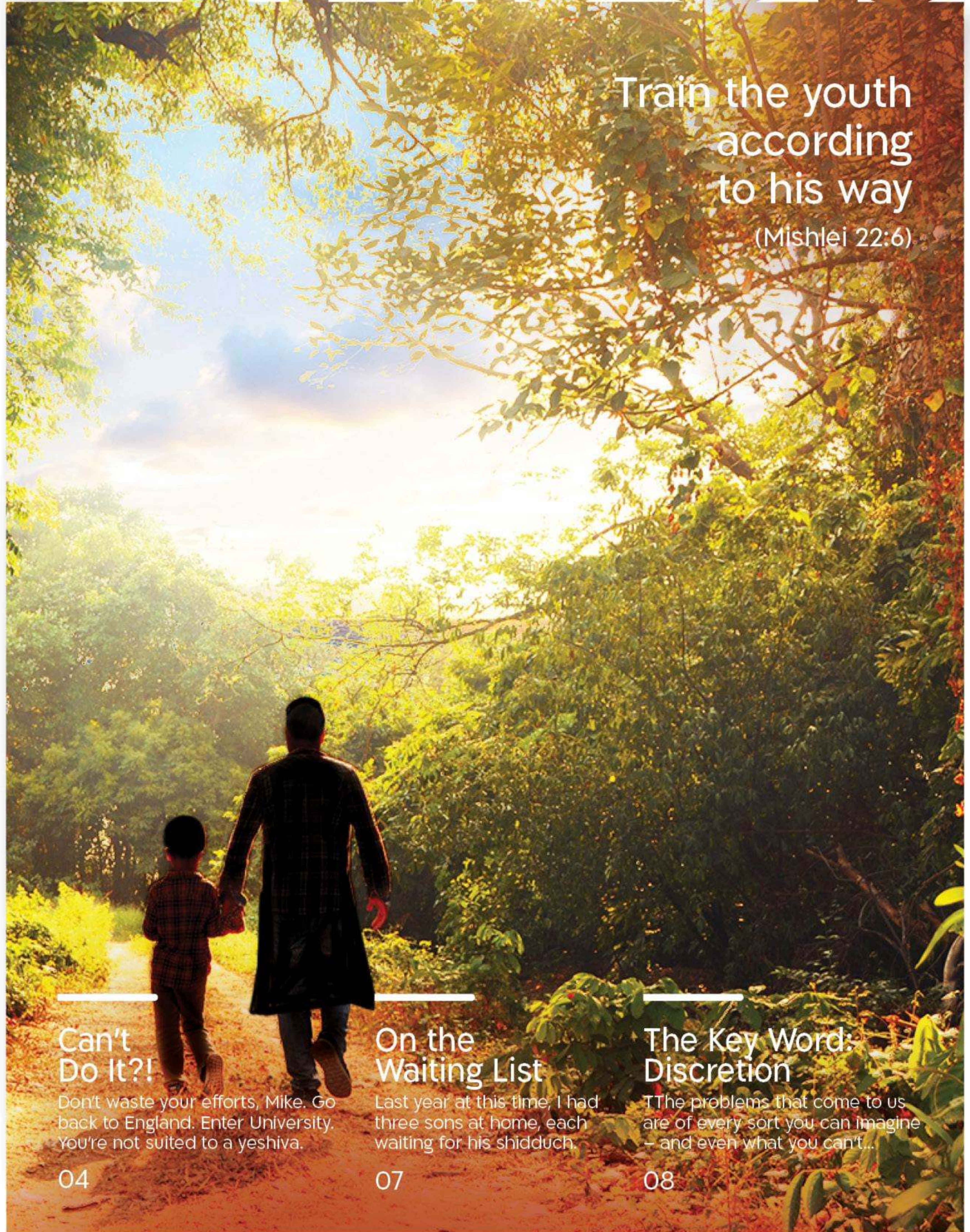


ת"ב, Mishmeres  
HaSholom Magazine  
TAMUZ 5783 • 201

# תורה



Train the youth  
according  
to his way  
(Mishlei 22:6)

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## Can't Do It?!

Don't waste your efforts, Mike. Go back to England. Enter University. You're not suited to a yeshiva.

04

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## On the Waiting List

Last year at this time, I had three sons at home, each waiting for his shidduch.

07

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## The Key Word: Discretion

The problems that come to us are of every sort you can imagine – and even what you can't...

08



# A Word from the Mishmeres

Rebbetzin Wertzberger

# מבשר שלום

Updates from the field



While ago, someone called me and shared with me the difficulties she has with her children. She described how they don't appreciate her hard work; they just grumble and complain. I told her: "I'm not a parenting counselor or an educator, but my heart tells me that the ability to change the situation lies in your hands. You start by changing the language in the house. Speak positively to the children; show genuine, caring interest in them. Compliment them even on small things. *B'eZRas Hashem*, you'll see that they'll reply in the same manner." And it worked! A few weeks later, she came to thank me and report the turnaround that has come over her house.

There's nothing like a personal example as a foundation for our children's *chinuch*. If children see their mother come back from an afternoon at the park or from a family *simchah*, busy "processing" the flaws of everyone she met - they, too will speak *lashon hara* when they come home from school or elsewhere. But if the mother focuses on the positive attributes of the people around her and tries to judge them favorably when something upsetting happens - then even without a word of explanation or effort to be *mechanech*, she is molding the behavior of her children.

Our children are our greatest treasures and their *chinuch* is the supreme goal of every parent. It's no secret that our children spend a great deal of their time in the company of teachers, ganenets, and other educational staff. That's why our positive, respectful attitude towards these people is so important. I once heard a *chashuve rav* speak for parents. He related that his daughter once came back from school and talked about a certain halachah that the teacher had taught in class. "Even though there was a halachic inaccuracy, I decided not to say so to the girl," he continued, explaining that if he would have said to her, "Your teacher made a mistake," this could have led her not to accept anything from this teacher from that point on... So he waited for a suitable opportunity and then cleverly explained to his daughter the halachah in such a case.

Children need to see and hear appreciation of their *mechanchim* in the home. Experienced parents surely know that children like to inflate things and take them out of contexts. You can't and shouldn't always take their reports of "wrongs" committed by rebbis and morahs as absolute truth... And even on the occasions when you decide that you should deal with it - do it gently, with wisdom and respect, and never when the children can hear you...

May we be *zocheh* to see *banim uvnei vanim holchim b'derech Hashem!*

*Sari Wertzberger*

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## Binyan Shaleim - We're On the Way!

Hundreds of reps participated in the first of a series of events in Bnei Brak, marking the launching of the "Binyan Shaleim" project, in collaboration with the local Municipality.

Be'zras Hashem, the second event will take place during the Three Weeks.



## The 'Big Mystery' Campaign

For the new learning cycle beginning 1 Sivan, Sama D'chayei embarked on a wide-range campaign in yeshivas to encourage participation in the daily learning seder. As part of the campaign, teaser ads were posted and a special gift was distributed to thousands of bachurim.



## Distribution of Sefiras Ha'omer Prizes

Thousands of prizes will be distributed b'eZRas Hashem to the children who participated regularly in the Sefiras Ha'omer learning project. The masmidim will get a phone message with distribution information. In addition, during Sefiras Ha'omer, a series of weekly raffles were held for children who listened to the Shalom Hotline learning extension every day. Winners will be informed. (See p. 15).



Beis Hora'ah for shemiras halashon-related questions-  
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# Ask the Rav

Harav Hagoan R' Menachem Mendel Fuchs shlita



## Mentioning a Major Error in the Printing of a Widespread Newspaper

**Question:** I saw a critical error in a well-known newspaper: Beneath the heading of the editorial was a comment the editors had written for themselves that remained and was inadvertently printed... As a professional editor who puts out printed material, and copes with complaints and small errors that happen all the time, I wanted to mention this at our staff meeting, using the name of this "important" newspaper, to show them that "It happens even to the best of us..."

Is this a problem of *lashon hara* about the editorship of the newspaper? After all, the error was printed publicly in thousands of copies...

**Answer:** Since the mistake was printed in a large number of copies and anyone who read that issue immediately noticed the serious error on the part of the editors – it is considered very well-known and there is no prohibition against reporting it, especially in this context, where the speaker does not intend to spread the report in order to disparage the editors of that newspaper, but rather to prove that accidents will happen and the editors do not need to be blamed for such a rare error.

Therefore, the questioner may tell this at her staff meeting, mentioning the name of the newspaper.

## Information about Yeshivas for Guiding Parents

**Question:** I'm involved in educational counseling and guiding parents. In order to place boys in suitable places and to give them appropriate support, I need to verify information on yeshivas, mashgichim, organizations, emotional therapists, and more. I end up building myself a "profile" on every institution and therapist – a profile that includes good points and bad. Here is the big question: How can I manage to leave the negative information doubtful, without believing it to be true and thereby accepting *lashon hara*?

**Answer:** Let's divide the types of information and their quality into two:

Practices connected to *chinuch* method, *hashkafah*, learning level, flexible vs. rigid educational approach, types of therapy, number of staff members on site, and more.

In these areas, the details are generally pre-planned in each institution, as a path *in chinuch* and *harbatzas Torah* that is appropriate for this institution. These things are not kept secret and nothing is wrong if this yeshiva is not suited to a particular boy or *bachur*. This is not a matter of *lashon hara*. Therefore, the questioner may build himself a profile of every yeshiva based on these types of information.

Cleanliness of the yeshiva buildings, quality of the food and service, good or not good *middos* of the staff members, level of patience and devotion, and so on.

In these areas, there can be concerns of *lashon hara*, because these are not planned approaches geared to success in *harbatzas Torah* and *chinuch*, but rather technical matters that are liable to be neglected or below par. The questioner who hears this kind of information should not accept it as true, but only *meichash* – to harbor concern that these problems may exist in the yeshiva, but to remember that the information may not be precise, or such things may happen only at times, due to a lapse of attention by those responsible.

## Disparagement of a Professional to his Competitor in the Field

**Question:** I ordered a repairman – we'll call him Mr. Rubin – for a major home repair, and a year later, when the problem returned, I tried to locate him to resolve it. In the course of my calls, I got to a different repairman, Mr. Schwartz, who knew Mr. Rubin. When Mr. Schwartz understood I had complaints against Mr. Rubin, he started speaking badly of him, saying he's irresponsible, he'd cheated clients in the past, and he'd also overcharged me. After the call, I felt guilt pangs, especially when I located Mr. Rubin and he came, and it turned out that the repeated problem had nothing to do with his previous repair. After a bit of research, I also understood that the price he'd taken was reasonable. I called back Mr. Schwartz to rectify the impression. I told him that Mr. Rubin came, acted responsibly, and so on. But I don't know if I succeeded in fully correcting the impression.

Do I need to ask Mr. Rubin for *mechilah*? I'm afraid if I tell him the story, it is liable to hurt and offend him deeply.

**Answer:** From the questioner's words, it appears that when she spoke with Mr. Schwartz, she complained to him about Mr. Rubin, mentioning his name, and said that apparently he hadn't corrected the problem properly, and that's why it came back. With these words, she spoke *lashon hara* without *to'eles* and also violated the prohibition, "Do not put a stumbling block..." by causing Mr. Schwartz to speak *lashon hara* and *rechilus* about Mr. Rubin. She tried to rectify her *lashon hara* about Mr. Rubin by calling Mr. Schwartz, and she isn't sure she rectified all of it.

She definitely has to do *teshuvah* for her words, which were without any forethought, especially for mentioning the first repairman's name, which was totally unnecessary.

Regarding asking *mechilah* – since apparently no real damage was caused to Mr. Rubin, since Mr. Schwartz would anyway have badmouthed him and also because Mr. Rubin doesn't know that she spoke about him, and therefore no anguish was caused to him – there is no need to ask his *mechilah*, especially since she already tried to correct the negative impression she'd created.

# כמות שתהא ניאסרת שלום'

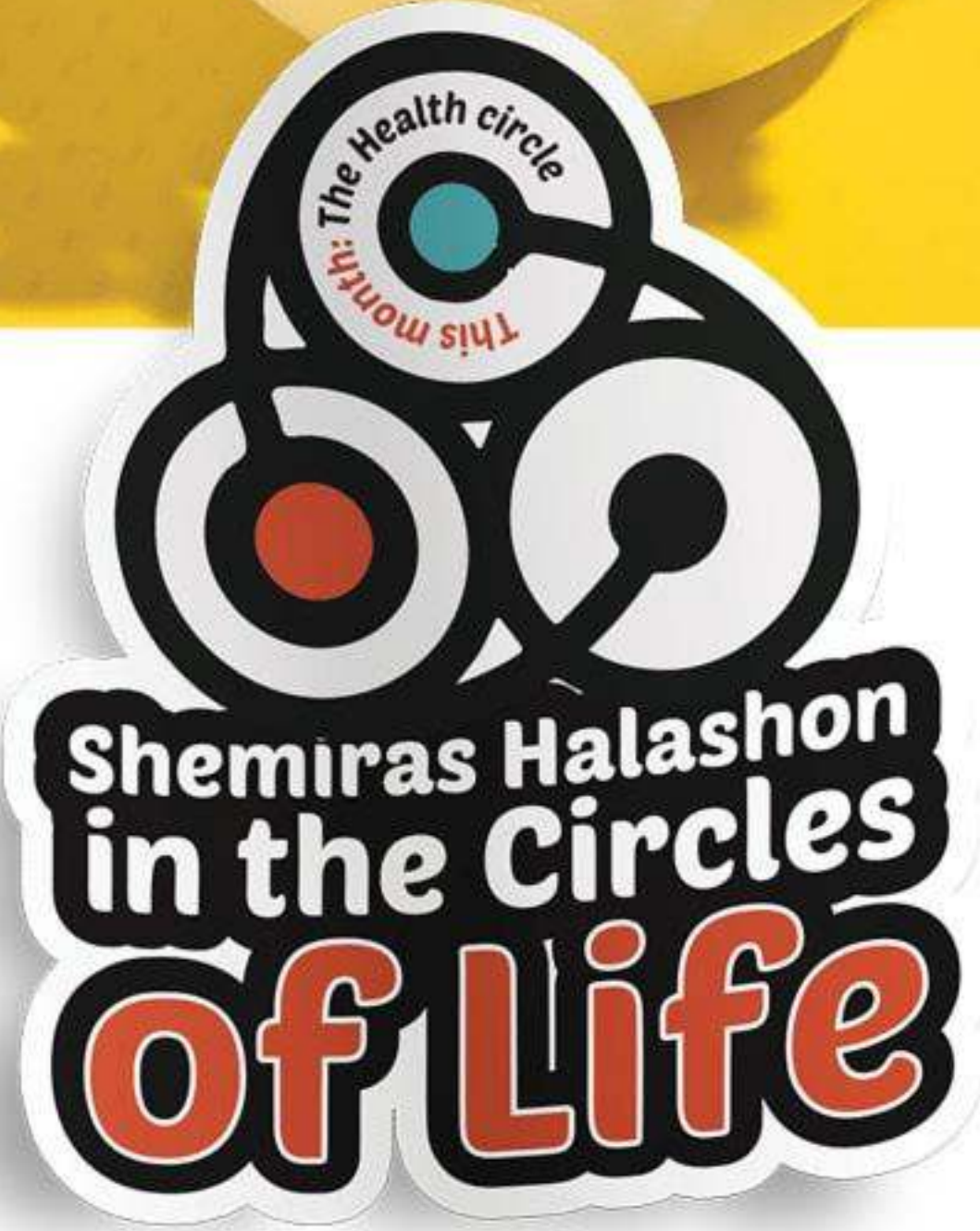
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# EVEN the Egg Has a Chance



"To Eretz Yisrael??" his classmates marveled.

"To leave your native land, your family and friends, and go to the unknown in that little far-flung country?? Have you lost your mind??" – some did not hesitate to ask, in sincere concern.

Mike was then a teenager, about to finish his studies in the local boys' high school in Golder's Green, England. All his classmates were continuing in institutions that offered a mix of Jewish and secular subjects. But he wanted to learn Torah - and *davka* Toras Eretz Yisrael...

His parents, too, tried to dissuade him. They vividly described the difficulties he would encounter. They spoke of these important years, when he needed to acquire a profession and prepare for life, not to waste his time in some forsaken land... But they, too, understood in the end that there was no stopping him. They saw the fire that flamed in his heart, sensed the powerful desire that throbbed within to learn in a real *yeshiva kedoshah* in the "*avira hamachkim*" of Eretz Hakodesh – and gave their consent to the out-of-the-box idea.

A big suitcase. Neatly folded clothing, and a last wave good-bye. Mike boarded the ship and sailed off, brimming with joy at the realization of his life's dream. In his pocket was information about a few relatives who could host him and help him in the first stages of acclimation, and in his heart was a huge hope---

It never occurred to him that he was poised at the beginning of a track full of pitfalls and obstacles...

"They turned you down three, four, five times ... Get the message: You don't have a chance..."

"Don't waste your efforts, Mike. Go back to England. Enter University. You're not suited to a yeshiva. You won't get accepted anywhere."

Those were the reactions he heard around him. A boy who barely knew the language, who didn't know from which side to look at a *daf Gemara*, and who innocently tried to knock at the doors of Roshei Yeshiva and ask to be accepted...

And his heart, which was once so full of hopes, shattered anew with each rejection.

Even so, he refused to despair. He couldn't even entertain the thought of returning to England empty-handed.

"Before you give up, try your luck with Rav Eliyahu Lopian, the Mashgiach of Kfar Chassidim," a friend whispered in his ear. "He'll understand you and maybe he'll agree to accept you into his yeshiva..."

Mike took his advice, but didn't rush to pack a rucksack and set off. "Sit and learn a few *dapim* of Gemara. Get acquainted with the *sugyos*. You

need to come to the Mashgiach prepared, to show him that you have some knowledge" – so people advised him.

So he sat and reviewed again and again the first *dapim* of *Maseches Beitzah*, and it wasn't easy in the least. A few days later, he stood, heart pounding, behind Rav Lopian's door.

At the Mashgiach's impressive figure and pleasant expression, Mike's heart melted inside him. He told the Mashgiach a bit about himself and the Jewish high school where he'd studied until now. He described how much he wanted to learn Torah and he dared to utter his wish to be accepted into Yeshivas Kfar Chassidim.

The Mashgiach responded with a smile, and, as expected, suggested that Mike say a *chiddush* from the *maseches* he was learning.

"Until now, I wasn't *zocheh* to learn Gemara the way they learn it in yeshivas," Mike apologized in embarrassment." But the first five *dapim* of *Maseches Beitzah* – I know."

"Nu, five *dapim* of Gemara is a big thing," the Mashgiach encouraged him, and started asking him simple questions from the first *sugyos* in *Maseches Beitzah*.

But suddenly – from nervousness, Mike's tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. His mind seemed to have become totally empty. Everything he'd learned and reviewed for this meeting with the Mashgiach – was forgotten, wiped out by the fear and trembling that possessed him.

The Mashgiach kept trying, with gentle words. He stroked Mike's shoulder affectionately, attempting to imbue him with strength.

In the end, Rav Lopian said: "My dear son, let me ask you a simple question from the explicit words said in the first Mishnah of the *maseches*. What do we do with an egg *shenoldah b'Yom Tov*?"

But, in the panic that possessed him, Mike couldn't even remember that simple bit of information. What- what do we really do with an egg that came into the world on Yom Tov??

Again, Rav Elya, with his soft and considerate tone, asked: "Tell me, my dear, what do we do with a *beitzah shenoldah b'Yom Tov*?"

And Mike, who was so confused that he didn't remember a word of what he'd reviewed over the last few days, answered simply: "Make a scrambled egg..."

A moment of shock.

The Mashgiach Rav Elya had never received such an answer. Even the weakest of the boys who'd come to him to be tested had never displayed such extreme ignorance.

And still---

"I accept you into the yeshiva, Mike. I accept you in the *zechus* of your tremendous *ahavas Torah*," said the Mashgiach, shaking his hand.

"True, your answer wasn't correct," he added, "but you give the impression of being a boy with common sense, and when you become a *talmid* in our yeshiva, you will be able to answer not only this question, but many others, as well..."

Not only had Mike gotten wonderful news that evening, but he'd received a sincere compliment, kind words that stroked his soul and lifted him up.

He could do it. Even the Mashgiach thought so. True, he'd come from such a different

**"They turned you down three, four, five times. Get the message: You don't have a chance."**

background. He was at the starting line and was totally confused. But the Mashgiach said that he had *ahavas Torah* and common sense---

And it was true; he really could do it. He invested all of his strength into learning the Torah Hakedoshah and took great strides until he became a real *talmid chacham*. In the end, not only could he answer Rav Elya's first question, about what to do with a *beitzah shenoldah b'Yom Tov*, but he knew *sidrei Nashim* and *Nezikin* by heart, with Rashi and Tosafos...

A shul in one of the neighborhoods of Tel

Aviv. A minyan of Jews have gathered for Tefillas Minchah.

There is a light knock on the *bimah*. The *gabbai*, R' Menashe, announces that since the *maggid shiur* could not come, the regular Mishnayos *shiur* between Minchah and Maariv would not take place.

Among the people gathered for the minyan was a *yungerman* from Bnei Brak, Rav E. Yudkovsky, who'd happened to find himself in this shul. When he heard the announcement, he approached R' Menashe and offered his services as a substitute for the *maggid shiur*. It would be a shame for good Jews to miss their regular scheduled Torah learning.

After Minchah, the *shiur* began, but Rav Yudkovsky soon realized that most of the people sitting there were not able to understand the topic. The *perek* Mishnayos they were up to at the time was one of the most difficult in *sefer Taharos*. Only one of the participants, an elderly, dignified Yid, expressed understanding and great interest. He asked questions and wanted to clarify each detail.

At the end of the *shiur*, when Rav Yudkovsky shook the hand of the unknown *talmid chacham*, whose name turned out to be R' Michoel, he was *zocheh* to hear "Mike's" story---

"Mike" from years before had been brimming with *ahavas haTorah* but empty of its knowledge. But Mike had turned into R' Michoel and he was *zocheh* to build a glorious family and to raise thirteen cedars in the *kerem beis Hashem*.

(Based on the *sefer Lechanech B'simchah*, by Rav Zilberstein)

## The A Team

**A few empowering words for mechanchim  
from Rav Yosef Chazan shlita,  
menahel ruchani in a number of prominent cheders.**

Being a *mechanech b'Yisrael* is a tremendous challenge! A *mechanech* is the one whom Hashem chose to hand down the Torah to the next generation and to devote his best energies to build up the *neshamos* of the future generation, patiently and calmly. It is common to hear young *bachurim*, and even adults, declaring that the figure of a particular *mechanech* impacted their character and literally "built" them!

And still, we cannot ignore the fact that this is a complex and even difficult job, especially in regard to the less bright and more challenging students...

But if we look back at our past and recall our classmates of years gone by, we will discover that many of them made a substantial change in their lives, for better or worse. There were bright children whom everyone was sure were headed for greatness, but whose bubble burst, leaving them ordinary or below par... In contrast, there were children who seemed to lack the sparkle of potential, but with time managed to prove themselves wondrously.

This gives us the strength to keep putting in efforts. Not to sit on our laurels. Not to give up on anyone.



## The Doll Is Going to Sleep



For Shani's third birthday, she got a talking doll from Bubby. Shani talks to the doll in a motherly voice and the doll "answers her" again and again, at the press of a button. Shani loves the doll and takes care of her devotedly. She takes her out to the park and won't part with her even at night. But when Shabbos comes – Shani knows – her beloved doll must go to sleep on the upper toy shelf until Motzaei Shabbos. *Muktzeh*.

It's clear to every child. *Shemiras Shabbos* is embedded in their tender souls. It is an inseparable part of the *chinuch* values imparted in every Jewish home. And we can do the same with *shemiras halashon*, making it a part of their *chinuch* from the start.

Because "If the father would constantly admonish his children and accustom them from a young age not to speak *lashon hara* about any Jew, this would be ingrained in their character out of habit, making it easier for them to later master the virtuous attribute of controlling one's speech" (*Chofetz Chaim*).

We all know how challenging, sometimes nearly impossible, it can be to resist the temptation to say or listen to forbidden speech. What a towering *yetzer* we need to overcome in order to safely get through these situations. And here we have a plan that can spare our dear children these *nisyonos*. Imagine a Torah-observant driver stopping to fill up on gas at one of the junctions in the North. Alongside the gas station is the "Ahmed and Mustafa Steak grill." Even if the aroma of roasted meat tantalizes his taste buds, he won't feel even a trace of struggle. It's not for him, period.

This is the feeling our children will have *b'ezras Hashem*, when we train them from a young age to stay away from prohibited speech. For them – this area, too, will be untouchable and repulsive, totally outside of their range.

### A MATTER OF INTERPRETATION

Nechemia comes home irritable and angry. It's all because of those new neighbors on the first floor. They don't let the kids play ball beneath their porch. Don't let them make noise until five. Almost don't let them breathe. Too bad they ever came to this building---

Nechemia's heart is full of negative feelings and the sentiments churn out... even though he knows that they are *lashon hara*. He just can't stop the flow of words...

It's not enough to talk about staying away from *lashon hara* and investing efforts in this direction. The secret of *shemiras halashon* lies in the heart and mind - in good thoughts, the ability to interpret the other person's actions as positive, the effort to judge favorably.

"Who is the man who desires life?" The answer lies at the end of the *pasuk*: "*liros tov*," to see the good in those who are around us. This is the basis that will enable us to refrain from violating prohibitions of *lashon hara* (based on the words of a well-known Mashgiach).

### DO NOT REMAIN SILENT

At the same time, we must ensure that our children know that they are allowed - not only allowed, but required - to share what is bothering them with parents and teachers, and not *chalilah* to repress and remain silent and swallow it alone. That doesn't mean that Moishy can come home from *cheder* and spill out all of his complaints about his seat-mate Eliyahu onto the kitchen table, in the presence of all his brothers and sisters, in order to share his pain with his mother and ask for her help and advice. Here is our place as parents to teach briefly and in simple, clear words, the idea of *lashon hara l'to'eles* and to *daven* that, *b'ezras Hashem*, we will merit bringing up a generation of children who are *shomrei lashon*.



## An Unscheduled Lesson



TIC

The door swings open. A hurricane in the form of a hysterical little girl has arrived. She flings her book bag on the floor and a torrent of tears instantly bursts out. Amid the hubbub in the kitchen and between sobs, you try unsuccessfully to pick out fragmented words and understand the cause of the calamity that took place today in history class. Debating between a box of tissues and a cold drink as first aid, you decide to go for both of them---



TAC

You don't need *ruach hakodesh*. You just need to gamble on which teacher it was who inconsiderately took off a few points, changed the seating in class, or kept teaching after the bell rang... The misery that radiates to you from your beloved "storm cloud" captures your soft motherly heart and automatically puts you on a certain side of the fence, but you restrain yourself from calling the teacher this very second, to clarify the truth. In a moment of illumination, you decide to put off the call until evening, after all the kiddie cars and mess are put away and the math homework remembered at zero hour is done...



TOE

After the fountain of tears has dried up, along with some ice pop stains on the kitchen floor and ketchup remnants on checked shirts, and after pleas for permission to read another few pages of comics that someone just has to finish before supper, or before showers, or before pajamas, or all of the above, and after some pacifiers disappear, and motherly patience dissipates - you find yourself a lot less angry and accusing and a lot more ready to converse with understanding, in the joint goal of deciphering the secret behind your daughter's/student's glum homecoming.



WIN

A moment before you press in the teacher's number, when you're sure that the whole *chevra* is already in dreamland, you hear a cute chirp from the direction of the girls' room. The sweetie pie who long ago forgot the hysteria and the historia has something important to tell you. She asks you to press "delete" on the entire incident. *No, Ima, don't call the teacher. It wasn't so terrible. And tomorrow there's going to be an outing to the park...* You stand there and can't believe it. You look at the silent phone that was almost at the center of things and feel that, today, you learned an unscheduled lesson...



## A Cure Called: Staying Away from Machlokes

Our one-year old wasn't acting like himself for a long time. He cried a lot and the doctors couldn't pinpoint what the problem was. After a long series of tests, they discovered that the baby had a tumor---

I cannot begin to describe what a whirlpool we entered. But from the first moment, we knew that we needed to take on a spiritual *chizuk*. We started learning the daily halachos in *shemiras halashon*. And there was something else. There was a serious *machlokes* going on in our family at the time, and I decided to steer clear of the matter --- to be careful not to speak a single word about either side.

We went from doctor to doctor and ward to ward. They started talking about chemotherapy treatments, and I tried to keep up my *kabbalos* and *daven* that Hashem would send us a *yeshuah*...

And it came. Before starting treatments, the doctor sent us for another CT - and it showed a

slight improvement. They decided to wait another month and then check again. The next CT was totally clean! The doctors couldn't believe their eyes. They claimed they'd never seen such a thing...

*Ina of Yoni*

## Stuck in the "Hole"

It was an ordinary afternoon. The children were playing in the playground right near our house. Suddenly one of them ran in to call me. Chezky's foot had gotten stuck in a little hole in one of the jungle gyms and he couldn't get it out!

Frightened, I rushed to the scene, where I understood that there was a real problem; it wasn't just another prank of mischievous kids... I pulled out my cell phone and started running through my contacts, trying to think who to call for help or advice. Suddenly my eyes caught the number of Mishmeres HaSholom's Hotline. "Children," I said, "let's listen to *hilchos shemiras halashon* on the phone and promise that if we see a *yeshuah*, we'll publicize it in the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine!"

We called, listened together - including the

curious children who crowded around - and, as if by magic, the foot simply slid out...

*Ina of Chezky*

## Yeshuah Times Three

Last year at this time, I had three sons at home waiting for their *shidduchim*. Three wonderful boys, each left almost the last "single *bachur*" in his *shiur* in Yeshiva... It was the middle of the summer and I remember that I bumped into a friend and shared my pain with her - the never-ending *shidduch* inquiries, the suggestions that come up and flake away, the high hopes and searing disappointments. She listened empathetically and then suggested that our family start learning two halachos a day of *shemiras halashon*.

It sounded like a small and worthwhile effort, and we went for it... And, *baruch Hashem*, now, a year later, all three of them have already had a *yeshuah*! I have three marvelous daughters-in-law who have brought tons of joy into our home!

*A from Ashdod*

## מצמיה ישועה



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

# The Chofetz Chaim Pays Up

What *nachas* parents have from a son who learns Torah! What pleasure it is to see him pack a suitcase and go off to yeshiva, to get "regards" about his seriousness and *hasmadah*. To see his refined look, the look of a *ben yeshiva*!

And then, without advance warning, it happened.

It was just a technological device that a boy from the neighborhood gave him one day of Bein Hazemanim. Small device, huge *yetzer hara*. And our precious son, who was a *talmid* in a choice yeshiva, began showing signs of decline and sliding down a dangerous slope...

I wouldn't have believed how

quickly it could happen. I never imagined in my worst nightmares that it would strike my home, too.

We were in shock. We didn't know how to deal with it, how to react, what to do---

People started intervening and helping, but we knew no *hishtadlus* would help without our own spiritual *chizukim*. We went to Kever Rochel and also to Rav Ovadiah's *kever* to pour out our tears. We called Mishmeres HaSholom and set up a monthly donation of a hundred-eighty shekels so that they should daven for him. We also took on a *kabbalah* in *tznius* and the daily learning of *hilchos shemiras lashon*, davening to Hashem that in the *zechus* of our *chizukim*, the boy would

also strengthen himself, abandon the device, get back onto the right path... and return to yeshiva for the new *zeman*.

People around us said: Don't build up hopes. It is very hard for those who have fallen into the grip of such devices to break off from them. But we didn't give up. We kept *davening* and being *mis'chazek*. And *baruch Hashem*, it helped! Our son miraculously agreed to cut himself off from the device and go back to Yeshiva. *Chasdei Hashem*!!

We saw with our own eyes how the donation to Mishmeres HaSholom, along with all the other *chizukim* and *tefillos*, brought the *yeshuah*. The Chofetz Chaim came through for us!



הסיפורים  
שדווחו למוקד  
הישועות  
בחודש אייר:

5

מצאו דירה  
למגורים

7

משפחות זכו  
לפרנסה בהרחבה

12

חולים  
התרפאו

9

חתנים וכלות  
נושעו בזיווג הגון

4

זוגות  
נפקדו בזש"ק

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



Introducing...  
R. Tov



WE COULDN'T LISTEN IN ON A CALL IN REAL TIME, BECAUSE OF THE ABSOLUTE SECRECY, BUT WE DID INHALE THE ATMOSPHERE, THE HEART, AND THE CARING – AND ALSO CAME OUT WITH WORTHWHILE CHINUCH TIPS FOR PARENTS OF CHILDREN OF ALL AGES • WITH THE FIGURE BEHIND THE SCREEN, **REBBETZIN L. DISKIN FROM LEV SHOMEIA**, NATIONAL COORDINATOR OF THE GIRLS' DIVISION • **WE'RE HERE TO HELP**

# CONFIDENTIALITY GUARANTEED

➤ At age three months, we send them to the babysitter, family day care, or nursery. From there, they follow the familiar track of *Gan, cheder* or school, in the select educational institutions we've selected for them. And still, no parents can delude themselves that any of the devoted figures we've entrusted our children with replaces our *chinuch* role. And these days, on the threshold of summer vacation, that role becomes even more significant.

With us is Rebbetzin L. Diskin, National Coordinator of Lev Shomeia's girls' division, for a parental journey in the spirit of the generation and the time period.



## CALLING FROM

### AN UNIDENTIFIED NUMBER

**\*8147. I dial the number that generally receives anonymous phone calls from unidentified numbers... This time, I davka introduce myself to Rebbetzin L. Diskin as the interviewer from Mishmeres HaSholom.**

Rebbetzin Diskin is excited. *"Shemiras Halashon* is precisely the motto of Lev Shomeia. We receive the girls' anonymous calls professionally and respectfully and give each of them the full space, confidence, and calm they need to talk, seek advice, and pour out their hearts, even on personal or embarrassing matters. We'll never ask for identifying information. We'll never call back the number the girl called from (even if it was not unidentified), and even if dealing with the matter takes time and includes a personal meeting with our staff – everything remains absolutely anonymous. On principle, we do not

have teachers or other figures from the high school system on the staff, and our responders will never let a word of what they heard slip to anyone in the world. That is the ABC for us. Without it – we don't exist...

"When I interview a potential responder to see if she is suitable to join our staff, the first thing I check is her discretion and *shemiras halashon*," she adds. "That is a firm requirement, with no compromise."

**Why did the need arise to create this telephone response at Lev Shomeia? Aren't there enough staff members and chinuch figures within the schools themselves?**

Before answering, Reb. Diskin shows me the weekly schedule of the phone responders and tells me about dozens of calls a week from all over the country, all sectors, all kinds of schools – including the best and most popular. "You cannot imagine what challenges girls experience," she says. "There were always difficulties, complex problems and challenges. But in our generation, it



just keeps getting worse and girls are desperate for an adult *chinuch* figure, sometimes *davka* from outside the familiar network of family and high school staff. A trustworthy figure to whom they can pour out their hearts without exposing themselves. One with whom they can forge a bond out of choice and in keeping with their individual needs. That's how they come to us.

"We have been around for twenty-six years, with the backing and support of *gedolei Yisrael* of all *chugim*, and we update all the time, in keeping with the needs of the generation and the times," Reb. Diskin adds. "The struggles nowadays have changed. Sometimes even girls from very high quality high schools find in us a place for expression, for discussion. They choose this channel because it is different, private, not part of the system. It opens a new window from their world into areas that they dare not speak about with anyone else."

**And it never ever happened that you decided, in spite of the commitment to secrecy, that you must report what you heard to someone? - I dare ask.**

"What exactly can I report," Reb. Diskin responds with a half-smile, "if I have no idea what the girl's name is, nor where she lives and what school she goes to...?"

In other words, confidentiality at its best.



## TROUBLES ON THE FIELD

**Can you give us some examples of the kinds of calls you get?**

"In general, the problems that come to us are of every sort you can imagine - and even what you can't..." replies Reb. Diskin. Then she adds, "But I can't give more details than that. We are very careful not to let out even a bit of information." When I plead with her for a little elaboration, she describes calls ranging "from social complexities normal for any high school girl, to family crises flowing from various problematic backgrounds and situations, and extending to complex emotional struggles and even traumatic cases, personal complexes, and difficult distress. Each one gets a place of honor, acceptance, and understanding. Never will the caller get the impression that her problem is too small and simple, nor the opposite."

In the end, I do manage to hear one example from the field - a common problem connected to our generation's technology challenges: "In high schools today, they speak very strongly

on this subject. The girls listen and absorb the important messages. But, sad to say, sometimes, no one on the outside is aware of the struggle the girl is dealing with inside her home, behind the drawn curtains. These are good girls from quality homes, and they have no one to cry out their anguish to about a parent who shows nothing on the outside, but who, behind closed doors---

Reb. Diskin heaves a sigh. It is evident that the problems she is exposed to touch her heartstrings. "What wonderful girls we have. What inner strength they display. I simply must salute them! I personally have the greatest respect for them, seeing the unfathomable *nisyonos* they stand up to, with flying colors!!"

**If I understand correctly, your "clients" are girls of high-school age only...**

Our hotline was started to provide a response for girls in the adolescent years, but in our generation, this period begins already in the earliest teens and continues to twenty plus," the Rebbetzin smiles. "But, yes. Most of the calls indeed come from high-school age girls. Our number is known among the girls. Many times it works by 'word of mouth.'"



## WHERE ARE THE PARENTS IN THE PICTURE?

**Behind every boy or girl struggling with a serious challenge are parents who sometimes whip themselves - how did we fail to notice that something is starting to go awry? What can you tell parents? What are the red lights that should lead them to stop and understand that something is happening?**

"There are questions that cannot be answered in a periodical that also reaches children and teens. You can't go into details..." says the Rebbetzin. "But in general, a child at any age is supposed to be happy. Any time a child shows difficulty in functioning, a substantial change in mood, extreme and unnatural reactions, significant and extended problems in child/parent communication - don't treat it lightly. Many times, this is a small problem that can be taken care of easily. It's not good to let matters develop and become complicated."

**In what cases, in your opinion, should parents decide to go for counseling and get a professional opinion on chinuch**

## dilemmas with the children?

"At times, it is enough to seek counsel from an experienced figure in the family or neighborhood circle," says Reb. Diskin. "But when the problem is more substantial and extended - don't continue wallowing in it. Seek help." Here, she qualifies her words and stresses that it is critical to approach only people who are qualified and are *yerei Shamayim*, and also to do it in a manner that dignifies the child (no matter how old he is!). "In general, parents need to remember that the *heter* of speaking derogatorily for the sake of *chinuch* does not endow you with blanket permission to say everything to everyone about your children... Children are not our private property to do whatever we want with..."

"It's no secret that one needs to invest time, patience, and attention in children's *chinuch*. We need to create a warm, homey, and fun atmosphere," adds the Rebbetzin. "*Chinuch* doesn't grow on trees and you can't achieve anything with the 'instant' technique we are used to. You need to devote yourself to it. There is nothing more precious than the *chinuch* of our children, our treasures!"

## GUILT PANGS AND US

**What do you have to say to parents who sometimes feel strong guilt pangs and berate themselves for the *chinuch* mistakes that led to such serious ramifications...**

"Guilt pangs that lead to rectification and positive action can build worlds. But guilt pangs that lead to dejection or depression - are harmful to parents and children," the Rebbetzin avers. "It is the strategy of the Yetzer to submerge the parents in guilt feelings. If it doesn't lead to progress - it's no good. We are all humans, not angels, and we all try to be the best parents we can be and do our best for our children. Hashem entrusted us with *neshamos*, but he does not expect us to be omnipotent. If we erred, we need to try to rectify our mistakes. We know many parents who admitted their mistake (and it's not simple! You need a lot of *kochos hanefesh* to say, "I was wrong...") and found a way to repair things. *Mechanchim*, too, need to display humility and the honesty to admit mistakes, which everyone knows can happen. What's most important is not to remain stuck there, but rather to look forward and correct the mistakes."



## Ask the Rav

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

## Who Started the Fight?

**Question:** We were at Bubby's house for Shabbos. A few of us cousins were playing outside together and, at some point, the neighbors' kids started fighting with us... One of them threw sand and pebbles at us, and my brother wanted to fight back and---

When we came back inside, dusty and worked up, everyone wanted to know what had happened, who started, etc., and we told them... I understand that we were allowed to tell our parents, *l'to'eles*, but Bubby and Zeidy, our aunts and uncles, and some other people, were also there. Were we wrong in answering them?

**Answer:** If we're speaking about the kind of fight that is common among children, and generally, when they grow up, they change and leave behind their childhood mischief – there's no *issur* to speak about what happened, even when there are people among the listeners who would have no *to'eles* from hearing it (although it would be preferable for the children to tell it only to their parents and not to everyone else).

If, however, this fight was different from the norm, and the behavior of the neighbors' children was out of the ordinary, and the listeners might get a negative impression of the children's character or their upbringing – there would be no *heter* to report the details in front of all the people in the house.

But it is clear that the parents of all the children who were outside, as well as the grandparents, were allowed to hear the details of the incident, because there are a few aspects of *to'eles* here: to teach their children how to react in such situations – not to lose control or fight back, etc.; so that the adults should know how to respond to the parents of the other children (and it may be that when the neighbors speak among themselves, they will hear details that differ from what the children reported ...). All this is *l'to'eles*.

If, according to these details, there was a problem of *lashon hara*, the speakers should *do teshuvah*, but they don't need to ask forgiveness from the children they spoke about or their parents.

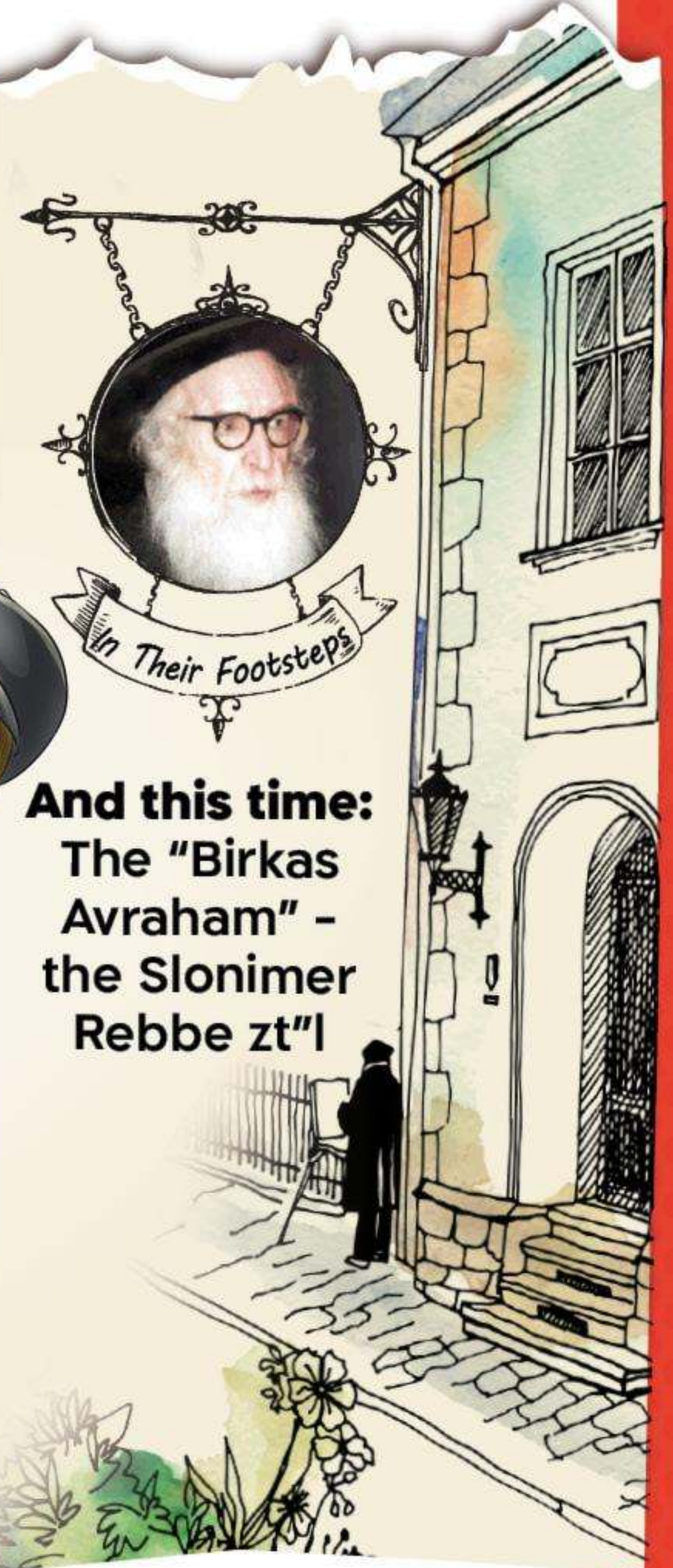
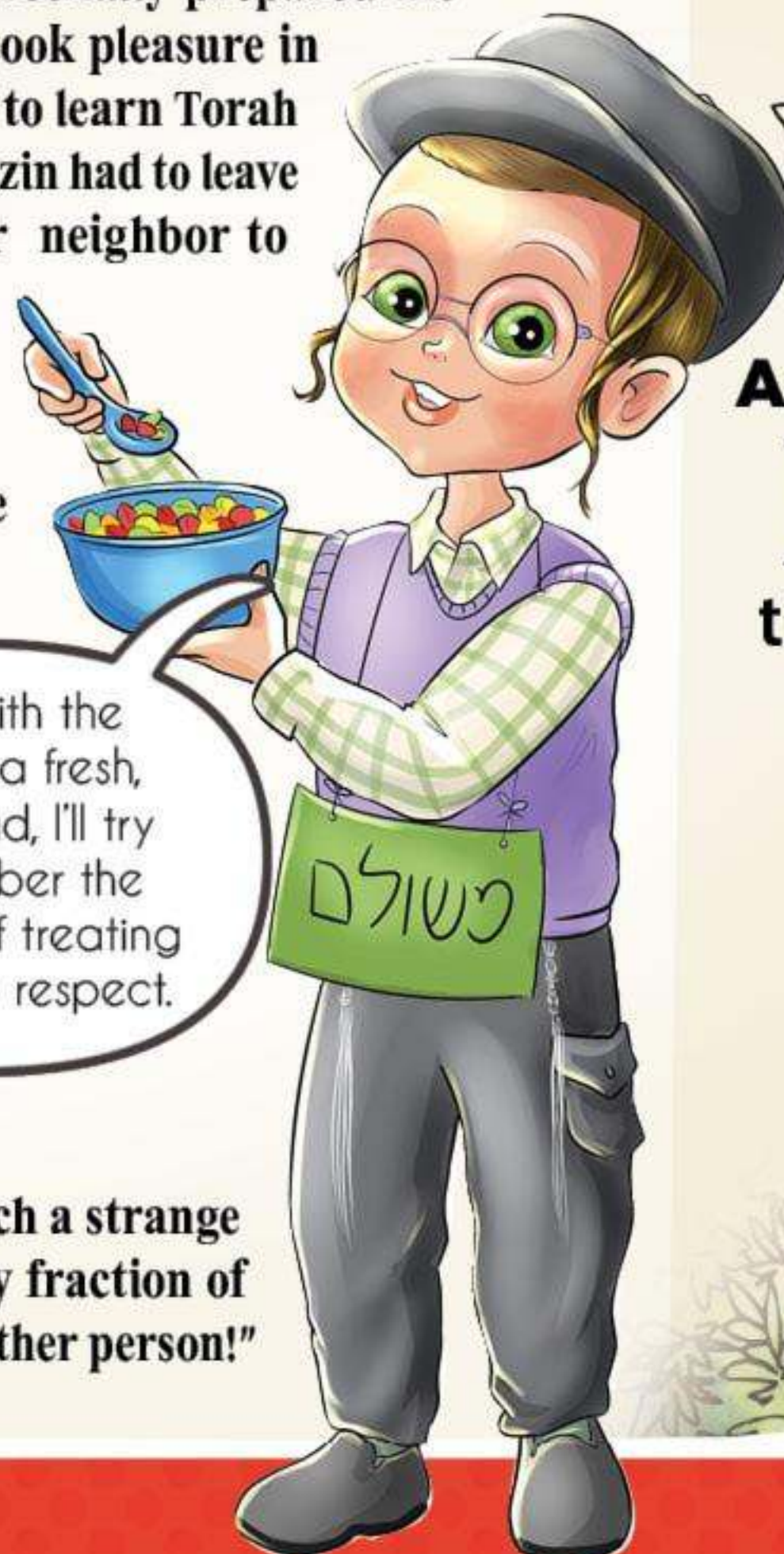
## Salad with a Strange Taste

The Rebbetzin of the Birkas Avraham always personally prepared the vegetable salad that the Rebbe ate for supper. She took pleasure in serving the Rebbe healthy food to give him strength to learn Torah and do his *avodas Hashem*. But one evening, the Rebbetzin had to leave the house for an important matter, so she asked her neighbor to prepare the salad instead of her.

The neighbor indeed chopped vegetables and seasoned them, as she was asked. But late at night, after the Rebbetzin had already come home, the neighbor suddenly knocked on the door, hysterical. "Oy---oy---" she cried to the Rebbetzin. "I just realized that the bottle of oil I used to flavor the salad – contained kerosene, not olive oil!!"

Frightened, the Rebbetzin rushed into the Rebbe's room. The salad plate was empty. The Rebbe had already finished his meal. The Rebbetzin asked the Rebbe in dismay how he could eat salad with such a strange taste. The Rebbe's answer was: "This was just a tiny fraction of what a person needs to sacrifice so as not to hurt another person!"

Along with the  
flavor of a fresh,  
tasty salad, I'll try  
to remember the  
message of treating  
others with respect.





# Before the Plaster Falls

It happened in the middle of the Shabbos *seudah*, two seconds after Yankie left the table to chase after Sara'le.

CRASHHHH --- a big piece of plaster swung over our heads, hesitated a moment, and--- came down hard, onto Yankie's chair.

Instantly, we all jumped away from the table, watching with horror as two more pieces began their landing route.

Abba went on a quick examination tour. His findings were not very positive. "I think the house is coming apart... Interesting that we never noticed it ... There are a few serious cracks in the children's room, and the closed porch has plaster on the floor."

"I noticed it..." Sara'le recalled. "I even told Ima that my bed is always full of white crumbs."

"That's right," Ima said, still hugging Yankie. "What a miracle we just had..."

Abba led us to the door. "I think it's not safe to be in our apartment for Shabbos."

"But where will we go???" I wailed.

It may have been my wail that opened the door of Minkowitz across the hall. Within five minutes, all the neighbors knew about our flaking ceilings and invitations came in from all sides.

In the end, it was decided that Abba, Ima, and the little kids would stay in Minkowitz's vacant guest apartment. Yossele and Bentzie would sleep over at the Katzes, and I would spend the night with the Minkowitzes.

"But I don't want to go to Chayala Minkowitz..." I panicked. "I can't, not after what..."

Before Ima had a chance to respond, Chayala stood there next to me, her eyes sparkling.

"Wow... Tovi, you're coming to sleep by us!!! What fun!!"

I had no choice. I followed my disloyal friend, thinking all the time - "How *can* she...?"

Ima Minkowitz interpreted my silence as tiredness. She made up my bed and I lay down, closing my eyes tight. I didn't want to see Chayala, let alone speak to her.

From behind my closed eyes, I could picture the previous Tuesday morning. The big class trip to the North.

I had caught good seats for Chayala and me. I planned to show her the pictures of Yankie's *upsheren* in my new camera.

Chayala plopped into the aisle seat and immediately turned around to settle some matters with Estie, across the aisle. Then she swung around to Ricky and passed nosh to Tzippy. Before long, Chayala had assembled a lively group of girls. I was left alone. On my right was a window with a stunning view. On my left was Chayala's turned back.

I tried getting up and joining them. But the driver got angry. So I stayed there, on the seat next to Chayala, but facing her back, for three hours. The view outside didn't interest me. Nor did the camera. I was so upset that I cried, but anyway, nobody could see my tears.

On the way home, I sat with the girls on the long back seat. Chayala sat next to Estie. Since then, we hadn't exchanged a word.

I didn't forgive her. I couldn't. The truth is that she didn't even ask me to forgive her...

On Shabbos morning, I jumped out of bed and fled from the Minkowitz's apartment. I didn't want to have any contact with Chayala... I crowded into the small unit with Abba, Ima, and the little kids.

I told Ima everything. I also told her that I really wanted to forgive Chayala. I'd really tried to be *dan l'kaf zechus*. And I'd remained quiet. Until then, I hadn't said a word about her to anyone. Just now... because it was *l'to'eles*... But nothing helped put out the fire in my heart.

"Maybe you should tell Chayala how you feel?" Ima suggested.

"Wwwwhat??? Tell her how ashamed I felt??? Come to her like a beggar, asking her to apologize? I can't..."

Just then, there were three sharp knocks and two light ones on the guest apartment door... Chayala.

I rolled under the bed, motioning to Ima that I just can't... can't...

After Chayala left, I understood that I couldn't hide forever. I'd have to do something---



On Motzaei Shabbos, the plumber came.

"The pipes are cracked. They couldn't stand up to the water pressure and hot temperature. If you don't change them, you'll have flooding and a major collapse..."

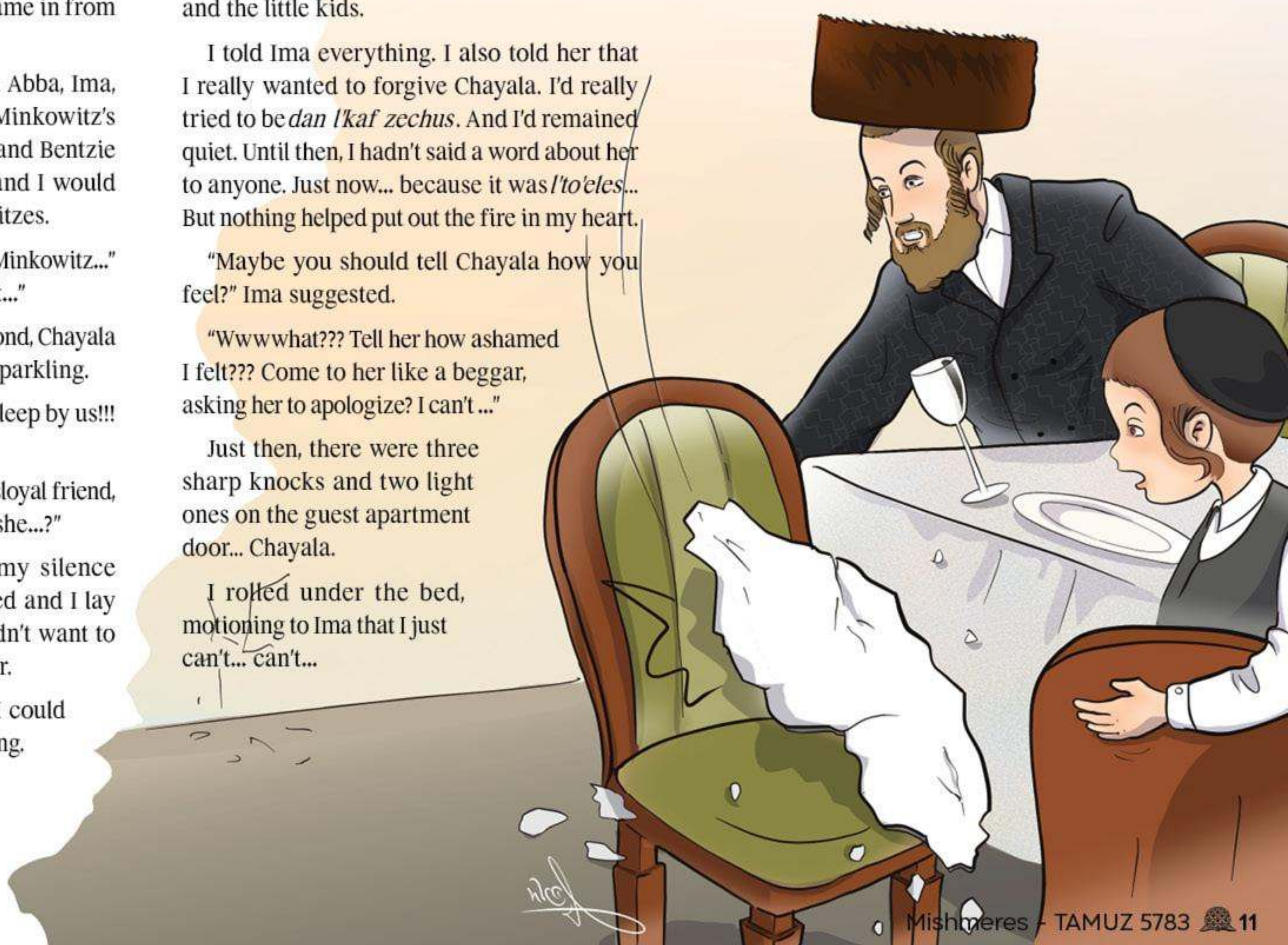
At Abba's worried look, the plumber added: "You know, Mister, if you don't fix your problems in time, in the end there's an explosion... And not always a controlled explosion..."

I felt that his words were directed at me...

Maybe this time, it would be wrong to remain quiet. To let the lava rise in my heart and reach the point of--- explosion.

Tomorrow, *im yirtzeh Hashem*, I'll speak with Chayala. I'll tell her what I'm feeling. Maybe she hasn't even noticed... But I want to take care of my pipes.

Before the blast. Before the plaster falls.



Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes  
Last month's winner: Tzippy Rottenberg, Modi'in Ilit



# Did Something Happen?

When Yoel approached the lot next to the grocery, he saw a crowd of children outside.

"Did something happen?" he asked curiously, turning to Meir, his classmate who was standing there.

"Don't ask. There was a big fight between..." Meir started telling him, but suddenly he stopped himself. He realized that what he was going to say was *lashon hara*.

"It's not nice to leave me in suspense like that!" Yoel was annoyed. "Don't you remember that yesterday I helped you look for your watch that got lost?" he added in an accusing voice.



Look upsefer *Chofetz Chaim, Klal Aleph, se'if 5* call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33, and choose the most correct answer for Meir's predicament. Those who answer correctly will automatically enter a raffle.



The idea that won the prize was from Chava G., Modi'in Ilit

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



No Offense

# Going to Camp

We're going to sleep-away camp for the first time. A real camp, with all our friends and teachers and lots of activities. I can't even describe the excitement and preparations and talking and planning and, above all – the discussions about how to split up into rooms...

Of course, we all knew that you don't go to camp to sleep; there are programs and activities until late at night. There's hardly any time left to be in the room. Still, everyone rushed to arrange for herself the best quarters, with the friends she likes most.

Morah Shulamis, who's in charge of the camp, spoke on the loudspeaker one day and reminded us that when we pack our suitcases, we shouldn't forget to also put in some consideration and caring for others. But the girls were too focused on themselves, the experiences and the excitement, and they didn't really notice what was going on around them---

## A few words from Chevy:

### What could have happened:

The moment they started talking in class about camp, I knew I was in trouble. I'm new here, in the class. I don't have enough friends yet, and for camp, you need to get a group together and request a room... I almost decided to give up altogether and not come to camp. "As if anyone would notice that I'm not there..." I thought to myself bitterly, watching all the girls in the class excitedly discussing the room setups.

### What happened in the end:

A few days before camp, they gave out a page with a chart of the rooms in the place we'd be staying. Most of the girls were already arranged in groups of four and they hurried to catch a room and inform the teacher. Suddenly---

"Hey, Chevy, what's with you?" I heard Shiffy and Yael from behind me. "We're looking for precisely someone nice like you to join our room!"

They pulled me along into their group. They were already four girls, but they insisted on including me as a fifth. "There are a few rooms of five and we already told Morah Shulamis," said Ayala, another girl in their group. "So, you'll join us, Chevy?"

A little something buzzed in my ear, reminding me that I hardly know these girls and they'd manage just fine in their room even without me. But they were so pleasant and friendly that I didn't want to lose out on their company.





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

# Way to Go!

## Something's Fishy

When the green garbage bin smiled at me, I smiled back. It was a clear sign that I'd finally come to "*hanachalah v'hamenuchah*." Why "*nachalah*"? Because in this building, on the fifth floor, is the homestead of my married sister. Why "*menuchah*"? That's obvious. After walking thirty-seven minutes in the heat, she'll surely suggest that I rest on the cou--- Oh, right. She doesn't have a couch. As you recall, my sister got married just a month ago. Okay, so on a chair. True, Ima said I should just go and come back, without hanging around in my sister's house, because you're not supposed to pay long visits to young couples. But I'm not a visitor; I'm a brother. And if my sister asks me to make *aberachah* on an ice pop? Or begs me to help her finish the chocolates? In that case, I'll call Ima. I'll tell her, first of all, that the fish she sent arrived safely. After Ima hears such surprising news (Arrived? Really? Nothing got left on the fence for a hungry cat?), she'll surely be in good cheer and say something like, "Nu, okay, Kasriel. But two minutes and then you'll leave quickly, right?"

Quickly, yes. I smiled to myself. I passed the garbage bin, intending to enter the building, when - Hey! This isn't my sister's building! I hummed a tune to myself to keep my spirits up and backed out to the street... What gave me the idea that a garbage bin could be an identifying sign? In this area, there's a bin like that next to every two buildings...What did I think---???

"Excuse me?!" I had to interrupt my *mussar schmuess* to yours truly, because a man walked by and that was my opportunity. In all the minutes I had stood here on this new and complicated street, not a soul had passed.

But this soul didn't respond.

"Excuse me!" I tried, a little louder. (This morning I ate a scrambled egg, and if a soft egg clears your voice, a scrambled egg must do something, too...)

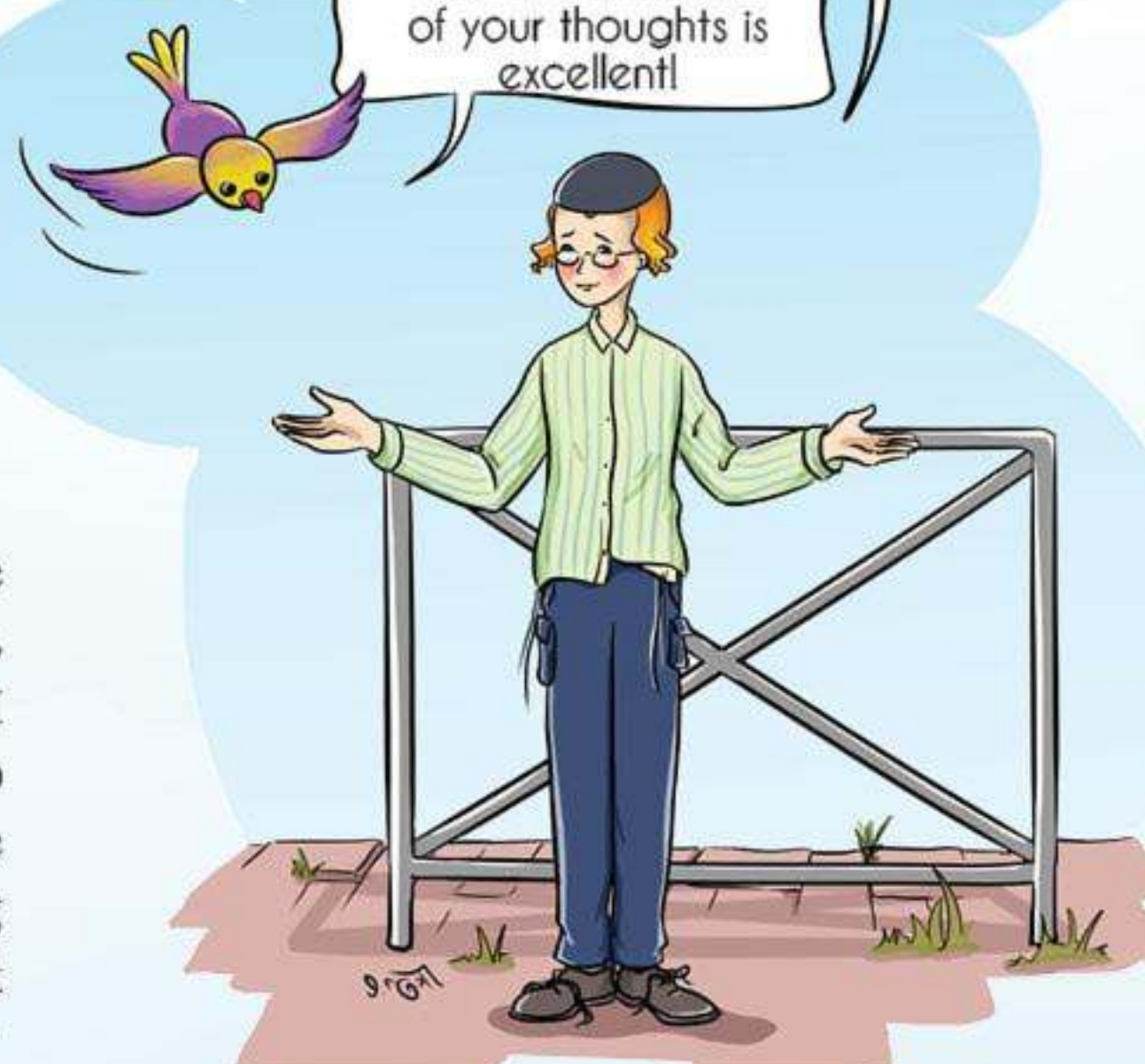
My voice *was* clear, but the man didn't react. Two seconds and three calls later, he finally turned around.

Looked. Raised his hand. Motioned "No," and sped away.

N---o?!

I have no idea what direction it's in!

But the direction of your thoughts is excellent!



At first I thought it was terrible. I just wanted to ask him where the home sale of Kolbo-Zolbo is, because my sister lives in that same building. Why couldn't the man have stopped

for a moment next to me and the fish---

Wait. The fish. They made me think of something else:

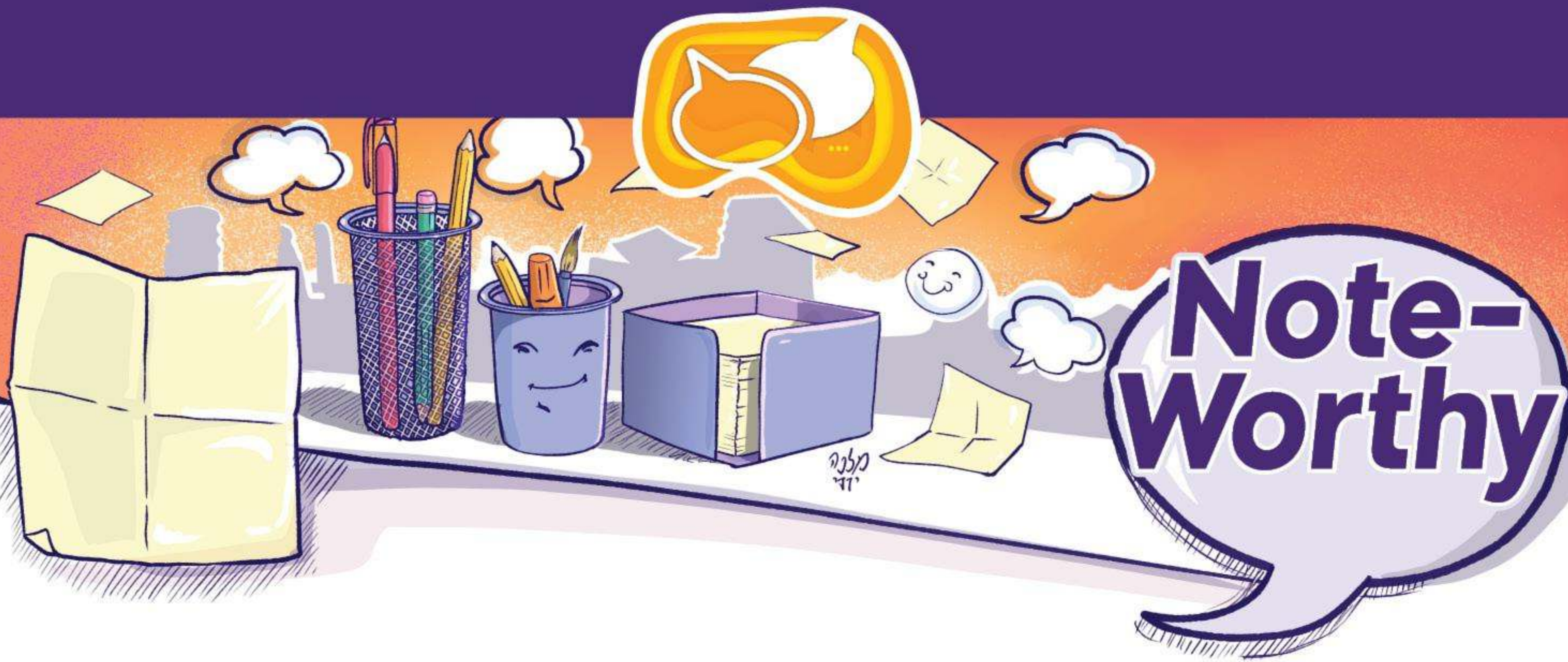
Maybe this man is very allergic to fish? Maybe he saw through the transparent bag that its contents are dangerous for him? That he could choke? Maybe that's why he motioned "No" and sped off?

That thought led to an opposite thought: Maybe *his* life wasn't in danger, but he was on the way to save someone else's life? True, he wasn't wearing a Hatzalah vest, but maybe he was just a humble man who didn't want people to know... True, he didn't have a motorcycle or a car. But maybe his car was in the garage, poor guy, and when he got a beep, he wanted so much to help that he went on foot? So moving! It's clear that he couldn't stop even for a second. He was on his way to the scene of the event---

Event. Isn't that a nice word? It caused me to stop short and reminded me that... Aha! Yesterday my sister told me that all of the buildings next to hers, five in a row, were filled with arrows. "It has something to do with an activity of some high school," she explained. "All of the arrows lead to an apartment in my building, and on the lobby door, there's a big sign that says: "The event."

Arrows! Now I knew what to look for! Here's one! And another one! I held tight to the fish container, and followed the arrows.

When I got to the festive sign, I started climbing up to my sister's *nachalah*. I felt I was on the right path, not just because of the arrows and the event, but also because of the man and my thoughts about him. Understand?



## Exciting or Not?

I dialed Moishy's number automatically. I was sure our conversation would be short and to the point: We'd set a place and time, and that's it, like the previous times we'd learned together. Our *chavrusa* had worked out very well, in my opinion, and it didn't occur to me that this time would be different.

"May I speak to Moishy?" I asked his brother, who picked up the phone.

"Just a second," the brother answered. I heard a mix of voices. I imagined him going from room to room until he found Moishy. Then I heard a sentence in the background. It was Moishy's voice, but the content didn't sound like him at all.

"I don't want anything to do with him anymore," I heard Moishy say. "At first it was exciting, but that's it. I had enough."

I was hurt to the quick. I didn't wait for Moishy to get on. What for? I'd already heard his opinion quite clearly. I hung up and sank onto my bed.

The phone rang. I glanced at the screen. Moishy!

I didn't answer. I just couldn't.

Why was he calling? To repeat his

insulting statement? Once was enough for me, thank you.

And even if he'd decided to set up a *chavrusa* with me, in spite of his feelings, forget it! I'll find myself a nicer friend. I was so deep in thought that I didn't notice that Abba had walked into the room and asked me something.

"Nu, Tzvi" - he said. "Why don't you answer? I was sure you'd jump for joy at the opportunity!"

"What opportunity?"

"To come with me to Maariv at the Kosel. Our neighbor, Rav Sofer, offered me a ride, and there's another space."

"Yes, I want to come!" I replied. True, I was in a miserable mood, but a trip to the Kosel was not something I'd want to pass up.

On the way, Abba spoke with the neighbor and I sat silently and replayed that stinging sentence in my mind. How could it be? I enjoyed learning with him so much. I was sure he enjoyed it, too. Was it all a show? Maybe the story had a different explanation...? No, I'd heard him say it with my own ears...

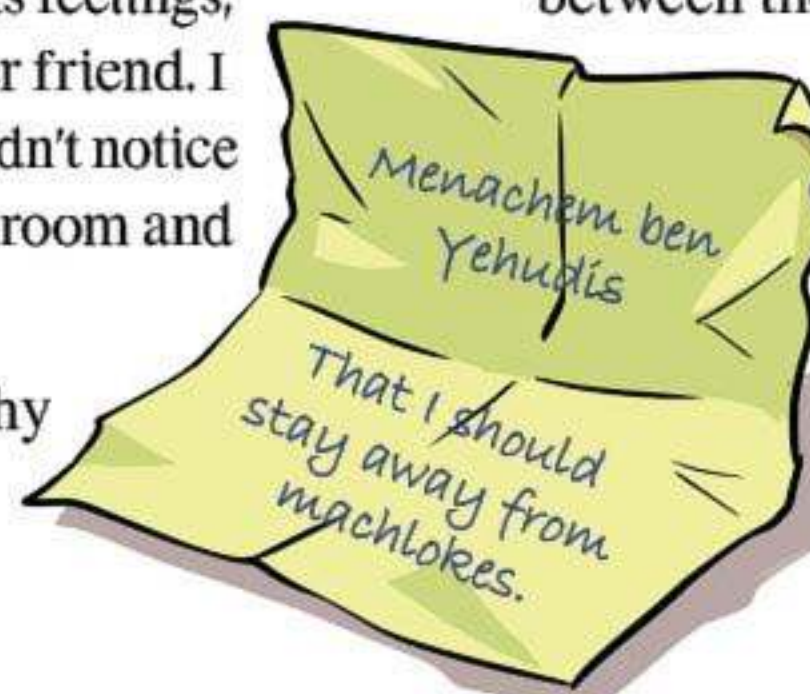
"We're here!" Abba interrupted my thoughts.

We walked slowly through the Kosel plaza, looking for a quiet corner. A little siddur slipped off the table. I bent down to pick it up, and

then I found the note of Menachem ben Yehudis with his unusual request.

I folded it in four and went to stick it in between the stones. That must be what the writer had intended to do and, on the way, the note had fallen from his hand.

I tried to picture this Menachem. A boy? A *bachur*? In any case, it's someone with serious values - it's easy to see that from his *bakashah*.



Suddenly it occurred to me: I, too, could daven for what was bothering me. I could ask Hashem to help me judge Moishy favorably. To keep the insult from hurting so badly. Abba always says that spiritual *bakashos* are easily accepted, and this *bakashah* certainly fits that definition.

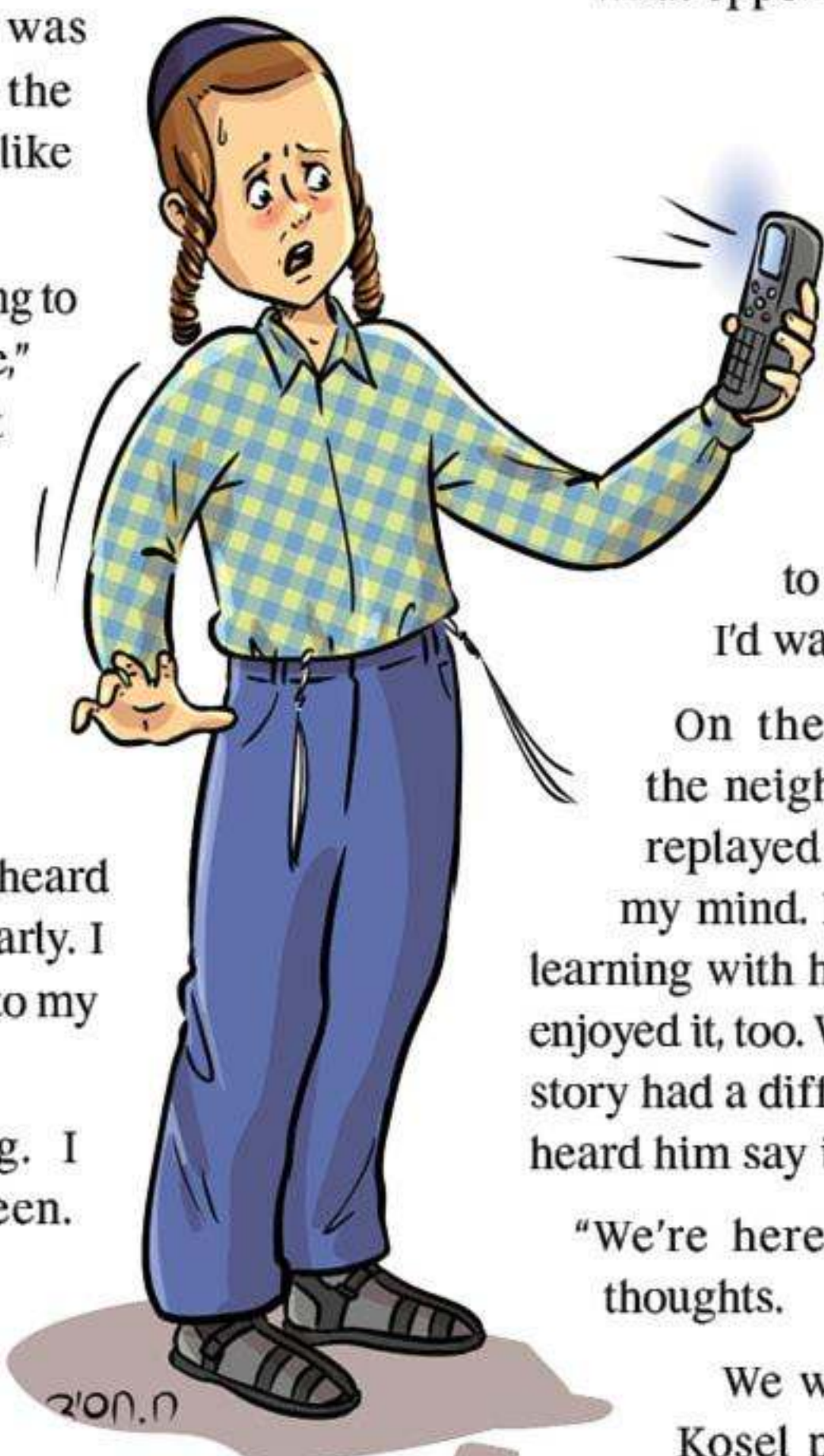
I leaned my head on the stones and asked. I added the usual requests, too: Good health for me and my family, success in everything, and, of course, the Geulah soon.

On the way home, my heart was a lot lighter, and when Moishy called, I answered him calmly. It was worth it. Moishy shed light on the picture that had been so dark:

"Oh, that?" he laughed. "That was about Mocha, the parrot. Our neighbor lent him to us. At first I was so excited, but no more. I'm sick of all the noise and the care that bird demands. Understand?"

Yes, I understood. I understood that sometimes, I don't understand.

And I understood that Abba in Shamayim had answered my prayers.





RAFFLE WINNERS FOR THE PUZZLE SECTION:  
AVIGAYIL MESIKAH, BAT YAM

# Letter Maze

Begin at the bold letter, continue up, down, right or left (but not diagonally) and you will discover a *ma'amar Chazal* about the virtue of *shetikah* - remaining silent.

(Hint: It's in Pirkei Avos.)

מ	י	ג	י	ת	ל
ו	מ	ה	ב	י	ד
ל	כ	ח	ל	י	ג
א	מ	→ כ	מ	י	
	צ	א	ת	י	ל
י	ק	ה	ו	ט	ג
ת	ש	מ	ב	פ	ו

## Week 1:

R. Bonfeld - Ofakim  
B. Weinberger - Bnei Brak  
N. Tzadok - Modi'in Ilit  
M. David - Y-m  
C. Avraham - Beit Shemesh

B. Friedman - Chatzor  
Y. Godlevsky - Beit Shemesh  
N. Feinhandler - Y-m

## Week 2:

Y. Bamberger - Y-m  
C. B. Weisfish - Y-m  
R. Friedman - Y-m  
R. Shub - Modi'in Ilit  
R. Weingarten - Bnei Brak

M. Hager - Beitar  
Y. Rosengarten - Y-m  
M. Thaler - Bnei Brak

## Week 3:

G. Veg - Beit Shemesh  
E. Sternfeld - Y-m  
S. Lieberman - Beit Shemesh  
Y. Cohen - Beit Shemesh  
C. Brief - Y-m

C. Weinman - Modi'in Ilit  
M. Malachi - Elad  
E. Spitzer - Beit Shemesh

## Week 4:

E. Rottenberg - Beit Shemesh  
M. Abeles - Y-m  
S. Westheim - Modi'in Ilit  
N. Salem - Beitar Ilit  
E. Kempe - Bnei Brak

Y. Krauss - Teverya  
S. Weiss - Elad  
M. Beer - Elad

## Week 5:

P. Cohen - Beit Shemesh  
Y. Elituv - Beitar Ilit  
M. Kaufman - Y-m  
M. Herzl - Beitar Ilit  
S. Cohen - Y-m

N. Lopian - Beit Shemesh  
E. Saporazada - Ashdod  
R. Wertheimer - Beit Shemesh

## Week 6:

G. Katzenelbogen - Y-m  
B. Brim - Beit Shemesh  
S. Hershtik - Beit Shemesh  
S. Schrem - Holon  
M. Heimlich - Beit Shemesh

R. Kenigsberg - Beit Shemesh  
C. Yankelwitz - Tzefat  
Y. Peretz - Modi'in Ilit

## Week 7:

D. Abuav - Elad  
G. Preisel - Y-m  
M. Tarim - Y-m  
C. Brizel - Y-m  
S. Gross - Y-m

Y. Bouskila - Bnei Brak  
Y. Wasserman - Bnei Brak  
Y. Auring - Y-m

# Special Prize For Masmidim

All the kids who kept up their learning without interruption for the entire period - will be"H receive

## An exclusive prize without a raffle!

Prize winners will get a call informing them where to pick up their prize. You can also find out by calling 072-337-2212, Ext. 32

Send solutions to Mishmeres HaSholom  
11 Sdei Chemed St. Jerusalem or fax: 02-650-6107

Raffles follow the protocol at Mishmeres  
HaSholom offices. Winners will be informed

Name:

Address:

Phone:  City:

# TREASURES IN THE SAHARA

**Summary:** Rav Tzemach Duran contributes money to strengthen the Talmud Torah and help stop the defection to the Haskalah schools. He sends Reuven, the son of one of his workers, to give out secret donations to families who, because of their poverty, fell into the net of the Maskilim. Reuven's friends suspect that he is being friendly with the boys who attend the Haskalah schools.

Written by B. Halevi  
Illustrated by C. Chusid

4



Today I met with the Menahel of the Talmud Torah. I have good news!

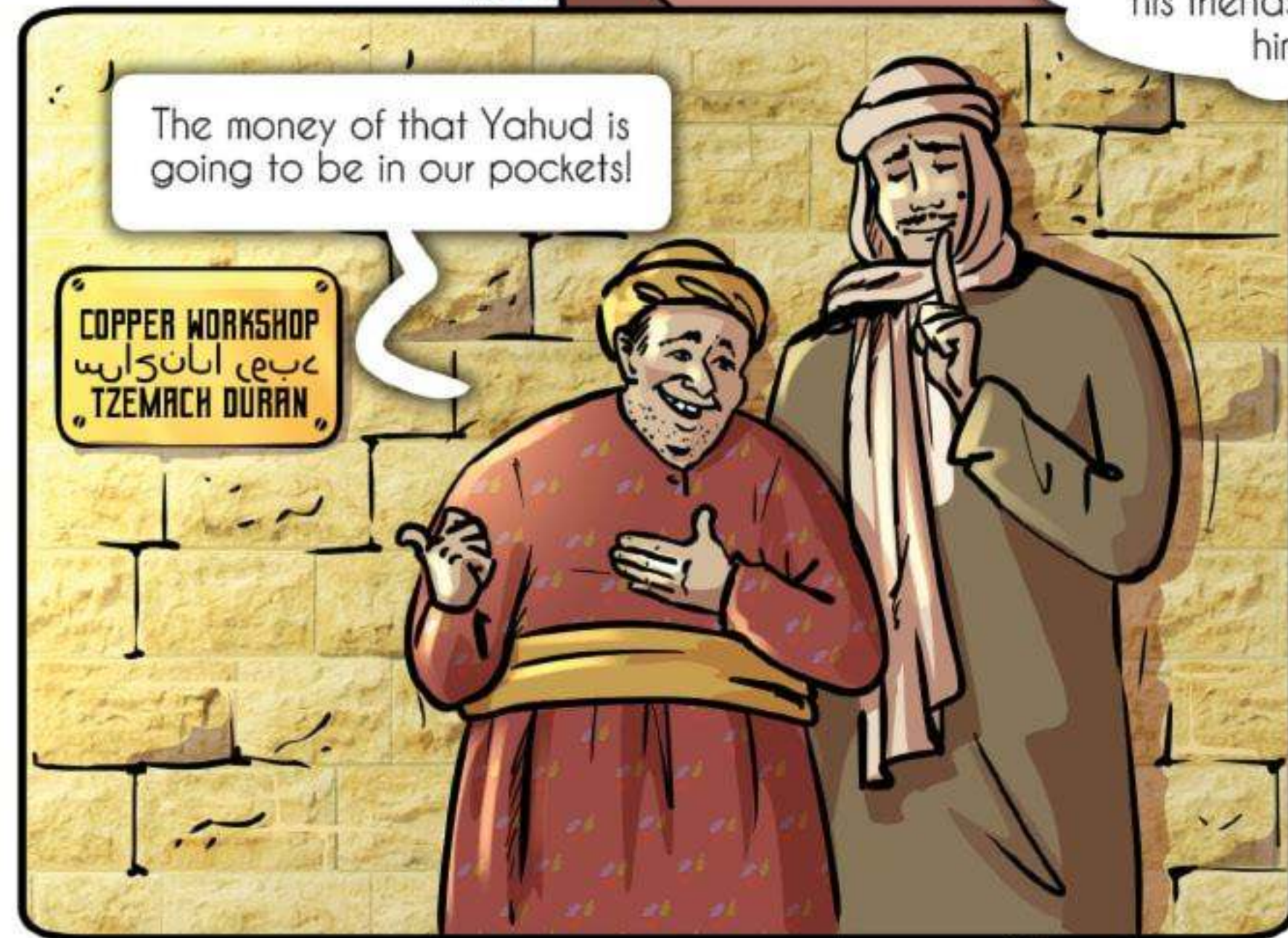
One family already came back to us, *baruch Hashem*, thanks to your Reuven's envelopes!

It was a good choice! Reuven is quick and responsible.

Reuven really is a wonderful boy. Too bad his friends don't like him...



Fat envelopes with money...



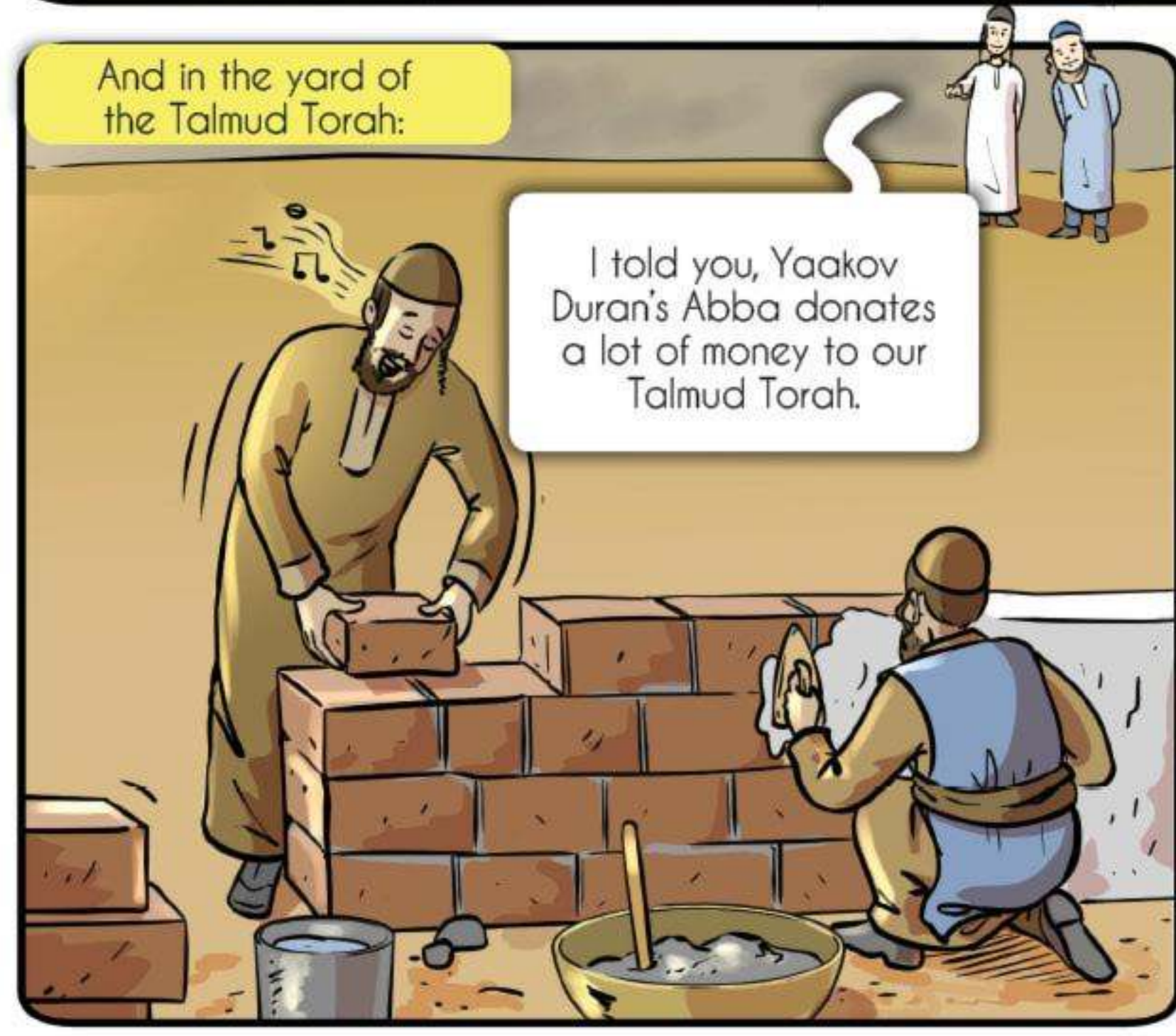
The money of that Yahud is going to be in our pockets!

COPPER WORKSHOP  
בנין אבן זאב  
TZEMACH DURAN



I have the feeling that you already have a plan...

Heh... heh... heh... A plan, and how...!



And in the yard of the Talmud Torah:

I told you, Yaakov Duran's Abba donates a lot of money to our Talmud Torah.



They're suspicious of me...

He's a tzaddik, Rav Duran.

Yes, a real tzaddik. He doesn't just pretend like...