Shabbos *derashah*.

"How could we have imagined that Rabbenu the Maharsha, to whom the *sugyas* of Gemara are his entire world, would choose to speak of other things??" agreed Tanchum, one of the senior *askanim* of the large Lublin *kehillah*.

No one had anticipated what the Maharsha chose to speak about in his first *derashah* in the shul packed with Shabbos Yidden...

"Dear members of the *kehillah*, I have two questions for you," the Maharsha had said from the shul *bimah*. "One - how is it that you came to me with the offer to serve as your *rav*? Didn't you know that, for several years, I had already been occupying a much more prestigious throne of Rabbanus, with a higher salary?"

"And the second question is, how did this wondrous thing happen - that I agreed to come to you...?"

Then he answered: "The second question is not difficult for me to explain, because if there are two '*baatei batim*' in this *kehillah* like the Maharam, the previous *mara d'asra*, and Rav Shimon Zev, the Rosh Yeshiva - that alone makes it worthwhile to be the *rav* here... But I still do not have an answer to the first question." Here, the Maharsha began to speak at great length about the respect due to *rabbanim*, and when he concluded his *derashah*, he stepped down from the *bimah*.

But the biggest surprise awaited the members of the *kehillah* the next day, on Sunday, when the new Rav again asked to assemble all of the people of the town in shul.

"After it has become clear to all of us how important it is to value the position of the city Rav and to obey his instructions," he began, going back to the words he'd delivered the previous night to the *kehillah*, "I will now use the authority I wield as the *mara d'asra* here

to issue a strict and resolute decree that the Maharam should immediately return to his position here in Lublin and should serve both as Rav and Rosh Yeshiva. Furthermore, I am sending Rav Shimon Zev to serve as Rav of the great city of Prague."

And, facing hundreds of astonished eyes

and ears that could not believe what they saw and heard, he concluded: "And I will return to Ostra'ah..."

No one had promised the Maharsha, when he left his lofty position in the district of Ostra'ah, that when he'd return, they'd want to accept him again. Nevertheless, he'd set off on this obstacle-filled road, willing to sacrifice his position of Rabbanus in this respectable community for a purpose that, in his opinion, was supreme ---

To increase *shalom* in Am Yisrael.



In Every Jewish Home

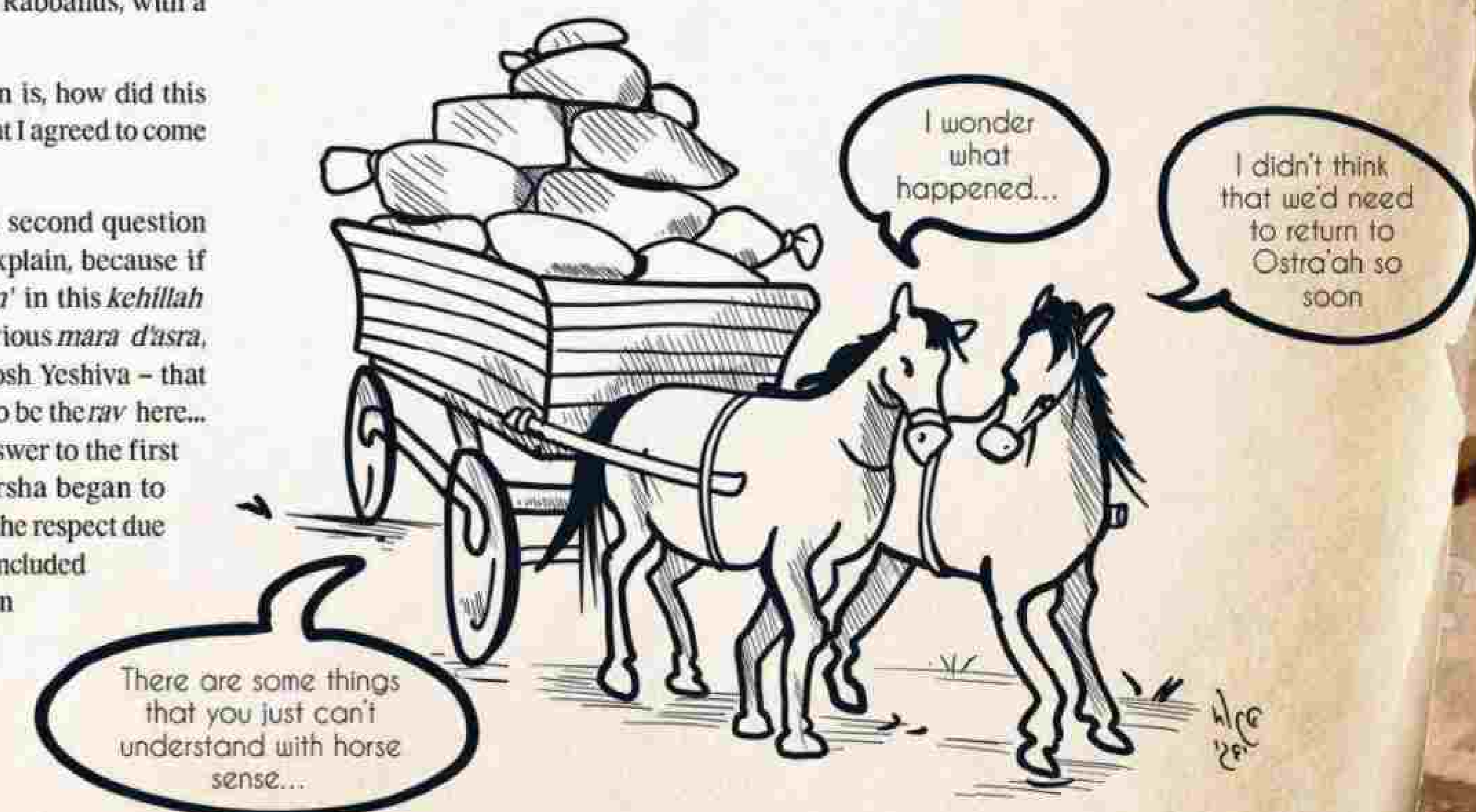
From Hagaon Rav Yitzchak Zilberstein shlita, Rav of Ramat Elchanan:

I've told this remarkable story about the Maharsha many times to students who are just now starting to learn Gemara.

I start off by asking, "How did the Maharsha merit the *zechus* that there's not a single Gemara in the world where his commentary doesn't appear?"

And then I speak about the greatness of that Gaon and about the tremendous personal sacrifice he was willing to make for the sake of *shalom* in Klal Yisrael.

"One who displays such *gadlus hanefesh* in order to increase *shalom* and prevent *machlokes* deserves that his writings should be printed in every Shas that is published." I emphasize this important message - a message that was relevant from the beginning of time and, of course, in our generation, too.





What Does Shemittah Have to Do with a ---?

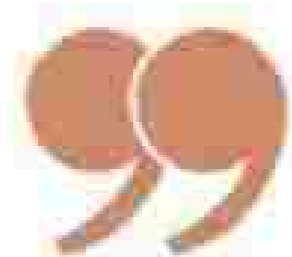
➔ In a well-known yeshiva, the *bachurim* have already gotten used to the unexpected fact that the non-Jewish kitchen worker employed there for years has become an expert in halachos. When he sees a *bachur* preparing himself a cup of tea on Shabbos, he reminds him to check that the glass is dry... In the morning, he rushes the boys into davening, so they shouldn't miss *zeman Kriyas Shema*, and during the *shemittah* year, he was aware of the fine difference between produce from the Northern Aravah and produce picked in the Southern Aravah...

This is perhaps the strangest, but also the most pronounced proof of the power of the environment to influence a person.

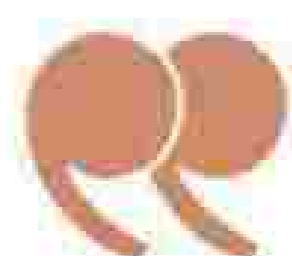
"It is natural to be influenced, in ideas and conduct, by one's neighbors and friends, and to follow the customs of one's fellow citizens. Therefore, a person should associate with *tzaddikim* and frequent the company of the wise, to learn from their practices, and should shun the *resha'im* who walk in darkness, so as not to learn from their example" (Rambam, *Hilchos Deios*).

The spiritual influence of a *kehillah* on the individual is tremendous. It provides a defensive framework that is

irreplaceable, particularly in our wanton generation, full of unprecedented *nisyonos*, with streets brimming with temptations that glitter from afar... A *kehillah* is like a fortified protective wall: it is an injection of strength to withstand the trials.



They live within a *kehillah* where the standards are higher than most. They feel connected and, therefore, satisfied; they do not even give a side glance across the road...



I was once at a wedding where the *kallah* is the product of a very closely insulated seminary, where the *tznius* guidelines are far more exacting than the standard. I stood there with a friend, watching the *kallah's* friends dancing. We enjoyed the *Yiddishe chein* glowing on their faces. The refinement. The genuine *simchah*.

How do you succeed in getting young girls to stay so far away from the brash fashions that peek at them from every display window and each street corner – and yet to not feel they are lacking anything?

The secret is the protected environment. They live within a *kehillah* where the standards are higher than most. They feel connected and, therefore, satisfied; they do not even give a side glance across the road...

People buy life insurance. They insure their apartments against robberies and fires. To the same extent, it is important to "insure" the spiritual future of our children and ourselves – with a supportive and defensive *kehillah*.



Signing Up for Preschools



Somewhere in mid-winter, when even the almond tree hasn't yet begun to wear her white, lacy gown, the subject of registration for Ganim and babysitters hits the local headlines and becomes the hottest topic on the park benches on non-rainy days, or in waiting rooms outside the pediatrician's door when the chilly weather brings colds and sniffles. Tension mounts as efforts focus on weaving one's way into the happy list of the popular and in-demand Gan Ora, and not *chalilah* needing to make do with the simpler and lower-frills Gan Simcha, which – say people in the know – offers neither *simchah* nor *sasson*...



The toddlers who are the main characters in this adventure cannot express their opinion, and other than the fact that the name of star Ganet Ora is easier for the 12-18 month crowd to pronounce, they have no say in this critical decision. Even so, if you try to judge who is the preferred Ganet by their pacifier-adorned faces when they emerge from the "academy of scooter and sandbox sciences" every day, chances are you won't get an unequivocal answer.



After two breathless, sleepless weeks, when she'd tried unsuccessfully to digest the negative response she'd gotten from the number one desirable Ganet, whose list was closed before it had opened, filled up by special applicants with connections or at least by "brothers of," she started examining the situation with sane logic. She collected testimony from the field, went to personally observe, and even checked out the Ganet's *mishpachah* a few generations back, because what don't you do for the *chinuch* of our pure toddlers...?



She was shocked to learn that the quality she was seeking was to be found *davka* in the regions of Simcha, in the Gan without the "halo" but with lots of wonderful activity. The only problem remaining was the "branding." Apparently, the grandmother of Ganet Ora belonged to a higher social stratum, or was born in a more highly considered country. But Ima, the heroine of our story, had no doubt that her toddler was seeking other criteria. And so, "*Layehudim haysah... Simcha*"



How Do You Say 'Kehillah'?

in Spanish?

Mrs. Chanie Mohapara from Kiryat Sefer, whose husband is the initiator and founder of the large and unified kehillah of South Americans in the city, in a stirring interview.

➔ I call up Mrs. Mohapara to coordinate a convenient time for an interview. I can barely hear her voice; there is a lot of background noise. "I'm sorry, I'm at an event for our *kehillah* now," she apologizes, urging me to call the next day. I call, of course. I already understand that an interesting interview awaits me...

You are South Americans – I guess from the accent.

"We're from Argentina. My husband came here thirty years ago to learn in a Yeshiva for South Americans in Bnei Brak." Mrs. Mohapara's Hebrew is perfect, but the heavy accent gives away her origin. "I came here for a three-month summer program for Argentinian girls, because there's nothing to do in Argentina during vacation. And I remained because I was enchanted with the Torah of Eretz Yisrael."

Just like that? Far from your family across the ocean? Wasn't it hard?

"It was a lot more than hard," Chanie smiles. She is her parents' only daughter and the idea of leaving them and moving to Eretz Yisrael was very far-fetched. "But one of the *rabbanim* at the seminary I attended suggested his cousin as a *shidduch*. We went to speak to Rebbetzin Kanievsky and to ask her to consult with her husband. When the Rav recommended it and bestowed his *berachah*, that gave us the strength.

Later on, *baruch Hashem*, her parents came to Eretz Yisrael, and they live here, near her and her family.

And so, one fine day, you got up and

decided to establish a kehillah for South Americans?

"It was a long process." Chanie goes back twenty-four years, to their period as a young couple in Kiryat Sefer. "My husband tried out all the shuls in the area, but didn't find his place. Every Yom Tov, we would go to the Yeshiva in Bnei Brak. He discussed with Rabbi Kessler *shlita*, the city Rav, how difficult it was for him, with his South American mentality, to acclimate here in Eretz Yisrael. At the Rav's suggestion, my husband opened a small minyan for Shabbos and Yom Tov, in a Gan opposite our house."

Gradually, a young *kehillah* began to form, with the hub of activity located in the Mohapara family's home. "Every South American family that came to the city passed through our home. We helped each other after births, organized activities for Yom Tov, arranged *shiurei Torah*."

Family Roots in Argentina

"The kehillah we came from in Argentina numbers 500 families, and they are all like one big family. It's a unity that Israelis here in the country find it hard to grasp. The Rav knows every family and is concerned with every detail. There is a shul, kollel, yeshiva, schools – everything.

"My husband's grandfather was among the founders of the kehillah. They skimped on their own food in order to establish the kehillah because they knew that the kehillah is the most important thing in Jewish life, both from the spiritual standpoint and the material standpoint.

"Recently, my husband flew to Argentina to visit his mother. He visited his childhood neighborhood and met everyone. It was very exciting for him."

I understand that this enterprise grew through the years. You're probably not davening in a preschool anymore...

"From the Gan, we moved to a caravan, which we bought with monthly payments from all the members of the *kehillah*. Later on, we received a plot of land from the Municipality and, with great *mesirus nefesh*, built a beautiful shul. Now we have more than two hundred families – most from Argentina, but also from Brazil, Mexico, Chile, and Uruguay. We have an entire network of *shiurim* in Hebrew and Spanish, trips, clubs and activities for the entire family. We celebrate all of the Jewish *simchas* together: *brissim*, bar mitzvahs, weddings... Before the *chagim*, we run distributions of food items to the *kehillah* members..." When I ask in astonishment where they have a budget for all this, she again mentions '*mesirus nefesh*.' "There are people from the *kehillah* that are *moser nefesh* for this."

What does the kehillah give you? Why is it so important that it's worth the *mesirus nefesh*?

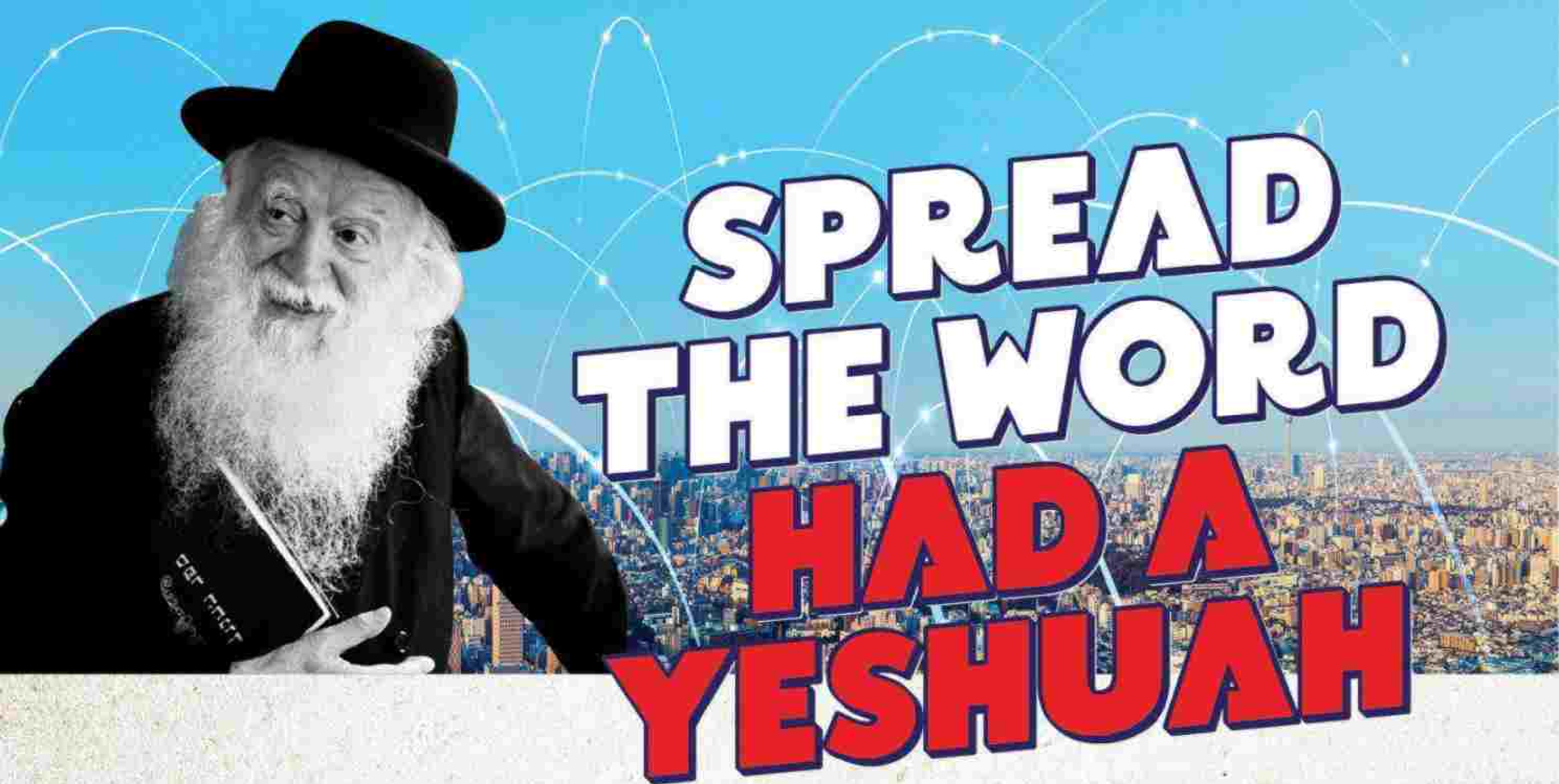
Chanie doesn't hesitate for a moment before answering. "The *kehillah* is our *neshamah*. Without the *kehillah*, we wouldn't be able to hold on here in Eretz Yisrael.

"We are used to the South American mentality – very warm, family-like and heartfelt. Many of us are also far from our families. There are many *chutzniks* who have a hard time integrating into Israeli society. For us, the *kehillah* is not just friends; it is a cherished group of brothers and sisters, family!

"When I make a wedding, I don't have a large biological family to invite. I have only my parents *sheyichyu*. But I have three hundred friends-sisters from the South American *kehillah* who come and share in my *simchah* with their whole hearts!"

Do you also have Israeli friends?

Mrs. Mohapara again gives a big smile, and I can literally feel the South American warmth that she mentioned. "I have lots of Israeli friends," she says, and I believe her. The moment you get to know her, you can't *not* be her friend... "I know a lot of circles of people here. There's nothing like Eretz Yisrael! But what gives me extra strength to hold on all the years and to get to where I've gotten today – is our marvelous *kehillah*!"



SPREAD THE WORD HAD A YESHUAH

All the people around were totally astonished; some of them stood there, openmouthed.

On one side stood a *yungerman* who needed a *yeshuah* and had come to seek counsel. On the other side stood Hagaon Hagadol Rav Yehuda Zev Segal *zt"l*, the Manchester Rosh Yeshiva.

Instead of offering advice, the Rav took out a little card and said to the *yungerman*:

"This will be your entrance ticket to Gan Eden---"

Until that day, no one had heard that there were "entrance tickets" to Gan Eden, and certainly not that there was someone who doled out such tickets...

That's why, when the Rosh Yeshiva Hagaon Rav Yehuda Zev Segal *zt"l* handed the card to his *talmid*, the people around him were startled at the idea.

And to this day, everyone in the world continues to be amazed...

AN ENTRANCE TICKET TO GAN EDEN - IS THERE SUCH A THING?

It happened in the city of Manchester, over half a century ago.

Hagaon Hagadol Rav Yehuda Zev Segal *zt"l*, head of the great Yeshiva in the city and a revered *marbitz Torah*, was known as a rare blend of brilliance and extreme humility. His stature in Torah and *middos* drew more and more *talmidim*. With time, his many *talmidim* scattered throughout England and even reached

the US and Eretz Yisrael.

He became known throughout the world as a Gaon and Tzaddik from previous generations.

But Rav Yehuda Zev *zt"l* drew the bulk of his strength from being a *talmid* of the "Kohen Gadol," the Chofetz Chaim *zy"l*.

NO FAMILY WITHOUT A YESHUAH

The stirring words that thrilled those who heard them many years ago in Manchester, England, continue to make waves today in Europe, the US, and Eretz Yisrael.

Because this tremendous declaration does not demand of you a lot of money or a very major commitment.

All in all, two *halachos* of *shemiras halashon* a day - to learn and spread. That's not so much, is it?

But the results speak for themselves.

There is no family that did not see a *yeshuah*!

It seems that this power - learning and spreading two *halachos* a day - has been changing the life of tens of thousands of Jews.

Not for naught was he called the "Second Chofetz Chaim."

THE PROMISE AND THE MISSION

There are those who dared to ask the Rav - What's all the fuss about? Why is this so important?

And the Rav, with endless patience, explained

that without *shemiras halashon*, there is *schurban*.

The power of learning and of spreading this secret changes your life and that of those around you.

For this reason, he said in the name of the Chofetz Chaim, just as it is important to learn *hilchos shemiras halashon*, so it is important to spread the word of this learning to another Jew.

And likewise, it is important for that Jew, in turn, to spread the message further.

On several occasions, Rav Segal openly testified on himself: "Spreading the learning of *shemiras halashon* among Am Yisrael is my entrance ticket to Gan Eden!"

He also would promise all his acquaintances that anyone who spreads *shemiras halashon* or donates for that purpose, "The Chofetz Chaim will be a righteous advocate for him in anything he wants."

The "Baal Hahavtachah" from Manchester regarded the spreading of *shemiras halashon* as a lofty mission and persuaded anyone who needed a *yeshuah* to do as he did - to spread *shemiras halashon* as much as he could. The result, as mentioned, is open miracles!

THE SECRET THAT MUST NOT BE KEPT

Here comes the turning point of the story.

Among Rav Segal's successors was a woman by the name of Rebbetzin Wertzberger from Detroit. At that point, she was teaching at the school where Hagaon R' Shalom Goldstein *zt"l* was principal. He was also a big *askan* who took action in many holy causes.

At that time, when Rav Goldstein wasn't well, the Rebbetzin told his family that she wanted to amass *zechuyos* for his recovery.

When Rav Goldstein heard that a member of the school staff wanted to do something for his recovery, he sent her the *sefer Chofetz Chaim* that lay on his desk and said: "Spread the importance of learning this *sefer* to all of Am Yisrael." The Rebbetzin didn't think twice. She said to herself: "I commit to spread and increase the learning of *shemiras halashon* throughout the world, for the rest of my life."

In the merit of her commitment, the Rebbetzin, who had been waiting over nine years for children, was *zochah* to a son, one year after she'd accepted upon herself this mission.

Ever since then, Rebbetzin Wertzberger's life work of spreading *shemiras halashon* never stopped.

She established Mishmeres HaSholom, the organization that spreads the word of *shemiras halashon* to hundreds of thousands of Jewish families.

At a different opportunity, Rebbetzin Wertzberger met the "Baal Hahavtachah" from Manchester and told him about Mishmeres HaSholom's extensive work in Eretz Yisrael. She shared with him a certain family matter in which she needed a *yeshuah*, and the "Baal Hahavtachah" promised her that in the *zechus* of her work spreading *shemiras halashon*, the Chofetz Chaim *zy"l* himself would be a *meilitz yosher* for her. Indeed, within a few days, she had an unnatural *yeshuah*.

That was when she made the historic decision, a decision that generated its own revolution - that she cannot keep this *zechus* to herself.

In addition to the tremendous *zechus* of promoting the learning of *shemiras halashon*, she must spread this message further, to every Jewish home! Everyone has to know about the power of this *zechus* to bring a *yeshuah* in every area of life.

Since then, rivers of *nissim* have been streaming in Mishmeres HaSholom, and thousands have already seen *yeshuos* in its merit.

CONNECTING TO YESHUOS

This is the time to connect to the wellspring of *yeshuos*, the source of this message to Am Yisrael.

For the *yahrtzeit* of Hagaon Hagadol Rav Yehuda Zev Segal *zt"l* on 22 Shevat, Mishmeres HaSholom is preparing to go back to him, to distant Manchester, to visit his holy gravesite to *daven*, and to say:

Rabbeinu, we did as you commanded! We saw yeshuos! We've come to thank you for revealing the secret to us!

BELOW IS A SMALL SAMPLING OF SPONTANEOUS YESHUAH STORIES THAT CAME TO OUR DESK IN THE LAST FEW DAYS:



ON THE WAY TO A LONG-AWAITED SIGNING - THE CAR BREAKS DOWN

After more than a year of searching, we were finally on our way from Modi'in Ilit in Yerushalayim to sign a contract on an apartment that fit our needs. The seller was coming especially from Bnei Brak to meet us at the apartment for the signing.

A half hour into the drive, the engine started smoking, and before long, the car ground to a halt. We were desperate, because we'd been asked to be punctual. My wife, *ashemiras halashon* enthusiast, decided to call Mishmeres HaSholom and donate.

A minute later, a car stopped. It turned out that the driver lives in Yerushalayim, in the very same building (!) where we were about to buy the apartment. Before we'd even gotten a call back from the auto insurance company, the long-awaited contract was already signed, *baruch Hashem*.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PROJECT - A BLACKOUT

After working all night on the computer to complete a major architectural project, I finished the job. I'd gone to make my morning coffee, before closing the files and sending them to the client, when suddenly...

The electricity went out! And I hadn't saved the files yet!

I was crushed. Did anything remain from all those hours of work?

I decided to donate for the *zechus* of spreading the learning of *Chofetz Chaim*, and I hoped for a *yeshuah*.

A few minutes later, the electricity went back on. I turned on the computer and... the file was there, almost in its entirety.



THE FRIGHTENING MEDICAL TEST THAT CONCLUDED TOO EARLY

"There's something suspicious in the lungs," the doctors said about my father-in-law's condition, and they ordered comprehensive medical testing. The news hit us like a ton of bricks: we understood all too well the grim meaning of a suspected growth.

Our family decided to open *shemiras halashon shiurim* and to donate to Mishmeres HaSholom, and we hoped for good news.

After a nerve-racking wait, the testing took place, but it ended more quickly than expected. What happened? Everything was fine, the doctors said.

**NEED A YESHUAH? SPREAD SHEMIRAS HALASHON AND BE ZOCHEH TO A YESHUAH!
CALL NOW: 1-800-800-779**

**HOW CAN BEING
A BUILDING REP
HELP BRING
CHILDREN?**



I got married fairly late - over the age of thirty. When three more years passed and we weren't yet blessed with a child, we started feeling stressed.

At that time, we moved to a newly built city and I heard that the Mishmeres HaSholom coordinator was looking for a representative for our building. I took on the job, hoping that the *zechus* of spreading *shemiras halashon* would bring us a *yeshuah*.

Ten months after I began organizing building "K'echad" meetings, we embraced our eldest son!

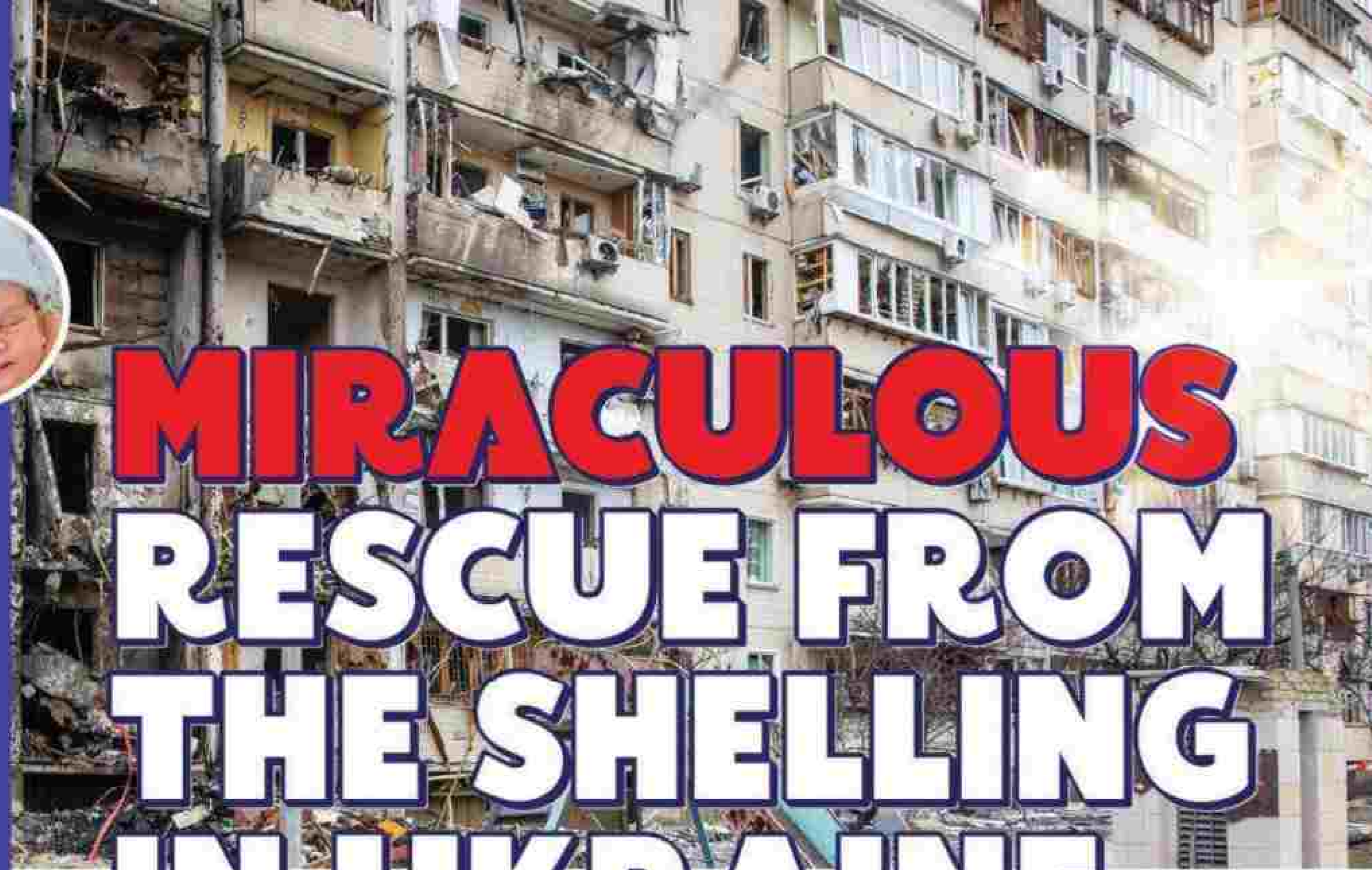
**THE SWINDLER
WHO ALMOST
ROBBED US OF A
MILLION SHEKELS**



Our bank account was 4,600 shekels in the red. At that time, I heard about someone named "Erez" who "loves *talmidei chachamim*" and donates tens of thousands of shekels to families of *avreichim* who let him take care of their obligations to the bank. He just asks that they should sign some forms for the bank and then immediately deposits the money.

That day, when my wife returned from a "K'echad" meeting in the building, she suggested that we donate a monthly sum to Mishmeres HaSholom, for a financial *yeshuah*. When I told her about that "Erez," she flinched at the idea and we left it alone.

Two months later, the deficit in the bank was covered some other way, *baruch Hashem*, and when the scandal emerged about the swindler named "Erez" who "loves *talmidei chachamim*" and used that as a trick to rob *avreichim* of a million shekels, we understood that we'd had a double *yeshuah*.



MIRACULOUS RESCUE FROM THE SHELLING IN UKRAINE

When war broke out in Ukraine ten months ago, for us, it wasn't just another headline; it was a real blow. Half of our family lives in southern Ukraine, and they were caught in the tank fire of the invading Russians.

For a few days, we lost contact with them, and the feeling here in Eretz Yisrael was unbearable. We were so worried, especially about our elderly Babushka, 80, who'd remained there.

Those days, when more than 10 million Ukrainian residents fled to neighboring countries, we followed developments with anxiety, waiting for any trace of information informing us of the wellbeing of our relatives who had also fled, but to no avail.

Those days, rumors flew of methodical genocide in the conquered territories, and just the thought of what the fate of our relatives and elderly grandmother may have been made our blood freeze.

At the height of that tense time, when we sat together thinking what else we could do, one of the girls in the family suggested an idea that was almost rejected with a chuckle, but, in the end, so as not to insult her, we heard her out: to spread the importance of the daily learning of *hilchos shemiras halashon* in our family!

We decided to take on the idea, primarily to give the children in the family the feeling that they are doing something to help.

A few of us volunteered to donate money to Mishmeres HaSholom. Others began to spread the learning material among the family members. And others oversaw the daily activity.

These positive actions helped the family members release tension. Meanwhile, we took other measures within Ukraine, and even found a non-Jewish Ukrainian to send into the conquered territory, but in spite of his efforts, he did not succeed in getting in.

A week later, the phone rang in our home

late at night.

It was Babushka. All the other relatives were right beside her. They reported that they were fine and were on the way out of flaming Ukraine.

We were deeply astonished. And then we heard the story of their wondrous rescue, which had started precisely a week before, when the first family *shiur* in *hilchos shemiras halashon* began.

Like many other Ukrainian citizens, our relatives tried to flee from the battle area, but they were stopped at a checkpoint manned by nationalistic Ukrainians, who suspected that they were Russian collaborators.

All their arguments and proofs didn't help, and they were detained for many hours at the police station. In the end, it was decided to return them to their homes, which was still under battle fire, with clear warning not to attempt to flee from there again.

They were frightened, both by the idea of returning to the danger zone and by the great hostility they'd been shown, with a stench of anti-Semitism...

Precisely a week ago, just when our work spreading *shemiras halashon* began, a few of their Ukrainian neighbors made them a surprising offer: They were planning to flee from the region in another few days, and they suggested that our relatives join them for the trip, in exchange for paying half the cost of the expensive gasoline.

They, of course, happily agreed. They packed up all of their possessions and documents and set out a few days later with their Ukrainian neighbors. They passed all the Russian and Ukrainian checkpoints without a problem and reached the Polish border unharmed physically or materially, *b'chasdei Shamayim*.

SPREAD THE WORD HAD A YESHUAH

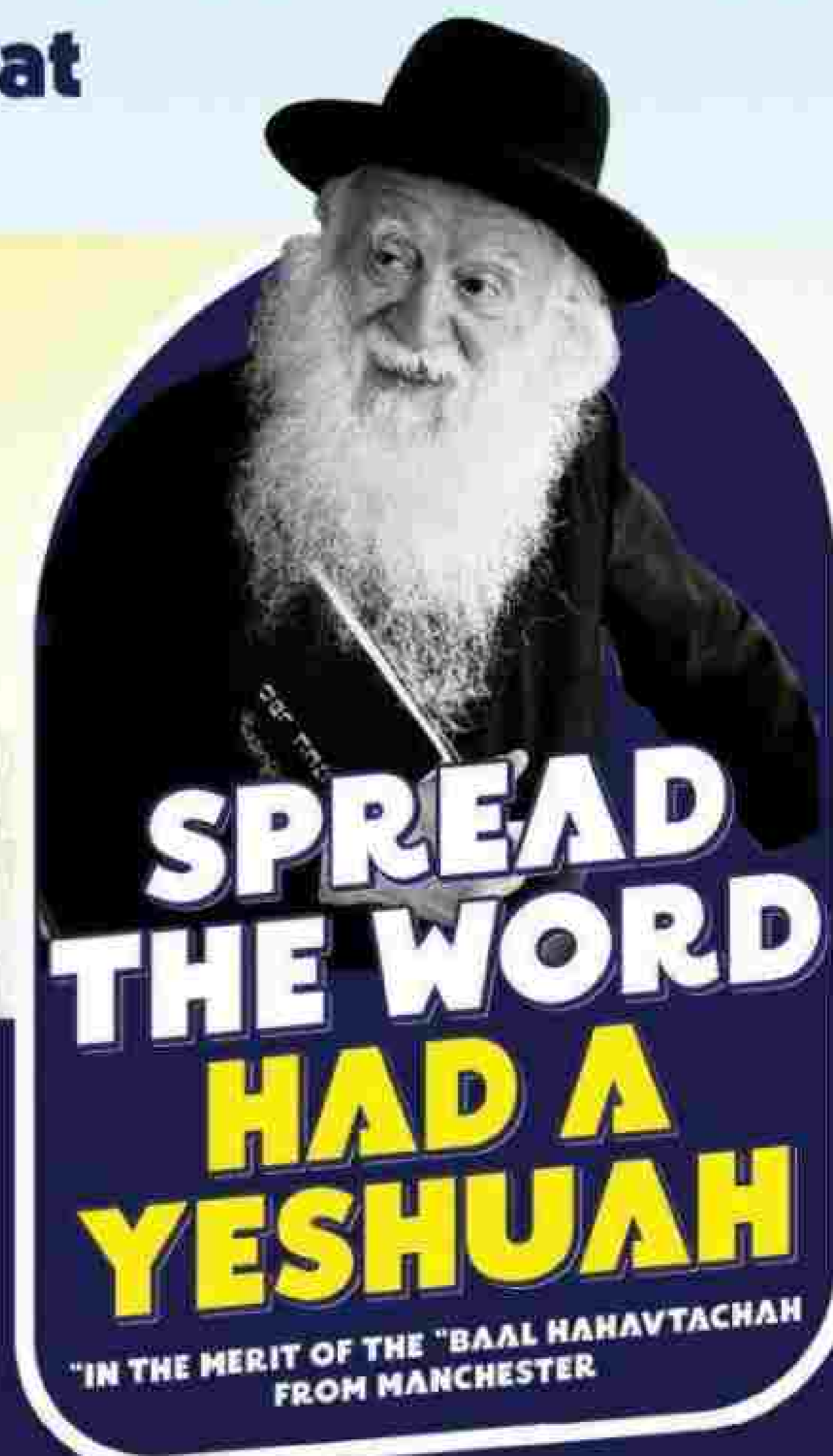
A delegation of rabbanim of Mishmeres HaSholom will be going to visit the kever of the great shemiras halashon advocate - the Baal Hahavtachah from Manchester zy"a, founder of the "two halachos a day" and revealer of the secret of yeshuos in the zechus of spreading shemiras halashon in the world. on his yahrtzeit, 22 Shevat

At the high point of the event, there will be a heartrending Tefillah for the Spreaders of Shalom

who will beseech Hashem for a *yeshuah* for klal and prat and will bring to Maran zy"a the words of thanks from the tens of thousands who saw *yeshuos* over the past year

Join now, so you will be on the list of "Spreaders of Shalom" who will be mentioned at the holy kever of the Baal Hahavtachah in Manchester:

1800-800-779



פנים הקשר



Ask the Rav

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

Reporting to the Teacher about a Girl Who Bothers and Ruins Things

Question: There's a girl in our class who bothers and ruins every program we try to organize. Even if we finally manage to prepare something, she torpedoes everything and drains all the girls' pleasure and excitement from the program. Am I allowed to go over to the teacher and explain to her what's happening so she could deal with the problem?

Answer: The girls should definitely speak

to the teacher and ask her to take care of the problem. There is great *teles* here – for the class's unity, for the success of the students in learning, activities, and in general, and also for the girl herself, so she will correct her behavior.

Of course, when speaking to the teacher, one should start off by praising the girl in a general way, and only then say that, for some reason, she doesn't manage to cooperate in programs that her classmates organize. Also, the one speaking must have only constructive intentions, not for the sake of revenge or victory. Then they will enjoy success, *b'ezras Hashem*.

A Talk in the Yard

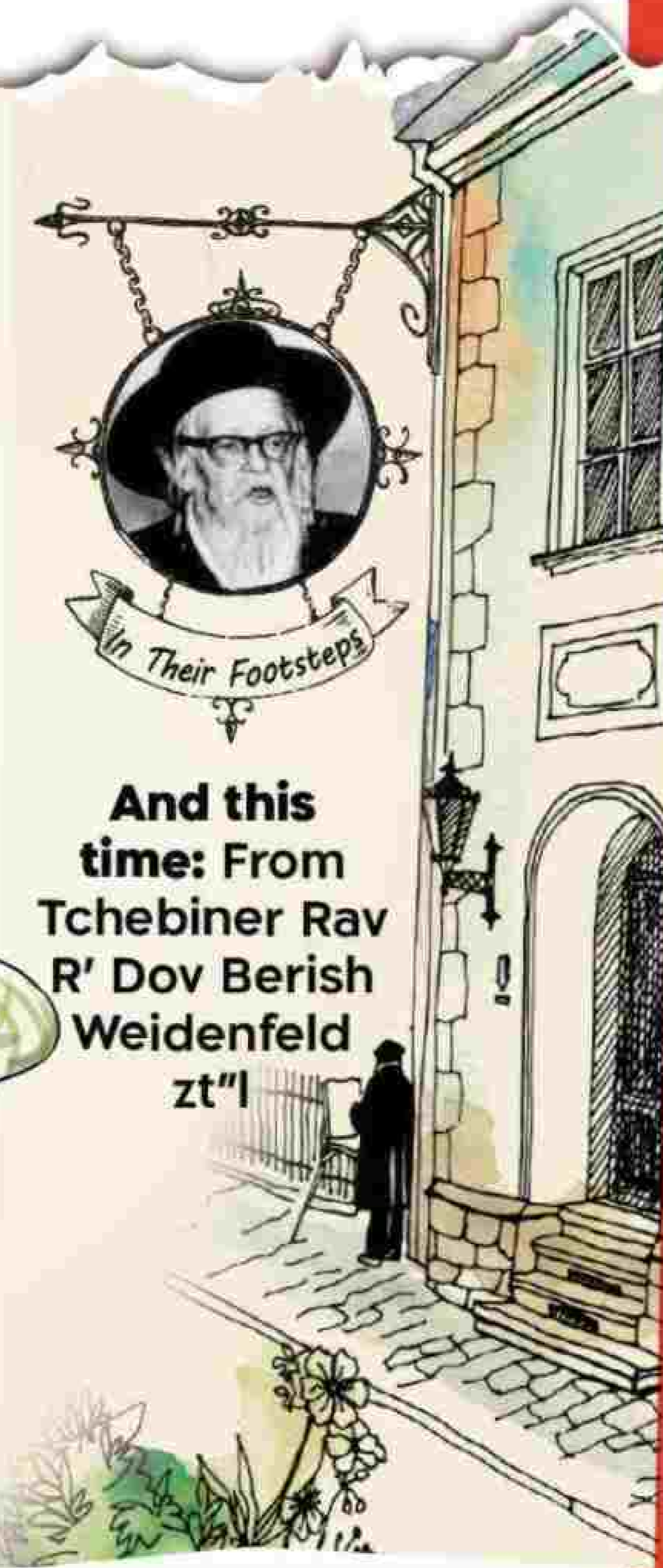
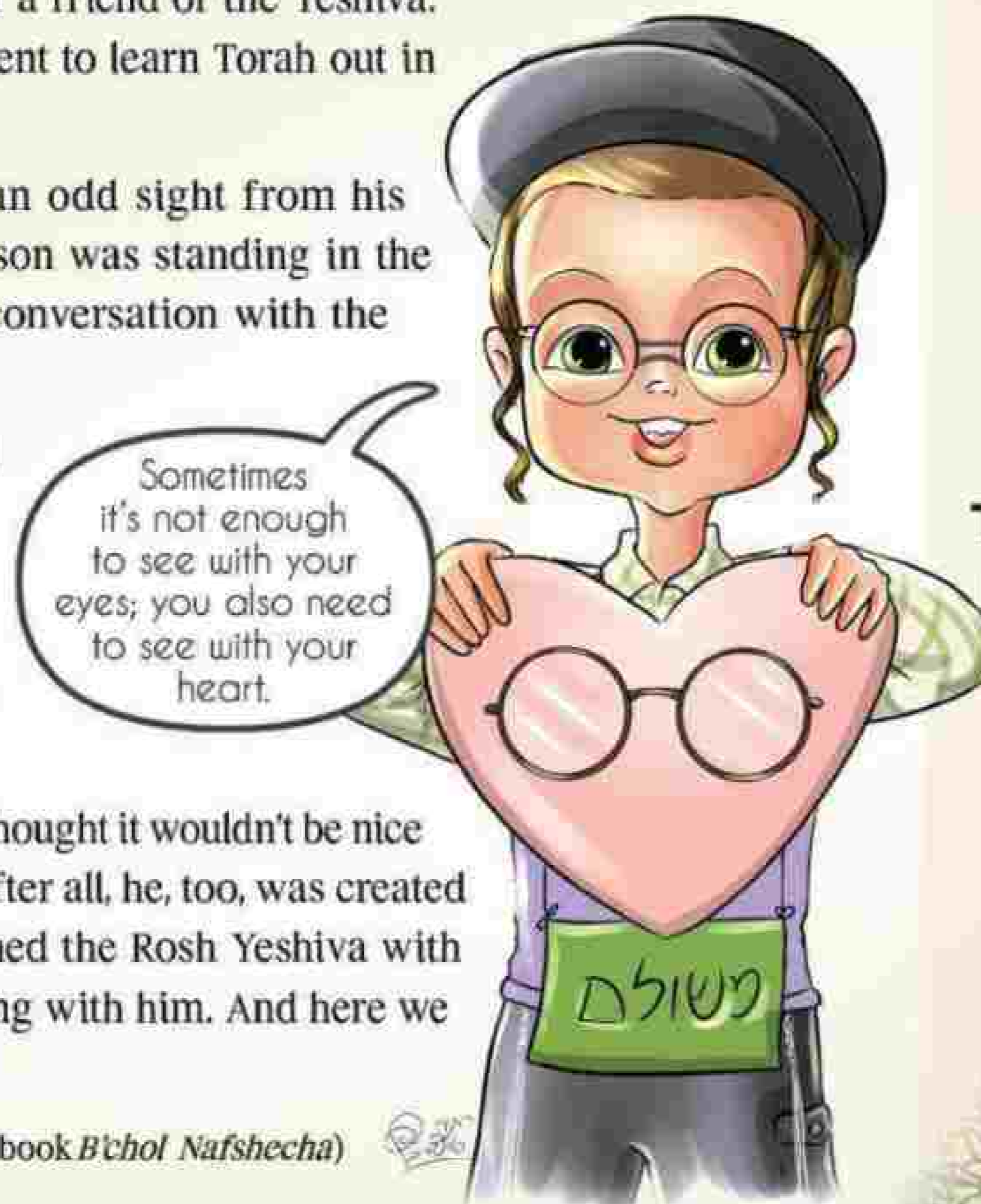
Rav Nosson Tzvi Finkel zt"l, Rosh Yeshivas Mir, was once staying at the home of a friend of the Yeshiva. He utilized every free moment to learn Torah out in the yard.

Suddenly, the host saw an odd sight from his window: His five-year-old son was standing in the yard and... having a long conversation with the Rosh Yeshiva...

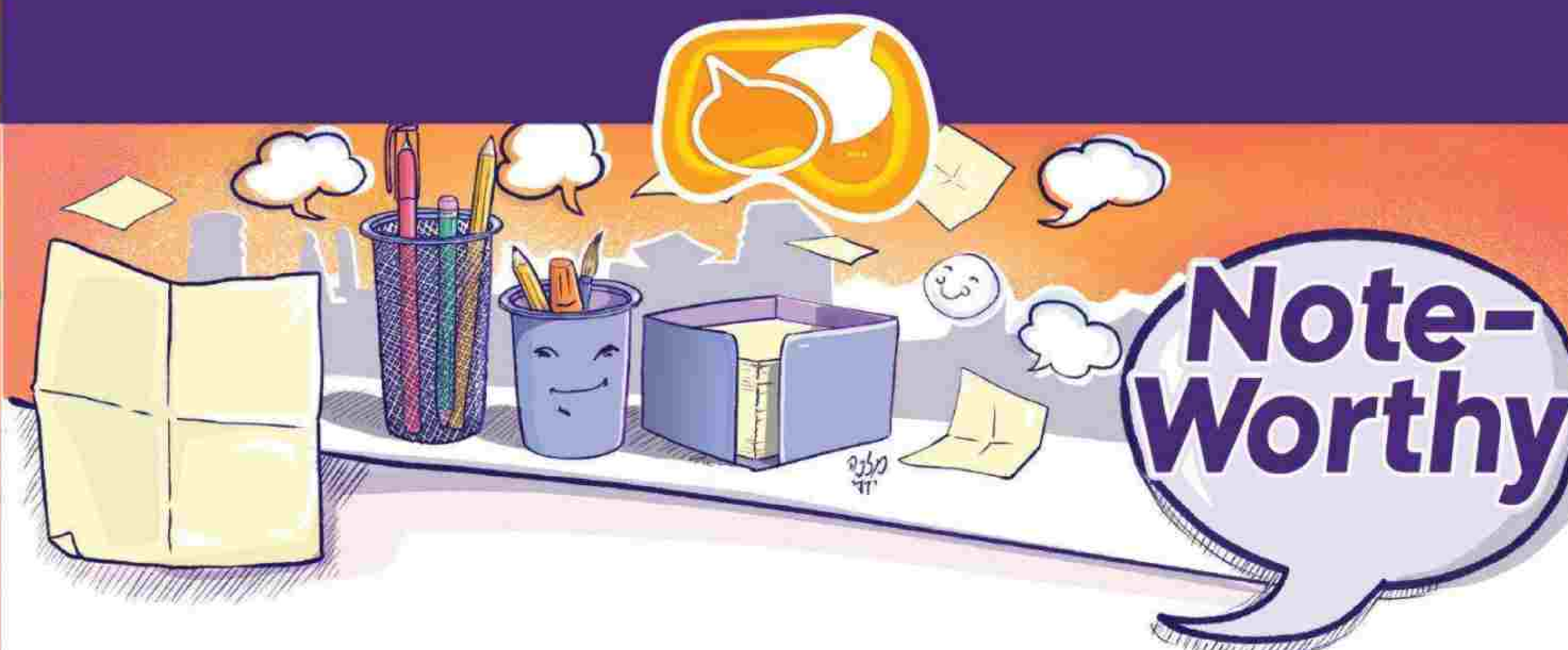
The father was concerned that the little boy was disturbing the Rav's learning, and he rushed outside to see what it was all about.

"Your son passed by, and I thought it wouldn't be nice on my part to ignore him. After all, he, too, was created in Hashem's image," explained the Rosh Yeshiva with a smile. "So I started speaking with him. And here we are, still talking..."

(From the book *B'chol Nafshecha*)



And this time: From Tchebiner Rav R' Dov Berish Weidenfeld zt"l



All Because of the Wind

I stood in the yard, sad, lonely, and lost in thought.

It was almost a week since I'd stopped talking to Aharon, one of my closest friends. We'd had a fight that began with a quiet talk and ended with a loud clash.

Hurtful accusations flew



from both sides, followed by total silence: no conversations during recess, no deep discussions on the walk home. The usual cry in our house: "Tzvi! Aharon wants you!" – had also disappeared from the scene, and I missed it. Very much.

Aharon is a friend who fits me like a glove. Mischievous and funny, but also a person who likes to think deeply. Smart, sharp, and practical as well, so he helps me overcome my dreaminess. So what if our opinions aren't the same on all issues? True, he said some razor-sharp comments that made me feel very bad. But I also let out some words that I now regret having said. Wouldn't it be a shame for that exchange of barbs to dissolve such a good friendship?

That's what I was thinking to myself as I

leaned on the stone fence. Nu - I urged myself. Go right now to find Aharon and make up with him. Maybe today already, you'll be able to walk home together as good friends!

But I didn't have the nerve. Maybe Aharon wasn't interested, and it would be uncomfortable for him? Maybe he'd fling nasty words at me in front of everyone? Or maybe he'd simply ignore me. No. I couldn't bring myself to try.

Suddenly Aharon appeared right next to me. He put a stapled note with my name written on it on the fence next to me, and disappeared.

I turned around to take the note. I was curious to see what my friend – hopefully not my *previous* friend – had written to me.

But the note was gone! The wind had blown it away, apparently into the thick bushes behind the fence. *Oy! What do I do now?*

I bent down and moved the bushes aside with my hand, trying to find the folded piece of paper, but without success. Meanwhile, the bell rang and I had to return to class.

The whole first half of the lesson, I tried to figure out what he might have written in the note. I had a few guesses, and I decided to select the most promising one: My friend wants to make up with me, just as I want to make up with him!

That's it. The moment I decided on this possibility, I calmed down and was able to

pay attention to the rebbi. As soon as the bell rang for the next recess, I went over to Aharon and said: "I'm sorry I offended you. I hope you'll forgive me and we'll go back to being friends!"

Aharon looked a little surprised. Nevertheless, when I stretched out my hand, he took it and shook it warmly. *Baruch Hashem*. We were good friends again, just like before!

A few days passed pleasantly. After having had a taste of distance, we knew how to appreciate the sweet taste of friendship.

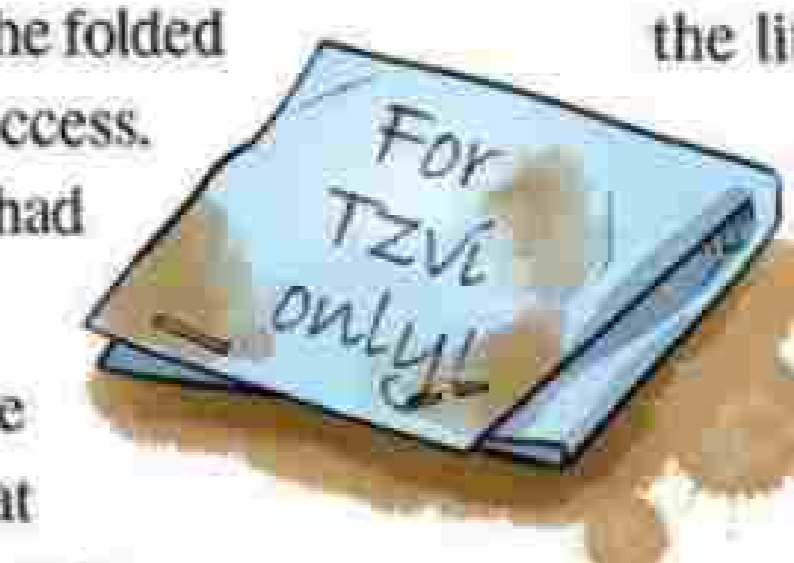
One recess, Nachum suddenly came over to me. "Look what I just found!" He opened his closed fist and there was... a dirty note with my name on it. The note Aharon had written to me.

I opened it, without much curiosity. I already imagined what it would say. Something like: Dear Tzvi, I'm very sorry about the fight that broke out between us and I miss our fascinating talks. Will you forgive me?

That's why I was so astonished when I found entirely different words scrawled on the little piece of paper. Nasty and far from complimentary accusations.

At first, I wanted to run to Aharon and yell at him that from now on I won't exchange a single word with him...

But then I had second thoughts. The fact that we'd made up had brought me so much good. Why wallow in what was? I decided to focus on the *hashgachah pratis* that had made the note disappear until now and I immediately joined my friend, who called me to go back to class with him.



Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes
Last month's winner: Benny Singer, Beit Shemesh



G. BERNFELD

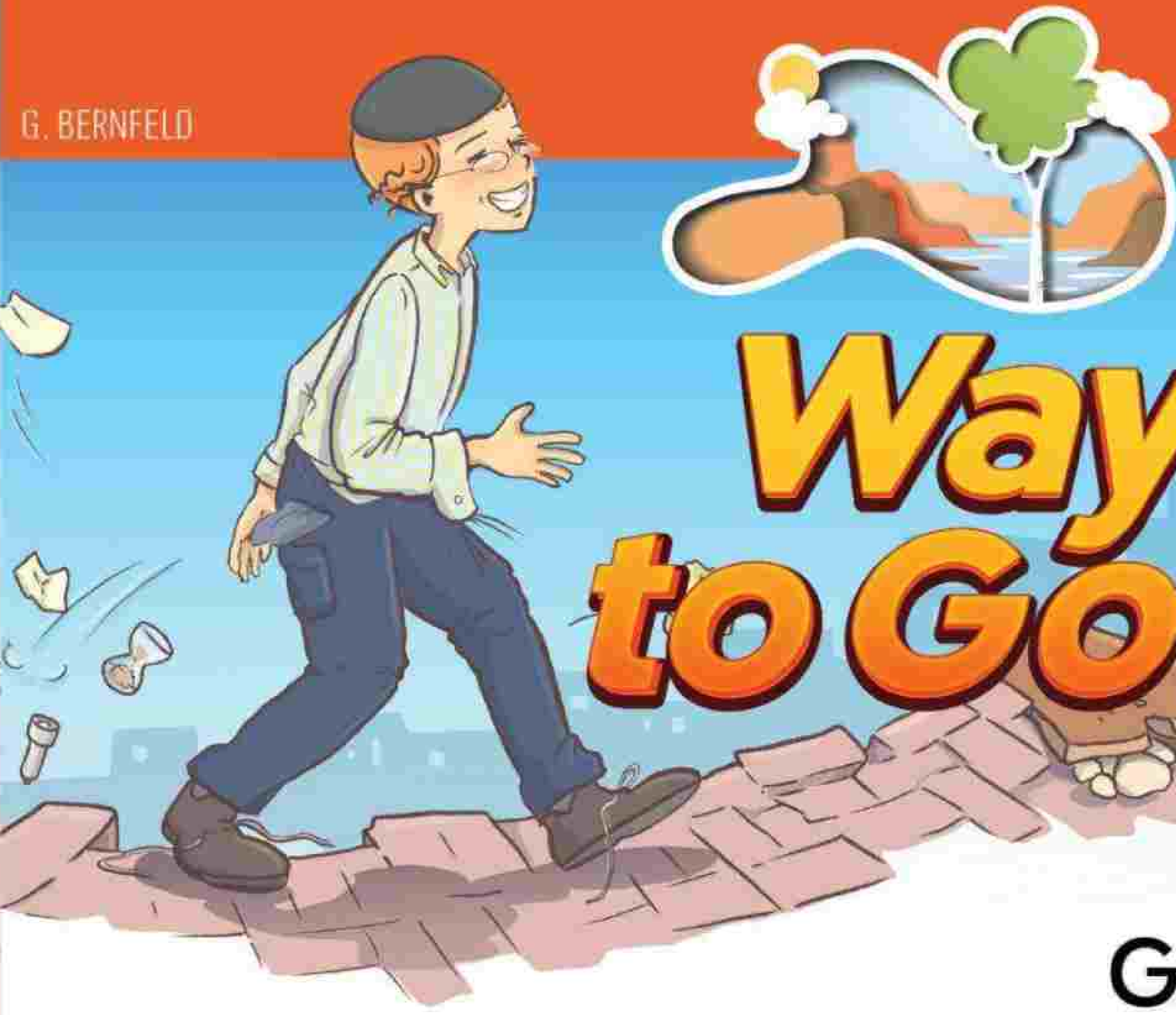
You Lost Out by Not Coming?!

"You lost out by not coming to *cheder* today," Yoav patted his friend Eliyahu on the shoulder, when they met that afternoon on the street.

"Yes, I heard that things were lively there with Gavriel, and that he got a serious punishment," said Eliyahu. "You're already the second one meeting me today after *cheder*."

"Ah, so you already know everything that went on," Yoav replied. "Even better. That way, there's no problem of *lashon hara* if I tell you about it."

Look upsefer *Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Lashon Hara, Klaf Hel, Se'if Ches, Se'if Katan 11*, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33, and check how Yoav should conduct himself in such a situation. Those who answer correctly will automatically enter a raffle.



Way to Go!

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

Buy One, Get One Free

The idea that won the prize was from D. R. Marmorstein, from Yerushalayim

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



No Offense

Crowded but Pleasant

The bus that Ruthie and I got on when we returned from Bubby and Zeidy was exceptionally crowded. The driver shouted: "Move further inside!" We tried to squeeze in somehow, making our way between baby strollers and shopping bags--

"Hey, Penina! I almost didn't see you in this squish!" I was happy to meet my classmate, who was standing in the center of the bus. Ruthie, my big sister, put down the heavy bag she was carrying and stood behind me, holding tight to the pole so she shouldn't fall.

Penina gave me a half smile. A moment later, I understood why she didn't seem particularly happy to meet me.

It was because of her special-needs brother Chaim, who was standing next to her.

Chaim was angry. He wouldn't stop screaming: Why are they pushing me? Why is it so crowded here? Why are they blocking the window?..."

Penina was quite embarrassed. Although she was really trying, she couldn't manage to calm Chaim down, and all the stares from people around her only increased her discomfort...

"You know why it's crowded here?" I suddenly heard the voice of my sister Ruthie, who bent down to little Chaim and smiled to him. "Because everyone in the bus wants to stand next to you, because you're so cute..."

Chaim looked up with his sweet eyes, as if to check if she really meant what she'd said, and Ruthie repeated her words: "Yes, Chaim, you're very cute and everyone wants to be near you..."



A few words from Penina:

What almost happened:

I love my special brother Chaim very much. At home, I play with him a lot and tell him stories. But I'm not always willing to go out in the street with him, because of people's stares... After what happened today on the bus, I think that I'll never again agree to go anywhere with him. It was so unpleasant!

What happened in the end:

A few days have passed already since that trip on the crowded bus, but the good words of Ruthie, the sister of my friend Estie, continue to accompany me. They sing marvelous songs in my ear. My brother Chaim was also thrilled, and he told everyone he met what the big girl on the bus told him...

At ten to six, I felt a lump rising into my throat. At four minutes to six, it was already sitting there. "What happened, Kasriel?" my big sister asked. "Why are you..." "What am I?" I laughed. "Spinning around like a dreidel? Making noise like a gragger? Strutting about like Mr. Abra--" "Oops! Before I'd finished saying the name of never-mind-who, who circulates in shul - I remembered... Wow, I'd had a *net*. The clock said "half a minute to six." Hah. And what will be at six? And until seven? Will I manage to guard my tongue for a full hour?

Remember the door that opened for me inadvertently? The credit card that fell out of my pocket without my knowledge? As you've seen, I have a lot of good intentions, but sometimes things happen to me, without my wanting them to. That's why I was so afraid of this hour, from six to seven. On the one hand, I wanted to do something for Yair's sick uncle. On the other hand, I was afraid that everyone would manage to keep quiet and just I would spoil things... But at a minute after six - I had an idea.

"Do you have a job for me?" I asked my sister. "I should give you a job?" she squinted. Usually I'm the one who tells her that I know what her mission in life is (for example, to pour a cup of cold water for her brother who learned Torah all day...).

"I'm serious," I replied. "I will do and I will listen." "Okay..." She hesitated. "Do you want to go...ch... to Dworkin's house? I need to return a notebook."

"Perfect," I immediately responded. "And it's a miracle that..." I wanted to say that it's a miracle she didn't send me to the notions store, as she usually does; all I need is to get into trouble there with never-mind-who. But, I remembered in time. I began to feel that maybe there's hope

for me. And so, I set off on my way. A long way. Intentionally. There's no bus to Dworkin. Which means that I'd have a long walk by myself, so who might I be talking to already? (Other than myself, here and there?)

Off I went, on my happy way, the notebook swinging in a bag on my hand. The beginning of the walk passed by peacefully, but "Tzaddikim want to sit peacefully..." I sat down on a wooden bench, panting from the effort, and discovered that a boy was already sitting there. (I know him a little, from *cheder*.) The boy said: "Watch how you sit!" I wanted to say that I'd been careful and also to add,

"Complain to the Municipality about the narrow benches, instead of--" "Oops. Again I remembered. Not that I know who the "Municipality" is, but I thought about all the people stuffed into that general term -- Who says we're allowed to talk about them?"

I got up and continued walking, when suddenly someone stopped me and asked if I knew where he could find the shop, "*Berachah V'Shalom*." I told

the man he could follow me, "I'm going in that direction." I wanted to add what my friends say: "They'd be better off calling themselves "*Yakar V'Shalom*," because it's ---" Good thing that the man was old and was lagging behind, because by the time I'd finished waiting for him to catch up, I remembered that it's "my hour" and that comment was a no-no.

When I got to Dworkin's street, a surprise awaited me: Standing there and smiling to me was... Yair himself. He said he'd come out to buy prizes. Tomorrow would be the raffle for the campaign for his uncle's recovery.

"*Baruch Hashem!*" I huffed and puffed, looking at my watch. "In another thirteen minutes, my hour is up."

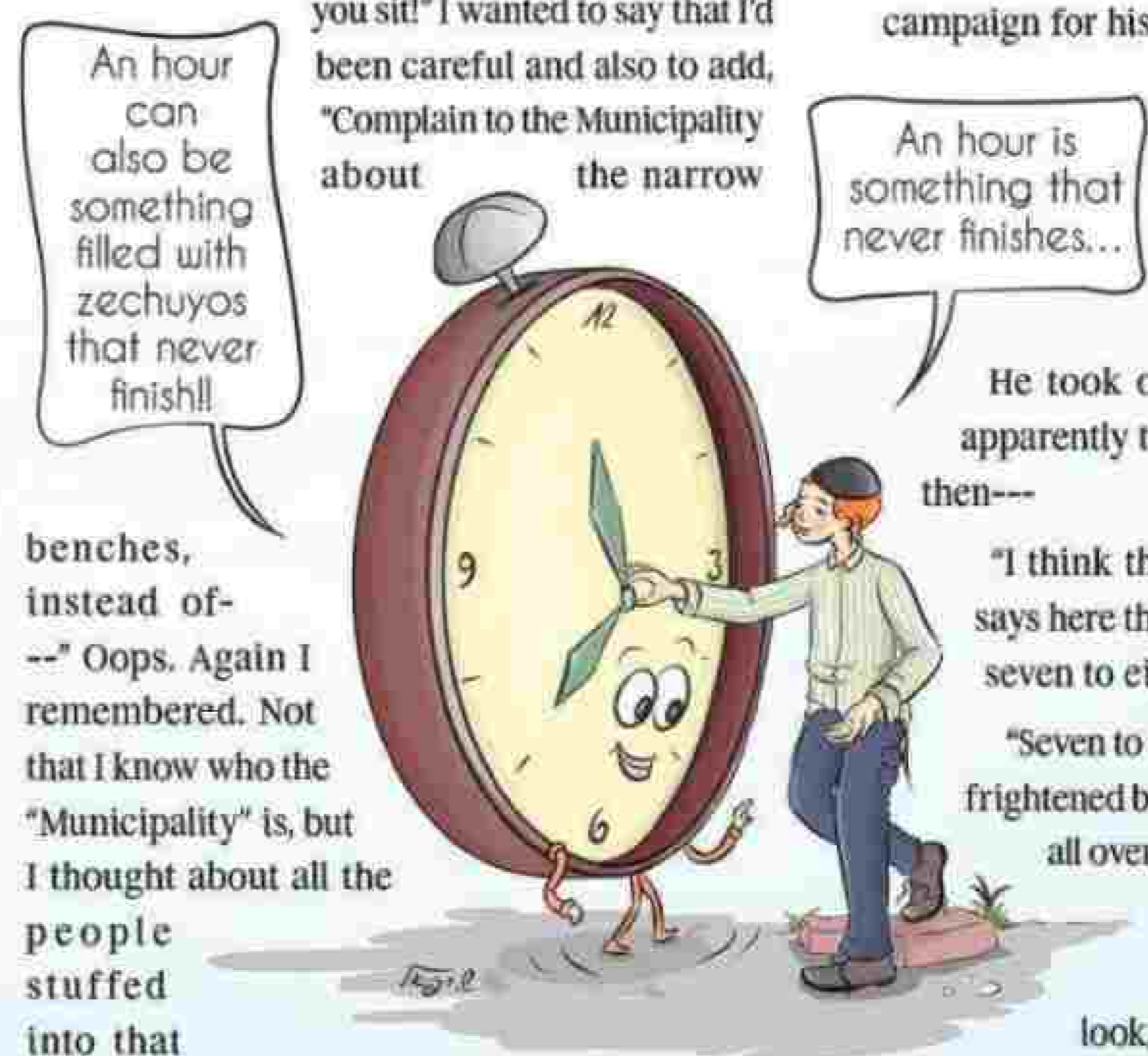
"Hmmm," Yair mumbled. He took out a paper from his pocket, apparently to sign me up for the raffle, but then--

"I think there's a mistake!" Yair said. "It says here that you took upon yourself from seven to eight."

"Seven to eight?" I blew out seven to eight frightened breaths. "You mean I need to start all over in another twelve minutes? I---"

"Am a boy full of good intentions," smiled Yair. "And look, from Shamayim, they gave you a prize: Do 1, get 1 free."

I wanted to say that L... that he... No, I *didn't* want. Instead, I realized that I was a new me, already experienced and informed. And so, with an impressive record of one full *lashon hara*-free hour, I started another one.



An hour can also be something filled with zechuyos that never finish!

An hour is something that never finishes...

Controlled

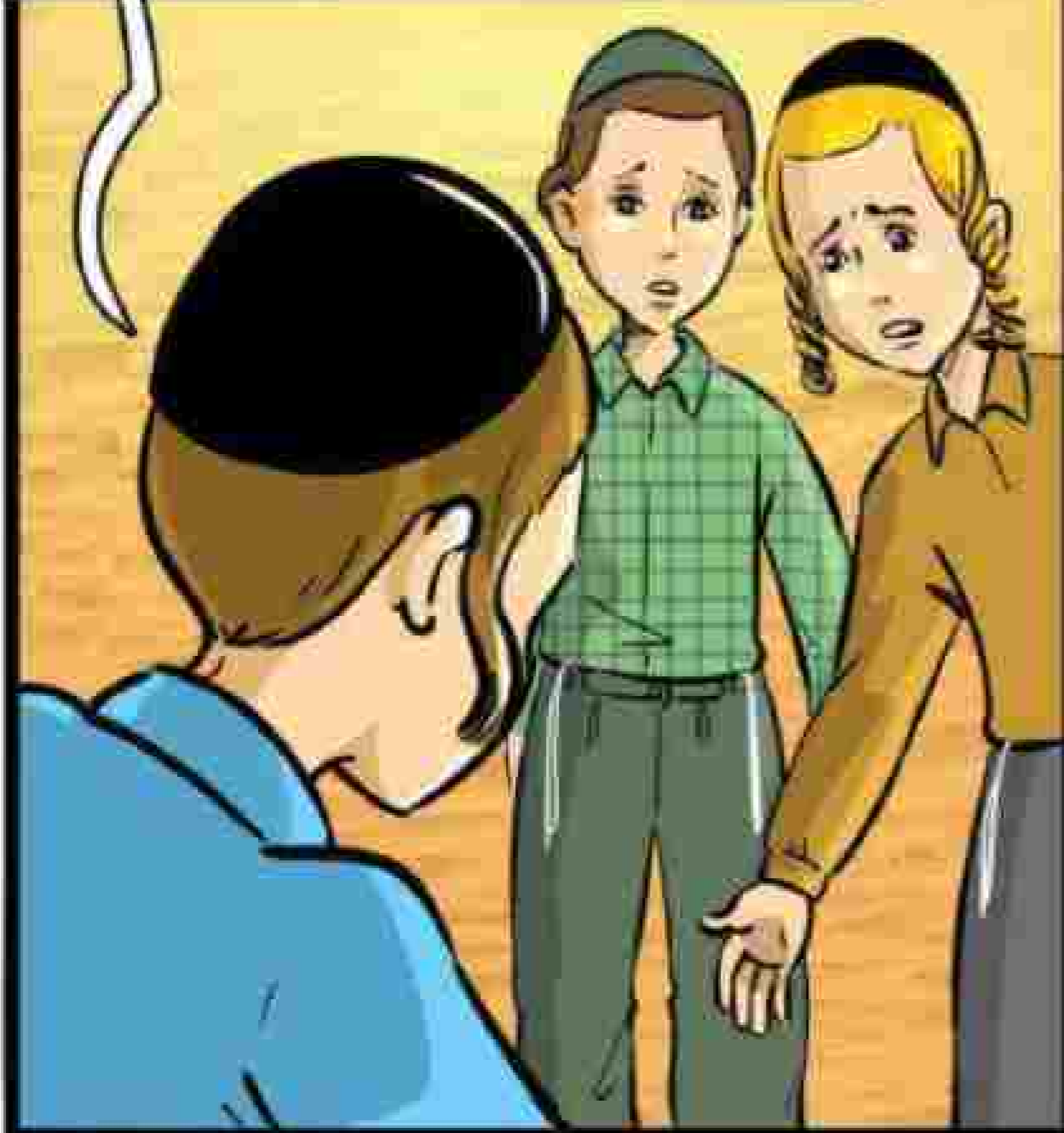
EXPLOSION

Summary:
A fight rages in the class. Alexander is torn between Asher and Meir. Meanwhile, his father's employers in Russia send agents to follow the boy so as to stop his and his father's process of coming closer to Yiddishkeit. Then Alexander disappears.

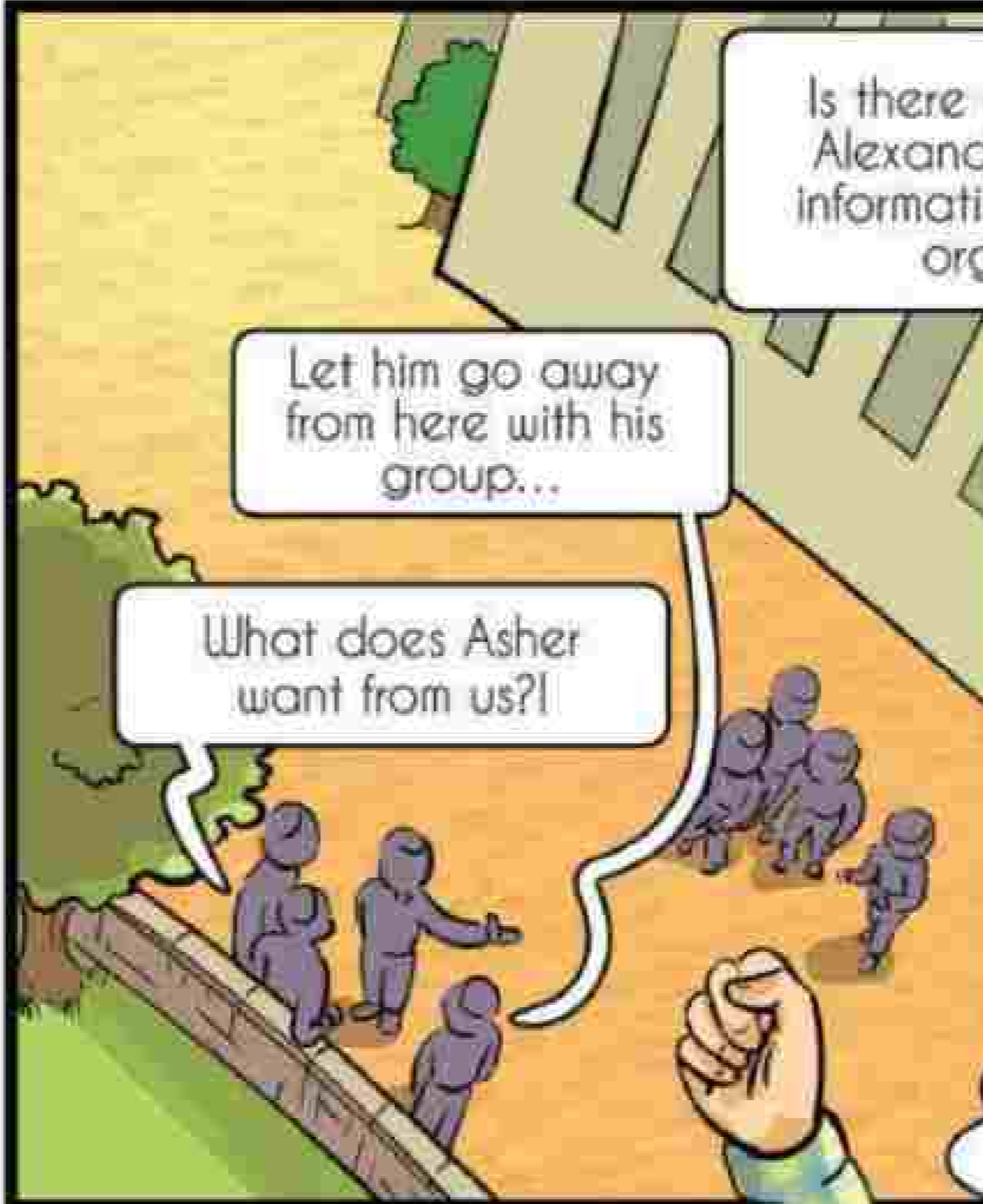
Written by B. Halevi
Illustrated by C. Chusid

8

I'm so worried about Alexander. I couldn't fall asleep last night.



Is there any news about Alexander? Did you get information from Pinchas's organization?



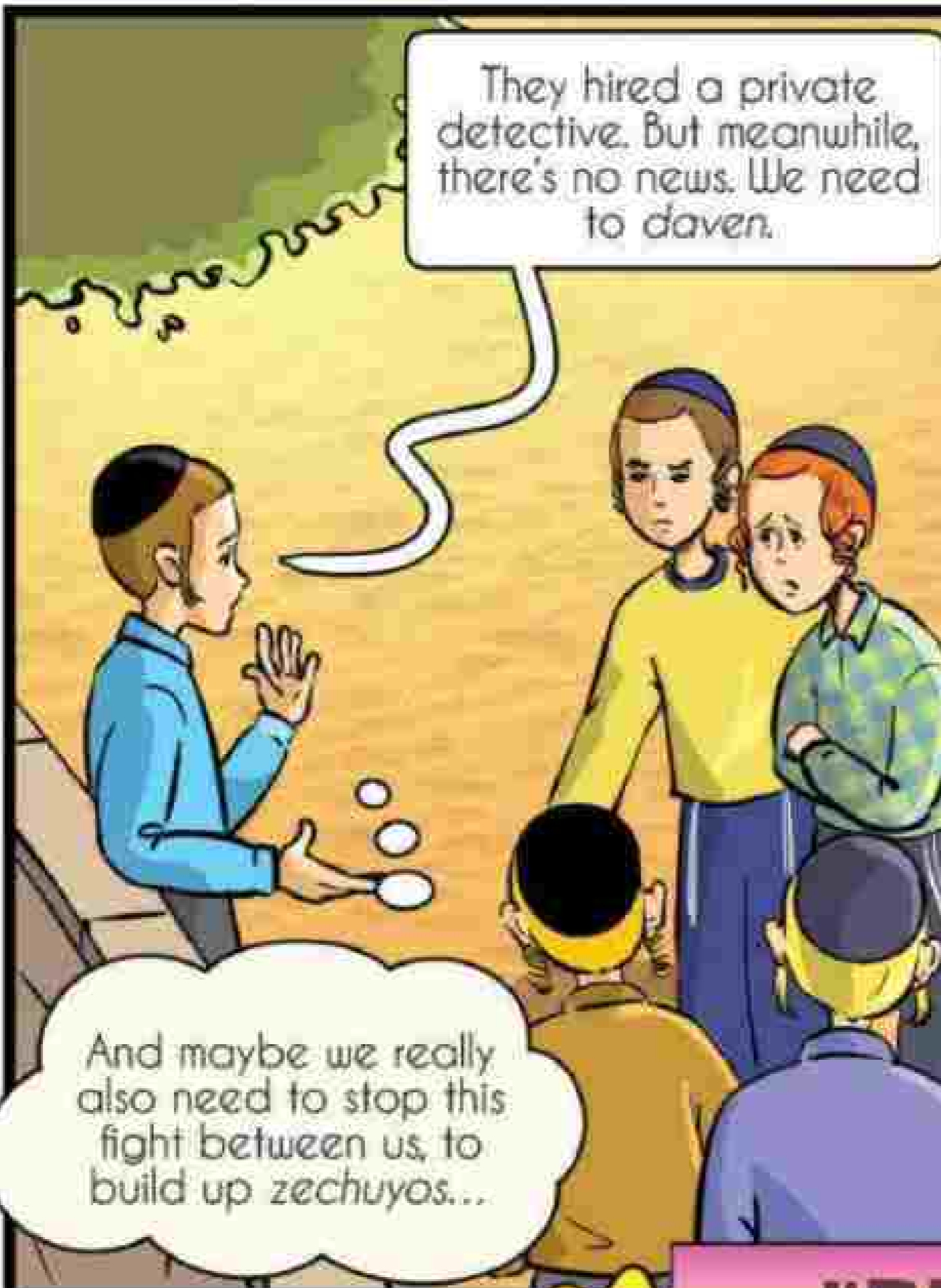
Let him go away from here with his group...

What does Asher want from us?!

Let them look at me. I don't care. Who needs this ridiculous fight.



They hired a private detective. But meanwhile, there's no news. We need to daven.



And maybe we really also need to stop this fight between us, to build up zechuyos...

Listen, I have an ideal!



Let's get together and organize a "Vahavta l'reyacha kamocha" campaign for Alexander's zechus!

Wow!!

We can start already today!!

What a great ideal!

Let's go!!



"ואהבת לדער כחור"

Only Alexander is missing here. He would be so happy to see that the fight is over...

