

משמרה

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MISHMERES HASHOLOM MAGAZINE



WHAT'S 100,000 BETWEEN ME AND YOU?

NOW, SHE IS ALONE, ABOUT TO SIGN ON THE SALE OF THEIR HOUSE, THE PLACE WHERE THEY RAISED THEIR SIX CHILDREN.

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EACH ONE AND HIS OWN BUGBEAR

IN THAT GRAY AREA, THERE ARE PLACES THAT 'EVERYONE' GOES TO, HETERIM THAT 'EVERYONE' RELIES ON, WORDS THAT 'EVERYONE' SAYS, AND GOSSIP THAT 'EVERYONE' SPREADS.

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FLIGHT WITHOUT A PASSPORT?!

HIS THOUGHTS RACED FORWARD, FOLLOWED BY PANICKY MOVEMENTS, BUT, IN HIS HEART, HE KNEW THERE WAS NO CHANCE.

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FROM THE REBBETZIN'S DESK



ASK THE RAV



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הממשלתי, משרד החינוך מודיע כי
הוא מתכוון להקים את מרכזי חינוך
הישיבה ברחבי הארץ. מרכזי חינוך
הישיבה יתקיימו במסגרת
המסגרת של משרד החינוך.

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DISTRIBUTED TO 120,000 JEWISH
HOMES IN ISRAEL AND AROUND THE
WORLD, IN HEBREW, YIDDISH, ENGLISH,
AND FRENCH. TO ENCOURAGE AND
SPREAD PEACE, SHEMIRAS HALASHON,
AND MITZVOS BEIN ADAM L'CHAVEIRO

In the town of Belz, they once rented a large hall for Rosh Hashanah, so there would be room for the thousands of chassidim coming to daven with the Rebbe. But a few days before Yom Tov, the owner of the hall renegeed on his commitment... The gabbaim were very disappointed. When one of them came into the Rebbe's chambers that morning with a cup of coffee, he said, "I always knew that he's unreliable..."

When the Rebbe heard these words, he asked the gabbai to take back the cup of coffee. "I cannot drink coffee that heard words against a Yid," he said.

A veteran teacher once told me that, on principle, she refuses to hear a prior opinion about the students she will be teaching. She wants to give each one the chance to turn over a new leaf.

Words have tremendous power and, whether we want to or not, our attitude towards people is heavily affected by what we hear about them. If a new family is due to move into the building and someone whispers to us an uncomplimentary comment about them - we will inevitably look askance at them... If we come to a doctor, therapist, or any other professional after hearing an opinion of their work - we will already be set in that direction...

I heard a true story about a teacher who once received advance information describing a student as the "class genius." Indeed, during the first months of the year, that girl proved herself as an outstanding student. Only later on, when it came out that the information had referred to "Chavie Cohen," while she'd mistakenly attributed it to "Chanie Cohen," did the teacher understand how subjective her viewpoint was... She'd regarded Chanie as bright and successful, and that caused the girl to strive to live up to that assessment and to go on to attain lofty achievements...

See what a few words of 'advance opinion' can generate!
In davening, we say "Hadeifah v'hadibbur..." Generally, we think that *de'ifah*, thought, influences *di'bur*, speech, but the truth is that the opposite is also true: Speech builds thought; words create viewpoint.

We come out of a *shivur*, inspired, and all it takes is for one person to mutter, "That was so shallow," and instantly, everyone's enthusiasm disappears. They hear "shallow" and their thoughts stream in that direction...

That's why it's so important for us to all be *mischazek* together by joining the new learning cycle beginning on Rosh Hashanah, so that we will know what we are permitted to say and will acquire tools to help us to avoid slipping up.

I wish each one of you a year of good health and happiness, with comfortable *parnassah* and the Geulah Shleimah, may it be very soon!

Sari Westzberger



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הדפסת יום בצדק העולמי	הדפסת יום בצדק העולמי	כמות שתהא לאסתר אפוס'	הדפסת יום בצדק העולמי	הדפסת יום בצדק העולמי	הדפסת יום בצדק העולמי	הדפסת יום בצדק העולמי	הדפסת יום בצדק העולמי	הדפסת יום בצדק העולמי
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ראיתם ישועות בזכות השלום? שתפו ב'קו השלום' 072-3372212 (שלוחה 23)

RANKING CLIENT SATISFACTION IN A KUPAT CHOLIM SURVEY

Question: My Kupat Cholim frequently sends out a telephone query regarding the degree of client satisfaction with their last visit to the clinic - the medical treatment, the secretarial service, etc. All we need to do is press in a number (1-5) ranking our opinion. Is this a problem of *lashon hara*?

Answer: First of all, one must verify that the call is coming from the questioner's Kupat Cholim, not from a survey company seeking to rank client satisfaction in the various Kupot Cholim. If such a company is calling, there is no *heter* to participate in the survey, as we've written here in the past.

If the survey is indeed from the questioner's Kupat Cholim and its purpose is to upgrade service - one may participate, with *Yotzeif* intentions, because when the workers took on their jobs, it was with the understanding that their performance would be tracked, and there is substantial benefit here for all involved.

We should emphasize: The *heter* applies only to answering general questions about medical care, secretarial service, etc. If the question relates to a particular individual - there is no license to respond, since this may cause the subject greater damage than he deserves.

Regarding a complaint about a particular worker, one must put in serious thought and consult with a *posek* about how to complain and what to say.

BEHAVIOR PROBLEMS STEMMING FROM PERSONALITY DISORDERS

Question: I participated in a few courses on topics of behavior and therapy. I learned about personality disorders that cause people to engage in negative behaviors, and I realized that, many times, a person who may appear wicked, mean, or stingy - is actually acting that way due to his disorder.

Suddenly I was able to understand that a particular conduct I observe in a friend, sister, or even parent - is not coming from a place of meanness, but from a personality difficulty.

This understanding enables me to judge her favorably and to respond to her properly.

My question is: Am I allowed to share this information with my sister? For example: to explain to her that our older sister is not to blame for X because she has a behavioral problem, etc. when my goal is, of course, just *to'oles*, for everyone's benefit?

Answer: If the questioner wants to speak with someone who is fully aware of Moni's behavioral problems, and her purpose in speaking is to explain that this negative behavior does not stem from wickedness but from a personality disorder, and such - this constitutes *limud zechus* on the subject and is permissible, because it is of real benefit.

But if she wants to speak about it with someone who is not at all aware of Moni's negative behavior - it would be prohibited, because she would be revealing flaws that, until now, were unknown to the listener.

RESIDENTS WHO DO NOT PAY VAAD HABAYIT FEES

Question: In our apartment building, some of the 12 families do not pay Vaad Habayit (Building Committee) fees, even after many reminders, and therefore, it is difficult for the committee to function properly. What are we permitted to do, as far as *hulchos Bein Adam l'Chaveiro* and *shemiras halashon* are concerned, so that everyone should pay?

Answer: The Vaad Habayit should post a notice in the lobby asking neighbors to pay their part. If necessary, they can use firmer wording, such as: "We cannot function if people do not pay." "The kitty is empty." "Going bankrupt" and such. If necessary, they can add, "Please, do not make it necessary for us to use the services of Beis Din..."

We've already written in this column that there is no *heter* to post publicly the names of neighbors who don't pay.

Of course, every act should be accompanied by sincere *tesillos* to keep peace among the residents and to be saved from *machlokes* and discord.

לפי הרה"ח ר' שכיני זצ"ל בן הרה"ח ר' מנחם מנדל ר"ל זצ"ל מרת חיה דבורה בת הרה"ח ר' משולם זושא ע"ה



HAMEKUBAL HAGAON HARAV HATZADDIK R' BENAYAHU SHMUELI SHLITA TO THE MISHMERES HASHOLOM EMISSARIES:

ON THE PASUK, "TOLEH ERETZ AL BLIMAH," CHAZAL SAY: "THE WORLD STANDS ON HE WHO IS BOLEIM PEV, WHO GUARDS HIS SPEECH." "HE WHO GUARDS HIS MOUTH AND TONGUE GUARDS HIS SOUL FROM TROUBLES" (MISHLEI 21:23). SAYS THE ZOHAR: WHEN A PERSON OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SAY LASHON HARA, THE SETRA ACHRA OPENS HIS MOUTH IN SHAMAYM TO ACCUSE AM YISRAEL, AND THIS CAUSES TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES, CHALILAH.

THEREFORE, WE NEED TO STRENGTHEN MISHMERES HASHOLOM, WHICH ENCOURAGES THE STUDY OF DEFER CHIFETZ CHAZM... AND ANYONE WHO IS MECHAZER SHEMIRAS HALASHON WILL MERIT SEVITA D'SHEMAYA, COMFORTABLE PARNASSAH, AND A GREAT YESHUAH!

WINNERS OF MIS 100 IN THE RAFFLE AMONG THOSE LEARNING THE HALACHOS IN TAMUZ - 100 SHEKELS:
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STORY

RACHEL T.



THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY OAK

It isn't every day that you sign a binder on an apartment.

Around the small table at the real estate agency, there is a restrained excitement, as pens are poised for the moment of signing.

Suddenly, Mrs. Gross is transported back to the long-ago moments when she sat, just like this, and signed a contract to purchase this very apartment. But then Aharon was with her and everything looked different—

Now, she is alone, about to sign on the sale of the place where they raised their six children. The house to which they welcomed their new sons- and daughters-in-law. The house full of so many memories. But Aharon isn't there anymore. He is in a better world, and the children, who live far away, have pleaded again and again that she come live near them.

In her mind, she understands that this is the logical step to take. That an aging widow cannot remain alone in a big, empty house, and that it's better for her to sell and move near her children. But still, from the emotional standpoint, it isn't easy.

For almost half a year, the house was up for sale. People came and went, expressed interest and bargained over the price. Now, finally, the right buyers were found.

She looks at the *avreich* and his wife across the table and feels a sense of calm spreading within. She is leaving her house in good hands. A new generation of Yiddish children will grow up there. Something inside of her relaxes.

Now, the agent reads the sections of the agreement. He mentions the initial sum that will be paid now, at the signing of the binder and the additional sum that the buyers will pay at the signing of the contract. When he reaches the last line, about the final sum, to be paid when the keys are handed over, she suddenly sits up—

A million six hundred? Can it be that she did not hear right? Or perhaps the excitement is the cause of her confusion?

"Excuse me, could you please repeat

the sums, Mr. Gefen?" she asks, her hand unconsciously tightening around the strap of her pocketbook.

"With pleasure, Mrs. Gross," the agent replies. Again, he reads the list of sums and dates of payment, line after line.

"And how much does that come to altogether?" she asks, suddenly feeling old.

Gefen maintains a calm, pleasant mien. He punches the numbers into the calculator on his desk. A few moments of silence descend on the pleasant, air-conditioned office, and then he stipulates the final sum, the sum at which the apartment is being sold.

"Then there is a small, technical error here." Surprise mixed with a touch of panic colors Mrs. Gross's voice. "We spoke explicitly about a million seven hundred thousand."

The couple across from her fidgets uncomfortably, fixing a frightened gaze at Mr. Gefen.

As an experienced agent, he does not get too worked up. A quick search for the data on his computer brings up this same sum – a million six hundred thousand shekels, and that is proof, in his opinion, that he is in the right.

"I simply do not understand how this mistake happened," Mrs. Gross has some trouble maintaining her composure. "The assessor that you yourself sent evaluated the apartment at a million eight hundred. Ask him, Mr. Gefen. He certainly has it in writing."

"I don't have to ask," Gefen smiles. "Everything is here, in my computer. But that sum has no significance right now. You decided to bring down the price so as to speed up the sale of the property."

But Mrs. Gross does not relent. Yes, she remembers that Gefen persuaded her to bring down the price. It was shortly after Yom Tov, after the apartment had been on the market for three months with almost no one expressing interest. But it is clear to her, crystal clear, that she agreed to a sum of a million seven hundred. Not a shekel less.

At this point, the buyers begin to exhibit

tension. Their accusatory finger is pointed at Gefen, the eager agent who already saw the two percent payment in his purse—

"We need to vacate our apartment in another month, Gefen," says Shmuel R., the buyer. "For two weeks we've been involved with this apartment, and now it turns out that the whole thing was one big mistake."

"Not my mistake, I must emphasize!" Gefen intervenes.

Now Mrs. Gross feels that she is losing the last remnants of her patience. With great difficulty, she holds in her anger, and in the most restrained voice that she manages to produce, she stresses that she never agreed to go down to the sum of a million six hundred and that there is no justification to sell such an apartment at such a low price. As far as she's concerned, the deal is off.

Now the atmosphere in the air-conditioned office becomes heated. The flames flare higher and the tones rise. The buyers, couple R., are under pressure to vacate their apartment, but are unable to add another hundred thousand shekels. As it is, they're pushing themselves to the wall; they took a mortgage at the maximum sum they could. They are refined people, *bnei Torah*, with good *midos*, but the situation they've been thrust into causes them to lose their equanimity. The seller is also under stress. The apartment has been on the market half a year, the deal is finally on the verge of being sealed, and suddenly, such an obstacle...

In the end, the meeting concludes with nothing. Couple R. go out into the rainy, wintry street dejected, frightened, and confused. Agent Gefen sticks to his insistence that the mistake is not his. And Mrs. Gross manages to propel herself towards the door, declaring that she'll think it over and give an answer that day or the next.

That evening, as she sits on the old leather couch in her living room, her eyes focus on the big picture of Aharon hanging on the wall. Aharon... who left her alone almost a year ago, leaving her to manage by herself,

even in this sticky situation...

Outside, the wind whistles and the raindrops pound on the window. Inside, in her heart, a storm rages.

One moment, she thinks about the young buyers and their panic. The next moment, she reminds herself that for her, too, the money is very much needed. Her heart seeks to calm the flames of anger that flared in Gefen's office, to humble herself and give in so as to finish off the matter peacefully. But her intellect continues to assert that she's right, so very right—

Suddenly—

Suddenly a tremor runs through her, as she tangibly feels the presence of Aharon. He so dearly loved *shalom* and pursued *shalom*. Anyone who knew him would say that his name befitted him so well. If he would be here with her now, she has no doubt that he would tell her to be *mevater*. He would convince his beloved wife that, though money is important, it is not everything in life.

And she decides that this will be the gift she presents to him for his first *yahrtzeit*, coming up in a few days.

She will be *mevater*.

And with this calming decision, Mrs. Gross gets into bed and goes to sleep.

In the middle of the night, she is rudely awakened by a frightening crash.

Trembling, she puts on her warm robe and peeks out fearfully from the window—

There, she discovers the ancient oak tree

that had stood there, in the corner of her large yard – lying on the ground. The storm winds had overcome it.

Only in the morning does she realize the full measure of the damage: The fallen tree completely ruined the in-ground pool in the yard – a large, costly pool. Who knows how much it will cost her now to repair it...

At eight thirty, when the businesses open, she calls her insurance company, describes the damage, and asks to file a claim. Yes, *baruch Hashem*, the apartment is insured and this kind of damage, caused by "forces of Nature," is covered by the premium. She receives a clear explanation about how to file the claim, and is given to understand that the sum she receives will be at least a hundred thousand shekels, a huge sum that will more than cover the costs of repairing the pool.

The next day, when she returns to the agent's office to sign the binder, she hears that the buyers do not have any need for the pool, so there is no point in repairing it. And since the damage occurred before the signing of the contract, the insurance money will go directly into her pocket, precisely complementing the selling price of the apartment...

It was a big smile from Shamayim. And she could almost hear Aharon's voice saying, "From the pursuit of *shalom*, you never lose..."

עזר לזהב במסילה

מסילת ישרים:

יראת חטא – Fear of Sin

When it is clear to a person that wherever he may be, he is standing in the presence of Hashem's Shechinah – he will automatically be filled with *yiras Hashem* and the fear lest he sin. Because, since Hashem sees and hears everything, "All of your deeds are written in the book" – to your credit or blame.

Fear of Sin in Matters Related to Shemiras Halashon

A person encounters *nisyonos* in the area of *shemiras halashon* everywhere and at all times. The temptation is great, but when there is *yiras Shamayim* and *yiras cheit*, when one appreciates the magnitude of sin and its severity – that serves as a fence to guard him from slipping.

קדושה

יראת חטא

ענוה

חסידות

טהרה

פרישות

נקיזות

זריזות

זהירות

STOP AND THINK

B. HARAMATI

GRAY VICTORY

➔ "The Chofetz Chaim is coming! His train will be stopping at the station here in the city!"

When the daughter of the Sefas Emes heard the news, she decided to take advantage of the opportunity to obtain a *berachah* from the *tzaddik*. And what did this *tzaddik* ask for? Her aspirations certainly were not in the area of luxuries and Olam Hazei... She yearned for her children to be *yerei Shamayim*, and that is the *berachah* she asked for. And what was the Chofetz Chaim's response? "For *yiras Shamayim*, you cannot just ask for a *berachah*; for *yiras Shamayim*, a person has to work on himself. To work and work and work..."

On the *pasuk* in Yeshayahu, "Their fear of Me is by rote" (Yeshayahu 29:13). Rav Moshe Feinstein writes that *yiras Shamayim* needs to grow from day to day. If, at age twenty, thirty, and then forty, a person has the same *yiras Shamayim* he had as a child – he falls into the category of "by rote," and his *yiras Shamayim* reflects Yeshayahu Hanavi's description in the *pesukim* of *tochachah*: "With his mouth and his lips he has honored Me, yet he has distanced his heart from Me."

Because *yiras Shamayim* is not a static situation; it is a lifelong pursuit.

NOT EVERYTHING IS BLACK AND WHITE

We can break down our lives as Torah-observant Jews into three shades: White, black, and gray.

The white area includes all the *mitzvos* and *halachos* whose observance poses no challenge to us. *Kiddush* on Shabbos, blowing shofar on Rosh Hashanah, separating meat and milk. Everything we were trained in by our parents from age zero. Everything that is simple and clear to anyone who considers himself *mitzvah*-observant.

The black area includes what we know with 100% clarity to be prohibited and stay far away from. We don't violate Shabbos, *eat treife*, or leave a crumb of *chometz* around on Pesach. Do any of us feel any difficulty refraining from these prohibitions??

But between these two categories there is a broad gray area. That is where our daily challenges are to be found.

In that gray area, there are places that "everyone" goes to, *heterim* that "everyone" relies on, words that

"everyone" says, and gossip that "everyone" spreads. No, we're not talking about outright prohibitions, *challaiah*, but precisely here is the place where a person is measured. This is where our *yiras cheit* is expressed.

It might be a public event that is not exactly prohibited, a garment or fashion accessory that doesn't quite overstep the bounds of *tznius*, a juicy story that is not exactly *lashon hara*... There's no black or white here, just an undefinable gray that gauges how important it is to us to do Hashem's will, and how fearful we are of contradicting that will.

This is actually what turns us into true *shomrei mitzvos*, and not just "traditional" Jews. This is what reflects genuine *yiras cheit*, not the rote observance of black and white areas that we acquired in our childhood homes.

A SIBERIAN NIGHT WITHOUT A COAT

The Steipler *zt"l*, who was compelled to serve in the Russian army in his youth, was once on guard duty Friday night. The temperature outside was below zero, and the soldier who preceded him was supposed to leave the Steipler a fur-lined military coat that would enable him to safely endure the long hours of the frigid night. But... that Russian soldier never imagined that hanging the coat on a tree branch could pose a problem. Taking the coat off the tree would violate an *issur d'rabbanan* on Shabbos. The Steipler didn't know what to do. On the one hand, it was real *sakanas nefeshos*: it's impossible to survive the terrible cold for a whole night without a coat. On the other hand – to violate a prohibition??? His fear of sin prevailed and he decided to try managing without the coat, just for a little while. And then a little longer. Just a few more minutes. And a few more. And so, the entire night elapsed, with unimaginable *mesirus nefesh*, in its most literal sense, and the coat remained on the tree! His *yiras cheit* won!

The Kadmonim say that *chassidim rishonim* would avoid a hundred measures of *heter* for fear of succumbing to one measure of *issur*. But we are so far from this level, so deeply immersed in our Olam Hazei.

A person who sinned was once asked, "How did you do it? How did you not fear the Gehinnom

that you would get?" The sinner replied: "If I would have seen Gehinnom in front of my eyes with the same tangible clarity that I saw my lust for sin – I wouldn't have succumbed..." This is the gist of our problem. Matters of Olam Haba – rewards and punishment, Gehinnom and Gan Eden – are present in a theoretical sense, while desires and the pull to sin are very tangible, right in front of us...

EACH PERSON AND HIS FEAR

Yiras Shamayim is not just "another" quality in a person. Rather, says the *pasuk* in Koheles (12:13), "The sum of the matter, when all has been considered: Fear Hashem... for that is the sum total of Man." *Yiras Shamayim* is man's whole duty (*Kovetz Maamarim* of Rav Elchonon Wasserman).

But, of course, there is no instant recipe, no push of a button. The only way to succeed in acting out of genuine *yiras Shamayim* and *yiras cheit* at the moment of truth is by preparing ourselves in advance. By working on "You shall know this day and take to your heart." By drawing what we have in our intellect – into the heart. By connecting ourselves more closely *torachaiyus*. By bringing consciousness of Hakadosh Baruch Hu and awareness of reward and punishment into our everyday lives.

Perhaps the words of the Chofetz Chaim *zy"l* in his introduction to *Shemiras Halashon* can be of assistance to us. He writes that a person who did not guard himself from sin in this world – will lose the limb with which he sinned for the duration of the Next World. Therefore, if, for example, he spoke and listened to *lashon hara* regularly and did not *doreshuvah*, he will *challaiah* be a deaf-mute in the Next World.

Some people are frightened of viruses (remember the early days of Corona??); others fear a stock market crash. Many are terrified by the threats of Hamas and Islamic Jihad – each one and his own bugbear. Each one develops fears according to what is important to him. One who is *yerei Shamayim* fears sin and is afraid to put himself into a *misvov*.

This, in effect, is the measure of man. With this, we assess if he is really *yerei Shamayim* or is merely doing what he was trained to do since childhood, what everyone around him is doing.

THE STAGE IS YOURS

DID YOU SEE A YESHUAH? CALL AND BE MEZAKEH HARABIM. TO HEAR AND RECORD YESHUAH STORIES FOR WOMEN, CALL 072-537-2212

SEVEN YEARS OF WAITING

When they called me from Mishmeres HaSholom to persuade me to become a partner in their *zikuy Harabim*, I thought to myself: "Another one calling to drive me batty and squeeze out a donation..."

Nevertheless, we needed a *yeshuah* so badly, and, besides, I was so enthused by what I heard about Mishmeres HaSholom's work, that I decided to donate 180 shekels a month with a standing order for the *zechus* of my dear daughter, who'd been waiting seven years for a baby.

I told the telemarketer: "You can't imagine how many treatments we did, how many *mekonos Kedoshim* we visited, how many tears we shed.

But, who knows? Maybe the *neiv* will happen in the merit of this donation..."

I asked her to give over the names for *tefillah* at the *kever* of the Chofetz Chaim on his *yahrzeit*.

Baruch Hashem, a year later, my daughter had a sweet, healthy baby boy! The *zechus* of the Chofetz Chaim had stood by her!

SHALOM BRINGS TO SHALOM

Over a year ago, one of my good friends was very hurt by something I'd done. I felt terrible about what happened. I tried to send her messages of apology and to make up with her in different ways, but I

didn't get anywhere. The offense was too great, and my heartache, too, was too much to bear...

I decided, in the way of *hishtadlus*, to join the circle of Mishmeres HaSholom's partners. I took upon myself the cost of maintaining activities in a whole building every month. In addition, my family and I resolved to learn from *sefer Shemiras Halashon* for 18 days, in addition to *sefer Chofetz Chaim*, which we were already learning regularly.

On the 18th day, it happened. My phone rang. On the line was... that friend!!

She'd decided on her own initiative to call me and reconcile. *Baruch Hashem*, we resumed being good friends. We tangibly saw what tremendous power lies in strengthening our *shemiras halashon*.

BEEP FOR A MAZEL TOV

My name is Reuven G. I'm 27 and I live in Kiryat Chayim. For years I'd been waiting for a *yeshuah* – to find my *shidduch* and build a *bayis ne'eman*. There was no logical reason standing in my way, but the fact was that all the dozens of good and appropriate suggestions that had started moving in the right direction – somehow dissipated into nothing, leaving me deeply disappointed.

For several years, I'd been getting the "Shalom Link" daily reminder beep, but I wasn't so consistent in the learning. Three weeks ago, I decided to buckle down and learn seriously. I called back to the Shalom Hotline every day, listened to a daily *shur* in *shemiras halashon* and also to *chizuk* talks. I felt that this new habit was rousing and strengthening me.

At about the same time, a new *shidduch* suggestion started progressing. I was so used to disappointments that I didn't let my hopes rise. But, against all odds, it happened! I got engaged!!

When I called to report the good news to the Yeshuos Hotline, my voice was choked with emotion. I thought the one who answered my call wouldn't believe me... that she'd think I was imagining things or exaggerating. But from her reaction, I understood that, on this hotline, they are used to seeing *yeshuos*... Stories like mine are their daily bread...

PASSPORT TO A YESHUAH



The suitcase is packed. Food for the way has been tucked into his handbag, along with his *tefillin*. The passport is in his suit pocket and the taxi is honking. One last wave good-bye, a kiss to the *mezuzah*, and – off he goes.

It was an important trip on behalf of the yeshiva. As an English-speaker, with connections abroad, my husband understood that he had to cede to their request and fly, and so, he found himself at the airport.

After going through the security check, he proceeded to the next line, but when he reached into his suit pocket to pull out his passport – he was horrified to find that the pocket was empty.

"Maybe it's in the other suit pocket? Or the pants pocket? Could I have moved it to the zipper compartment of the handbag?" His thoughts raced forward, followed by panicky movements, but, in his heart, he knew there was no chance. The passport was not supposed to be in any of these places.

A hysterical call home. I pick up, frightened at the stressful tone of his voice. I hear that the passport has disappeared and I try to look for it. On the dining room table. Under the table. On the phone shelf. On the kitchen counter. In the stairwell. I run wildly from one place to the other, reporting on the phone to my husband, "Zero results."

Suddenly, I have an idea: Mishmeres HaSholom. Everyone knows that *shemiras halashon* is a *segulah* for *yeshuos*. I close the call with my husband and dial Mishmeres HaSholom's *yeshuah* hotline. I donate 360 shekels and dedicate the "Shalom Hotline" *halachah shkurim* for that day – in our *zechus*. Then I collapse on the couch, exhausted.

I'd done whatever I could. I'd looked in every logical and illogical spot. Now I'd also "pulled strings" in Shamayim. A few minutes elapse. A call comes in to my husband's phone from an unfamiliar number. It's the taxi driver who'd driven him to the airport. "Mister, I found your passport under the seat," he screams. "You still have an hour to take-off? No problem! I'm on the way. Fourteen minutes on Waze, and I'm there—"



VOICES FROM THE FIELD

SHARING STORIES AND EXPERIENCES FROM MISHMERES HASHOLOM ACTIVITIES

הטו אדונכם ולכו אפי

Y. STEIN, THE ONE IN CHARGE OF THE SHALOM HOTLINE AT THE OFFICE, SHARES:

Long before the age of reminder beeps and phone shiurim, Rebbeitzin Wertzberger-tichyeh came up with a brilliant idea: a phone line on which anyone could hear the two halachos every day. It sounded like a dream. Who would call in to such a line? Someone suggested the idea of letting everyone know how many people were tuning in, but we were afraid it would be too embarrassing; after all, only a handful of people would listen, at best...

But the dream began to take shape and got the name "Shalom Link." With time, it became an integral part of the revolution Mishmeres HaShalom is spreading in the world – and was renamed the "Shalom Hotline."

We started with two-to-three shiurim in a couple of languages. Today, we have more than ten kinds of shiurim just on the daily halachah or mussar – ranging from one minute a day to full-length shiurim. There are shiurim for beginners and for the advanced; shiurim with mussar and without mussar; with a daily chizuk and connection to current events, and more.

There are also series (on ext. 253) such as Rebbeitzin Fisch's series on *Tomer Devorah*. She has succeeded in presenting this deep material in a fascinating and practical manner. Women were so excited about it that they kept asking for more.

There is also a series with tips for *shemiras halashon*. Guarding our speech is a craft that needs to be learned. On this extension, you can acquire this skill, step by step. Listeners attest that, to put it simply – it works.

NEW! AN EXTENSION WITH LECTURES BY THE TOP SPEAKERS IN THE COUNTRY + EXT. 2.5.2

Recently, a new extension was added, with renowned speakers, who emphasize what a *zechus* it is for them to deliver talks on this marvelous phone line. We've had powerful shiurim by Rav Menachem Stein, Rav Chaim Reich, Rav Chanoch Drori, Rav Tzviel Ben Tzur, Rav Yosef Binyamin Pincus, Rav Shlomo Neugershal, as well as Rebbeitzin Danner, Rebbeitzin Bolak, and more to come. *Nitzras Hachem...*

In the course of its years of operation, many activities were added to the Shalom Hotline, so as to make everything accessible in one place. You can find an extension to the Beis Hora'ah, an extension to campaigns and projects, to songs and shiurim for children, and more.

SHALOM HOUR + EXTENSION 4

Last summer, we ran the "Shalom Hour" project – an hour of fascinating activities for children, which operated every day of Bein HaZemanim. The project was run by Ahrele Weintraub and it hosted the top dvarshanim, who provided a full hour of exciting stories and activities on *avodas HaMiddas*.

More than 10,000 children participated, enjoyed, and got *chizuk*.

A mother's testimony: "I couldn't believe that my children would sit like that, focused around the telephone for a full hour every day of Bein HaZemanim. But it happened. The kids refused to give up on this marvelous activity!"

A boy's testimony: "All of our neighbors wanted to listen, too, so we connected an amplifier to our telephone, and sat with all the neighbors on the grass to listen together."

"The shiurim and the activities are still on the line; you can enter and hear them."

RESHUS HARABIM – THE PUBLIC DOMAIN + EXTENSION 2.3

On this extension, you can hear authentic stories, the kind of stories that – if you hadn't heard them from the source – you would not have believed to be true. We see the power of learning the halachos, restraining ourselves, and guarding our speech.

If you were *zechel* to see a *yeshiva* in the *zechus* of *shemiras halashon* – share it with us! It is a tremendous *zitzay harabim* that is *mechazei* more and more people. Just sharing adds many merits to Klal Yisrael. We hear thrilling stories about people who promised to publicize their experience on the line – and had a *yeshiva*.

MONTHLY RAFFLE + EXTENSION 1.6.2

The extension for joining the monthly raffles is not just a "technical" extension: by registering for the raffle, you join the thousands of learners, and together, you are *zechel* to do a mitzvah *shabim*, with the *tzibbur*. This is an immeasurable *zechus*! The Chofetz Chaim writes that there is no comparison between an individual doing a mitzvah and many doing a mitzvah.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE LINE? + EXTENSION 2.9

On this extension, you can get an update about new upgrades and campaigns that have recently been added to the line. It is advisable to enter from time to time and hear what's new.

The Chofetz Chaim writes that today there is no physical malady of *tzaras*, but there is *tzaras* of the soul. Unfortunately, we indeed see and hear of many psychological problems today.

We, at the Mishmeres, tangibly see how people who'd suffered depression, had moods, and sadness – joined the Hotline and learned *dikchov shemiras halashon* every day, and were *zechel* to emerge from the hole they were in. They share that learning via the Hotline gives them joy and tranquility; it simply does good things for them, physically and spiritually.



Activity: 'KICHAD MEETINGS

Target population: MEN, WOMEN, GIRLS, AND BOYS

Number of participants:

- 120,659 – PEOPLE CALLED THE NUMBER
- 58,000 – REMINDER CALLS EACH DAY
- 77,020 – ID NUMBERS REGISTERED ON THE LINE FOR A RANGE OF CAMPAIGNS AND ACTIVITIES
- ALMOST 2 MILLION – LISTENING MINUTES THIS PAST MONTH
- 3 LANGUAGES – HEBREW, YIDDISH, ENGLISH
- 10 – HOURS OF DAILY SHIURIM
- DOZENS OF RENOWNED SPEAKERS AND RABBANIM

072-337-2212

קו השלום 072-337-2212

The phone resource that upgrades the atmosphere in your home



Soon, a new learning cycle will be starting. Try it! You'll like it! Join the thousands on the Shalom Hotline. You will regret it!

Talks by renowned rabbanim and speakers → Ext. 252

- Rav Chaim Reich shlita
- Rav Chanoch Drori shlita
- Rav Menachem Stein shlita
- Rav Aharon Margalit shlita
- Rav Binyamin Finkelshlita
- Rav Frankenhulz shlita
- Rav Tzviel Ben Tzur shlita
- Rav Shlomo Miller shlita
- Rav Binyamin Yosef Pincus shlita
- Rav Mordechai David Neugershal shlita
- Rebbeitzin R. Bolak zlita
- Series of suggestions for mastering the art of speech, step by step
- Series of *chizuk* shiurim following *sefer Tomer Devorah*
- And more

A variety of tastefully presented daily shiurim for the entire family: Men, women, and children

- Rav Nachum Bergman shlita
- Rav Simcha Levy shlita
- Rebbeitzin M. Edelstein tichyeh
- Rebbeitzin B. Fisch tichyeh
- Rebbeitzin Y. Levenstein tichyeh
- Rebbeitzin L. Simchamovitz tichyeh

Reshus Harabim → Ext. 23

Fascinating stories, told first-hand

Shiurim for men → Ext. 1

Shiurim for women → Ext. 2
On *shemiras halashon* and *middas bein adam l'chaveiro*

Shiurim and campaigns for children → Ext. 3

Talks, stories, songs on topics of shalom and *shemiras halashon*

For your convenience,

- To get a daily reminder to join the daily learning, at any time you choose! → Ext. 5
- To present *she'eilos* to the Rabbanim of the Mishmeres HaShalom Beis Hora'ah → Ext. 6

Pleasant listening!

And don't forget! When you listen to the Hotline, Put the phone on loudspeaker, so that the whole family can get *chizuk* together!

Campaigns, prizes, and raffles

for all ages

The material is in Hebrew, Yiddish, English



BY HARAV HAGAON K' MENACHEM MENDEL FUCHS SHLITA,
RAV OF MISHMERES HASHLOM

ASK THE RAV A FRIEND WHO CHEATS AT KUGELACH

Question: I have a friend who likes to "cheat" when playing kugelach. (For example, when he doesn't catch all the cubes, he tries to hide it and to act "as if" he did it). It doesn't bother me personally so much, but I feel that it's not fair and I want to tell the other boys: "When you play with him, you need to watch all the time, because he doesn't admit when he's out." Am I allowed to say that?

I also want to ask, when I'm playing with him, can I act the same way towards him, or is that called *nekamah*, revenge?

Answer: The questioner may not tell his friends that boy Poni "cheats" at kugelach, for two reasons:

The *heter* to speak *lashon hara* *ho'eles* applies when there is concern for a real loss, but here, no such loss will be caused: Poni will just "win" the game.

One of the conditions for speaking *ho'eles* is that the subject will not be harmed beyond what he deserves (*Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Rechilus*, 9:2, 5 and BMC 109), while in this case, Poni may get a reputation as a cheater and liar, and for him, this would cause very great damage to his social standing and his success in school, and more.

Still, since the situation bothers the questioner very much, we'd suggest that he do as follows: Tell his friends that his cousin in a different city told him about a classmate who cheats at kugelach, etc. He should add that it's advisable to always keep watch while playing, to check that there is no cheating.

As to the questioner's suggestion that he should act the same way towards Poni and cheat – there is no *heter* to do so, not only due to its being revenge, but also due to the obligations of honesty and fairness, as the Torah commands us in several places: "Distance yourself from falsehood" (*Shemos* 23:6); "Purchase truth; do not sell it" (*Mishlei* 23:23); "One should not aggrieve his fellow" (*Vayikra* 25:17), and more.

OUR WORD

Tzippy's Bubby gave her a set of paintbrushes and watercolors. Tzippy is thrilled with the gift. She loves to draw and her dream is to create beautiful pictures. She'll give her first creation to her beloved Bubby. Then she'll prepare another one for her room and—

But what happened? Why does her sky, that's supposed to be light blue, look purple? And the sun – how come it looks greenish?

Yes, you guessed it... Tzippy was impatient. She wanted to get more and more beautiful pictures done, so she didn't waste time on chores that seemed to her unnecessary, like cleaning the paintbrush between colors...

The Chofetz Chaim brings a similar *meshal*, about a cook who prepared an elaborate meal, but in dirty pots, so the food didn't come out tasty...

The *nimshal*, dear kids, is the mouth, the one we use in Yemel Hadin V'harachamim to ask Hashem to give us a good year and make good decrees on us. But how can we expect our *tefillos* to reach the Kisei Hakavod and be accepted, if our mouth is soiled by words of *lashon hara*?

Do we want to be like Tzippy, who paints with dirty paintbrushes? Or like the cook who cooks in unclean pots?

Let's clean our mouths and guard our tongues from prohibited speech. Then, *b'ezras Hashem*, we will merit that Hashem will fling open the gates of Shamayim, accept our *tefillos*, and give us a sweet, good year!



REGARDS FROM ZANVIL THE SHOEMAKER

"Hey, I didn't tell you yet what I heard about Uri," Bentzie plops down on the chair next to me, just as the bell announces the end of lunch break. His eyes hint that he has an especially juicy story to tell.

"Uri? What happened?" All at once I feel myself going back three months, to the *cheder* in Yerushalayim that Bentzie and I attended before we both moved to Achisamach.

"Don't ask... He's been out of *cheder* already a week because—" Suddenly the words freeze on Bentzie's lips. The tall figure of Rebbi Nachmani appears in the doorway. Oh, well. The story will have to wait...

But when school is over, we walk home in a group, together with other "Achisamachi" boys who don't know Uri, so the story is put off once again. "Come to me before Minchah," Bentzie says with a wink, just before we split up.

I walk in, have a cold drink, and sit down on the couch with a bowl of grapes. Ruti and Estie are at the dining room table doing homework. Ruti has an interesting assignment in "Yahadus" – to find a story on the topic of "running away from *aveirah*." Tatty had pulled out a few *sefarim* for her to look at, and now she was reading Estie a story she'd found in one of them, to get her opinion.

"This is a story about Rav Michel Yehuda Lefkowitz zt"l," Ruti begins. "Once, when he was a boy in the town of Volozhin, he went to the shoemaker to repair his shoes. While he was waiting for the shoemaker to finish his job, he glanced at the shelves in the narrow shop. There was an awl and a hammer, nails and shoemakers' glue. There were also *sifrei kodesh* attesting that the shoemaker is a Yid who utilizes every spare moment to learn."

I'm not supposed to be listening in, but some of her words enter my ears.

"Suddenly, another customer came with a

pair of shoes. 'I'd appreciate if you'd repair these,' he said, handing the shoes over. 'I'm coming from Zanvil the shoemaker. Instead of repairing my shoes, he ruined them—'

Young Michel Yehuda hears the shoemaker announce decisively: 'I will not repair your shoes! I don't accept work from people who speak *lashon hara*!' With that, he got up and chased the customer out of his store..."

"That's a powerful story," Estie agrees. "And just right for your topic," I add, even though nobody asked me.

Suddenly it occurs to me that this story is also just right for *my* topic... I feel as if this story was sent to me from Shamayim to remind me how much you have to flee from bearing *lashon hara*, like the juicy story I was planning right now to go and hear—

Afterwards, when Bentzie calls and reminds me to come over, I apologize that I really cannot just then. Bentzie is sure that I mean I can't leave the house. He doesn't know that I really mean that I cannot bring myself to a place that I actually need to run away from...

I continue sitting on the couch. The bowl is empty of grapes and my heart is also a little empty. I know that I did the right thing by not going to Bentzie, but, still, I can't help feeling that I lost out...

Just then, Abba

walks in. He's come home early because he wants to go to Bubby and Zeidy and build their *succah*. Uncle Elchanan says that today he has time, and if they work together, the *succah* will go up quickly and easily. "Want to come?" he asks, and doesn't even wait for an answer. Of course I want to! A private trip with Abba, plus a visit with Bubby and Zeidy, and yet to build the *succah*—

Good thing I didn't go to Bentzie. I gained a special experience.

And I also gained a sort of smile from Shamayim, a smile that will give me the strength to be *misgabeh*



Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes
 Call number: 072-337-2212



ANSWERING K'HALACHAH

G. BERNFELD

THE KIDS' SUCCAH

The children in building 8 are planning to build a "kids' succah" in the parking area behind their building. Avrumy wants to include Dovid, from the next building.

"Why do you need that annoying Dovid?" Motty objects. To persuade Avrumy, he adds: "If you would only know how that Dovid talks about you behind your back, you'd agree with me..."



Look up refer Chulitz Chaim, Hilechos Rechilus, K'fal Aleph, Seif Beis, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33. Listen to a question based on the story, and choose an answer. 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.



that's what we want you to tell Mishmeres HaSholom about, if you agree."

I thought for a second (sometimes I manage to do that), for four seconds (that's already very rare).

"I want... to try!" I said. "Lots of things happen to me on the way. For example, yesterday, Ima sent me to the store, and I wanted to buy everything that she asked for. Ima wanted 'frozen broccoli and cauliflower.' But there was no chance I'd remember such long words. I broke them up into pieces, and when I got to the store, I said to myself: 'Broc-coli, broc-coli.' One worker who passed by said that I'm in a plain grocery store. For medicines to treat 'e-coli' I'd have to look in a drugstore. I turned red from embarrassment and my freckles jumped... I wanted to ask the worker why he's listening in to what I'm saying to myself: it's not his business. But, then, I thought how nice it was. This worker had so much to do, and even so, he took the trouble to listen to what I was saying and direct me to the right place."

"Stories like that?" I asked the person from Mishmeres HaSholom. "Stories where you look at things with an *ayin tovah*?"

"For example," they confirmed. "Want to try? What do you say? Should we try?"

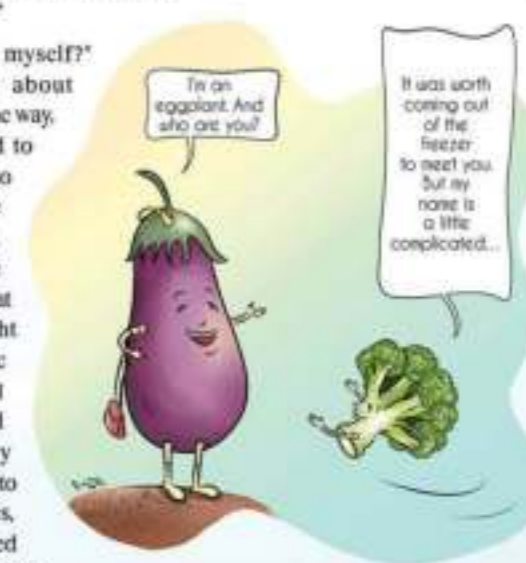
straight path!" I guess he noticed that today, my shoelace was not a tangle of threads.

Hey, "the straight path"! That reminds me of the telephone call I started telling you about.

After they asked to speak with Rav Kasriel, and I told them that I don't *rav* - fight, that is (except maybe with the shoelace...) - they insisted that they're looking for a regular boy. The kind who falls and gets up and tries his best and knows what kids are about. A boy who can tell some stories about himself and maybe teach other kids about "straight paths."

"Just about myself?" I asked. "Or about everything on the way, too?" I wanted to ask if I could also talk about the cockroaches, the stones, the purple balls that I once thought were exotic fruits (that I could sell and make money on). On my way to different places, I've encountered lots of interesting things. It was important to know if I'd be allowed to talk about them, too, or just about me. Because talking about myself would take maybe two lines, and they wanted a bunch of chapters.

"About everything along the way, definitely," the voice on the other end of the line replied. "The way is the most interesting story, and



YONASAN AND THE BIRDS

Yonasan is **big**. He goes with Ima to shul on Rosh Hashanah, holding a **pekala** full of nosh.

Ima sits in the yard, near the **round** windows of the shul, so she can hear the **tefillos**, and Yonasan tries not to bother her. He hears the Chazan's voice **rilling**. Meanwhile, he puts a **little** hand into the bag in order to take out a **long** piece of bamba, but the bamba slips out and **falls** on the floor.

Suddenly a **little** bird comes, **jumps**, and catches the bamba with its **long** beak. But then other **small** and **large** birds come and start **FIGHTING** with the **little** bird. They want to grab the bamba from her.

It's not nice to **FIGHT!** - he wants to **SHOUT** at the birds. Too bad they don't understand.

And how about him? Is that how he looks, too, when he **FIGHTS** with his sisters, Shuly and Estie??





WHEN THE LIST GOES FOR A WALK

Supermarket shopping is one of my least favorite chores: The long lines, the hustle and bustle, the piles on the shelves... Even so, my mother asks that I should try to do it without complaining.

Last Monday, too, I was asked to undertake this task. On the way there, I thought to myself that it's not so terrible, and that the better I get at it, the easier it becomes. But when I wanted to start filling up my shopping cart, I discovered that the list was not in my pocket...

Oof! What do I do now? Go home? Too far. Borrow a cell phone and write down everything Ima or one of my siblings dictates to me? Ugh, I didn't have the strength for it. It was a long list, and I'd need to look for paper and pen. I decide to try and manage without it. Actually, the lists pretty much repeat themselves. Maybe I could reconstruct it from memory?

It wasn't so simple. I found myself standing opposite the shelves and debating again and again: White sugar or brown sugar? How many bottles of soft drink? Does Ima want me to buy nosh for Shabbos already, or is it liable to get finished too soon? Which rice does Ima prefer?

I circulated from place to place, beginning to understand that I'd have no choice but to get hold of the list.

Suddenly I saw a familiar little boy: Yankie Mendelson, my friend Meir's younger brother. Nice! He already does the shopping himself! Hey, wait. The light blue paper in his hand was also familiar. Very familiar. Could it be the lost list?

I approached him. "Shalom!" I said. "Know

who I am?"

"Yes!" he replied confidently. "You're Meir's classmate, right?"

"Right! Tell me, this list... eh... did you find it somewhere?"



Yankie blushed and looked embarrassed. "I... forgot our list at home. I found this list on the floor and thought I could use it. After all, all families buy the same things, more or less, don't they?"

I burst out laughing. A child's logic... It was so funny! In my imagination, I already pictured myself standing

in class, surrounded by friends and describing colorfully: "What could I do? Hang up a sign? 'Lost: Supermarket shopping list, written in green ink on light blue paper. Whoever finds it, please return to...' - Here, everyone was supposed to laugh. I continued the scenario: "And then, Meir, I saw your brother Yankie holding the list. He's so cute! He explained innocently that he'd forgotten his list and thought it wouldn't hurt to use the list he'd found. A smart kid, no?"

I came back to earth. Yankie was standing there, even more embarrassed than before. "Do you think that my idea didn't make sense?"

"It shows good thinking and interesting initiative, but still, not all shopping carts fill

up with the same items. I imagine that your mother wouldn't be so happy that..."

"You're right," he agreed. "Is this your list?"

"Yes, it must have fallen out of my pocket..."

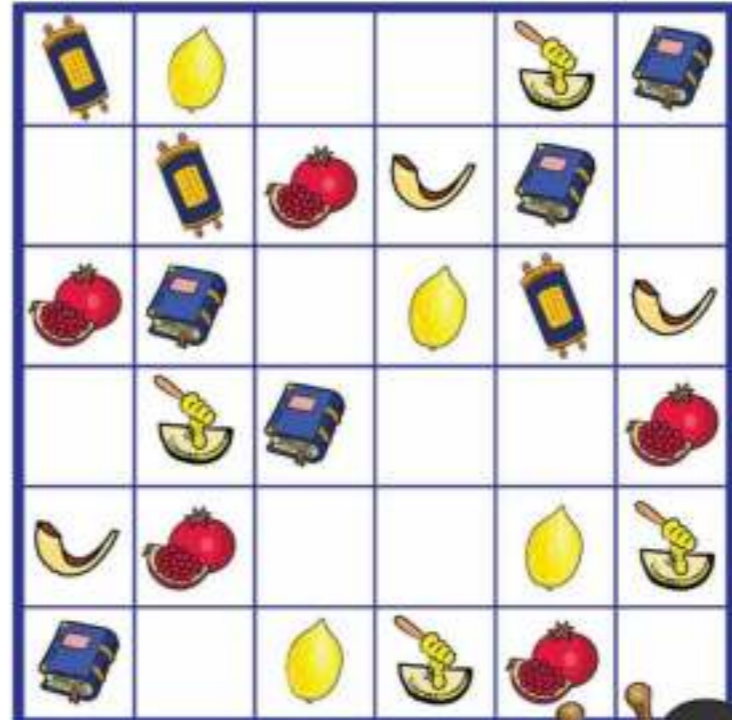
"So, here. And you can take the shopping cart, too. I already put in half of the items on the list. It'll save you work and time."

I was really impressed by him. Such maturity and good-heartedness. Even when troubled by an annoying problem, he still was open to thinking about the next person. That was the moment I dropped all of my imaginings and decided to keep this charming story to myself. To Yankie, I just said: "Thank! It's very nice of you, and... would you like me to help you borrow a phone and call home?"



RAFFLE WINNERS FOR THE PUZZLE SECTION:
GILI AND TAHILA SCHWARTZ, BETT SHEMESH

DRAWING THE CHAGIM



Below are six pictures connected to the month of Tishrei. Put the pictures in the empty circles so that each picture appears only once in every row and every column.



Send solutions to Mishmeres HaShalom
11 Sdei Chemed St. Jerusalem or fax: 02-650-6107
Raffles follow the protocol at Mishmeres HaShalom offices. Winners will be informed

Name:

Address:

Phone: City:



Our good wishes to the thousands who got chizuk on-

Shalom Hour

Thank you for all the warm feedback. B'ezras Hashem we'll keep treating you to more campaigns!

Names of the raffle winners:

NAME OF WINNER:	CITY:	PRIZE:
Chana Miriam Ben Shalom	Elad	Walkie Talkie
Hadassah Odesaer	Yerushalayim	Bookstore credit
Yehudis Rubin	Yerushalayim	Drone
Shalom Aminu	Bnei Brak	Drone
Gavriel Fink	Ashdod	Bookstore credit
Yehudis Yisraeli	Yerushalayim	Electronic monopoly
Yehuda Rabi	Yerushalayim	Playmobil Police
Yossie Friedman	Ashdod	Drone
Leah Blitrit	Bnei Brak	Drone
Efrat Batat	Beitar	Bookstore credit
Kadoshi family	Beitar	Drone
David Turchin	Yerushalayim	Drone
Ita'e Kopshitz	Yerushalayim	Drone
Tzofia Batat	Beitar	Splendo
Smicha Bunim Bustin	Bet Shemesh	Drone
Sara Shraga	Beitar	Splendo
Nechama Kletzkin	Brachfeld	Bookstore credit
Yisrael Meir Cohen	Brachfeld	Drone
Miriam Zlotnik	Bet Shemesh	Bookstore credit
Meir Schwartz	Arad	Dixet
Lifkowitz family	Bnei Brak	Dixet
Nechama Margules	Kiryat Sefer	Catan
Sara Karolitz	Bet Shemesh	Catan
Chedva Ozeri	Yerushalayim	Bookstore credit
Rivka Weisel	Rehovot	Bookstore credit
Yael Kankazil	Holon	Splendo
Charlie Bonfield	Ofakim	Splendo
Yisrael Friedman	Chatzor	Watch
Tzviki Levin	Beitar	Watch

You can still hear the broadcasts on the Shalom Hotline:
072-3372212 Ext. 36

Controlled

EXPLOSION

Summary:
Alexander, a boy from the area of the Chernobyl explosion, comes to Erez Yisrael to the home of Meir, an only child. His father has remained in Russia and researches the consequences of the explosion in the nuclear reactor.
A fight rages in the class between Meir, Alexander's host, and Asher, whose father is Russian-speaking. Alexander is torn between the two.

Written by B. Halevi
Illustrated by C. Chusid

4

