

מִשְׁמֵרֵס, Mishmeres
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משמר

Am Yisrael were redeemed from Mitzrayim for four reasons: They did not change their name and language and did not speak lashon hara..."

(Midrash Vayikra Rabbah 32)



Is Someone Following Us?!

That's it. The entire group is inside and the heavy wooden door is locked tight. They look at each other, trying to catch their breath and relax after the moments of drama.

04

Unconditional Friendship

We raised our kids together, experienced so many events together. Even our husbands learn together b'chavrusa

06

The Bank Situation Doesn't Allow It

Our seven-year-old was diagnosed with substantial learning difficulties and the school sent us for a series of evaluations.

08



What could be better than a *shidduch* with a familiar and beloved family?

A friend of mine told me about an excellent and very suitable *shidduch* suggestion she'd gotten for her son – the daughter of her close friend from high school. It wasn't necessary to make many inquiries, since they've known each other from before the children were born. In spite of this – and maybe because of it – she couldn't bring herself to go ahead with the *shidduch*. In their early years of marriage, the two friends used to talk a lot – about the *shvigger's* flaws, the husband's difficulties in managing the budget, and other family secrets... "I know that things must have changed through the years," she told me, "but emotionally, it was hard for me to go ahead with such a *shidduch*."

Close friends are like family, and even more. They grow up together, spend time together, and know each other inside and out. Precisely for this reason, a close friendship can also be a pitfall. There is the feeling that to a good friend, you can tell all... Aside from the *lashon hara* contained in derogatory words like these – which, in most cases, are not *hoveles* and should not be said – keep in mind that words that are said are very hard – often impossible – to retrieve...

Good friends exert themselves to do favors for each other, to understand one another, and to desire their friend's success. For me, personally, my *chavrusas* – with whom I've been starting the morning with *hikchos shemiras halashon* for years – are my heart-and-soul friends. The learning lends its flavor to the entire day and also forms the basis for a marvelous, pure connection. I advise everyone to try it!

The Yehudi Hakadosh used to say: "When I was a child, the rebbi taught me that two *yidden* next to each other – are *shem Hashem*. Later, I saw two dots, one on top of the other. I asked the rebbi – is that also *shem Hashem*?" "No," the rebbi explained, "That separates the *pesukim*."

"When I grew up, I understood: if two Jews, two 'Yidden,' stand next to each other, on an equal plane – the *Shechinah* is there with them. But if one stands on top of his friend, that's a sign of separation..."

A good friendship leads me to be better, to give of myself to my friend. The word "yehidus" contains the word *yaaf*, hand, twice: יד + יד + יד, and the *gimatriya* of twice *yaaf* is 28 = כח – strength. That is what is meant by the *pasuk*: "Each man should help his fellow and, to his brother, say, 'Be strong!'"

A good friendship is one that gives strength, in the spiritual meaning of the word, too. The strength to stand up to our generation's complex *nisyomas*. The strength to exercise restraint, to overcome, to become better people. It is always advisable to check where a friendship is taking us: is it one that gives strength, or *chafilah*, the opposite?

Wishing all a Pesach kasher v'sameyach, and may we merit seeing all of Am Yisrael at the offering of korban Pesach in Yerushalayim.

שרה רבקה ורצבנר



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

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Memorable Compliments

Thank you to the many families who joined the Purim "Send a Compliment" campaign and added some heartwarming words to five *mishlochei manos*. The participants' names were passed on to Rav Binjamin Finkel shlita and he davened for their *brachah*, *hatzlachah*, and *yeshuos* on Purim.



Sefiras Ha'Omer

This year's Sefiras Ha'Omer campaign will be combined with the Meshulam campaign, with special prizes for *masmidim*. More details at the upcoming Chol Hamoed Pesach rallies.

Winners in the giant daily learning campaign for Teves and Shevat:

Playmobil:

S. Baharan Y-m

R. Goldschmidt Bnei Brak

C. Silver, Bnei Brak

T. Friedman Bnei Brak

S. Margaliyot Elad

Shabbos table set:

S. Frankel Modi'in lit

Set of quality luggage:

Y. Schwartz, Y-m

S. Friedman Beit Shemesh

Family Background Problems for Boys "On the Fringe"

Question: I am the *Mashgiach* in a yeshiva for "boys on the fringe" who are trying to find themselves and return to their roots. We have a staff meeting every week to discuss each boy's situation, problems, and progress. Many times, at this meeting, bits of information come up that the boy has said about his parents, problems in his family background, etc. (information from the boy's point of view, which is not always precise...). The objective, of course, is *hoveles*, to enhance the approach to the *bachur*. What do we have to be careful about so as not to violate *issurei lashon hara*?

Answer: In principle, in the situation described, it is very important to listen to what the boy has to say, but not to believe the negative information he gives about his parents and family. Therefore, at the staff meetings as well, when discussing each boy individually, it is permissible *hoveles* to bring up what the boy said and the impression these things made on his emotional state, so as to know how to advance and encourage him. But it should constantly be stressed that all this information is from the *bachur's* viewpoint only, and the staff should in any case not accept his words as true, just as basis for concern.

Recreational Program That May Cause Transgression

Question: In my workplace, I organize occasional recreational programs and staff get-togethers. I found a good story in comics form that describes different styles of workers – how each, according to her personality, behaves at work in times of pressure, after a dramatic announcement from the boss, etc. I wanted to ask if a program like this might violate the *issur* of *avak lashon hara*, since, along with the fun and laughter that the program evokes, it is reasonable to assume that people will also start thinking about how *Plonis* on the staff acts just like this character, and *Almonis* reacts like that character, etc.

Answer: The program you are describing deals with personal styles and reactions under pressure. Let's divide the possible reactions into two types:

A reaction unconnected to any *issur*, but merely an expression of stress. For example: A worker hears a dramatic announcement from the boss and waves both hands in the air or covers her ears, or shakes her head vigorously, etc. Here, there is no hint of *lashon hara* about the administration, nor a description of extreme loss of control.

A reaction contrary to halachah, such as throwing objects in one's confusion, twirling her finger on the temple to indicate that *Ploni* is not normal, etc. Here, there is prohibited behavior: Serious anger or *lashon hara*.

If the comics program describes the second type of reaction, and people will be reminded of someone on the staff who behaves like that – there is concern for *avak lashon hara*, and maybe even *halbanas panim*. Therefore, such a program should not be shown [and what the Chofetz Chaim wrote about (4:10) allowing such talk to keep people from learning from *Ploni's* evil deeds would not apply here, because we

are speaking about humor and entertainment, and it is in front of the subjects, and other differences]. But with reactions of the former kind, there is no concern for *avak lashon hara*, and there would ostensibly be no reason to refrain. But sometimes, some participants may feel offended or embarrassed in any case. So, even in the former type, it would be proper to refrain from showing such a program.

A Fundraising Campaign with Good Intentions That Caused Offense

Question: One of my sisters-in-law found herself in a difficult financial situation. We decided to try to help them by raising money from her immediate circle. My husband and I approached the close family, the neighbors, the husband's friends in Kofel and the wife's co-workers, as well as parents of friends of their daughters. We managed to reach a substantial sum, which brought them great relief, but somehow they heard about the fundraising campaign and were insulted and very angry at us. How could we have publicized information that was not meant to be revealed? How could we work behind their back and sully their reputation...?

Were we mistaken? Should we have seen the pain of our relatives and not done anything?

Answer: The questioner describes how she was *moser nefesh*, devoted energy and time, etc., out of the pure intention of helping her sister-in-law, and she wonders – where did she go wrong?

From her description, it appears that these are self-respecting people who are concerned for their good name. Therefore, they prefer to live in dire circumstances and juggle debts, rather than to be a topic of conversation and to be dependent on gifts from other people. In addition, it appears that their situation was not yet on the verge of collapse and bankruptcy; their children still had what to eat and wear and normal life still continued somehow. If this is correct, then the sister-in-law and her husband were justified in their anger. The questioner apparently knew that they are self-respecting, and nevertheless, she publicized their situation on a grand scale. True, her intentions were good and she worked hard, and she'll surely be rewarded in *Shamayim*, but still, she should not have acted without obtaining her sister-in-law's consent.

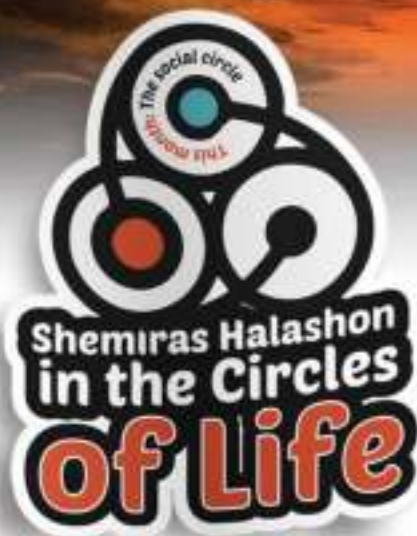
After the fact, since her intention was good, surely nothing bad will come of it, and *bivras Hashem*, after some time passes, she will be able to conciliate them and restore family peace.

P.S. If it would be a catastrophic situation, causing the children physical and emotional anguish, *chav v'shalom*, one should consult with a *atalmid chacham* on how to save the family in the most dignified way possible – for example, by speaking with individuals confidentially and approaching *tzedakah* organizations that are careful to preserve the beneficiaries' dignity. In this case, even if the subject does not consent, it is permissible to act, in keeping with *daas Torah*. Generally, if one proceeds with quiet composure, as suggested, the needy family will give its consent.

Regarding the question printed in the *Teves* magazine about *halachah* pages that one of the neighbors keeps removing from the elevator wall, we should add: With all that we wrote, the questioner still needs to verify that the neighbors and the House Committee agree in principle to hanging pages in the elevator. If there is objection (for reasons of cleanliness, etc.), then the questioner definitely should not hang anything in the elevator.



A Late-Night Chase >>



A slender moon tries to peek out from behind the heavy black clouds. It appears for a fraction of a second and then disappears again, allowing the thick darkness to continue weighing on the red-shingled roofs, on the dusty paths between the houses immersed in a deep night's sleep, and on the fields that stretch out to the horizon.

The yards surrounding the low buildings are also fast asleep. Stefan's cow doesn't moo, Ivan's chickens don't cackle, and even Vladek's terrifying guard dogs do not bark. Silence envelops the little village, which, in the storm of the World War sweeping Europe and sowing death and destruction, has become a refuge for the *talmidim* of the illustrious Mir Yeshiva. For years, the Yeshiva was entrenched in the Polish village of Mir, but in these hard times,

it has been exiled, first to Vilna in Lithuania, then to small villages in the area, to eventually reach distant Japan.

The entire village is asleep; only five young *talmidei chachamim* make their way along the dusty paths, rushing to their lodgings for a brief night's sleep. The *sigya* today had been especially challenging, and they were so involved that they hadn't noticed how far the hands of the clock had advanced.

The echoes of the boys' steps can be clearly heard in the silence that reigns at this pre-dawn hour. Not much time is left for them to rest their bones and gather strength for the next day. In another few hours, the new day would dawn.

"Someone is following us." Aryeh Leib's voice is frightened, as he speeds up the pace.

"It must be the wind moving the tree branches," Srul says, trying to defuse the tension, while listening for the sounds that had scared his friend.

"Now I, too, hear footsteps." Dov Ber's tremulous announcement causes all five to start running. There is a war going on. Soldiers and police have become part of the scenery in the quiet villages, causing hearts to pound faster...

And in any case, respectable people shouldn't be walking around at this night hour. Whether the ones behind them are soldiers, or local police, or a gang of robbers – they'd be better off escaping their reach. Their lodging is very close, and they're young and light-footed—

"Quick, quick! They're coming after us!" Even Srul is hysterical by now, as the sound of running feet becomes clearer and closer. Very close. "They're shouting something—"

From the voices, it sounds as if there are two or even three pursuers. Who knows? Maybe they're even armed. And the boys are there alone, in the dark of night—

All they can do is flee for their lives. Faster. As fast as they can. Their lodging isn't far; they have a chance.

Their hearts pound like hammers and their brains are paralyzed by fear, possessed by one thought alone: Run. Run. Run.

The last, critical moments. Another minute and they're there...

That's it. The entire group is inside and the heavy wooden door is locked tight. *Chasdei Hashem ki lo samnu.*

They stand still and look at each other, trying to catch their breath and relax after the

moments of drama. The mysterious pursuers are outside and they're inside, behind barred doors.

They can light the burner and prepare a hot cup of tea, and then prepare for a night's sleep.

But suddenly—

Knocking at the door. Vigorous, unrelenting knocking.

The pursuers are not leaving them alone. They are too focused.

The boys are overcome with panic, their faces white. Their hearts beat wildly. What to do???

But before they have time to think and make a decision, they hear voices: "Open immediately. It's the police." Loud, determined voices. "Open willingly, so we won't have to break down the door."

Their legs buckle. Their lips tremble. Who knows what the authorities want of them? But they have no choice: they have to open the door.

Srul steps forward. A brief look of consent from the eyes of his companions, and he slowly turns the key.

On the threshold stand three local policemen, in uniform and carrying weapons. The hearts of the *bachurim* flutter.

"What possessed you to go around outside at this hour?!" The policemen look angry, their faces grim. "We were sure you were criminals. We called to you to halt, and you just sped up and ran, making us run after you. We almost shot at you..."

The boys exchange glances. In the darkness outside, they didn't have a chance of making out who was behind them and knowing that it was the police. Their frightened flight almost cost them their lives... They'd had a big *neis*—

But they cannot yet let out a sigh of relief. The three policemen are still here. Who knows what they're scheming? The police take another stride forward. Now they are inside the house. The senior officer, with three medallions on his shoulder, pulls out an official document from his pocket and reads out loud the law obligating the boys to present their documents.

Documents. A valuable item in war time. Woe to he who might be caught without documents.

Four documents are pulled out of their packets and checked carefully. The police nod, satisfied.

Only one boy stands there, at a loss, his hands empty.

"I-I-I don't live in this lodging, so I d-don't have a document here," he stammers, frightened to death.

The policeman points to the door, his face serious. "You'll come with us," he asserts. "Take us to your lodging and there we'll check if

you're telling the truth or if you're a spy..."

The handcuffs on his belt clatter, reinforcing his words.

Trembling, the *bachur* sets out, surrounded by the three policemen. Fear fills his heart, which hasn't yet relaxed after the wild escape and frightening

flight through the village paths. *How fortunate my four friends are,* he thinks. *They are already in their protective lodgings, getting ready for a night's sleep in their warm beds, and I'm here, alone, surrounded by non-Jewish policemen—*

Finally, they reach the lodgings and the scene repeats itself. The boy presents his document and the police check it closely, making sure that everything is in order. Only then do they leave him alone and go on their way, swallowed up in the nocturnal darkness, enabling him to calm down after the terrible moments of tension – and go to bed.

The next day, the yeshiva is in an uproar. The *bachurim* all speak about the unnerving event their friends experienced, which – miraculously – concluded safely. But the Mashgiach, Rav Yechezkel Levenstein zt"l, is worked up for an entirely different reason.

"How can it be," he asks painfully, "that *bachurim* should let their terrified friend, trembling from fear, go alone with the police, without going along to accompany and support him in such difficult moments??"

"How could *bnai Torah* warm their bodies with sweet tea, cuddle up in thick blankets, and close their eyes tranquilly, when they know that their friend is in distress? If that is the reality here among the *lomdim*, who knows? Maybe we need to close the Yeshiva..."

The Mashgiach's fiery words enter the hearts, elevating the value of *middos tovos* and caring for others, and branding in their minds forever the foundation, precondition, and true essence of a *ben yeshiva* – a *ben Torah*.

(Based on *Barchi Nafshi*)



Matzos of Ahavas Yisrael

A long queue of survivors lined up next to the Skulener Rebbe's room. It was the first Erev Pesach after the Holocaust, and the Rebbe, who had managed to organize the baking of a limited amount of matzos, gave them out – just three matzos a person, enough to make a proper Seder.

Among those on line was the son of the "Mekor Baruch" (author of the *Birkas Moshe*, from Sert-Vizhnitz). He, too, received three matzos, but to everyone's wonderment, he stood erect and said: "The Tante ordered me not to leave until I have two portions in my hand – six matzos, no less." The Rebbe explained that it was impossible, but the boy insisted that this was his father's command, and in the end, he got it...

On Erev Pesach, after the burning of the chametz, when all the matzos had been distributed to the pleading Yidden, and it turned out that the Skulener Rebbe himself had been left without matzos for the Seder, there was a knock at the door. There stood the son of the "Mekor Baruch," holding three matzos in his hand for the Skulener Rebbe. "The Tante knew that the Rebbe, with his good heart, would give everything away, so he made sure in advance to take a double set," he said.



Friendship Is No Lok



Who says that good friends need to be similar in all areas? **B. Deutsch** and **M. Refaeli** shatter the myth: "Aside from a sense of humor, which we both have, we are totally different, and still - we're fast friends."

➔ Even before beginning the interview, Meira knows what my first question will be: How did you become friends? "Almost everyone who meets us asks us that," she laughs. "Everyone raises an eyebrow. People can't understand what the connection is between Baily, the Ashkenaziyah from a deeply-rooted Chareidi family, and Meira, a Sephardic baalat teshuvah..."

Baily joins the laughter. "Society is used to looking at people's externals, so the friendship between us doesn't make sense to them. But that is precisely what's so successful in this shidduch..."

The Perfect Pair

The interview with the Meira-Baily team took place in the atmosphere of Adar, but happiness and good cheer is their motto all year long. The humor they weave into their performances make their messages friendly and easier to accept. I thought it would be appropriate to hear specifically from them about friendship and the concept of a *'chavair tov'*.

"How did you meet, really?" I tried to understand, first of all.

Meira: "It was about..." she tries to remember, "sixteen years ago. I was working as a coordinator in Ayelet Hashachar's "Chavruta" program. Calls came in from women who wanted to get acquainted with Judaism and my job was to match them up with telephone learning partners. A co-worker, who liked my sense of humor, told me that there's another coordinator on a different shift who is very funny and high-spirited whom I must meet..."

Baily: "We worked different hours, so we didn't have an opportunity to meet. It finally happened that we were both at a seminar that was held for the entire staff. Meira, remember how we met at the salad bar?"

"Sure, with a cup of coffee in hand," Meira reminisces. "Our friends enjoyed seeing us together and started persuading us to produce a comedy show for Ayelet Hashachar. We liked the idea. The show was a big hit, *baruch Hashem*, and the rest - is history..."

How do you manage in your joint work? Don't you have any differences of opinion? Arguments?

Meira: "There are a few basic qualities that are important in a social relationship and in every partnership: loyalty, mutual respect, sharing the partner's joy when he's successful and commiserating when he fails, and good communication. The modern world today is lacking in these areas. That's why it's so important to strengthen these qualities."

"Don't think that it was always smooth sailing," Baily adds. "There were hurdles along the way, but when there's good will you manage to overcome them."

Sometimes there is mental telepathy between good friends. Ever happen to you?

Baily: "Sure. Our whole life is telepathy. We think in the same direction, talk in the same direction... Now, for example, we're sitting together at this interview, and without coordinating in advance - I feel that Meira keeps snatching the answer I was planning to say... Do you feel that way, too, Meira?..."

Meira laughs: "The same sorts of things happen to us, too. I start telling Baily that I'm uncertain whether to host a couple that needs *kiruv* for Shabbat, and she tells me that she's in the same exact dilemma..."

All of this really makes me jealous... Maybe you have some tips for our readers on how to preserve and improve relations with friends?

Meira: "Accept their faults; be open about your weaknesses. For example, I'm the type who shares everything. Anything that happens sends me running to the phone to call Baily and spill it all out. Baily is quieter; she absorbs things herself. At the beginning of our friendship, this difference created tension between us. I would say, 'Why didn't you say anything? How could you not have told me that it was hard for you?' Later I got to know her better and understood that not everything that makes me feel good does the same for her."

Baily speaks about technical efforts: "Initiate get-togethers, keep in telephone contact. Simply invest effort in the connection."



Unconditional Friendship

Are you friends beyond your joint occupation?

Baily doesn't even understand the question. "We raised our kids together, experienced so many events together. Even our husbands learn together *b'chavruta*... Meira and I are like sisters," she sums up, and immediately corrects herself. "Not 'like'; we *are* real sisters..."

Meira gets excited: "Wow, it's not every day that I hear things like that from Baily," she says. "But it's true. We've been together for years. We write the scripts for our shows together, travel for hours together... And, in general, in order to get on stage together, you need a strong bond. Without that, there's no chance of success. The audience feels the positive energy streaming between us and that's what grabs them."

Meira has a decisive proof that their friendship is not dependent on their joint work: "For the last two-three years, we started also appearing separately," she says. "I came out with the story of my personal life, together with a stand-up act, and I strongly encouraged Baily that she, too, should go forward on her own. We are actually colleagues, but we continue to be fantastic and caring friends and also to appear together."

"Friendship is above any career," Baily finishes her thought, and adds that, "in any case, *parnassah* is from Above, so nobody can take a single shekel from the other..."



Tell Me Who Your Friends Are...

Do you feel that the friendship has built you, enriched your character?

Baily: "I tell Meira all the time, 'What a *tzadiket* you are...' To me, Meira is the symbol of integrity, honesty, wholehearted giving. I learned from her to be *dan l'chaf zechus*; she always manages to open for me a new direction..." she says, and adds: "From Meira I learned to do *teshuvah* every day. I learned the meaning of 'My desire, Hashem, is to do Your will.'"

Meira: "To me, Baily is a symbol and paragon of restraint, silence, patience. Thanks to her, I grew in so many areas. A page is not enough to list them all... I even learned *shalom bayit* from her..."



What is your definition of the concept "chaver tov"?

Meira: Someone who shares your *simchas* as well as your pain.

Baily: Someone who is always there for you.

What does the concept "Friendship or death" mean to you?

Meira: Exactly what the words say.

Baily: You can't manage without a good friend. Especially not in the whirlpools of our generation. You just can't get through it alone! What a miracle that we have each other. To be together in *simchas* and when it's hard. To help, to support, and to listen.



Emotional Therapist



Sometimes you feel the need to pour out your heart. It's a good thing that there are friends, and a good package for your cell phone, and earphones that are comfortable, and piles of ironing or mountains of dishes as backdrop for both sides of the cellular connection...

The strong bond that has blossomed between you since preschool days makes excessive wordage extraneous. She understands you before you open your mouth.



This time, it doesn't just pour from the heart; it gushes, spritzing foam and frustration into the receiver, which barely stands up to the emotional onslaught. Where are those cheery high school days, when we got hysterical over three points on the history test? When going down to a lower level in math set off tears, and when the world stopped turning because of the critical seminary entrance exams. Today you feel these were all a joke. But the only humor that suits you right now is the irony of fate, when you remember how all your friends envied you back then for entering such a wonderful family...



A torrent of words, a volcanic eruption of feelings. You don't allow space for a word of response, and the truth is - you don't need to, either. Only after you've finished "spraying graffiti" on the sister-in-law who is sure the whole world is hers, and the other one who is afraid to open her mouth because of the *shvigger*, and the third, who is altogether detached - you realize that maybe you went overboard this time and you try desperately to remember if there's a lenient opinion that *hilchas shemiras halishon* don't apply between good friends...



At precisely the moment that you realize you failed, big time, your friend's amused voice tells you that her cell phone had been in the crib, and the one who answered was her curious eight-month-old, who should have been sleeping long ago... The friend by chance entered the room and found the baby hypnotized by the interesting voice emerging from the new toy she'd found...

You laugh as you haven't laughed in years and then say "Good night" to your young "therapist," and to her *Ima*, who may start locking her cell phone to avert problems in the future.

And you think to yourself that there are other things worth locking, or at least filtering...

משמיע שלום

Stories from the Shalom Hotline "Reshus Harabim" extension
Share stories and feedback on the Shalom Hotline 0723372212 Ext. 23



A Clean Home

In our house, the word "Internet" is off limits, but, unfortunately, my parents' home is less mindful, and, painful as it is, I couldn't even talk to them about the subject. I knew that my father was addicted to his smartphone, and my mother couldn't understand what the problem was with it.

I decided to at least make a spiritual effort for their *zechus*, so that Hashem would give them a spirit of *taharah* and they would stop this practice. I'm a Mishmeres HaShalom rep, so I decided to hold a K'echad meeting and dedicate the merit to them. I had the meeting in my home Leil Shabbos, after candle lighting, after my daughter had distributed the magazines on that Friday. That Motzaei Shabbos, my father called with amazing news: He spoke with someone in shul on Shabbos about the matter and decided to throw out his smart phone!

The unbelievable had happened -and so suddenly! It was a real surprise!

A month has passed since then and my mother

says: "You can feel how the atmosphere in our home is really clean."

And we say - look how much Hashem loves Mishmeres HaShalom, that he brings about *nissim* beyond nature...

EB

A Unifying Get-together

I live in a big, eight-floor building and I was barely able to form a connection with a single neighbor. I'm a quiet, somewhat introverted type and that made it more difficult for me, especially since I'd had an unpleasant incident with my downstairs neighbor due to a serious dampness problem that caused damage to her bathroom... Suddenly the miracle occurred: One of the neighbors decided to organize a K'echad meeting. She invited each neighbor personally. A lot of neighbors came and there was a warm, friendly atmosphere. Even I managed to fit in and feel part of it. Aside from the inspiration in *shemiras halashon*, I felt that the meeting

itself was a real *yeshuah* for me.

Sara from the Center

The Lost Passport

I was running around doing last-minute shopping for my trip abroad, my hands full of bags, when, at some point, I was shocked to discover that my pocketbook was gone, and with it, my passport --- and the flight was in just two days---

There wasn't any point in searching, I'd been in so many places during the last few hours. All I could do was call Mishmeres HaShalom and make a donation of three hundred and sixty shekels.

And it worked! The next morning, somebody called the police and said he'd found my pocketbook, *Baruch Hashem*, we got it in time and I was able to fly without any problem.

M. from Yerushalayim

מצמ"ח ישועה

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



From 20 - Comes 2,500

We are an ordinary family - parents and six children. The *yeshuah* stories that I always love to read never seemed to connect to us. *Baruch Hashem*, we are all healthy - a thousand times "thank you" to Hashem - *shidduchim* are a long way off, and day to day life flows more or less smoothly, with a salary that just barely gets us by.

The possibility of a donation was not so relevant for us in recent times. Our seven-year-old was diagnosed with substantial learning difficulties. The school sent us for a series of high-cost evaluations, and then we began a series of sessions with an OT, which also cost money. All of this was in addition to our regular running expenses, while

our income remained at the same minimal level.

Therefore, when I got a call one day from the Mishmeres HaShalom telemarketing center suggesting that I donate towards the organization's important work - I apologized, explaining my financial pinch. I'd really want to help them, but my bank situation did not allow it...

The telemarketer listened and suggested that I try donating just twenty shekels a month for a year. She added that the *malvamin* of Mishmeres HaShalom would *daven* for us to have a good *parnassah*.

I'd never thought of giving in our names to be *davened* for. Still, I accepted the suggestion.

Twenty shekels a month is a sum that even we could dedicate to such an important cause.

The continuation was unbelievable! We suddenly received an unanticipated sum of 2,500 shekels in our bank account. When we checked what it was about, it turned out that a stipend we had once tried applying for had just been approved, and the sum would continue coming in for the next ten years!!

Amazing - how in the merit of our support for *shemiras halashon*, we were *zocheh* that the *Chofetz Chaim* should bring us such a *yeshuah*!

I wish upon all of Am Yisrael to be a part of this great thing, and I *daven* that everyone should see *yeshuos*, as we did!



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| בנות ערבית 10:00 בנות אירוש 12:00 בנות ערבית 14:00 בנות אירוש 17:00 | בנות ערבית 12:30 בנות אירוש 14:30 בנות ערבית 17:15 | בנות אירוש 11:00 בנות ערבית 14:00 בנות אירוש 17:00 | בנות אירוש 11:00 בנות ערבית 14:00 בנות אירוש 17:00 | יום שני י"ט ניסן ארנב חופי רח סעדים באון 15 בניס ערבית - 17:00 | |

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Ask the Rav

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

A Friend Who Is an Orphan Is Bothering Me

Question: I have a friend who bothers me a lot. I asked him many times to stop, but it doesn't help. I want to tell the Rebbe about it so he'll take care of the problem, but this friend is an orphan, so I don't know what to do, because I don't want to make him feel bad.

Answer: First of all, the questioner deserves a "yasher koach" for caring more about his orphan friend's welfare than his own. The Chofetz Chaim (asin 15, and BMC ibid) explains at length, in the name of the Rambam (Hilchos Dei'os 6:10) how serious is the prohibition against causing pain to

an orphan and how to deal with an orphan when being *mechanech* him.

The questioner may tell the rebbe about the friend who is bothering him, while emphasizing his concern not to cause the boy pain, since he's an orphan. The rebbe will *b'ezras Hashem* find the right way to deal with the matter without being guilty of *inyu yasom*.

If the questioner does so, he will also have fulfilled the mitzvah in the Torah (Shemos 22:21) "You shall not cause pain to any widow or orphan," for which the reward is great.



page 15-7

What Interests the Rebbe?

About forty years ago, when the Chassidus of Nadvorna occupied a small, crowded *shtibel*, a wealthy donor named Mr. Meir Rosenthal came and offered the Rebbe a huge sum to build the Nadvorna institutions. An elaborate event was held in his honor in a huge hall. At the event, they started writing a *sefer Torah* and announced the construction of a new building for the Nadvorna Chassidus.

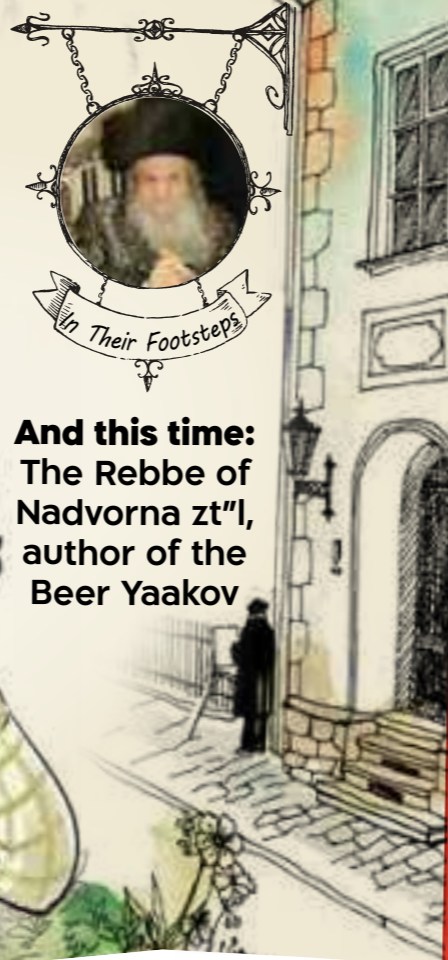
When the event was over and the Rebbe stepped out of the hall, he noticed Rav M., a *yungerman* whose family member was very ill. The Rebbe invited Rav M. into his house, sat with him, and inquired how the patient was doing, as if he had all the time in the world.

The *yungerman* was surprised. He knew that all the Nadvorna institution directors were sitting now in the fancy hall and having a dinner in honor of the gigantic donation, and here, the Rebbe was sitting with him... But the Rebbe explained: "What is going on with you at home is of greater interest to me than all that..."

Taking interest in a friend sometimes means just calling him up... or noticing that he's sad and saying a good word to him.



And this time: The Rebbe of Nadvorna zt"l, author of the Beer Yaakov



Aquarium for Erev Pesach



Escaping steam. Exploding energy. And an unending hissssss...

That's how our house looks before Pesach. A pressure cooker!!

"Tamari," Ima tells me. "You'll see. *B'ezras Hashem*, we'll sit down to the Seder like royalty. Don't worry so much."

But I keep worrying, and that worry translates into repeated nudges to Chaim to finish shaking out the *sefarim* and to Miri to take the little ones out to the park already...

That annoying Miri... How many times can I ask one super-spoiled girl to help??

Doesn't she understand that the house has to be even more spotless this year than usual, in honor of Tante Kreindy, who's coming from Manchester?

Ima comes out of the kitchen and listens wordlessly to my outbursts.

"I want to have time to paint the dining room and spruce up the bedrooms. Tante Kreindy is an important guest. I don't want us to be put to shame..."

Ima laughs. "Tante Kreindy knows that we live in a Torah home, not a stylish mansion. She's coming to us because Bubby will be with us. What's most important is to keep the atmosphere at home happy, Tamar."

A happy atmosphere can't clean the house or make it pretty. That's what I think, but don't say it aloud.

Suddenly the phone rings. It's Tante Kreindy. "You not work too hard, yah...? Tomorrow I send a big present... You will see..."

A present??? I perk up. *Maybe the Tante is sending a cleaning lady? Or a babysitter for the kids?* I can't imagine what present she could be sending.

The next day at four, we hear knocking. When we open the door ---

A huge aquarium comes rolling inside. Behind it peeks the installer, an energetic fellow who strides in confidently. "I need a strong outlet for the electric filter, the thermostat, and the air pump. I'll soon pour in the gravel, the greenery, and the decorations. It'll look beautiful."

The aquarium is placed in the dining room, taking up about half of the space.

I'm plotting. How in the world will we open up the Seder table? What was this Tante thinking?

The installer has already managed to fill the aquarium with water and slip in four beautiful gold fish.

Ima scrutinizes the new arrival. "We'll have to live in peace with the fish until after Pesach," she sighs. "Tante Kreindy will want to see the fish she ordered for us..."

Over the next few days, I find the children glued to the glass, watching the little fish, giving them names.

The biggest was named "Goldy," the medium one, Zehava, and the two little ones - Silvy and Kaspi. I guess that our English Tante *did* send us a babysitter...

That night, I fall asleep on the couch in my clothes; that's how tired I am.

When I wake up, it's half dark. The children are sleeping. I don't see Abba or Ima, but I hear the sound of soft talking.

Miri.

Who is she talking to???

"Zehavale... Only you know how to listen..." Miri whispers to the aquarium. "I wish Tamar would listen to me like you do, just once..."

I hold my breath. Miri turns in my direction. I quickly close my eyes.

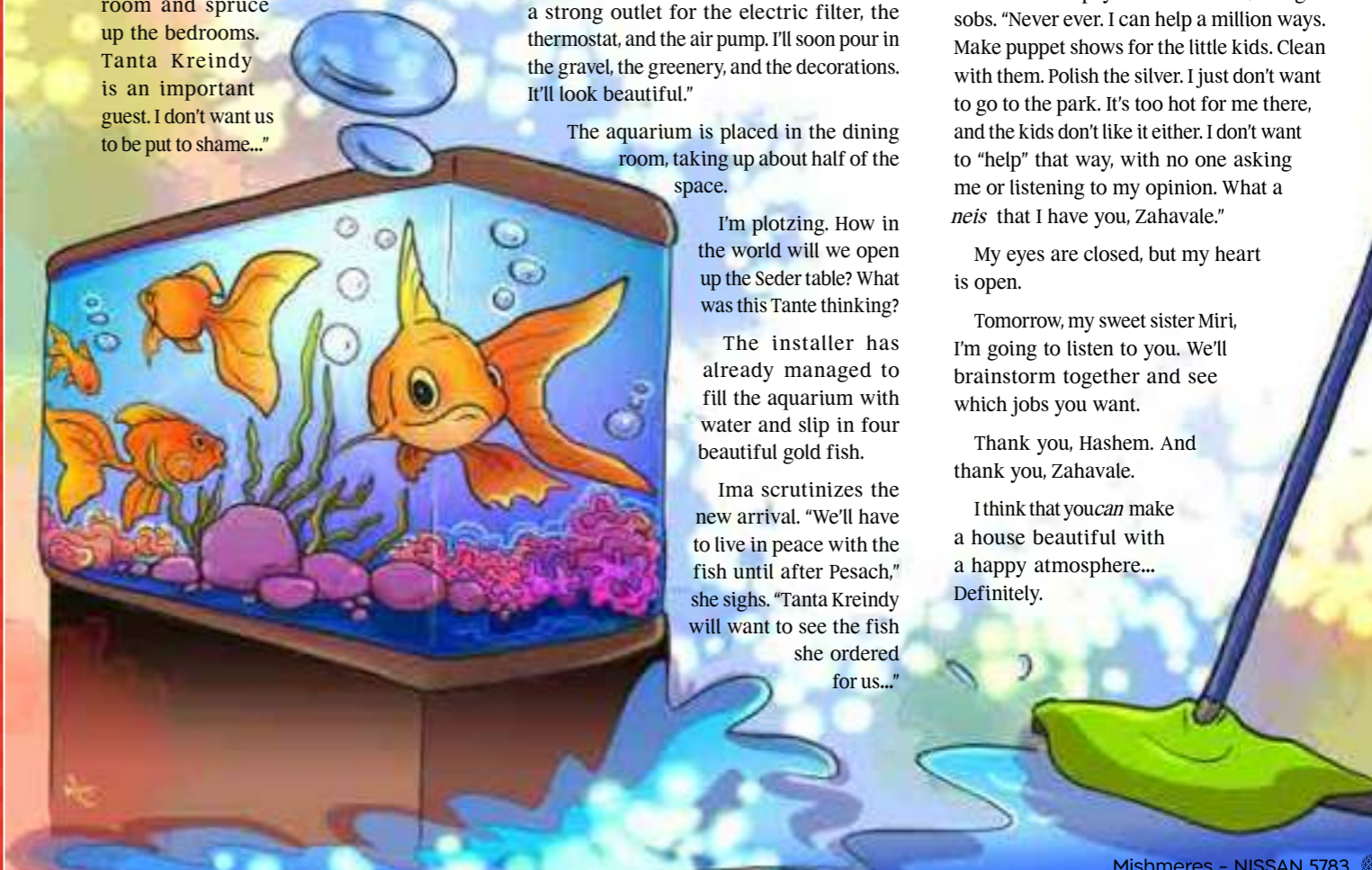
"She doesn't pay attention to me," the girl sobs. "Never ever. I can help a million ways. Make puppet shows for the little kids. Clean with them. Polish the silver. I just don't want to go to the park. It's too hot for me there, and the kids don't like it either. I don't want to "help" that way, with no one asking me or listening to my opinion. What a *neis* that I have you, Zahavale."

My eyes are closed, but my heart is open.

Tomorrow, my sweet sister Miri, I'm going to listen to you. We'll brainstorm together and see which jobs you want.

Thank you, Hashem. And thank you, Zahavale.

I think that you *can* make a house beautiful with a happy atmosphere... Definitely.



Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes. Last month's winner: Doron Hagan. Tell the world!



Answering K'halachah

G. BERNFELD

A New Math Teacher

A pleasant morning, a week before Pesach. On her way to the shopping center to buy window spray, Chanie meets her classmates, Ayala and Michal. They talk a bit about Pesach cleaning. Michal tells them that their family already finished cleaning the kitchen. Chanie responds, "It's no *kuntz* for you - you don't have any little kids running around and bothering everyone." Suddenly Ayala asks, "Did you hear that after Pesach, Mrs. Stern is going to be our math teacher, instead of Mrs. Weiser?"

From the looks on the faces of Ayala and Michal, Chanie guesses that they're about to spout negative information about Mrs. Stern... She also knows that if she reminds them that they're about to slip - they're liable to step up their derogatory words.

Look upsefer *Chofetz Chaim: Hilkos Lashon Hara, Klaf Var, Seif Hey*, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33, and choose the most correct answer for Chanie's dilemma. 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.

An Erev Pesach Orchestra

The idea that won the prize was from Hadassah Esther Malka, Modi'in Ilit

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



No Offense

A Flood of Relief

"Who wants to play jump rope?" The second the bell rings, Bina pulls out her long rope, and a group of girls stream after her to the schoolyard. Others prefer to huddle around Rina's desk. She's always flowing with interesting stories.

"Don't ask what went on yesterday in my brother's class," says Rina with a chuckle. Naturally, the girls do ask. She got them curious and they want to hear. Nu, let her tell them already...

And she tells them - about a boy in her brother's class who forgot to take his Ritalin that morning. "Just imagine what pandemonium there was in the class..." she says, and starts describing it---

"I also have a neighbor like that, a wild ten-year-old who turns our building upside down and drives everyone crazy," Nechama chimes in. "My mother says that there's nothing to do. When he comes home from *cheider* and his Ritalin has worn off, he's out of control..."

The girls all laugh. Dini shares something about her cousin, and just Tzippy sits there on pins and needles, glancing carefully from time to time at her friend Ruthie, who looks pale as a ghost. Ruthie is a talented girl and a wonderful friend, but there is something else about her: to help her concentrate in school, Ruthie takes a little pill every morning. It's a big secret: she revealed it only to her good friend Tzippy---

Who knows where this conversation is liable to lead, thinks Tzippy. She feels so bad for Ruthie---



A few words from Ruthie:

What could have happened:

"Hey, Ruthie, didn't you also take Ritalin, starting at the beginning of the year? In the past, you used to dream in class and not pay attention, and suddenly you became such a fantastic student." I was sure that, any minute, one of the girls would throw that question at me, and the frightening thought almost took my breath away.

What happened in the end:

"Help! All my notebooks are wet! There's a flood in my book bag!" It was Tzippy, my devoted best friend. I'm sure she did it on purpose, to interrupt the conversation and save me. Even though she always tells me that, in her opinion, taking Ritalin is nothing to be ashamed about, she still respects my feelings and keeps it a secret.

"Why are you making such a big deal out of a few drops that dripped from your water bottle?" Shevy said, with a laugh. A few other girls tried to help Tzippy dry the covers of her books, and - the main thing - the color started coming back into my ashen face.

There's no friend as devoted as Tzippy. I owe her a huge "thank you!"

There are special things that all mothers say, like: "You didn't take a coat?" or: "Where'd you put your bus card?" And then there are sentences unique to each home. For example, almost every morning, my mother says (okay, says to me): "Why wait until the last minute?" or a variation: "Why be under pressure?"

Usually, I don't answer. First of all, I have a straw stuck between my lips, while I drink my chocolate milk. Second, the hands of the clock are at an impossible angle, telling me I'd better fly to the school bus. And third, I have *derech cruz*. When Ima asks these questions, she doesn't mean for me to answer, but rather to improve.

That is exactly what I was thinking about as I was walking near the edge of the neighborhood one day in late Adar. I'd discovered a new, interesting toy store! The moment I saw it, I knew it was time to improve in my habit of doing things the last minute. "Why be under pressure?" I asked myself quietly, like Ima, remembering last Pesach's afikomen.

In our house, we don't have afikomen *ganavim*, but we do have afikomen presents, which Ima buys on Erev Pesach for everyone. Why wait till Erev Yom Tov? I asked myself, scanning the brightly lit shop window. *Isn't it true that pushing things off is a bad middah?*

And so, I found myself walking straight to the new toy store. Ima was busy with her lists for Pesach and I was determined to help her check off one of the tasks (namely: afikomen gift for me, Kasriel...) early.

I was there on 23 Adar (maybe Monopoly?), and again on 26 Adar (so that Ima should be calm that I'd made up my mind). But when I went on 4 Nissan, humming a happy song, because I was no longer a "Last minute" boy - I stopped short. Someone was calling my name: "Kasri-ellll!"

I looked up. On the right, a drainpipe was dripping on me; on the left, socks were swinging in my

direction. An aura of Erev Pesach danced among the porch railings. And amid the noise, I heard a clear voice: "Kas-ri-ellll!"

Ah! I finally identified the voice. From behind white clouds of dust, and rhythmic whacks, I made out the voice of my classmate Yudi.

"Could you lend me a hand, Kasriel?" he asked, in desperation. "Up here, at my Savta's house?"

Hmmm... I hesitated. I was on my way to the toy store, and something in that thick dust cloud was giving me a



heavy cough. "Thanks a million!" Yudi said happily. My coughs - hey, hey, hey - must have sounded to him like yea, yea, yea, and he said, "I'm speechless. I always knew you were a tzaddik."

"I'll just call my Ima first for permission," I said, standing next to Yudi, facing a huge bookcase.

Yudi explained to me that he and his brother had wanted to make Savta happy and clean the bookcase that held the *sefarim* of his Saba, who passed away two years ago. But there were so many *sefarim*. "And this noise is already too much. You hear it?" He whacked a *sefer* three times in a row: Boom-boom-boom.

"Why call it noise?" I asked, with a wink. I took another *sefer* from the pile, started banging it and said gaily: "Introducing the special Erev Pesach orchestral Bum-bum-boom!"

"Nu," Yudi kept grumbling. "And what about all this dust?" "Stage lights!" I pronounced, looking at the white particles floating in the wind. "Let's go, Maestro..."

So we had lights. We had songs. A pile of clean *sefarim* already stood ready, but when Yudi's Savta pecked in and said: "You're the best!" - we shrugged our shoulders. We hadn't been working; we'd just played "orchestra..."

Two and a half hours later (Ima allowed), when Yudi said goodbye, he added, with feeling: "Listen, Kasriel. There are no words."

No words? I wanted to say: "Oh, you'd think..." as I always do. But suddenly it occurred to me that maybe I... should think about it. Yudi said: "There are no words," but I wanted to say: "Yes, there are words." Words that turn harsh sounds of a grueling job into merry strains of an enjoyable orchestra. Words that make a cloud of dust look like real stage lights.

That's how it works when you choose to use good words.





Note-Worthy

Until Ninety-One

Mazel tov! Bentzie Schiff has a new baby sister, so he came to stay with us for a while. Bentzie is our cousin. He's an interesting, creative type, and a bit of a daydreamer, too. He always has an inexhaustible fountain of ideas in his head. Every day, he pulls out a few and tries to carry them out. One thing is for sure: It's never boring with Bentzie around. In the busy days of Erev Pesach, he turned out to be a real asset. Anytime anyone asked for help, he was happy to do it: to deliver, organize, schlep, or sort. Most of all, he liked to clean with a lot of water and soap bubbles.

Bentzie's energy was contagious. More and more territory was "conquered" and became sparkling clean. We were approaching the finish line. In another two hours, Abba would do *bedikas chametz* and the house would be deemed absolutely clean.

"I want to hide the morsels of bread!" Bentzie asked.

Mendy, Sruli, and Shalom were happy to give him the job. They showed him where the bread was, gave him ten sandwich bags, and went to tend to other things.

I was the only one bothered by this arrangement. Bentzie and the morsels were a combination that reminded me of something not particularly pleasant from last year ...

It was nighttime. That evening, we'd gone to help Savta. She was weak, after a bout of the flu, and we tried to make ourselves useful.

I'd planned to sleep over and help her in the morning, too, so she could bring in Yom Tov calmly, as she was used to.

Saba had finished *bedikas chametz* long before. The house was clean and organized, and we were working in the kitchen. Suddenly the phone rang.

It was my uncle, Bentzie's father. "How are you, Tzvi?" he asked. "Good for you for helping Savta. Is Saba available? I need to ask him something urgently."

I passed the phone to Saba and returned to the kitchen to continue peeling vegetables. From the bits of conversation I heard, I understood what had happened:

Bentzie had hidden the ten morsels in unusual hiding places. Nine were found, but the tenth one seemed to have been swallowed up in the ground and Bentzie couldn't remember where he'd put it. What should they do?

Saba suggested places to look. He spoke to Bentzie and tried to jog his memory. Nothing helped.

At the end, it was Savta who saved the day. She asked: "Maybe there were only nine, all along?"

Baruch Hashem, it turned out that Bentzie had opened a new package of bags to use for the morsels. Another job was added to the urgent list of Erev Pesach chores: to patiently count how many bags remained in

the package. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief: There were 91 bags inside. In other words, Bentzie had used just nine bags. That meant that no morsel had disappeared and everyone could relax and go to sleep.

Now I was nervous. Would last year's drama repeat itself in our house? Bentzie insisted that no one should join him in his assignment. It was important for him to surprise everyone with original hiding places. But... what if one morsel or more would disappear?

I couldn't tell anyone what had happened last year. It would be *lashon hara*. If Bentzie would be insulted, that would be no less serious than a disappearing morsel. On the other hand, the problem remained.

How to solve it?

"Nu, Tzvi. Answer me!" Sruli tried to bring me back to earth.

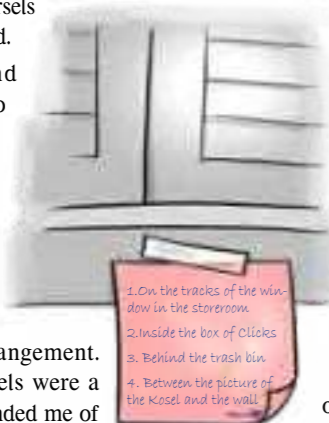
"Sorry, I didn't hear you. What do you want?"

"Bentzie needs a paper and pen!"

"Why?"

"I want to write down where I'm hiding the bread." Bentzie appeared and explained simply. "It'll save problems if we end up not finding one or more of the morsels. Understand?"

"I sure do" – I smiled. *Baruch Hashem*, the problem was solved, without my involvement. "Here's a paper and pen. And... Bentzie--- Thanks for doing the hiding for us!"



1. On the tracks of the window in the storeroom.
2. Inside the box of Clicks
3. Behind the trash bin.
4. Between the picture of the Kosel and the wall.



- CALL**
every day of Setiras Ha'omer to the Hotline no.: 072-337-2212 Ext. 3
- LISTEN**
Listen to the daily shiur* and review what you learned
*Alternatively, you can learn on one of the videos of Michal Shoshana Lubliner
- REPORT**
At the end of the week (Thurs. - Motzaei Shabbos) call the Hotline, Ext. 3.2.2 to report that you learned 5 days
- WIN**
Enter a weekly raffle for valuable prizes worth hundreds of shekels!

YOU CAN ALSO TAKE AN EASY WEEKLY QUIZ ON EXT. 3.2.2 AND ENTER ANOTHER RAFFLE!

Special Prize For Masmidim

WHOMEVER KEEPS UP THE LEARNING OF THE HALACHOS EVERY SINGLE DAY - GETS

AN EXCLUSIVE PRIZE WITHOUT A RAFFLE!

*IF THE WORDS LEARNING ONE DAY, YOU CAN MAKE IT UP THE NEXT DAY.

רוצים להצטרף גם? 072-337-2212 שלוחה 32

NAMES OF THE WINNERS IN THE MESHULAM CAMPAIGN - THE GREAT BATTLE WITH THE YETZER HARA - PART 1:

| Week 1: | | Week 2: | | Week 3: | | Week 4: | |
|-------------------------|-------------|--------------------------|----------------|--------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Shimshi Zilber Ashdod | Drone | Elazar Himmellarb Ashdod | Ball maze game | Miriam Aharoni Ashdod | Scooter | Moshy Herman Netivot | Electronic memory game |
| Shimon Man Yerushalayim | Comics book | Charlie Lieder Rechovim | Comics book | Yeshayahu Munk Brachfeld | Comics book | Yehuda Gevira Brni Brak | Comics book |

TREASURES IN THE SAHARA

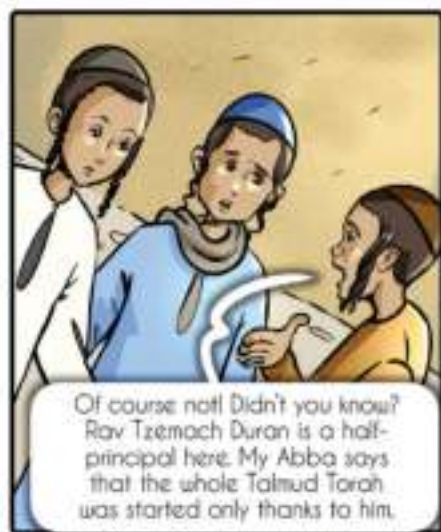
Written by A. Hokevi
Illustrated by S. Choud

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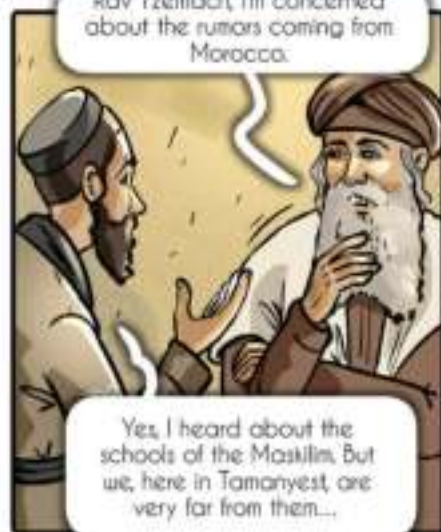


That's the Abba of Yaakov Duran from sixth grade.

I wonder why he came to speak with the menahel. Did something happen with Yaakov?

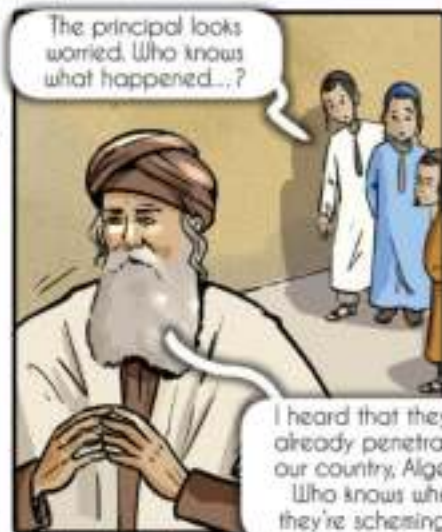


Of course not! Didn't you know? Rav Tzemach Duran is a half-principal here. My Abba says that the whole Talmud Torah was started only thanks to him.



Rav Tzemach, I'm concerned about the rumors coming from Morocco.

Yes, I heard about the schools of the Masikim. But we, here in Tamanyest, are very far from them...



The principal looks worried. Who knows what happened...?

I heard that they've already penetrated our country, Algeria. Who knows what they're scheming—



Do you know Tzemach Duran from the Yahud quarter?

Sure. He has a small housewares shop.

I heard that he became very rich—

Rich? Are you sure??



For a long time, he's been looking for treasures in the mountains around the city, and I heard that now he discovered—

Not all, ya chabibi. He found—

What did he discover? Was it oil?

To be continued, be'ni