

# קשמדה

7000 Mishpachas  
Mishpacham Magazine

KISLEV 5783 • 194

מוסיף והולך



For six years, they managed a flourishing business together. For six years, they were considered a success story, starting a successful enterprise and a place of honor in the MKS. And suddenly...

04

Sometimes, I conclude the conversation with a passed hot smile and with composed phrases, and I return to the kitchen, sometimes, simply a little drunk. It's a mission, the "CEO" has already ended the work.

06

A fascinating interview with Yehia, who is blind from birth, but manages to see the good and the light in everything.

08



# A Word from

**I** was at a wedding recently. I wanted the beautiful family at the high point of the reception, all well-dressed and looking dancing and prancing (in pictures and my heart) and I know (that's not to know about the difficult feelings) involving under the surface... Or the dance it seems so perfect. I thought to myself: The day that made it is so charged and full of anger.

**Baron Reider:** In thirteen months, we were asked to read the path of wisdom of the Torah Devarim. Then we were inspired to see the names of Moshe's 12 tribes. Now we've come to the stage of 'beaten' in our own lives. 'Beaten' is a translation of the Order of Life. Together we will go through the different cycles that surround us and see how we can take what we learned and implement it in life itself.

The closer we are to the family circle, the more important something is, the more effort we need to put into it. Specifically, because families are so close, at least they experience unpleasant engagements. But when you try to do so, you judge the matter who speaks her choice, when you try to get into the shoes of the other person who doesn't come to family events when you remember that when you're at the wedding, her life appears beautiful and smooth. You can never know what she is really struggling with - then everything looks different.

**Reider's Challenge:** Before you start with frustration or a conversation, you must have the effort of a laborer: that's putting one board alongside the next and creating a straight wall. When a board has a bump (that bothers him, he's not sitting it down, but if that doesn't work, he uses a tool to create an indentation in the first board, so that the one with the bump goes in and they connect nicely. The conclusion? Sometimes we see someone behaving himself in a way that is not understandable to us, even outrageous. Instead of getting angry and resentful, we need to create an 'indentation' in the heart to contain this difference.

In the family, and especially within the home, it is more difficult, but also more important. A good solution is simply to talk - to have a platform, to have conversation and to try to bridge the gaps. Sometimes, the other side has absolutely no clue of our feelings, and one sentence can avert a major confrontation. You need to explain and to talk, not to remain silent and see your heart melt.

I also recommend dancing together within the family. It is very important if you have a family phone line, add a daily show in a similar fashion. When people are 'beaten' together, this brings them closer.

*Baron Reider*

**1800-800-779**  
 תלמידי חסידים  
 תלמידי חסידים  
 תלמידי חסידים  
 תלמידי חסידים  
 תלמידי חסידים



**משמרת השלום**

**Main office:**  
 11 Seder Chabad St. Jerusalem  
**Telephone: 02-537-9160**  
 טל: 02-537-9160  
**Email: [info@shalom.org](mailto:info@shalom.org)**  
 פקס: 02-537-9161

**For donations and to submit names:**  
**1800-800-779**

Call toll-free to 1800-800-779 Jewish (Israel) and around the world, in Hebrew, English and Yiddish. To encourage and provide services, classes, free tuition, and to help with donations to others.

 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160
 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160

# מבשר שלום




**כל ישראל חברים**

*לשמוע את כל ישראל חברים*



**מוסיף והולך**

*ממשיך להוסיף את כל ישראל חברים*



**נר לאחד נר למאה**

*לשמוע את כל ישראל חברים*



**Ask the Rav**  
 Rav Haim Hager  
 012-337-2212

# Ask the Rav



**Question:** In the office when I work, we deal with clients on the phone. By the nature of things, some clients are more bothersome and I sometimes speak about those clients in an uncomplimentary tone with my co-workers. We don't intend that to denigrate the client's status, only his conduct towards us.

**Answer:** I would point out that most of our clients don't belong to our sector, don't live in our city, and there's no chance we'll ever get to know them. From our perspective - they are like 'numbers'. Even the ones who do live in our sector - we don't know at all, and we're permitted to talk about them.

**Question:** Before discussing the question, we must preface. The questioner themselves as possible reasons for letters - most of our clients don't belong to our sector. There's no chance we'll ever get to know them etc. We've explained previously that as long as the letterer could verify with the subject, the report is generally considered a fact. Therefore these reasons do not permit anything. The questioner also writes: 'We don't intend that to denigrate the client's status, only his conduct towards us.' This sentence is meaningless, since we are speaking about the objectionable behavior of this client.

As to the question itself, from the words of the questioner it seems that all the staff members are familiar with the bothersome clients' conduct and, at times, they speak about them, disparage them and laugh when relating their behavior. Theoretically, one might say that since everyone already knows what is being said, this is not lashon hora, just as there is sometimes a 'dover' to speak about very well-known things. On the other hand, there is obvious concern that, while speaking, they will add commentary - such as saying that the annoying behavior flows from egoism or egotism - and thereby violate the issue of lashon hora. Even without this consideration, if their intention is to disparage these clients, there are grounds to prohibit it. (See Sh"t on Eilat) Seder of Seder 50 and see Simcha Chaim and Seder Avner 51.)

Therefore, it appears that the questioner and the staff should refrain from such discussions. If the subject comes up, they can walk the shomer Hashem would give you strength and guidance to get through this wayward path.

**Question:** I sell a certain product at a relatively high price (as the product is of substantially higher quality than a similar product on the market). The raw materials are much better and the product is larger and more impressive. When I'm asked by customers about the high price, I mention the price of my product but do not emphasize the minutes of the cheaper item. Is this a problem of lashon hora?

**Answer:** If the questioner is really careful not to mention the minutes of the cheaper item and only explains that her product is bigger, from better materials and higher quality, etc., and that's why the price is higher - this is permitted. Even if she emphasizes that more work is put into her product, as compared to other similar items, but does not specify their weak points - it may still be permitted.

But if she says that the other products on the market are defective in quality or in the materials - that would be prohibited.

**Question:** I participated in an annual event where the playing the music and all of the conduct was not to our liking. After the event, I shared with my married daughter the pain I felt at the occasion. Was this comment permissible?

**Answer:** From the questioner's words, it appears that the dancing, music, etc. were not in the spirit of Torah hashkafah. Therefore, not only was it permissible to tell the daughter about the pain she felt at the occasion, it was a mitzvah for her to complain about this behavior, as so to reach her daughter and all of the other children not to do the same. When doing so, the questioner must emphasize that even though it is prohibited to speak lashon hora, still, in this case, there is actually a mitzvah to speak up so as to keep others from behaving this way, as explained in Seder Chofetz Chaim 54 55.

**כרכות שתפא**  
**תלמידי חסידים**

**לתרומות והקדשות:**  
**1-800-800-779**

 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160	 תלמידי חסידים 02-537-9160
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

**ראיתם 'שעות בזכות השלום? שתפו ב'קו השלום' 012-3372212 (שתחוה 22)**

**1 Yehuda Minski St. Ramah Bet Bet Shemesh**

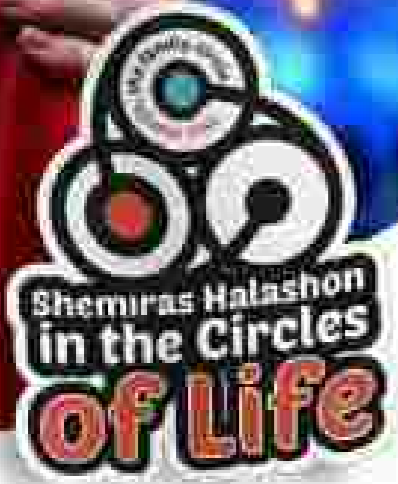
**לשמוע את כל ישראל חברים**

**1800-800-779**



RACHEL T.

# PEACE for the Show



Small drops of life stream from the TV bag and make their way through a film into a lava world. Book pressure and oxygen levels sink on the screen. From both sides of the bed, Tirza and Yocheved's eyes radiate worry while their faces attempt to broadcast "business as usual."

Ima's condition is not simple. They must not add even a trace of sorrow or worry to her. They have to continue the show of peace and harmony acting as if they are the most loving sisters in the world.

When, in fact, they are so far from it—

Yocheved: "You're starting to put on weight, Ima." Tirza updates her hair voice as cheery as the car massage. "B'ezem Akshem! For the hair mitzvah, you'll already be thin." Somehow she has to get through this pre-hat hour with Yocheved, until the van arrives to take her home.

A gasp lights up in the eyes of the elderly Saira. A smile illuminates the wrinkles. "I remember when he was born... she says with a grandmotherly look. "It was three months after Yocheved's Leizer and we said they could be friends."

"And they really are friends." Yocheved interposes, allowing Yocheved to diffuse the bump

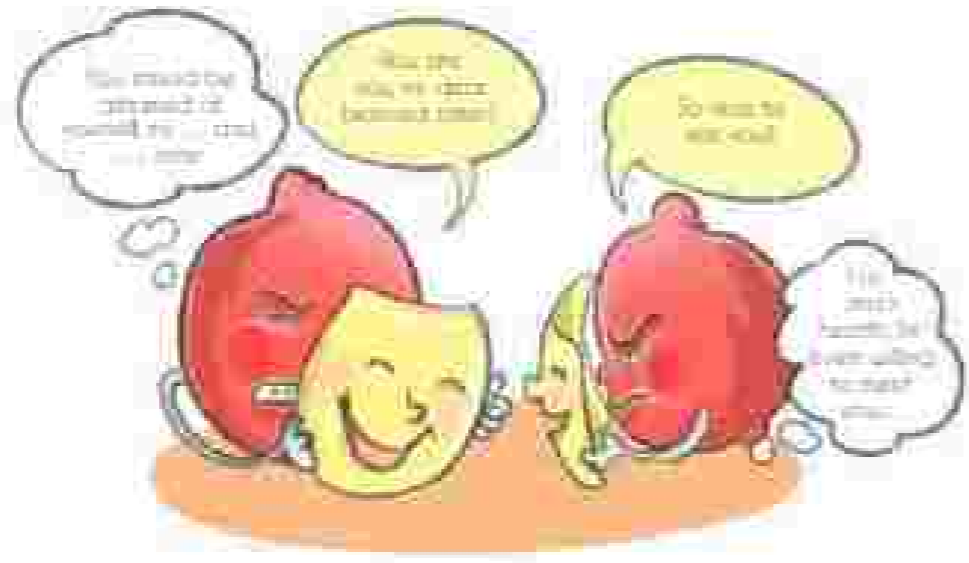
of anger boiling in her throat and releasing instead a smile that tries hard to look relaxed. For her too, these minutes of head-on encounter with her sister Tirza, from both sides of the bed, are a nightmare. "You know Ima, next year they'll be learning Yiddish in the same yeshiva."

A young nurse who walks into the room at that moment interrupts the conversation. She checks the vital signs, adds medication to the IV. Tells them that a CT will be done the next morning. She doesn't pick up on the electric currents passing over the bed between the two beloved daughters.

Outside Room 13, in the endless corridors of

the hospital, Tirza will never not allow herself to let off steam. Ima absolutely must not know even a fraction of what is going on between them. Her condition is to fragile—

And inside Yocheved's series of careful that Ima shouldn't notice her sigh of relief at her beloved's sisters departure, she straightens out the blanket. Intense with Ima is a recorded show, *Angewandte Psychologie*, talks a bit about the permits they're supposed to be getting from the municipality for the apartment expansion project and desperately hopes that Ima won't start asking about the business - her business in partnership with Tirza.



The business that used to be in partnership. For six years, they managed a flourishing rental government business - together for six years (they were considered a success story). They acquired a sanitized clientele and earned a place of honor in the field. And suddenly, it all emptied, scattering drops of mud in every direction. The room that had been turned into a shop was attached to Tirza's apartment so she inherits the "booi" and decision maker. Yocheved who was the "money man" on the spot and was a pro at giving personal advice and warm attention to every client.

Insisted on getting at least fifty percent of the merchandise with the notion of opening her own business. In the midst of the heated argument and the storm of expositions - their mother's condition suddenly declined, and she underwent a complex emergency operation.

Regarding one point, Tirza and Yocheved were in full agreement: Ima must not know a single word about their game.

They made a superhuman effort to swallow the anger and resentment, over the five years in their hearts, and not allow it even a narrow sliver of escape.

Ima had always wanted to see them living in peace and harmony, and now, when she was about to be kicked out, she must see them like that.

Ima comes to Yocheved's bed miraculously to a wheelchair, looking weak and pained, but surrounded by a loving circle of warm, smiling family. The nurse gives her strength. Yocheved grasps her neck, dresses her children in respectable Sabbath clothing, wears a big smile on her face, and comes, she knows that she needs to put on a good act for the next few hours to play the role of deranged, happy sister on the day of her sibling's smicha. To watch the girl challenging with their cousins, not imagining what a chain separated the two mothers. To forget about all the good arguments she has against her sister's way of doing things. To set aside the melange of feelings fermenting within.

Because Ima's life depends on it.

At the head table sits Tirza's Yoni, the one who will be learning together with her Leizer

next year. They are so happy - two cousins who grew up together and would also be learning in the same yeshiva, not imagining what was rumbling beneath the surface.

Because Yocheved must not know even a suspect that something is afoot—

**OUTSIDE ROOM 13, IN THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS OF THE HOSPITAL, SHE STILL DOES NOT ALLOW HERSELF TO LET OFF STEAM. IMA ABSOLUTELY MUST NOT KNOW EVEN A TRACE OF WHAT IS GOING ON BETWEEN THEM.**

Yocheved, one child, storm, day after another, complex operation and an infection that allowed no sign of relief. In typical of the massive doses of medication that were injected intravenously into the weak, emaciated body.

Ima quietly slips out of the world of falsehood. Her mechanism rises up, leaving two daughters who were once loving sisters and almost two dozen grandchildren mourning her departure.

The two sisters stand at the fresh grave, tears on their faces. They've lost a mother and that is an unbearable loss at any age. But beyond that, they are also very confused and frightened.

Because they feel... that the solid ground which stood under their feet until now compelling them to continue the big performance - was no more. And what now? Actually, now they could fight openly, no longer remained to restrain themselves and hide their lips to conceal their antagonism. The one they were hiding it from was gone—

Eastern, a mix of men, including of course, the two sons-in-law, husbands of Tirza and Yocheved.

Tirza looks out from behind the screen of tears and thinks about the last few months of stifled flames and smoke. Months of cooking a meal for Ima's table, and mindlessly she thinks of everything they gained. The husbands who continue steaming together every day. What would have been had they... had they not remained steam?

Similar thoughts run through Yocheved's mind. Yocheved and Leizer are so happy together in yeshiva. The other cousins also continue to be friends. A beautiful, united family that was liable to have been smashed, torn in two, if...

Their eyes meet. Tears touch tears.

And, as always, they understand each other without saying a word.

And they feel that yes, they have the strength

to continue. Not a shadow for show. Stealin for real.

Ima isn't in the world anymore, but she is glaring at them from above.

She always yearned for them to live in love and camaraderie, and now, too, she continues to glare and ask to gesture to them and bring them the blessings of Shalom.



**Hagan Rav Aviva Weiser שליטה**, from the rabbanai Beis HaChochma of Nishchures HaSholem.

We frequently encounter quarrels within the family - between parents and children, between siblings, between families-in-law and others-in-law, quarrels at different levels. After clarifying and hearing the details, we find that in almost every case it would have been possible to do so either amicably if the other would have invested a bit of thought, worked on understanding the other person's feelings, tried to get into his shoes and meet him halfway. Even after the fact, broken out and the small family disagreement has turned into a fight, it is still possible to extinguish the flames and ease out the difficulties, if there is good will and the other are forthcoming. It is very painful to see cases where people are mistaken as to their position and refuse to give up on anything, and then the fire consumes their entire family... It is hard to even describe what terrible damage is caused by a smoldering fire that breaks out within a family. We encounter serious cases where things run out of control, where the children also get involved in the issue and mix into the pot of anger and resentment, even though it is not connected to them at all, and it is unnecessary to expound on the damage that results.

Let's be wise and look to the future. Let's not allow the flames of quarrels to burn our families' shalom.





# Turning Off the Darkness



70 planned to conduct the conversation with Avia from Yerusaleim, in the course of a long interview his wife. The bus was headed towards evening was mostly empty. I seated myself in comfort and pulled out the page of questions I prepared and my writing device. But then this one which I hadn't thought of. For some reason the lighting

inside the bus wasn't working. "Sweet no way I can read or write in this darkness" I said to myself. "I'll have to push off the interview to another day" suddenly I gazed how ahead the bus in the spite of the darkness... that I should but the darkness in my eye. But before I could think towards the eyes, still it as a steady computer and orange is lit it with lot of light...

Avia, blind from birth, talks quietly at the "Chateau" in Yerusaleim, who is surrounded by friends and busy with attachment and bubbles, giving the present and giving and helping at home. "You I just and eat vegetables, take cookies and more..." agreed to submit this interview in class for Chanukah, the date characterized by a week light, since the bus suddenly had not worked out, we arranged to meet again, but this time also the phone.

Avia, do you go to school, prepare homework and study for tests, like everyone else?

"Yes I do. The just like the other kids in my class. You can hear Avia's voice over the phone too. There's no one real difference - my friends were used to a notebook and I type their text a computer connected to a special keyboard that acts like I type the words. That way I can read what I wrote myself, and study for tests."

What does this give you any communication in schoolwork?

"Yes of all. I have a "teacher" who helps me," Avia explains. "She types the handouts for me and getting them to books. I answer more exams myself and you, sometimes they give me a little extra confidence. And of course, I have lots of friends who are just waiting for the opportunity to help me." Avia sounds so friendly and sensible that I can definitely understand why she knows like her so much.

"The teachers are fantastic!" she continues. "I've been interested that are for me, and I understand that sometimes it's hard for them to manage a class like ours. But they require they continue, and because that one like me, sometimes they don't know exactly how to deal with me, and I feel that they get me. That's really important. I want to emphasize to everyone, anyone who reads me or

comes across another blind person - I am not like that. I'm equal. I can do the same things as you do. You need to see that blind people as you do with everyone else. A blind person is a regular human being." Avia sounds very sure of that when saying. You certainly can be surprised.

Do you also participate in the extra-curricular activities in school - trips, workshops?

"Yes I love some things people just or my own choice. I understand the games. Then we go to a mall, the teachers usually try to persuade me to join on the bus because it's not allowed to me but I refuse to refuse the idea. And then the teachers see that I'm right," she laughs. "The idea that legs and legs are belonging to people, those eyes can see."

SHR: I don't give up, I try to deal with the games of difficulty. But Avia's smile transcends every obstacle.

"It's all thanks to my amazing family," she says. "It's my parents and also the school spirit... But because my mother Sarah, I have an amazing emotional family. She has seen me for the longest. They help me when I need help and come with me to the service programs at "Eidara" the blind girls and a "Chavrusa Chava" the disabled girls. It's always fun to be with my Sarah's cousin."

All times, is still trying to do you need your family's help? For example, can you prepare yourself a cup of coffee?

Avia laughs. "I don't even like coffee. So if you mean to say if I can use an electric one and pour myself hot water that you, definitely, I am very independent. I can read and write for myself, sometimes in the house itself and I can make a good one. Oh... that's missing coffee. I prefer to ask my dear mother to help, I don't like

to talk about...  
"I have a little school that my parents arranged for me and I come home by bus. This Friday, I usually visit you here, because they are always with me, they're so helpful to me."

Do you ever help them too, in whatever way you can?

Avia smiles broadly. "My mother loves a bit. She can communicate in general, sometimes. But still, she is willing to say a little. I don't think that I can be of any help, most in the area of learning, but like that you know, as there are many capabilities that that help's going through, and I know how to help them, it's a gift."

"I studied with this one for an entire year, because I can't say you that you like helping, coming and giving, but I know that you have a better idea of how to help me to pass the program and instead of being a student."

Before I get goodbye to Avia, I ask her one more question: how do you feel about the fact that you need to have the same main we become that today I read on the old television screen at the top. I go off that one of my friends and the other the continued on the bus, after we've gotten off they heard the famous thing

about that saying something: "Tom... what a special gift... and how far we really think about... Of course they talked to us, what that says to them?"

After this story, I feel compelled to give the readers an important message:

Avia's words back to something that has made her life and her world. "People who are on the same, with my job, and they to help I want to help them. They way to explain or guide is help, but as a blind person this is learning to get around on my own. It just continues the way everyone is continuing..."

Avia from this, Avia explains her impression, because that happened recently: "A little ago, when he was at the bus, he was blind and my friends got up to give him help to come home. I didn't get up. It's dangerous for me to take someone's hand. I have a special gift to me, being sighted. I can see ahead of myself. The bus got up for an older woman. My friends had to explain what he did and they to give the blind person help. But Avia's wish for good things, doesn't stop there. "Being able to help other people is important. That's I go off the bus, I pushed it out of my mind."

Because that the heart is full of light, the light shines in the dark.

 Avia wants to remind us that you hear me word "light". For the light doesn't have the connotation of someone or daylight, because inside are things I don't know in my perception, light is joy and good, calm and peace-making.

**משתתפים**  **מקדו**

# Celebrating Chanukah with "Mishpachanukah"

A project of Mishmeres HaSholom

This year, at your Chanukah party, enjoy a fascinating, interactive trivia game, in which each of the participants is an inseparable part of the experience.

Your personal cell phone turns into a sophisticated clicker and enables you to participate in this innovative, exciting, and informative game!



Invite your family - the more the merrier - because this year, you're going to enjoy yourselves like never before!

Call the Shalom Hotline **072-337-2212** ext. 7, now and start playing

# פדתי הקשורת



**Question:** My little brother, who is about a year old, cries and kvetches a lot, turns the house upside down, and always wants someone to hold him. Is it okay for me to tell this to my friend, or is it *lashon hara*?

**Answer:** As we've written previously in this column, as long as

the behavior is normal and acceptable for children – there is no *issur* in telling others about it. Therefore, even when the child in question cries more than the usual, still, since this is common among children, there is no *issur* in talking about it. *Ezras Hashem*, when the child grows up, his wonderful *middos* will come through.



Minister  
I don't know what  
children's work  
was used to that  
time and I remember  
it as always from  
what I heard and  
read.

It's Thursday night in the Yeshiva. The side room starts filling up. In another few moments another is due to beg in for a group of *bachshim*. The *bach* Yehuda Riggoo Rik Chaim Pinchas Schneberg has already come in and taken his seat preparing to speak. At that moment one of the *bachshim* straightens out his table with a slight shove and Rik Schneberg's fingers get caught between the two heavy tables. The Rik sustains a strong blow, but the *bachsh* doesn't even notice what happened. For a fraction of a second, shock grips the boys sitting around the Rik.

The next moment they notice that Rik Chaim Pinchas has concealed his injured finger under the table and is bustling so that everybody is remain quiet. Not to say a single word to that *bachsh*. And the *shmir* begins. Later in the *shmir* when, in the heat of the Torah discussion, the Rik pulls his hand out from under the table, the attentive see that the finger is blue from the impact of the blow. Yet, he doesn't say a word, not even let a sigh escape, so as not to hurt that *bachsh*.

From the book *Megalei Chochmas*



"We have to teach them a lesson! Twenty against one-faced boys from grade 4-5 flooded in the yard behind the school."

"We can't just let something like this go by without reacting!" Right, we need to get them back, as they deserve! The voices get louder and louder.

An autumn gust tossed about the playful autumn leaves, but the boys of 4-5 in the corner of the yard didn't even notice.

For three long weeks, they'd studied for this test. Hours and hours of effort and hard work. In one in the end, their class, too, had gotten the big prize that the principal had promised. But it was Yehud Chaim's idea to give it, and the boys from 4-5 were really getting the whole class (that the boys of 4-5 don't deserve the prize, and that the principal had given it to them only out of pity) when they'd simply – simply –

Only Eliezer remained silent. He didn't join the noisy discussion or contribute any ideas and suggestions.

And it was so strange. Because Eliezer was usually the first one to speak up in the class. He took the lead in every discussion. So what happened today?

There's –

Again and again, there's was breaking into the shop –

Valuable merchandise was disappearing from the shelves, money was vanishing from the cash register. And the police, a Chassidic *levi* who had been running the neighborhood shop in the center of the Jewish quarter of Lod for years, was angry as a bull.

There were raising havoc in the shop. Right, all day long.

clever thieves who managed to break in without leaving a lock. So the rich, colorful Chief had turned up his hand in a bid.

The shop owner had a handsome, smiling customer, and a smiling, white-bearded young man too, his father's doctor, he suggested. That fit every of the shop every night to stare at the thief.

"How! It's a true story!" Twenty boys surrounded Eliezer who was sitting on the fence. "Absolutely true. My Leivik heard the story from his grandfather in Yeshiva and this Drabner, he told it to me."

That night the doctor came to the shop to spend the night. He missed his *chamisha*. So he got into a four in the morning so they could start together before dawn's *hamikin*.

It was a quiet night. The thiefes didn't dare to get close to the shop.

The *levi* Rik too, didn't have the sense to enter. The two boys sat and learned with *bravodoo* *lamnatah* in the pre-dawn hours, and when it was time for *shmita* *hamikin*, they took their *shmita* and went to sleep.

So it went every night.

But one night, the *levi* was especially nervous and when the time came to go to *hamikin* the meeting call wasn't suddenly clear to the two *chamisha*. And so they remained in their *Genivas* forgetting about the world. Finally their eyes lit up in comprehension. They'd managed to get to the bottom of the topic – but it was quite late.

"Remember, you sleep! Now, talk!" That was the welcome they got.



one of the *magalim* on the streetfront of the shulchan. "Gosh, you know that if you get in *shulchan* on time, you need to get up earlier!" His voice (not just because he was a *levi* representing *levi* look added emphasis to the words.

It was quiet in the corner of the yard. All eyes were focused on Eliezer, who now got to the door of the story.

The two boys could have given that man a good talking-to. They could have told him that he had no right to give them *musar* when all when he was still asleep in his bed they were already woken and learning with full energy. But they preferred to remain silent. And many years later, when *shulchan* became a well-known *Magalich* – by the name of Rik-Gad Eliezer? – in the *Yeshiva* where my Leivik learned he would tell his *chamisha* what *genivas* pleasure he felt after he'd managed to *shmir* himself and remain silent –

None of the boys in class 4-5 ever found out what they'd heard about the parallel class was that *Shulchan* really cared. They decided that it wasn't worth bothering to be the *levi* of remaining silent.



# Encounter at the Bar Mitzvah

At a family Bar Mitzvah, Chaim meets his cousin Eitanah from Haifa. They talk together about Cheder and what they're learning and exchange news. Chaim tells Eitanah about the big symposium they had recently and also about the special meeting scheduled for the following week. And what about Eitanah? Yes, they were also supposed to have an outing, but their whole class was punished and... What is he allowed to talk about the trip that apparently was canceled? Maybe there's a problem of *lashon ha-ra*!



Look up our Chaiya, Chaim, Eitanah, and the other kids and see what you can find out about them. Call 072-317-0111 Ext. 31 and help Eitanah find out what her friend is all about. Thank you so much for all your help. We'll see you again soon!



# Way to Go!



Remember to always be respectful when you speak. Don't talk back or be rude. Be kind and helpful. Be a good friend. Be a good citizen. Be a good person.

You're invited to send us stories suitable for this column: marks 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 this magazine will earn the author a prize.



The idea that was the prize was from Tamar T. Veronikayev

# No Offense

## A Few Words from Hadassah

**What Almost Happened:**  
Just imagine if I'd had no choice but to stand in front of everyone at the Chanukah party and sing my solo... off key... All of the guys would have tried not to burst out laughing and instead they would have laughed to each other in ridicule.

**What Happened in the End:**  
A few steps, a note that I had with me in the group, a girl with such a caring, sensitive heart... and she was smart enough to do it in a dignified way. For me it was a real Chanukah miracle!



"We have exactly nine girls!" Bam our group leader jumps up. That means that in the main song of the choir there will be a solo for every girl.  
"Now!" Seven excited voices answer her. It really is perfect that the number of stanzas in the song is identical to the number of girls in the choir, and if each one gets a solo in one stanza, it will really come out nice.  
"No one has noticed the one voice that was silent."  
"Kodavah."  
"Solo?" That's all she needs. She knows that she can't carry a tune to save her life...  
But no. That cannot seem to understand why she's making problems. What's one little solo sung in front of your own classmates? "Why do you have to make a big deal out of every little thing?"  
The other girls were also irritated. "She's just fishing for attention," they claimed. "She wants to ruin our group's performance."  
"Hey, we're nine girls and that's exactly eight candles and a shamash!" Shulamit suddenly jumps up. "But that shamash has to be different from everyone, so it would be better if we'd sing one stanza all together, right?"  
Shulamit's idea was a big hit. Seven girls agreed to it happily and one girl accepted it with a huge sigh of relief.

Some boys made reminders for themselves: God saves his yarmulke in the right hand. Another ties his shoes a different way. For me, its more complicated. My watch is always wandering and if my shoes are tied at all, its a mess. Its a problem, because I forget a lot and I don't have a way to remind myself. On the other hand when I finally found an excellent reminder - to wear another yarmulke, on top of my regular one - my sister said there's no way I'm leaving the house with a yarmulke cover on my head.  
So I was kind of stressed when I saw my friend David Elitz. I had my eye on the Tere natural food store on the way. Okay, I think Elitz is handsome and he asked me to buy a natural medication.

the bottle out of the box. On the box, and on the label of the bottle, it said: "Your voice is too low please!" I closed my hand tight up, waving the box and the bottle in the salesman's view, so that he'd see the words and not be irritated (in my first place).  
Somebody, at the peak of my voice (I felt an explosion), I looked in wonder at the door and soon understood. My hand, indeed, was totally empty. What was full was the floor around me - full of smooth, brown tablets and shiny transparent shards.

voice inside me and my cheeks burst. "Use a lid without restraint!" I heard further and I didn't know if what I perceived was the negative definition or some glass shard. "Doesn't that... Yash, without limit!" Words ran around in my mind, while my hands tried to carefully collect only pills with Rav Kahana. I could just barely see his face trying to smile at me.  
"Thank you," I said, tense and stammering. "Yeh... eh... I'm just..." I wanted to use one of the words circulating in my mind, so he'd understand what kind of boy I am but then I suddenly remembered what the old man (the

secretly had said - that I'm like his grandson, "a bundle of energy!"  
Right on the way there (I'd sung "Havrei Yashrei Yashrei") I saw, on the way to Uncle Eitanah's house, holding the bag with the pills (I'd collected and paid for) without the bottle, I kept repeating: Bundle Of Energy... Bundle Of Energy... (understood that maybe I should save the shattering for Succos and the Jews) but it's not so certain that I'm bad and wild and lacking so many things. Maybe I chose my arm like that, by mistake because I'm a bundle of energy. So to be a bundle of energy has a lot of advantages.



I tried to stand on one precise floor tile, but while my feet were perfectly aligned in grace (they're moving my head forward, right, left, I hoped the salesman would understand that this was a scandal. True, everyone was waiting patiently, but I... ahem... wasn't. After all, my uncle was waiting for me.  
My head didn't help, not even when my shoulders joined in. The man in front of the tiled staircase asked if I was okay. "In five," I mumbled. So my uncle's voice is not true? That's what I had as the I quickly paid

It was embarrassing even though I'm used to all kinds of affairs" (as he tactfully calls them). First of all because I didn't know yet if I could save the pills from among the piles of guys or if I'd need to pay for a whole new box, and second, because I suddenly glimpsed Rav Kahana, the new chitoch, adviser (in Hebrew bending down to my and help me salvage the pills if I'd known that Rav Kahana was among the people on line, I certainly wouldn't have needed my hands like... like a violin! I thank a

Bundle Of Energy... Bundle Of Energy... (understood that maybe I should save the shattering for Succos and the Jews) but it's not so certain that I'm bad and wild and lacking so many things. Maybe I chose my arm like that, by mistake because I'm a bundle of energy. So to be a bundle of energy has a lot of advantages.  
And so, sitting (full of energy, with pride and without any shame) Rav Kahana) I go to Uncle Eitanah's house. Good words make everything look different, right?





**Summary:**  
 A fight rages in the town between  
 Shmuel's father, Yehonatan, and others  
 whose father speaks Russian.  
 Yehonatan is not, however, the only  
 Shmuel's father in  
 Russia, coming leaving his job as a  
 nuclear scientist. Shmuel's father  
 as the day leads to Shmuel's father  
 and  
 Shmuel's father's job.

# Controlled

## EXPLOSION

ILLUSTRATED BY  
 DR. G. CHAIN

