

# מִשְׁמָרֵת

CHESHVAN 5783 • 193

MISHMERES HASHOLOM MAGAZINE

מִשְׁמָרֵת  
שֶׁלֹּחַ  
מֵעֵמֶד  
שׂוֹפֵה

(MISHMERES HASHOLOM MAGAZINE)  
T'01 2023



## THE COMPETITOR ACROSS THE STREET

AS EXPECTED, THE CUSTOMER WAITED AT THE CROSSWALK FOR A GREEN LIGHT AND THEN ENTERED "BRAUN AND ROBINSON LTD.," DISAPPEARING BEHIND THE IMPRESSIVE GLASS WALLS OF THE SHOP.

04



## TAKING YOU BY THE HAND

THE HOSPITAL DIRECTOR REFUSED TO HEAR HIS EXPLANATIONS: "WE HAVE A WHOLE STAFF OF DOCTORS ON CALL JUST FOR THIS PURPOSE. WHY DID YOU TRY TO MANAGE ON YOUR OWN?"

06

## AT THE EDGE OF A STEEP SLOPE

IT DIDN'T HAPPEN OVERNIGHT. ALREADY WHEN HE WAS IN CHEDER, ARI HAD DIFFICULTIES.

07



# FROM THE REBBETZIN'S DESK



# ASK THE RAV



Beis Hora'ah for shemiras halashon-related questions - 072-337-2212 Ext. 6  
To submit questions to the column - HARAV HAGAON R' MENACHEM MENDEL FUCHS SHLITA  
Fax: 02-650-6107 Email: m025379160@gmail.com



**משמרת השלום**  
Main office:  
11 Sdei Chemed St. Jerusalem  
Telephone: 02-537-9160  
Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.  
Email: m025379160@gmail.com  
Fax: 02-6506107  
For donations and to submit names:  
1800-800-779

תורם  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה  
הודיה ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה

PUBLISHED BY MISHMERES HASHELOM - THE WORLDWIDE ORGANIZATION SPREADING SHEMIRAS HALASHON  
DISTRIBUTED TO 120,000 JEWISH HOMES IN ISRAEL AND AROUND THE WORLD, IN HEBREW, YIDDISH, ENGLISH, AND FRENCH, TO ENCOURAGE AND SPREAD PEACE, SHEMIRAS HALASHON, AND MITZVOS BEIN ADAM L'CHAVEIRO

A few months ago, many of us were shaken up by the story of the *avrechel* from Bictar who came with his family to the Yarkon Park one hot, summery Bein Hazemanim afternoon. This *avrechel*, who had taken upon himself the stringency of *netilas yadayim* before each *tefillah*, wanted to join a Minchah minyan that was being organized in the park. He didn't see a faucet nearby, so he walked over to the Yarkon River, washing cup in hand, so as not to give up on his *kabbalah*.

The chilling continuation of the story is that, when he got to the river edge and bent down to fill his cup, he was horrified to see a figure inside the water. He pulled out the little girl at the last minute, when she'd almost drowned...

The *chitzuk* he'd been so meticulous about - had led him to being granted from Shamayim this tremendous mitzvah of saving a Jewish life!

This is actually what Hakadosh Baruch Hu tells us regarding all self-improvement and *teshuva*: "Open for me an opening the size of a needle's eye, and I will open for you an opening like the entrance to a grand hall!"

Everyone knows the *mashal* about the king who invited his friends and admirers to take part in a competition - who can climb to the top of a huge tower. The winner was promised a substantial prize. Many people tried their luck, but only one of them managed to persist, without giving up. He continued climbing until --- he found himself before an express elevator, which brought him in moments to the peak and to the prize!

This *mashal* is so appropriate for the journey we've made here, at Mishmeres HaShalom, over the past nine months, as we followed the series on *Mesillas Yesharim*, treading the road ascending to Beis Keil. We climbed the Ramchal's ladder of *midot* slowly, rung by rung, until we reached the peak - the final level, *kedushah*. The Ramchal writes that *kedushah* "begins with *avodah* and concludes with *gemul* (reward)." He explains that a person has to work, learn, and polish his *midot* to the best of his ability. Once he has done his part, Hakadosh Baruch Hu gives him a free gift and propels him the rest of the way, granting him special strength and guiding him on the path that he desires.

This *mashal* is also suited to the idea of the daily learning of *hilchos shemiras halashon*: a small - but steady - daily effort, which merits us great *shvat* of *Shemaya* to stand up to our *nisyonos* and succeed in guarding our tongues.

*Sarah Wertzberger*

- PUBLICATIONS 02-537-9160
- TELLAR EVENTS 1-800-800-779
- SCHOOLS 02-537-9160
- OVERSEAS 800-337-2212
- BEIS HABA'AH 800-337-2212
- 'YECHEZ' MEETINGS 271-447-4104
- RECORDINGS MAGAZINE 02-537-9160
- GAMA 02-537-9160
- SHALOM LIBRA 02-537-9160

## מכות שתהא פאמרת פאוס' לתרומות והקדשות: 1-800-800-779

ראיתם ישועות בדכות השלום? שתפו ב'קו השלום' 072-3372212 (שלווחה 23)

- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה
- כבוד ושמחה על הירידה והתקווה

## DIVISION OF JOBS IN THE EXTENDED FAMILY

**Question:** In our family, I am usually the one to organize events - like Chanukah parties, Sheva Berachos, family get-togethers - and to divide up the work among the women of the family.

On these occasions, I get phone calls inquiring who already took on a job and what, the objective being to feel out who is trying to evade responsibility...

What am I allowed to say and what not, and how can I deal with such questions?

**Answer:** One can always use the refrain: "I didn't have a chance to speak to everybody." "Not everyone chose jobs yet." The questioner can also mention who already took on a task, and, generally, if the job is reasonable, she can even say what it was. Let's not forget that, in the end, everyone will know, more or less, who did what.

Primarily, the questioner should be careful not to give any hints about those who try to evade responsibility altogether.

## INQUIRING OUT OF CURIOSITY

**Question:** In my son's class, the bar mitzvah season has begun, and the classmates are invited to a *seudas mitzvah* in the home of the friend having his bar mitzvah. Each time, I ask my son how it was, but I sense that my interest is not coming just from a desire to have him share the experience, but also out of curiosity - to hear about the family's financial level, their lifestyle, how the house looks, what the father and uncles look like... Is this a problem?

**Answer:** It would appear improper to act as the questioner describes. Granted, generally there will be no real *lashon hora* involved, because when describing a standard of living, whether it is a particularly low standard, with old furniture and zero home improvements, or an unusually high standard - a luxury apartment, equipped with the newest conveniences - each family has its own style and reasons for conducting itself as it does, and there is nothing really derogatory here. But often the reports are liable to include neglect, disorder, and dirt, food served cold and not esthetically pleasing, and so on. This can already be outright *lashon hora*. Therefore, it's not right to engage in such curiosity.

In addition, it is not the Torah way to invade other people's privacy. This is a little similar to the famous *teshuva* of the Maharil Chagiz (*Hilchos Ketanos*

vol. 1, 276) regarding reading others' mail: "In any case, it would seem to be prohibited to probe one's fellow's secret matters." It is also worth copying here the *Avos* of the *Shulchan Aruch* *Narav* (*Hilchos Nizkei Mammon* 11): "Even [in a case], where there is no concern for *hezek ayin*, damage caused by looking into his premises, still, one should not watch what another is doing in his domain without his knowledge, for he may not want others to know of his doings." Our case is not exactly the same, but still, we can learn from there that it is better to avoid prying into other people's privacy.

## REACTION THAT REINFORCES THE SPEAKER'S NEGATIVE OPINION

**Question:** I told my friend a derogatory story with no chance of her understanding who I was talking about. My friend was greatly shocked by the report and spoke sharply and bitingly against this conduct. This led me to think that even without mentioning names, this was perhaps a violation of *lashon hora*, since I know who the subject is, and my friend's sharp reaction reinforced my negative opinion of the subject.

Was I guilty of *lashon hora*?

**Answer:** Let's write briefly what appears to be the *hatechila*:

The friend who responded sharply may have been guilty of speaking *lashon hora*, since she reinforced the opinion of the questioner against the subject.

The questioner was not guilty of believing *lashon hora*, even though her friend led her to intensify her negative opinion of the subject, due to two combined points: 1) She had thought from the start that the subject had committed a wrong; her friend merely sharpened that conception; 2) She could have reached this intensified derogatory opinion of the subject on her own, had she given the matter thought. Her friend brought her to this understanding without adding any information that was not known to her. Since both of these points are present - it would not be considered *lashon hora*.

Even though the questioner caused her friend to violate the *lashon hora* of speaking *lashon hora*, it is questionable if she herself is guilty of *lashon hora* to *shaych mikshol*, because it is very rare that a listener, without having any knowledge of the information surrounding the report, should sharpen the wrong in the mind of the speaker more than the speaker herself previously thought. Therefore, the speaker had no reason to be concerned for this. But perhaps she still should have considered this possibility, so it could be that she violated the prohibition of *Lo'afel Heiv*.

We could elaborate even more about all of these details, but this column is not the place for it, so we will offer sources for further reference: *Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Liar* 29 and *Sd.B.M.C.* 11, as well as *G7*, and the *Acharonim* on the above.

לינת הרה"ח ר' שמואל זאב בן הרה"ח ר' מנחם מנדל זיל חובי קורת חיה דבורה בת הרה"ח ר' שמואל זאב ז"ל



## דור גדולים

**THE REBBE OF TOLDOS AHARON SHLITA:**  
IT IS A TREMENDOUS ZICHUS TO SPREAD SHEMIRAS HALASHON, BECAUSE "LIFE IS IN THE HAND OF THE TONGUE." THROUGH THE PROTECTIVE BARRIERS AND SAFEGUARDS WE MAKE, WE CAN RECTIFY OUR SPEAKING HABITS - WHICH IS THE CRUX OF SHEMIRAS HALASHON.  
OF *TESVAS NOACH*, THE PAGUR SAYS, "VEL AMAH TICHELENI MI'LEMAALAH." "THE WORD 'AMAH' - ALEPH, MEM, HEH - STANDS FOR 'TRIGUN MISHMERES HASHELOM', THROUGH WHICH THE ORGANIZATION'S REPS ARE SAVED FROM THE FLOOD OF OUR GENERATION."

WINNERS OF NIS 100 IN THE RAFFLE AMONG THOSE LEARNING THE HALACHOS IN AV - 100 SHEKELS:  
E. KAVAZ, BE'ER SHEVA | N. ETINGER, G'VEI BERAN | L. LAVI, GEMV BINYAMIN | T. CHESHIN, BEIT SHEMESH | E. TURCHIN, BEIT SHEMESH



# STORY

RACHEL T.



## AN AIR CONDITIONED EXPLOSION

“I want this model oven, but built in.” The customer, a familiar figure in the local Jewish community, knew exactly what she was looking for in order to refit her apartment, so, in his neat handwriting David added another line to the price quote for her. From the corner of his eye, he noticed a young couple entering the store, *Baruch Hashem*, business was lively today.

The elderly customer rummaged in her pocketbook, pulled out her reading glasses, and carefully perused the paper with the store's logo on top. David tapped his finger lightly on the counter, his eyes resting on the new catalog that had arrived that morning. He'd soon make time to speak with the agent. First he hoped to sign this deal.

“All right. Thank you very much. Mr. Kohn,” she said, elegantly folding the page. “If I decide to make the order here, I'll contact you.”

The aura of disappointment that accompanied the woman's footsteps on the London sidewalk soon turned into anger, a feeling that had become his frequent companion. As expected, the customer waited at the crosswalk for a green light and then entered “Braun and Robinson Ltd.,” disappearing behind the impressive glass walls at the front of the shop.

David's hand grabbed the copy of the price quote that still rested on the counter and stuffed it into the drawer. He can forget about that customer.

“How many years' guarantee is there on this model of freezers?” He had to get a hold of himself. There were other customers there, expecting to get courteous service. He couldn't let himself get carried away by this fermenting rage.

David tried to lock his emotions deep inside and to assume a demeanor of “Everything's fine.” As if a competing business hadn't opened directly across the street, in the shopping center at the heart of the Jewish section of London.

As if two young, heartless people from within his own community hadn't come and shaken up his financial base. As if no change had been felt in his balance sheets and accounting reports. Business as usual.

*You know that parnassah is miShamayim*, he reminded himself, as he leafed distractedly through the local neighborhood freebie, stopping at a huge ad from Braun and Robinson announcing an unprecedented winter sale. *You believe that Braun and Robinson cannot take from you even one pound sterling that was decreed for you in Shamayim...*

And yet, seeing with his own eyes the trickling of customers towards the new, shiny shop was too much for him to take.

That evening, after his regular Daf Yomi shiur, he found himself escorting the Rav home, while sharing his pained feelings.

The Rav, whose long years had gifted him with a glowing countenance and a wise heart, surprised David with a story he'd heard way back, in the years he'd been a *talmit yeshiva* in Eretz Yisrael.

“One day, a worried Yid came to the Chazon Ish. His story was very similar to what you are describing,” the Rav began. “He owned a shop in the little town of Bnei Brak, where he had been investing his money and energy for long years. And suddenly, a competing store had opened directly across from his shop. He shared his concerns about his *parnassah*, which hadn't streamed in too abundantly even beforehand. He described his difficult feelings and his anger...”

The Rav went on, in his gentle voice. “The Chazon Ish advised the man that each time he'd see a customer enter the new shop across the street and feel the blood rising to his head – he should take a *sefer Tehillim* and say *aperok* for his competitor's success. The Chazon Ish explained that this is what will help remove the anger and resentment from his heart. Then he gave the man a warm *berachah* for success.”

The end of the story caused David's eyes to moisten: “That Bnei Brak Yid carried out the Chazon Ish's advice to a tee. And the *berachah* he'd received came true, also to a tee. His business started to flourish and thrive and within a few years, he'd become a wealthy man...”

The London fog, accompanied by a light rain, blurred David's eyes. He didn't need to hear any more. The message was clear.

It is not every day that someone makes a purchase of such a hefty sum in his shop. Not even every week. The customer was one of the *mispallelim* in his shul, and he made a concentrated order of air conditioners for several branches of the chain of stores in which he was a partner.

David gave him a good price and especially convenient payment conditions. The customer was ready to leave, after a friendly handshake, when David suddenly remembered: “Wait! We talked and talked and we didn't sign anything,” he said, quickly opening his order book. “So here, I'll start writing...”

But the customer was impatient. He was in a big rush to an important meeting in one of his thriving branches. He couldn't understand why a signature was needed. He was even a little offended that David wouldn't trust an old friend like him ...

Two weeks passed. The merchandise that David had ordered was already waiting in his warehouse, but the customer hadn't contacted him.

“Hey, what's doing, my friend?” David had decided to pick up the phone and call. “I've been waiting for you to contact me to set a date for installation of the air conditioners. Everything has arrived...”

Suddenly, as he hears the response, he feels the earth under his feet trembling. The world spinning around him. His limbs shaking out of control.

“It was my partner... He got a good offer

from the owners of the new shop... Somehow they heard that we were thinking of buying from you and they started persuading...”

Boom, Boom-boom-boom-boooooooooooooom---

Was that really the sound of explosions outside, or was it only inside his ears that everything was detonating?

How could they do that to him? Where was their Jewish heart? Where was their fairness and *menshlichkeit*??

And what is he supposed to do now with such a huge inventory of air conditioners occupying his whole warehouse?

A volcano of emotions threatened to drown him. Rivers of boiling lava. A terrible mish-mash of thoughts and ideas – with plans to teach them a lesson once and for all – ran wild inside him. Only with superhuman efforts did he manage to rein them in.

And to take out his *sefer Tehillim* from the drawer.

Yes, even for such moments, the Chazon Ish's advice applied. Now, too, he needed to make an effort to have *kavanah* while saying a *perok Tehillim* for his competitors' success---

“*Shir hamalos...*” His lips whispered the *heilige* words of David Hamelech, but David felt that he wasn't there yet. He was still too upset. Too tense.

Another *perok*. And another.

“People will say that you're not normal. You cannot remain silent at such a move,” he heard a voice whispering inside.

*I don't care what they say. I rely on the advice and the berachah of the Chazon Ish.* He silenced that voice with another *perok Tehillim*, trying to replace the words of anger and discord – with the holy words of *Tehillim*.

And he succeeded.

At the end of that day, he locked the store with the sweet feeling of victory. He knew that even if there were people here who had conducted themselves dishonestly and not humanely, he was not swept after them to act likewise.

Two calm weeks passed in David's shop. One morning, he received an unexpected call. The municipal senior citizens' home had received a large allotment to renovate and develop the institution and the administration had decided to put the money into replacing the building's ancient air conditioning system. The senior citizens' home secretary, an old client of David, stipulated the condition of quick supply, and David promised him that the entire inventory was sitting in his warehouse and that they could already begin installation the next morning...

The warehouse emptied out; the kitty filled up; and, above all – the mouth remained clean, holy, and pure.

The *berachah* of the Chazon Ish was carried out in its entirety.

**עזרה לך במסילתך**

**מסילת ישראלים**

**קדושה – Sanctity**

The final rung of the ladder, after one has already internalized all the good *mitzvot* – is the rung of *kedushah*, sanctity. This level emphasizes the idea of “A person is led in the path he wishes to go.” When Hakadosh Baruch Hu sees a person's desire to ascend higher and higher on the ladder, He pours upon that person a spirit of sanctity and purity from Above, bringing him to a level as high as that of the angels.

**Sanctity in Matters Related to Shemiras Halashon**

It isn't easy to guard one's tongue. The *nisyonos* in this area are not just every day, but every moment... But when a person takes upon himself to learn the halachos every day, showing Hakadosh Baruch Hu his powerful desire to succeed in this sacred mission, he receives help from Above – *Yahu Itaber, misayin b'yado*. One who comes to be purified is given assistance in doing so.





## STOP AND THINK

B. HARAMATT

# SUMMON REINFORCEMENTS

On the narrow street of Meah Shearim stood the tiny meat store of R' Yissachar Dov Berish Koernblit, whom everyone called "Berish the Butcher."

Berish was a tzaddik and a chassid and everything he did was with the utmost *kedushah*. He wore a white apron over his Yerushalmi caftan and that's how he stood in his store, wielding his butcher's knife upon the slabs of meat, while mumbling *pirkei Mishnayos*.

When a customer would walk in, Berish saw no need to interrupt his learning. He sold just two kinds of meat in his shop and everyone knew their prices... If a woman walked in, the tzaddik wouldn't look up at all.

One day, a woman entered and asked to buy a slab of meat. R' Berish motioned towards a piece on the counter. She took it, paid, and left the store. A moment later, Berish the Butcher suddenly realized that the woman had inadvertently taken a different piece than the one he'd meant – meat that had a *shefal* on it... But he didn't know who she was and where she lived...

Berish closed his little shop and ran to shul. He took out a *sefer Tehillim* and carefully *davened* that he should not be the cause of a mishap. That was all he could do...

When a Jew does whatever he can, Hakadosh Baruch Hu helps and does His part...

Berish returned to the shop. Suddenly, in walked the same woman and again asked to buy meat. She had a strange tale to tell: "I came home, put the meat on the table, and, suddenly, a cat jumped out, snatched the meat, and fled..."

### JUST PUT OUT YOUR HAND

When Hakadosh Baruch Hu commanded Moshe to put up the Mishkan, Moshe said to Him *Qash*, based on the Midrash, *Shemot 29:15*: "How can the Mishkan be erected by a mortal being?" Hashem responded: "You do what is in your hands... and it will straighten up and stand by itself, as the *pasuk* says: 'The Mishkan was erected.'" Likewise in the fashioning of the pure menorah, the *pasuk* says: "The menorah shall be made." Moshe had trouble molding it and Hashem instructed him to

toss the gold into the furnace and the menorah would be formed on its own.

We find the same idea with Busya. She wanted to grasp the basket in which little Moshe lay crying, and take it out of the water, but the basket was much too far for her to reach. Still, she stretched out her hand as far as she could, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu helped her complete the job by lengthening her arm...

Rav Pincus explains this idea with a story about a busy night in the Emergency Room. The resident doctor on shift ran in a daze from one bed to the other, navigating between several emergency cases. One moment he was resuscitating the patient in bed 6. The next he was summoned to bed 2 to decide about an emergency operation. From there, he leaped to the doors of a wailing ambulance, bringing a road accident victim, and so on...

As the day dawned, and his shift, with all of its pressures, came to an end, it emerged that the insane overload had led to a series of medical errors, costing the lives of a number of patients. The overwhelmed resident stood by, helplessly, aghast at the severe outcome. He tried to describe the impossible pressure he was under, but the hospital director refused to hear his explanations: "The clear instructions say that in such a case, you must summon reinforcements. We have a whole staff of doctors on call just for this purpose. Why did you try to manage on your own?"

This *mesora* is actually speaking about us, struggling in this world with *nissayons* and difficulties. The spiritual peaks are hard to reach. We have no chance of managing to get there on our own. We must have reinforcements of aid from Hakadosh Baruch Hu. Our task is to do what is in our power. As to the rest – it will come in the form of *siyata d'Shemaya* from Above.

This is what the *Shaarai Yeshuvah* writes (beginning of Shaar 1: "Hashem will help the penitent when his nature cannot achieve it alone.") The *Mesillas Yesarovim*, too (ch. 2), brings this idea: "It is clear that even if a person will watch himself carefully, he cannot be saved unless Hashem comes to his aid, because the Yetzer Hara is very strong... But if a person watches himself, then Hakadosh Baruch Hu will help him and he will be saved from the Yetzer Hara."

### THAT'S HOW IT IS ON THE FIELD

You're standing in the middle of a messy kitchen at the end of supper, feeling as if you've just come back from the trenches, desperate for a few minutes of relaxation. But the screams coming from the children's room make it clear that this is an unobtainable dream. Again, Nussi and Rivky are at it. Again you need to drum up untending pools of patience. Sometimes you feel that it is simply impossible...

And, in another arena: the clothing shop. You know that this style, with its borderline length and sparkling beads, does not exactly match up to your carefully guarded standards, but "everyone" is wearing it today, and it's so tempting... You just can't stand up to the test anymore...

And then there is the battle we all know so well – the playful tongue. Once again, you find yourself being pulled by it into a conversation that does not at all fit the category of permissible speech, and you go along, desperately persuading yourself that you are a lost cause...

The Gemara says: "A man is led in the way he wishes to go." The Maharsha explains that the expression used here – "mo'ichim, is led" – is referring to the fact that a *malach* is created from every one of a person's thoughts, words, and deeds, for better or for worse. Those very *malachim* take the person by the hand and "lead" him along in the path he has chosen to tread towards the goal.

It is enough, at that busy evening hour, that you long to restrain your anger and respond to the children's upsetting behavior without losing control – and instantly, the *malachim* created by this good intention come to the rescue and walk you to success. It is enough that you make one small step of restraint in the area of *taninus*, and you earn the close escort of *malachim* on your way to the goal of "Kol Keivulah las mefech pe'otimah." And in the area of speech, as well – when you demonstrate a genuine desire for change, by taking upon yourself the daily learning of *hikchos shemiras halashon* – you earn the marvelous *siyata d'Shemaya* of having *malachim* lead you on the proper path.

"Open for me an opening the size of a needle's eye, and I will open for you an opening the size of the entrance to a grand hall."

## THE STAGE IS YOURS

DID YOU SEE A YESHUAH? CALL AND BE MEZAKEH HARABIM, TO HEAR AND RECORD YESHUAH STORIES FOR WOMEN, CALL 672-537-2252



### THE MOUTH SAVES THE MOUTH

I want to share with you my personal *yeshuah* story.

Yesterday, I was at the dental clinic for a root canal. The treatment began as usual – a shot of local anesthetic and drilling into the tooth to reach the canals. But then, I began to feel that something was awry. The doctor looked troubled. He tried again and again, and finally explained to me that he was not succeeding in opening the tooth's canals, so he had no choice but to close it up with a temporary filling and send me to a specialist in Hadassah.

Oy, that's all I needed – a series of treatments by a specialist, costing a lot of money and trouble... Sitting there with my mouth open and sedated, I resolved to donate to Mishmeres

HaSholem the *gimatriya* of *peh* – 85 shekels. I also promised that if I'd have a *yeshuah*, I'd publicize it in the magazine.

A few minutes later, the dentist suddenly brightened up. He told me that the canals had opened up, allowing him to continue treatment – and to complete it successfully.

### SAMCHEIM B'VINYAN SHALEIM

*Shalom* – we ask for it every day in our *tefillah*, right?

But what do you do when *malchokes* barges in and crases everyone to focus on other people's bad sides?

That is precisely what happened in our building.

### FROM 'BEN' TO 'BEN YESHIVA'



They say it happens in the best families, that it is the tragedy of our generation. But all of these sayings didn't comfort me when it happened to my Ari. Ari was a gem of a boy, full of energy and *chev*. Ari was the child of so many hopes and prayers...

It didn't happen overnight. Already when he was *incheider*, Ari had difficulties. We invested in him whatever we could and beyond: private tutoring, evaluations, therapy, consultations with *chinuch* experts and professionals of the highest caliber. Somehow, we managed to put Ari on the right track, and after his *bar mitzva*, it looked as if he was stabilizing. But two years later, when Ari was in the second year of *mesivta*, we understood that everything until now had just been in the way of "introduction"...

I cannot describe the torturous months we went through: the grim reports of the yeshiva staff, the desperate efforts to reach anyone who might be able to help, the explosive situation at home... Ari was at the edge of a steep slope and it was impossible to avert the downhill plunge.

Ari, our child, turned his back and left, slamming the door behind him.

No pen can capture the pain of parents seeing their son, their own flesh and blood, sinking to the depths... From that abyss of terrible pain, I decided to donate to Mishmeres HaSholem a monthly sum of 52 shekels, the *gimatriya* of "ben," in the prayer that the *zechus* of partnering in this holy enterprise would help our Ari be *chozeir b'Yeshuvah sheleimah* very soon.

*Baruch Hashem*, we were *socheh* to see gradual improvement. Over a number of years, Ari became stronger and stronger, progressing on his journey back to the Torah way, but he still was not ready to resume being a "ben *yeshiva*."

In Tamuz, I called Mishmeres HaSholem and asked to add to the standing order a sum equal to the *gimatriya* of "yeshiva," and the unbelievable happened: Ari decided to start Elok Zeman in a *yeshiva kedoshah*! He was transformed from my *ben* (son) to my *ben yeshiva*.

Following a neighbor's construction work. The entire building became one mass of anger, complaints, and resentment. The atmosphere was foul and there was no end in sight.

As a Mishmeres HaSholem rep, I decided that the time had come to put an end to it. I hung up a sign inviting all the women of the building to a K'echad meeting. I prepared elaborate refreshments and knocked on the door of each neighbor to personally invite her. *Baruch Hashem*, everyone came.

As we sat there, the ice between us began to melt. We spoke openly about the need to improve the atmosphere and strengthen our *achdus*. There was something pleasant about sitting together like this, in the sincere desire to unite. At the end of the meeting, I suggested that each neighbor mark down a personal request she'd want to see fulfilled in the *zechus* of this *hischazkus*.

Precisely a week later, we started to see the requests written on the notes coming to fruition. One neighbor's daughter got engaged!! A week later, another neighbor reported noticeable improvement in her son's health condition!

The *yeshuvah* kept streaming in and, since then, we haven't stopped holding K'echad meetings. It is very unifying and makes everyone feel good.

### R' YISRAEL MEIR IS HERE

I am 28 and I'd like to share the details of my *yeshuah* story.

All of my friends already had three or more children, while I remained waiting for my *ahidutach*. No suggestions were coming in and I was very broken.

One day, my friend told me about Rav Segal's promise: "There is not a family in the world that learns the two daily halachos and has not seen a *yeshuah*."

I made up to learn the two daily halachos in *sefer Chofetz Chaim* with my mother and also arranged a monthly donation to Mishmeres HaSholem, at a sum equal to the *gimatriya* of "zivug *hagur*" – 96 shekels.

*Baruch Hashem*, the *yeshuah* came, and in a big way.

After two weeks of uninterrupted learning, the suggestion came in of my *chasan*, whose name is... Yisrael Meir!

## Learn and See Yeshuos

a sampling of the thousands of yeshuos that came in to the office

- 27/11/2018** Asher won a prize
- 27/11/2018** The newborn baby came out of the preemie ward hale and healthy
- 27/11/2018** Micky was accepted to yeshiva
- 27/11/2018** Chaim Meir did *lehavuv*
- 27/11/2018** Sarah recovered from the dreaded illness
- 27/11/2018** Shmuel came out of danger
- 27/11/2018** Yehadis found a *shidduch*
- 27/11/2018** David won the raffle for an apartment at a reduced price
- 27/11/2018** The lawsuit against NDI was canceled
- 27/11/2018** Yisrael found the missing child
- 27/11/2018** Yaakov was in a pickup accident and came out unharmed
- 27/11/2018** Uriel passed the "theory test" for his driver's license
- 27/11/2018** Eliezer managed to retrieve the lost file
- 27/11/2018** Yitzhak was able to get his stalled car going
- 27/11/2018** 27-year-old Chava got engaged within 21 days
- 27/11/2018** Chaim Tavi was *mecheh* to a child after several years in waiting
- 27/11/2018** Meir, who had been stricken with cancer, recovered
- 27/11/2018** Shlomo Aryeh found a good *parnasah*
- 27/11/2018** Miriam Tzivia was *mecheh* to have a baby
- 27/11/2018** Memachem Mendel got out of Cherson in Ukraine, unharmed
- 27/11/2018** Leah found a precious ring that she'd lost
- 27/11/2018** Chara Lecha went back to school
- 27/11/2018** Aviva found her *zivug*
- 27/11/2018** Aryeh found an apartment that suits his needs
- 27/11/2018** Nachem managed to sell merchandise that was stuck
- 27/11/2018** Tzvi got 100 on his entrance exam
- 27/11/2018** Asher won a prize

# In the Zechus of the Promise



"There is not a family in the world who learns the set two halachos a day of *shemiras halachon* who has not seen some kind of *yeshuah*"

The Baal Hahavtachah from Manchester zt"l

About a month ago, I noticed a huge bump on my jaw. I went to an oral surgeon and he decided that I needed a surgical procedure to remove the bump. Meanwhile, it bothered me very much and made eating difficult. I decided to start watching my mouth. I took upon myself to learn the two daily halachos and to carefully avoid prohibited speech. The days passed and my appointment for the pre-operative examination approached. It seemed to me that the bump had shrunk. I thought it was my imagination, but the examination proved that it was real: the doctor said that no surgery was necessary, and indeed, within a few days, the bump was totally gone.

When our tenth child was born *tzar zava*, we had to expand our apartment, but the neighbors vociferously objected. The hardship and crowded conditions gave us a lot of anguish. We decided to strengthen our *alemitas halachon* so that things would work out. Everyone in the family took upon themselves to learn the two daily halachos together. We didn't miss a single day, even when we were on vacation. Within a short time, things suddenly started to fall into place and we unexpectedly managed to get the signatures of all the neighbors.

The father of one of the teachers in our *Beis Yaakov* was stricken with a serious case of cancer *Pa*. The teachers decided to learn two halachos of *shemiras halachon* with their students for his *refuah*. In addition, the school held *skinner chizuk* for his recovery and all of the students took upon themselves to guard their mouths. The patient went in for complicated brain surgery, which the doctors felt was necessary to try and get rid of the growth. An hour later, the doctor came out of the operating room in shock and asked the family waiting outside: "Are you sure he's sick? He doesn't have any growth at all. There's nothing to operate on. Everything is clear!"

At the end of a *Mishmeres HaShalom* meeting, one of the participants approached the speaker in tears. She spoke about her despair about the long years of waiting for children, about the dark tunnel with no ray of light at the end.

The speaker convinced her to start learning the two daily halachos. She agreed, and took on the commitment. She also enlisted her sister, who was hoping for a *shidduch* for her son.

*Baruch Hashem*, today, a year after that meeting, the participant who was waiting for a child has a healthy baby boy, whom they named "Yisrael Meir" and her sister was *mecheh* to marry off her son, *shidduch tovah amantachas*.

My son's spiritual situation started to decline, to our dismay. He left yeshiva and went very far afield. He also lost all his motivation for living. I took upon myself to learn two halachos a day for his *refuah* and I saw a great *yeshuah*. The day I finished the *sefer*, to my surprise, my son got up to *daven Shacharis at vasikin*. Since then, there has been a substantial improvement in his situation and, after a while, he even returned to yeshiva.

A group of older single girls came to Rebetzin Wertzberger to get a *berachah* for a *shidduch*. The Rebetzin warmly gave them her *berachah*, but she presented a condition: the regular daily learning of the two halachos on the Shalom Hotline, without missing a single day. The group started learning the halachos, and the unbelievable transpired: Every ten days, one of the girls in the group got engaged, and within three months 2-1 of them had become *katlanot*.

Update the calendar every day and send it to us at the end of the month.

חודש												
א	ב	ג	ד	ה	ו	ז	ח	ט	י	יא	יב	יג
יד	טו	טז	יז	יח	יט	כ	כא	כב	כג	כד	כה	כו
כז	כח	כט	ל									

The monthly calendar

established by the Baal Hahavtachah of Manchester zt"l, of which he always said: "This is my entrance ticket to Gan Eden!"



0 123456 789111

You can report your learning on the Shalom Hotline, 072-337-2212 Ext. 4 until the 31st of the Hebrew month.

# Learn

2 halachos every day

# Prevent

Tzaros and machlokes

# Merit

Yeshuos!

Every month, raffles take place for those who learn 2 halachos a day regularly on the "Shalom Hotline"



And this month  
Anyone who takes on herself to learn every day until Chanukah



a silver menorah



a designer watch



a set of luxurious linen

\*Minimum of 20 days of learning until Chanukah

Join the Shalom Hotline

072.337.2212

And don't forget to report your learning at ext. 4



## WHEN THE SECRET GOES OUT FOR A WALK

"Good night!" My voice skitters through the kitchen, skipping past the messy table, full sinks, and sticky floor, and stops at Sari, my big sister. She puts her finger on *perak kuf lamed* and looks up with misty eyes. "Now??? To sleep???"

"Now," I whisper. I don't even have the strength to talk.

"And I thought we'd clean up the kitchen together. Ima will be back late."

"I thought so, too..." But I didn't have an ounce of strength. Whatever I had, I'd used to get Miri's kids to sleep.

Sari kissed the *siddur*. "It's okay, Libby. It isn't easy for any of us, now, and you really worked hard. Go to sleep. Tomorrow is another day."

And so I get into bed at seven. A seventh grader. I turn off the light and try to relax. But I keep thinking about Yos-Yos, the sweetest nephew in the world. The doctors say that only an operation in England will help him walk. *B'tzevas Hashem*. I think about Ima, who accompanied Miri to the airport. About Miri's children who are staying with us. About the fear. All this is

exhausting.

But in my heart I know that there's another thing, Goldy.

Leah'le and I discovered Goldy at the end of the summer vacation. Her family had just moved into the building across the street. On the first day of school, we found her in our class, and since then, every morning, she's been walking to school with us.

Leah'le says that maybe we should run away from Goldy, or simply walk to school a different way. For years we've been taking this route together, enjoying the air, the birds, the chatter, the secrets...

But I refuse. I don't want to hurt Goldy's feelings. I also think that when we're with her, we're more careful about what we say...

This morning, Goldy looked at me and asked why I'm sad. I told her about Yos-Yos.

"You know what? Let's split up the *sefer Tzoharim* among our friends until the operation."

"But it's a secret!" I objected. "Yos-Yos will *b'tzevas Hashem* walk like everyone. Why should everyone be talking about him?" That's exactly what my sister Miri argued, and Ima asked us to respect her feelings.

"So let's split the *sefer* between the three of us," suggested Goldy, and we agreed. At home, Sari joined and said some of my *perakim*.

So why am I worried? Maybe because of the secret. I'm afraid I didn't warn Goldy enough. And suddenly—

*"Simu leiv... Simu leiv... Et hameshamah... Simu"*

*leiv... Simu leiv... Et hameshamah---*

That's Leah'le's ringtone on our cell phone. A moment goes by and the door opens. A stripe of light bursts inside.

"Wait a sec, I'm checking if she's up," Sari waves the cell phone. "It's Leah'le. She says that it's really, really urgent." She hands me the phone and leaves.

"Libby???" she says. "Just imagine — Goldy, the innocent *tzadik*, passed on Yos-Yos's name to the whole class..."

The phone trembles in my hand. "I don't understand... Don't understand... Everyone knows???" I leap out of bed.

My tiredness disappears. I can't believe it... Quickly... I rummage in my school bag for the class list. Rubin, Golda. Zero two three five six—

"Good evening," Goldy's voice fills my ear. I open my mouth to yell, and then suddenly shut it tight. I'd already said *Krias Shema*; I couldn't talk.

"Hello??? Hello??? Who is it???"

I hang up quickly.

A long night lies before me. I fall asleep shortly before dawn.

I wake up early and jump out of bed. I must get there before Goldy and tell Leah'le that she's right. We'll have to find ourselves a new route.

But Goldy is waiting for me at the entrance, waving. She has something urgent to say.

"Libby, I wanted to ask you to add another name to your *perakim*. Okay? Yosef ben Rivka. It's my uncle in America. He got into trouble with the law, without knowing, and is having a trial tomorrow. We have to daven that he should come out innocent."

"Uh... You mean you weren't telling the class about my nephew?"

"Your nephew? Of course not! That's a secret!"

Later we went home together — Leah'le, Goldy, and I.

The direct way. No other. What a *nisv* that Hashem watched over me yesterday. So I shouldn't lose my way. And what a *nisv* that we have such a noble path and *sefarim* that teach us how to follow it...



SPECIAL ISSUE FOR  
THE MISHMERES  
HASHELOM KIDS

# פדתי הקטנה

BY HARAV HAGAON I' MENACHEM MENDEL FUCHS SHLITA,  
RAV OF MISHMERES HASHELOM

## ASK THE RAV A FRIEND WHO STARTED HANGING AROUND WITH NOT GOOD FRIENDS

**Question:** I have a good friend who recently started using slangy street talk that he learned from not such good boys that he started being friendly with. I like him and want to continue being his friend. How can I persuade him to stop hanging around with these boys and talking like them, without insulting him?

**Answer:** The questioner is wise to beware of bad friends. As the Rambam writes (*Milchas Deilos* 6:1): "It is natural for a person's thoughts and deeds to be influenced by his neighbors and friends..." He is also justified in his desire to persuade his friend to stay away from these boys and in his implication that this is a condition for the continuation of their friendship.

In order to rebuke the friend, without insulting him, he should "innocently" comment, in the course of conversation, about how he is careful not to become friendly with questionable boys. He can also show the friend the quote from the Rambam (he should prepare a photocopy). The friend will surely get the message, and *b'tzevas Hashem*, act accordingly. If the friend resists and doesn't accept his words — that means that the questioner really ought to break off their friendship.

It is important to know that in any question regarding friends, one should speak with parents or the rebbi/teacher. It is also advisable for the questioner to have special *kavanah* at the end of *Birchos Hushachar* every morning when saying the words: "*V'harchikeinu me'adam ra unseichaveir ra.*"

## SIMPLY TO !?!LISTEN

In the Chofetz Chaim's old age, his hearing declined. When people wanted to tell him something, they had to raise their voices so that he would hear them. It wasn't easy to manage like that, but the Chofetz Chaim refused to go to doctors to try to improve his hearing abilities.

They asked him: "Explain to us, Rabbeinu — why not? There are specialists who, *b'siyata d'Shemaya*, could help!"

And what did the Chofetz Chaim respond?

"I can guard my own mouth to make sure that words of *lashon hara* and *rechilus* shouldn't emerge from it, *challah*," said the Chofetz Chaim. "The

mouth is in my control and when I decide to close it so as not to sin — I can definitely do so. But the ears..." he sighed, "the ears are not totally in my control. In order to avoid hearing prohibited words being said around me, I need to take measures, such as putting my fingers in my ears... So there is benefit in my hearing being impaired," he explained. "No one will make the effort to raise his voice so that he can succeed in telling me *lashon hara* or *rechilus*..."



My ears work well, *baruch Hashem*. But from now on, I'll try to work harder on guarding what they hear.

Whoever answers correctly enters a raffle for prizes.  
 Look up sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Lashon Hara, Klaf Aleph, Se'if Aleph.



ANSWERING K'HALACHAH

G. BERNFELD

A TALK IN THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Rivky: Yaffi was serious and sad today. She hardly talked with friends.  
 Rachel: Nu, it's clear. I understand that yesterday, the principal called her mother in to speak with her and she warned that Yaffi has to improve...  
 Rivky: Are you sure that's true?? I actually think that Yaffi simply didn't feel well.

Look up sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Lashon Hara, Klaf Aleph, Se'if Aleph, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33, listen to a question based on the story, and choose an answer. Those who answer correctly will automatically enter a raffle.



The idea that won the prize was from Yosef W. Yerushalayim



THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER SIDE

Naomi's story:

Our school had a special activity day, and our sixth-grade class was in charge of three rooms. We worked on a program for a few days and got hold of lots of accessories. We were very excited!

My good friend Shifty, who lives in my area, had a good idea. She said, "I think we should come early tomorrow, so we'll have time to organize all the last-minute things."

I agreed. We arranged to meet at 7:15 at the intersection near my house. "You know that I'm very punctual," Shifty smiled, while wagging her finger at me, "so don't be late!"

In the morning, I woke up early. I got dressed quickly, grabbed something to eat, and then, the hands of the clock urged me to leave. It was late already: I felt bad keeping Shifty waiting---

The street was still quiet. I ran towards the intersection, hoping to get there no more than two-three minutes late, but...

Shifty wasn't there...

Could it be that she'd left without me? Or maybe she herself was delayed?

I didn't know what to do. I waited there, uncertain, looking alternately at my watch and at the other end of the street...

LIKE A CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Shifty's story:

I got up early, got dressed, and ate a leisurely breakfast. I even had time to make my bed. I sped down the steps and went out of the building. A huge cement mixer was parked at the curb and alongside it were three workers who had already begun their workday. I understood that the Kubin family, who are renovating their apartment, would be pouring the concrete today.

Suddenly - I don't know how it happened, there must have been some wet cement on the floor - I slipped---

Baruch Hashem, nothing serious happened. I just scraped the palm of my hand. But I was filthy! I looked like a construction worker at the end of his workday, and I had to go home and change clothes...

I feel bad keeping Naomi waiting. She's probably wondering what happened to me. I hope she's not angry and is trying to be *dan l'chal zocheh*...

Based on the idea submitted by Yehuda Goldblatt, Yerushalayim. The prize was sent.



Summary: In the last chapter, we got acquainted with Kasriel, a boy with a lot of energy and original ideas.



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

Way to Go!



Like Noodles in a Kugel

I poured myself a drink, but precisely at the spectacular moment when the foam rises to the top, I heard a voice.

"Kasriel?" asked Abba, putting, "Mazel tov!"

"Mazel tov! Mazel tov!" I replied, doubling his beracha. One "mazel tov" was for Abba agreeing for me to come to Yedidya's bar mitzva, after all my pleas. The second was for my new pants remaining whole! Almost clean! After all the adventures I encountered along the way! A real *neis*...

"Did you go over to Yedidya yet? Did you say 'mazel tov'? Did you bring the *sefarim*?" Abba's questions came rushing one after the other, like the cars of a train, and I nodded: "Sure, I got to the hall six minutes ago, and I already said 'mazel tov.'" But when Abba asked the last question, the train screeched to a stop.

"Uh?" I asked, looking right and left, north and south. "Um... the *sefarim*?"

The *s-e-f-a-r-i-m!* Suddenly I understood what had happened! My pants and I miraculously arrived at the hall, but the same *neis* hadn't happened to the *sefarim*. They must have remained on the fence near the grocery, or... maybe at home?

I wanted to recite my *dvarashah* to Abba, to explain my good intentions and how I was really sure that this time it wouldn't happen, but just then, Yedidya's friends started singing and both Yedidya and I had to cut short our *dvarashah* after just three words.

In those few words, I managed to say, *Wezras Hashem, I---* After that, I joined the singing, while "talking" to Abba with gestures. "I (pointing a finger at myself) will go (you can picture the motion) tomorrow (finger turning around forward)." Abba

understood me: he's experienced.

The next day, I entered building eighteen, entrance D, in good spirits. I'd never been in the home of Yedidya Levin, who davens with us in shul, but Abba said that he lives on the second floor in entrance D.

On the door, it said "Levi" instead of "Levin." They must have forgotten the last letter, or it peeled off with time. I knocked once. Twice. Three times. Finally, I decided to hang the bag on the door handle, so Yedidya would find-- Hey! I didn't mean it! The heavy bag yanked down the handle, opening the door a bit-- Suddenly I understood that this wasn't Yedidya's home. This was the apartment of old man Levi... and what I know about him, I'm not allowed to say...

I can only tell you that my heart was thumping. I had no idea what to do. From the doorway, I could see a cane tapping and a man approaching, and - knowing how everything always happens to me - I started groping for the right words. He'd surely think I'm a prankster, opening doors like that. He wouldn't believe me that I'm innocent as a lamb and gentle as a kid - a kid goat, that is. Everyone knows that this old man is downright frightening---

All the things I'd ever heard in shul, while eating kugel with my friends, suddenly came back to me and scared me. But tangled inside this kugel, with the other noodles, was another thought. Here I was, hoping that this gentleman would believe me and see that I'm good, so why don't I believe in him? Why do I decide in advance, just on the basis of rumors, that he's--- chhh ---

"You?" The old man squinted. He peered at me with ant--- I wanted to say "antagonism" but at the last minute, I decided that he was looking with anticipation. He said, "The door's open because I'm expecting my grandson. But what's this?"

"Your grandson?" I too, squinted. He didn't yell at all! "I wanted to be his substitute. But I guess it's not possible."

The elderly man smiled. "Maybe someone like you could. My grandson is also a bundle of energy!"

I explained to Rav Levi what had happened with the *sefarim* and how the handle had sunk down and that Levin actually lives across the hall, and I'd go right over to them. But I came out of the building with a few prizes. I'd discovered that Rav Levi was a nice man. That's one. I'd learned that it's not a good idea to swallow derogatory words along with your kugel. That's two. And, also, I had a new title: "Bundle of energy." That - as you'll see down the line - was a major achievement.





# SECRETS FROM THE POCKET

That morning, we got up earlier than usual. Tma had left the house even before that. She had something important to take care of out of town. Before we went to sleep, I'd set the alarm clock, since Tma wouldn't be able to wake us up. We knew that we'd have to get ourselves organized and out on time, so we worked especially fast.

"Are you coming?" called Mendy. I looked at my watch. Great! It's nice to be one of the early birds for a change. Instead of running in at the last second, we walked leisurely, looking at everything that the beautiful world Hashem created has to offer: trees swaying in the cool breeze, fall leaves in interesting shades, cheery birds, and more.

When we turned into Oechid Street, the street of the *cheder*, we saw an interesting sight: A big truck was parked there, and workers were unloading boxes, bags, and furniture. All this meant that a new family was moving in. We hadn't yet seen their children, so we couldn't guess their ages and if they'd attend our *cheder*.

The real attraction waited next to the truck: an orange crane, which lifted all the items to the fourth-floor porch.

We stopped to watch, as the washing machine climbed up, up, up, and the crane operator directed it to the right place. The fridge, oven, and bunk bed also reached their destination. All that time, we stood there, enjoying every moment. From time to time, we glanced at our watches to make sure we weren't late. During one of those times, my watch strap broke, and I stuffed it into my pocket.

And then they came...

Two tall and not very refined boys stood in front of us and blocked the view. The truck was still there, so the place was narrow and we couldn't move to the right or left to see better.

Ooooo! It was annoying. I knew those two boys; they were neighbors of the *cheder*. It wasn't the first time they'd behaved inconsiderately. One time they spritzed water at kids passing beneath their window. Another time, they "barked" like real dogs, frightening the little kids. And there were other instances, too.

Just before I opened my mouth to tell them what I thought about their conduct, I reached into my sweater pocket. I wanted to check how much time was left until the bell would ring. I discovered that there were a few minutes left – certainly enough time to yell at them, even if it started a raging argument...

But I also discovered a surprise in the pocket: The note that I quoted at the beginning of the story, written in the familiar and well-loved handwriting of my Tma.

I smiled. The note was actually in place of the reproach that I rightfully deserved. Since the beginning of fall, with its changing weather, I'd forgotten no fewer than three sweaters on the hooks! One of them was found intact. The second made it back home, but with an unidentified stain, and the third, the

newest one, disappeared as if the earth had swallowed it.

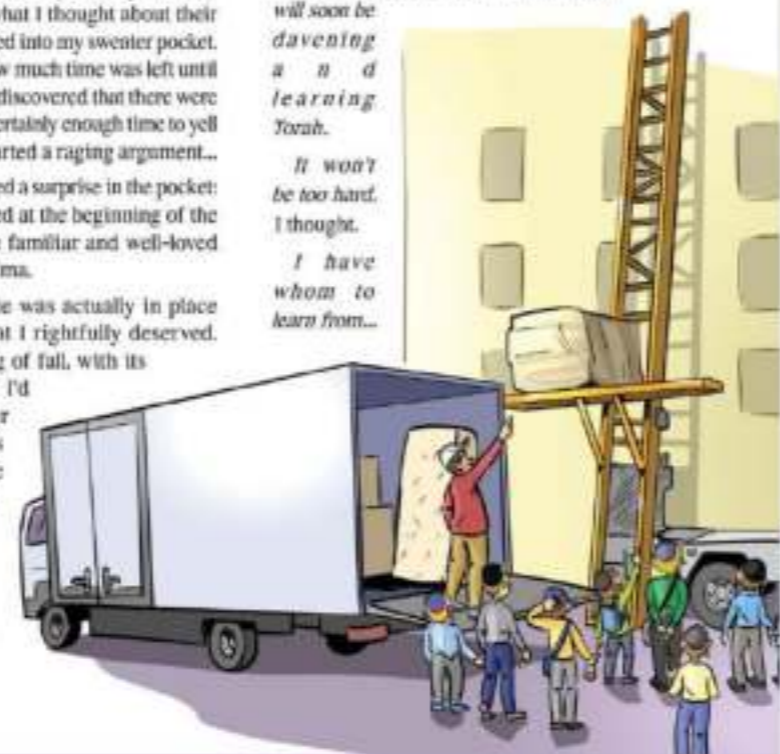
Tma had asked me to be mindful and then reminded me a few times, but I hadn't tried hard enough. The sun that so often came out in the afternoon, along with my tiredness at the end of the long school day, caused me to forget the matter again and again. Sometimes I remembered the sweater when I was almost home, and I was too lazy to go back...

The note was a gentle, respectful reminder. One thing was clear: It was also an effective reminder of something very important.

*Hey – I said to myself – there's a way to say things. Don't melachim don't shout or lose control. It's a good idea to practice speaking gently, with words appropriate for a mouth that will soon be davening a n d learning Torah.*

*It won't be too hard, I thought.*

*I have whom to learn from...*



RAFFLE WINNERS FOR THE PUZZLE SECTION:  
TAMAR WELLER, ASHDOD



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: \_\_\_\_\_

1 TSREPELEAEFFCLOHWER

3 DOSVIECLROEWPNACERIROST  
(two words)

2 TIACSKHSAMIMLERVSECREWR  
(two words)

4 CAGBBOAGLERDADEISHBNEET

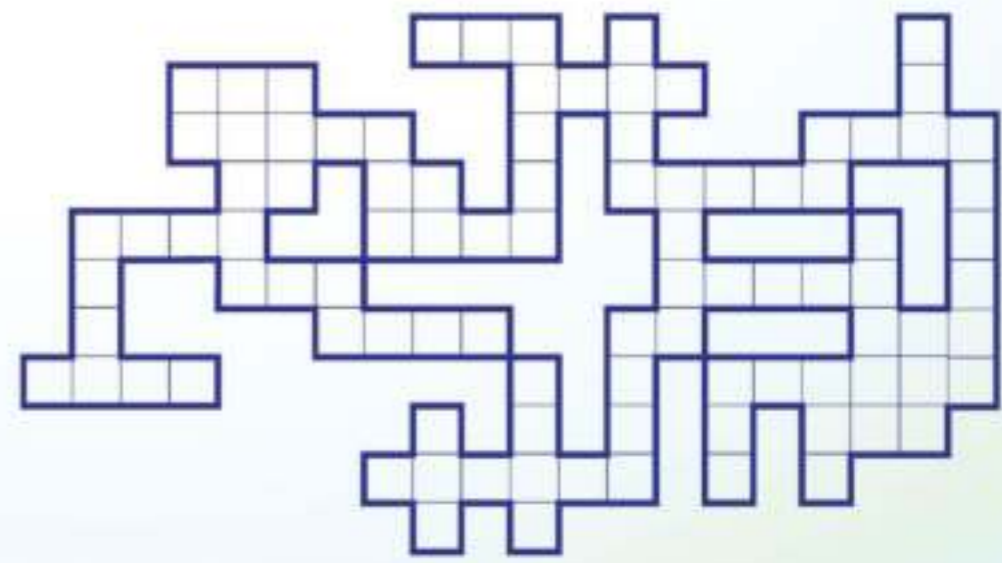
## ERASE AND REVEAL

Below are long, meaningless words. For each word, cross out the letters belonging to the items drawn above them, and create a word (or two) from the remaining letters. The words you've found will combine to form a saying about speech.

## FILL-IN PUZZLE ON CHUMASH BEREISHIS

See if you can insert the words into the empty puzzle grid:

- 6-letter words:  
בראשית, תולדות, מתושלח
- 5-letter words:  
מכפלה, חברון, אליפז, וישלח, ישראל, עפרון
- 4-letter words:  
ברית, חיבה, לך-לך, חנה, נחום, מלאך, ויחל, וישב, יעקב, דיבה, דגים
- 3-letter words:  
דין, חמת, רעב, ריב, מלח, אשה, תמו, רחל, יבש, דלי, בוך, באר
- 2-letter words:  
דך, בז, כד, או, תם, אש, בר





# Controlled EXPLOSION

Written by B. Halevi  
Illustrated by C. Chusid



**Summary:**

Alexander, a boy from the area of the Chernobyl explosion, comes to Eretz Yisrael as the leader of Jews, an only child. His father Igor remains in Russia and researches the consequences of the explosion in the nuclear reactor. A fight rages in the class between Meni, Alexander's son, and Avner, whose father speaks Russian. Alexander is torn between the two. In the same time, two strangers spy on Alexander.

I just cannot continue this dangerous work. Who knows? I am liable to bring danger upon my Jewish brothers in the world...



And in the administrator's room



If Igor Brand leaves, our new research is in danger!

That Jew just thinks he can leave. We'll make sure to "explain" it to him.



Our staff in Israel has already put an eye on his son, Alexander.

If the son will stop learning Torah there, his father — here with us — will stop having his strange ideas.



At the end of the work day



Alexander will be happy to hear that I already go to shul every day.

In Eretz Yisrael



I can't continue this way with this fight.

He's sad!



That's good for us.

To be continued, be'h