

# משמרות

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FOLLOWING  
THE MERON  
TRAGEDY 5781**  
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## WARM, WARM, SCORCHING!

DOVY'S MOTHER WENT OUT JUST FOR A MOMENT, TO BRING AN IMPORTANT PACKAGE, AND THEN IT HAPPENED ---

Together with all of Klal Yisrael, we are shocked and broken by the terrible catastrophe that has befallen us. We share in the grief of the families and bitterly mourn the loss of such precious, pure *neshamos*.

This is not the tragedy of the families alone; it has stricken every Jew in Am Yisrael, at the heart of Am Yisrael – for, as the tzaddikim say, Rabbi Shimon Bar Yochai is the heart of Klal Yisrael. There is a powerful message here for us. Am Yisrael is one people and this event affects every one of us, of all circles, throughout Eretz Yisrael and around the world.

The tragedy is huge and searing, but we cannot lapse into dejection and remain with the pain and sorrow, because from there, we cannot move forward. We must bolster ourselves with the knowledge that everything is from Hashem and that whatever He does is for the good, even though we do not understand it. And we need to think: What can I do to help Klal Yisrael?

When Bnei Yisrael built the Mishkan in marvelous unity – no nation could rule over them. That is the secret of *achdus*. Every Yid is a candle, "The soul of Man is the candle of Hashem." All the candles together create a great fire that cannot be extinguished. Where there is unity – the *middas hadin* cannot prevail.

In *parashas Ki Sisa*, the Kli Yakar asks on the *pasuk*, "When you take a count of Bnei Yisrael... every man shall give Hashem an atonement for his soul": What did they have to atone for? He explains that in the Midbar, they were so marvelously united that they were forgiven even for Cheit Ha'eigel in this merit. But now, as they were being counted, each one got his own number. For a brief second, they were "individuals," outside of the entity called "Klal Yisrael." For this moment, they needed the atonement of the half shekel...

Because one cannot be outside of Klal Yisrael even for one moment!

We are all shocked and shaken up. We cannot resume our daily routine. Everyone is seeking a way to be *mis'chazek*. Let's take the opportunity to strengthen our *achdus* with true *ahavas Yisrael*. Let's say "No!" to *lashon hara* and *sinas chinam* and regard every fellow Jew with respect. Let us be like our forefathers at Har Sinai, "Yisrael camped there, opposite the mountain." "*Vayichan*, camped" is in the singular, "like one man with one heart." Then, no *kitrug* and no *mazik* can have power over us.

Faced by a blow like this, we feel so small; we understand nothing. But there is one thing we know: When there is unity among us, Hakadosh Baruch Hu "sweetens" the bitter *dinim*. Who knows what else could have been... Perhaps this *his'chazkus*, this *shemiras halashon*, is behind the countless stories of *hatzalah* that also happened there...

Hakadosh Baruch Hu should help that we should never again hear of such tragedies, and, in the *zechus* of *ahavas chinam*, we should merit the building of the Beis Hamikdash very, very soon. Amen.

*Sari Wertzberger*

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# ASK THE RAV



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HARAV HAGAON R' MENACHEM MENDEL FUCHS SHLITA

## SHE TOOK HER CHILD OUT OF THE GAN – WHAT SHOULD SHE TELL PARENTS WHO INQUIRE?

**Question:** My little girl was in a private Gan and she came home sad every day. I had the feeling that maybe she wasn't getting enough warmth and attention. Perhaps the *ganenet* (who worked alone, without an assistant) wasn't able to devote enough time to each child. I decided to change her to a different Gan.

I imagine that women who are interested in registering their child will ask me what happened and why I took the girl out. What am I permitted to say?

**Answer:** The questioner writes: "I had the feeling that maybe she wasn't getting enough warmth and attention." There is no proof of this assumption; it is a "maybe." In reality, there may be many reasons why the child returns sad from Gan: She misses her mother; other children bully her; the Gan has different toys than she's used to; it might even be that the *ganenet* dresses differently than the style she's familiar with. The fact is that other parents sending their children to this Gan are satisfied and do not take them out. Therefore, there is no *heter* for the questioner to tell people who inquire that she suspects that the *ganenet* does not give enough warmth and attention. She needs to answer that, for technical reasons, it worked out better for her in the other Gan.

## IS IT PERMISSIBLE TO SAY THAT SOMEONE IS "MODERN"?

**Question:** I wanted to ask if it is permissible to say that a certain person is "modern" – when he declares himself as such and sees nothing wrong with it, but the speaker sees it as a flaw. Also, is it permissible to believe this information when said about someone?

**Answer:** The concept "modern" is very broad and includes many levels, one below the next. Therefore, even if this person declares himself to be modern, it is not yet clear what level he is referring to. And when Reuven tells Shimon that Levi is "modern," he cannot know how Shimon will perceive the concept.

Therefore, even when this is public knowledge and the subject says of himself that he is "modern," one must be very careful when speaking about

him not to give the impression that he is on a lower level than he actually is. The solution is to say that he is not from the "diehard" *chareidim*, or to say that he is "a little" modern.

The listener is permitted only to take precautions based on this report, but not to accept it as definitely true.

\*This *psak* takes into account that even though the speaker regards the concept of "modern" as a flaw, the subject himself sees nothing wrong with it. (See *Beer Mayim Chaim, Hilchos Lashon Hara, seif katan 28.*)

## MORE ON THE TOPIC OF PARENTS WHO DO NOT PAY FOR GAN

**Question:** The Adar issue presented a question from a *ganenet* about parents who don't pay for *gan*. The questioner wanted to warn the *ganenet* for the following year to insist on getting head checks from them.

I want to ask about a similar situation that I have. I know that the checks the parents give do not have coverage and it is clear that there is no chance of getting payment from them. Should I report this to every Gan in the area where I know the mother is trying to register her child? It is clear that no *ganenet* will agree to take a child under these conditions...

**Answer:** The questioner does not write what her connection is to these parents, just that she has "a similar situation." She also does not specify how she knows clearly that the checks given by these parents have no coverage and there is no chance of getting payment. Generally, if these are people who do not pay their debts to anyone – the grocery, greengrocer, *gemachim*, school tuition, etc. – it would naturally become public knowledge in the area that they are bankrupt and people would know to beware. *Askanim* and *gabba'ei tzedakah* would be on their case. As long as these details are missing, we cannot give a clear answer to the question.

In general, we can say: Even when there is a *heter* to report someone's flaw *l'to'eles*, if he will suffer more damage than he deserves – we are not allowed to report it, even when there is *to'eles*. Therefore, if it appears that by telling the *ganenet*, this family will get a bad name, far more than is needed for the *to'eles* – one is prohibited to make the report.

We should point out that this is not similar to the case in the Adar issue, where we permitted telling a particular *ganenet* to demand head checks. This would not become public knowledge and would not cause more damage than necessary for the *to'eles*, which is unlike the case before us for several reasons.

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



## דבר גדולים

RAV BENZION FELMAN ZT"l WORKED HARD TO HELP SOMEONE OUT IN A CERTAIN SITUATION, AND HE ROSE ABOVE HIMSELF, EVEN WHEN THE BENEFICIARIES REPAID BAD FOR GOOD AND SLANDERED HIM.

WHEN THE REBBETZIN EXPRESSED HER PAIN ABOUT THIS, HE CONSOLED HER: WHEN YOU DO TRUE, PERFECT CHESSED, L'SHEM SHAMAYIM, YOU SHOULD NEVER EXPECT A 'THANK YOU.' ON THE CONTRARY – BE PREPARED THAT THEY'LL THROW STONES AT YOU AND COMPLAIN. HAKADOSH BARUCH HU IS TESTING US, BUT WE HAVE TO STAND UP TO THE NISAYON AND CONTINUE DOING CHESSED.

WINNERS OF NIS 100 IN THE RAFFLE AMONG THOSE LEARNING THE HALACHOS IN ADAR:  
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# STORY

RACHEL T.

## IN THE HEART BANK BASED ON AN AUTHENTIC FAMILY DRAMA



From the time that Devora and her family moved to Eretz Yisrael, she didn't have much opportunity to see Bubby Luba. Bubby remained in Belgium, with the extended family, while Devora, was *zochah* to build her home in the Eretz Hakodesh.

She tried her best to send packages of *nachas* to her parents and also to Bubby, whom she loved so much. When she received the news that her dear Bubby had passed on, she felt as if her heart had been ripped open.

"Bubby's apartment is for sale. Those in the know say it's worth ---" It was hard for Devora to listen to Srul, her energetic older brother, as his voice resounded through the telephone line. "They've barely gotten up from *shivah*, and already you're thinking about inheritances and money..." she chided him. But Srul was full of plans. Together with their younger brother, Gedalya, he began the process of executing Bubby's will.

Suddenly, the talk about building an extension to their apartment took on a practical dimension. "From the way it sounds, Bubby left a substantial *yerushah* for her three beloved grandchildren: Srul, Gedalya, and you..." Sitting in their crowded kitchen that evening, her husband Aryeh was charged with energy. "I think that we can already start working on getting the building permits. Adler, from the first floor, highly recommends the contractor they're using. And as for an architect ---"

Soon Devora, too, was swept up in the action. Both of them had been dreaming about building. Most of the neighbors in their apartment house had already utilized the option of building out on the rear side of the building, but with Aryeh's meager *kollel* stipend and Devora's inadequate salary from her job, it didn't seem sensible to assume such a commitment. And that's without even thinking about their sixteen-year-old Gitty, who was not very far from the age of *shidduchim*...

But now, the picture had changed and, hard as it was for her to think about Bubby Luba in terms of "*yerushah*," she, too, began to digest the fact that,

very soon, the sum of their dreams would be going into their bank account...

Only now, after Bubby had passed away, did she notice that Ima herself wasn't so young anymore... Until now, her mother had been busy caring for Bubby; she barely had time for herself. In the months since the *shivah*, she began to complain about knee pains and difficulty climbing the steps. Ima's eyes had also started making problems and the doctor was talking about a cataract operation... At the end of their transcontinental call, Devora inserted a seemingly innocent question, trying to carefully feel out the situation, without Ima understanding: "And what about Srul? Did you call to tell him about my suggestion of homeopathic medicines?"

If there really was some problem with Srul's phone, Ima would mention it to her now. But Ima just sighed. "I spoke to him, Devora'le. But not about homeopathy. First he should make me an appointment with a good ophthalmologist. He's even busier than usual recently, that Srul..."

Busy... So busy that he hadn't answered my calls for two weeks now. Too busy to respond, even briefly, to his only sister...

Aryeh sniffed out problems way before she did. He claimed that people don't disappear suddenly, without explanation. And, he said, the explanation must be connected to the inheritance. But even he was surprised when the call came from Gedalya.

"You know, Srul likes to jump in and take advantage of opportunities, even if, at times, they involve risks. He claims that someone who isn't willing to fall from a horse will never learn to ride it..."

The iron Devora was holding started to shake. A little voice whispered to her that Gedalya's comment was just in the way of introduction to something serious that he was about to say---

"It's still too early to know the ramifications --" Suddenly she realized that, apparently, while her mind had wandered, she'd missed a few words -- "But it's clear already now that we're talking about a major

loss. Even a crash. At the beginning, when he told me about this investment that he'd decided on his own authority to invest all of Bubby's money -- our money -- in, it sounded brilliant to me ---"

A deep sigh interrupted Gedalya's words, enabling Devora to release the breath she'd been holding tensely. The money. Bubby's money. Everyone's money. Crash---

"Srul is very frightened by what happened. Suddenly he caught himself and realized that he was playing with real big money, including money that was not his," said Gedalya. He promised her that he was doing everything possible to try and salvage---

But -- as the folk saying goes --getting out of the mud is a lot harder than falling into it. When Gedalya called next, he sounded totally extinguished. "Once there was money, Devori," he said. As his big sister, she wished she could dry the tears she could hear muffling his voice out there in Antwerp...

Again the couple sat together in their crowded kitchen. The fried egg was a bit scorched at the edges, but their hearts were scorched even more. From pain. Sorrow. Frustration. Disappointment. Anger---

How? How can you understand a grown man, who is already starting to marry off children, gambling with money that is not his own, and without even asking permission first???

How could they digest such a loss, falling on them suddenly, just like that, and exploding in their face, while the perpetrator wasn't even offering a word of apology or conciliation?

How could Devora control the boiling lava of emotions that threatened to erupt from her heart and flow towards the one who didn't even bother to admit his guilt???

Even so, it was clear to both Aryeh and Devora that they would not allow a trace of *machlokes* to set foot in their home. In their hearts, Srul was and remained a dear and beloved brother, even after what had happened ---

מימי קדם

אשר נשבעת לאבותינו

חסד לאברהם

תתן אמת ליעקב

ותשלך במצולות ים כל הטאתם

יכבוש עוונותינו

ישוב ירחמנו



“Why don’t you ask a friend to help you catch up on the material you missed?” Devora found it hard to stand up to Gitty’s stress from the history exam. But her suggestion just seemed to intensify the girl’s frustration.

“Shevy would be happy to help me. But in her house, they’re building now; there’s noise and mess. And, in our house...” – tears glistened in Gitty’s eyes and she blinked to hide them – “the children’s room is occupied by Estie’s friends, Shiffy has the porch, and that’s it. All that’s left is for me to invite Shevy to join me in the stairwell...”

Suddenly, managing in the crowded house had become even more complicated and distressing. The extension plan that was almost within reach had been summarily set aside, and it was hard for the children, too, to cope with the disappointment...

In the end, Gitty and Shevy studied in the kitchen. Devora managed to quickly straighten it out, pack up a light supper for the little ones, and go down to the park with them. She wasn’t a big fan of eating outside, but when compared to staying home and enduring Gitty’s anguished looks, the park won out...

But before taking the children outside, Devora had to take one quick peek into her drawer. To look at the special bracelet and draw strength from it---

It was two years after they’d come to Eretz Yisrael, when Gitty was a baby. Aryeh didn’t feel well. They went from doctor to doctor and did tests. Suddenly, it became clear that he needed to undergo a complex operation urgently. They were a young couple, alone here in the country. The medical advocates unequivocally recommended a private surgeon and when Srul, her oldest brother, heard about it, he announced on the spot that he was taking upon himself all the expenses, including flying his parents in from Belgium to be with them during the convalescence.

Aryeh recovered completely from that operation. They were left with one memento from the big storm: a beautiful gold bracelet that Srul had sent her then with Ima. “So you should remember that you always have a big brother in Belgium who loves you and cares about you,” he told her. To this day, she remembers how her heart melted at his words.

She opened the drawer, touched the jeweled bracelet with a tremulous hand, and felt strength flow into her.

The strength to restrain herself and not be angry. The strength to remember the *chessed* Srul did for them in the past. In spite of everything ---

At the end of that summer, Srul came to Eretz Yisrael. They hadn’t seen each other for a few years, but when he called to say that he would be coming for a *simchah* on his wife Tzirel’s side, Devora even managed to feel happy and to invite them for a few meals. The matter of the money wasn’t mentioned even once. Srul didn’t apologize, didn’t explain, and didn’t ask forgiveness. She looked at him, saw the tremendous discomfort hiding in his eyes, and tried so hard to rise above the storm inside of her. To think about his difficulty, too. To understand him, too. To keep up her powerful battle of restraint. Of incomparable *avodas hamiddos*---

And the bracelet in the drawer continued sending her golden winks of encouragement...

A week went by. Srul had already returned to Belgium and called her to say how much he’d enjoyed her hospitality. Gedalya called, too. He told her that he didn’t understand how Devora had done it ---

The next day it happened, on her way to work.

She was actually in the right; she’d crossed the intersection at the crossing. But the car that shot out from the left didn’t give her a chance. The frightened spectators were sure that there wasn’t even any point in calling an ambulance ---

She apparently lost consciousness for a few moments and then opened her eyes, surprised to find herself on the street. She tried to get up, checking to see that her head covering was sitting well, and was startled to see a Hatzalah team approaching her. Who called Hatzalah? She just fell; everything was fine ---

She never got to work that day; instead, she went to the hospital, where she underwent a long, comprehensive series of tests, which just confirmed what she already knew: She was hale and healthy, suffering from a few mild bruises...

She tangibly felt how the *zechus* of *shalom* had saved her life...

But there was even more. Even before she was released from the hospital, they were informed that she would very likely be awarded a huge sum from the insurance of the car that hit her – a sum that would easily cover the costs of the extension she had dreamt about---

## A STEP BEYOND

**THE SIXTH MIDDAH: "נִי חָפֵץ חֶסֶד" הוּא, FOR HE DESIRES KINDNESS**

Our merciful Father – desires kindness. He loves *chessed* and wants to pour upon us buckets full of good and blessing. Even if we *chalilah* committed sins in matters *bein adam laMakom*, if He sees that we are doing *chessed* with our fellows and are behaving properly in *middos bein adam l'chaveiro*, He will restrain His anger and continue showering us with an abundance of *chessed* from Shamayim.

**"והלכת בדרךניו", GO IN HIS WAYS**

If a friend hurt or angered us and it is very hard for us to overcome our feelings and forgive, let’s try to remember the better moments we had with him. The favors and kindnesses that he did for us in the past. The beautiful moments of friendship that we shared. These memories will help us get over our anger at what happened now and maintain the love and peace between us, in spite of everything.

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

החובט

# נִי חָפֵץ חֶסֶד הוּא

- לֹא חָזֵק לְעַד אִפּוֹ
- לְשֹׂאֵרֵי נַחֲלָתוֹ
- עוֹבֵר עַל פְּשָׁע
- נוֹשֵׂא עוֹן
- מִי קֵל כַּמוֹךָ



# STOP AND THINK

B. HARAMATI

## WAITING AROUND THE CORNER



Again, someone's knocking at the outside door of their apartment building. Mrs. Gross wipes her sticky hands on her apron, leaves her busy Friday afternoon kitchen, and goes out to answer the door. A few minutes ago it was an elderly woman looking for the Azriel family from the next entrance. In the morning it was a delivery boy asking if the Elchadads really lived on the third floor. They weren't answering the phone and he didn't want to schlep up a heavy carton for nothing. And now - it was two sweet little boys on their way home from *cheder*, dripping with sweat from the midday sun, asking for a cup of water.

Mrs. Gross opens the door time after time, trying to do so graciously. She keeps answering, trying to be patient. Only on occasion does she wonder to herself: Where is the fine line between *baal chessed* and "doormat...?"

Where indeed?

### A GIFT OF TWENTY YEARS

Eisan Ha'ezrachi was asked: What does the world stand on? He answered: On *chessed*, as the *pasuk* says, "The throne will be established with kindness" (*Yeshaya* 16:5). He compares this to a four-legged chair with one broken leg. The owner takes a bundle and uses it for support. So, the throne of Hakadosh Baruch Hu was collapsing, so to speak, until it was supported by *chessed*, as it says, "The world is built on kindness" (*Midrash Shochar Tov*).

Hashem created the world such that no person can manage on his own. Even if he is wealthy, strong, and capable, he still cannot even obtain a slice of bread without the help of others - the farmer who sows and reaps, the baker who sifts and bakes, the driver who brings the fresh loaves to the grocery, and the grocer who sells them. His chauffeur can't even start the engine of his fancy limousine without the help of the gas station attendant and the workers who brought the gasoline to the station...

And Hakadosh Baruch Hu sits above and waits for our *chassadim*. He wants to pour his

kindness upon us, but he is waiting for *chessed* to be done by us in this world, so that He can, in turn, bestow His *chessed* on us.

The Chofetz Chaim, in his *sefer Ahavas Chessed* (part 2, ch. 14), writes: "How good it would be if... everyone would hasten in this mitzvah. Then, the entire world would be filled with the *middah* of *chessed*, and all the troubles and hardships would disappear from the world..." He speaks specifically of his generation, when *tzaros* abounded: "Now the quality of *din* has gained strength in the world and there is no way to save oneself from the troubles that appear anew every day. We can only hold tight to the *middah* of *chessed*, so as to rouse with it the *middah* of *chessed* above" (Part 2, *hagahah* on 85).

We find powerful proof of this in the words of the Gemara in *maseches Rosh Hashanah* (18a) about Abaye and Rava. Both of them were among the descendants of Eli Hakohen, who Hashem had decreed would all die young. Rava, who engaged in Torah learning only - lived to age forty, while Abaye, who engaged in both Torah and *chessed* - lived to age sixty! The Chofetz Chaim explains that twenty years were added to him from Shamayim, corresponding to the time he'd set aside his learning to do *gemillus chessed*...

### A BUILDING WITHOUT STEEL GIRDERS?!

A marvelous story is told of Maran Hagaon Rav Elyashiv *zt"l* (cited in *Pillar of the World*): Once, when Rav Elyashiv was walking outside with his grandson, he noticed workers preparing to pour foundations in a large building site. "Do you see how they are preparing to cast the foundations?" the Rav asked his grandson, pointing to the many steel girders that the workers were getting ready. Then he said: "Every building has firm, strong concrete pillars. Why do they also need steel girders?"

"Steel is an exceptionally strong metal. It holds the concrete, so it shouldn't crack or break," the grandson replied.

"Right," his grandfather agreed. "And you

should know that Torah without *chessed*, is like a concrete pillar without steel girders; that is - it cannot last!"

"And when does Zeide do *chessed*?" the grandson dared to ask his illustrious grandfather. "Most hours of the day, Zeide is totally involved in his learning?!"

Rav Elyashiv smiled at him and replied: "Who knows better than you how many people line up at my door to ask *sheilos*, seek advice, and get *berachos*," and here, he added something amazing: "When people seek my guidance in worldly matters, even though it encroaches on my precious time, it doesn't bother me so much. But when they ask me about *divrei Torah* and halachah, and I have to tear myself away from the *sugya* I'm involved in and enter other *sugyos*, going through all the *shitos* so I can answer them properly - that is '*toras chessed*' in the simplest meaning of the words!"

### A SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY, FOR WOMEN, TOO

"The world stands on three things - Torah, *avodah*, and *gemilus chassadim*." In our generation, we cannot reach the levels of Torah that there were at the time of the Beis Hamikdash. The generations have declined, and "If the earlier ones were like angels, we are like donkeys..." In *avodah*, we can no longer bring *korbanos*; we can only *daven*, as a replacement. But the third pillar, the pillar of *chessed*, remains just as it always was, with no diminishing of its strength and importance. It is waiting today, in 5781, for us to use it to hold up the world ...

Furthermore, in *chessed*, women are on a par with men. We cannot equate a man immersed in the *heilige* Torah to a woman learning Chumash. In the area of *tefillah*, too, we do not *daven* three times a day as part of a *minyan* in shul and it is not always easy for us to have *kavanah*... What's left is *chessed*, waiting for us around the bend ---

So, won't you agree that it would be a shame to pass up even one opportunity to do an act of *chessed*...?

# 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

## GOOD MORNING, GAN!

In a recent issue, I saw the story of a *ganenet* who donated from her *maaser* money to Mishmeres HaSholom – and had a very successful registration. I run a private Gan, and last year, perhaps because of Covid, perhaps for other reasons, my registration was very skimpy. I decided to take upon myself to donate every month to Mishmeres HaSholom from the *maaser* of my earnings in Gan.

Registration for the next school year started off on the right foot, and the quota of children that I'd set for myself has almost been filled already.

*H. from Mod'in Ilit*

## EREV PESACH TRIP

We'd planned to go with the children on a trip to the North a few days before Pesach, as a "prize" for all their help in preparing for Yom Tov. We packed everything we needed into our family car, an old jalopy that *baruch Hashem* still schleps us. Then we piled in, but---the door wouldn't close. We kept trying. The kids were getting restless and the two youngest started fighting over some game, each one claiming that it belonged to him...

"Let's see who will be first to be *mevater*," my oldest daughter said, "and the *zechus* of the *vitur* should solve the problem with the door, so we'll be able to set out!"

One of the children immediately jumped up and said that he was *mevater*. Within sixty seconds, we managed to close the door, start the engine, and get going...

*Rivka M.*

## WHEN THE KUPAT CHOLIM REFUSES APPROVAL

My daughter had speech problems and we were advised to arrange a course of speech therapy. But since she was over the usual age for therapy, we weren't successful in getting the Kupat Cholim's agreement to fund treatments, and paying privately would be very difficult for us. I decided to donate to Mishmeres HaSholom. The problem was related to speech, so what could be more appropriate than a spiritual effort in this area?! *Baruch Hashem*, the *zechuyos* worked and we unexpectedly got the okay from the Kupat Cholim.

After the first period of treatments, we sought approval for an additional round, but ran into red tape once again... Naturally, we gave another donation, in the hope that the *zechuyos* of *shemiras halashon* would help us obtain the therapy that was so important to us, and, *b'siyata d'Shemaya*, we got the okay!

*Baruch Hashem*, there has been substantial improvement. We can already understand her speech and are hoping and praying for further progress.

*Ima shel B.*

## APARTMENT FOR SALE

For a number of years, my mother-in-law tried to sell her apartment, but, due to various problems and defects, she couldn't get a decent price. About a month ago, she decided that she'd had it with all the real estate agents. She picked up the phone and called Mishmeres HaSholom to apply spiritual effort. Believe it or not, the apartment was sold!!

*Miri S.*

## THE NUMERICAL VALUE OF "MAZEL TOV"

For a few years now, we've had a standing order of seventy-seven shekels a month for Mishmeres HaSholom. The last year, we decided to increase the sum of the donation to ninety-four shekels a month – the *gimatriya* of "Mazel Tov." We waited and hoped for a *yeshuah*... The standing order went out monthly, the money left the bank, and the *zechuyos* worked in Shamayim... When they called to ask if they should continue collecting the standing order at the increased sum, I updated them excitedly that we get a triple "Mazel tov": We'd had triplets!!

*An exultant mother times three*

## WHOLEHEARTED FRIENDS

One of my good friends from high school was still single. I decided to take upon myself the daily learning of *hilchos shemiras halashon* for two months, for her *zechus*. I'll be honest: It wasn't easy. As a working woman, with two small children, I needed real will power to keep it up and not miss. But, *Baruch Hashem*, I kept my word. Two months of productive learning were behind me, and then the elated call came... The friend had gotten engaged!!!

*SS.*

MOVING YESHUAH STORIES CAME TO OUR DESK DURING THE CORONA PERIOD: FAMILIES WHO TOOK UPON THEMSELVES THE DAILY LEARNING AND SPECIAL CAUTION IN HILCHOS SHEMIRAS HALASHON FOR THE RECOVERY OF THEIR LOVED ONE WHO HAD THE VIRUS; FAMILIES WHO DONATED AND WERE ZOCHEH TO SEE REFU'OS AND YESHU'OS FOR CRITICALLY ILL CORONA PATIENTS, DESPITE THE DOCTORS' GLOOMY PROGNOSSES. THANK YOU TO ALL THOSE WHO SENT STORIES. YOU WERE MECHAZEK US! MAY THE ZECHUS OF SHEMIRAS HALASHON GIVE YOU CONTINUED ROBUST HEALTH!

לתרומות והקדשות:  
1-800-800-779

# זנות שתהא ל'משמרת שלום'

א לברכה והצלחה אברהם בן עופרה	ב לע"נ אהרון בן מדינה	ג לברכה והצלחה בעילום שם	ד לזווג הגון לאה בת תמר	ה לפרנסה טובה אילן בן רונית (רינה)	ו לרפ"ש רבקה בת אסתר	ז לברכה והצלחה שרית בת שלומית	ח לזווג הגון בעילום שם	ט לברכה והצלחה משפחת אברג'ל	י לרפ"ש שלומית סלמה בת סלמה
יא לרפ"ש בעילום שם	יב לזווג הגון בעילום שם	יג לרפ"ש רינה בת שושנה יצחק בן שרה	יד לזווג הגון בעילום שם	טו לחזרה בתשובה משפחת אלבו	טז לרפ"ש בעילום שם	יז לע"נ ר' רפאל ברוך בן ר' יעקב זצ"ל	יח לזווג הגון בעילום שם	יט לע"נ פיאה רוחמה בת מרסד'ס רועי יעקב בן פיאה רוחמה נתן בן רוטל	כ לרפ"ש בעילום שם
כא לרפ"ש בעילום שם	כב לרפ"ש בעילום שם	כג לחזרה בתשובה בעילום שם	כד לרפ"ש נועם בן דליה	כה לרפ"ש מרדכי יצחק בן שרה תהילה	כו לזווג הגון בעילום שם	כז לרפ"ש יגאל בן זכיה	כח לזווג הגון בעילום שם	כט לע"נ פיאה רוחמה בת מרסד'ס רועי יעקב בן פיאה רוחמה נתן בן רוטל	לכזות התורמים: לרפ"ש ולכל הישועות



# HIGH SCHOOL CORNER

C. CHAZON

## ON THE PLATTER OF THEIR HEARTS

THEY WORKED HARD, PUT THEIR HEARTS INTO IT, INVESTED EFFORT, THOUGHT AND TIME, AND THEN... SOMEONE ASKED TO USE THEIR CREATION • THREE GIRLS WITH STORIES OF CHESSED AND GEVURAH IN OUR TIME



### DRAMA BACKSTAGE

#### Estie B., a teenager who runs drama clubs for girls:

It happened when I started working on opening a drama club.

I spent a lot of time planning. I wrote down anticipated expenses in neat columns: Place, costumes, songs, etc. That gave me an idea of how much I should charge. I found a good storyline, worked hours on writing it up as dialogue, and added songs I'd written myself. Lastly, I designed an attractive ad.

Then, just after I'd started registration, I met Gila on my way to the grocery.

She was very impressed by the ad and expressed interest in the play I was planning to use. I happily answered her questions. Then, Gila casually mentioned that she, too, was planning to open a drama club, and she thought my ad was perfect and "Would you let me use it, and maybe also the story for the play?"

I was struck dumb. I stammered something about having to think about it and ran home, the grocery list still clutched in my empty hands.

The long days of planning; the play that I'd written and rewritten; the ad I'd worked so hard on – all ran through my mind like a high-speed film.

I knew that Gila was aiming for a different target population. I had advertised my clubs in a private school, after obtaining the okay of the administration, who stipulated that no students from other schools could join. Gila was opening her clubs to all Bais Yaakov girls in the area. But, still, to hand all my hard work over to her on a silver platter?

At home, I told my mother about Gila's request. My words shot out like steam from a giant teakettle. After I'd calmed down, my mother told me softly: "You're right, Estie. But think what a tremendous *chessed* you could do. To give someone the fruit of your labor, without expecting anything in return. It's hard. You aren't obligated. It would be perfectly understandable if you'd refuse. But it is an opportunity to benefit someone, to share your special talents, without really losing out."

It took a few minutes of inner struggle, but then I made up my mind. I called Gila and told her that

she could come take my orderly folder, and I wished her *hatzlachah*.

That summer, two clubs sprouted in my neighborhood, both garnering great success.

But the real success, I felt, was the character building that I'd gained.



### HEART UNDER THE SUIT

#### Elisheva B., a teenager who runs a Gemach for boys' suits for weddings, relates:

It started as an ordinary phone call, the kind I'd been getting so often over the last year, since our suit Gemach became so popular. (The Gemach is owned and overseen by my parents; I manage it at the scene.)

The caller asked me a lot of questions: How many styles we carried, how many of each size, colors, prices, which set is most popular...

After a while, I caught on. This lady was planning to open an identical Gemach. She was milking information in a roundabout way.

My first reaction was rage at this woman who was extorting information from me so elegantly, under the guise of an innocent request to rent suits. I almost asked her sweetly what date she needs the suits for, so as to cut short her interrogation...

But then I forcibly stopped myself. I took a deep breath and continued the conversation in my usual friendly tone, as if I hadn't discerned her real motives.

She asked if we make a profit, and why we charge such a high fee. I gave her technical answers, adding a few tips along the way, all the while reminding myself that nobody can touch what is meant for his fellow. On the contrary, let the public benefit from another well-run Gemach.

I finished the conversation, dripping with sweat from the internal effort I'd exerted. But that very effort gave me an ethereal sense of sweet victory that filled my heart to overflowing.

Over the last year, I'd nurtured the Gemach with my own two hands, and the information that was taken so sneakily almost pushed me to put the woman in her place and leave her defeated and humiliated... But for that very reason, I felt strongly

that no matter how many Gemachim open, their success won't match the success I'd just experienced!!



### AN UNMATCHED PERFORMANCE

#### And lastly, Sarit Z., telling a story that happens to all of us, with a different, powerful message!

The moment I finished delivering the lesson, my friends broke out in enthusiastic applause. Everyone spoke about what a remarkable performance the lesson – the first I'd ever delivered – had been.

The lesson was comprehensive and attractive and reflected the work I'd put in. I taught the class about the Braille system and brought samples of real Braille writing as a visual aid! I have a gift for speaking and the lesson was a real success.

Ruthy, a girl in my grade, met me that week on the bus coming home from seminary. We barely knew each other, but during the long ride, we started talking. Ruthy was a quiet girl who was taking the computer track. She still had to give model lessons, but for her, it just meant "going through the motions." She knew that she didn't have the personality to be a teacher. She shared with me how difficult it was for her to prepare a lesson and deliver it and how put off she was by the whole thing. She asked off-handedly where I'd given my lesson and how it had gone over, and when she heard the grade and the topic, she asked if I could lend her the lesson plan.

I happily agreed. Why shouldn't she, too, benefit from the successful, invested lesson?

I gave her everything – the posters, the Braille writing – and only after she thanked me and went home, I felt the pinch in my heart. She would deliver the lesson simply, maybe even poorly. Won't that take away from its glory? Won't the lesson I'd worked so hard on get a bad name?

But then, in a flash, I understood: My talent was given to me as a gift from the Creator to do good with it – for example, to deliver a lesson with an uplifting message... or to help a friend who had difficulty doing the same...

My steps became lighter. Steps of sincere giving. Steps of recognizing my true capability. Steps of quality *chessed*.



For the beginning of the new cycle in sefer Chofetz Chaim  
on Rosh Chodesh Sivan



# Learn To win more!

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Ext. 4

**and win:**

**₪500**

*5 winners every month*

To get a daily reminder to learn  
the halachos: 1



**” There is no family in the world that learns two  
halachos a day and did not see some yeshuah ”**  
(Rav Segal of Manchester zt”l)

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

## ASK THE RAV WHO RUINED THE STICKER?

**Question:** I have a big sticker collection, including some very "precious" ones. I usually bring them to school in my book bag. One day, I went outside for recess and, when I returned, I saw one very precious sticker – ruined. Am I allowed to ask the girls who remained in class who ruined it, so I can ask her to compensate me?

**Question:** According to the basic halachah, if there is benefit in knowing who caused the damage so as to ask him to repay the loss, one is permitted to verify his identity. But the inquiry should be made in a way that does not imply anything derogatory about the *mazik*.

In the incident described, the questioner apparently does not know if the damage was done publicly or privately, so their classmates shouldn't see. If she asks, "Who ruined the sticker?" she may be publicizing the fact that the classmate handled her sticker album and damaged one of the stickers, and that would be a violation of *lashon hara*.

The solution is for her to say: "I need to know who handled my sticker collection because she forgot something there and I want to return it to her" (or "I need to tell her something," etc.).

## OUR WORD

Four-year-old Motty looks on in shock. In Mommy's left hand, she is holding baby Malkie's little hands tight, while, with her right hand, she is forcing into her mouth a little syringe with medicine. Malkie is crying, screaming, kicking, trying to resist...

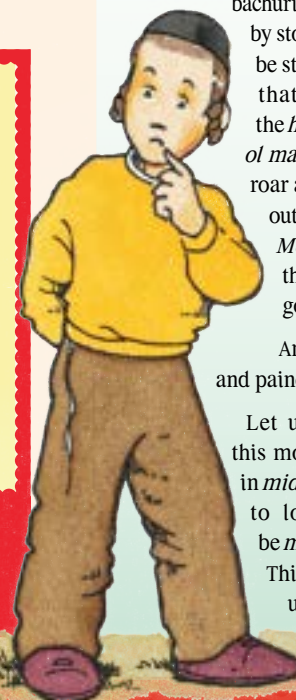
The medicine is bitter, but baby Malkie must swallow it so she'll recover from her infection. And Motty? He's still little. He can't really understand what Mommy has explained to him. He just feels bad for the poor baby...

That is actually what we feel now about the terrible calamity that took place at the Kever HaRashbi on Lag Ba'omer. We are all "little." We cannot understand the *cheshbonos Shamayim*. But we are certain that Hakadosh Baruch Hu, the Father who loves us so much, is giving us this bitter medicine for our own good.

It is hard for us to digest such a terrible tragedy, in which young fathers, yeshiva bachurim, and pure children were taken by storm to Shamayim. We can only be strengthened by the knowledge that just moments before, at the *hadlakah*, they were *mekabel ol malchus Shamayim* with a great roar and deep emotion. They cried out "*Shema Yisrael*" and "*Hashem Melech*" with the crowd of thousands, and were *zocheh* to go straight to Gan Eden.

And we remain here, so sorrowful and pained.

Let us all take upon ourselves this month to strengthen ourselves in *middos Bein Adam l'chaveiro*, to love our friends more, to be *mevater* more, to smile more. This will surely be a *zechus* for us all!



### Sefiras Ha'omer Campaign Nears the Finish Line

If you kept up learning all seven weeks and just forgot to update the Hotline one time,

Or if you started late and made up what you missed,

Or if you started learning by phone and changed to a cell phone, so that the computer system doesn't recognize your uninterrupted learning,

Call the office by 15 Sivan to sign up

At **02-537-9160** Ext. 0

Sun. to Thurs. 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.



# WHO WILL WATCH THE CLOTHING?

It was evening in the dormitory building, with the usual hubbub of getting ready for bed. Yosef Chaim was looking for his slippers; Pinchas was arguing with Eliyahu about who was next in line for a shower; and Tzion was trying to finish another page of his book before "lights out"...

Only Motty, the "new" boy, was not a part of all this. Like yesterday and the day before, he hurriedly got into bed wearing his clothing and shoes, tucked the blanket around him, and closed his eyes, pretending that he was already fast asleep...

Motty. The boy from the Holocaust ---



Three years after the terrible war was over, an elderly aunt brought ten-year-old Motty to the Batei Avos dormitory in Bnei Brak. Somehow, Motty – alone from among his entire family – had survived. At the dorm, he was welcomed by the Ponevezher Rav, Rav Yosef Shlomo Kahaneman, who smiled at him warmly and promised the aunt that he'd care for Motty as if he was his only child.

Mrs. Munk, the "house mother," arranged a clean bed for Motty, brought him clothing and also pajamas, and invited him to join the other boys in the dining room.

"Mrs. Munk! Mrs. Munk!" Childish voices whispered to the house mother, who stood in the kitchen, packing up the leftovers from the meal. "Motty, the new boy, hid bread under his shirt. We saw. He ran to his room and hid the bread under the mattress. The ants will come..."

Tears glistened in Mrs. Munk's eyes. *How*

*could she explain to the children the terrible hunger Motty had experienced? And how, how could she help Motty heal his emotional wounds?*

On Motty's first night in the dorm, when he refused to shower and put on pajamas, she let it go. On the second and third night, when he insisted on getting into bed in his muddy shoes and refused to part with his soiled clothes – she hoped he'd adjust. But the fourth night, the *madrichim* decided to call Rav Kahaneman.

With gentle, caressing words, the Rosh Yeshiva cajoled Motty. "It will be so pleasant for you to wash up in the warm water," he said, stroking the sad cheek. "And look what nice, clean pajamas they prepared for you."

Motty looked at him with his big, blue eyes, listened to every word, but did not move an inch towards the shower.

Only when Rav Kahaneman suggested going with him to the *gedol hador*, the Chazon Ish, who lived right near the dorm, did Motty get up and follow him, stirred by the *zechus* to enter the inner sanctum.

Faced by the Chazon Ish's glowing eyes and embracing gaze, Motty broke down and explained in a tremulous voice: "In the Holocaust, they always stole my clothes. In Auschwitz, in Bergen Belsen, every time I took off my clothes or shoes, they disappeared. I don't have a Tante and a Mama to watch my clothes, so I can't take them off and wear pajamas."



Tears flowed from the eyes of all present. "Don't worry, Motty," the Chazon Ish assured him. "I promise to watch your clothes well. I'll keep them right here, in my room."

At this promise, Motty's tormented soul finally relaxed. He agreed to change to pajamas, leaving his muddy garments in the holy hands of the Chazon Ish, and he went to the dorm with Rav Kahaneman to shower.

As soon as the door closed, the Chazon Ish took a bowl of water and soap and personally scrubbed Motty's filthy clothes. He refused to give up on the mitzvah.

At first, when Motty returned, washed and emanating the fragrance of soap, he panicked. "Where are my clothes, Rebbi? The *tzitzis*, the shirt, the socks, the---" The Chazon Ish put a warm hand on his shoulder and led him to the porch, where the clothes had been hung on the line to dry. "Here are your clothes, *tayere* Motty. I washed them for you. Tomorrow they will be clean and dry. And tonight, you will be my overnight guest."

The Chazon Ish, whose every moment was precious, sat for a long time talking with his young charge, cheering him up and making his stay pleasant, until Motty's eyes slowly drooped closed and he fell asleep with a smile on his lips.

Motty grew up to be a fine *avreich*. The wondrous *chassadim* done for him in his youth took root and became a huge, many-branched tree – the illustrious family, children and grandchildren, that he merited to build.

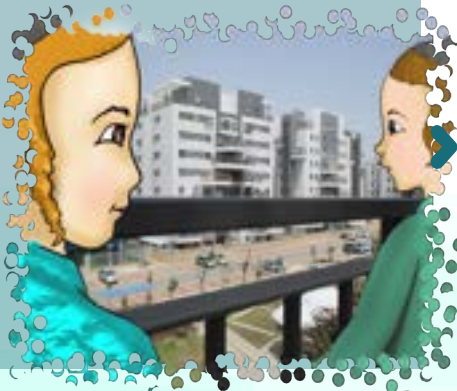


# IN THE NEW CLASS

Nesanel went with his family to Bubby and Zeidy for Shavuot. There they met with Aunt Yocheved's family, who had recently moved to the new housing project in Achisamach.

"I've got regards from you. Elyakim, who used to be in your class, is my classmate now," said Avigdor, Nesanel's cousin. Then he added: "Elyakim seems to be a nice kid, but tell me: Is it true that he has learning difficulties and that a tutor teaches him reading and math?"

Nesanel evaded answering. He didn't want to reveal details that might embarrass Elyakim, his former friend. But his cousin Avigdor kept pressuring him to talk.



Look up *sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Lashon Hara, Klal Aleph, se'if hei*, and choose the correct answer:

- 1 Nesanel is allowed to reveal details about his friend Elyakim, even if this is liable to embarrass him, on the condition that he warns his cousin Avigdor not to tell anyone, including Elyakim himself.
- 2 Nesanel is allowed to reveal these details, since Avigdor was pressuring him to talk and it would be very uncomfortable for him to refuse.
- 3 Even in a case where Avigdor was pressuring him, it was forbidden for Nesanel to reveal information that is liable to embarrass his friend Elyakim.

## THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER SIDE

# WHERE DID THE WORKSHEET DISAPPEAR TO?

### MICHAL'S STORY:

I was doing my math homework when I suddenly realized that I was missing the worksheet that the teacher had given out last week. I hunted for it in my book bag, in the desk drawer, on the table... Then I remembered: I'd given it to Efrat. She'd been absent a few days and I helped her catch up. Maybe the page had accidentally remained with her?

I quickly called Efrat, hoping to hear that the worksheet was safely in her hands, but there was no answer. I tried a second time and a third – but no one picked up.

I had no choice but to wait until Efrat would see my number on "caller ID" and call me back.

Two hours later, Nava called. I told her about the missing paper and how I'd tried to reach Efrat, without success. "What? Efrat spoke to me just a half hour ago!" Nava said in surprise.

Suddenly Nava's stories didn't interest me anymore; I was busy fuming at Efrat. Is that what you call a good friend – ignoring me and preferring to talk to other classmates...?

### EFRAT'S STORY:

Right after lunch, the neighbors' kids knocked. "We want to play with Chaim and Duvi!" they said. Soon all the boys were involved in the rambunctious games they like best...

With all the noise, I couldn't concentrate on homework. I decided to leave it for the evening and, meanwhile, I went to the kitchen to make cookies.

I have a good, easy cookie recipe, but you have to mix the batter in the mixer for fifteen full minutes. That

makes the dough airy.

The cookies were in the oven and the neighbor's boys had gone home. In the sudden quiet, I heard the phone ring. It was my friend Nava. We schmoozed for a few minutes, and then I went to check if the cookies were ready.

After the cookies were out and I'd arranged them nicely in containers, I wanted to go back to the homework that was waiting for me. I glanced at the screen of the cordless phone that was on the dining room table and saw that there were three unanswered calls. Hey, it was my best friend, Michal...

I wanted to call her right back, but the light was blinking to show that the battery was very weak.

I quickly put the phone on its base to charge and sat down to do my homework. I would have to try Michal in another half hour.



**Summary:** The *sefer Shemiras Halashon* that Eli received from his Savta for his birthday got lost and went "traveling." Now it is inside the car of the ad leaflet manager, who is planning to put a "Hashavas Aveidah" notice in the next issue.

7



## A JOURNEY FOR THE BOOKS

# COFFEE-COLORED TEARS

The office was rather boring. The same phone calls, more or less. The same pressure on Mondays, when the leaflet went to print. I tried keeping track of the time, but everything got mixed up. I knew that I'd been there for two Mondays. But aside from that? I was feeling a little sleepy. Kind of hopeless. Several times, I heard them talking about me. The manager, the one who'd brought me here, asked aloud: "You put in the ad about the lost *sefer*, right?" and a few voices answered: "We put it in," "Of course," "In larger letters than usual."

At first, I felt very important. It's a nice feeling knowing that someone is taking care of you and printing ads about you. But then... I muffled a sigh. "I'm not in good shape," I understood. "If there was a big, eye-catching ad, and still, nobody called, that means that no one – no one at all – is looking for me." This thought made me so sad that I closed my eyes and nodded off.

When I woke up, I heard noises. Little sandals jumped from here to there, and words penetrated the hole in my wrapping paper. "Let me print it, Imal!" a child's voice asked. "I want a drink," he added. "And where are the special markers that you promised?" The boy was lively and full of ideas, but his mother suggested that he sit on an office chair "and feel like you're on a carousel, Dovy. You have to rest a bit," she said. "You have fever, and even if there is no bed for you to rest in at Mommy's work, at least you should sit down."

For two minutes, Dovy

indeed sat on the chair, but, very soon, he was bored there. He got up and walked around, looking for something to do. I saw him when I peeked out of the hole in the wrapping paper. His mother had run outside to a taxi that had beeped at the curb, and I saw him circulating in the kitchenette, opening a jar of coffee, dipping a spoon into the sugar, and... Ow! OWWWWW!

Boiling water streamed onto the counter, dripping onto Dovy's little hands. I saw his mouth gape open and then I saw him grimace.

"Close. The. Little. Faucet!" I wanted to scream to him. He was so terrified that he didn't know how to help himself. "Close it, now!" I tried to dredge up a voice from the depths of my pages but was unsuccessful.

I wanted to call for help, because without knowing very much, I understood that Dovy had gotten burned. I wanted to call, "Dovy's mother!!!" or "Hatzalah!" or "People! Come!" Dovy himself had started screaming hard, but I wasn't sure anyone

would interpret his screams and understand that he was in pain.

I moved to the right and to the left, forward and backwards, but I couldn't get a single sound out of me. Suddenly, I felt a pang of envy. I thought about all those people who have a...mouth. Who can scream and call and summon help. Whose mouth can bring so much benefit.

"Dovy? Dovy!" All at once, Dovy's mother burst into the office. Her eyes darted about, frightened. She tossed the package that she'd brought with her from outside onto the floor. "Dovy'le?" she asked, searching. "Did something happen, Dovy'le? Are you here---?"

Then I heard a gush of water - cold water. After that, the little office filled with people in Hatzalah vests. They all talked and suggested and debated if Dovy needed to go to the hospital.

I heard a siren outside and, together with the "Whoooo" of the siren, I felt my heart crying. If I'd only gotten out a word in time, if I'd only had that marvelous gift called a 'mouth...' I wanted to shout to everyone to come learn the halachos inside me and to see how much damage you can cause with one word and how you can also save and build worlds with one word...

I was so sad; I even felt some tears. It took some time until I realized that the hot "tears" dripping on me were from Dovy's coffee... I remained with a brown memento and the great hope that Dovy would have a *refuah sheleimah*.



# KEEPING ACCOUNTS

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



## A SMALL TREASURE IN THE DRAWER!

Only after I put the key into the keyhole did I remember that someone had been in our apartment over Shabbos. *Baruch Hashem*, we'd spent a marvelous Shabbos with Saba and Savta, which wiped out of my mind everything that had come before: rushing to pack everything up, preparing the bedrooms for the guests, and setting up refreshments. Now I was curious to see if they'd left any signs of their stay in our apartment.

At first, all I found was a warm thank-you note. Ima marveled. "How did they keep everything so clean and neat, when they have a few little kids?"

"Now we have a nice, clean house for the new week!" Bassie said.

But when we started getting ready for bed, we discovered one mishap: The pajama drawer refused to open! We tried pulling, pushing, rattling – but the drawer stubbornly remained closed. We'd almost given up when Michi peered inside: "Hey!" he cried. "Something's stuck there. It's... I'm almost sure it's a pacifier!"

Once we'd discovered the problem, it was easy enough to solve it. Indeed, a worn pacifier was stuck in the runner. As soon as we managed to pull it out, the drawer opened wide. Suddenly I felt how tired I was. "Now we can finally go to sleep!"

"But what about the pacifier?" asked Michie. "We have to let the Kleins' cousins know that it's here."

"Oh, come on. They must have other pacifiers that are newer and nicer!"

Even so, Ima decided to call and the decision proved to be a wise one. Mrs. Miller, sister-in-

law of the Kleins, was really upset.

"You're sure we left the pacifier? An old one with a light blue handle?"

"Yes, that's it!"

"Oy vey! That's a real problem. On the way home, the baby fell asleep with a bottle, so we



didn't notice that the pacifier was missing. But when he wakes up, he'll demand it at the top of his lungs. It's the only one he agrees to take and we haven't found this exact pacifier in any of the shops in our area. We'll have to figure out what to do. In any case, thank you for the call and for the wonderful hospitality. We really enjoyed it!"

As Ima hung up, she thought aloud, "I wish we could help them. A baby without a pacifier at night is no simple matter!"

"I can try running down to the bus stop," I heard myself offering, without thinking. And it was a good thing. I was so tired that, had I given it any thought, I most likely would have passed up the honor... "Maybe I'll find someone there traveling to their area!"

"An excellent idea!" Abba said. "I'll come along. It's too late for you to be going out alone!"

After verifying the bus line – 132 – we set out. The digital board said that a bus was due to come in 13 minutes. "No one needing that bus is likely to be coming for another ten minutes. Should we go home or wait here?" Abba debated.

Suddenly I had another idea. "Maybe we should go into 'Pacifiers'?"

"What for?" Abba asked. "Are they even open on Motzaei Shabbos?"

"I want to see if they have more pacifiers like the one the Millers left behind, so they shouldn't be so dependent on that ragged one! And I think they're open. Remember the teething ring we bought for Malky? That was on a Motzaei Shabbos."

"Here!" I announced. "It's exactly the same pacifier, but with a pink handle. Do you think they'll care?"

"I don't think so," smiled Abba, paying at the checkout. I resolved to pay him back at home. I wanted to buy this *chessed* for myself...

We ran to the bus stop. Two people were waiting for the 132. One of them lived near the Millers and was happy to deliver the package.

"One *chessed* leads to another," Abba summed up. "We started with lending our apartment for Shabbos, and ended by providing pacifier service!"

RAFFLE WINNERS FOR THE PUZZLE SECTION:  
MICHAL BITON, RECHASIM



# HAR SINAI WORD FLOWERS

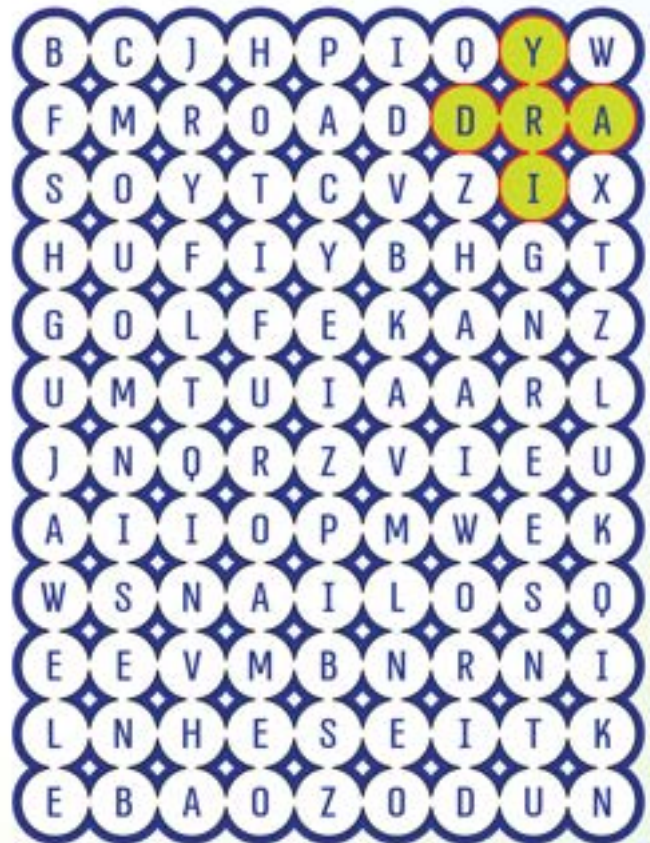
Chazal tell us that Har Sinai was full of beautiful flowers. Help us find 5-letter word flowers in the grid below. All the words are related to Shavuos.

BUT - these flower circles are tricky. Any of the five letters of each word might be in the circle in the middle of the flower. The other four letters that make up the word will be immediately above, below, to the left, and the right. See the example in the grid spelling the word DAIRY.

First solve the clues, and then find the word flower on the grid. Remember, a letter can be part of more than one word flower.

### CLUES

- Type of food we eat on Shavuos
- On Shavuos, we learn all \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
- English word for Har
- Which day of the Omer is Shavuos?
- He started learning Torah at age 40
- Type of food in *bikkurim*
- This was not heard during Matan Torah
- Text studied on Shavuos night
- Rus's mother-in-law
- He held the *luchos*
- King born on Shavuos
- Meaning of the word Shavuos
- Number of weeks of the Omer
- Month we celebrate Shavuos
- Given on Har Sinai
- Mountain where Torah was given
- We do this on *leil Shavuos*



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

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

Name:	
Address:	
Phone:	City:

## P.S.

## LETTERS FROM KIDS LIKE YOU

### Conversation in the Stairwell

My mother is the Mishmeres HaSholom rep in our building. One day, I overheard some little girls from the building talking. One started saying something and the others told her, "It's lashon hara..." Then they ran to their parents to ask if it was really *lashon hara* and what should they do... I was really impressed. I asked them how they knew the halachos so well. They answered that they read the halachah in the last magazine that my mother had distributed...

Ashreinu that we have Mishmeres HaSholom!  
Y. E.

### Oy, It's Lashon Hara!

Thank you for the special Sefiras Ha'omer campaign. My six-year-old brother won't let a single day pass without hearing the halachah, and he reminds the rest of us.

One day, my father came home and my brother told him something that had happened to him with a classmate. A moment later, he realized, "Oy! What I said was *lashon hara!*"

He felt so bad that he almost started crying. He begged Abba not to believe it because it was *lashon hara*.

A giant thank you!  
E.L. from Modi'in Ilit

### Thanks to Shalom Link

I wanted to thank this important organization. In your merit, I know how to guard my tongue!

One time, my friends were speaking *lashon hara*. I tried to get them to be quiet, but they kept going. What did I do? I quietly took the phone, called the "Shalom Link" number and turned the phone on loudspeaker, so everyone could hear the inspiring shiur. It really helped, immediately!

C.E. from Beit Shemesh

**Summary:**

Nussie's father opens a publishing house called "Beeri," 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. The snowy weather becomes stormy and dangerous. The boys in both groups have to huddle together in the igloo that the "Mayim Chayim" group built. Their parents are worried.

# WARM SNOW

Written by B. Halevi  
Illustrated by C. Chusid

