

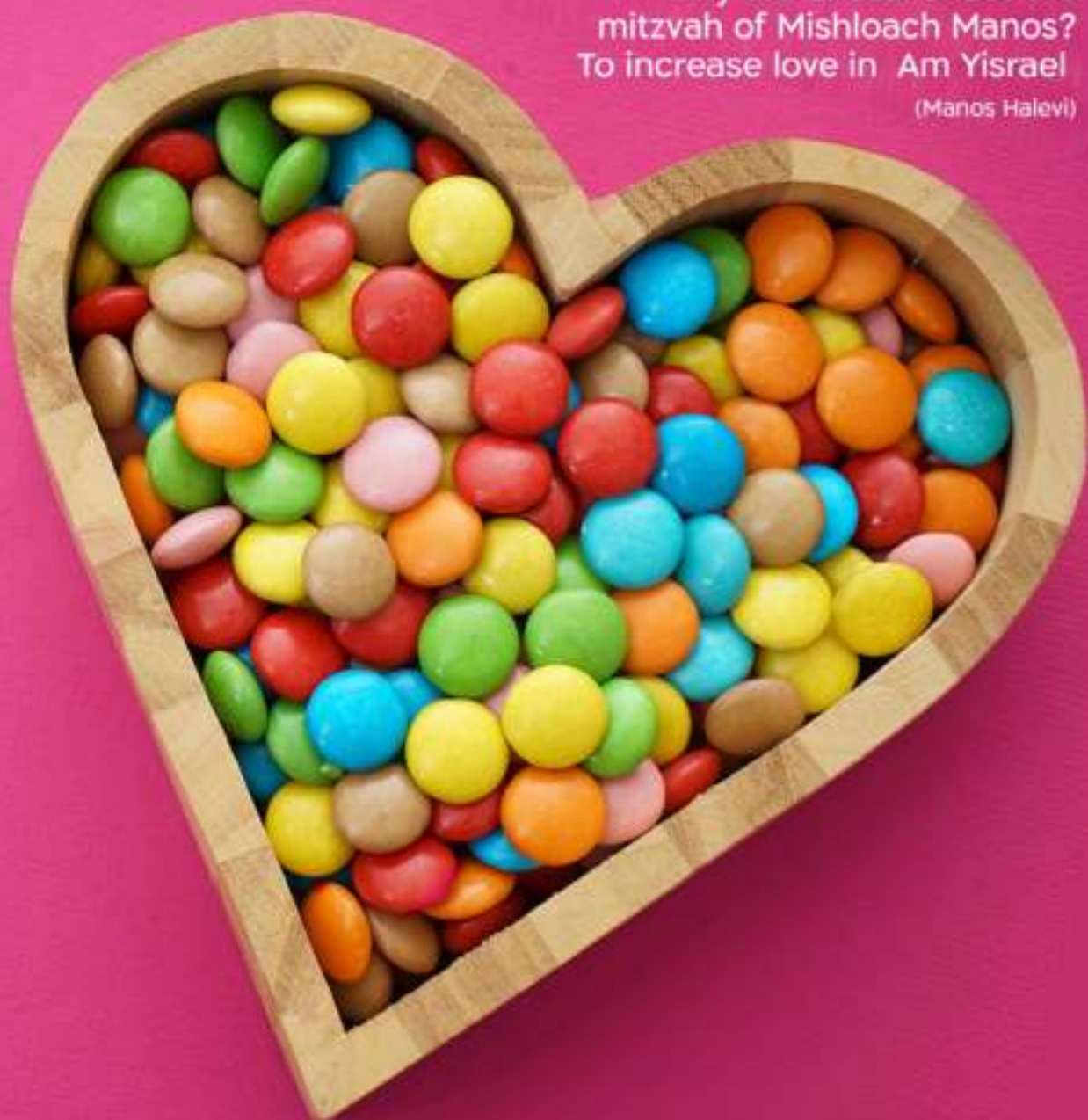
ת"ב, Mishmeres
HaSholom Magazine

ADAR 5783 • 196

משמרות

Why did Chazal enact the
mitzvah of Mishloach Manos?
To increase love in Am Yisrael

(Manos Halevi)



Financial Trick?

Dozens of renowned doctors and professors, thousands of satisfied patients, five years of dizzying success — how could they force him to close it all down??

04

Boss, Worker, and What's Between Them

Years ago, our grandmothers sat at home and raised their children. They stirred pots of food, washed cloth diapers, and starched collars, without any boss or principal on the scene...

08

Purim Bus Ride

Then a father boarded the crowded bus with difficulty, holding twins dressed up as strawberries, one in each arm.

11



Beis Hora'ah for shmiras halashon-related questions-
072-337-2212 Ext. 6. To submit questions to the column-
Fax: 02-650-6107 Email: m025379160@gmail.com

Harav Hagaon R' Menachem Mendel Fuchs shlitza



The classic mother in our generation runs to work every morning and invests her best hours and energy into her job. The workplace has become an inseparable part of our lives, bringing with it many challenges in our interpersonal relationships. You'll agree with me that there's nothing like pouring your heart out about your mother-in-law to your co-workers during your coffee break... And conversations about the boss are a whole subject in itself.

Work relations, especially when there is a large staff, are very complex. As soon as a woman starts a new job, the subtle competition with her co-workers begins. And it is often the employer who fuels this rivalry. I have heard that in courses given to work managers, they are taught how to create lively competition among the workers. The success of such a system is meant to help jumpstart the business. And what of the "bein adam l'chavero" that is trampled along the way? How can you and I, as workers, overcome all of this?

The answer is one word - *emunah*. To know and feel that I am earning exactly as much as I am supposed to, and nobody can touch what belongs to me, even if she is more successful, or has more connections or better self-marketing skills than I do. This subject is discussed at greater length in this month's "Stop and Think" column.

I recently heard about a worker who faced a complex *nisayon*, when her place of work, which had been managed by a relative of hers, took in an additional manager, and he decided to move around all of the veteran workers. Against her will, she was embroiled in a complex system of relations between the two managers, with each one certain that she is more faithful to the other. Still, as one who participates regularly in Mishmeres HaShalom programs and learns the *halachos*, she tried to keep quiet and not be swept into arguments and quarrels. This story has a happy ending: She suddenly got a new job offer, right in her location - as opposed to the previous job, which required tiring travel - at a higher salary. Precisely when she left, receiving a large amount as severance pay, her daughter got engaged, and the money went to immediate use.

Of course, not always does the worker need to be quiet and serve as the punching bag. You can demand what is coming to you according to *din Torah*. There are special *dinei din* for monetary matters, where the *dayanim* are experts in all the laws in these areas. One can always turn to them and resolve problems pleasantly and with dignity. I heard from a prominent *dayan* that people mistakenly think that going to *adun Torah* means *amachokos*. The opposite is true - that is the way of peace, to hear *din Torah* and act accordingly. The main thing is not to allow entry to arguments and quarrels!

Chazal say, "One *machlokos* pushes away a hundred *parnasas*," and the positive side is far greater. Remember that when there are *nisyonos* at the workplace, achieving *shalom* is what will bring you a comfortable *parnasah*.

This month's magazine is dedicated in memory of the chashuva woman **Chaya Rochel bas Michoel**, a"h



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Thousands of children have already joined the giant Meshulam Campaign. If you haven't yet joined, go to the nearest sales station and join. To hear a list of stations, call the Shalom Hotline now: 072-337-2212 Ext. 3.



Sama D'chayei Upgrade

The Sama D'chayei program has upgraded its project for yeshiva bachurim. For details and registration, call Sama D'chayei at 02-5379111.



Pesach Rallies

Mishmeres HaShalom is deep into preparations for the children's rallies that will take place b'ezras Hashem on Chol Hamoed Pesach. The production staff is preparing a special, fun-filled, meaningful program, with lots of surprises and prizes.



"Walk in His Ways"

Available, in response to popular request: the booklet *V'halachta B'derechav* - a collection of wonderful shurim delivered by Rebbetzin Fisch on sefar Tomer Devorah. Details at the office.

A Speaker Whose "First-hand" Stories Are Not Authentic

Question: A certain public speaker, who delivers excellent lectures, full of *chizuk*, tends to include stories, some of which are totally fictitious, which he presents as if they really happened and he witnessed them. Is it permissible to tell my friend that I know some of the stories are invented, when my words will likely detract from the effect of the speaker's words on his listeners?

Answer: It is prohibited to say that some of a speaker's stories are made up, especially when he says that he was an eyewitness - not only because saying so will diminish the speaker's impact on his listeners, as the questioner wrote, but also because it is *lashon hara'* to say that the speaker is deceiving his listeners.

By the way, it is said of certain *darshanim* that they got a *heter* from a *rav* to tell stories that never happened in their *derashos*, but even if these rumors are true, the *heter* was certainly intended in specific, rare cases where it is halachically permitted to veer from the truth: it is not meant to be a sweeping permission.

There is more to expound on this topic, but this is not the place.

Parents Exchanging Negative Information about Children

Question: Are parents allowed to report to each other derogatory information about their children in all cases, or are there certain restrictions? Is it permissible for a wife to include information about her children's mischief in her casual update to her husband about how her day went, when there is no practical *toiles* for their *chinnuch* or to calm herself?

Answer: We've written in the past that there is no problem speaking about children's misbehavior, because that is how children are, and when they grow up, they'll change, *b'ezras Hashem*. Following this principle, all the more so would it be permissible for parents to report such misbehavior to each other. Even though one cannot always pinpoint how this discussion is *toiles*, it is not idle chatter, either, because it is crucial for parents to be on the same page in matters of their children's *chinnuch*. This empowers both of them for their continued cooperation.

Therefore, since there is no concern here for *lashon hara'*, it is important for parents to report to each other the day's experiences with their children.

Reporting to the Subject of a Shidduch What People Inquired about Him

Question: I wanted to bring up two points on the topic of *shidduch* inquiries, which, in my opinion, involve violations of *halachah*:

Many times, after the one being asked concludes his phone conversation giving information about his friend, he promptly calls the friend in question and informs him what they asked about him: Does he have poor *hashkofos*, are his *middos* wanting, how is his *chochmas chayim, hasmadah*, etc.

In my opinion, this is wrong, since the inquirer certainly is not interested in all of his concerns about the *shidduch* being relayed to the subject.

After the couple gets engaged, or after their marriage, it's common for the two sides to tell each other details from the information they received, which sometimes includes negative items.

What is the halachic view on this topic?

Answer: In both cases - it is clearly proper to refrain from relaying to the subject concerns that a questioner raised about him. But the severity of the prohibition depends on the nature of the inquiry:

If the questioner says he heard something negative about the subject and is trying to verify if it's true, and the responder repudiates the negative information, then reporting this conversation to the subject would not be a violation of *lashon hara'* or *rechilus*, since the inquirer didn't mention who told him the negative information, and he himself has a right to check if what he heard is true. Even so, one should not relay this report to the subject because it will cause him pain, thereby violating the prohibition of *ovar/asarim* (unless the subject would have specific *toiles* from knowing about it).

But if the inquirer says that he himself suspects that the subject has a certain flaw, and the responder relays to the subject that Poni asked about him and was concerned that he has a certain flaw - then, in addition to the pain caused to the subject, he may be guilty of saying *rechilus* about the inquirer, who thought negatively about the subject.

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ראיתם ישועות בזכות השלום? שתפו ב'קו השלום' 072-3372212 (שלוחה 23)



70,000 Euros and One Piece of Advice



The summons to court was very real. Erez understood that this marked the beginning of a new phase. The competitors would no longer suffice with threats and intimidation transmitted in a variety of ways. Their battle had stepped up to a different level and he could no longer sit here, on his padded office chair in his successful London clinic, and ignore everything...

That afternoon, too, the clinic was buzzing with activity, as usual. A glance at the lineup of doctors revealed that the new surgeon who'd joined the senior staff was now in Room 6, seeing patient number 12, with three more waiting outside. It looked like the decision to have this surgical specialist join their staff had been a good one. Erez could definitely pat himself on the back. But not today: not when he'd begun to receive feedback about the media war that had opened

against his clinic, not when the court summons lay on his desk...

They'd initiated a huge lawsuit – that much he'd gathered from between the lines of the documents attached to his summons – but their demand was totally illogical. No way! He would fight them to his last drop of blood. Dozens of renowned doctors and professors, thousands of satisfied patients, five years of dizzying success – how could they force him to shut it all down??

"I heard that you're in trouble, pal," it was Uzi, a good friend who'd attended high school with him in Herzliya, calling from Israel. Before he'd opened the clinic, they would speak often. Recently, he'd been too busy.

"I see that you're informed," Erez sighs, gazing at the gray London skies. Seven years in England and he still missed the incomparable Eretz Yisrael sunshine.

"Not only informed; also concerned and anxious to help," Uzi's voice sounds so nearby. Erez can almost see his caring smile over the phone.

"They've actually been threatening for a long time, but I never thought it would get so serious," Erez says, his finger tapping lightly on his desk.

"They just can't bear to see your success..." Uzi understands.

"Look, they are aware of the trickle of patients from their clinic to ours. We give patients professional service, fair prices, and warm attention, and all this simply enchants these cold, restrained Englishmen. Anyone who walks in here

once doesn't return to them. So it eats at them..."

"So they want you to stop smiling at the patients, eh?" Uzi was always cynical, but now, he also has a practical suggestion. "You need good counsel from someone you can rely on. I think that when you come to Israel, you should go speak to this big Rav who lives in Bnei Brak..."

"A Rav in Bnei Brak? Are you insane, Uzi? Have you turned religious on me?" Erez's voice rises almost to a scream, but Uzi isn't frightened. "You know that I keep tradition and respect Rabbanim, Erez," he said slowly. "And I think that even if you consider yourself totally *chiloni*, it is worth your while to consult with this Rav, who may live in Bnei Brak, but people all over the country honor and accept his opinions."

And so, Erez found himself alighting in Ben Gurion airport and driving with Uzi to Bnei Brak, surprised at how he'd gotten swept up by his friend's outlandish idea. With white *kippot* perched on their heads, the two entered the modest apartment of Maran Hagaon Rav Shteinman in the center of Bnei Brak.

Erez had to pinch himself to confirm that it was real, that it was really he sitting here in the small foyer of this ancient apartment, waiting his turn to go in to the Rav...

"Why don't you join their clinic?" Rav Shteinman asked, after hearing about the successful clinic that Erez had opened in London and about the lawsuits filed by the owners of the veteran clinic, which belonged to a large, reputable chain of London healthcare facilities.

"They don't want me," Erez's voice was angry

and full of pain. "They don't need me. They have enough manpower in their clinics. They just want to ruin my business. To see me close down and go home."

"And why indeed shouldn't you close the clinic?" the Rav asked simply.

"Close???" Erez was shocked. "Harav, I worked very hard to establish this place. I invested so much. And now - to close everything??" He stopped for a moment, trying to understand if the elderly Rav was serious about his suggestion. Then he added, "And I also have a rental contract on the building, work contracts with the doctors. If I decide to close down, that means bankruptcy..."

"How much will you need to spend on compensation to everyone? How much money will you lose?" Rav Shteinman inquired calmly, caring. Erez made a quick calculation and responded: "Seventy thousand euros, Harav!"

"I'll tell you the truth," Rav Shteinman's eyes were gentle, caressing the face of the one sitting across from him. "That's a lot of money. But don't you think Elokim has seventy thousand euros to give you??"

Erez was flabbergasted. He wasn't prepared for such a turnabout. "Why should Elokim want to give me seventy thousand euros?" He wasn't backing down so quickly.

"Anyone who is *mevater* for the sake of peace – does not lose out," the Rav replied. "I've seen a lot in my lifetime, and I can attest to many people who were *mevater* for the sake of peace and did not lose out."

"Wait. Can the Rav be a guarantor for this sum? Can the Rav promise me a different source of *parnassah*?" Erez demanded. Maybe then it would be worth it to him to accept this Rav's idea.

But Rav Shteinman shook his head. "I don't have even a tenth of this sum," he said frankly. "But Elokim has enough money and enough means of *parnassah*. You should know, I've been giving people advice for fifty years and I never gave advice that I thought was bad. I promise you that this is good advice!"

"It doesn't make sense. He must be cooking up some financial mischief." So the competitors, owners of the veteran clinic network, were convinced when they heard about Erez's decision to accept their demand and shut down his clinic

completely. With no prior conditions. No effort to reach a compromise. No legal battle. Simply to surrender and retreat.

Their astonishment only grew when they heard that he was acting on the advice of a "Rabbi in the Holy Land..." They hurriedly verified who this Rabbi Shteinman whom Mr. Erez had met with was, and their next step was to send one of their executive officers to Israel to meet with the rabbi and try to understand what lay behind this strange and unexpected story. Who else might know what that clever Erez was plotting...?

The pompous Englishman entered the home of the *gedol hador* on Chazon Ish Street in Bnei Brak, looked in amazement at the inconceivable

The pompous Englishman walked in, looked in amazement at the inconceivable simplicity around him, and tried to understand where this Chief Rabbi hides all the money he makes from the advice he gives

simplicity around him, and tried to understand where this Chief Rabbi might be hiding all the money he makes from the advice he gives... Then he began talking, aided by an interpreter.

"Is it true that the Rav advised our competitor to close the business?" he asked. "What

kind of strange suggestion was that? And who is supposed to compensate him for all of his losses??"

"Correct. That is what I advised him," the Rav answered. "The Torah tells us that it is prohibited to encroach on someone else's business. He shouldn't have opened his clinic right near yours, and he will have to cope with the losses himself. I did not promise him any help."

The Englishman was taken aback. It was hard for him to digest what he'd heard. After a few moments of silence, he said: "Okay, Rabbi, I understand. Now I want to ask advice. In our network, there is concern that this story won't go over well in the media. This Erez has connections with senior government officials, with key figures in London. His step is liable to ruin our public relations. No one will believe that he left of his own free will, just because of advice he got from some rabbi in Israel..."

Rav Shteinman thought a bit and then responded with a question: "Where in England do you have branches?"

"In London," the man answered.

"I suggest that you open a new branch in Manchester and let him be the manager," the Rav said. "You see that he is a talented person, with capabilities. Take him as a partner in your

business. It will be worth it for you!"

At the end of that year, Erez came for another visit to Eretz Yisrael. It was to the modest home on Chazon Ish Street that he came to thank the Rav for the advice and to tell him about his satisfying new job at the branch that opened in Manchester. The Rav's promise had been fulfilled in full!



A Glimpse at the Beis Din Table

Harav Hagaon R' Avraham Derbomdiker shlit'a
Av Beis Din Nesivos Chaim and Lishkas Haposkim, member of Beis Din Hayashar V'hatov

Labor disputes are a routine matter in *beis din*. Questions about severance pay, dismissal, worsening of work conditions, and more come up a lot. We must know that according to halachah, not every action of a worker is permissible. Even when quitting a job, you need to know how to do it so as not to cause damage to the employer. Of course, the employer also has halachos: not everything can be demanded of an employee. He needs to know what is considered "worsening of work conditions," and so on.

In every labor dispute, it is advisable to hear *daas Torah*, and before deciding how to proceed – to try and settle matters agreeably.

In *dinei avosda*, halachah obligates following the laws and customs of the land. Consequently, going to *beis din* will provide a solution compatible both with halachah and with the worker's legal rights, and will not cause him a loss. On the contrary, those who follow *daas Torah* only stand to gain: they resolve matters pleasantly and peacefully, without *machlokes*.

Another point worth remembering: An employer is also human. At times, under pressure, he is liable to say a hurtful word. The employee should judge him favorably and not take his every reaction personally. Generally, the anger soon dissipates and it all turns out to have been a misunderstanding.



Treats from Abba

➔ We are going back more than seventy years. The Inei Brak printing house run by Rav Shlomo Cohen is a small outfit. How many clients can there be already in this young settlement? One fine day, Rav Shlomo sees a sign across the street announcing the opening of a new business: another printing house!

Outrageous, upsetting... and also a natural cause of stress. What will be with *parnassah*??

But Rav Shlomo crosses the street, stretches his hand out to the proprietor with a smile and --- starts giving him tips about running a printing business...

The competitor is dumbstruck. He was expecting to receive heaps of abuse... Rav Cohen explains: "I owe you *hakaras hatov*. Until now, I had to work many hours a day to provide the needs of all the people in the town. That was my *hishtadlus* for *parnassah*. But now, some of the clients will go to you, and I'll have to bear less of the curse of 'By the sweat of your brow shall you eat bread.'"

When the Chazon Ish heard this story, he was deeply impressed and he mentioned it in his sefer *Kovetz Igros: Being a baal bitachon* is not just reciting the words "I trust in Hashem." True *bitachon* is inside the heart, and the test is when someone opens a competing shop. The *baal bitachon* will not be afraid; instead, he will go to give his competitor advice. How much *kedushah* such efforts add to the world! *Ashrav!*

ATTACKING THE STICK

Human relations present complex challenges, and this is even more pronounced in the realm of work and *parnassah*. It is easy to say, "Everything is from Shamayim" and to declare that nobody can harm his fellow or take away what was decreed for him. But applying this in action at the moment of *nisayon* - is not simple at all!

Even so, if we work on strengthening our faith that everything is from Hashem and that man is just an emissary and review this again and again in routine times, we will arrive at the moment of truth with greater preparation...

The Gemara (*Sotah* 48b) describes one of the signs of *Ikvesa D'meshicha* as "The face of the generation is like the face of a dog." Rav Elchanan Wasserman explains, in the name of the Chofetz Chaim: When you hit a dog with a stick, it gets upset at the stick and attacks it. A dog brain... That's what is happening in our generation, which is weak in *emunah*. People don't understand that the person who harmed them was just the "stick," and there's no point in getting angry at him...

DON'T FEEL BAD, CHILD

When we live with this *bitachon*, life becomes a lot more pleasant and serene. We don't have tension and worries. It is an entirely different quality of life!

Furthermore, the Chofetz Chaim writes explicitly that someone who is hurt and yet remains silent and is *mevater* - never loses out! He describes a father who is giving out tasty portions to his children. Suddenly he sees one of the children grab his brother's portion... The father is afraid that a fight will break out among them, but no... The brother remains quiet and is *mevater*...

What does the father do? He calls over this dear son, embraces him lovingly, and tries to compensate him. He pours *shefa* on him, promising him gifts worth much more than what he gave up...

If this is the case with a flesh-and-blood father, how much more so with our Father in Shamayim! He is so happy to see His children being *mevater* to each other and avoiding fights. And His capability to conciliate, compensate, and coddle is unlimited...

Tic-Tac-Toe

B. Halevy



Key to Parnassah



You don't "go to work," you "escape to work." A little quiet from the fights and complaints and the "Ima, tell him..." A chance for the babysitters and gardeners to put out the fires and practice their arbitration skills.

You step inside and close the door behind you, recalling the supermarket checkout woman whose children sometimes come to "help her" at the checkout counter. You want to be certain that no one is walking in on your heels...



So someone promised you that rivalry and world wars belong only in the children's room? Ha! Even though you've changed your "first digit" several times over, you again find yourself involved in charged kitchenette discussions, feeling gulf streams crashing under your office desk. *Monis* turned into a collaborator, *Almonis* into a double agent, and *Palmonis* joined the party... This time, the fight is not over half a chocolate wafel, with traces of play-doh, but rather over your own pocket and what's supposed to enter it at the beginning of the month, courtesy of the boss. In other words, your current account, with an emphasis on "current," which is liable to remind us all too well that we're all here in *Olam Hazei*, to ride with the currents --- and money, as we know, is the answer to everything...



Sometimes, you yourself are in the eye of the storm, feeling that the term "subjective," in your case, is an asset: you're up on all the details of the incident. You know exactly who spoke against whom and who stirred up what, what they promised you and what they were planning to actually do, if not for the wretch that *Monis* threw into the works. And you, how shall we put it... were chosen to be the black sheep of the entire office. So, true, *parnassah* *miShamayim*, and four keys weren't given over even to the most hard-nosed bosses, and still... the lava keeps boiling.



Suddenly your cell phone rings. The caller ID screen shows "home," and the sweet voice on the line asks in disbelief: "Ima, you're still at work??" You cast a desperate look at all the documents that weren't taken care of, conciliate the child by agreeing for him to take a bowl of corn flakes or prepare mashed potatoes from a mix until you get home, and you repeat his words like an echo, but with a different melody: "Ima, you're still at work!" The work of *avodas hamiddot*, which never ends.

Shidduch with the Mishmeres

A year ago, I joined the staff that puts together *Mishmeres Hashalom's* amazing monthly magazine. This was after I'd been in *shidduchim* for several years, and I hoped this *zechus* would help bring me a fine *shidduch* --- and soon. At the same time, my married sister wanted to arrange a "Kechad" meeting in my *zechus*, but since she'd just moved, she was too shy to arrange a get-together for her new neighbors. Finally, my sister got up the courage and organized a very successful meeting. One week after the Kechad event, we got a very good *shidduch* suggestion. What's interesting is that the boy's mother is a *Mishmeres Hashalom* rep and she was excited to hear that I am on the production staff of the organization's magazine. *Baruch Hashem*, the *shidduch* progressed quickly to a happy conclusion, and I feel that *Mishmeres Hashalom* has a big part in it!

M. Yonishalagin

Who's Afraid of an Extraction?

One of my children is terrified of dentists. He has nightmares before every visit to the dental clinic. When his appointment to extract a baby tooth approached, I told the children, "Let's learn *halachos shemiras halashon* together and in that *zechus*, the extraction will be painless." *Baruch Hashem*, we had an amazing *veshuah*! The child sat calmly on the dentist's chair for the entire time, everything went smoothly and without pain, and he came out of there relieved... and even with a smile.

Ima of Yessie

A Chain of Yeshuos

A few months ago, we started having "Kechad" meetings in our building, and you wouldn't believe the sequence of *yeshuos* we've seen. The first month, the meeting was held by a neighbor as a *zechus* for her sister who needed a *shidduch*. Within two weeks, the sister was engaged! Another

משמיע שלום

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



woman who'd needed a big *veshuah* in a personal area saw amazing *siyata d'Shemaya*, and a third neighbor who'd been looking for a family day care setup for her child managed to find a suitable place and also got a substantial discount.

H. from Ofakim

Problems with Vocal Cords

For a long time, I tried to find a speech therapist who deals with problems involving the vocal cords, and I simply couldn't find one. We needed this series of treatments quite urgently and were even willing to go to another city if necessary, but there, too, the closest appointment was in another seven-eight months. We decided to start learning *halachos shemiras halashon* as a *segulah* for a *veshuah*, and --- three days later we got a call from the Kupat Cholim clinic about an appointment that had become available.

C. B. Jerusalem

מצמיע ישועה

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



A Lump Under the Tongue

It all started at the end of the summer, when I realized that the appointment I'd made months earlier for a dental cleaning coincided with a family get-together out of town. I decided to let my daughter use the appointment. It would be okay if she got to the event late, as long as I was there on time.

On the way to the get-together, my daughter called, in a panic: "Ima, the dental hygienist says there's a very big lump under my tongue. She took a picture, and said that I have to check it out urgently!"

I called our ENT early the next morning. He referred us to the mouth and jaw department in Ichilov Hospital for consultation. But the closest appointment at Ichilov was for another month and a half... At Ezer Mizion, they advised me to do a CT in advance and come to the appointment prepared, and when the results came out normal, we calmed down a little.

Finally our turn in Ichilov arrived. The doctor's decision: There's no choice but to operate. Again a call to Ezer Mizion. They recommended using only the head of the department for the surgery. It was clear to us that the lump had to be taken out as soon as possible, so it wouldn't *challab* develop into something dangerous, but the first appointment with the professor was in another three months!

We tried to get our name on the waiting list at the department and also looked into a private clinic where, we were told, the surgeon accepts patients privately within a few weeks, but no matter what we did, we couldn't get an earlier date. Meanwhile, we decided to also do a spiritual *hishtadlus* in the area of the mouth and speech. We started learning two *halachos* a day of *shemiras halashon*, as a *segulah* for a *veshuah* and the success of the operation.

A few weeks before the pre-op appointment with

the professor, my daughter suddenly told us that she believed the lump has disappeared! It was very strange. We came as planned on the day of the pre-op appointment, and it turned out that, indeed... the lump was gone! The astonished professor looked at the photograph the doctor had taken at the beginning and instructed us to cancel the surgery that was scheduled for the following week. No lump; no operation...

"Are you the ones who tried to move up the appointment via Ezer Mizion?" he asked. "You see - it was worth waiting. You saved yourselves a painful operation and a lengthy recuperation. You can go home..."

We thanked Hashem a thousand times, fervently said *Mizmor Tzodah*, called Ezer Mizion and told them, "Kol akavah *livnah*, every delay is for the best." The *zechuyos* of *shemiras halashon* had stood by us. Hashem, the healer of all flesh, does wonders!



הסיפורים
שדווחו למוקד
הישועות
בחודש שבט:

- 3
ניצלו
- 11
משפחות זכו
- 17
חולים התרפאו
- 23
חתנים וכלות
- 7
זוהר

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Introducing...

R. Tov



A WORKPLACE *That Is* LIKE HOME

PEOPLE ARE NOT ROBOTS. A "GOOD JOB" IS NOT DEFINED SOLELY BY A FAT SALARY CHECK, AND EMPLOYER-EMPLOYEE RELATIONS NEED NOT BE SYNONYMOUS WITH "ERUPTING VOLCANO" • A WORKER AND HER BOSS REVEAL A RELATIONSHIP WORTH REPLICATING •



You don't go to work to meet friends; you go to bring home a *parnassah*. And still, there's no question that the atmosphere and the system of relations at work are very significant to every employee. First and foremost, they affect how she functions at her job, but they also go home with her and continue having an effect.

Years ago, our grandmothers sat at home and raised their children calmly. They

stirred pots of food, washed cloth diapers, and starched collars, without any boss or principal on the scene... Today, things have changed. Working outside the house has become the reality for most of us. But the derivatives – tense relations, complaints, and resentment – do not have to be part of the package deal.

We set out to get our impressions of a workplace where the atmosphere is warm and family-like. We returned, enchanted.

WITH US ON BOTH SIDES OF THE TABLE:

THE EMPLOYER: MICHAL ROTTENBERG, MANAGER OF "TENUJAH B'MAYIM" – AN INSTITUTE FOR HYDROTHERAPY AND HEALTH

THE WORKER: BRACHIE H., SECRETARY

WORKING AS A TEAM: TWO AND A HALF YEARS, AD MEAH V'ESRIM...

Describe your first acquaintance.

Michal winks at Brachie: I immediately saw that Brachie was an energetic and diligent girl, someone I could rely on.

Brachie reciprocates: The first time we met was at the interview. I remember being impressed by the boss's pleasant nature, her friendly relationship with everyone around her. Her radiant heart was obvious at first sight.

Do you feel the same way today?

Michal: Absolutely, and a lot more than I thought then.

Brachie doesn't suffice with a "yes/no" answer. She jumps at the opportunity to pour compliments on her boss: There's no boss like this in the whole world. It's simply a dreceeam.

She has stories to prove it: Every year we have two very pressured times, and at the end of each, the boss makes sure to pamper us with something special, the sort of thing you wouldn't allow yourself. And she gives it wholeheartedly... She also takes us on an unbelievable annual staff outing. There's no one like Michal...

And still, I presume that even by you, wonderful atmosphere and all, there are sometimes incidents of misunderstandings, anger, or complaints. What do you do in such situations?

Michal: Put the issue on the table, talk about the problems, and try to understand.

Brachie: I simply go over to Michal and share my feelings openly. I know that she's always here to listen and help however she can. More than once, I've heard from her that nothing is more important to her than a good atmosphere among the workers.

What do you recommend as most

important in achieving a good system of relations at work?

Michal: Trust. To trust my workers.

Brachie: Openness. If something bothers you – say it carefully and respectfully; don't hold it in. And remember that we're all human and anyone can make a mistake...

What is the level of the personal connection that's developed between you, beyond work connections?

Michal: A warm, friendly connection, just like family.

Brachie adds: Michal shares with us and gives us the feeling that we are her family.

One of the most talked-about topics in staff rooms is – the boss... What he said, did, didn't say, didn't do... for better or worse. What do you have to say about that?

Michal smiles and gives the stage entirely to Brachie: In our office, we talk only about the boss's patience and her amazing conduct. There are no other bosses like her! She sincerely compliments her workers, rewards them at every opportunity – does everything for us.

What is your opinion about a worker who tries to "cover up" a mistake that she or her co-worker made?

Michal, honestly: I wouldn't want a worker to conceal such things from me. I would expect her to be faithful to me, to her workplace.

Brachie completes her thought and claims that things like that simply don't happen by them. Even if someone makes a mistake or even causes damage, Michal's attitude will be respectful. The worker won't get yelled at. So there's no need to engage in concealment or cover-up...

In the Purim spirit of "*ad chatzi hamalchus*" – what wish would you like to present to the other interviewee? (boss to worker and worker to boss)

Michal: That Brachie should be here in the office with us for many years to come...

Brachie: That Michal should continue being so good and amazing, both to her clients and her staff!

A "SAFE" WORKPLACE

What is the level of *shemiras halashon* awareness in your work environment?

Michal: We try hard to be careful, and even in a conversation *l'choles*, on work matters, we avoid any talk that isn't absolutely necessary.

Brachie: There is talking amongst any staff, but there'll always be someone in our office with keen awareness who will remind us if it starts veering towards *lashon hara*. We really try to speak positively about everyone. The atmosphere is amazing, and our motto is to keep the peace. In my opinion, it filters down from our special boss...



Complimentary Mishloach

Candy is gone in a day or two
A compliment forever remains with you

Attach a note to each mishloach manos with a few heartfelt compliments and quadruple the value of your mishloach manos.

Did you attach compliments to 5 mishlochei manos?

Update us on the Shalom Line:

4 שלוחה 072-337-2212

You name will be sent to Hagaon Hatzaddik Rav Binyamin Finkel shlita at the height of Shushan Purim, the auspicious day for tefillah

by 4 pm, erik@tdr

We recommend writing the compliments before Purim, so you can invest the necessary time and thought to word it right, and so you'll have a chance to submit your name for tefillah.

המורה והתלמיד



Ask the Rav

By Herav
Hagaon R'
Menachem
Mendel
Fuchs shlita,
Rav of
Mishmeres
HaShalom

My Friend Feels That the Teacher Picks on Her

Question: I have a good friend who is dealing with a certain disability, and she feels that the teacher has been picking on her. Sometimes I talk to her about her feeling, with the clear goal of helping her, but at times, in this kind of conversation, there are words of *lashon hara*. I try very much, together with her, to judge the teacher favorably. Is it okay? If not, how can I correct what I did wrong?

Answer: The questioner writes that sometimes, when talking with her friend, words of *lashon hara* are said about the teacher. She doesn't explain what kind of *lashon hara*; apparently, she means that she expresses agreement that the teacher is picking on her friend, but is *metamev zechus* that the teacher doesn't realize what she's doing

wrong because of certain reasons or distractions.

The best thing would have been for the questioner to persuade her friend that there is no discrimination here at all; on the contrary, the teacher is trying to help her. At the same time, she could have spoken to the teacher about the problem, and the teacher would have found a solution.

If that wasn't possible, because she understood that the only way to calm her friend was by listening and empathizing, we can adopt the view that what she said was *to'afes*. Still, it would be proper for her to do *teshuvah* by regretting her deed, admitting her mistake, and resolving not to repeat it. She doesn't need to ask the teacher's forgiveness.



What Time Is It?

On one of the byways of Meah Shearim, there once lived a mentally ill Yid. He used to sit on his porch on Shabbos and, out of boredom, he'd call out to the people passing by: "Mister, what time is it?" He'd ask again and again, not missing a single one of the people walking past his house...

The people in the neighborhood already knew the man and his steady question and they simply ignored his calls.

And Rav Elyashiv?

Every time he'd hear the familiar question – "What time is it?" – he'd stop a moment, check his watch, and answer with a pleasant smile.

(Based on Amudo shel Ofam)

When I glance at my watch, I'll try to remember this story and get *chizuk* from it!



And this time: Maran Hagaon Rav Yosef Shalom Elyashiv zt"l



Everything's Fine



"Who wants to go to the Nachmanis?"

"I do!" All at once, an artist, fisherman, and musician leaped into the kitchen.

"What enthusiasm!" Ima smiled. "But I prefer that only one of you go. I need the other two here to help me."

"I fit this job like paint to a paintbrush!" announced the artist.

"And I – like a fish to a fishing rod!"

The musician sang out, in a tune he composed that moment: "Like a note to a song and like a hammer to a gong..."

Ima laughed. "What a jovial Purim crew! And what could be more appropriate on Purim but to draw lots?"

The three quickly wrote their names on pieces of paper and Ima was given the honor of pulling one out of the bag.

"Yochanan the artist!" Effie the fisherman presented him with the *mishloach manos* in question. "You were selected to get on bus 12 and honor the Nachmanis, our unforgettable neighbors!"

Yochanan went to the bus stop in a cheery mood. But when he got there, he understood that this job was not going to be so easy and pleasant. The bus stop was packed. Children in costume waited impatiently and whined: "When will the bus come already?"

Finally, the 12 bus pulled up with a screech. Yochanan eyed the long line at the door. Will the doors close before his turn comes?

In the end, he was able to get on, *baruch Hashem*. As expected, he didn't find a seat, but at least he wasn't carrying a fragile *mishloach*, like the fancy cake in the hands of the "baker" or the huge fruit platter schlepped by the "farmer." His was just a medium-sized shopping bag with a few items that he could even put down on the floor or hang on an armrest.

Meanwhile, the bus advanced to the next stop. "Move further in!" the driver shouted. "I don't want to leave people at the bus stops!"

Two children got up and gave their places to an elderly man and to a father with a little baby. At the following stop, another boy gave up his seat. Then a father boarded the bus with difficulty, holding twins dressed up as strawberries, one in each arm. They were very sweet, but didn't look pleased at all by the crowded conditions.

Yochanan glanced around. Who could rescue the father and offer him a seat? Hmm... He didn't see anyone nearby who could do the mitzvah. All the people sitting down were either elderly or holding babies and toddlers.

Suddenly, he saw in the back a boy dressed up as an old man. He had a white wig with a big *kippah* on top, a gray suit, and a shiny brown cane. Wow! What a great costume! He almost looks like a real senior...

Yochanan snaked his way to the back and whispered: "Zeidele, there's a father here with twins. Maybe you could give them your seat?"

The "old man" didn't even look at him. "Me?" he asked in a surprised tone. His voice was a perfect imitation of an old man. "Oho, I'm too old for that," he chortled. Then he banged his cane and added: "That's a mitzvah for youngsters, understand?"

What a nerve! Does he think that with his crackly voice and banging cane, he'll evade his obligation? How inconsiderate!

Yochanan tried to judge him favorably. Maybe his feet hurt. Or since he didn't see the father and his twins himself, he

didn't understand how important it was...

Meanwhile, the bus arrived at the Nachmanis' stop. Yochanan took the bag and made his way to the door. When he got off, he heard the taps of the "old man" behind him.

Oh, no! Only when they were both off the bus, Yochanan realized his mistake: This wasn't a boy dressed up as an old man. It was a real Zeide, who smiled at him with a mouth full of gold teeth and said in a singsong voice: "No matter, good boy. Don't feel bad. Everything's fine. Thanks to you, I felt young for a few minutes!"

Happy Purim!



Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes
Last month's winner: Dvora Shagan. Tell her now!



Answering K'halachah

G. BERNFELD

Champion of Latenesses

Shua and Elazar want to prepare a funny skit for the class Purim party. They're looking for ideas.

Shua suggests: "We can act out a boy who comes late, every morning with a different excuse..."

Elazar understands that Shua is hinting at Moishe, the boy known as the "champion of latenesses." He tells Shua that a skit like that is liable to hurt Moishe's feelings.



Look up refer: *Chofetz Chaim, Hilech Lashon Hara, Klaf Gimmel, Seifur Gimmel-Daled*, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33, and choose the most correct answer for the case of Shua and Elazar. Those who answer correctly will automatically enter a raffle.



The idea that won the prize was from Ricky Schwartz, Jerusalem

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



No Offense

A Chocolate Pen

I like to come to the Mualem family's home sale of baking goods - first of all, because of the aroma. There's always a scent of yummy things in the air. Besides, they have a dizzying selection of E-V-E-R-Y-T-H-I-N-G you can think of in the cake, dessert, and baking department, plus patient service with a smile.

Yesterday, too, when Ima decided to start baking for *mishlochei manos* and asked who could run over to the Mualems, I was first to volunteer. I left the house with a list in one hand and a purse in the other, heading for the home sale in building number 12.

I went in and started collecting the items from the loaded shelves. Suddenly I overheard a strange dialogue at the checkout.

"How much does a pencil cost?" A little boy asked in a high-pitched voice, attracting some bewildered looks. It was Chanina Schüssel from the building next to ours.

"He must have mixed this up with the stationery sale in building 14" - a not-so-quiet whisper from two girls reached my ears, along with their suppressed giggles. Any second and they'd burst out laughing...

But then I heard another voice - the totally serious voice of Elisheva, one of the Mualem girls, who stood at the checkout. "You must mean the decorating pen for drawing on cakes," she said to little Chanina. "There are a few kinds. Go ask your mother which brand she wants..."



A few words from Chanina:

What could have happened:

When I realized my mistake, it was already too late. I was deep inside Mualem's shop, surrounded by customers, and all eyes were on me. How embarrassing!!! How would I escape from here???

What happened in the end:

I believe that the Mualem girl at the checkout counter - who is about the age of my sister Miri in sixth grade - didn't really think that I wanted to buy a cake decorating pen. She understood that I'd come to the baking goods sale by mistake instead of heading to the stationery sale. She just wanted to make sure that I wouldn't be ashamed in front of all the customers.



Way to Go!

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



A Cardboard Discovery

Where are you sitting now? On a kitchen chair? On your bed? A park bench? I'm not asking because I want to snoop into your personal affairs, *chas v'shalom*, but because yesterday, I made an amazing discovery: A cardboard box is the perfect place to sit.

It all started in the afternoon, when Tully knocked at the door.

"Everyone's waiting!" he said accusingly. "You're not coming?"

"I'm coming!" I jumped up, in a frenzy, trying to shake up my brain. What were we going to do? The first seven steps of the staircase passed me in a blur. I remembered that we were on our way to do something good, but... only at the eighth step did it hit me, when Tully turned around and panted: "Let's start next to Herschel's grocery." That's when I remembered our special assignment - the cartons we were going to collect today for the Neuman family, who will be moving in a few days.

I apologized for my lateness and started giving orders: Who should look next to the grocery, who should collect cartons next to building 19, and who should stay here, organizing the haul and transferring it to Neuman's yard.

"How about you, Kasriel?" asked Bentzie innocently.

"L..." (I really don't know what's happening to me today and where my head is) "TL...ehhh... go through this block, building by building."

But how many buildings can a boy go through by himself? How many torn cartons can he hold? I tried to remind myself how helpful the cartons will be for the Neumans. Then I shook out my aching hands and got a pebble out of my right shoe. Still, I was pretty exhausted when I got to building 20. That's why I was so happy to see the carton in the stairwell - absolutely whole, new, and above all, gigantic.

Maybe the Neumans could put all their tools inside it (they have a *Gamach*). Maybe it will hold all of Mrs. Neuman's special accessories (she does music

activities in *Gani*). I had a few more excellent ideas to suggest to the Neumans. But before deciding which was best - I found myself sitting inside the carton. It was kind of dark there, but other than that, it was wonderful - quiet, comfortable, private. Very soon, I felt at home.

Sitting and resting inside it, I started thinking about all kinds of houses. That made me think of the poor Neumans, who would soon have to leave their house and move to another one. What could cheer up Shimmy Neuman?



My hands were already rummaging in my pockets. A crumpled test paper, a non-working thermometer, two batteries, and a Gerber jar cap jumped out of the pocket. I shoved them back inside, insisting on--- here it is, a pen.

"Remember the greatest neighborhood, and we'll remember you, too," I wrote on the "ceiling" over me. "Don't forget the special Corona experience." I

added on the right side, and just to be sure they'll understand that I'm referring to the donkey that was by us, etc. - I drew four sticks for hooves. "Remember always Berzowitz and the hat that--- Oyl Oyl! The pen was first to fall, and I came afterwards. Somebody shook me from side to side. He muttered: "Strange, this carton is heavier than---" "Hey!" I opened a hole in the ceiling and tried to get up. "W-what's this?" The man, a neighbor from the building, gave me a strange look.

"Uh, I was sitting here," I stammered. "I, uh, tried to..." I added. "And I really apologize, but I also scribbled on the carton. I didn't know that..."

"Everything's fine!" The man peeked at me and the carton, and laughed. "Just remember that it's not safe to hide like that. And now, come out carefully..."

"Just a mimic, okay?" I asked. Suddenly I was frightened. "I, uh..."

I grabbed the blue pen. The Corona and the donkey could stay. But what possessed me to write about Berzowitz? To allow a slightly nasty written word to remain on the carton and reach who knows where?

Where are you sitting now? On a kitchen chair? Or a park bench? I'm asking just to tell you about my amazing discovery: A cardboard carton is the perfect place to sit, especially when you remember what not to write on it. What not to write at all, anywhere.





Secret in the Pocket

Mendy's story:

It started at the first recess.

I went to Tzvi's classroom to give him the sandwich he'd forgotten at home.

Tzvi headed for me. From far, I could see the yellow memo note in his hand. He looked a little taken aback when he saw me, and he quickly stuffed the note into his pocket.

I couldn't overcome my curiosity. "Hey, Tzvi! What are you hiding there?"

"Me? Hiding?" - he played dumb. But from the embarrassed look on his face, I understood that my brother was hiding a secret from me. A yellow secret.

"Na, the yellow note you put in your pocket. Looks like something interesting!"

"Oh, that? Just a boring list. And what are you holding? You brought me the sandwich I forgot? I'm speechless, Mendy. You're simply..."

"Simply curious. Do you think you'll manage to change the subject with your thank yous and compliments?"

"Oysh!" - Tzvi groaned. "Come on - it's just a scribbled note that I got from my friend. Maybe you could just forget about it?"

At this point, I stopped. What's the point of making Tzvi happy with his forgotten sandwich and, at the same time, driving him mad over a yellow note that he doesn't want to tell me about?

I knew that I needed to overcome my well-known curiosity. All the sentences that Abba, Ima, Saba, and others were always drilling into me suddenly appeared in my mind's eye and reminded me what I had to do.

"Curiosity is a bad *midvah!*"

"So you won't know something that interests you. Believe me - it's not dangerous!"

"Think about how unpleasant it is to be on the other side, being interrogated. That will help you overcome."

"Practice: that's the secret in all *avodas hamiddot*. The beginning is very hard, the next stage is just hard, and after that, it gets easier and easier. *bizras Hashem.*"

So, tell me: When such strong and true sentences resound in your ears, is there any choice but to listen to them and start changing?

That whole day, I locked my mouth tight and didn't allow a single yellow-hued question escape. Deep inside, I waited for him to come on his own and reveal the note to me. Aren't we close brothers, who share a room and a lot of experiences? Don't I tell him my little secrets from time to time?

I tried to judge him *l'chaf zechus*. Maybe it's his friend's secret, and the friend warned him not to tell? Or maybe it's something embarrassing. Or...

"Mendy, could you take the laundry out of the machine and hang it on the line?" - Ima interrupted my important thoughts.

I opened the washing machine and moved the fragrant laundry into the blue basket, one at a time. Suddenly I saw it: A pair of pants with unidentified yellow scraps falling out of the pocket: Tzvi's yellow note!

Nothing much was left of it. Most of the

words had been rubbed out, and those that weren't - had crumbled into pieces. Still, I tried to put together one letter to another half letter and word to word. For two minutes I worked on it, until I regained my equilibrium.

What's with you? - I scolded myself. You already decided that you're not asking and not trying to force the secret out. Right? So why...?

"Mendy?" - Tzvi suddenly popped out from behind me. "I see that nothing much is left of the yellow note that made you so curious, eh?"

"Right" - I blushed.

"That's what happens to every note that goes through a wash..."

"Guess so" - Tzvi replied. "The truth is, it was meant to be a surprise for you, but maybe I'll give up on the element of surprise and simply tell you..."

"A surprise? For me? What a great brother you are! And you don't have to tell. I can restrain my curiosity..."

I got my reward in the form of a cute, nicely assembled *mishloach manos*. Inside were fragrant hamentashen and a (yellow...) note in Tzvi's handwriting:

Dear Mendy,

Someone who overcomes his curiosity and watches his mouth and ears - deserves gluten-free hamentashen.

Attention: The recipe went through the wash... (Don't worry, I copied it over.)

Happy Purim!

Tzvi



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

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

Name: _____
Address: _____
Phone: _____ City: _____

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Turnabout

In each line, there is a pair of clues. Turn around the answer to the first clue to get the answer to the second clue. We've given you the first answer as an example.

When you finish filling in the puzzle, insert the letters from the numbered squares in the blanks, in numerical order and you'll get the translation of familiar words in *Tehillim*.

Clues:

- Brief written message - famous English school
- Hospital section - attract
- Shock - Pecans, cashews, etc.
- Small annoying insect - sharp flavor
- Swallow - stopper
- String toy - cry of distress
- Den - Iranian currency
- Stair- strokes
- Cooking utensils - halt
- Weapons - cozy

Words from Tehillim (translation):

החברים ב... מרכז משובח

מחיר הצטרפות לתוכנית חורף תשפ"ג: 20 ₪

חיים לשמיעת פרטי המוקדים באזור מנורים:

3 072-337-2212 שלוחה 3

רוצים להצטרף ל'מרכז משובח'?

Summary:
Alexander, the boy who came from Russia, disappears. His classmates are worried. Asher suggest organizing a "Vahava Treyacha Kamocha" campaign to amas zechuyos. Meir and his group also join the campaign and the fight finally ends.

Controlled EXPLOSION

Written by B. Halevi
Illustrated by C. Chusid

9



You're lucky you have such cute little brothers. I'm always alone...



That's why I was so happy when Alexander came to live with us.

Now I understand why Meir was afraid that I'm trying to "steal" Alexander from him.



Alexander will for sure come back! You'll see! I'm davening so hard for him!!

I'm sure your tefillos will be answered! And, really, my Abba got a call yesterday from---



It's him! Together with Pinchas from the organization, I don't believe it!!



Alexander is back! Hashem brought Alexander back to us!!



Pinchas came all the way to my uncle's house. He told me about the "Vahava Treyacha Kamocha" campaign that you're doing, and I wanted to come back, to be together with you, with ahava and shalom!



Your zechuyos are having an effect in Russia, too. Baruch Hashem, there's progress. We hope that it won't be too long until Alexander's parents are also zacheh to come live in Eretz Yisraell

The End!