

Mishmeres
HaSholom Magazine

SIYAN 5783

200
הגיונת בליט



700
עותקים

3,000
עותקים

A special expanded magazine FEEDBACK

in honor of our 200th issue

30,000
עותקים

70,000
עותקים

95,000
עותקים

110,000
עותקים

120,000
עותקים





This month, we were *zocheh* to put out issue 200 of our magazine. I can't believe we've gotten to this amazing number. Two hundred!!!

It took us half a year to put out the first issue. How much thought and effort we put in! We were sure it would also be the last... And now, *baruch Hashem*, look how far we've come, with our one and only goal, both with the magazines and with all our other activities: to be *mezakeh* Am Yisrael with *shalom* and *shemiras halashon* and to introduce the daily learning of *hilchos shemiras halashon* into every home.

Our subject this month, in the "Circles" series, is the business circle. I think we can say that anyone connected to Mishmeres HaShalom has a part in the best business deal around!!!

Each one who participates, reads the magazines, and draws *chizuk* from them - is part of the tremendous enterprise of Mishmeres HaShalom, both its activities and the huge merits and profits.

A Jew who had dedicated himself to Klal work once came to the Chofetz Chaim and complained that his involvement with the *tzibbur* was coming at the expense of his personal *avodas Hashem*.

The Chofetz Chaim asked him: "How much does a pair of shoes cost at the shoemaker?" The Jew answered: "One ruble." "And how much do factory-made shoes cost?" the Chofetz Chaim asked. The Jew answered, "A half ruble."

"If so," the Chofetz Chaim wondered aloud, "the shoemaker should be rich, since he takes twice as much as the factory owner. How is it that the factory owner accrues such high profits?"

"The answer is simple," he explained. "The shoemaker produces one or two pairs a day, while the factory churns out thousands each day..."

The *nimshal* is: When a person is busy solely with his personal *avodas Hashem*, he gets reward, but when he dedicates himself *tozikuy harabim* - the profits are incomparably higher!

Every word of *lashon hara* that is held back earns reward, but here at our "business" of Mishmeres HaShalom, with the ripple effect each of us causes with our personal *his'chazkus* in *shemiras halashon*, - the profits are simply staggering!!!

The Chofetz Chaim wrote (*Shemiras Halashon*, part 2:7) in the name of the *Zohar* that if we would keep the *middah* of *shalom* properly, we would be *zocheh* *to'bias haMashlach*. The coming of *Mashiach* hinges on us, and anyone who tries to rectify the sins involving speech - has a part in building the Beis Hamikdash.

If we'd be given an opportunity to take part in building the Beis Hamikdash with a monetary donation, we would happily respond. Here, we're not being asked for a commitment of money, but only to distance ourselves from *lashon hara* and *sinas chinam*. In Nechemiah Hanavi's time, the names of those who contributed towards the building of the Beis Hamikdash were written on the wall. Surely, here, too, the name of each one who contributed to bringing the Geulah closer by increasing *shalom* in the world - will be publicized to all!

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Important Message for Building Reps

Starting this month, the magazines will be delivered directly to the buildings. The new system will make it much easier to receive and distribute them. Naturally, there may be some errors at the beginning of the new arrangement. Follow the magazines' delivery and inform us if there were any mistakes: 02-537-9160



New Cycle

On Rosh Chodesh Sivan, a new learning cycle in sefer Chofetz Chaim begins. Hear a variety of shiurim on the daily halachos on the Shalom Hotline, 072-337-2212. New shiurim on the line (in Hebrew): Rav Ben Tzur Ext. 2.5.2 and Reb. R. Bolak, ext. 2.5.2.1



Conclusion of Sefiras Ha'Omer Campaign

Mishmeres HaShalom sums up the Sefiras Ha'Omer campaign with deep satisfaction, after thousands of children took part in the daily learning on the Shalom Hotline. All the masmidim will receive a special prize, without a raffle. Details on the prize pick-up stations will be given on a phone message.

Saying That Someone Went Off the Derech

Question: Is it permissible to say that someone stopped being *shomer Torah umitzvos* or deteriorated spiritually? On the one hand, this is the most derogatory thing there can be. But on the other hand, it is public knowledge; the person's outer appearance openly reveals the truth. Additionally, if anyone would ask him, he would blatantly declare his situation.

Answer: The basic *din* is that something very well-known may be said even when doing so is not *lo'eles*. However, one must be very careful not to add commentary about why it happened, such as: The parents are to blame because they were overly strict or not loving enough... The *mechanech* is guilty etc. When transmitting this kind of information, it is better to express pain, as well as *aberachah* that he should soon do *teshuvah*.

Speaking with a Co-Worker about Annoying Clients

Question: I work in an office with a few co-workers. Frequently, after phone conversations with clients, we let slip statements like: "I don't have patience for such people"; "They can drive you crazy"; and such. In most cases, these comments are a way of releasing frustration, not to insult the clients. Still, I thought maybe there might be a problem of *lashon hara* here.

Answer: From the questioner's words, it seems that these are clients whom the co-workers are familiar with, and everyone knows that they are a nuisance, plying the staff with unnecessary questions and demands. Therefore, comments such as those cited by the questioner would generally not be prohibited. However, this conduct is not the Torah way. It is certainly preferable to abstain from such talk,

especially when there is room to judge them favorably - that they are obsessive-compulsive or anxious by nature, etc. - and instead of complaining about them, to wish them a *refuah sheleimah* and *simchas chayim*.

Publicizing Derogatory Information when the Subject States that "He Doesn't Care if People Know"

Question: My friends and I were sitting together and one of the girls said information about herself that was substantially derogatory, especially for girls like us at *shidduchim* age. She even added: "Yes, I don't care if people know about it." I think that she simply doesn't realize the damage such information can cause her... Is it anyway permissible to pass on this information to other friends?

Answer: If a person says derogatory information about himself, the listeners may not pass it on, even when the speaker explicitly allows them to do so, because, all in all, this is blatantly derogatory information. Therefore, in regard to the question at hand, it is clear that the listeners may not further spread the negative information that the girl said about herself, especially since there is double negativity here: a. the derogatory information itself; b. the lack of understanding she displays by giving them permission to publicize the information.

By the way, even though it is permissible for a person to speak about himself before others and minimize his importance and honor - he is not allowed to speak about sins that he did, unless there is real benefit in doing so. (*CC Klal* 1:9 and *BMC* 15; *Klal* 2, *BMC* 28; *Chut Hashani Shemiras Halashon*, p. 350; *Rambam, Hilchos Teshuvah* 2:5; *Mishnah Berurah* 607: 6-9)

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Introducing...
R. Tov



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE Bouquet

WITH A WALLET FULL OF BILLS OR A CREDIT CARD, HOW DOES THE MOMENT OF ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE CUSTOMER AND THE STOREOWNER LOOK? WHAT ELSE SITS THERE ON THE COUNTER, BEHIND IT, AND UNDER IT? • AN INTERVIEW FULL OF FRAGRANCES AND COLOR WITH MRS. L. RABINOWITZ, OWNER OF "ITZUVIT" - A BUSINESS THAT IMPORTS AND SELLS FLOWERS AND GIFTS FOR THE HOME AND FOR EVENTS • PEOPLE, LIKE FLOWERS

Our meeting and talk with Leah takes place at a particularly busy moment, but she moves everything aside and sits with us calmly. "I see this interview as a mission. Customers need to hear a bit of the inner feelings of the people behind the counter, especially of storeowners in our sector," she says. "Sometimes it seems that when people enter the shop, they simply forget that the important mitzvos of *bein adam l'chaveiro* apply here, too..."

WHEN A HOBBY BECOMES A CAREER

Tell us, first of all, how you came to this

area of flowers and gift design.

Leah tells us that the love for flower arranging and for esthetics flows in her blood. "I was born with it," she says. After her marriage, she decided to study these things professionally. "Along with the natural talent, I also felt a burning need to give - which comes into expression in an occupation like mine. It seemed like a perfect combination - both to work in what I love - flowers, beauty, and design - and also to be involved in giving. On top of all that, I would be able to bring home a nice *parmassah*.

I started studying. I learned all over the world. I put a lot into it. It was a long, difficult, and costly journey, especially after my young children were born, *baruch Hashem*. But I feel that if you want to sell something, you need to do

it in the best possible way, out of fairness to the customer."

It's not easy to get up one day and decide to open a business. How did you do it?

Leah goes back to the early days: "We did it slowly and carefully, with a lot of *tefillah* and with our Rebbe's *berachah*," she says, and immediately adds: "We never relied on ourselves to make decisions. At every stage, we consulted with people familiar with the field.

At first we opened a small business, from the house. Then we moved on to a storefront beneath the house, and only afterwards, to the mall," she describes the process. "Today, we *baruch Hashem* work on a large scale - we are importers, marketing to all the flower

shops in the country. From my many years of experience, I want to tell anyone who has a dream of opening a business - go for it. Dreams come true and bring with them success! But - start small!! Even if you have money, don't start big. First, sniff out the market. Check, consult with people familiar with the field, and don't rely on yourselves. Although Ploni opened such a business and was successful, that doesn't mean that it will work in your area, too. Even the Rebbe always asks my husband, before giving his *berachah* - Did you consult with experts?"

"It is hard for me to see that some people start big and, unfortunately, fall in a big way soon after," Leah sighs. "Today I am an importer, and when people come to me to buy merchandise, I don't let them buy too much. I cool off their excitement and tell them - 'Don't worry, I'm here to sell you more. Go check out the turf; try it out; seek advice. Don't take on unnecessary risks.'"

THE HEART BEHIND THE FLOWERS

Working with flowers and gifts - what a happy, blooming occupation...

Leah totally agrees. "Generally we meet people at the happiest moments of their lives," she says. "When do people order flower arrangements and gifts? For Yom Tov, for a new mother, a *kallah*... The flower shop is the first stop for all the emotional *shviggers*. Every morning, when I wake up, I thank Hashem for this happy and interesting work. I walk in the street, see the flowers, the beauty of Creation, and thank Hashem for the thrill of working in such a happy and colorful field.

"But there are also exceptional cases," Leah qualifies her statement. "Sometimes, sad and painful stories pass through my store. There are deliveries to a fresh widow who needs encouragement, or to a family that went through some crisis. Caring people try to bring some joy into these homes.

"During the Corona, we experienced it much more," Leah recalls. "I remember the improvised weddings. I would be up then for entire nights designing the flowers, so they would at least lend the makeshift hall somewhat of a wedding look. I received many orders from people who wanted to cheer up families in quarantine, sick people, and, sadly, also families who'd lost a loved one. It was difficult to work in the shop when so many sad stories were coming to us. I learned how much I need to thank Hashem for the routine times, when our work is so happy..."

The story that touched my heart the most was the *chassan-kallah* who had to go into quarantine the day after the wedding, before they'd had their first Sheva Berachos. They couldn't participate in a single Sheva Berachos. All week, people made them Sheva Berachos under their window and every day, they would

come to us to organize another delivery that would attempt to gladden the young couple - family, friends, neighbors - everyone. The arrangements that came out of here were amazing, but my heart couldn't stand up to the pain of this situation..."

It sounds like you really do work with your whole heart...

I think that - unrelated to my business and to the area of flower arrangements - in every occupation, if you feel that you cannot put your soul into your work, that's a sign that this work



HASHGACHAH PRATIS

In the business, we see a lot of *hashgachah pratis*. An item may sit on the shelf for a long time, with no one showing interest in it. Then, suddenly someone comes and is thrilled with it. It was simply waiting for that customer.



is not for you!" Leah replies, with a hand on her heart. "If you don't work with your entire soul, it causes damage to the customers and also hurts the employer and blocks development of the entire business.

"It hurts me so when a customer comes in to order an arrangement and says to my worker: 'I don't want you to prepare it... I want only that worker...' How can people offend another human being like that?? We are speaking of workers who are all excellent and professional. Some went through years of training! No business owner wants to ruin his business. If I brought in this worker, that means I rely on her amazing design abilities," she says, and her eyes radiate genuine caring. Here, *bein adam l'chaveiro* needs to be first and foremost - that's what she thinks. When I ask if she employs any beginning workers, she explains: "I have a policy regarding beginners: I don't put them into design; I prepare a sample for them, and

they create identical ones. That's how they practice and gain experience."

People think - working with flowers, what amazing work! But the fact is that you're on your feet all day, and you work the hardest on Erev Chag, Erev Pesach...

Leah smiles. With all of her inborn love for this flowering occupation, we've touched a sore point: "A week before Pesach, I try to cut down and sell only ready arrangements. But someone will always come right before *bedikas chametz*, when I have hardly any workers, and demand that I arrange something here and now.

"Many of our customers order by phone. We promise we'll arrange the flowers beautifully, even without their seeing it. When they ask us to send a photo, we say we'll try; it depends how busy we are." Here, Leah's face clouds over and she adds: "It's too bad that people don't always understand how difficult it is on Fridays to manage all the deliveries of flower arrangements, gifts, and the attached cards, as well as to keep track of the addresses - that we just CAN'T mix up - and these customers get stuck on the photo that we really don't always get a chance to send... Think of us, too. We're also human," she adds.

What happens when there are complaints or requests to exchange or return?

It looks like this question is a sensitive one. "A gift, by definition, is something you buy for someone else. Therefore, there is a greater chance that the recipient will want to exchange it," Leah explains. She adds that the whole subject of returns and exchanges is a charged one in her field. "The rule is, as in any business - exchanges only with the receipt or an exchange voucher.

"Think for a second - why does the gift you get from your employer come to you without an exchange voucher? It's not by chance. Maybe he doesn't want you to know how much it cost, or he bought it on sale and it cannot be exchanged. How can you come the day after Purim and demand that we exchange it? It's not fair, not according to halachah, and not accepted practice in any store. So if we're *heimish*, a *Chareidi* business in your neighborhood, do we deserve such an attitude from our clients?!"

BEIN ADAM L'CHAVEIRO IN EVERY SITUATION

Just as Leah chooses flowers for her shop, carefully selecting only the good and suitable ones, so she sifted through the stories and selected the ones suitable to be included in this interview. Anything that might insult a customer who would identify himself in the story - was summarily disqualified.



Kallah in Waiting

Many *kallahs* pass through their shop. They like the dressy *simchah* clothing, as well as the courteous service and the bonus of on-site alterations at no fee. There are always matching fabrics and decorative accessories available, enabling customers to lengthen, upgrade, or make any other necessary changes in the garment. But with the pair that walked in that morning in early Nissan, everything looked different---

The mother and daughter appeared somewhat tense. They talked about a *vort* together with an *erusin* that would take place that night *bezas Hashem*, and they were looking for a very specific kind of dress. The saleswomen in the shop, who are used to such demands, streamed along with them patiently and with endlessly devoted service, but they emphasized that in these busy days of Erev Pesach, no alterations could be provided, due to the time pressure.

At a certain point, the mother and daughter chose an exclusive evening dress with a relatively smooth, unadorned fabric. The cut looked very good on the girl, but the mother, who claimed to be knowledgeable in sewing, insisted they had to add something to enrich the final look. The saleswoman politely reminded them that there were no store alterations now. She even pointed at a sign to this effect that had been placed right next to the fitting rooms.

The mother fumed. She asked to speak to the storeowner. The young saleswoman tried suggesting a different dress, with a more interesting design, but to no avail.

The next dialogue was with Miri, the store owner, and the volume rose from moment to moment. "It's not right! How can you do such a thing to customers,

and yet to a *kallah* who is getting engaged that night?"

The situation was very unpleasant, but Miri had no choice. She couldn't give the seamstress yet another job. The woman was already overburdened during the busy pre-Pesach days. Besides, in Miri's opinion, the accessory that the "knowledgeable" mother wanted to add to the almost-*kallah's* dress would come out strange. And anyway, there was no reason to get stuck *davka* on this dress, out of the broad selection, or, for that matter, to get stuck on this store, out of all the shops in the city. But there was nothing to talk about.

The girl stood there, still wearing the exclusive dress that she liked, while her mother went from one saleswoman to the next, explaining her problem and trying to persuade them to do her a personal favor and push this dress, too, onto the seamstress...

Miri felt that she was about to explode. It was Erev Yom Tov for her, too; the shop was packed, and this woman was occupying all of the saleswomen in pointless arguments. Still, she remained polite and tolerant. In the end, she understood that there was no choice and she arrived at a compromise with the stubborn customer: The mother would give up her dream of another layer of gathered lace. On their part, the store would do the other additions and changes, and have them ready by seven that evening. What don't you do to be *mesameyach* a *kallah* about to get engaged...?

It was only after they'd walked out, leaving behind a staff exhausted by the arguments, that Miri realized they hadn't even left an advance payment for the costly dress...

Shortly before seven, the dress was ready, very impressive with its new finish, even though it wasn't to Miri's taste. Nu, the main thing was that it was to

the taste of the *kallah* and her mother.

Who were due to arrive in the next few minutes to pay and run and break a plate...

Any minute now, because the hands of the clock were already approaching 8:00...

Very soon, it would be closing time...

It didn't make sense. A *kallah* doesn't forget to take her outfit for the *erusin*. She already needed to get dressed. The saleswomen were already closing the register and going home. Miri also had to leave---

In the end, she locked up at ten to nine, casting a despairing look at the *erusin* dress that remained in shame on the hanger near the register.

The next morning, the mother called, crying her heart out. "Don't ask what a day we had!" Her voice trembled as she related that --- in the end, the *erusin* had *not* taken place.

Miri listened. Empathized. Wished her that they'd *bezas Hashem* find the right *shidduch* very soon. And hung up without saying a word about money. It was not possible to mention such a thing at this sensitive moment.

Precious work time of the seamstress gone to waste on the additions and alterations. A costly dress that, in Miri's opinion, had been hopelessly ruined by the strange combination that could not be undone. It was nice of the poor mother, in the midst of all the pain and aggravation, to remember to call and apologize, but what about the financial damage that was caused? Who was supposed to compensate the store??

Not an hour later, a hysterical customer came into the shop with her daughter. The girl was a *kallah*. That night would be the *erusin*, and they hadn't yet

found a dress!!

The staff received them graciously, but the bitter taste of yesterday's experience still hovered in the air. Miri made sure to emphasize in advance that there were no in-house alterations so close to Pesach. It was just "try on and take home."

Suddenly the two laid eyes on the dress from the previous day, which was still hanging there next to the register. They were ecstatic. A glint lit up in the *kallah's* eyes, and her mother was also excited. That was precisely what they were looking for! A quick peek at the price tag, a hasty fitting, and, before the astonished eyes of Miri and the two saleswomen, they simply took the dress. No, they *snatched* it! The mother pulled out her wallet and paid in cash, not even waiting for change. They had no time; it was a matter of hours until the *erusin*... Miri just stood there, awed by the *hashgachah pratis*.

Pesach came and went. A calm period arrived at Miri's shop. The spring collection had virtually been sold out on Erev Chag. The summer merchandise would just be arriving the following week. On the line was that mother, the first one. There were bells in her voice. *Baruch Hashem*, the *shidduch* came up again, and now they were really about to get engaged. She needed a dress for the *kallah*, and, no, she already learned her lesson and would not ask for any additions or upgrades. She wanted to come and take a dress as is, off the hanger.

Miri was excited for her. Sincerely shared her *simchah*. But she was open about the situation: "I don't have very much merchandise now. Everything was bought out," she said. But the mother was obstinate. She wanted to buy *davka* there.

They came, looked through the paltry selection and, in the end, chose a slightly heavy dress that remained from the winter, but it was a perfect dress for *asimchah* and looked as if it was tailor-made for the girl.

"It's so nice on you!" Miri was thrilled. As opposed to the previous dress, which, in her opinion, had been ruined by all the

changes and additions, this time, she was genuinely happy for her young, elated customer.

"But it's a little wintry," she reminded them. She wanted to be fair.

"*Nisht gefערlich*," the mother assured Miri and also herself. "It's still chilly in Yerushalayim, especially in the evenings."

"And this dress is amazing and fits me to a tee, without a single alteration," the *kallah* added, stars in her eyes.

Miri packed up the purchase, added some laundry instructions, and poured her heartfelt *berachos* and good wishes on them. Her fingers tapped at the cash register, and her heart overflowed at the remarkable *hashgachah pratis* that she was once again *zochah* to see. A wintry *simchah* dress that had almost zero chance of being sold now...

Two weeks later, the *chasan's* mother, entered the shop. She introduced herself as a seamstress and designer, and said that she'd come after seeing the perfect dress that her *kallah* wore to the *erusin*. She was so impressed that she wanted to buy some accessories and fashion items for her home business. Too bad she hadn't known about this shop earlier. What a selection!

Miri watched as she checked out the merchandise on the shelves, shuddering at the thought of what her reaction would have been at the sight of the first dress, with its strange combinations, the one from Erev Pesach, if her *kallah* had worn that to the *erusin*...

A few months elapsed. The *chagei Tishrei* were approaching. Suddenly, the second mother came into the store, the one who had taken the dress with the strange adornments. Her daughter had been so thrilled with the dress for the *erusin*. She'd gotten loads of compliments, and it also looked sturdy and washable. So now, as they were nearing the date of the wedding, she wanted a dress of this same quality for Shabbos Sheva Berachos---

Because Hakadosh Baruch Hu has enough ways to pay, and also to repay doubly.

(The story is absolutely authentic. Identifying details have been changed.)



The Other Side of the Checkout Counter

A few points that we collected from the *beis din* desk about common complaints that come from customers about businesses.

- Misleading advertising: If you advertise a 70% discount sale all over town, and mean it only for one stand of last season's merchandise, mention that in the ad, and not in letters so tiny that you need a magnifying glass to read it.
- Company guarantee: When a client comes to complain about a defective item he bought from you, don't shrug off responsibility and send him to deal with the company alone. Be there for him.
- Behind the packaging: When you sell closed packages or packages that only reveal a bit of what's inside, make sure that when the customer gets home and opens it up, he'll be satisfied.



Buy 1, Get 1 Free



What brought you to the center of town was actually an orthopedist appointment. But the "Buy one, get one free" ad that caught your eye on the way back changed your plans all at once. We weren't talking about ketchup or Bissli; these were the current fashions that you saw on Erev Pesach at prices that make you think twice or more. And now, they were smiling to you from the stands, reminding you of what you say each and every morning: "Nothing! I have simply nothing to wear..."



You step inside and stop short at the frenzy in the air. Grab and try on, then rush to swipe the barcode at the register. Maybe tomorrow the size or color or both will run out. You take a deep breath and join the pandemonium. You consider item after item, debate between flowers with polka dots or polka dots with flowers, and decide, just to be sure, to take both. All you're missing is a shopping cart to complete the picture.



You walk out, loaded with packages, your feet swollen and head spinning. You decide to allow yourself a cab, after such a money-saving spree. Inside the taxi, in addition to a padded seat -- a rarity in the sardine cans called public buses -- you also enjoy quiet, calm, and clarity of mind... which leads you to doubt what you previously considered a perfect match between the two shades of purple you'd taken for weekday... and to thoughts of the price of the alterations, which would almost double the cost of the Shabbos set you were so thrilled about. All these niggling doubts might have made you turn around and return to the store, were it not for the running meter...



Two weeks later, you find yourself reading a banal notice, black on yellow: "No return or exchange of sale items." You argue and plead, accusing them of putting the caveat in letters that are too small, in so inconspicuous a place, and so on. In the end, you come out with a partial credit that who knows when you'll be able to use, but with the smug feeling that "the customer is always right." The salesperson's sigh at the merchandise that was left there, of no use to anyone now that the sales season is over, merges with the honks of the cars outside. But what's the difference? The main thing is that the sale was a success...

A special expanded magazine
FEEDBACK
 in honor of our 200th issue

From the Heart to the Printing Press

By B. Halevy

A critique system with three filters, a deadline breathing down your back, translations that travel to all ends of the earth, and a staff that works with heart and soul • Issue No. 200 brings us behind the scenes of the production and publication process of the Mishmeres HaSholom monthly magazines in a series of authentic interviews
 A success story

Hagaon Rav Menachem Mendel Fuchs shlita
 Question-Answer Column in
 Hilchos Shemiras Halashon



Tremendous Circulation, Huge Merits

Rav Fuchs serves as Rav in Ramot Daled and Moreh Tzedek for the Badatz. How did the Rav's connection with Mishmeres HaSholom begin and what brought the Rav to write the magazine's Q & A column?

I am a great-grandson of Rav Mordechai Chuna Fuchs zt"l. It was well known that when people around him would start talking about someone – even *not lashon hara* – he would immediately fall deeply asleep... so *shemiras halashon* is in my family's genes.

When I was a young *avreich* living in Kiryat Mattersdorf, there was a regular *shiur* in Daf Hayomi, and every Shabbos, before the *shiur*, they learned *sefer Chofetz Chaim*. For a long period, I delivered this 15-minute *shiur* in *Chofetz Chaim*. In time, I was invited to give a series of *shiurim* on *shemiras halashon* during Bein Hametzarim in yeshivas and *kollelim*. As a result of those *shiurim*, they approached me from Mishmeres HaSholom and asked me to start writing in the magazines that started coming out at that time.

I feel that this is not in my own *zechus*; the *zechuyos* of the Zeide, Rav Mordechai Chuna led me to be a part of the important enterprise of Mishmeres HaSholom. I always say that it's a shame the Chofetz Chaim didn't know my grandfather, who lived in the same period, but in Romania. If he had heard that the Zeide would fall asleep when people spoke unnecessarily – he would have gotten pleasure from it...

By the way, my *chasunah* took place on... 24 Elul, the *yahrtzeit* of the Chofetz Chaim zt"l...

Does the Rav receive many reactions to the Shu"t column in the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine?

It's hard to believe what tremendous circulation the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine has. Everywhere I go, I get feedback on the column. As *amohel*, I meet many people at *brissim*, among them, very *chashuve sandakim* – *roshei yeshivos* and *maggidei shiurim* – who also read the column every month... People thank and praise me and I thank them for their encouragement: it gives me the *ko'ach* to continue. There is also a small number of comments and criticism, and on rare occasions, we've printed clarifications or corrections. All this is not in my *zechus*; it is *zechus avos*.

I am thrilled to hear that Mishmeres HaSholom has reached the 200th issue. The *gimatriya* of "מאתיים עלוני משורת השלום" is 2028, equal to the *gimatriya* of "זה מקרב את ביאת משיח" – *roshei yeshivos* and *maggidei shiurim* – who also read the column every month... צדקנו במהרה"ר" שרה רבקה בת היגדה ורצברג" is 1985, equal to the *gimatriya* of "היא מוכה את הרבים להיחר" – *roshei yeshivos* and *maggidei shiurim* – who also read the column every month... "השב כהנים" and also the *gimatriya* of "השב כהנים" – *roshei yeshivos* and *maggidei shiurim* – who also read the column every month... לעבודתם וליום וליום" *Ashrei chelkah* of the Rebbetzin who stands at the helm of the organization, as well as *achelko* of her late husband Rav Yehoshua zt"l in Gan Eden, who was always at her side and gave her support and backing in this tremendous life work.

Rebbetzin S. Wertzberger tlita
 Founder and Director, the power
 behind the magazines



Our Staff Are Klal Yisrael's Diamonds

As the one standing at the top of the pyramid, how do you feel each month, when you are privileged to hold the printed magazine in hand?

Tremendous gratitude to Hashem. It's not my doing. It's all in the *zechus* of the ones who asked me to promote *shemiras halashon* – Rav Shalom Goldstein and Rav Segal zt"l, and also thanks to the support of my husband zt"l, who stood behind me all the years, spurring me on. I tangibly feel that their strength is behind all this, and I thank Hashem without end that he has given us the power to correct *sinas chinam* and spread *achdus* and *shalom* in Klal Yisrael.

What feedback do you get?

People stop me on the street. I don't know how they recognize me, but I almost never leave the house without hearing reactions. They thank me and tell me how much the magazine has changed their life. Many women tell me about difficult *nisyonos* they had – such as *machlokes* in the family or among neighbors – and how the magazine gave them the strength to overcome, to remain silent, to be *mevater*. Many say that it gave them an entirely different viewpoint – to think about others, not only themselves.

What do you have to say about the extended staff responsible for putting out the magazines? As their employer, do you feel that there is something here beyond a workplace?

I say that my staff deserves the greatest respect. They do everything; I just give the stamp of approval...

Every member of my staff is a diamond, lighting up the way for Klal Yisrael. They work with so much thought and desire to help Am Yisrael. I have huge *hakaras hatov* to them.

It's hard to find an ordinary business in which all the workers are so outstanding, each in her own field: the editors, writers, illustrators, printers, secretaries. Every single one works with real *mesirus nefesh*, sometimes under the pressure of Erev Yom Tov. They give their whole heart, at all hours. Their reward in Shamayim is very great!

Mrs. R. Trovitz
 Chief editor



They Never Stop Surprising, Innovating

For over twenty years, you've been putting out monthly magazines on the same topics of *bein adam l'chavero*. How is it that you don't run out of material for your columns?

I often ask myself this same question. I have thick folders on the shelf with all the previous issues. I riffle through them and think to myself: *That's it. We've covered this topic from every possible angle. We've dug through all the literature on gedolei Yisrael for stories to present the message. We've introduced each concept, illustrated it, turned it into comics, and varied it with all possible modes of presentation...* But the fact is, with marvelous *siyata d'Shemaya*, intense efforts, and an especially dedicated and professional staff, we manage to come out month after month with material for our tens of thousands of readers that surprises even me...

Serving as editor is a major responsibility. What are the most difficult and complex tasks, from your point of view?

Finding an idea based on a true incident for the main story is THE challenge every month. When you see the finished story, set up so beautifully, you cannot imagine all the suggestions and outlines that preceded it and were disqualified for reasons of spiritual, professional, or literary inappropriateness. Rav Fuchs's halachah column is also complicated, due to the need for exactness in each word and for obtaining the Rav's okay for every tiny editing change. But, *baruch Hashem, Ifum tzaara agra*. The feedback that floods us gives us the fuel to continue.

When do you allow yourself to heave a sigh of relief and relax?

The moment I send the material to the printer. I give a final glance at the designed material – the work of our marvelous graphic artist – take a parting peek at the sweet illustrations to ensure that each one was placed in the right section, and... give the okay to print.

It is really a moment of deep satisfaction. A feeling of – there! We did it! We met the deadline! Everything is ready and on the way to the printing press.

What do you have to say about the staff and the cooperation you receive?

It's a pleasure working with such a staff. We feel like one big family, with a dedicated, loving mother – Rebbetzin Wertzberger – who never forgets to pick up the phone to compliment, *bentch* us, and *daven* for us with all the warmth in her heart.

Mrs. R. Glicksman
 Proofreading and Review



The Most Worthwhile Job

You've been working at Mishmeres HaSholom for many years, as part of the production staff of the magazines and other programs for *chizuk shemiras halashon*. What do you have to say about this special work?

I feel like an inseparable part of everything that happens at Mishmeres HaSholom. It's not just a workplace, it's a life mission! I come to the office and get swept up in the work. Suddenly, it's time to leave and pick up the children from the day care center. I feel as if just a half hour has elapsed...

I was recently offered a job that was lucrative and quite tempting for various reasons. My husband went to consult Hagaon Rav Gershon Edelstein shlita. His response was: "Mishmeres HaSholom is *zechuyos*." That was enough for me...

You have a sensitive job – to make comments... criticize... How do you deal with it? How do staff members who receive criticism react?

The staff members I work with know that I appreciate their amazing work and

understand that my comments are not personal; they are coming only to improve and upgrade. Someone on the outside always sees things that we ourselves aren't able to notice.

Are you pleased with the results? Do you have a vision of reaching an even higher level?

Definitely pleased, but always careful to check and keep a finger on the pulse in the field. I get a lot of feedback from our readers, from friends, even from people I encounter by chance, like a bank clerk or real estate agent who heard about my job. The truth is that the strongest feedback I get is when I'm sitting on the bus and see someone glued to the magazine...

As to my vision – certainly, we always want to upgrade, both in terms of content and in frequency. My dream is to turn the monthly magazine into a weekly and to add more sections...

Mrs. S. R. Carlebach
Collects material for the magazines



An Effort L'shem Shamayim

How many years have you been working at Mishmeres HaSholom? How did you come to this job?

I got to know the Rebbetzin through the Shemiras Halashon Yom Iyun in Binyanei Ha'umah. Eighteen years ago, she asked me to join her staff and I was *zocheh* to become a part of Mishmeres HaSholom. The international organization was very small, then. There were just two secretaries in the office, and I was appointed as the one responsible for gathering material for the magazines.

Every month, the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine publishes a special and fascinating true story. How do you get to sources of such good stories?

It really isn't easy finding a true, authentic story that meets all of the exacting requirements of the editor and the editorial staff. Every story undergoes close

critique and is reviewed, proofread, and scrutinized very carefully...

But, *baruch Hashem*, we see a special *siyata d'Shemaya*. We tangibly feel that when you make an effort *l'shem Shamayim*, the effort is rewarded.

Do you get reactions on the material? Do you also get criticism and complaints?

It is very heartwarming to receive enthusiastic reactions from readers. Unquestionably, this warm feedback encourages and spurs us on. But I am definitely also open to constructive criticism.

Criticism is proof that the public is reading, attentive, and involved...

Every critical comment is carefully investigated and seriously addressed. At times, we will change or correct things as a result and at other times, we will internalize the message and draw conclusions for the future.

Mrs. C. Reichman
Graphic Artist



Satisfaction Times 100,000 Copies

A graphic artist doesn't deal with content, but with presentation. Do you feel, from your place, too, the uniqueness of working with Mishmeres HaSholom?

Davka from my place... When we're speaking about a magazine that is so meticulously screened that it can be brought into the most carefully protected homes – the illustrations and graphics, too, have to be without question... In the first issue I designed, when I wasn't yet familiar with the standards, I prepared a cover for the Bein Hazemanim issue showing a little boy holding a juicy watermelon. To me, it looked sweet and summery. I was surprised it didn't pass muster... It simply wasn't befitting the refinement of Mishmeres HaSholom to have a boy spread out over a full page, standing there with food in his hand. On another occasion, the figures that accompanied one of the projects weren't drawn in a way that was sufficiently modest, and I had to change the figures three times, throughout the magazine, to present a more *aidel* version.

How does it feel to know that the beautiful issues you designed are printed in over 100,000 copies and in three languages?

It's always nice to see the final product, and since the circulation is indeed very wide, I'll often come across a magazine or a building poster even in unexpected places, and then my enjoyment is even greater.

The huge number of copies that goes out actually demands of me a major commitment.

Since printing so many copies takes a lot of time on the printing machines, the printer reserves us a window of time, and if we don't make the deadline, we may have to wait as long as a full week until another slot opens. Since I am the last stage before printing, the pressure is channeled to me and I need to meet an exacting schedule.

The issue of the languages also complicates matters. For example, sometimes we decide on a last-minute text correction and I need to remember to send it for translation and to correct it in all three languages.

Mrs. C. W.
Content coordinator and editorial manager



The Zechus to Work Hand in Hand with the Rebbetzin

What exactly is your job? To nudge the staff to get the material in on time?

I am the intermediary. First, I hear from the Rebbetzin what content she wants in each issue. I pass this on to our professional editor, an expert in reading between the lines, and I make sure the wheels have started turning...

When we get the written material, I sit with the Rebbetzin to get her approval, and then again with the *vaadah ruchanis* representative to obtain her okay. Then I give the go-ahead to the editor, who passes on the material for translation, illustration, and graphics. I make sure nothing gets stuck anywhere, until everything gets to the printer.

Do you get a chance to read the material, enjoy it, be inspired by it?

Do I get a chance to read? That's my job: to read, review, hear criticism (virtually non-existent). How can I *not* enjoy it? There's not a single line in the magazine that isn't inspiring.

The truth is that I hear and read a lot more than actually goes into the magazine. If we add in all the stories and suggestions that we decide in the end – for various reasons – not to use, you will see that I end up hearing and being inspired by a lot more material.

Do you have a personal connection with the staff that you work with?

Of course – even though, with all the time pressure, our conversations are primarily technical. We're always rushing to finish... When, after all the filtering and reviews, the material is finally ready to go to print, it's time to get working on the next month's issue... The *nefs* is that once a year, the *hanhalah* organizes a festive get-together for the staff and then we share some quality time.

You are privileged to work hand in hand with the Rebbetzin. What is it like? You're probably also exposed to amazing *yeshuah* stories along the way...

All the work at Mishmeres HaSholom is worth it just to be so close to the Rebbetzin. The more I get to know her, the more I wonder: How was I *zocheh*? The Rebbetzin is a personality you cannot describe: her powerful desire for a better world, the *ahavas Yisrael* that throbs within her – it's something you just don't see elsewhere. Not a day goes by that she doesn't think of another idea we can implement to bring about more *shalom* and prevent *machlokes*. When she hears about a feud in a family or among neighbors, her pain is tangible.

As to *yeshuah* stories, it hurts me so when I hear people say things like: "The stories in the magazines must be made up..." It's so untrue! To sit with the Rebbetzin and hear from her firsthand the stories that people come and tell her in tears – is unbelievable. Every single day we hear stories that are totally authentic, even if they sound unreal to the readers...

Global Print
Printing house



To Look Back and Not Believe It

Do you feel a difference between the printing of the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine and other printing jobs?

Definitely. I am thrilled each time anew to see the power called "Mishmeres HaSholom" working unflaggingly, day and night, to keep the peace in Am Yisrael, at no personal profit.

Do you read the magazine?

Yes. In spite of my many occupations, I don't pass up reading some of the columns in the magazine, which I feel are very enlightening and empowering.

Which column speaks to you the most?

No question: It's Rav Fuchs's Q&A column. This section provides answers to everyday dilemmas that are relevant for all of us.

What can you tell us about the development of Mishmeres HaSholom over the years that you have worked with them in printing the magazines?

I pause a moment and look back and simply cannot believe that you've reached so many hearts in Am Yisrael and were *zocheh* to spread so much light in Jewish homes. We began eighteen years ago with about three thousand copies, and today, we churn out more than 120,000 copies in a number of languages!

This is my chance to wish you: May Hashem *bentch* all of those who are behind this remarkable enterprise, above all, Rebbetzin Wertzberger *titla*, who devotes her life to bringing *shalom* to Am Yisrael, and who stood at the side of her husband, R' Yehoshua *zt"l*, whom I was *zocheh* to know well. May we continue accompanying the huge superpower called Mishmeres HaSholom until the coming of the Go'el Tzedek *b'mcheyrah v'yameinu*. Amen!

Mrs. C. Stein
Translator into Yiddish

Mrs. D. Reichel
Translator into English



Adapting the Material to the Target Population

Translation is perhaps a somewhat boring job... How do you feel when you translate the sections of the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine?

Mrs. Reichel: I was an avid reader and writer from a young age, so this work is not boring for me in the least. When I translate the sections of the Mishmeres HaSholom magazine, I feel profound gratitude to Hakadosh Baruch Hu for sending me work that gives me professional satisfaction, and, more than that – a part in the *greatzikuy harabim* of Mishmeres HaSholom and a connection with the Rebbetzin and the entire marvelous staff. This is the opportunity to thank Mrs. B. Goldstein, a friend of Mishmeres HaSholom from its inception, who volunteers her literary talents to review the English translations.

Mrs. Stein: Boring? On the contrary! It demands a lot of thought! Actually, I don't just translate; I edit the material from scratch. In Yiddish, the text comes out much longer. I decide what phrases to omit as irrelevant to my target population and focus on the parts that speak to them – without detracting from the *geshmake* message.

The foremost challenge is unquestionably the halachah section of Hagaon Rav Mendel Fuchs *shlita* – which we try not to shorten at all! The halachos are written in his eloquent language, translated, and given to him for his exacting review.

You both live in Yerushalayim, a city with a high percentage of Yiddish and English speakers. Do you get feedback from the population of speakers of your language?

Mrs. Stein: My name doesn't appear in the magazine as translator, so the feedback comes to the office, not to me... The dedicated secretary gives me "warm regards" from time to time.

Mrs. S. Refael
Illustrator



To Draw Zechuyos in Color and Paintbrush

Do the printed magazines come to your home?

Of course! I was *zocheh* to be a building rep. Every time a bag of magazines arrives, the children run to distribute them to the neighbors, competing over how many each will give out.

I am very moved by the fact that when we first got here, there were only three *Chareidi* families in the building. Now, the entire building is populated by families that are *shomer Torah u'mitzvos*. I updated the office as to the change in number of magazines...

Which section do you open to first? (Yours??)

As an artist, what first catches my eye are the other artists' illustrations, which I particularly enjoy. After that, I go to the fascinating "Real-life Story" and read it, spellbound.

How does your work impact your family, home, and children, and also yourself?

I feel it's a *zechus* to belong to the Mishmeres HaSholom family. I'm amazed at the atmosphere of *achdus* and warmth that prevails among the staff members, whom I meet occasionally at the organization get-togethers.

My children also feel a special bond with Mishmeres HaSholom and try to be active participants in all of the organization's activities and campaigns.

Baruch Hashem, even my youngest children are careful not to speak *lashon hara*. In fact, right now, they are listening to the Sefiras Ha'omer campaign telephone halachos...

Mrs. Reichel: I get "warm regards" about the magazine from a number of directions, but most of my acquaintances don't even know that I have translated what they are reading. Once in a long while, the magazine prints a list of the staff members, but, to the best of my knowledge, the only ones who look for my name there are my granddaughters, who like to see their Babi's name in their favorite magazine (and they are actually all Hebrew speakers...).

How do you feel, knowing that the words you translate fly abroad and spread all over the world?

Mrs. Stein: I feel that I serve as a conduit that transmits content, and along the way, some of the messages stick to me... I'm sure there are *nisyonos* I would not have overcome, were it not for my involvement in this material... For that *zechus*, I am eternally grateful to the Ribono shel Olam.

I'll conclude with a *vort* of the Maggid of Kozhnitz *zt"l*: "If you've studied much Torah, *al tachzik tovah l'atzmecha*." If you have Torah, do not keep it to yourself; make sure to pass it on and be *mezakeh harabim* – "because that is what you were created for!!"

Mrs. Reichel: I tangibly feel how "*Zeh l'umas zeh bara ha'Elokim*." With *lashon hara*, a few hurtful words spoken on one side of the planet are liable to cause terrible damage in a faraway corner of the world, especially in the era of email. Correspondingly, I can sit at my computer in Ramot, and the translated words I type can influence thousands of people around the world for the good!

The Raffle:

FEEDBACK



New!
The prize sum goes up all the time!
Tell friends and family about the raffle and increase the prize sum

You set the sum of the prize
Your feedback adds money to the kitty!

For example: 10,000 responses = 20,000 shekel win (For your information, the magazine's circulation is over 120,000 copies)

So don't wait! > **Call** the Shalom Hotline: 072-337-2212 > **Participate** in Mishmeres HaSholom's feedback survey > **Increase** the sum of the prize by another 2 shekels > **win** be"H, the whole kitty!

Get an update of the prize sum any time, on Ext. 4

לפניכם ארבע שאלות קצרצרות, המערכת תכניס אתכם בעז"ה אוטומטית להגרלה לאחר שתענו על ארבעת השאלות. עפ"י מספר הטלפון ממנו התקשרתם.

שאלה ראשונה: כמה העלון משפיע על הבית שלכם?

- 1. מאוד משפיע הקישו 1
- 2. משפיע קצת הקישו 2
- 3. כלל לא משפיע הקישו 3

שאלה שניה: איזה מדור אתם הכי אוהבים? (הקישו את המספר הרצוי)

- 1. דבר הלכה מהרב פוקס
- 2. סיפור מרכזי
- 3. רגע למחשבה
- 4. איקס עיגול - מדור הומור
- 5. משמיע שלום - מכתבי הקוראים
- 6. משוחחים - ראיון מרכזי
- 7. מדורי הילדים

שאלה שלישית: איזה פרוייקט במהלך השנה אתם הכי אוהבים?

- 1. כינוסי הילדים
- 2. מסלוח מנות
- 3. ספירת האומר
- 4. שלוה בארמנותיך
- 5. מעמד התפילה בראדין
- 6. מעמד התפילה במנצ'סטר

שאלה רביעית:

האם יש לכם מדורים שרציתם להוסיף בירחון או שיש לכם משהו להגיד למשמרת השלום? (הקליטו את תשובתכם בקול ברוך, לאחר הישמע הצליל ובסיום ההקלטה הקישו סולמית)

Call now and maybe you'll win: **072-337-2212 Ext. 4**

*The sole purpose of the survey is to streamline the magazine! | Prize upper limit: NIS 100,000 | Minimum age to participate: 16 | Prize goes to owner of phone no. recorded on the system! Raffle will take place in the presence of one of the MH rabbanim and a certified attorney

FEEDBACK

של ישועות

200 בשורות אקראיות שנקלטו במוקד הישועות

050267**** Had a healthy baby boy	03741**** The Rosh Kolliel recovered	04796**** Boy learned to read	052763**** Baby boy after 20 years in waiting
052363**** Saw a personal yeshuah	09456**** The headache disappeared	02314**** Brother had a baby girl, after a few years	053254**** Found a missing bus card
050911**** Remembered the code of the lost telephone	02357**** The son was convinced to return to yeshiva	052614**** Wasn't fired from her job	03859**** Healthy baby
053979**** Got an imminent appointment with the senior doctor	03547**** Problem in shalom bayis was resolved	052987**** Peace was restored to the home	02659**** Bachur learning well
058226**** The tumor simply disappeared	03661**** Made it through the plane flight safely	055786**** Isn't afraid anymore	052781**** Operation was a success
058746**** After 4 years, found the baal ha'avcidah	054542**** Got a job	052765**** Found the money	058796**** Baby managed to fall asleep
050179**** Found an apartment after months of searching	052631**** Passed the test with flying colors	058320**** Found the apartment he wanted	02987**** Yeshuah in parnassah
058648**** The bank clerk agreed to come to a settlement	054553**** Came out of a terrorist attack unharmed	052767**** Found a chavrusa	02759**** Emotional relief
053644**** Got an excellent job	09664**** Managed to save a graphic art file that wasn't saved	052718**** Mood drastically improved	052767**** Found the child who got lost
054788**** The deal was signed	08756**** Found an important item that was lost	050415**** The child started talking	053442**** Succeeded in getting the car started
055325**** Got engaged b'shaah tovah	052987**** Got to the bank before it closed	054846**** Found a shidduch for his older daughter	058320**** The child calmed down
053256**** Found a good worker	02634**** Didn't need a root canal	054857**** Son born after years of childlessness	03654**** Found a renter
054785**** I got a job	02568**** Got a 100 on an important exam	054859**** Hernia operation was a success	055967**** Did well on the exam
09712**** Found a dress for the wedding	053246**** Had twins after a long wait	052764**** Toothaches disappeared	058748**** Won the court case
02759**** Did well on the test	055896**** Long-awaited phone call from husband abroad came	050417**** Pimples disappeared	02864**** Passed the driving test
09956**** I found the wallet with the credit card	054886**** Car that broke down came back to life	052469**** Brothers reconciled	02341**** Got engaged, b'shaah tovah
03697**** Got home safely from the tiyul	054287**** Found the wallet with the credit card	052874**** Found a good, inexpensive contractor	08946**** Tests came back normal
052762**** Won the raffle	058320**** No kidney stones were found	053449**** Got the job	08957**** Had a spiritual hisalus
053548**** Got a raise in salary	02266**** The lost son called up	055855**** Neighbor started speaking with her again	03745**** 28-year-old granddaughter found her zivug
054896**** Came back safely from the flight	02588**** Understood the Gemara	08647**** Won a nice sum of money	058324**** Child stopped vomiting
08746**** Found the missing gold earring	050854**** Found an avreich to learn with his son	08342**** The washing machine started working again	02852**** Older madrichah got engaged

055789**** She got accepted to high school	09844**** My daughter's model lesson was very successful	050003**** The technician managed to repair the serious problem	02764**** Son was accepted to yeshiva
055890**** No more headaches	08506**** We found a kidney donor for our brother	054797**** The atmosphere at home changed for the better	052689**** Succeeded in selling the laptop
053447**** We found the disk that disappeared	054435**** I found the diamond ring	09645**** We were zocheh to comfortable parnassah	054865**** Found an apartment
09889**** We had a baby girl after 5 years	058322**** The child started going to Gan happily	03975**** We got a stipend	09645**** Cell phone started working again
09867**** The date went well	03598**** We got a subsidy for our daughter's tutoring	03312**** The neighbor made up with us	09600**** Came out of a car accident unharmed
054923**** Two sons got engaged in one month	058543**** My husband got a big raise	04756**** .We found the lost item	03470**** Got hold of the rare medicine
054847**** We see yeshuos all the time	055709**** We found renters for our apartment	04550**** The cell phone started working again	050974**** The stuttering got much better
053455**** They agreed to give us the loan	09508**** We found salary stubs from a past employer for the pension	058976**** We had a girl, after 3 years	053975**** The chronic cough disappeared
09870**** I came out innocent from the court case	02407**** The new dosage of the medicine is having a good effect	04702**** Our parents agreed to come to us for Yom tov	02606**** I found the keys
03546**** The toothaches subsided	03679**** I found a good substitute	050847**** We saw a personal yeshuah	02579**** We saw a big yeshuah
04886**** The baby stopped vomiting	050118**** We got a building permit quickly	058645**** The machine started working again	02611**** We got a special grant
02689**** I got a job	058329**** Recovery from the operation was shorter than expected	02975**** They moved up our appointment by a half year	058963**** We got onto the Kimcha list
053676**** After years, triplets were born	054009**** I found the check I'd lost	09754**** The toothache disappeared	03653**** We got engaged
08770**** I found the glasses	050509**** The migraine attacks became much less frequent	08346**** We had a personal yeshuah	058990**** We had a baby boy
050765**** The little one started walking	09898**** Our little girl started talking	050006**** We received generous donation for Yom Tov	054765**** In spite of the traffic, we made the flight
050719**** The growth was benign	053457**** The car started working again	058900**** The matzos for abroad got to their destination on time	02673**** The blood tests indicated improvement
053476**** The date went well	052929**** The growth simply disappeared	058326**** I came out innocent from the court case	09313**** The plumber agreed to come immediately
054899**** Yeshuas Hashem k'heref ayin	052774**** We got a discount on the Aruna city tax	054855**** .Traffic opened up and we got there on time	03496**** The designer watch started working again
058320**** The lawsuit was canceled	053768**** The merchandise sold better than expected	02114**** We found the important file of documents	050946**** I found the signed checks
02435**** .The sisters made up	050550**** They found us the missing tefillin on the bus	03675**** My son went back to yeshiva	050249**** We got to the appointment on time, despite the traffic
058763**** Our aunt was saved from drowning	03879**** We found the glasses that fell into the water on the tiyul	09655**** We found a set of dresses for the wedding quickly and cheaply	053796**** I managed to sell the car
055404**** Progress in the son who went off the derech	052779**** They released the container before Yom Tov	054945**** We immediately got an appointment for the doctor we needed	058324**** Our son had healthy twins
02723**** CT came out clean	050764**** I signed a contract for a lucrative deal	053442**** They approved hours for our child at a special committee	052149**** I guessed the "chance" right
09156**** We saw a big yeshuah	02543**** My son got engaged on day 40	050200**** We won an apartment at a discounted price	052769**** A cousin got engaged
050200**** They retracted the dismissal from my job	04654**** Substantial improvement in health	02670**** We got a mortgage with very good conditions	052416**** The allergy passed
052763**** I managed to finish the job I committed to do	050987**** The apartment was sold	03505**** Our daughter was accepted to high school	053646**** We found the suit
09879**** The baby started crawling	053765**** The foot stopped hurting	058324**** We got a cash refund from Kupat Cholim	02879**** The delivery from abroad came the last minute
052854**** We found a suitable apartment for our parents	054847**** The wedding went well	058327**** On Erev Pesach, the atmosphere was calmer	050228**** The headache disappeared
052764**** The older roommate got engaged	02567**** The mood improved	02566**** They managed to restore the hard disk for me	055479**** The cell phone that fell in the water started working again

We thank Hashem, Master of the World
For all the good He did and
continues to do for us at every moment

OUR FEEDBACK

to the founder of the organization
Rebbetzin Wertzberger tita,
Who stands at the helm of this tremendous enterprise
That spreads shalom in the world

To the **12** rabbanim of Mishmeres HaSholom's Beis Hora'ah Who stand at the post of shalom

To the **400,000** readers of the magazine Who enrich their knowledge with valuable content every month

To the **37** Mishmeres HaSholom workers Who stand behind the extensive work to spread peace in the world

To the **100** Sama D'chayei reps Who spread the light of shalom in the Yeshivas and Kollelim across the country

To the **600** street reps Who spread the word of shalom throughout the country

To the **10,000** lomdim of Sama C'chayei Who participate in the learning programs and tests, following the order of 2 halachos a day

To the **7,900** building reps Who illuminate the buildings with the light of shalom

To the **2,500** reps Who hold a K'echad meeting every month for their neighbors and are mechazek Am Yisrael

To the **54,000** Shalom Hotline learners Who listen to 2 halachos from sefer Chofetz Chaim every day

To the **the tens of thousands** of donors In whose zechus all of this good goes on

To the **45,000** children Who participate in Mishmeres HaSholom's youth projects throughout the country

May the promise of the Baal Hahavtachah of Manchester zy"ah come true in us and may we see yeshuos in the public and private realm, in ruchniyus and gashmiyus



Smile!

I came with my darling baby for a developmental evaluation at Tipat Chalav. The nurse was concerned by the fact that she wasn't smiling yet. I started noticing it at home, too. We tried stimulating her in various ways to create eye contact, so she'd return a smile, or at least her gaze, but it didn't happen... We had a feeling she was intentionally looking away. It was frightening!! We started reading medical materials and saw that babies could show signs of autism already at age two months. We were beside ourselves with worry.

Until that time, I'd been afraid to commit to daily learning of *hilchos shemiras halashon*, but now I decided to take it on seriously for forty days. We needed a *yeshuah* in communication and it was appropriate to be *mis'chazek* in that area... I signed up for Mishmeres HaSholom's learning program with raffles and said to myself: *Bezras Hashem, in the next magazine, our yeshuah story will appear!!*

The next visit to Tipat Chalav was even more stressful. We came out with a letter for our pediatrician, who, in turn, referred us to a

series of vision, hearing, and neurological tests.

But suddenly it happened. At age four months, my baby started smiling. Real, delicious smiles! The pediatrician explained that there are cases when it takes time, and this does not indicate any problem...

Only after we'd had a *yeshuah* did I realize that the first smiles had appeared precisely at the end of the forty days of learning!!!

A much relieved mother from the North

Head-On Collision

I live in a mixed area, with the *frum* families spread out over a large radius. That's why I was a little nervous about having a K'echad meeting. Still, I decided to go ahead and organize one for the *zechus* of my brother who was in *shidduchim*. While I was still making preparations for the meeting, a good suggestion came up, and a week after the meeting, they got engaged, *baruch Hashem!*

A few days later, on the way home from the *erusin*, the road went through an Arab area and we had a collision with an Arab car! The Arab

car that smashed into us was a heavy "four by four" vehicle that could have crushed our simple car, but miraculously, no one was hurt! Arabs congregated around the site of the collision, but none of them did anything to harm us. We felt that the *zechuyos* of *shemiras halashon* were protecting us!

Meirav S.

Double Joy

We had been married for several years and were still awaiting a *yeshuah*. We went to one of the famous *roshei yeshiva*, and he advised us to start learning *hilchos shemiras halashon* together, according to the daily calendar. Of course, we accepted the idea and began. We decided to also sign a standing order to Mishmeres HaSholom in the amount of "Mazel Tov" - 94 shekels - per month for a year. *Baruch Hashem*, we saw the *yeshuah* openly, when, at the end of that year, we had twins!! I cannot describe the joy and tremendous excitement. Of course, we continue learning the halachos every day, and we increased the amount of the standing order---

A happy Abba and Ina from the North



No-Flaw Shidduch

All the years, this shadow hovered over us: What will be when it comes to his *shidduchim*?

He was a good, bright boy, *amasmid*, friendly, and well-liked, but... he also stuttered.

What didn't we try? A conventional speech therapist, alongside a long list of alternative therapies... Whom didn't we consult? And how much money did we spend... But our Shmulele remained a wonderful boy - who stutters.

That's how he grew up and moved on from *cheder* to yeshiva. That's how he continued to learn and *shteig*.

And that's also how he started

shidduchim, such a significant time in life. We discussed and debated the issue we'd feared all these years - what would we be *mevater* on? How could we consider suggestions that are less than perfect for our gem of a boy? On the other hand, how could we sit and wait for a flawless *shidduch*, when the boy in question - stutters?

At the end of last summer, in Elul, our whole family decided to start learning the daily halachos of *shemiras halashon* for his *yeshuah*. At the same time, we signed a standing order of 180 shekels a month to Mishmeres HaSholom, to support their important work of spreading *shemiras halashon*.

A month passed, and another. In midwinter, we got a call from Mishmeres HaSholom suggesting that we submit our son's name for the *tefillah* at the *kever* of Rav Segal in Manchester on his *yahrtzeit*, 22 Shevat.

We submitted the name and gave a donation. And it worked. Immediately! On 23 Shevat, the day after the *yahrtzeit*, our son got engaged to a wonderful, perfect girl. It was a smooth *shidduch*, with no problems.

Baruch Hashem, we, too, are *zocheh* to send you a true, authentic *yeshuah* story!



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Who Stayed Up All Night?

Ask the Rav

By Harav Hagoon R' Menachem Mendel Fuchs shlit'a, Rav of Mishmeres HaSholom

Question: On Shavuot night, there's a kind of unspoken competition - who stayed up later. I remember that last year I got very tired and went home on the early side. After Yom Tov, it was very uncomfortable for me when one of the boys who *davens* with us in shul reported it to all my classmates.

I thought maybe that this is *lashon hara* and that we shouldn't say such a thing.

Answer: Even though there is nothing

wrong if a boy gets tired on Shavuot night and goes home early, and he'll probably make up the learning during the day, still, since there is competition among the boys who stayed up later, and a boy who couldn't do it is embarrassed about it - one shouldn't tell this to his friends, because it causes the boy shame and pain.

A boy who tells this to his friends is guilty of *ona'as devarim*, as is explained in the *Chofetz Chaim* (*lavin* 13), and possible also of *issur lashon hara* or *rechilus*. (See *Zera Chayim* part 1, *Klal* 5: 2,1, p. 341, 342, and "*tzarich lynn*".)

Not to Wake Him Up

Nighttime in the hospital. Most patients on the ward are fast asleep. Among the patients is Rav Shlomo Zalman Auerbach *zt"l*, who was ill and weak in his final days. Suddenly he was shaken up: "The alarm clock!!" Another patient is in the room and when the alarm goes off at dawn, it may wake him up!

Only after Rav Shlomo Zalman made sure that his helper turned off the ringer of the alarm clock did he calm down and go to sleep.



(Based on *Ish L'Yechu*)



And this time: Maran Sar HaTorah Hagoon Rav Chaim Kanievsky *zt"l*



The Cheese Cake War

"I don't see it!" Shoshi rummages busily through her book bag. The big section is totally empty, its contents scattered on her desk. She already checked the zippered compartments three times. Now is the fourth. But the paper is nowhere to be seen---

"Could you have left it on the desk in your room?" asks Peri. They'd worked on that paper for an hour and a half yesterday. The program was all set. And now??!

Without wanting to, they both shoot a glance at Naomi. That irritating Naomi.

Yesterday they felt that they'd reached their limit. They refused to tolerate her behavior anymore. Her teasing. Her screechy voice. Her way of walking. Enough!!!

Shoshi suggested getting some other girls to join them in forming a group against Naomi that would refuse to join the games she organizes. That would boycott her. That would teach her that there are other girls in this class, and who does she think she is anyway? They thought up a work plan and wrote a convincing letter listing all of their accusations against Naomi, leaving room for the signatures of the girls who would want to join. Everything was ready ---

"I'm trying to remember what happened yesterday, after I went out to walk you." Shoshi thought aloud. "I remember that the aroma of the French fries my older sister was frying for supper persuaded me to head straight for the kitchen. Then, afterwards, my mother sent me to get a package from her co-worker. And then it got late and---" Shoshi stroked her forehead, as if willing herself to remember more details. "Apparently, I really forgot to put the paper into my book bag..." she says in the end. "There's no choice. We'll have to wait one more day to form the group we planned--- Oy!!! Oy, today is Wednesday!!!" She stops in mid-sentence, her voice rising in a wail.

"What's so terrible about Wednesday???" Peri doesn't understand her panic.

"On Wednesday morning, our Romanian cleaning lady comes." Shoshi is practically crying. "And if the paper really stayed on the desk, she for sure threw it out!!!"

"Threw it out...???" Peri sounds

shocked. "There's no way that we can start preparing this program from scratch," she adds in despair.

Shoshi nods. "Maybe, after school, we can search in the---"

"Do you mean that we should search through all the bags in the giant trash bin?" Peri is aghast.

Yes, Shoshi thinks. *There's no choice*. But she cannot answer because precisely at that moment, who should come over to them but-- yes, you guessed it. Naomi!

"It's all her fault," she manages to think, before Naomi opens her mouth, and, for a change, gives a big smile.

"Do you need help, Shoshi?" she asks, at the sight of the contents of the book bag sprawled across her desk. "Did you forget your sandwich? I have delicious cookies that I baked." And before Shoshi has a chance to say that she doesn't need anything to eat, and certainly not from an irritating girl like her, Naomi already hands her some chocolate cookies, urging her to taste...

"Here. You take, too. I have plenty." She hands some to Peri, as well. Her smile looks absolutely sincere, and Shoshi and Peri are thinking that maybe, this time, she means it...

And so, instead of being busy with a paper and signatures and ganging up against Naomi, the two friends sit comfortably and eat cookies together with Naomi herself...

"Apparently, she understood that she'd gone too far yesterday when she insulted us and she decided to make up," Shoshi

whispers to Peri afterwards, when Naomi isn't around to hear.

"Maybe we shouldn't have gotten so angry at her," Peri says, her mouth still full of the last crumbs of the chocolate cookies. "Maybe we exaggerated a little when we wrote that plan..." she muses.

At the next recess, Naomi comes specially to invite them to join her jump rope game, and during the game, she doesn't insult anyone even once. By the end of the day, they are quite surprised at themselves for having gotten angry at her altogether.

All in all, Naomi is generally a nice girl. It's true that a few unpleasant incidents happened with her. But the full-scale war they had planned was totally unnecessary.

And when they are walking home and see the big sanitation truck coming to empty the trash bins, they hope that the awful page they'd written yesterday is inside. They don't want to see it again... not ever.



Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes
Last month's winner: Talpy Wittenberg, Mod'na 111



Answering K'halachah

G. BERNFELD

For the Impression?!

School was over, and the sixth graders sat in the van on the way home. Some chattered and laughed, while others just rested or looked out the window at the bustling street.

"Look what *amasmid* Uri's has turned into," Nussie said to Yerucham with a wink, as he pointed at Uri sitting in the seat behind them with a soft-cover Mishnayos in his hand. "What won't people do to make an impression..." he whispered with a snicker.

"How are you talking...?!" Yerucham was horrified.

"What's the problem??" Nussie asked innocently. "I'd be willing to say it now even out loud, so Uri will also hear!"



Look up the introduction to sefer *Choletz Chaim*, *Luvin* 14, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33, and choose the most correct answer about Nussie's disparaging words about his classmate Uri. Those who answer correctly will automatically enter a raffle.



The idea that won the prize was from Ben Porat family, Beit Shemesh

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

Cake without Sprinkles

Bentzie had already gone out to the school bus, Shoshie had taken baby Yehuda to the babysitter, and Ruti was looking desperately for the math test Ima had signed for her yesterday, when suddenly Rivka remembered: "Hey, today is the Siyum on sefer *Shmuel*! I need to wear a white blouse!"

A quick glance at the clock. A race to the girls' room. What *azets* that the Rosh Chodesh blouse was hanging there, ironed. Three minutes later, she was out the door, walking briskly to school. Good thing she'd remembered and had time to change. It's so uncomfortable being the only one coming in uniform when the whole class is dressed for a party. Now, if the traffic light would just cooperate, there was a chance she'd get to class before Morah Braun.

She heard the bell from the end of the street and, after a breathless run, managed to walk into class at the last second.

A few pretty cakes - iced and decorated - stood on the table in the corner. At that second, Rivka remembered: Everyone was supposed to bring a nosh for the party!!

At a quick glance, she saw the potato chips that Rina had brought and Efrat's sour sticks. Two packages of wafers rested on Yael's desk while filled cookies sat atop Malka's. Rivka had already bought a package of mini-chocolate bars two days before. How could she have forgotten it at home??



A few words from Rivka:

What could have happened:

At recess, twenty-nine excited girls arranged the tables for the party that would take place in third period. Twenty-nine trays of refreshments were laid on the lavender tablecloth. And one girl sat on the side, her eyes lowered, feeling unconnected to all the festivities---

What happened in the end:

"You look sad, Rivka," said Naomi at the beginning of recess. "Did something happen?"

She looked so concerned and sincere that... I told her.

"Wait! I have the perfect solution!" Naomi said excitedly. "My mother gave me these big candies to put on the cake before serving it. Here, take them. The cake will be delicious even without them."

Just like that, without even giving me the feeling that she was being *mevater* for me, Naomi had simply pulled the package of candies out of her book bag and handed it to me...



Way to Go!

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



Earthquake?!

"You'll remember, Kasriel?" Ima asked.

"Sure!" I declared.

"The shoemaker and the printer, and...?"

"And, and, and and," I hummed, assuring her that everything was written and saved.

"Written?" she marveled. Ima has already "known" me already for ten years, eight months, and nineteen days. She's already learned that lists are not my strong point. Abba has regular reminders on his cell phone. My big sister (I'll soon tell you what else she is, besides my sister) has an erasable board saying: "To do today!" and there are at least two more industrious souls in the family who diligently fill out their homework pads. I, in contrast, don't believe in lists. I think they're a grand waste of time. You need to look for paper, find a pen, make the effort to write, and later, figure out what you wrote. I already got into trouble because of that. I wrote: "Remember the brake," so I'd change my bicycle brake. But the next day, I read it as "Remember the cake." I didn't remember anything about cake, but the reminder led me to locate the last piece of Shabbos cake in the back of the fridge... I won't tell you what happened afterwards with my sister, both because she was sort of right (the piece of cake I'd finished was hers...), and because her *aveiros* will soon be forgiven. Yes! As I hinted before, my sister is... *akallah!* The wedding is in another three weeks, and until then, there's lots of excitement and errands.

"Totally written," I answered Ima's question. "I wrote down all the reminders and stuffed them into my pockets!"

"Pockets!" Ima muttered in a tone of, "If so, everything is clear." She didn't say what she always says, that my pockets are actually portable closets, because just then, her cell phone rang. It was the

machateiniste on the line again.

"Good luck!" I mumbled to her and to myself, and hurried to the door. "I'll go to the shoemaker today, *im yirtzeh Hashem*, and as for the printer and the seamstress, and the envelopes, and

Amen! It's real a mazel when friends share your burden!



the Marshmelowitz family---" I wanted to tell Ima that I'd do those tomorrow, but Ima was busy listening to the *machateiniste*, who was talking about *pekalach* for the *ofruf*...

Almost two hours later, at the end of recess, it seemed to me that I could hear the *pekalach* falling! Boom-boom. When I looked to the sides, I saw that the other boys seemed to have heard falling *pekalach*, too.

Or was it something else?

"Earthquake!" screamed Tully.

"Gunshots! Run!" Avrumi was frightened.

"Missile attack!"

Nobody knew why there were booms and what

we were supposed to do. Some boys crawled under the desks (earthquake?). Some ran to the teachers' room (What, coffee now??) and some ran to the bomb shelter---

I ran to the teachers' room, regretted my choice, and ran back to hide under the table. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief when they understood that these were controlled explosions in the area near the *cheder* that had recently turned into a construction site. But I discovered that all my running and crawling had emptied my portable closets, i.e., my pockets. Nu, I'd manage without the pencils and apricot pits, and could say goodbye to the fortuneteller paper and the screws. But what about all the reminders I'd promised Ima...at I would use??

Shoemaker, I tried to reconstruct. *Envelopes to Marshmallowitz the seamstress, and bring the pants to the printing house---* all the jobs got mixed up in my head.

"Kasriel?" I heard a voice from the door. "This looks like yours. Good luck at the shoemaker!"

"Kasriel?" another face popped up. "Did you lose envelopes for the printing house?" "Here," someone passed me a green note. "Your handwriting, right? Go to the seamstress? These are important errands!" My classmates had found lost notes in the corridors and near the gate.

"Thank you," I muttered, and not just because of the notes.

Four boys who hadn't laughed. Hadn't called me a "shlump." Hadn't poked fun at the disappearing notes, just returned them pleasantly.

I stuck the notes back into my pockets, waiting for someone to return the missing pencil stub. I need to write a new, important reminder for myself: Positive and respectful attitude. It's worth so much!



The Upside-Down Day



That morning's adventures began the night before. As Savta always says: A good morning starts with a good night.

When I got into bed that night, the new library book I'd taken out was tempting me from the shelf. Since it was so late, I planned to limit myself to only two chapters, but the book was too interesting and I got carried away...

When I finally put down the book, the clock showed an hour I usually encounter only in the middle of the day... A tired morning was the unavoidable result.

I got up at the last minute. The only ironed shirt I had – got soaked in my haste to empty out the *negelvasser*. After a desperate hunt for another shirt, all I found was one that was missing a button, and I would have to sew one on myself, not such a good idea, especially at this pressured time. I got pricked by the needle three times before the shirt became wearable. Then I missed the bus and had to walk. Next to the construction site, some gravel got into my shoe. I tried to ignore it, but it was impossible. I picked up my foot – and fell on the floor. I got up, leaned on the fence, and finally got rid of the bothersome pebbles.

Finally I got to *cheder* – with a relatively small lateness. Since it is rare for me to come late, I hoped the rebbi would let it go. I opened the classroom door gently, so as not to bother the boys *davening*, and...

All at once, all the boys from the parallel

class stared at me. Hey, what were they doing in our classroom?

Rebbi Weissblum explained briefly: "We changed rooms because of Moishy's cast. You're on the second floor, okay?"

Just then I remembered about Moishy Reiss's fall. Of course he couldn't get to the second floor. Also, their classroom is much smaller, and, in this case, much less comfortable.

Okay. Got it. I raced up to the second floor, knocked twice, and...

It turned out that the places had been changed. In this small classroom, there was no choice. "Tzvi," whispered the rebbi, "sit down as a third next to..." I won't write the names of the boys I sat next to. It's *lashon hara*.

Apparently, they did not like the idea that they'd have to crowd together to make room for me. From the start, they made me feel like a fifth wheel – unnecessary.

They sat close to each other, told secrets, and winked in my direction. I just waited for this day to be over and to get home.

I was never so happy to hear the bell signaling the ten o'clock recess. I ran out to wash, trying to remember what Ima had put into my sandwich. I really hoped it

wasn't fried egg and tehina, my least favorite combination.

Without much thought, I put my hand into my food bag and pulled out the sandwich.

Hey, something else came out together with it!

It was a chocolate bar, from the new kind, along with the note you read at the beginning of the story.

What a nice surprise!

I broke into a wide smile. Three times in the last week, I'd served as "teacher" to Yoni, the cute little boy from next door. He has some trouble writing and his father asked me to practice with him.

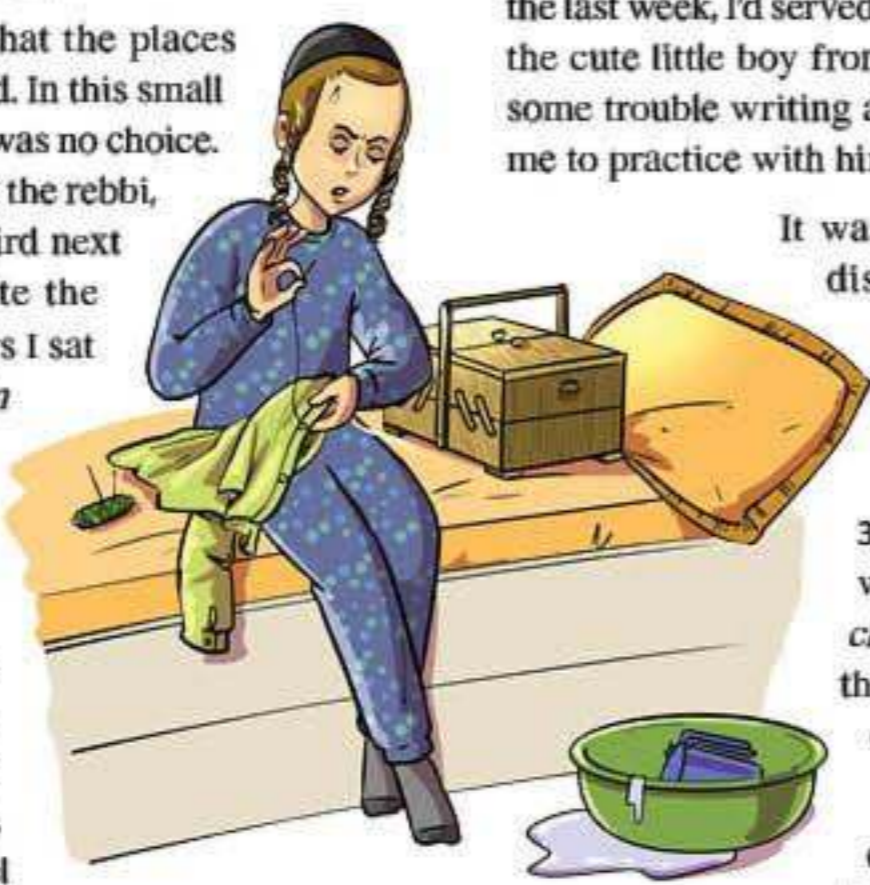
It was a good feeling. I discovered that: 1) I was very good at explaining things, 2) Yoni was a funny, original kid, 3) it was never boring with him, and 4) *chessed* is a mitzvah that fills you with lots of satisfaction.

Now a new discovery joined the list:

Good words work like an elixir for all kinds of negative feelings and upsetting situations. It's so easy to dole them out and use them to make the people around you happy.

So, from today, I also want to be one of those people who give out this magic potion.

You, too?



absolutely



How Much Is a Friend Worth?

Tzippy is playing with her new kitchen toys. In one she is cooking round and in the other a long . Tzippy mixes it well with a and then closes the with their .

Soon the food will be ready.

Now Tzippy brings her two and sits them down next to the little . Next to each she puts a , a , and a , but just then there is a knock on the .

Shoshie has come to play with Tzippy.

Tzippy likes Shoshie, but she also likes her new kitchen toys. Will she agree to include Shoshie in her game?

Tzippy thinks. And thinks. And thinks. In the end, she invites Shoshie to join her.

Tzippy and Shoshie cook together. One for Tzippy, and one for Shoshie. Then they wash the and put the to sleep. One for Tzippy and one for Shoshie.

Tzippy has just one and one , but she has a friend, and that's worth a lot more!



Letter to Letter

Start from the bold letter and continue up or down, right or left, but not on a diagonal, and reveal a Maamar Chazal about staying away from fights and *machlokes*.

ת	מ	ר	י	ב	ה
ע	ו	מ	צ	ע	מ
ש	ב	ש	ב	ו	ל
ל	מ	י	א	י	נ
י	ב	ש	ת	מ	
ל	א	ב	ק	מ	ע
א	מ		י	ל	ו

מה יצא?

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, who became rich from copper treasures he found in the desert, contributes money to strengthen the Talmud Torah and help stop the defection to the Haskalah schools.

Written by B. Halevi
Illustrated by C. Chusid

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At the copper workshop:

I think we can rely on your Reuven.

Reuven is a courageous and responsible boy.

Let's hope that with Hashem's help, this *matan b'seter* that Reuven will be giving out will save the poor families from the claws of the Maskilim.



Today, again, Hashem sent us an envelope!

I'm a *shliach mitzvah*.

If the envelopes keep coming, we'll be able to put you back into the Talmud Torah!



Are you sure it was Reuven?

Absolutely certain. Yesterday I saw him near the Sebags' house and today, he was walking around behind the Tobols' house.

They're talking about me. I know...



All the families that fell into the net of the Haskalah...

They don't like me. Yaakov doesn't like me, either. At least his Abba thinks I'm a good boy.

We have to watch out for him. "Respect him and suspect him."

What a hypocrite. He puts on a show that he's a *tzaddik*, and look who he makes friends with...