

ת"ב, Mishmeres
HaSholom Magazine

IYAR 5783 • 199

משמרת



A Good Spot in the Center

Yes... You know... The twitch on her face is a little frightening for the girls who come from other schools

04

Seatmate on the Bus

When I sat down, I discovered that I was sitting next to one of my former teachers, precisely the teacher who---

07

Five Stars across from the Emergency Room

The hospital grew and developed and the number of people needing sleeping accommodations on Shabbos grew, as well

08



A Word from the Mishmeres

Rebbetzin Wertzberger



מבשר שלום
Updates from the field

Are you familiar with rumors that begin from nothing and spread uncontrollably? I recently heard a painful story about a family whose teenage daughter was hospitalized in a difficult ward for major testing. Her condition was not dangerous, but did require intervention by specialists of the highest caliber. *Baruch Hashem*, she was released a few days later, totally fine. The whole incident would have been forgotten, if not for one woman who recognized her in the ward, jumped to the conclusion that she had the "machalah," and mentioned it to a friend or two... Within a short time, the whole city "knew" that the girl had been diagnosed with something terrible – which was absolutely untrue. When she reached the age of *shidduchim*, it was nearly impossible to erase this misinformation from the collective public memory and persuade people that it was all a mistake...

Without going into the details of *hilchos lashon hara l'to'eles* in *shidduchim* (where there certainly are cases when actual medical conditions may not be concealed) --- how could this woman have taken upon herself such a heavy responsibility? How can people let their tongues go wild and spread sensitive – and often inaccurate – information that is liable to destroy a fellow Jew's future?

In cases of medical problems, the laws of *shemiras halashon* are many times more important!

What responsibility we bear when we see someone familiar at a medical institution! How careful we must be in such cases not to interrogate them, not to ask, "What are you doing here?" If the friend wants to, she will share on her own. And, of course, we should not give others "regards" later on: "I met your sister in Tel Hashomer..."

Even in casual encounters in the park, bus, or at a family *simchah*, let's respect the fine line between friendly, caring interest– and irresponsible trespassing on someone's private turf. Tactless questions, such as "Why do you look so tired, or pale?" are liable to step on a sore toe or put salt on an open wound...

Nobody likes to be the subject of other people's conversations. When a family is coping with an illness or any other struggle – the problem itself and all of its associated technical, bureaucratic, and emotional difficulties are rough enough for them, without tacking on this added difficulty of knowing that people are talking about them. If we really care, let's utilize our power of speech to say a few *pirkei Tehillim* for their *yeshuah*...

May we all be *zocheh* to robust health, especially in the month of Iyar, which is *mesugal* for *refuah* – the letters of א״ר stand for "Ani Hashem rofecha." Wishing a *refuah sheleimah* to all of the ill and continued good health to the healthy!

Seni Wertzberger

העלון לענין
הר"ר יהושע בן הר"ר יצחק זצ"ל
הר"ר יוסף יהודה בהר"ר יחזקאל ז"ל
חובל מרת הינדא בת הר"ר חיים שלמה ע"ה
הר"ר שלום בהר"ר יחזקאל שרגא זצ"ל
יש לשמור על קדושת העלון
© כל הזכויות שמורות



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

Published by Mishmeres HaShalom-the worldwide organization spreading shemiras halashon

Distributed to 120,000 Jewish homes in Israel and around the world, in Hebrew, Yiddish, and English. to encourage and spread peace, shemiras halashon, and mitzvos bein adam l'chaveiro

- | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|---|--|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
|
'חברים'
02-5379160
שלוחה 3 |
Beis Hora'ah
072-337-2212
שלוחה 6 |
Shiurim
072-337-2212
שלוחה 21 |
Shalom Link
072-337-2212
שלוחה 5 |
Sama D'chayei
02-5379111 |
Mishmeres magazine
02-5379160 |
|
נציגות השלום
072-337-2100 |
Publications
02-5379160 |
Schools
02-5379160 |
'ECHAD' MEETINGS
072-337-2100 |
כינוסי ילדים
02-5379160 |
Tefillah events
1-800-800-779 |



"With One Word"

More than 18,000 kids took part in 15 Chol Hamoed Pesach rallies around the country, with the theme, "With One Word."

The children enriched their knowledge of hilchos shemiras halashon with a challenging clicker quiz, enjoyed an exquisite "sand art" presentation, received the berachos of gedolei Yisrael shlita, and went home with a special prize.



Samchem B'vinyan Shaleim

On 11 Iyar, a special event will take place in Bnei Brak for all Mishmeres HaShalom reps, in collaboration with the "Hamitnadvim Ba'am" rep network. For details: 02-537-9160.



Sefiras Ha'omer Campaign

Thousands of children joined the Sefiras Ha'omer campaign. The "masmidim" who didn't miss a single day will get a special prize, without a raffle. You can still join! Call the Shalom Hotline, 072-337-2212.



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

Ask the Rav

Harav Hagoan R' **Menachem Mendel Fuchs** shlita



Saying That Someone Went Off the Derech

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

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

Speaking with a Co-Worker about Annoying Clients

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ככות שתהא ניאמרת שלום?

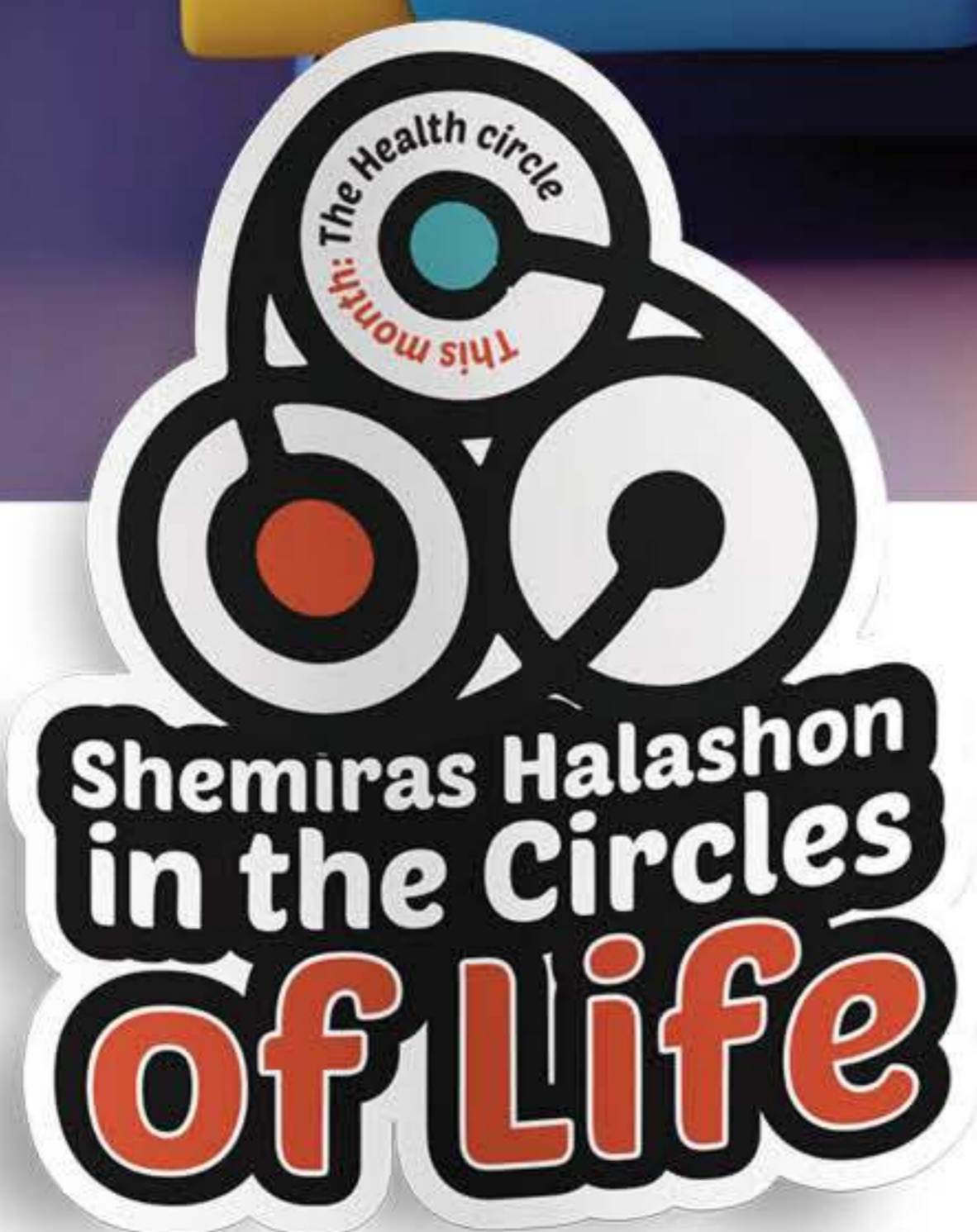
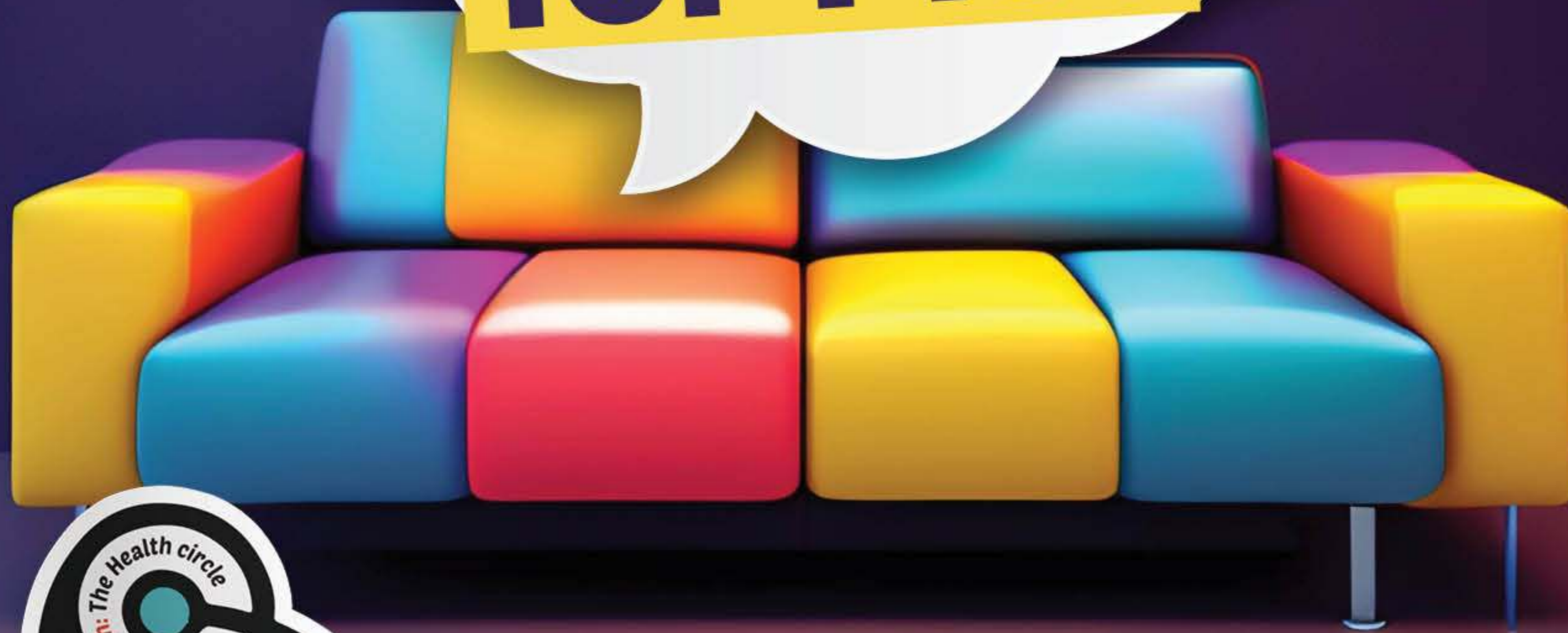
לתרומות והקדשות: 1-800-800-779

מפגש 'כאחד' לשכנות	250 עלונים כ-12 בניינים	שיעור יומי בקו השלום	כיתת לימוד לשנה שלמה	שיעור יומי בקו השלום	1000 עלונים כ-50 בניינים	החזקת כולל לחצי שנה	500 עלונים כ-25 בניינים	שיעור יומי בקו השלום
להתפתחות תקינה חנה שרה בת דבורה	לככות והצלחה בעסקים בעילום שם	לבריאות איתנה כל משפחת לוי	לחזרה בתשובה בעילום שם	להצלחת העברת הדירה בעילום שם	לדש"ק משה נחמן בן דבורה	לזיווג הגון ברוריה בת פלורה	לרפואה שלמה בעילום שם	לעילוי נשמת לשלום נח בן יהודה

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



Is There Room for Me?



"Good evening. Am I speaking with Yael's mother?" The voice on the phone sounded familiar. Ah, it was Noga, the school guidance counselor.

"And a good evening to you, too. I'm really happy to hear from you," I responded, putting the wet plate on the counter and drying my hands. An important conversation like this had to be conducted with full concentration, not along with a stream of water and soap bubbles. I had to tell Noga how much Yael was enjoying the support group sessions. It was really a wise decision to have her join.

But Noga preceded me.

"Your Yael is so sweet. It's amazing to see how maturely she copes with her situation." She started off with compliments. However, I immediately sensed that there was something else coming. "But

I consulted with our psychologist and we decided that she is not suited to this support group."

I heard the underlying discomfort in Noga's voice. In spite of the absolute shock that paralyzed me, I could sense that quite clearly.

"Not suited???" That was all I managed to elicit from my dry throat.

"Yes... You know... The twitch on her face is a little...frightening for the girls who come from other schools... From the social aspect, too, you understand... Because of her complex situation, she's a little..." Noga was stammering, having trouble finishing the sentence. But somehow, I understood that two girls were considering leaving the group because Yael had joined, so they had no choice but to ask Yael to stay home---

I don't know how I concluded that conversation. How I didn't collapse on the kitchen floor in a faint. How I managed to get hold of myself and cushion this message to Yaeli. But inside, I felt a burning fire of anger and offense. How? How could they make my dear, suffering daughter so miserable? How could they deny participation in the support group to the one who needed it more than all the rest? Where was their heart??

So two girls in the group had a hard time dealing with her appearance. And what about Yael herself??

And her social awkwardness... Even among

healthy girls, there are some who are very shy among friends. Would it occur to anyone to kick them out of class? To keep them from participating in parties or social activities?? Why was my Yael to blame that, in addition to all this, she also has a severe physical disability??

Yael herself took the news well, without digging into it too much; she was used to disappointments... Not to go to the sessions? So not. She had an interesting book to read, and the guitar she plays so nicely was also waiting for her.

But it took *me* a lot longer to get back on track.

Months passed. The school year ended and Yael went on to the next grade. Our attention was focused on a rather complex operation that required a long recovery period. During that time frame, the heated anger slowly died out.

And then Corona came into the world.

Yael was in sixth grade, a shy girl for whom the closing of school doors and the learning from home caused total disconnection and extreme isolation.

Her two brothers, ages eight and ten, carried on a whole system of "porch-to-porch" communication with their friends from the next building. They set up "mail lines" and kept busy sending packages back and forth, enjoying every minute. Her big sister in high school was on the phone for hours, carrying on heart-to-heart talks with friends.

She went to the brief outdoor neighborhood get-togethers and participated in her school's attractive interactive phone activities.

But Yael was so very alone---

Here and there she tried calling friends. We urged her to get out of her bubble, to initiate. But these efforts got a poor response and usually ended with bitter disappointment.

I spoke to her *mechaneches*, a friendly, caring woman. I told her about Yael's social difficulty, which had gotten so much worse in the absence of an orderly school framework. I shared with her my difficult feelings, as I watched my daughter retreat into herself. The teacher was very empathetic. She suggested arranging a conference call together with the guidance counselor and the assistant principal to brainstorm on how to help Yael.

It sounded like a good idea, and even though mention of the name "Noga" made my heart skip a beat, I eagerly agreed.

"How can we help Yael?" – that was the opening question of the devoted *mechaneches* at the conference call that took place about three years ago.

Various suggestions came up, were examined from every possible angle, and then dropped. At one point, the teacher suddenly said: "And what about the support group here in the city? Their meetings are still active. I heard that they arrange sessions in the open air. Why shouldn't Yael participate in this nice group?"

My heart started beating wildly. All at once, I was pulled back in time, to that miserable phone call with---

"That's an idea that could really contribute a lot to Yael." Noga's voice penetrated the storm inside me. "I actually suggested this group to Yael's mother in the past, but she wasn't interested..."

The shock that overcame me at that moment was immobilizing.

"I---" I tried opening my mouth, but something seemed to have happened to my tongue. It was so heavy, hardly able to move---

Hey, wake up - I chided myself. You need to scream. To protest. To deny this serious accusation. To clarify the truth and make it clear who was the one who decided to take Yael out of this "nice group."

A few seconds passed. The teacher and the assistant principal continued talking, but I didn't exactly catch what they were saying. I was in another world.

Wait, you have known this guidance counselor for years. Is that my heart screaming inside me so strongly? She is an excellent professional and a pleasant, caring personality. What happened here doesn't make sense. Maybe it was a simple misunderstanding... Maybe one of you doesn't remember that conversation accurately...

Someone on the conference call asked my opinion. I had no idea what they were talking about; I'd lost the train of thought and was totally absorbed in my struggle - to speak up or not to speak up? I opened my mouth and then deliberately closed it. Finally I felt that---yes. I was capable of remaining silent.

Somehow, the conference call taking place next to my ears drew to a close. Somehow, a few ideas were accepted that could only be carried out when school would reopen. As long as the communication with students remained via the phone lines, they concluded, there was not much they could do to help dear Yael.

And then, precisely at that hopeless point, came the turnaround – Miriam entered the picture.

Miriam was one of the most sociable and charismatic girls in Yael's class. She lived six buildings away from us, but had never stepped foot in our house.

The first time she came, it was for a totally technical reason. Her math book had disappeared and her two close friends were in isolation, so she was compelled to borrow the book from Yael...

To this day, we have no logical explanation for what happened after that point.

Under normal circumstances, no one could have anticipated such an unimaginable eventuality, in which Miriam, of all people, would become Yael's close, inseparable friend. But that was precisely what happened. Even when school reopened, this marvelous friendship continued to blossom, pulling Yael into the center of the social scene.

Two months later, when I met the dedicated assistant principal and she asked how Yael was doing, I suddenly remembered that dramatic conference call, and all at once, I had a flash of insight.

The silence. That is what brought us this tremendous miracle.

A miracle that continues to illuminate the life of our dear daughter, who is *baruch Hashem* flooded with even more friends than our other children...

Because of the delicacy of the matter, we changed identifying details, nature of the health issues, and professions. Any connection to a familiar figure in any school is totally coincidental!



CALL

every day of Sefiras Ha'omer to the Hotline no.: 072-337-2212 Ext. 3



LISTEN

Listen to the daily shiur* and review what you learned
*Alternately, you can learn in one of the sefarim of halchos sefiras haleshon.



REPORT

At the end of the week (Thurs.-Motzaei Shabbos) call the Hotline, Ext. 322 to report that you learned 5 days



WIN

Enter a weekly raffle for valuable prizes worth hundreds of shekels!!

YOU CAN ALSO TAKE AN EASY WEEKLY QUIZ ON EXT. 322 AND ENTER ANOTHER RAFFLE!

Special Prize
For Masmidim

WHOEVER KEEPS UP THE LEARNING OF THE HALACHOS EVERY SINGLE DAY - GETS

AN EXCLUSIVE PRIZE WITHOUT A RAFFLE!

*IF YOU MISSED LEARNING ONE DAY, YOU CAN MAKE IT UP THE VERY NEXT DAY.

WANT TO JOIN, TOO? 072-337-2212 EXT. 32



Stop and Think

B. Haramati



Instead of Running to the Doctor



What does a person do when he realizes that someone "pulled a fast one" on him and tricked him into a bad business deal? He gets upset and angry and starts screaming...

What does Yaakov Avinu do when he realizes that he was deceived in the most significant "deal" of his life – marriage? When the *kallah* who'd been promised to him was exchanged under the *chuppah* by her swindling father, after he'd specified all the conditions "*b'Rachel bitcha haketanah?*" He simply asks Lavan, with the ultimate calm and serenity: "Why did you do this to me?!"

AT THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

A young pitiful Holocaust survivor, who had almost left the Torah path, was hosted for the Seder at the home of a marvelous Yerushalmi family, who, due to the difficult times and the war raging in the country, barely managed to feed their children. The parents made the utmost effort to somehow set up a Seder table, in spite of their dire circumstances. But, moments before "*Kadesh*," one of the young children inadvertently pulled the tablecloth, and the wine, matzos, and tableware all turned into one terrible mess...

The family members, as well as the guest, were shocked. But the father of the family masterfully controlled himself; remarkably, not a word of anger or disappointment escaped his lips. Instead, he picked up the frightened child who'd caused the commotion and tried to calm her down. Then, with *simchah shel mitzvah*, he urged the family to retrieve whatever possible so as to celebrate the Seder night with tremendous joy.

That *bachur*, who was *zocheh* to establish a beautiful family and have many *talmidim*, related: "At the moment that the *baal habayis* collected the shards

so calmly, I, too, collected the pieces of my broken, miserable heart, until I had a new heart to dedicate to *avodas Hashem*" (from *Maamarei Chizuk* by Hagaon Rav T. M. Zilberberg *shlita*).

ANGER BRINGS DISEASE

In the Jewish view, anger is one of the most repulsive concepts. After all, "A person who gets angry - it is as if he worships idols!!" But even from the physiological aspect, the Gemara says: "An angry person is left with nothing but his anger," and Rashi explains: "He gains nothing; rather, his flesh is eroded by his anger." Indeed, medical studies prove that most illnesses in our time stem from anger and nerves:

Diabetes: Studies indicate that anger affects the production of insulin in the body, which can lead to diabetes and can destabilize people who are already diabetic.

Heart attacks: The two primary causes of myocardial infarction – in other words, heart attacks – are high blood pressure and imbalanced cholesterol, both directly affected by anger.

Headache: Anger expands the arteries in the head, resulting in secretion of a chemical that causes migraines.

Ulcer: When a person is angry, the body secretes digestive juices, as in times of eating. But, while at mealtime, these juices promote digestion, at a time of anger, they are secreted to an empty stomach, thereby damaging the stomach and esophageal membrane and causing ulcers.

Vision: When a person is angry, the body releases adrenalin and cortisol hormones causing the pupil to dilate and the eye to contract. This process negatively affects the flow of blood inside the eye and can lead to eye diseases such as glaucoma, and more.

Nu, after a list like this, can you still allow yourself to get angry??

Tic-Tac-Toe

B. Halevy



Public Tefillah



TIC

She'd never felt so much in the center of things before. Yesterday, when she was jumping rope on the porch next to her parents' bedroom and overheard a phone conversation, in which Ima mentioned all kinds of strange words and names of diseases, she debated whether to be frightened or not. Ima actually looked absolutely regular, not like a *choleh* whose name you need to put on the class whiteboard for "*Refa'einu...*" She never imagined how much this information would interest her classmates, stir up a storm, and make their attitude towards her so friendly and considerate and pampering.



TAC

At the end of the school day, thirty-two girls went home with the electrifying news that the mother of one of their classmates had a serious illness. Shnitzel and macaroni was chewed up along with bits of information, plus creative additions. The heartrending "facts" floated about dozens of kitchens throughout the neighborhood. Some of them made their way that afternoon to the wooden benches in the playground, crowding inside a bag with half pitas and scrambled egg, and a green mix of cucumber-apple slices, for the health-nuts, or with bread and chocolate spread and flavored yogurts for those who had already given up...



TOE

After the daily bedtime battle, as mothers sit down with a lettuce salad, low-cal bread, and 0% fat yogurt – in an effort to carry out the promises of starting a diet "after the *chagim*" – the information comes up again and blends into the steam of hot coffee, causing several hearts to skip a beat. Several caring mothers start the next morning – after dealing with ponytails, sandals, cornflakes, a late note for the rebbi, another note for the teacher (about the disappearing notebook), and one more to the *ganenet* about the *tzadekes* who was *mevater* – with an effort to find out the full name to *daven* for, Hashem *yirachem*, and *lo aleinu---*



WIN

Somehow, the information makes its way back to the legal owner, landing on the dining room table, where crayon marks and bits of cut paper attest to the busy afternoon it had experienced. All at once, the parents – who had simply considered changing to a different medical plan and had been comparing the entitlements in each – grasped what had happened. It only gave them a sudden flash of understanding about something that, until then, they'd only read and learned and knew in theory: how much you can believe circulating rumors and what one little tongue can bring about---



Family Effort

For my mother's *yahrtzeit*, I decided to prepare a *achizuk* on *shemiras halashon* and distribute it to the family at the *azkarah*. I wrote up a leaflet with the halachah of the day, a few words of inspiration, and a story from the book *Hablimah* that I received permission from Mishmeres HaSholom to copy. Furthermore, I suggested that each of the grandchildren take on a resolution in the area of *bein adam l'chaveiro, l'iluy nishmas* Savta. I also gave everyone a magnet with the "*Tefillah al hadibbur v'hashemiyah*."

Right in the middle of the *azkarah*, my daughter called, hysterical, and said that my little boy had been hurt in an accident.

It seems that the children had crossed the street with my big daughter, when a car suddenly shot out and sent the seven-year-old flying---

The boy was rushed to the hospital without me, and we zoomed over there, trembling with fright.

Baruch Hashem, good news very soon started coming in. The CT revealed only a skull and hip

fracture that would heal on their own. The boy started to get back to himself, and, a few days later, was released, hale and hearty.

The day after the accident, my aunt called and said: "You chose to be *mechazek* the family in *shemiras halashon l'iluy nishmas* your mother – and at those very moments, your son, Yisrael Meir, who is named for the Chofetz Chaim, was saved from a serious injury."

Ina of Y.M.

Encounter with the Teacher

I'd been in *shidduchim* for several years and felt I was at a dead end. Every *shidduch* that started progressing would get stuck. It was very frustrating ... I learned *hilchos shemiras halashon* fairly regularly, and in recent times, was really *mis'chazeik*. I was looking for *zechuyos*...

One Friday, I went to *daven* at the *kivrei tzaddikim*. I begged Hakadosh Baruch Hu to give me some sign of what I needed to rectify.

I so much wanted to get married... On the way back, I got the last seat on a full bus. When I sat down, I discovered that I was sitting next to one of my former teachers... She'd been an excellent teacher, but I never got along with her and didn't always speak with *derech erez*. All of a sudden it hit me – I needed to ask her forgiveness!!

I introduced myself, explained the situation, and asked her *mechilah*. But it was hard for the teacher to forgive. Apparently, the pain I'd caused her had been too great. I continued pleading, shedding real tears, and just before she got off the bus, she smiled at me and promised that she wholeheartedly forgave me. She went on to *bentch* me with all the *berachos*.

I got home close to Shabbos. On Motzaei Shabbos, a call came from a *shadchan* who had recently handled a *shidduch* that was stuck. She said that the other side was interested in continuing. Within a few days, we broke a plate – Mazel Tov!!

Meraiv from the Center

מצמיה ישועה



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

The Folder that Got Swallowed Up

Tuesday, 12:00 noon.

A reminder about the important meeting is written in red marker on the erasable board in the kitchen, but it is totally unnecessary. I've been waiting anxiously for this decisive appointment; I haven't forgotten about it for a moment...

Monday afternoon. I'm exhausted from my busy day of work and tense in anticipation of the next day's meeting. The kitchen is upside down and I need to get supper ready. A mountain of clothes waits on the couch for ironing and a similar mountain waits in the laundry room for sorting. But before anything else, I must prepare my briefcase for tomorrow and put in the folder where all the documents I need to take with me are neatly arranged.

I go to the bedroom and open the door of the upper closet. I stretch up my hand

to take down the green folder, but it isn't where I'd expected it to be. I climb on a chair for a better view of the contents of the shelf, but I get back down empty-handed. The folder isn't there.

In a panic, I start running from one room to the next. Opening and closing closet doors. Slamming drawers. Climbing up and bending down. But there is no trace of the folder...

And my appointment is tomorrow morning!!

All the important documents that I'd collected and held onto for two years – some with steep prices – had disappeared...

My two oldest children join the search effort. Together, we comb the house, move whatever could be moved, check the most illogical spots...

What now??

From minute to minute I grasp that there's no

point in missing a day of work and going there tomorrow. Without the documents, there's no reason to go...

I grimly take the phone in my hand to cancel the appointment, but then I stop. Wait. Before calling, I'll try one more *hishtadlus*. I'll call Mishmeres HaSholom and donate 180 shekels.

A friendly telemarketer answers, takes my credit information, and showers me with warm *berachos*.

After the call, I feel a little encouraged. I go back to the living room closet, which I'd already searched a few times, and---I find the folder!!!

The next day, I get there at the appointed time. The documents are duly reviewed, and everything proceeds – with unusual *siyata d'Shemaya* – to its successful conclusion. I tangibly feel the power of the *zechus* of *shemiras halashon*!



הסיפורים
שדווחו למוקד
הישועות
בחודש שבט:

1

מצאו דירה
למגורים

4

משפחות זכו
לפרנסה בהרחבה

3

חולים התרפאו
מהחולי

18

חתנים וכלות
נושעו בזיווג הגון

6

זוגות
נפקדו בזש"ק

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



Introducing...

R. Tov

A JEWISH HEART *across* FROM THE EMERGENCY ROOM



IN THIS HOTEL, YOU DON'T NEED A CREDIT CARD. WELL-EQUIPPED ROOMS, WITH LOTS OF WARMTH AND CARING, ARE WAITING THERE FOR FAMILIES WHO ARE COMPELLED TO SPEND SHABBOS AT THE HOSPITAL • A MOVING INTERVIEW WITH A FAMILY THAT RUNS A GUEST APARTMENT ACROSS FROM A FAMOUS HOSPITAL IN THE CENTER OF THE COUNTRY



"A guest in the apartment once complained to my father after the Leil Shabbos seudah about a dissatisfactory detail in the room he'd gotten and loudly insisted on moving to a different room," Rivka relates. "My father is a genius of restraint. The other family members were shocked at the guest's callous demand, but Abba quietly had someone change the linens and rearrange the placement until the person calmed down and went to sleep. On Motzaei Shabbos, this guest came over to pay for his stay and was shocked to hear that everything was --- for free... He was overwhelmed, and a bit embarrassed. Based on the appearance of the place and the service offered, he was sure it was a five-star hotel; that's why he felt free to demand a room change..."

A DREAM TAKES SHAPE

The B. Family's proximity to the hospital naturally generated their moving initiative to host escorts of patients a few decades ago. It began in their private home. The children were used to giving up their beds to guests and moving over to mattresses in every possible corner, and, if necessary, even walking late at night to sleep in their grandfather's house... About fifteen years ago, a well-kept guest apartment joined this marvelous *chessed* enterprise, providing pleasant accommodations for patients' family members who need to stay in the area for Shabbos.

"The hospital was small in those days. My Abba used to circulate around the wards on Friday afternoons looking for *frum* families and informing them of the possibility of getting packaged Shabbos meals, courtesy of a *chessed* organization in the city. He also prepared lists and updated the organization," relates Rivka, one of the family members who shared with us her memories of the long-standing *chessed* project – but only on condition that the interview will appear without names, "so we shouldn't lose any merits..."

Rav B. would *daven* Friday night in the hospital shul. After the *tefillah*, he'd stand at the doorway and make sure that no one would escape before Rav B. confirmed that he had food he'd brought from home or packaged meals ordered through the *chessed* organization.

If not – he could always cross the street and go up to the B. family, where there were reserve portions prepared precisely for this purpose.

So your private home was actually a "guest apartment"...

Rivka smiles and goes back to those distant days. "The hospital grew and developed and the number of people needing sleeping accommodations on Shabbos grew, as well." It wasn't only for escorts of patients, but also for people who'd come to the Emergency Room and were released on Shabbos or a few minutes before Shabbos and were stuck...

"My Abba dreamed of opening a guest apartment that would provide a response to this need. One of the *mispallelim* in his shul, a wealthy Jew with a big heart, stepped up to the challenge and purchased a suitable apartment.

There had been another Chareidi family living in my parents' building. Abba asked if they would be willing to sell their apartment for this purpose. They asked their Rebbe and the answer was positive; for *chessed*, it's worth making the effort."

LINEN, TABLECLOTHS, AND WHAT NOT?

And so was born the guest apartment across from the hospital...

"So the apartment was acquired, but it wasn't yet suited for hosting," Rivka corrects me. "First it was renovated and divided into six guest rooms. Next, it was equipped with everything necessary to give people the most pleasant and homey feeling possible," she relates, describing the well-kept and fully-equipped kitchen, the white tablecloths, the linen, the---

Wait - let me understand - who exactly puts on the linen every Friday for all the guests??

Rivka doesn't understand the question... "It was our mitzvah - to put the linen on before Shabbos and then take it off and wash it, fold it and---

In recent years, when Abba and Ima were left alone, the grandchildren got to work; they came happily, with a thrill for the mitzvah.

When Rivka speaks about the guest apartment, there is a special gleam in her eyes. "This apartment became my parents' pet project. If someone would order a place and end up not coming, my father felt really bad, as if he'd lost an entire world. "What happened to him?" He was simply worried, and at times would even go check out the matter..."

IS THERE A RESTAURANT IN THE AREA?

I understand that in order to stay in the apartment, people need to order a place in advance. And what happens when people suddenly "land up" in the hospital, without arranging in advance?

"No one is left to sleep on the street," Rivka promises me, describing the mattresses that always come to the rescue. "Over the years, people of all types and stripes, backgrounds and styles, stayed at the guest apartment and also in my parents' house. They were all received with warmth and caring, out of a sincere wish to make things easier for them. The only prerequisite was - modest

DISCRETION AND SHEMIRAS HALASHON

"When you're dealing with patients and their families, you need to be extra careful," Rivka points out. "In everything connected to the guest apartment, we are here to help, but never to interrogate and ask nosy questions about the medical case," she stresses. "People don't even need to give their full name in order to receive a room in the guest apartment. Conversely, when people ask to share their burden with us and pour out their hearts, we listen with whole-hearted empathy.

dress," she adds.

Seudah shlishis was the highlight of every Shabbos. "I remember from my childhood Abba coming home with tons of guests for *seudah shlishis* - sometimes as many as twenty people! As children, we would peek through the cracks in the shutters to see how many were coming. If we saw just five, we were disappointed..." She describes perfect hospitality, in the effort to give the homiest feeling possible. "Abba would put salads onto people's plates, so they shouldn't be ashamed to take. He'd sing *zemiros* of all kinds, so they should feel at home."

When people asked if there's a kosher restaurant in the area, Rav B. would answer with a hearty "Yes!" and walk them straight into--- his kitchen, where they received generous helpings of everything, at no fee...

Rivka is flowing with authentic, and often not simple, stories about families that came at unexpected times: "Once, there were frightened knocks at our door in the middle of the Seder. An elderly woman stood there, all upset. Her husband had just passed away suddenly. None of her children were with her, and she was so helpless..." That was about thirty years ago, but Rivka cannot forget those moments. "My father ran to the hospital. He promised the woman he'd make sure nobody would *chalilah* touch the *niftar*."

Another story she recalls is about a telephone call that came in very close to Shabbos, saying that a *yungerman* would be arriving at the hospital very soon with his son, without even minimal necessities for Shabbos. "Abba sent one of the grandchildren to see what's doing with them, but he returned empty-handed. After making a massive search in the place, he couldn't find the man anywhere. Abba got up himself and circulated around the hospital, finally finding him at the x-ray department. Of course, we arranged for Shabbos clothing and everything else for both of them..." she adds, as if it were self-understood.

Are there guests you especially remember?

"Once, on Erev Rosh Hashanah, a chassidic Rebbe was hospitalized and his chassidim wanted to be with him on Yom Tov," Rivka recalls. "Ten chassidim came. They brought food and we arranged a corner of the dining room here for them, behind a curtain, so they could eat privately. Their singing was something special!

"There were families that had to avail themselves of our help for long periods - sometimes, for months, or even more, during a long hospitalization. In many cases, they remained in contact with

us afterwards, coming to our *simchas* and maintaining warm friendly ties..."

Didn't you ever feel that this *chessed* was too difficult? That maybe you'd done enough?

Rivka recalls how her father once asked their Rebbe: Perhaps the time had come to leave this mixed neighborhood and move to a real *Chareidi* area, for the children's *chinuch*?

"The Rebbe ruled that our mission was to remain here and physically do the mitzvah of *hachnasas orchim* to perfection. He also promised that this mitzvah would protect the children. Whoever does *chessed is zocheh* to children who are tzaddikim. And *baruch Hashem*, this promise came true to the utmost!!"

A CHAIR, A TABLE, AND A LAMP

One Shabbos morning, an excited *yungerman* knocked on the B. family's door. His wife had just had a baby boy, but since he hadn't slept all night, he asked for a bed to rest in. When Rav B. suggested that he join them for the *seudah*, he declined. "I already made Kiddush and tasted something," the *yungerman* said. "I'm very tired and just want to sleep."

Rav B. asked a grandson to prepare a bed. Meanwhile, he urged the guest to wash and just eat a piece of challah. Then he sneaked the guest a piece of fish and persuaded him to have a taste of the traditional Shabbos egg salad, as well as a little cholent. *Soon the bed will be ready. Meanwhile, taste a bit of sweet compote, and - there, you can go to sleep.*

The grandson stood there, watching his Saba wield his special art of *chessed* and learning the *melachah*.

"It says of the *Ishah Hashunamis* that she prepared a bed, a chair, a table, and a lamp, Abba would say. Why start *davka* with the bed, which is the last item the guest will use? We learn from here that if a person is very tired and sees that they are getting his bed ready - he is already prepared to eat..."

פדיון השמירה



Ask the Rav

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

Talking about Friends Who Were Punished, without Mentioning Names

Question: Am I allowed to say bad things about a classmate or a few classmates, without mentioning names? For example - to say that three girls were *chutzpadik* to the teacher and were sent home, if the listeners won't be able to guess which girls were punished?

Answer: As we've written previously, though there is no *issur* to speak *lashon hara* about someone unnamed, this applies only if the listener has no way to find out who the person is. But if he can find out - it's prohibited. In the questioner's example, even if the listeners cannot guess

which girls were *chutzpadik* and were punished, they can find this out. Therefore, there is reason to prohibit giving this kind of information.

True, there is an argument to permit speaking in this case, as the act was done publicly, in front of the whole class, and the speaker is not deliberately trying to publicize the girls' wrongdoings; after all, she didn't even mention their names. Even so, *l'maaseh*, we shouldn't rely on this reasoning to permit speaking, especially since it may also be *lashon hara* on the teacher, who cannot control her class, and it may even be *lashon hara* about the entire school. So it is better not to say it at all.

Guest of Honor

"Look at the dais," Avraham whispered to his friend Eliyahu. "R' Chaim is still sitting there."

"That's really strange," Eliyahu agreed. "He usually doesn't stay at these kinds of events for very long."

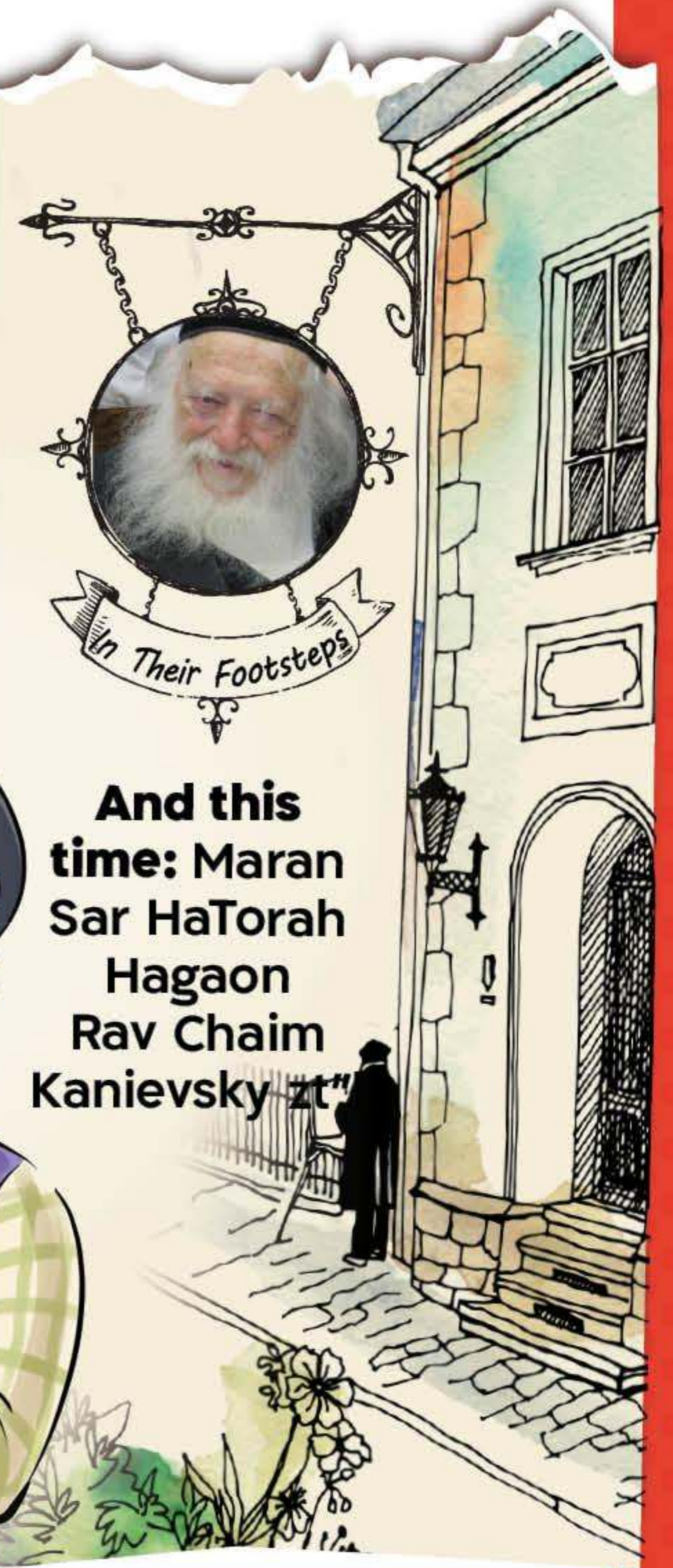
Avraham and Eliyahu weren't the only ones wondering about it that evening. It really was strange. Rav Chaim Kanievsky was known as someone whose every moment was very precious to him. Even when he had to come to *simchas* and events to honor them with his presence, he would make his stay there very short.

So what happened this time?

It turned out that at that event, there were quite a few *darshanim* who spoke, and Rav Chaim didn't want to leave between *derashos* because he was afraid that might be interpreted as if he doesn't want to hear the coming *darshanim*.

(Based on Gadol B'kirbeich)

To R' Chaim, every moment was precious, but so as not to put someone to shame, he preferred to stay longer. And what about me?





Cookie War

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"On Wednesday morning, our Romanian cleaning lady comes." Shoshi is practically crying. "And if

the paper really stayed on the desk, she for sure threw it out!!!"

"Threw it out...???" Peri sounds shocked. "There's no way that we can start preparing this program from scratch," she adds in despair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

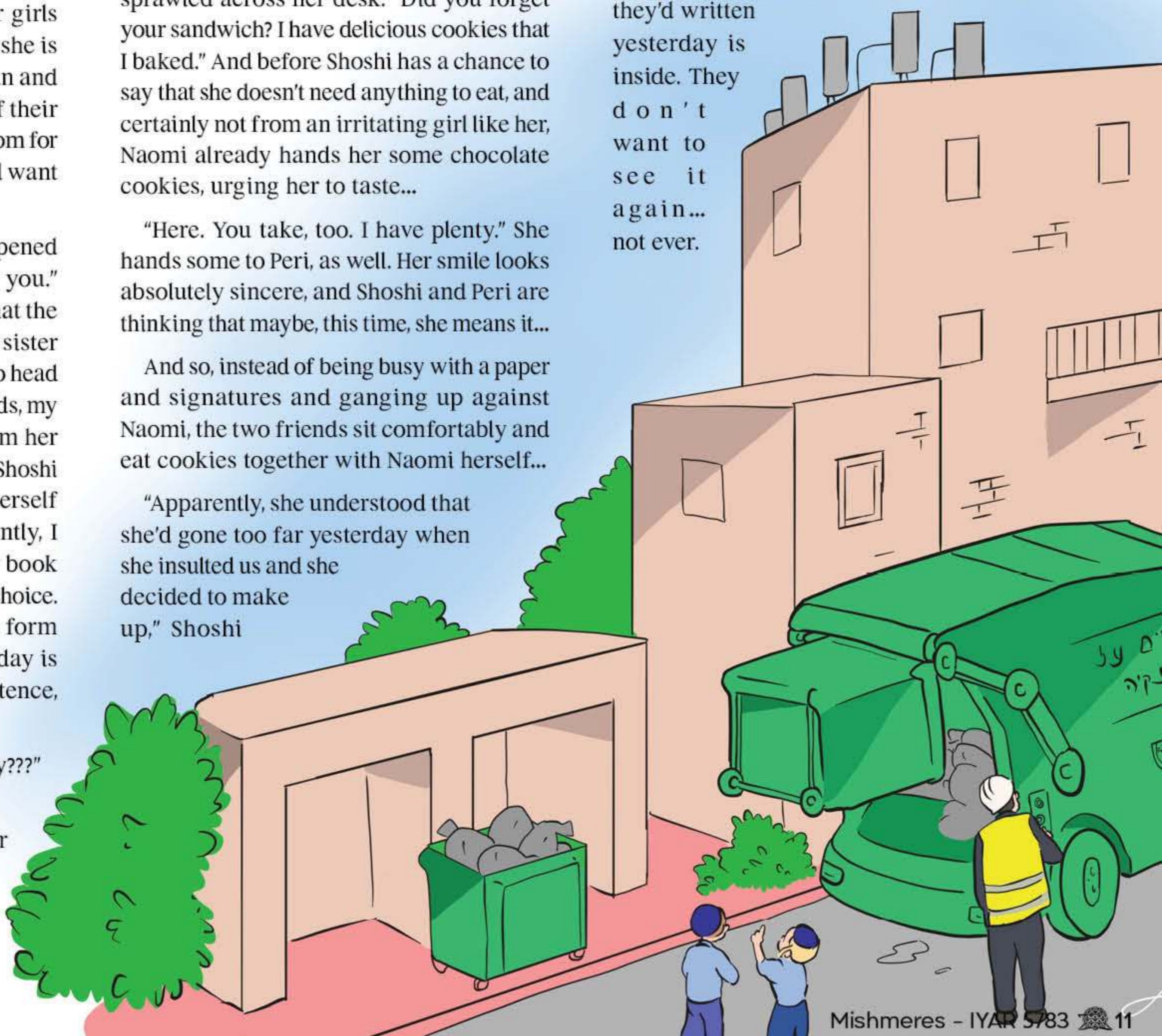
whispers to Peri afterwards, when Naomi isn't around to hear.

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

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

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

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



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



Collecting Boards

"My brother Meir, from first grade, wants to join our bonfire," said Ezry to his friends, as they schlepped a pile of five wooden planks they'd found at the edge of the neighborhood. The wood was heavy and they were sweating, but this treasure was worth every effort. What a nice bonfire they were going to have this year!!

"Why not?" responded Yaakov. "I'm also bringing my brother Refael."

"And we have a few extra ice pops," Ephraim added.

"Why not?!" snapped Michoel, the organizer of the group. "Because I know him. He's just an annoying crybaby!"

After what Michoel said, no one dared to speak up. Ezry understood that there was no chance of his bringing his brother Meir into their bonfire group.

Look up *sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Lashon Hara, Klal Aleph, Se'if Aleph, and also Klal Ches, Se'if Gimmel*, call 072-337-2212 Ext. 33, and choose the most correct answer about Michoel's behavior. Those who answer correctly will automatically enter a raffle.



The idea that won the prize was from Rachel Solomon from Holon.

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



No Offense

New Shoes

A few words from Chanie:

The bell rings, marking the end of the second lesson, and the girls take out their sandwiches and start heading for the sinks at the end of the corridor to wash *netilas yadayim*. Today Ima made me a cheese and ketchup sandwich, Chanie muses gleefully. It's her favorite. She joins the line of girls walking out of the classroom.

As Chanie proceeds down the hallway, she senses strange looks being shot in her direction. A second later, Chanie notices two girls from the parallel class pointing derisively at--- at---

Yes. At her new shoes.

How she debated yesterday in the shoe store before deciding to buy them. Chanie has a mild orthopedic problem in one of her feet and most of the pretty, stylish models in the stores aren't good for her. But she actually liked these lavender ones. She thought they were cute and looked good on her, and the price was very reasonable.

But apparently, she was mistaken. After all, those girls are winking at each other and talking about her "weird" shoes. Yes she heard them use that word, "weird"---

Suddenly Chanie isn't thinking any more about the tasty sandwich awaiting her. She doesn't even remember that she's hungry. She can only think about the new shoes, which apparently are really strange, and she doesn't have the courage to take another step in them and proceed down the long school corridor.



What could have happened:

Chanie turns around and returns to the classroom. She puts the sandwich back in its compartment and sits there, sad and hungry, for the entire recess. She's ashamed to show herself outside. When school is over, she goes out after everyone else, alone, and runs home with tears in her eyes. That's it! She's not coming to school in these shoes ever again!!

What happened in the end:

"Hey, Chanie! *Tischadshi* on the amazing shoes!" Racheli's voice from behind her sounds really excited. "I've been looking for a style just like that," she adds. "Where did you buy them? I must go there already today, before they get sold out."

It isn't certain that Racheli really intends to run and buy just such a model. It could be she said it only to give Chanie a compliment. Racheli knows that it's hard for Chanie to find shoes, and she may also have noticed the two girls giggling. But it doesn't make a difference. The main thing is that Racheli simply saved Chanie.



Way to Go!

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

Accordion Trip

Are you familiar with "accordion buses"? The ones that are "one plus one," with a spinning floor between them? I usually enjoy standing on the revolving circle. Why spend a fortune for an amusement park, when, after validating your bus card for a small fee, you can whiz around?

Today, for a change, I didn't stand there. First of all, the bus was totally packed ... I couldn't say "Excuse me" dozens of times just to make my way to that destination. Second of all, we're in Sefiras Ha'omer now and an "accordion" isn't appropriate these days...

So I stood next to the first pole that came my way and tried to push in my hand and "capture" a small piece of the metal. I couldn't move or see anything. I could barely breathe. But I could hear.

"Listen," said a boy standing somewhere behind me, "I can't take it anymore."

"Can't take it?"

"No," the boy insisted. His words must have entered seventeen pairs of ears. "It's terrible! So slow and so delayed, I'm telling you."

The words were said in a loud voice, and, as I explained already, they reached a total of thirty-four ears (minus three, because of the black earphones that some of the *bachurim* had stuck in their ears...)

How does he dare to speak like that publicly? What about a little *shemiras halashon*? Maybe he himself is a little slow and delayed and doesn't know that it's Sefiras Ha'omer?

I wanted to stop up my ear so I wouldn't be guilty of hearing the rest, but I was afraid to

take my hand off the pole, after capturing my small handhold there. Just then, the bus stopped suddenly, with a screech. Boom! I wanted to tell those boys what I think about their *bein adam l'chaveiro*, but then I understood that this wasn't an arbitrary halt; we'd come to a bus stop. The voices faded away. The boys must have gotten off. From the corner of my eye, I glimpsed the green-gray checkered shirt one of them was wearing. I heaved a sigh of relief. Okay, don't catch me



on the details. I didn't actually heave anything, and it wasn't really a sigh of relief. But I did feel more at ease. I hoped that the rest of the way would continue uneventfully and Hashem would save me from all kinds of mishaps that could come my way, including being stuck next to speakers of *lashon hara*.

Three or four stops later, I finally got to "my" bus stop. I let go of the pole, and without seeing who would inherit my spot, I said "Excuse me" and again, "EXCUSE ME!!!" until I got to the door and jumped off, into the outside air.

I checked that my bag was still with me (A miracle! It was there!) and hurried to Uncle Gershon's watch shop.

"Hello, Uncle Gershon!" I smiled as I came in.

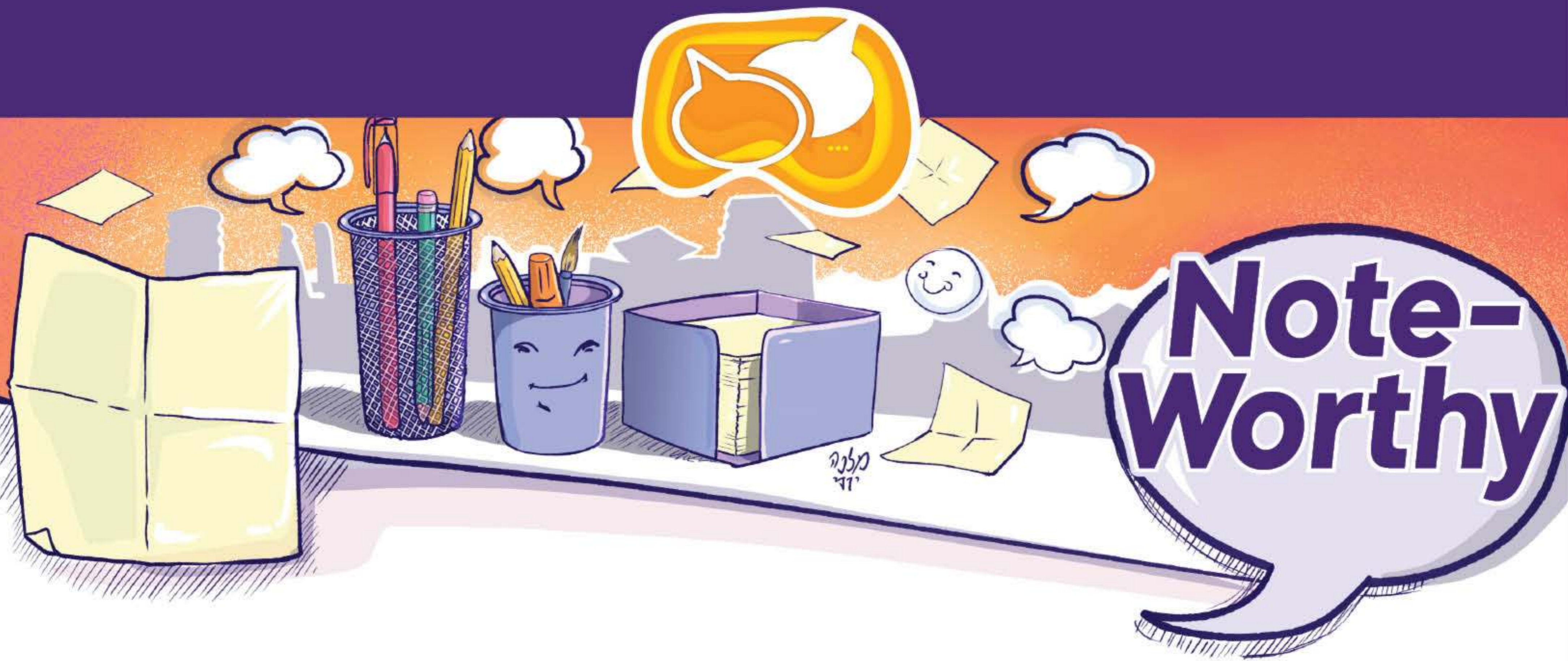
"Oowah! Kasriel! What an important guest!" Uncle Gershon welcomed me grandly. "I'll be with you in a few minutes, okay? Meanwhile, look around yourself."

I looked a bit at the watches all around, but soon stopped. The watch hands always remind me of myself - moving ahead quickly and not stopping. At the same time, they're so different from me. They're stuck in the same place (the opposite of me) and are terribly consistent (likewise). If not for those watch hands moving steadily every morning, my life would be a lot simpler---

"You understand?" I suddenly heard a voice from the left. Someone in a gray-green checkered shirt was explaining to Uncle Gershon what he wanted: "My last watch was terrible! From the very beginning, it was always running late. I decided that this time, I'd pay more and invest in a quality watch. I can't take a lazybones like him anymore."

Lazybones... like him!!!

My mouth opened, closed, and opened again, like an accordion. I closed it tight and held in the rising gale of laughter. The understanding laughter. The important and illuminating laughter...



A Secret Called: Memory

It was little, white, and innocent. I found it in the classroom, near the garbage can. I picked it up, never imagining what a mess it would get me into...

Just one word was written on the note: Tricosol

At first I stared at it, not understanding what I was reading. Then it started to sound familiar... until I remembered: That's the name of the blue pill Saba takes every evening. Not long ago, Saba asked me to bring him the little cup of medicines that Savta had prepared on the counter. I must have looked a little stunned

by the large number of pills, so he patiently explained what each one was for.

For some reason, I remembered only the Tricosol. "This pill strengthens the memory," Saba smiled. *Baruch Hashem* that nowadays such an important medicine is available. Right?"

So how did this word get to a little white note in my classroom? And... wait, isn't that Yoel Fuchs's handwriting? Could something have happened to his memory? Can it be that at such a young age, he needs a pill to help him remember things?

Oy! That's frightening! I'm sure that a symptom like that in someone our age is very rare. And Yoel is considered one of the best students!

"Tzvi, did something happen?" Meir surprised

me from behind.

"Nothing happened," I mumbled, sticking the note into my pocket. I decided to keep this unpleasant information a secret, so nobody in my class would suspect that Yoel Fuchs's memory is not 100 percent fine. That could really cause him embarrassment, aside from the anguish he must have already from the problem itself. Poor kid...

So began a sad and unpleasant period. Without planning to, I found myself tracking Yoel and noticing more and more signs confirming my guess.

One day there was a Gemara test. I saw him go over to the rebbi a few times to ask questions, which was not typical for him at all. What could it be, if not memory loss?

Then there was the story with the book Mendy had lent to him. Three days in a row I heard Mendy ask him: "Did you bring the book?" and he answered, "Not yet." He also looked uncomfortable. I debated what was better - to be quiet and not react or to call Mendy aside and ask him not to nudge anymore, because... because what? What could I tell him without giving away the secret?

Another time, I was walking together with Yoel and we met a boy he knew, and it seemed to me that Yoel was avoiding saying his name - because it must have flown

out of his head. And there were other signs, like the time he couldn't recall where he'd left his ball and even - unbelievably - the fact that he left his halachah notebook at home by mistake.

I was so convinced about this idea that when the rebbi chose Yoel to be in charge of the new learning project, I reacted, without thinking: "But how will he be able to do it?"

Yoel and everyone else looked at me in surprise. "What's the problem?" the rebbi asked. Just then I realized how bad it had sounded. I muttered something like: "Sorry, I got mixed up," and somehow, we moved on.

That afternoon, I was visiting the Sterns, my cousins who live on the next block. "Would you mind coming with me to the hardware store?" my cousin asked. I agreed. Why not?

"I need Tricosol batteries," he said to the salesman. I was stunned.

"What kind of batteries are they?" I whispered to him, when the salesman went to look for them.

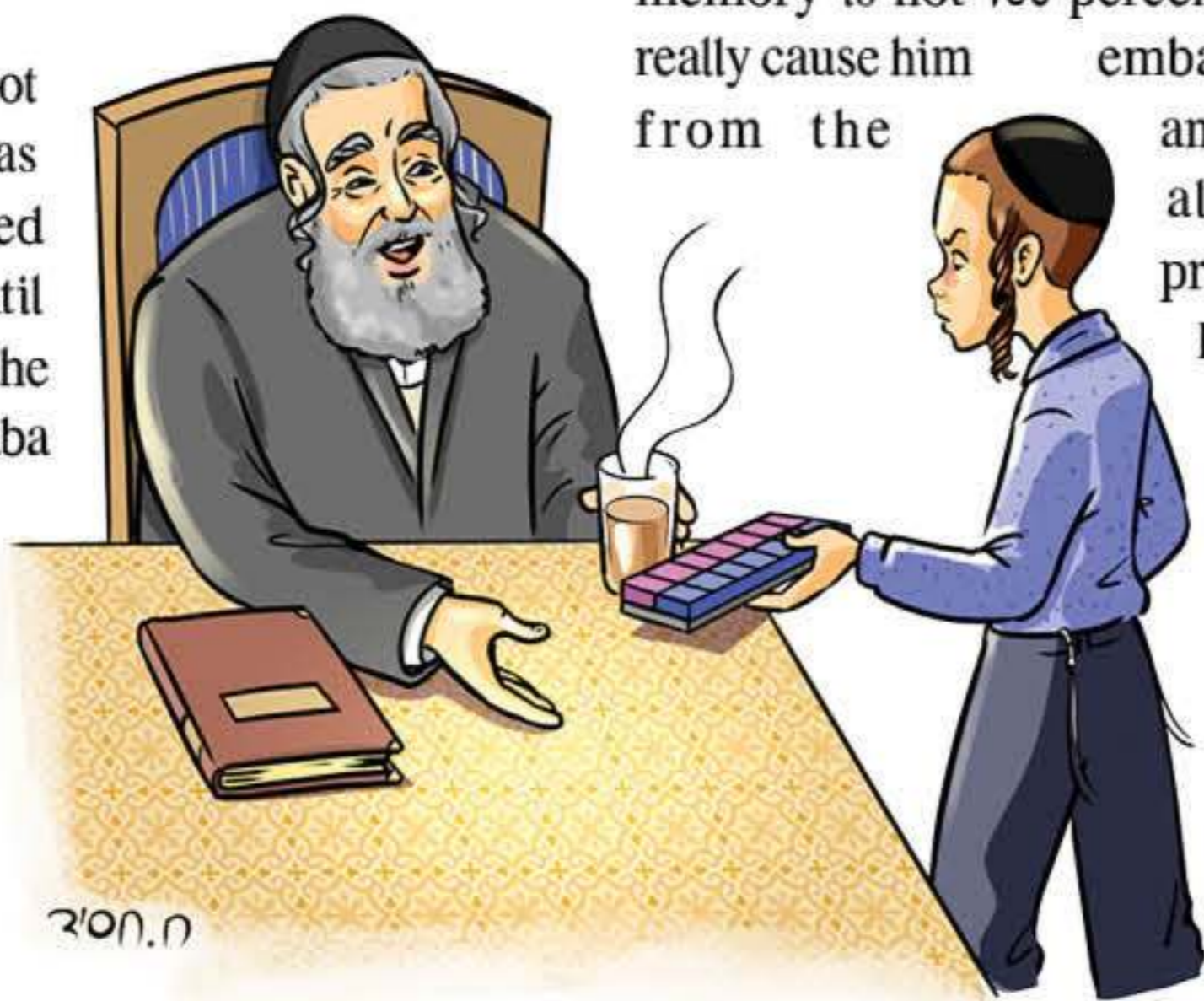
"Especially strong batteries," he explained, not understanding my excitement.

There you are - I said to myself on the way home. *Memory loss... and a boy taking a medicine for old people... Unbelievable what fantasies I came up with, and in the end, it all turned out to be a mistake.*

Maybe next time, it will help me to not judge things so definitively.

Because even when everything leans so clearly in a certain direction, and there are such

"obvious" proofs, there's still room to be *dan l'chaf zechus*. Right?





Yossie Chooses a Present

Pesach is over. The month of Iyar has already started.

And Yossie is still debating: What afikomen present should he ask Zeidy for?

A ball – is big and colorful, but it can burst.

A car with remote control – is great, but it breaks in the end.

A book – is nice to read, but after reading it a few times, it's boring.

A game - is a good idea, but it has a lot of pieces that can get lost...

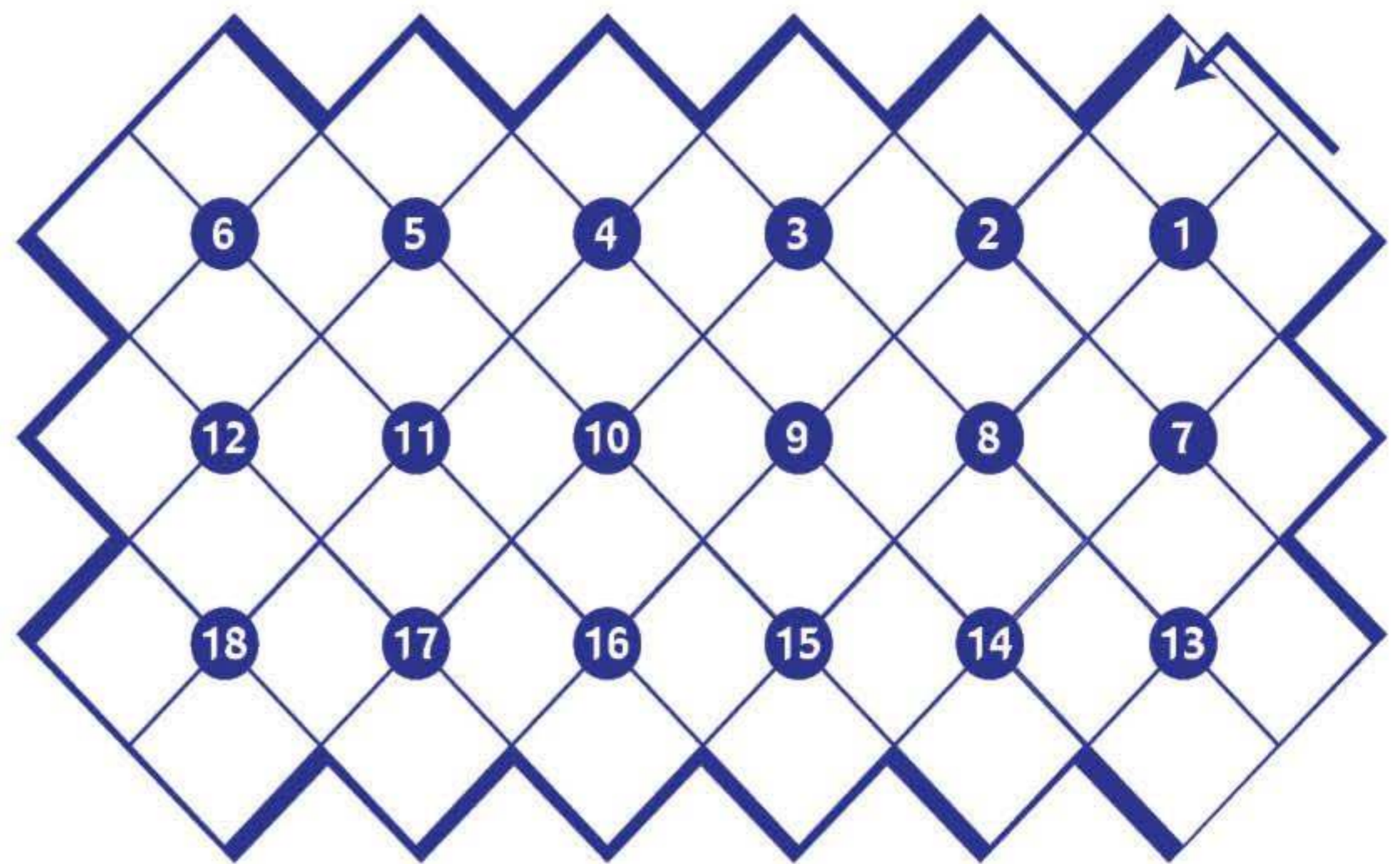
Everything has good sides and bad sides, Yossie understands. Every person, too, has good qualities and bad qualities. "If I remember that, it will be easier for me to like alllll of my friends!" he decides.



RAFFLE WINNERS FOR THE PUZZLE SECTION:
AVIGAYIL ZACK, MODI'IN ILIT

תַּשְׁבֵּץ פִּיּוֹרֵת

הַתְּשׁוּבוֹת בַּתְּשְׁבֵּץ הַזֶּה נִכְתָּבוֹת נֶגֶד כּוּוֹן מַחֻגֵי הַשָּׁעוֹן. יֵשׁ לְהַתְחִיל (מֵהַמְשֻׁבָּצֵת שְׂמִימִין לַמְסָפֵר (שִׁמּוֹ לֵב לַחֵץ



הַגְּדֵרוֹת:

1. הַעֲנִיקוּ
2. מְבַנֵּי אֹרֵי לְרֹאוֹת
3. הַהֶפֶךְ מִפְּלֶחֶמָה
4. מַעֲבִיר עַל מְדוּתָיו
5. מְדַתּוֹ נָשַׁל לְבֶן הָאֶרֶץ
6. הַהֶפֶךְ מִשְׁנֹאָה
7. אֶחָד מִהַדְּבָרִים שְׂאוֹתוֹ אֹרֵם דְּבוּר לְשׁוֹן הָרַע
8. בֶּן גֵּרָא
9. אָבִי מִשָּׁה
10. "... צְדִיקִים בֵּה"
11. הַסְּבִיר, תֵּרֵץ
12. אֵינוֹ אִטִּי
13. הַקּוֹל שֶׁפִּנְשָׁמִיעַ הַדָּב
14. "... בְּסֵלַע, שְׁתִּיקָה בְּתֵרִי"
15. בָּגוֹן, לְדַגְמָה
16. "... מְצֹרוֹת נִפְשׁוּ"
17. מִתְפַּלְלִים שֶׁיִּבְנֶה בְּמִהְרָה
18. סוּג קוֹץ

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

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

Name:	
Address:	
Phone:	City:

TREASURES IN THE SAHARA

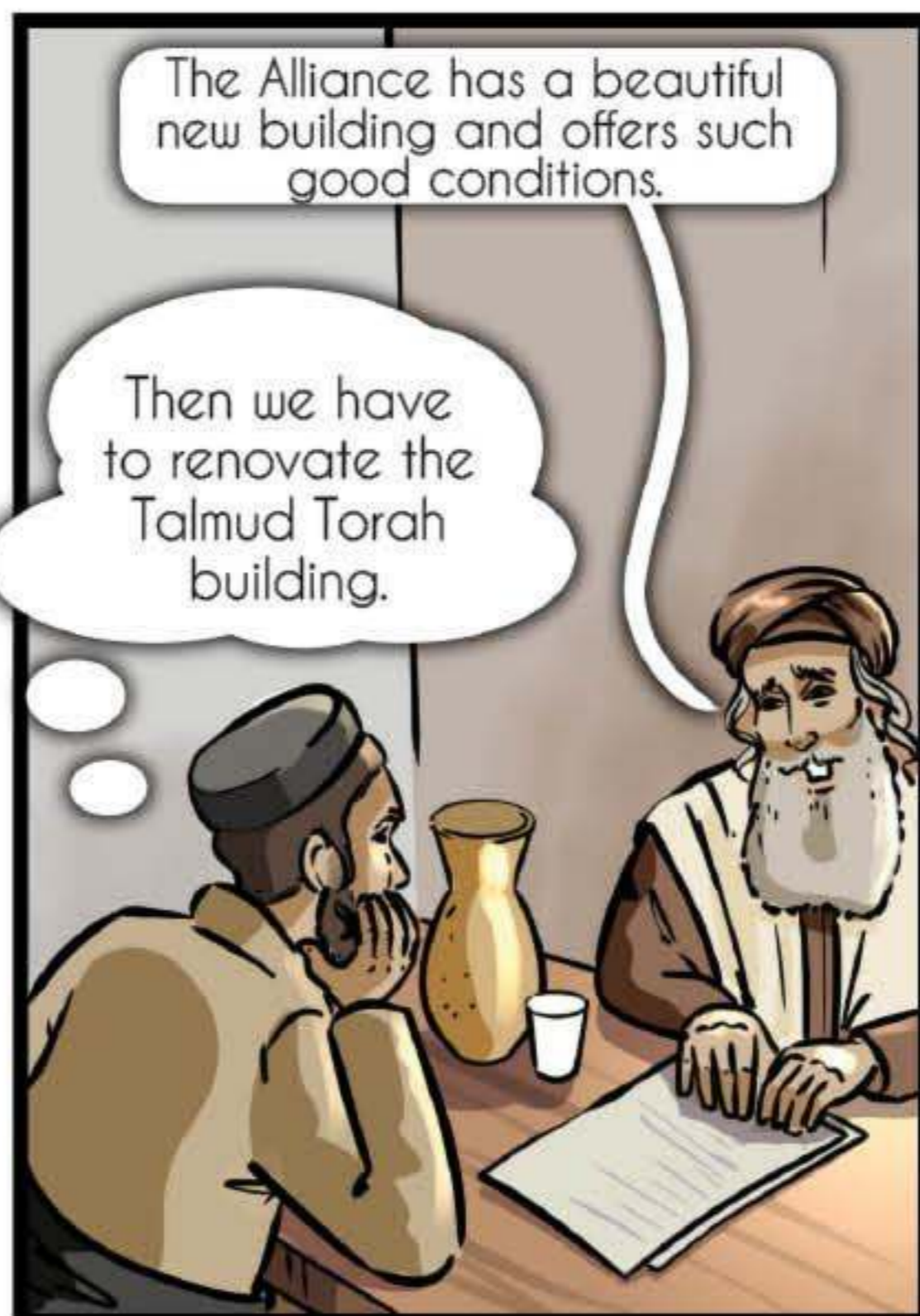
Summary: A Talmud Torah in Algeria. Rav Tzemach Duran is speaking with the principal. They are worried about the winds of Haskalah that are liable to sweep up the families in the community. Two Arabs whisper about the fact that Tzemach found a treasure and became rich.

Written by B. Halevi
Illustrated by C. Chusid **2**



Three families already moved their children to the school opened here by Alliance agents.¹

They couldn't resist the temptation.



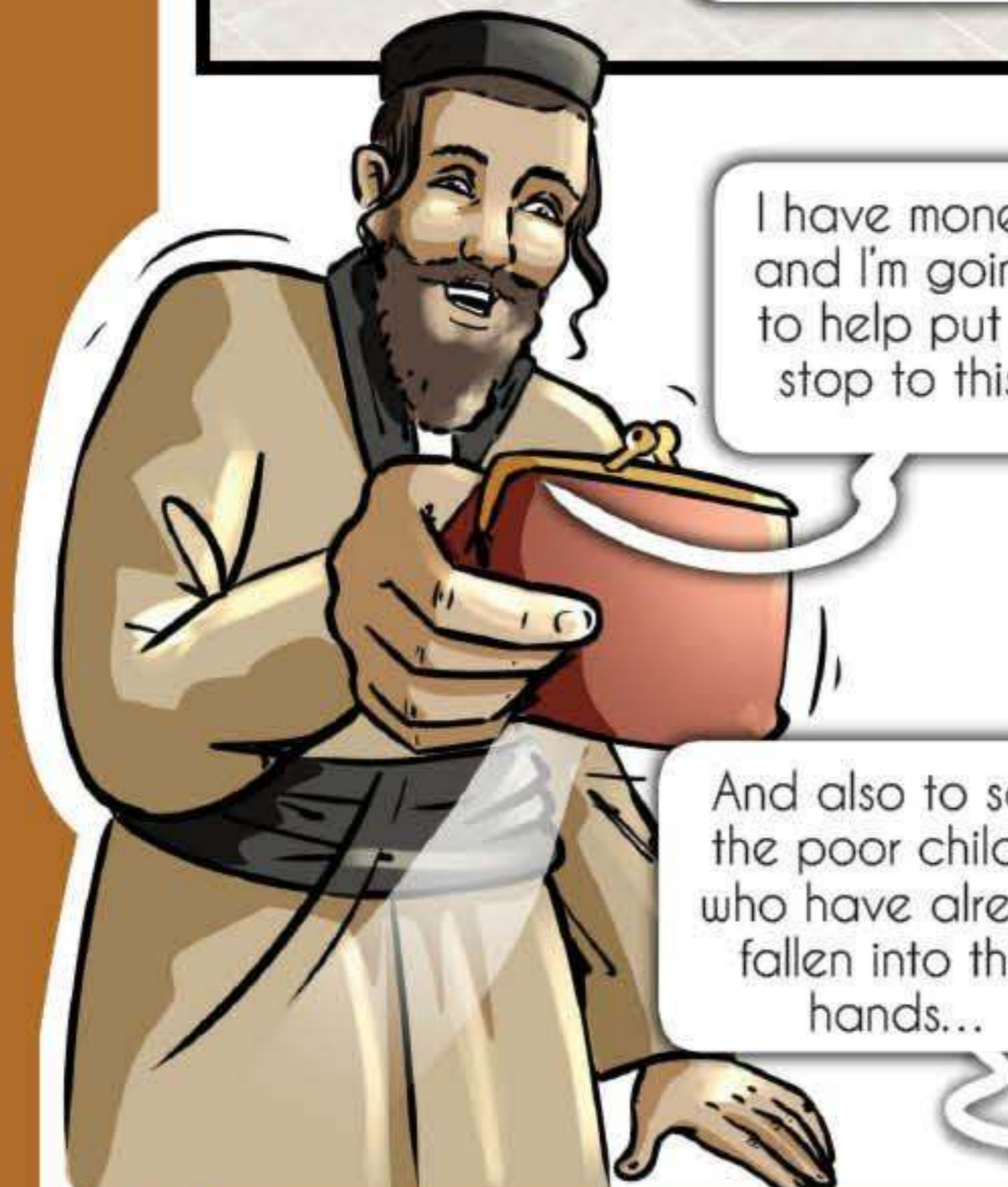
The Alliance has a beautiful new building and offers such good conditions.

Then we have to renovate the Talmud Torah building.



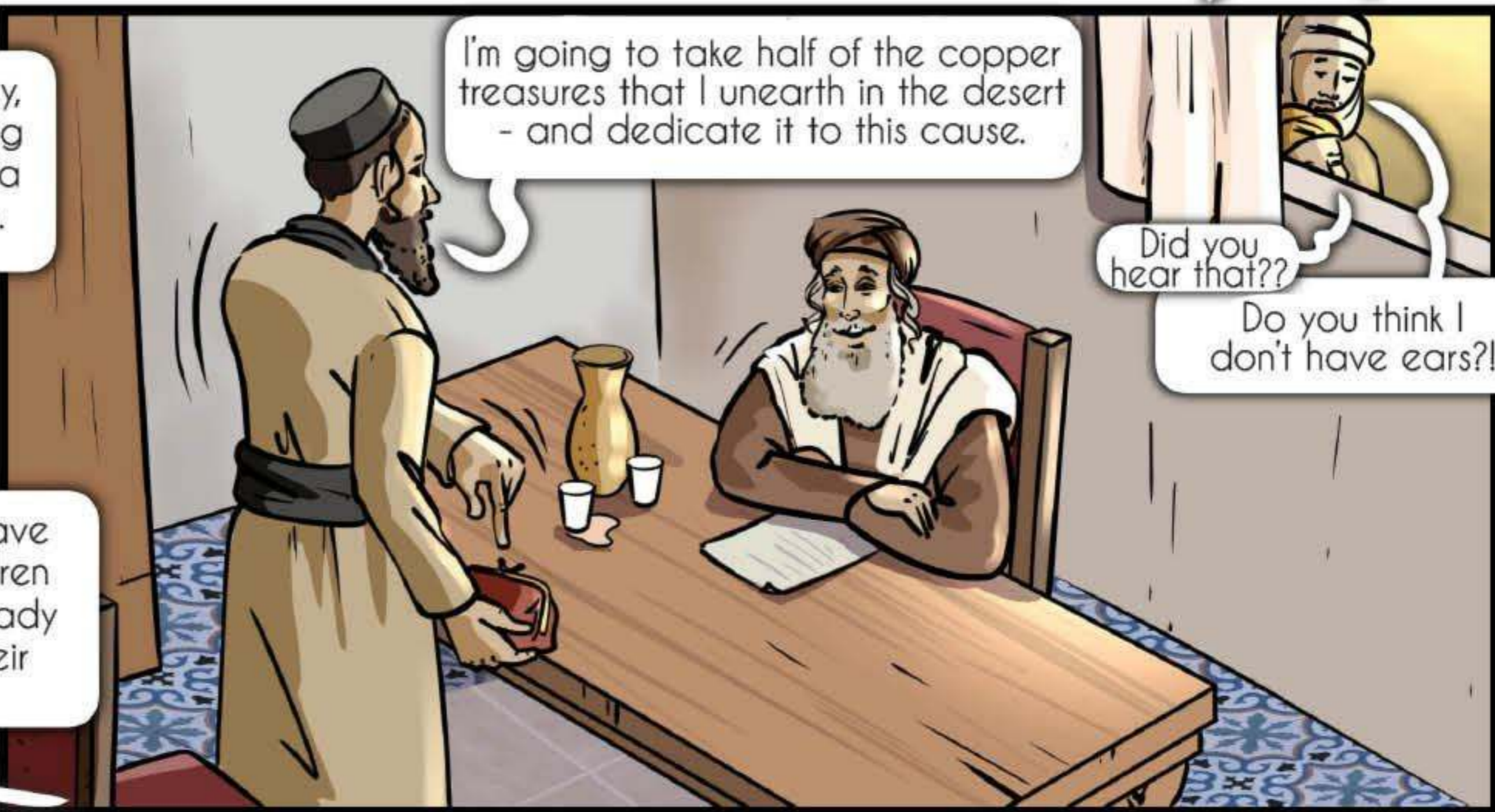
They mainly succeed in drawing the poor families. They give them money, food, and clothing for the children.

So we'll give them the same assistance!



I have money, and I'm going to help put a stop to this.

And also to save the poor children who have already fallen into their hands...



I'm going to take half of the copper treasures that I unearth in the desert - and dedicate it to this cause.

Did you hear that??

Do you think I don't have ears?!



A few days later:

Look how nice! Finally they're painting the classroom.



I heard that Yaakov Duran's father donated a lot of money for it.

¹ An organization that established schools in the spirit of the Haskalah in Jewish communities.

To be continued, be"H