

713c Ma'avarot
HaShalom Magazine
TEVET 5783 • 193

קשקרה

טוב שכן טוב

A neighbor who himself is good to his neighbors.

(Rabbeinu Yonah)

Photo: © iStockphoto.com/John L. M. / iStockphoto.com



The Roving Paroch

It's not just you who are worried about the rising price of real estate. The real estate market is also worried about you. The price of real estate is rising so fast that it's almost impossible to find a house for sale. The price of real estate is rising so fast that it's almost impossible to find a house for sale.

04

16,000 Shekels in a Box

The insurance company will not pay for the loss of the money in the box. The insurance company will not pay for the loss of the money in the box.

07

How Much Is Your Apartment Worth?

The price of real estate is rising so fast that it's almost impossible to find a house for sale. The price of real estate is rising so fast that it's almost impossible to find a house for sale.

08

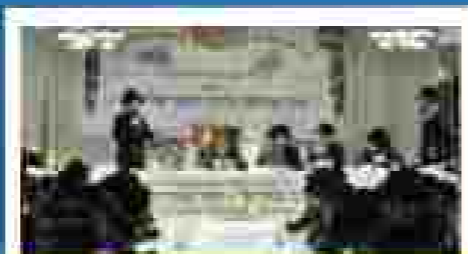


A Word from the Mishmeres

WISDOM FROM THE WORLD

מבטרה שלום

Updatim Min HaTorah



Event Honoring

The 20th Anniversary of the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' - 20th Anniversary
A commemorative event will be held on the 20th anniversary of the founding of the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' in the year 1998. The event will be held at the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' building on the 20th anniversary of its founding. The event will be held at the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' building on the 20th anniversary of its founding. The event will be held at the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' building on the 20th anniversary of its founding.



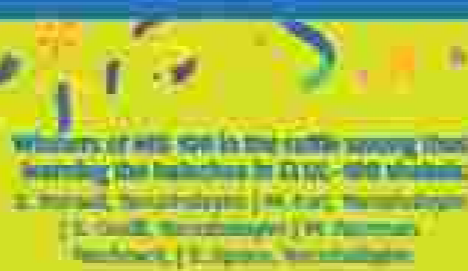
Inauguration of 'Beis Chofetz Chaim'

Beis Chofetz Chaim
The inauguration of the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' building was held on the 20th anniversary of its founding. The event was attended by many guests and was a great success. The inauguration of the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' building was held on the 20th anniversary of its founding. The event was attended by many guests and was a great success.



Happy Mishpachanukah!

Happy Mishpachanukah!
This is a special time for all of us. We are celebrating the 25th anniversary of the founding of the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' building. We are celebrating the 25th anniversary of the founding of the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' building. We are celebrating the 25th anniversary of the founding of the 'Beis Chofetz Chaim' building.



Beis Haverim for shemita halachah-related questions
102-220-7222 Ext. 1 To submit questions to the column:
Paz.01@bch.org Email: bch@bch.org

Ask the Rav

Hitorav Hitorav AT Menachem Mendel Fuchs aHita



Investigating Who Is Tearing Up the Halachah Notes in the Elevator

Question: Every time I pick up a newspaper from my apartment building elevator and usually I've been reading the newspaper by the time I get to my apartment, I find that the newspaper is torn up. I don't know who is doing this. I don't know who is doing this. I don't know who is doing this. I don't know who is doing this.

Answer: The questioner doesn't explain how she finds the newspaper and all the neighbors about the identity of the paper's owner. Apparently she knows well that she suspects it is the neighbor who is doing this. It is not a case of a newspaper being torn up by the neighbor's pet dog or something else. It is a case of a newspaper being torn up by the neighbor's pet dog or something else.

Words of Praise on the Family Phone Line

Question: On our family phone line people commonly share messages of praise and thanks, such as in a phone-in's acknowledgement for a favor done. This reflects the need to show appreciation and to recognize the good of others. But sometimes it can cause an unpleasant reaction if it is not done in the right way. It is not a case of a newspaper being torn up by the neighbor's pet dog or something else.

Answer: One should avoid putting on the family phone line and thank you messages for a favor one did, since in the questioner's opinion, this can be rare occasions. These occasions in the hearts of other neighbors may not be as such. This is not particularly with a family phone line, since the phone line is not a public one. It is a private one. It is a private one. It is a private one.

This response is based on the words of the Chofetz Chaim (Shema Yisroel 176). It is considered a mitzvah to him. If one brings his friend's property and causes the damage, then the owner will pay on his account. That is, the owner is liable for the damage. It is considered a mitzvah to him. If one brings his friend's property and causes the damage, then the owner will pay on his account.

Inquiries about Tznius for Shidduch Purposes

Question: A girl is asking whether she should inform her parents about a boy who is asking for her hand in marriage. She is asking for her parents' opinion. She is asking for her parents' opinion. She is asking for her parents' opinion.

Answer: That a girl is asking for her parents' opinion is a good sign. It is a good sign. It is a good sign. It is a good sign. It is a good sign. It is a good sign. It is a good sign. It is a good sign.

The questioner should be told that she should inform her parents about the boy who is asking for her hand in marriage. She should inform her parents about the boy who is asking for her hand in marriage. She should inform her parents about the boy who is asking for her hand in marriage.

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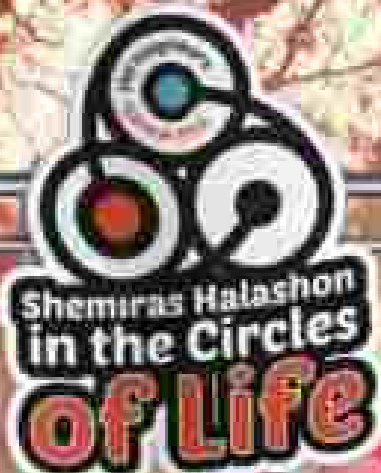
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Shemiras Halashon in the Circles of Life

A Porch Is Born

The phone call catches R. Chaim Kac at the end of supper with the family. He takes his cell phone and leaves the well-lit, heated dining room, heading for the little porch. For this kind of call, he prefers no other listening ear around. He needs to concentrate on what he will say. He knows that a word here or there can determine a world.

It is actually rather pleasant on the porch – sooooo cold. The fresh fragrance of greenery after the rain tickles his nose. He leans on the iron fence, releasing a small sigh at the sight of Eidelstein's porch.

"So as I was saying they suggested I speak to you as a close neighbor," said the person on the line. The next moment, he dropped the "bomb" –

For years, they'd been neighbors on the same floor but until plans for the building expansion came along, everything was more or less okay. The truth is that even after Shimon Eidelstein went around to all the neighbors, architectural plan in hand, to ask for their signatures, there was still a relaxed and generous atmosphere. Everyone wished the Eidelsteins success and promised

themselves that they'd take a deep breath and try to bear patiently with the noise, the dust, and all the other unavoidable side effects of construction.

But Chaim will never forget that afternoon when he approached the building and was shocked to see that the scaffolding had veered left, biting into his territory and reaching almost to his porch.

It must be a mistake, he said to himself, stepping cautiously between the bags of cement and the piles of gravel, slipping up the steps to their floor and looking feverishly for the phone number of Eidelstein, who'd allocated for the duration of the construction. Amidst the medley of voices shouting in guttural Arabic and the pounding of hammers, he could barely hear his neighbor Shimon's voice emerging from the receiver. Maybe that is why he was sure his ears were deceiving him or that he was hallucinating... Chaim's – how could he explain the shouts and threats that his specific area – which belonged to his apartment according to the municipal records – was most decidedly not the area in the plan Shimon had spoken about at the time of the signing.

That week, their building was in an uproar. The neighbors were appalled at Eidelstein's change. Some of them also tried to speak with him, but they encountered a brick wall. Even though it was clear that the primary victim here was the Katz family, everyone felt enraged by their neighbor Shimon's behavior. It wasn't just the building deviation; it wasn't just the violation of the promises he'd given to the neighbors who'd signed and permitted him to build. It was the total lack of *menachleches*.

And amidst all this, Chaim Katz walked around in a daze. On the one hand, he felt boiling lava burning inside him, threatening to erupt in the form of open rage against the neighbor and his conduct. On the other hand, there was his father's will, in which he'd asked his beloved children to do everything possible to live in peace, judge favorably, and not fight with any Yid.

How? How can anyone judge a person like that favorably???

More than the damage done to the value of his apartment, more than the loss of the expansion option he had planned to realize in the future, and more than Shimon's brutal tongue-lashing – it galled him that perhaps he was not succeeding in carrying out Abba's

will, even though he wanted to and was trying so hard.

Suddenly standing there on his small porch, immersed in melancholy thoughts, watching Eidelstein's building addition taking shape before his very eyes, he remembered –

He remembered that a few years ago his neighbor Shimon had been hospitalized to donate a kidney to his ailing mother. He remembered what they said then about Shimon in that, how he'd literally saved his mother from certain death. They described how Shimon had gone into the office of the head of the ward, satged on the table and shouted that if they'd continue putting off his mother's transplant, he would turn the ward upside down and get the entire hospital on its feet. He didn't let up until his mother was taken to the operating room and received the kidney – his kidney – that saved her life.

It's actually – Chaim said to himself now – this is a great moral lesson for my neighbor Shimon. True, he has a tough, aggressive personality, but he definitely utilizes that personality for good things, for mitzvot, for saving lives. In this building, too, there were quite a few things that moved only thanks to Shimon's strong personality, problems with the bureaucracy that were resolved, procedures that

were accelerated.

This new view of Shimon's image helped – if only a little bit – to soften the great anger that was fermenting in Chaim. True, it didn't change the picture of the reality. Eidelstein's construction was still encroaching almost until his porch. Still, it eased R. Chaim Katz's struggle somewhat and infused him with new energy.

The person on the other end of the line is calm and relaxed, not at all foreseeing the storm he is about to set off. So since you are a close neighbor, on the same floor, I wanted to inquire from you about the Eidelstein family. The words land like boiling missiles directly on Chaim's heart. The already heard that the father there is not an easy person, the anonymous spokesman continues. "I got information from several sources about his tough personality and stubborn conduct. But still, aside the other aspects of the situation, I wanted to hear how you see the picture, how you manage to get along with him."

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neighborhood for many years and namely, Abchem, we manage to live with him in peace and with dignity.

A week later, lively song resounds from the Eidelstein's apartment. The children knock at the neighbor's door to borrow chairs. Their plates are

engaged. The men all come in to shake hands and take part in the simcha. The women, who tearfully sing the praises of the *Aviah* to her son, mother-in-law. She really is a sweet and fine girl, very capable and with exceptional *mitzvot*, apparently the apple does sometimes fall far from the tree.

After midnight, there is the sound of chairs being dragged to the Katz's door and then a light rapping. R. Chaim opens the door to find his neighbor Shimon standing there, looking extremely uncomfortable. He asks permission to come in and pour out his heart –

"I know. The *avodchan* told me everything... The wood tumbled out all at once. I cannot fathom the *gadol* here that you displayed..." he continues, patting it. It clearly, hard for him to get the words out.

"It's all right, Shimon," Chaim interrupts. "We've already forgotten what happened and now we are so happy with your simcha!"

But Shimon cannot calm himself. Then and there, as he stands among the chairs brought back from the neighbor's yard, he announces his decision: to give his neighbor the entire terrace that was built as their property, he would summon the engineer first thing in the morning to prepare an orderly plan.

Because what is destined to come to someone who maintains peace... comes in the end, and in a big way.





Stop and think
at moments

Knock, Knock! Your Opportunity Is Here!

“You want one master.” The neighbor who called you one day is at the door looking proud of his important assignment.

The neighbor says: “The most important thing is to make sure you have a good way through the stationary door.” He says the main envelope problem is to get the mail and groceries to the main floor. “The 4th floor is the best for the mail and groceries.”

Four minutes later, there is another knock at the door.

This time it is the 10-year-old brother, looking a little bit sad with the mail envelope peeling out. “You make sure” he says. “I’m going to the stationary station to return the envelope and then to the grocery to get the groceries for the night.”

“You’re looking for a way to be organized and to be able to get things done in a better way.” He says. “You’re looking for a way to be organized and to be able to get things done in a better way.”

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It may happen only once a few times a day. But it is a good thing to remember. It is important to remember every time you see a knock at the door. It is important to remember every time you see a knock at the door.



“You’re looking for a way to be organized and to be able to get things done in a better way.” He says. “You’re looking for a way to be organized and to be able to get things done in a better way.”

Why can't they be more organized and bother you less? Why don't they check in advance that they have all the items in the recipe, before they start peeling the egg whites and compelling you to be an active partner in their baking day?



“You’re looking for a way to be organized and to be able to get things done in a better way.” He says. “You’re looking for a way to be organized and to be able to get things done in a better way.”

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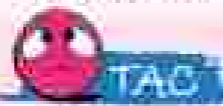
Tic-Tac-Toe
El Halevy



A Matter of Volume



Amazingly, they don't carry things down the steps to the trash bin, and don't even leave their marks on the floor from cars. They don't play music at top volume after midnight and they play jump rope only on their porch, not over on the bedroom. On the outside, they seem like ideal neighbors. The problem lies only in the every day things they were born with and especially the combination of those things with a healthy, well-developed concept.



So they own the porch with the concrete floor and they are good to be a neighbor. It is interesting being heard by the little kids with big ears in the house, and you notice a passing shadow on their porch, colored right over yours. They at least you don't mention names. You speak hurriedly about the baby's fever (the car's going down, and the next morning on the way to the grocery, you get an empty warm smile, with a clinical inquiry about your children's health. You come running to run off the fire, understanding from the "oomph" that you got there a few seconds too late and hear the people again talking about what must have been.



In the end, the neighbor who calls out to you in what they think and asked about them to the porch above you. When you head apartment for the door there is a knock, the kind of "knock-knock" that is a kind of "knock-knock" after years of wanting someone.



On the porch, the door is open and you see a sign that says "Tic-Tac-Toe". You see a sign that says "Tic-Tac-Toe". You see a sign that says "Tic-Tac-Toe".

Work: No; Yeshuah: Yes

Last year the grassroots station president was out for the year. He got a steady job in peace with a good salary. But over the summer I found out to my dismay that the concept had changed for me. I can't describe how I felt. I remember I heard that a different person was making my job and I remember the end of the responsibility for that hearing me out. In the meantime, I continued to be a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

It was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

Hello, Do You Hear Me?

I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

Working was very busy - almost constant work - but we also very good. If you don't have any feeling of stress to look for work, there is always the chance of finding them.

I had spent myself in a way to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

Building a New Home

I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

מסמיע שוועה



Stories from the Shalom Hotline "Reshet Harabim" extension
Share stories and feedback on the Shalom Hotline 07237770 ext. 23

Remember sometimes I have from the success of the things. Knowing that if the station has been there said that to me it is an extra mark of success.

It was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

An Appeasement Cake

In our building there is a nice neighbor who calls me at the office, complete and makes it difficult. She says to come to the "Tactical" meetings I organized for the neighbors, so that she stopped.

Last Erev Rosh Hashana, I decided to try to make a cake for the neighbors. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

After the cake, I saw my son with a cake. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

It was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

מסמיע שוועה



Did you see a yeshuah? Call and be mezzaken Harabim.
To hear and record yeshuah stories for workers, call 072-337-3272

A Home to Call Our Own

It's hard managing with three children in a tiny apartment. It's even harder when you know that you can't afford to upgrade to a larger one. But finally, we decided that there was no choice. We couldn't go on like this.

I consulted with real estate experts and they recommended that I sell the tiny apartment and buy instead a real estate investment in an area not used for cars in the city and at the same time rent a spacious apartment in our neighborhood, such that the rental income from the investment apartment will cover or less cover the cost of our rental. I checked out a few apartments for investment that seemed suitable and decided on one that suited my needs. The price was just what I needed.

It was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station. I was a part of the station and to be a part of the station.

Building my first home in the exciting world of real estate that came about thanks to a donation to the organization. I'm not the type to sign standing orders for organizations - particularly financial ones - but I decided to give a modest contribution of 1000 shekels as a gesture to sell the old apartment and to find a suitable apartment to live in.

Months of work! During the busy period of the station, one thing happened simultaneously. The brother, Haim, found a house for the investment apartment at a much higher price than what we'd paid for it, and we found an apartment in our neighborhood perfect for our needs at a bargain price.



Introducing... 2017

AS ONE MAN, IN ONE BUILDING

NEIGHBORLY RELATIONS ARE MUCH MORE THAN PAYMENTS TO THE BUILDING COMMITTEE OR FOR TARRING THE ROOF. WE WENT OUT ON THE FIELD AND COLLECTED TESTIMONY AND AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES ON THE TOPIC. TO THIS, WE ADDED THE PROFESSIONAL OPINION OF REAL ESTATE ADVISOR C. BRANDWEIN. WE RETURNED WITH AN ARTICLE FULL OF HEART + "A CLOSE NEIGHBOR IS BETTER THAN A DISTANT BROTHER."



➔ "This was to interview us about keeping peace among neighbors?" Mrs. Miriam W. and Mrs. Ofra K. are both surprised. This, they are longtime neighbors. But - so they said - they never had a single fight. They have no experience with "keeping the peace" and avoiding machitaf among neighbors.

It was especially the interest of these on the topic that led me to come to their small (quiet Yerusabaim) street to have a glimpse from up close at the first- and second-floor apartments, to listen to the air and the boys and...

to document what I heard.

THE FIRST DOOR IN THE BUILDING BELONGS TO THEY, FAMILY I KNOW AND AM RECEIVED WARMLY BUT BEFORE I COULD SAY HELLO, HE POINTS OUT TO ME A LITTLE WINDOW ON THE FRONT DOOR.

"Before we start talking about neighborly relations, it is important for me to introduce this window," she says. "My neighbor Miriam knocks here lots of times, but I have never seen her face quite in order. (So once did I have the

slightest feeling that she wanted to peek inside.)"

Meanwhile Miriam comes and joins the conversation. She recalls an interesting story about their neighborly relations: "One summer \$18000. Ofra had extreme zaxar in the house. They set up tables on the porch and set out more for igoring. In the middle of the sedan my kids were playing a little more wildly than usual, and they shamelessly smashed down a bottle of soft drink. What fell on Ofra's porch too—disconnected the wires, turning the lights off... Miriam described how uncomfortable she

felt in the night of the neighbors sleeping all of the redeptments to shut and leaving a box to order at the door and direct the guest to the gas valve. It must have been Ofra managed to give up the feeling that it had nothing to do with us."

Ofra smiles. "Yes. The box from the station rather is almost too much already." But she absolutely rejects the implication that they had done some noble act. "Big deal! And if it was the opposite and he would have caused such a state, wouldn't I have wanted the other family to understand that?"

She has her own story to tell: "I had my father-in-law come to live with us, he was an elderly man, he had to go to sleep very early, and he needed quiet, especially in his room, which was situated right under Miriam's room. I don't know how I could even get out such a thing of Miriam, whose house was always humming with the activities of the night."

"THAT REALLY IS A DIFFICULT DEMAND TO MEET - I AGREE."

But the two neighbors do not agree to my definition.

"Difficult?" Ofra asks. "Difficult is not the word. I don't understand how Miriam was able to respond positively to such a request. But the fact is that from that day on, there was total peace there in the nighttime."

"Difficult?" Miriam, too, is surprised. "The moment I understood that this is what needed to be, I recalculated my daily schedule, no more washing the floor or turning on the

river at night... and the message filtered down to the children, too."

"I STILL THINK THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO FEEL IT HARD TO IDENTIFY POTENTIAL IN NEIGHBORLY RELATIONS, AND I ASK THE TWO MARVELOUS NEIGHBORS FOR SOME TIPS."

Miriam W.: "A good neighbor needs to respect the boundary between interest and interference. As a young mother I used to complain with Ofra a lot. She always showed interest and gave a caring response, but I never did feel that she was meddling and trying to annoy and interfere. Things became what is done with her."

In general, Ofra would define in the name of her husband's: "It says in the reform, Halleluachim, that you shouldn't enter your neighbor's home too much: just stand at the door and talk." She adds that that recently my son, Baruch, who got engaged, and Ofra came up to wish me, I asked her: "In spite of the serious problems she has with her legs, she didn't make do with a photo call... However, she also didn't agree to come in the mood at the door for the whole visit and give me her warm wishes."

Ofra K.: "A good neighbor should always see her neighbor's virtues and not her flaws," she says from many years' experience. "And if you want to see virtues, you can always find them..." She echoes Miriam's statement about preserving the neighborly privacy and adds: "Don't annoy door neighbors, just inquire pleasantly, offer help when possible, and above all, always try to understand."



Tell Me Who Your Neighbor Is

It is not enough to advise in general, apartments for tomorrow, 2017. Goodness is well qualified to advise us about the importance of neighborly relations in the area of real estate.

One of the most important parameters in choosing an apartment is the status of neighbors.

"That I go with them is an agreement to check their conduct, the problem must be among the things to examine when we negotiate in the building, get every good neighborly relation as a special advantage that will maintain the apartment."

When you think about the topic of your apartment, take into account that every possible information is worth to know up the name of the neighbors and to inquire to try to understand how they are. All these create relations among the neighbors.

Good neighborly relations have the right of the apartment, committed by law of distances of status, and they are additional good neighbors who will help to integrate into the pleasant atmosphere that is created in the building, to help in the building, and attend to the needs among neighbors. It is important to inquire and to understand the status of a building, because of money.

מוכן להילחם? הצטרף למבצע משולם!

- המערכה כוללת:
- תכנון תוכנית
- אמון וזכרון
- תכנון תוכנית
- תכנון תוכנית
- תכנון תוכנית
- תכנון תוכנית
- תכנון תוכנית

ותוך כלים מודים ומספר נלקחים רק דומים שול משולם... בתחבולות תעשה מלחמה



מלחמה עומדת לפרוץ

משולם וחברים מרכים לקרב הסול נגד חוליית היצר הרע. איתנו ציניאם עוד המון חברים כדי לצאת.





Who Likes Gefilte Fish?

The Thursday evening is full of the smell of chopped onions, but that is not the reason for the tears in Yuda's eyes. He quickly wipes them with the back of his hand, so Irma – and even more important, Sarva – shouldn't see.

Irma and Sarva are both standing at the counter, Irma is washing very quickly chopping vegetables for salads, stirring the soup in the pot, pecking into the oven where strips of yeast cake are baking. Next to her, Sarva is proceeding slowly, mixing the gefilte fish batter and forming patties. Yuda knows already that this Shabbos day it will be having the gefilte fish games that he doesn't like.

Suddenly an interesting thought enters Yuda's mind. Maybe for Irma too, it's not easy now, after Sara was married, and Sarva, who was left alone, has come to live with them. Maybe Irma really prefers to cook the fish herself, too, and she asks Sarva every week to prepare "her delicious fish" just to give Sarva a good feeling.

This thought helps Yuda stop making a face at the fish that he doesn't like. He doesn't want

to make Irma feel any worse.

But, apparently, Irma has already seen his tears. At eight, when Yuda is to bed, almost asleep, she sits next to him and tells him a story about a tradition named Rav Shmuel Tzvi Kovalsky. "Rav Kovalsky zt"l didn't take any interest at all in what he ate but still, his whole family knew that there was one slug – a thick vegetable soup – that he liked very much."

"I also like the soup you make," Yuda interjects with a smile. Irma continues: "When Rav Kovalsky was a doctor, his mother once prepared this soup for him and he complimented her that it was very tasty. His teacher had never heard a word from him about what food he preferred and what he didn't enjoy, so she felt that if he spoke up he must like this soup very much. To make him happy, she prepared it again and again... When he got married his wife told his father that there it was one soup she should prepare for him and she gave her the recipe."

Yuda yawns. He's tired already. But suddenly Irma tells him something strange that happened after Rav Kovalsky was buried. The family got a letter of nichumim from America. When Rav Kovalsky's sons opened and started reading they were shocked...

"After I got married, it was very hard for me to get used to the food my young wife cooked. It wasn't tasty to me at all, and I would walk around looking irritable and sad. My friend, Rav Kovalsky, wanted to give me a boost, so he told me that when he was a young doctor his mother once made him a vegetable soup that tasted awful. He could barely swallow it, but his mother was standing

there and watching, so he forced himself to continue eating without showing any sign of dissatisfaction. He even complimented her on the tasty soup...

"When his mother heard him say how much he'd enjoyed it she started preparing this soup frequently. Each time he'd feel that the soup was stuck in his throat, still, he overcame his feelings so as not to make his wife feel bad, and he even thanked her and praised the delicious soup."

"Right, but he didn't like the soup at all and he still ate it again and again and again and said it was yummy, and didn't make a face..." Yuda is very overcome by the story he just heard.

"It was a big tradition, it's really very special behavior," Irma agrees with him. "So do you, Yuda, be always happy to hear from you what you like more and what less, and I try to prepare food that you like."

"Like you saved me some of yesterday's schmelz because you knew I don't like today's meatballs," he says, flashing his loving mother a grateful smile.

A strong smell of gefilte fish patties cooking in sauce wafts in from the kitchen. The games that all his brothers like – and only he can't bring himself to eat Sarva or probably still wanting there and wanting, Yuda imagines to himself, and suddenly he feels he has the strength, maybe he'll even manage to take a little bit of Shabbos and to say a big "Thank you" to Sarva...



שבת הקטנה

Special issue for
the Mishkan
HaShalom 100



Telling Parents What I Saw in Our Cousins' House

Ask the Rav
by Rabbi
Hershel
Kovachem
Mendel
Fuchs zt"l
Rabbi of
Mishkan
HaShalom

Question: My younger sister and I went to my aunt for Shabbos, and there were some things there that aren't acceptable in our family: disrespectful way of talking to parents, a newspaper that is considered "booger" but that we don't take into our house, and more. All Shabbos, I felt a responsibility to watch myself and my sister. I wanted to know if I am allowed to tell my parents what I saw in my cousins' house.

Answer: The parents need to know that the chofech and ag'la in the cousins' home is different from that in their own home, so that they can decide whether to send the children for Shabbos again, etc. Therefore, it is permissible for the questioner to tell the parents what she saw.

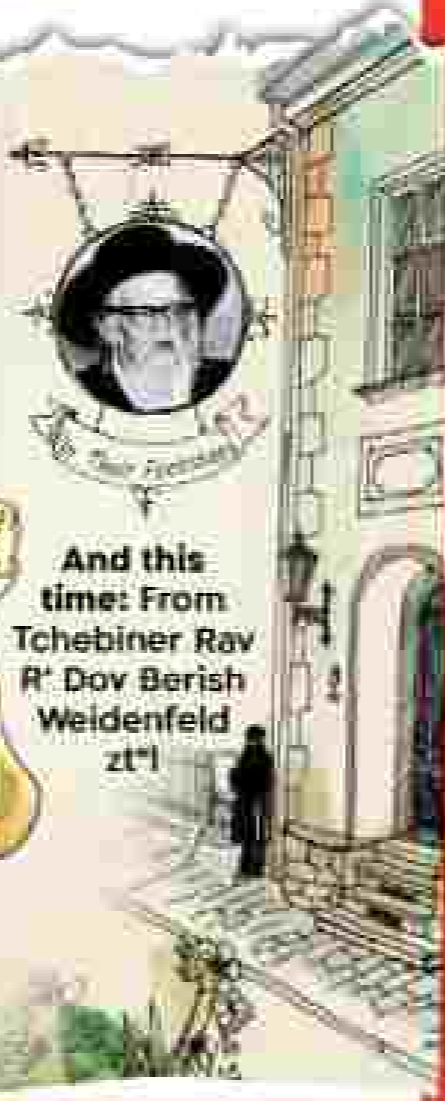
The parents should also consider whether to talk about it with the children and explain that, while the chofech in their cousins' house is according to the Torah, "We are more mekadek" in certain areas. *Honorable Rav Shalom.*

Along the Path

Rav Kahaneiman once was together with the Tchebiner Rav at the mineral springs. There was an unfortunate man staying at the same hotel, who kept bothering the rabbonim with silly questions and comments and it was hard to get rid of him. One day this man clung to the Tchebiner Rav and accompanied him for a long stretch, and who walked right behind them? Rav Kahaneiman...

Afterwards, Rav Kahaneiman came to the Tchebiner Rav and apologized for "spying on him." He explained that he simply couldn't stop watching the noble and refined manner in which the Rav spoke with that poor Yid – patiently and with remarkable attention.

Based on the Seder



And this time: From Tchebiner Rav R' Dov Berish Weidenfeld zt"l



The New Math Teacher

In late afternoon, Talpy goes out to the building courtyard. Her friends are sitting on the stone fence and chatting. It looks very interesting. From the corner a little closer catches a few words and understands. They're talking about the new math teacher.

Talpy realizes that they - most likely - are not sharing compliments about the teacher. Still, she thinks that it's not a problem for her to walk over and listen in.



Just before Chodesh Chesh, Shlomo Lerner says to Talpy: "Call the rabbi. He'll be able to help you with your problem." Talpy says: "I'll call him tomorrow." Talpy says: "I'll call him tomorrow." Talpy says: "I'll call him tomorrow."



The idea title and the plot was from Yehuda D. from Yeshiva.org

You're invited to send us stories suitable for this column: marks in which a friend was almost hurt or embarrassed and thanks to someone's sensitivity, it was prevented, and also stories in which, sadly, a friend was hurt. The stories chosen for this magazine will earn the author a prize.



No Offense

White or Colorful

Mendy's doctor came to check yesterday. He had an appointment at the outpatient clinic of the hospital. Two months ago, Mendy (he's 10) lost his arm and broke his arm. He needed to have an operation. Now he has a great, beautiful, prosthetic arm. He came yesterday to come in for a check-up to make sure that his arm was completely healed.

Mendy's little house was on a hillside. In the morning, they had three buses in the hospital in Yehuda's car and it was over an hour for their appointment. Then they had to go on a way and after that to return in the doctor's car. Mendy was surprised when he saw the doctor's car.

In the morning, Mendy got up and went to school early, holding the note explaining the previous day's absence. But when he got to the classroom, his heart sank... all the boys had come in and when Mendy suddenly he heard that the rabbi had announced yesterday that there would be a special day and everyone should come in Shabbos clothes.

It was so uncomfortable for him to be the only one in an everyday shirt... What a shame that none of the friends noticed that he was absent and thought of calling to tell him about the situation.



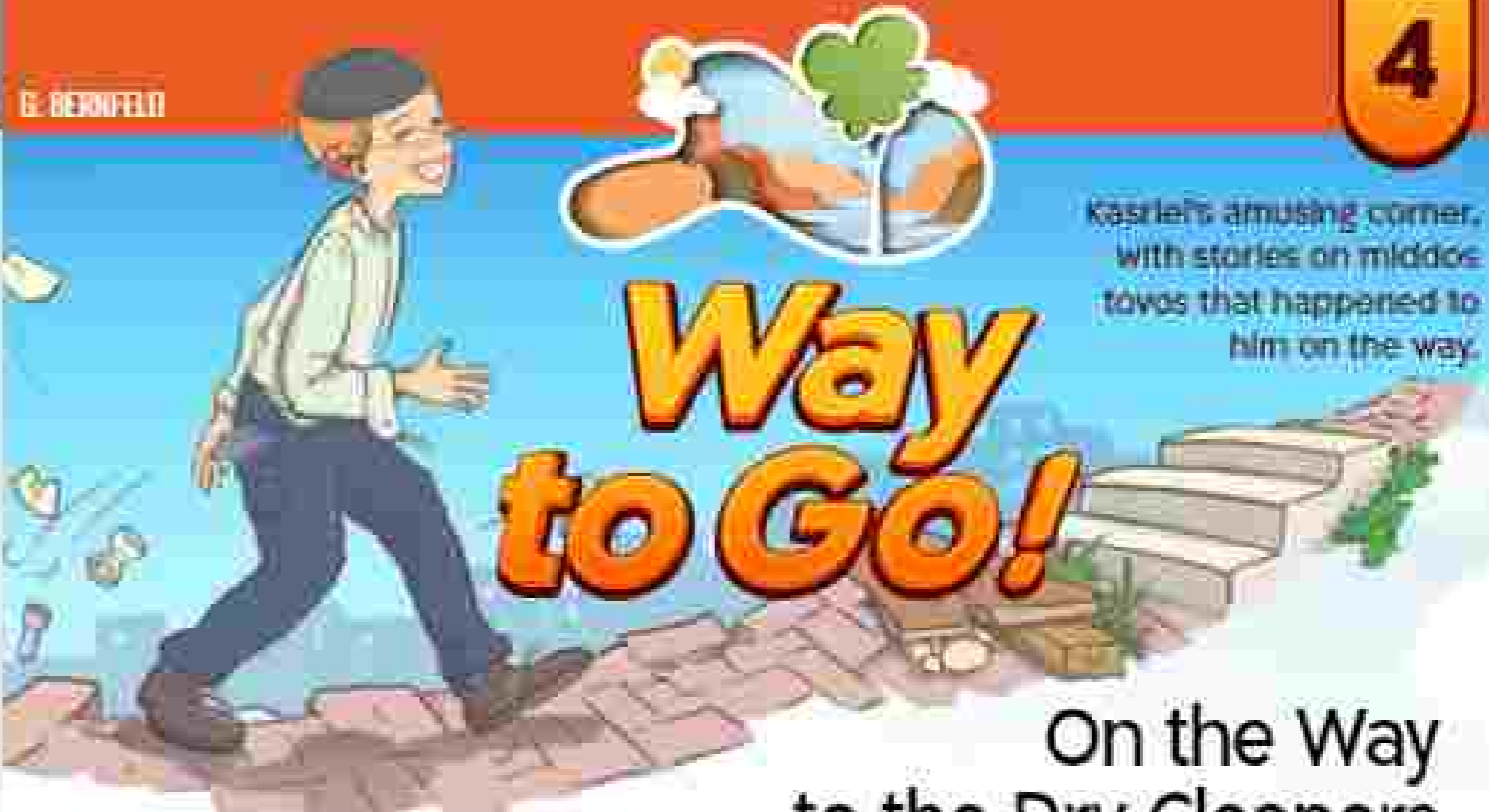
A few words from Mendy:

What almost happened:

Mendy is sad all day. He sits in the back corner, so as not to stand out in his blue checkered shirt. Even while the friends are singing for the (shema) and everyone gets much less still dejected.

What happened in the end:

When the rabbi came into class in the morning and saw the absence note and Mendy's blue shirt, he understood immediately what had happened. He called Mendy's parents and asked if there was any way to send a white shirt to school. Indeed, Mendy's Abba stepped by on the way to Kibbutz and brought the shirt.



Way to Go!

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

On the Way to the Dry Cleaners

Ordinary, respectable men, with their shirts tucked in and sleeves buttoned, can go to the dry cleaners without a problem. But for kids like me, it is a bit of a problem. Because there is a table to make a mistake and put them - the boys themselves - into the giant washing machine.

That was what occurred to me when I saw the message hanging on the table. The letters on the yellow note said: "Dear Shalom, remember Dry Cleaners. Thank you, Mrs. S."

I sighed. I wasn't really afraid that someone would think me a machine and press the button, even though my shirt is decorated with an assortment of buttons and buttons. The real problem was the bag and everything never-ending walk there. If only I could press a magic button and have "deflated buttons" to bring me there instantly.

I took the bag (my dad had left for me and set off with the elevator) but instead, I had a "deflated" - a jutting course! Why walk in a gray boring way when I can jump like a frog?

could have a refreshing jump-walk! I jumped on the footpath on the stairs covered a street and a ball. Then I alternated the low jumps and high jumps (another two streets). I tried jumping - as it says in books - "as if blown by a snail" (even though there were no snails on the sidewalk, just ants) and after that, I jumped light, like I do on the waves at the seaside in Beit Hashivim.

And I was not the only one jumping. I saw jumpsuits of my pocket too. First was a stub of a pencil (I wish that I shouldn't be stubborn...), then came the remains of an apple (a beautiful apple - the grown boys remember that I planted it). Even when my little soccer ball dropped to the dust, followed by a squeezed plastic cup - I continued jumping. I figured that on the way back, my hands would be empty (of the bag) and my heart would be light (after completing my assignment). Then I'd head over and retrieve everything that had gone overboard.

Jumping cheerfully, I reached the dry cleaners. The store was empty, as if it had waited just for me. The salesman told me the price and attached me my pocket to take out the clean - the GREAT CARROT. I hummed in my right pocket bag that a reform: some gift cards, counted so my left pocket was in (shabbos) maybe my pocket pocket or my shirt? Or...

"Not too jumping!" the salesman demanded, at the entrance - walked it.



"I'm sorry, I panicked." I just have to find it. It's... ah... that's my pocket!"

"It's good pocket!" The salesman investigated me. Maybe he'd forgotten his eyeglasses glasses here and that's why he didn't notice my condition - a little itching, a spool of thread, and... paying pocket.

"I'm really sorry!" I apologized. "My credit card must have fallen out."

I walked home the way ordinary kids walk. But after that, even sleeping the sidewalk. How could I not have noticed? Was my pocket open? It is a problem!

The trip was long, as you already know, especially with the salesman's interest and without a corner of shabbos. I had time to think some serious thoughts. Maybe I need to learn to close pockets? Maybe when I'm jolly and jumpy and too careful, important things are liable to fall out?

That made me think about my chattering mouth and how words tended to "jump out". I thought about this, sometimes in my cheerful (shabbos) other kids sometimes get caught by - Hey! Just as I was pondering about my pocket's "tricks", I almost fell. There was the lost credit card, floating in the drain the edge of the sidewalk...

I shoved the card into my pocket and raced back to the dry cleaner. I don't know if the British Royal Guards ever run or just stand at attention, but I watched over that card like a soldier on guard duty.

I thought about the nightmare - we'll meet here, near the hospital. Maybe it will be when I'm on the way to the bank to get a bag for my pocket. And maybe I'll already be able to tell you that I got an improved "way" on my mind...



Beware! Fire!



For two weeks now, our class has been storming.

What happened?

The truth is - I don't have a clear answer. There are different versions of how it started and it's hard to know which is correct. Nobody remembers who said what, when, and why. What we know is the unfortunate fact that the class is currently split into two groups: Tania's group and Charan's group.

I'm in Charan's group. He's one of the friends I walk to school with every morning and I always considered him a mature kid. How did he get swept into such a childish fight? The answer is that when it comes to fights, the gender line doesn't distinguish between mature and childish and between right and not right. When there's a fire, anyone in the area is liable to get hurt - and the same is true for the fire of insubordination.

For two weeks, there have been accusing notes being passed from one to the next, secret meetings at which our sick noble deeds are being plotted against the other group, fights and slogans - and what not!

One evening, I went with Abba to visit his elderly uncle. Uncle Pichara's house is right opposite our class, and since the grown-up talk bored me, I stood at the window facing the class and checked if I could see our classroom. Can Uncle Pichara see me in class? Can he read what is going on the board?

Suddenly, I caught my breath. Someone was walking into our classroom! It wasn't the janitor. I could see him on the floor below. That must be how this mystery person got in here! I don't believe it! It's Abba... Wait no, I won't reveal who the boy is because it'll be Janoo's idea. We'll call him 'Emuuel'. 'Emuuel' One of the wisest boys in Tania's group. What is he doing in the classroom at this hour?

Emuuel had an erasable marker in his hand. He wrote the board and wrote a few lines. Then he looked around to make sure that nobody had seen him and left.

I identified him without a doubt and I even managed to read what he'd written: 'Everyone should know: Tania and his friends are the ones who did it so I'm not a liar!' I was sure that which question would be on the test. Because of them, the rebels got angry and took all points from everyone!

It's... what? What's going on? How could I be writing against Tania's group? Against myself? Maybe he defected to Charan's group? No, can't be. He's too loyal to Tania. So what does it mean, what I see there, blue marker or whiteboard?

Suddenly I understood and this understanding shocked me. He's writing against his own group for a purpose, so everyone will be angry at his group because they'll think the

re wrote it. Everyone will suspect everyone and the flames will reach up to...

"Missing here too!" Abba stood next to me.

I was very worked up. The story burst out of me all at once. Abba listened intently, as I told him all about the fight, the accusations, the prohibited words.

Meanwhile, the janitor finished his work and locked the gate, so entering the board was out of the question.

"What will I do in the morning?" I asked. I won't be able to keep myself from saying who wrote these words! It will be even worse in class than it's been all last week!

"Don't worry - I'll call him 'Emu'." You'll come only after the first lesson, when things have calmed down a bit. I'll give you a note, and Hashem will save us from the fire of mistakes.

And that's what happened.

I handed the note that you saw at the beginning of the story to the robot. Naturally, he was surprised by the unusual content. He called me outside and I told him everything.

The next day he devoted two full lessons to the subject. Speaking from his heart, he managed to penetrate the

hearts of all of us.

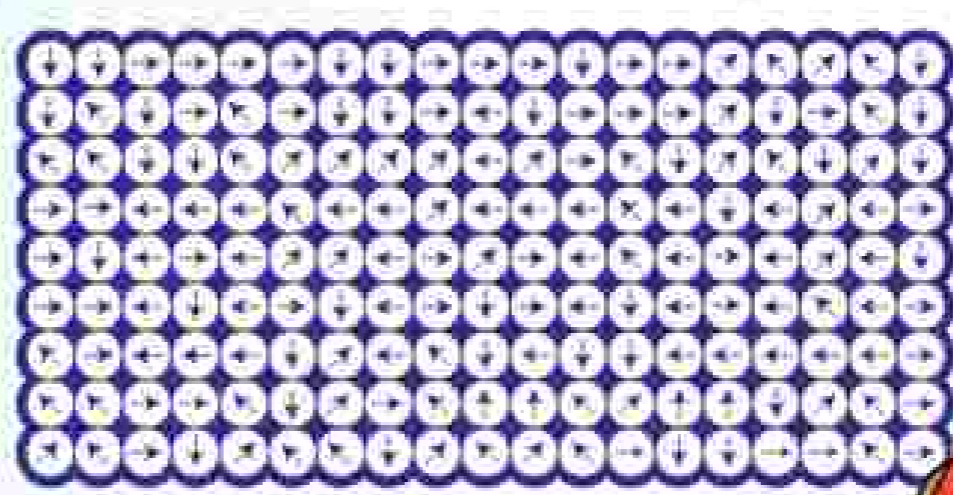
The fight was over, thank Hashem.

Let's hope it was the last one.



NOTE-WORTHY FOR THE FUTURE: DON'T WRITE IN THE BOARD, WRITE ON SLIP!

One Way Only



The car needs to drive only in the direction + to get to school, where there will be a sign on *hitchos shmiras halashon*.

Color in all the squares with arrows pointing in this direction. What do you get?



Drop a Letter

In each line, fill in the four-letter word, then drop one letter and mix the remaining letters to get the three-letter word.

Write the letters you drop in the middle column. What do you get?

- Clue 1: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 2: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 3: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 4: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 5: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 6: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 7: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 8: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 9: *Shmiras - secret*
- Clue 10: *Shmiras - secret*

Send solutions to: *Mishmarot Beit Din*, P.O. Box 1000, Tel Aviv 6100, Israel. We'll be happy to receive your solutions. Winners will be notified.

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____

1									
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January.

A fight rages in the city between the government and the Taliban. The Taliban is a group of people who want to control the country. They are fighting against the government. The Taliban is a group of people who want to control the country. They are fighting against the government.

Controlled

EXPLOSION

By H. G. Chaudhry



NO entry, please



There's a crisis and it's the new government

There's almost no chance that this will get any better unless we do it



Can you find a number I'll have and call them in the morning



We need to be careful of the government. It's not the way to go



I remember another time when I was in a similar situation. It was not so easy for me



It's about that if we could see the world in a better way we could be better off



Maybe it's important to the government and they should be able to do it

The Taliban strategy took a lot of time in the new government but it was not the way to go. The Taliban is a group of people who want to control the country. They are fighting against the government.