

משמרות

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MISHMERES HASHOLOM MAGAZINE



MY MOISHELE?!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN AND GIRLS,
SITTING AND SAYING TEHILLIM FOR
SOMEONE THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW. WHY?

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On Erev Shabbos, someone called to ask me to take part in a thousand *sifrei Tehillim* for the *refuah* of a little girl in critical condition *l'a*. I took upon myself what I could. After the call, I thought to myself, "If they're organizing a thousand *sifrei Tehillim*, that means that they're looking for some seven thousand women and girls, who don't even know the sick child, to sit on Shabbos and say *Tehillim* for her recovery!" And experience shows that the public responds...

Where else could you find such remarkable *ahavas Yisrael*? Thousands of people saying *Tehillim* for someone they never met! Why? Because she is part of Am Yisrael. Part of us! *Ashrei ha'am shekachah lo...*

This month, in the Tomer Devora series, we're up to the fourth *middah*, "*L'she'eiris nachalaso*," which guides us to this precise feeling – that Am Yisrael is one big family and every Jew is a part of me.

There's a well-known story of a woman who went out on the street and saw everyone in a big panic. Someone told her that a child had fallen. "Nu, no need to get hysterical," she calmed everyone. "Children fall and they get up..." "But it was a serious injury," they told her. "His leg is bleeding badly." She continued to reassure them, until she saw the wounded child lying on the corner. Suddenly she broke into terrible screams--- "What happened?!" wondered the people. "You told us all along that it was nothing ..." "But it's my Moishele..." she wailed.

That is how we ought to feel towards every single Jew, that he is "my Moishele"! If it's my Moishele – I really care about his pain, and when he makes a *simchah*, I am truly happy for him! If it is my child, I try to interpret his misdeeds positively and hope that people will understand him, won't be angry at him, will judge him favorably.

If we can feel that way, if we can remind ourselves that the other person is part of us and behave towards him accordingly – we will be *zocheh* that Hashem, too, will regard us as beloved children and bring us a *shefa* of *berachah*, *rachamim*, and *yeshuos*.

This is the month that we left Mitzrayim. משמרת השלום is the same *gimatriya* as "בנערינו ובנערותנו ובוזקינינו נלך בבנינו ובלבנותנו", with our youngsters and with our elders shall we go, with our sons and with our daughters." May we be *zocheh* yet this year "כי חג' לנו" that we should celebrate the Yom Tov in the Beis Hamikdash!

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כל הזכויות שמורות

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ASK THE RAV

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HARAV HAGAON R' MENACHEM MENDEL FUCHS SHLITA

PRINCIPAL WITH INTERPERSONAL COMMUNICATION DIFFICULTIES

Question: I work in a special education school, a very demanding job. Our principal, whom we admire greatly, has advanced the school nicely, thanks to her great dedication. But she has a problem with interpersonal communication, as expressed in her frequent criticism, her interference in areas that are not in her purview, and more, and the result is occasional tension and friction.

As her staff, we are used to her personality and try to play along with her "mindset." But the issue arises again from time to time, and we have a sort of "support group" among ourselves to remind us that this is the principal's problem and we should not be offended by her remarks.

In such a case, where we are all aware of her problematic behavior in general, and the discussion merely hones in on one more detail that happened now – is such talking permitted?

Answer: Regarding the kind of talk described, it depends on the purpose of the discussion: If it is just in order to complain about the principal's behavior, laugh at her approach, and denigrate the negative aspects of her character – there is no *heter* for this, since there is no constructive benefit. Even if the matter is known to everyone in a general sense, this kind of discussion accentuates the flaws; therefore, it is *lashon hara* without *to'eles*. But if the purpose is, as the questioner writes, "to remind ourselves of her problem and not to be offended by her remarks," that is, to constantly remember the "half full cup" – the principal's good points and her dedication to the school's success, and to refrain from focusing on the imperfect half – then the conversation would be permissible for several reasons, primarily because it is *l'to'eles*.

ADMINISTRATOR WHO WANTS TO SEND REMINDERS TO THE SCHOOL STAFF

Question: I work in an administrative position in a school. This past year, due to the situation, communication between the teachers and the principal, assistant principals, and coordinators was primary via email (filtered, of course! We insist that all teachers should have the best filter).

Am I permitted to send an email like this: "*Yasher koach* to the teachers who already sent in their reports, without a reminder" and to write their names, clearly implying that the rest of the teachers did not do so...

My principal claims that it motivates all the teachers to submit on time and serves as a gentle reminder to those who didn't. To me it seems to be insulting and to cause discomfort. What is the halachic view?

Answer: The *heter* to send an email like the one described is dependent on whether the teachers were asked to submit their reports by a certain date or were not given a specific date. If no clear deadline was set, then those who did not yet send in cannot be accused of not doing their job properly. In that case, it would be permissible to send such a message to everyone, mentioning names, since this does not imply anything negative about those who did not yet send. But if a clear date had been given for submitting reports and some teachers neglected to do so, then by mentioning the names of those who submitted, one is actually reporting those who did not meet their obligations. In this case, one may not send the kind of message described in the question. However, the reminder could be sent without mentioning names, such as: "*Yasher koach* to the teachers who already sent in their reports, without waiting for a reminder."

MARKETER WHO WANTS TO OFFER HER SERVICES TO BUSINESS OWNERS

Question: I would like to offer my marketing services to business and store owners. In order to persuade them to avail themselves of my advice, I'd like to give them examples of responses I've encountered in their business. For example, I asked in a shoe store about a particular model and the salesperson replied, "We don't have it." According to sales rules, the response should have been: "I'm sorry; we don't have that. How else can I help you?" Of course, I won't tell the business owner explicitly that these are his staff's responses, but he may understand that there is implied criticism of them.

Would this be halachically permissible, when my purpose is to enhance and streamline the functioning of the business and the work team (and also to make a living myself...)

Answer: From the questioner's words, it appears that she'd like to offer to train and deliver courses to staffs of workers and teach them how to give good customer service, make a good impression, and attract more clients. To convince the business owners of how important this is, she'd like to give examples of the staff's non-professionalism in these areas. If, in the end, the business owner will understand that his team or some of his employees do not know how to fill their roles properly, he apparently will not dismiss them and no real damage will be caused to them. At most, he will hire the questioner to give them good training courses, a very common thing nowadays. Therefore, it would seem to be permissible for the questioner to conduct herself as she suggested. But, *l'chatchilah*, she should give examples from other kinds of businesses. When speaking with a housewares store owner, she could give examples from a shoe store staff, and vice versa. She should also clearly emphasize that even the staff members who do not relate to customers properly are not guilty of laziness or a lack of dedication, so long as they haven't received professional training, and that is precisely why she is offering her services.

לע"נ הרה"ח ר' שבתי זאב בן הרה"ח ר' מנחם מנדל ז"ל ווג' מרת חיה דבורה בת הרה"צ ר' משולם זושא ע"ה



דבור
גדולים

THE BAAL AHAVAS YISRAEL OF VIZHNITZ ZT"l WAS ONCE ASKED: "WHAT DO YOU DO IF SOMEONE DOESN'T LIKE YOU? THE REBBE ANSWERED: "I LOVE HIM, AND LOVE HIM, AND LOVE HIM, UNTIL HE LOVES ME. THERE IS NO OTHER OPTION..."

WINNERS OF NIS 100 IN THE RAFFLE AMONG THOSE LEARNING THE HALACHOS IN SHEVAT:

MRS. CHANIE CHESHIN, Y-M | MRS. MALKA MAZIA, Y-M | MRS. CHAYA GITTY KATZBURG, Y-M | MRS. GITTY BLAU, BEIT SHEMESH | MRS. SARI KREIZER, Y-M



STORY

RACHEL T.

GUEST FOR A WHILE



It was seven thirty in the morning. The boys were getting dressed. Brachie, the high school girl, was in the kitchen, getting organized. Sharp knocks sent Mrs. Rhein running to open the door.

An unfamiliar elderly woman was standing there. "About the rental apartment that you advertised," she said, peering curiously at the lively hubbub inside. "Can I see it now?"

Leah Rhein glanced at the clock, shot quick instructions at Naomi, who was busy making sandwiches, and reluctantly led the woman to the living unit adjacent to their apartment. It wouldn't be nice to just turn her away, but...

"Nice apartment. Just what I'm looking for." The potential renter looked satisfied. "I want to rent it immediately."

Leah felt her knees shaking. In her wildest dreams, she never thought they'd take a renter so far from *shemiras mitzvos*... But, as she studied the eager gaze of the woman – who introduced herself as Mrs. Horen – she was at a loss for words.

"Come inside meanwhile. My husband will be home soon. I can't make any decisions without him," she explained, as she put up water for coffee for her visitor. Then she ran to the children's rooms to sign a test for Racheli and help Moishy find his missing shoe...

A light rap at the door and R' Shmuel Rhein walked in with his usual "Good morning." He was surprised to hear about the "guest" in the dining room...

As tactfully as he could, he explained to her that this was a genuinely *Chareidi* area in the heart of Bnei Brak. He had phone numbers of agents who could show her apartments closer to Ramat Gan that might be more suitable. But she didn't seem to get the hint. She'd seen the ad for this apartment and come early to be the first one. She liked the apartment and the neighborhood. She had three months' rent in cash ready with her, and "Don't worry. I'm willing to do whatever you say to adapt myself to the religious neighbors. You can be absolutely at ease..."

That same week, she moved in. All she brought

with her were a few suitcases and a yearning look in her eyes.

On Friday morning, when the building was full of Shabbos aromas, Mrs. Horen knocked at the Rheins' door. She couldn't figure out the dials of the electric hotplate. She wanted to cook for herself and ---

Suddenly Leah Rhein realized: Here was a lonely woman, far from *shemiras mitzvos*, perhaps, but attempting to adapt herself... "I'll be right in to help you, Mrs. Horen," she smiled, drying her soapy hands on her apron, "but for tonight's *seudah*, we'd like you to be our guest."

Mrs. Horen didn't even attempt to object. She just asked if there were any special rules she needed to know before coming to them for the Shabbos *seudah*. Leah explained that at five thirty, a "Shabbos melody" would play on the loudspeakers. That meant it was time to light Shabbos candles. "Wait," she said. She went into the kitchen and came back with a tray and two tea lights, along with a laminated page with the *berachah*. "This is for you. If you want it, of course. After candle lighting time, come over, get to know the children, we'll talk a bit, and then the meal will start."

That was the first time. Mrs. Horen sat on the couch and couldn't suppress her amazement. "Do you set the table like this every Shabbos, or just when you have guests?" she asked.

"Every Shabbos we have a guest. The guest is Shabbos!" five-year-old Chavie apprised her sweetly.

"And is your pretty dress also in honor of the Shabbos guest?" asked the elderly woman with a smile.

"Yes, and also my shoes and even my headband." Chavie enjoyed the attention of the "Savta" from next door.

"And you also have a pretty dress for Shabbos, I see." Mrs. Horen pinched little Pessie's cheek. "How old are you, sweetie?"

"She's three and she's in Gan Shoshana," Chavie answered for her. "And I'm in Gan Avigayil." Soon

the weekly pages came out of their pouches and Mrs. Horen, who hadn't previously heard the concept "*parashas hashavua*," received a recap of everything Chavie had learned in Gan Avigayil, along with occasional explanations from Brachie and Naomi, the older sisters...

The next Shabbos, it was natural that she was invited, and the next one, too. Now she wasn't a guest anymore; she was almost part of the family, the resident "Savta."

Slowly, the other neighbors in the building also got to know her. Mrs. Horen became a beloved and inseparable part of the lively Bnei Brak building, as she came closer to Yiddishkeit, one step at a time. She learned from the children how to say a *berachah*, began keeping *hilchos Shabbos*, listened to *shiurim* on the phone, and became stronger ---

Four months passed. Mrs. Horen didn't say a word about the rent money she needed to pay and Leah felt uncomfortable reminding her. After all, she'd paid the first three months in advance... Maybe she'd simply forgotten that the time had come for the next payment ---

"What will be with the mortgage payment?!" As he spoke, a wrinkle appeared in R' Shmuel Rhein's forehead. The children's room has finally gotten quiet, and the couple was sitting together in the kitchen for a late supper.

They'd built the living unit three years earlier, along with two rooms that they'd added onto their apartment. The need to expand was critical. The idea of adding a rental unit and using the rental money to pay the mortgage was the solution that enabled them to go ahead with the project. For two years, the unit had been rented out to a newlywed couple, and when they'd left – Mrs. Horen had come in.

"Try to borrow money for this payment," Leah sighed. "She's supposed to get her Bituach Leumi money next week. Maybe that's why she's delaying."

But the following week began and ended, with no sign of payment. After another wonderful Shabbos together, Leah decided to gently remind her ---

"You're right --- I really feel bad." Mrs. Horen

מימי
קדם

אשר נשבעת
לאבותינו

חסד
לאברהם

תתן אמת
ליעקב

ותשלך
במצולות ים
כל חטאתם

יכבוש
עוונותינו

ישוב
ירחמנו



lowered her eyes.

"I understand that it's difficult for you, but... the mortgage payment, you know ---"

"I'll try, Leah. I'll really try. It's my medications. They're so expensive. I spend all my Bituach Leumi money on them." She again lowered her gaze in embarrassment.

Leah was silent.

What could she say to a lonely old woman who needed the little money she had to buy medicine?!!

She remained quiet the next month, too, and the one that followed. Her husband kept scraping together loans from here and there to cover the mortgage. And the children kept illuminating Savta Horen's life with their innocent chatter. The Shabbos flames kept glowing, in the window of the rental unit, too, as the elderly woman stood beside them and *davened* ---

"You have no halachic obligation to her," ruled the *rav* to whom R' Shmuel presented their dilemma. "She is not meeting her payment obligations and you are entitled to demand that she vacate the apartment. But ---" and here he hesitated for a moment, choosing his words, "she's alone and is becoming so much stronger in your *zechus*. So there is certainly a matter of *lifnim mishuras hadin* called for here. And Hashem will make it up to you from His great and broad Hand."

Naomi Rhein was already a big high school girl and she would go to the drug store to pick up Savta Horen's pills. Chavie, who was now in fifth grade, did her shopping, and even second grader Pessie went in every day to see "how Savta Horen was feeling." But Mrs. Horen's health situation was shaky, and one evening in early fall, when her pulse was unstable, Leah called an ambulance and brought her dear tenant to the hospital.

She was hospitalized for two and a half weeks and during that entire time, the neighbors took shifts at her bedside. Leah was in constant touch with the medical staff, and one night, they summoned her – certain that she was her daughter – to say good-bye. Her oxygen level was low, all of her numbers were going down, dying out, along with the *neshamah* of old Savta Horen, who left the world with a satisfied smile on her lips. Yes, she'd accomplished a lot in her final years; she'd prepared "provisions for the way..."

Genuine mourning descended on the home of the Rhein family. R' Shmuel took care of funeral and burial arrangements, taking a special loan for that purpose, and Leah organized the small living unit so that they could hold *minyanim* there for the *shivah*.

And then, after the *shivah*, when they began emptying the apartment so they could look for new tenants, they found the envelope ---

It was in the drawer of the night table by her bed. The address section in the upper left corner carried the logo of a notable Tel Aviv lawyer. There was one word written on it: Will.

Inside the envelope was a document, legally prepared and signed, which spoke of a childless Tel Aviv woman with only dogs as her companions. When she was already a senior citizen, she had a (seemingly) random encounter with a *Chareidi* woman who gave her warm, pleasant attention the likes of which she'd never experienced. The encounter left a deep impression and piqued her interest in the *Chareidi* community. Were they all so caring or was that woman an exception? She decided to check out the option of living in the *Chareidi* enclave of Bnei Brak so as to gain closer

familiarity with this unfamiliar population.

You received me as a tenant in your unit. You hosted me so nicely. But I still was not absolutely sure of your love. I wanted to see what would happen if I did not pay the rent. I couldn't believe there were people in the world who were so good.

I want to thank you for the marvelous years you gave me. For the door and the heart that you opened to me. For the taam of Torah and mitzvos that you gave me. And I also want to pay my debt of five years of rent. My lawyer will make sure to transfer the money from my bank account and also to arrange transfer of ownership of my five-room apartment in Tel Aviv, facing the sea.

Thank you for everything and kisses to the girls.

Maya Horen

Two hot tears rolled down from Leah Rhein's eyes, wetting the signed paper that trembled in her hands.

"We really loved you, Savta Horen," she whispered, sitting down on the bed that was still spread with her linens, "and I'm happy to see that you felt it."



A STEP BEYOND

THE FOURTH MIDDAH: "לשארית נחלתנו", FOR THE REMNANT OF HIS HERITAGE"

Hakadosh Baruch Hu behaves towards Am Yisrael with the love we generally display to *ashe'ir*, a relative, as it says in *Tehillim*, "Yisraelam Kerovo, His intimate people."

A genuinely close relationship exists between us and Hashem. Therefore, even when we sin, He says: "If I punish them, it will hurt Me as well" – "*B'chol tzarosam lo tzar*, In all their troubles, He is troubled." So He overcomes His anger and forgives us.

"והלכתי בדרכיו" – GO IN HIS WAYS"

We, too, will regard every other Jew as a real blood relative. "Have we not all one Father?" If so, this makes us family... Let's love our fellow Jews, rejoice in their *simchah*, and enjoy their success, for each of them is our own flesh and blood, a part of us.

Even if someone harms us physically or monetarily, we will try to feel a closeness to him, and, as a result, will not hurt him or cause him pain. After all, if we *chalilah* harm or punish him – it will hurt us ourselves, too...

Based on the sefer *Tomer Devora* put out by Simananim Institute Publishing

מחובל

לשארית נחלתנו

כי חפץ חסד הוא

לא החזיק לעד אפן

ועובר על פשע

נושא עוון


מי קל כמוך



STOP AND THINK

B. HARAMATI

THE CHALLENGE WAITING AROUND THE BEND

 Zissy is the high school *chessed* coordinator. Her room is always humming with activity. She continues to ably manage the various areas of volunteer work even as we are challenged by the Corona period. From Zissy's standpoint, at this time, when children need to be at home a lot, while many mothers continue to work, the need for the devoted volunteers' assistance is even greater.

Now, running through her crowded charts, Zissy is trying to find a volunteer to suit the B. family, with six small children plus a challenging child on the autistic spectrum. His school is open even during the lockdown, but for the hours when he is home, his mother desperately needs a helping hand...

The call from Ruchami interrupts her train of thought. Ruchami is one of Zissy's favorite volunteers – a particularly dedicated and responsible girl, who responds even at pressured times, and always with a glint in her eye.

Ruchami surprises her with a totally unanticipated announcement: "I really feel bad, Zissy, but, after consulting with my mother, I've decided to stop volunteering for the time being. My married sister is very weak after her bout with Corona and she needs my help almost around the clock..."

If Zissy valued Ruchami's *middas hachessed* until today, now a new depth was added to her admiration. From her years of involvement in the area of *chessed*, Zissy knows that it is a lot harder to help a sister or other family member. It sounds so commonplace, not special, unchallenging... but these are precisely the places where a person proves himself

Hagaon Rav Shimon Shkop (in his introduction to *Shaarei Yosher*) explains that every person was created with a feeling of self-love; he looks out for himself and puts in effort to enhance this-worldly conditions, to achieve and succeed. But every Jew is also obligated by the mitzvah of "*V'ahavta l'reyacha kamocho*, to love his fellow." How is it that these two loves do not clash with one another? How can a person love himself to the utmost and, at the same time, love his fellow man with all his heart?

Rav Shimon explains that every person has the mission to expand his "I." First he includes within it his close family and loves them, too, with all he's got. Gradually, he continues expanding his "self" until he includes within it all of Klal Yisrael, since "Every Jew is just another limb of the body of the Jewish people" (ibid).

This is the simple meaning of "*V'ahavta l'reyacha kamocho*," to feel the next person as if he is a part of me, flesh of my flesh.

How can you get angry at neighbors who left their construction waste around and didn't bother cleaning it up? At the boss who didn't show consideration, or the co-worker who preferred to evade his assignment – when they are all



THIS IS ALSO THE RULING OF THE SHULCHAN ARUCH IN HILCHOS TZEDAKAH, THAT ONE MUST FIRST GIVE TO HIS NEEDY RELATIVES AND, ONLY AFTER THAT, TO OTHER POOR PEOPLE.



actually a part of us? How can we hurt, offend, or cause harm to someone, if it is like the right hand wounding the left??

All this is included in the mitzvah of "*V'ahavta l'reyacha kamocho*." And what happens when the offender is our own relative, or even a close family member?

In *Yeshayahu* (58:3-7), Am Yisrael ask: "Why did we fast and You did not see? Why did we afflict our souls and You did not know?" In reply, the *navi* explains that, for Hakadosh Baruch Hu, fasting alone is not enough, if it is without correction of our deeds. In the *pesukim* that follow, he gives a list of areas that need rectification, concluding with some outstanding points of *bein adam*

l'chaveiro: "Surely you should break your bread for the hungry and bring the miserable poor into your home; when you see a naked person, clothe him." And then comes the closing point: "Do not hide yourself from your kin." Because it's not enough to be *baalei chessed* towards the poor and hungry outside. It's not sufficient to look after needy neighbors and those lacking proper clothing; it's most important to remember those who are close to you, your blood relatives.

This is also the ruling of the *Shulchan Aruch* in *hilchos tzedakah*, that one must first give to his needy relatives and, only after that, to other poor people.

Rabbi Akiva Eiger *zt"l* once came to a town and walked around for a long time, searching for someone's address. When the townspeople wondered why the *gedol hador* was seeking out this simple person, he answered simply: "He is my relative and I want to see how he is doing... It is he that the Torah referred to when it said, 'Do not hide yourself from your kin...'"

It isn't always easy to put the needs of close family at the head of our scale of priorities. Many people gravitate towards big, impressive deeds on the outside, while inside the home, with their own children, sisters, and sisters-in-law, who "don't deserve that I should make an effort for them," they're not exactly forthcoming...

Perhaps if we remember that this is precisely where a person is measured, that his conduct within the home is the real yardstick of his character, it will be easier for us...

When Avraham Avinu came to bury Sarah, the *pasuk* says, "And afterward, Avraham buried Sarah his wife." The *Midrash Rabbah* says that this *pasuk* teaches us that Avraham was a pursuer of *tzedakah* and *chessed*. Avraham Avinu was the symbol of *chessed* in the world, as we say in the *tefillah*: "Give *emes* to Yaakov, *chessed* to Avraham..." Yet when the Torah wishes to teach us about his *middas hachessed*, it does so through an act of *chessed* that Avraham did – not with the guests who came into his tent, not with the passersby who were served at the *aishel* he planted in Beersheva – but with his wife.

This is the principle Avraham handed down to us, a heritage for all time.

THE STAGE IS YOURS



DID YOU SEE A YESHUAH? CALL AND BE MEZAKEH HARABIM. TO HEAR AND RECORD YESHUAH STORIES FOR WOMEN, CALL 072-337-2212 EXT. 8

WE GOT THE PICTURE!

We had very important and precious photos that we'd taken and – we have no idea how it happened – they were erased from the flash drive where they'd been saved. We tried a number of computer technicians, but none of them succeeded in finding the lost files. As a last resort, I decided to donate to Mishmeres HaSholom, the organization I admire so much. The next day, my husband mentioned the problem to an acquaintance who is computer-savvy. He took a look at the flash drive and – wonder of wonders! He managed to retrieve everything!!

Leah M.

CHAIN OF SHIDDUCHIM

I've been married for eight years, *baruch Hashem*, and have a few sweet children, but I have a number of classmates who haven't yet gotten married. One day, I suggested to a friend that we should make a class-wide chain call and start learning *hilchos shemiras halashon* for the *zechus* of the girls awaiting a *yeshuah*. My friend was excited about the idea. We started sending the message around, setting a target date of Rosh Chodesh, a week away, to start the learning.

Within those few days before we even started learning – we heard that the first classmate got engaged!!! We started learning with enthusiasm and, just a few days later, another friend got engaged, and a week later – another one!! If I would have read such a story in the newspaper, I wouldn't have believed it was true, but this story happened to me and my friends ---

Miri S.

LIKE OXYGEN IN CORONA

I caught the Corona virus and went through two very difficult weeks. We were in touch with an expert, who advised us to buy a costly medicine, which made me feel a little better, *baruch Hashem*. One day, my breathing situation declined. We were very worried. My family tried again and again to reach the expert, without success. The only thing I could do from my sickbed was to ask them to call Mishmeres HaSholom and donate for my recovery...

As soon as we'd finished speaking with the Mishmeres HaSholom donation headquarters – the Corona expert called us back! He heard the update, gave his recommendations for treatment, and *baruch Hashem*, I recuperated and got back on my feet.

S., Yerushalayim

BACK ON TRACK

We've been participating in Mishmeres HaSholom programs for years. When we needed a *yeshuah*, we knew that this was the address. We called with the name of our daughter, who had unfortunately gone off the *derech*, and asked to *daven* that she should do *teshuvah* and also find a proper *shidduch* and build a true Jewish home. The *yeshuos* started streaming in: Within four months, we began seeing real improvement in her spiritual situation and, *baruch Hashem*, she continued to be *mis'chazek*. Recently she got engaged to a wonderful young man who is *mechazek* her even more! We tangibly saw how the *zechus* of *shemiras halashon* came to our aid.

Parents of B., Yerushalayim

AND THE CLIENTS STARTED COMING

The last few years, I've been donating to Mishmeres HaSholom via a standing order in the bank, but recently, because of the Corona, which negatively impacted my business, I began to think that there'd be no choice but to suspend this standing order. I called the Mishmeres HaSholom office and explained the situation to the one who took the call. I asked that they should *daven* for the business's success, so I could continue the donations.

The next day (!!!) I called again to report that the clients had started coming ---

R. S. from Med'in Ilit

THE KENNES THAT CONQUERED CORONA

For a long time, I'd wanted to hold a K'echad gathering in our building, but because of the Corona, I was afraid the neighbors wouldn't come and it would be a flop. Then, my married son started having acute migraine attacks. Medications didn't help. I decided – that's it! I'm not putting it off any longer. I'm organizing a K'echad meeting in his *zechus* and it makes no difference to me if people come or not! I prepared a program and hung up signs. Even though attendance was weak, I was satisfied. I felt that the gathering had brought benefit.

Believe it or not, a week and a half later, my son called and said that his migraines had almost completely disappeared...

Miriam, Ashdod

זכות שתהא ל'משמרת שלום' לתרומות והקדשות: 1-800-800-779

א	ב	ג	ד	ה	ו	ז	ח	ט	י
לזיווג הגון בעילום שם	לרפ"ש בעילום שם	לזיווג הגון בעילום שם	לזיווג הגון מיכל בת שמחה סימה	לזיווג הגון ישעיהו יוסף בן סיגלה חנה	לחזרה בתשובה יעקב בן רחל	לזיווג הגון בעילום שם	לזיווג הגון בעילום שם	לזיווג הגון בעילום שם	לזיווג הגון בעילום שם
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Sefiras Ha'omer Project

Learning to say what's permitted to say



Call

the Hot Line
once a day
073-337-2212



listen

to the daily shiur
and review what
you learned



report

At the end of the week
(Thursday to Motzaei Shabbos), Call
the number, Ext. 1-3-9, report
that you learned 5 days

enter the
exclusive
hundred

In addition, you can take an easy weekly test at Ext. 9-3-2 and enter the raffle

•Alternately, you can learn in one of the sefarim on hilchos shemiras halashon

Special Gift: for "Masmidim"

Keep up the learning every single day-
and win an

**exclusive prize
without a raffle!**

If you didn't have a chance to learn one day, you
can make it up only on the very next day.

מירון
Meron



Giant opportunity: for family

If three or more members of the
the shiur on the Hot Line that v
9-1-4 and register for the giant raffle

**a Shabbos in Meron
for the whole family**

all inclusive - 3 meals, accommodations, and tr

The prizes for people who learn and are tested as part of the project:

Week 1

Learning Test

- Talking singing dancing "Kofale" • Scooter
- Music amp with lights and digital tuning • Tall electric crane • Master Memory, let's see you remember...

Test

- Talking parakeet • Microphone with telescopic rod • Words in Circles



Week 2

Learning Test

- Tent+tunnel+100 balls • Electric drum surface
- Challenging assembly tracks with electric car and singing bridge • Popcorn machine • Millionaire monopoly game

Test

- Pair of walkie-talkies • Pony Bony-Race to the Carrot • Sophisticated robot



Week 3

Learning Test

- Quality kids' camera+memory card+case • Catch the Pizza • Inflatable 1.90 m. pool • Magnetic magic bricks, 108 levels • Overturning car+lights+remote

Test

- Electric Hachnasas Sefer Torah van • "Trouble" game • "Migdal Glidah"



Week 4

Learning Test

- Amusement park magnets 110 pieces • Microscope x100, x450, x900 magnification • Colorful hammock up to 120 kilo • "What's with You" game • Playmobil electric car

Test

- Jumping ball • "Avalanche" game • Magic pan-changes the food's color



Week 5

Learning Test

- Jewish Family puppets • Three-D globe puzzle+light • Basic MP-3 +earphones • Colorful hammock up to 120 kilo • Remote control car+rechargeable batteries+headlights • Magic of Mandela

Test

- Kapla-200 pieces • Chess + checkers • Klik sticks-200 pieces



Week 6

Learning Test

- Trampoline • Bimba Keif • Voice-distorting Microphone
- Electric bank+paper money • "Ice Cream Contest"

Test

- Magic Hat-75 tricks • Drawing board with magnetic pen • Rummikub



Week 7

Learning Test

- Professional drone+camera+memory card
- Kfitz Kfotz game • Maze ball-challenging game • Ultra-Dash – electronic hide-and-see • Self-assembly amp

Test

- 3-D Screwdriver in a case • Maze ball 118 levels • Loop track + overturning car



win

the weekly raffle for prizes valued at hundreds of shekels!!

a second time

family

the family listened to week, enter Ext.

for

transportation.

BY HARAV HAGAON R' MENACHEM MENDEL FUCHS SHLITA, RAV OF MISHMERES HASHOLOM

ASK THE RAV TURNING AROUND TO SEE WHO WAS REPRIMANDED

Question: I sit in the first row in class and, sometimes, when the rebbi scolds someone sitting in the back, I want to turn around and see who got the reprimand. Am I allowed to do that? Or maybe it's like saying *lashon hara* to myself to intentionally see which boy misbehaved?

Answer: First of all, know that when the *rebbe* reprimands a boy publicly, he evidently carefully considered whether it is proper to do so and concluded that it was justified. As to the question itself: From the aspect of *hilchos lashon hara*, the boys are allowed to see whom the *rebbe* is rebuking, since they see it themselves, without anyone telling them. Also, they are not revealing any secret.

But, still, if the questioner turns around to look at the boy while the *rebbe* is reprimanding him, he will add to the boy's shame and pain, and will be guilty of *halbanas panim*. Therefore, he shouldn't do so while the *rebbe* is rebuking. This will save him from violating several *mitzvos aseh* and *lavin* (like "*V'ahavta l'reyacha kamocho*," "*Lo sonu ish es amiso*," and more).

Hashem will give him great reward for restraining himself from turning around.

If he still wants to know which boy it was, he can turn around a few minutes later, as if he is looking for something, and he'll figure out who it was.



OUR WORD

Shoshie was sitting on the fence near her house, swinging her legs. Suddenly she noticed the neighbor Ozeri's two little kids fighting over a scooter. Shoshie is good-hearted. She doesn't like to see children who are sad, crying, and fighting. "Do you want me to give you a ride here on the sidewalk?" she asked the cute little children. "You'll take turns. It'll be fun. Come!" The tears disappeared, replaced by smiles and laughs and enjoyment...

Everyone who knows her says, "When Shoshie grows up, she'll be a *ganenet*." Indeed, Shoshie has a real way with little children and her heart flows with love for them. There's just one thing that's hard to understand: Why is that she can't seem to get along with her own younger siblings, seven-year-old Nechamy and five-year-old Yoeli? In her opinion, they are annoying nudniks who know only how to bother, ruin things, and mess up the house...

We'll tell you a secret: Nechamy and Yoeli are not any more annoying than the neighbor Ozeri's children. It's simply easier to smile at and be tolerant of strange kids; inside the home, it's a much greater challenge...

But now that you know this secret, you can try to overcome the *yetzer hara* of fighting with your siblings. Try to remind yourself how important it is to be *mevater* and live peacefully *particularly* in the family circle, and you'll see that it can be done!

Dear children:

Because of the situation, there will not be any Pesach rallies across the country this year. But the Sefiras Ha'omer campaign begins be'H, like every year, and everyone is invited to take part and win valuable prizes!

Details in the magazine.



A CLEAN CLOSET, A CLEAN HEART

I woke up to the ring of the alarm clock. In the bed next to mine, Daniel was still fast asleep.

"Daniel!" I shook him. "It's already after eight. You have to get up to ---"

"I'm getting up," my brother mumbled, pulling the blanket up to his nose.

Nu. I knew there was no chance he'd get up before nine... I quickly dressed and ran to shul. A busy day lay ahead.

When I got home, I found Daniel in the same spot. "Get up already! It's really late!" I yanked off his blanket. "We won't get done with the list Ima left us and we'll miss the trip!"

The word "trip" did the job. Daniel jumped up and dressed quickly. "I'll go *daven* and you can start ---" he said, disappearing out the door and leaving me to boil...

Maybe I will start working – I thought. *If I wait for Daniel, there's no chance we'll get the list done, and that'll be the end of our trip to the moshav.*

Ima had gone to help Bubby with Pesach preparations. She'd left us a list of tasks. "If you get everything done, you can go tomorrow to help Uncle Ephraim."

Helping Uncle Ephraim was our fondest dream – collecting eggs from the coop, watering the vegetable patch, jumping on the giant trampoline... It was worth the effort to finish everything on the list... But not when you have an annoying brother like Daniel, a real expert at evading responsibility.

In the end, I decided to clean the *seforim shrank* by myself. I had no choice. Then I did the shoe drawers. Only when I got to the last job on the list – the closet on the porch – did the door finally swing open. Daniel burst in. "Don't ask what went on in front of the shul. There was..."

"I'm not interested in what there was," I snapped. "Look at the time! Do you think it's fair that I've been working here all by myself??"

Daniel didn't answer. Apparently even he understood that he'd gone too far. Encouraged

by his silence, I continued my attack: "Now you're cleaning this closet by yourself and I'm going to eat and rest. I woke up a little earlier than you, if you don't mind."

Daniel opened the closet and I went to the kitchen. I ate something and calmed down. But when I peeked to check on his progress, I felt ready to e-x-p-l-o-d-e!!

All the contents of the closet were in a mixed-up pile on the floor, water was dripping from the shelves, and Daniel --- was sitting on a stool, reading a book.

"Look at what's going on here!" I pounced on him. "That's what you call working? Now everything's wet and a mess. It will take twice as long to clean it up!!"

At first, Daniel was stunned by the attack. Then he simply got up and walked out, slamming the door behind him.

Now I had two alternatives: Leave the mess and go out, like he did, and miss the trip, or roll up my sleeves and start working... Picturing Ima's disappointment when she'd come home, I opted for number two.

I started working vigorously, scrubbing the closet, drying it, putting everything in order ---

All of a sudden, my hand got stuck in the narrow space between the closet and its door and I couldn't get it out.

I was really frightened! But, upon a closer look, I saw that I just needed to unscrew a screw in the hinge. One turn of the screwdriver – and my hand would be free. But how would I get a screwdriver if I was stuck to the closet??

And so, I found myself sitting there and waiting for Daniel to come back and release my hand.

I had time to think about what had gone on between

us. About my screams. My insults.

Slowly I understood that Daniel was not really to blame. He had a different personality than mine. He was slower, a little dreamy, and he'd sometimes "forget" himself. And, besides, the job I'd dumped on him – to clean the closet by himself – was too much for him ---

If, instead of screaming, I would have worked calmly along with him, we might have finished everything by now and would be able to go out for a break in the park ---

I heard footsteps from the direction of the door. I understood that Daniel had returned.

"Hey, Daniel. Come here a second, please. I need help. My hand is stuck," I called to him. Silently, I added: "But my heart isn't stuck anymore at all..."

And the next day, when we were traveling to the *moshav*, after finishing our work (me - most of it, and Daniel - a little), I felt that it had all been worthwhile.





CATCHING THE THIEF



In the park, teeming with kids, sits a group of friends from sixth grade. They don't know much about cleaning. Instead, they help out by taking their younger brothers out. Meanwhile... they have a good time schmoozing.

"You know Uzi, the new worker in the grocery? I heard that they caught him stealing..." says Yonasan.

"Yes, I also heard that," Refael adds. "He puts on a show of being polite and friendly, and then, behind everyone's back, he tries to steal."

Yonasan was guilty of speaking *lashon hara* about Uzi. What about Refael? Look up *sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Lashon Hara, Klal Heh, se'if ches in Beer Mayim Chayim*, and choose the correct answer:

- 1 Since the boys already heard the derogatory words from Yonasan, Refael did not violate any *issur* when he spoke.
- 2 Since both Yonasan and Refael spoke about the same thing, they are called "*shnayim she'asu*," two who did an *issur* together, and aren't guilty of sin.
- 3 On the contrary. Specifically because Yonasan already told them the derogatory report about Uzi, the friends believe Refael's added report even more. Therefore, his sin is even greater.

GITTY'S STORY:

"First we need to find a place," Estie interrupted my flow of ideas, "before we hang up signs and buy materials for crafts projects."

I agreed with her... as always. I'm glad I have such a practical friend who stops me from flying too high on the wings of my imagination.

Ima encouraged my idea of organizing a day camp for the week before Pesach. It would provide occupation for my three little sisters and make it easier for Ima to clean... She also tried to help me find a suitable place. She spoke with her friend who has a big yard, and with Tanta Rivky who has a spacious storeroom, but no one said 'yes.'

When I'd almost given up, Estie called. "I got hold of a storeroom in the next building. It belongs to Rina, my little sister Sari's babysitter, and she agreed."

We had a good registration. Half the girls were my sisters, and Estie's, but who cared? We just wanted the day camp to be a success...

We prepared programs and bought materials, but when we got to Rina's storeroom that first morning with the excited girls - we found it already occupied... and by a different day camp!

Nobody forced her to let us use the storeroom. But why did she promise - and then leave us in the lurch?!



THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER SIDE

A FANTASTIC DAY CAMP

RINA THE BABYSITTER'S STORY:

Mrs. Cohen from upstairs knocked at my door before Purim to remind me that... Pesach was coming. "Last year, you let Ruti make a day camp in your storeroom," she reminded me. "Now, it's Estie's turn. She, too, is very responsible. Any chance of our using the storeroom again?"

"With pleasure!" I told her. "I remember how clean and neat Ruti left the place..."

Two days before Rosh Chodesh, Estie herself called. She caught me standing on the ladder, cleaning the big

closet in the children's room. I could barely hear her; there was static. I just understood that she was calling about the day camp. "Yes, sure, the storeroom is all yours," I told her, catching the phone just before it slipped out of my hand to the floor. How could I have guessed that the nice girl on the line was not Estie Cohen from my building, but Estie Deutsch, Sari's sister, from the next building, and that she was talking about a different day camp altogether???

It was *aneis* that I thought of calling my sister Tovi, down the block, who has a storeroom where she holds exercise classes, and it was another *neis* that she agreed. I wouldn't have been able to bear the organizers' looks of disappointment...

Summary: The sefer Eli got as a gift from his Savta was accidentally taken by the firefighter who came to rescue children stuck in the elevator. When the firemen rushed to put out a forest fire – the bag with the sefer went along.

5



A JOURNEY FOR THE BOOKS

ANYONE NEED A DOCTOR?

Yankie Mites tells his story:

"How was it, Yankie?" Ima asked me when I got home.

I told Ima it was fun, *baruch Hashem* (other than what they said about Saba, the outing really was nice), and I showed her what I'd found. "Someone forgot this bag in the forest," I said. "The wrapping has a hole in it, see? You can see clearly that there's a *sefer* inside. Hmmm..." I squinted hard and peered under the hole. "*Shemiras Halashon*. I'm sure of it."

Ima, who also peeked, agreed. She felt bad for the one who'd forgotten the gift ("and hadn't even had a chance to use it yet) and suggested that after I eat something, I should write some *hashavas aveidah* signs.

A half hour later, I was at the door, the clear, colorful signs in a bag in my right hand and a scotch tape dispenser in my left hand.

"*Tizkeh l'mitzvos*, Yankie!" Ima said. "Don't forget to hang up a sign or two in the forest," she reminded me.

"Definitely," I thought to myself when I hung up the first sign at the bus stop.

"Of course," I kept thinking when I continued to building no. 21. The bulletin board there was full, so I attached the sign somehow to the frame around it. I got a little distracted in the middle, because I had this funny

feeling, as if... someone... was watching me from behind? Or...or... following me?

I took a deep breath and tried to ignore it. I hoped it was just the Yetzer Hara trying to interrupt my mitzvah. With a slightly tremulous hand, I stuck another piece of tape on the wooden frame.

"Boy!" The weak, hoarse voice was absolutely real; it wasn't imaginary in the least. It was also angry. "You're going from building to building and hanging signs on the walls? What do you think the bulletin board is for, eh? Why damage and deface the wall?"

"I...um...eh..." For a moment, I wanted to just scrunch myself up and disappear into the bag I was holding, so that the old man, whom I knew from shul as a nice fellow, wouldn't be angry at me. I really wanted to explain that I wasn't defacing or damaging anything, but ---

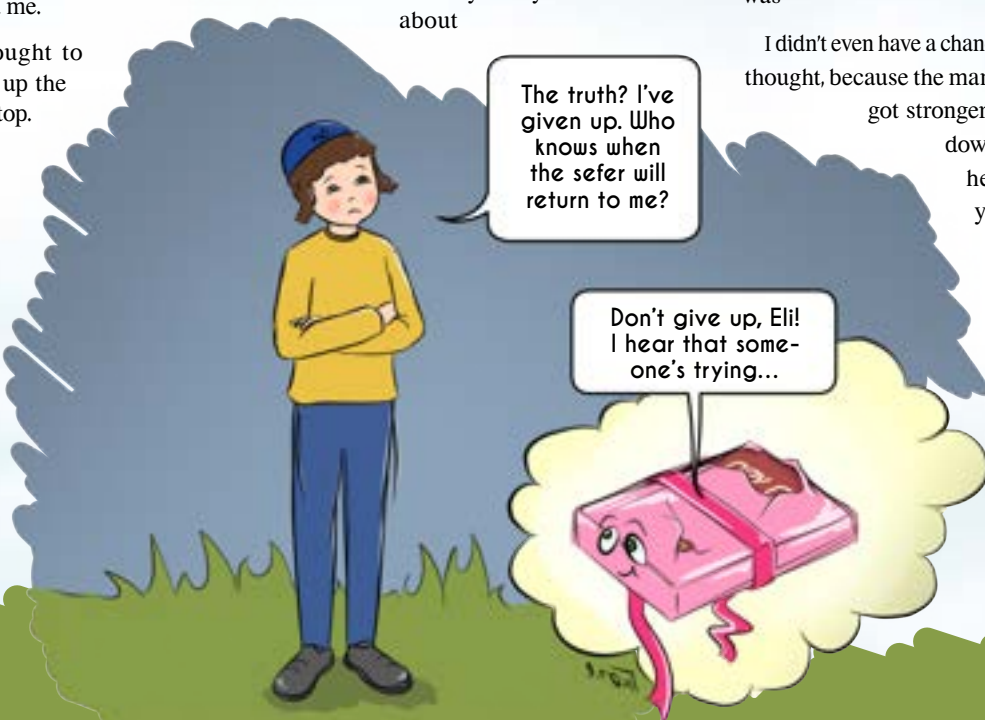
"I don't understand," the man muttered to himself. "Why can't you think a little about

what you are doing? And why ---"

The man's voice was weak, but accusing. In my hand was the poor sign that just wanted to announce the *sefer* that had been forgotten in the forest. *Sefer Shemiras Hala --- Shemiras Halashon!*

The thought struck me, quick as lightning. In the midst of the uncomfortable situation, I remembered the *sefer Chofetz Chaim*, and how important it was to judge people favorably. Suddenly I thought that maybe... maybe this elderly person was once a building cleaner himself, and that's why it was so important to him that children shouldn't make a mess and scatter signs and notes? Maybe his wife once slipped on a paper in the street and broke her leg and, since then, every loose paper makes him nervous? And maybe he has to undergo an operation tomorrow and that's why he's short-tempered? And maybe this morning was ---

I didn't even have a chance to finish my last thought, because the man's voice suddenly got stronger: "Are you taking down the sign, boy?" he asked. A new, young glint flashed in his eyes and he smiled: "If you take down the signs now, I have an interesting proposal for you ---"



KEEPING ACCOUNTS

The Gefen family children
Neighbors to the Lev Tov
Shopping Center
Tell us about:



LIFESAVING MEDICINE

Eliyahu sounded very tense. "Binyamin, could you help me?"

"What happened?" I asked. I hoped he wouldn't ask me to do something too time-consuming. Just a few minutes earlier, I'd finally gotten to the book I'd promised myself as a prize after cleaning the storeroom for Pesach.

"Listen, I just got back from the shopping center near your house and what did I discover?"

"Nu, what?" (Make it quick, Eliyahu. I left the hero on the couch at the height of the suspense.)

"The credit card disappeared! Simply disappeared! I tried to remember where I'd seen it last. It was in the stationery store. After that, I was in the supermarket, the household goods store, and the toy store, but I didn't use the card in any of those places. Could you check if it's in one of these stores? It'll take a long time for me to get a bus back to your area..."

I sighed silently. Generally, I like to help, but now, it was hard for me to give an enthusiastic answer like, "Sure, with pleasure! I'll run there right now!" So I just said, "All right. But I'm in the middle of something. I'll go in a half hour, okay?"

Eliyahu tried to give me a gentle push. "Are you sure you can't do it before?"

"I don't think so, but don't worry. If it's really in one of the shops, it will be safe. You're not the first one leaving a credit card there!"

"All right," my friend said resignedly. "If you can't do it before, then in a half hour. I'll call to remind you."

"Yes, call," I said in a tone that said "Just leave me alone now," and I ran back to Dovid and his exciting adventures.

I got engrossed in his complication: *The package Dovid had been asked to give the head librarian had remained on the bus, after he'd been warned to watch it carefully! As he walked in, he heard the librarian tell someone on the phone: "Soon someone is coming to bring me the medicine. You have no idea how expensive it is and how we cannot manage without it! Tonight Abba has to get the next dose and, until two hours ago, I didn't even have a way to get it!"*

Dovid fled from the library. His heart beat rapidly. The race against the clock began. He had to find the forgotten package quickly, preferably before anyone found out about his irresponsibility...

I swallowed page after page, muttering: Let him find it. No one should know. Poor kid... He didn't mean it. If not for that man on the bus and the suspicions he aroused, maybe it wouldn't have happened...

"Binyamin!" Michie interrupted at the height of the suspense. "Where's the phone?"

"Don't know."

"But you used it a few minutes ago. You spoke to your friend, no?"

I? Spoke with a friend? Ah, I remember. It was Eliyahu. What did he want? Oh, yes. He wanted me to go check where the credit card was, but the story of Dovid pulled me a lot harder. Who knows if he managed to find the medicine in the end, without anyone knowing! How unpleasant.

Wait - he suddenly thought. I'm busy

identifying with an imaginary character, when my friend Eliyahu is in a similar situation and I'm ignoring him! If I would have lost a credit card, I'd surely prefer to find it before anyone knew about it. It's so uncomfortable to play the role of the irresponsible scatterbrain! If I go down half an hour from now, it



might be too late...

It was definitely hard for me.

I tried to imagine that Eliyahu was actually Dovid and that the lost card was lifesaving medicine. Believe me, it worked!

I ran to the stationery store.

Before I'd even finished asking, the salesman handed me the medicine.

I mean the credit card.

And Dovid? He waited for me... quite patiently.

RAFFLE WINNERS FOR THE PUZZLE SECTION:
MIRI KOLODETZKY, BNEI BRAK



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

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

PESACH TRIPLE LINKS

Name:	
Address:	
Phone:	City:

On our Seder table we have 3 matzos, all linked beneath one cover, on one special plate. Below are three types of three-word groups linked in a specific way - and you need to find the link. Here are examples of the three kinds of linked words:

- 1) **SAME CATEGORY:** sneakers * sandals * boots: The link is SHOES
- 2) **SAME OPENING OR CLOSING WORD:** note* cook * year: The link is BOOK
- 3) **COMMON LETTER:** A letter that appears in all three words: cat * rice * cook: The link is C

In the 3 matzos below, find the links. When you finish solving the COMMON LETTER LINKS, unscramble the letters to make a Pesach word.

SAME CATEGORY:

- Kadesh • rachtzah • korech
_____ (5)
- Bread • danish • hamantasch
_____ (7)
- Bamba • Potato chips • Popcorn
_____ (5)
- Beitzah • Zeroa • Maror
_____'_____ (6)
- 14 Nissan • 13 Adar • 3 Tishrei
_____ (4,4)
- Aharon • Pinchas • Eli
_____ (7)
- Scrubbing • Sweeping • Mopping
_____ (8) ENG

SAME OPENING OR CLOSING WORD:

- Bed • Summer • Daylight Savings
_____ (4)
- _____ (5)
- Acharonim • Shelanu • Chayim
_____(4)
- Yaakov • Hamikdash • Halevi
_____ (6)
- Chas v' • Tzeischem l' • Mishmeres Ha
_____ (6)
- _____ (3)
- Put • Side • Numbered
_____ (6)
- Hagomel • Habayis • Hashachar
_____ (4)
- Beat • Ache • Strings

COMMON LETTER:

- Eggs • Unite • Cheap __
- Hoof • Cheery • What __
- Silk • Master • Dish __
- Bone • Oily • Coast __
- Lens • Sort • Cast __
- Craft • Tired • Born __
- Play • Feast • Dare __
- Clay • Rich • Pact __
- UNSCRAMBLED WORD:**
_____ (8)

P.S.

LETTERS FROM KIDS LIKE YOU

Saved by a Shabbos Halachah

Every Shabbos, my Abba tells us one halachah of shemiras halashon. One day, my friend was telling me an interesting story that included a few sentences I suspected of being lashon hara. I remembered that precisely last Shabbos we'd learned that this kind of comment is, in fact, lashon hara. I stopped her and gently reminded her. She thanked me and we each went on our way.

For the next few days, I kept wondering, "What happened at the end of the story?" Hashem saw how I'd tried to avoid hearing lashon hara and He sent my friend back to me, and she said to me: Thanks for reminding me not to say lashon hara. I thought about it and I realized that I could tell the story without saying any lashon hara!"

T. from Afula

Tips Worth Reading

Is it hard for you to resist speaking lashon hara? Here is a list of tips to help you overcome the urge:

1. Imagine how you would feel if someone said it about you... (and don't say it about others ...)
2. Think of the great reward you'll get for restraining yourself. It helps us a lot to think about the story of Rav Abba, who saw someone being saved twice because he forgave someone who hurt him. So it pays... saved twice because he forgave someone who hurt him.
3. Think about the pain your words are liable to cause the friend you're speaking about.
4. How about waiting a bit? If you're feeling very hurt right now and want to speak about the one who upset you, push it off. Maybe by then you'll calm down and be able to restrain yourself.

From Noa, Rivka, and Rut Barda, Yerushalayim

WARM SNOW

Summary:
Nussie's father opens a publishing house called "Beerl," and his sixth-grade classmate Mendy claims that it will ruin his family's *parnassah* from their business – "Mayim Chaim" publishers. The class splits into two groups. Due to the stormy weather, the classes are dismissed early. The boys in Mendy's group build an igloo. The "Beerl" group also tries to build one. A snow fight breaks out between them.

בתקנה: ב. הלוי
ציור: ת. חסיד

Inside the "Mayim Chaim" group's nice igloo:

