

Open Journal

Posted by Tomim2B - 23 Sep 2009 20:00

In an attempt to add to the luster I'm opening up this thread where we can all contribute our thoughts, ideas, perspectives and attitudes in a setting carrying the tone of more serious discussion.

This is an open journal, and everyone is invited to post in this thread; no exceptions!

2B

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by 7yipol - 18 Oct 2009 13:46

Beautiful post that many here can gain tremendously from.

Welcome back, you've been missed and this proves why!

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by Tomim2B - 18 Oct 2009 14:14

Would You Guess Who Won?

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He always had trouble getting up in the morning. But this time, the morning before his wedding, he was determined to get up early. After all, he had a lot of preparation to do and every minute

was important. Before going to sleep, Avremel the 19 year old bochur set his alarm clock for 7AM.

That morning wasn't easy. It was a cold day and a draft had been blowing in from the window which had been left slightly open the night before. It's 7AM. The alarm rings and two voices go off in his head. "There's so much to do!" says the first voice. Why am I still lying in bed? I better get up now and start my day. I've got no time to waste". Then the other voice responds: "I've got plenty of time? Besides, sleep is important too! What's another few minutes anyways? Hit the snooze button! It'll wake you up in another 10 minutes!".

Avremel, eyes half shut, reaches over for the snooze button and goes back to sleep. 10 minutes later it's the same conversation in his head. To get up, or to nap another few minutes? Again, still in a daze, Avremel hits snooze. This way it continued for several hours, till it was already way past noon. At this point it's already 3PM and Avremel's been sleeping his way around the clock!

"Now, who do you think won the fight?" the Rabbi telling me the story asks with a glimmer in his eye. I pause for a moment to think. "What's the question? Obviously his y"eh won!" I say with certainty.

The Rabbi's face broadens with a smile. "For hours he fought long an hard, and ultimately - just after 3PM, his y"eh could fight no more. Then, Avremel *finally* got up and started his day. 2 points for the yetzer tov!" he said grinningly.

While the story was said in jest, it still carries a very important point in our battle against our y"eh. We may slip. And we may even go to degrees where we are at the edge of the cliff, nearly hanging on for dear life. When sometimes we may slip, (or even if we fall - just not allowing ourselves to go all the way with it,) it's easy to walk away feeling dejected, and even tabbing this on as another success for the y"eh. Clearly it is not! When we finally stop in our tracks, turn back or put our foot down, and remind ourselves not to go down that path, that's the victory of the yetzer tov! A climb!

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by Tomim2B - 18 Oct 2009 14:15

[7Up wrote on 18 Oct 2009 13:46:](#)

Beautiful post that many here can gain tremendously from.

Welcome back, you've been missed and this proves why!

Thank you! I'm glad they are appreciated.

2B

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by kutan - 18 Oct 2009 15:40

wow.

WOW.

Tomim and RATM team up.

Amazing posts in Open Journal.

thank you, the two of you.

Reb B. must still be sleeping ... otherwise we'd have Gevaldiggggggggs all over here.

kutan

PS: do you do this type of stuff in the fake world too?

Its amazing how much real potential our world in GUI unlocks.

kutan has found this true with himself.

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 18 Oct 2009 17:13

when we are truly secure,we are able to unleash the treasure inside.

gevaldig!

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by kutan - 18 Oct 2009 20:53

Yes, Uri. That seems to be the secret.

the garbage that we carry with us falls away.

the inside of the yid, which is pure and beautiful, each in his own way, shines through.

In some cases, its BLINDINGLY BRIGHT!

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by habib613 - 18 Oct 2009 21:23

wow.

that was pretty deep.

and it hit the spot.

it was just what i needed.

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Shimrat eynaim/habrit & anger.

Posted by Giant Leap - 18 Oct 2009 22:22

This is a great idea for a forum thread. Here is my post: I have a question and I would like to have some input from anyone. My question is, does trying to be shimrat eynaim/habrit somehow correlate with anger or getting angry often? Does anyone experience this? Well, today I got in an argument with my mother over something insignificant and I don't really know how it really began. I know I'm at fault. I just feel so edgy and easily angered when trying to be holy in this respect. It's killing me. I studied some Chassidus and basically I learned that my soul element is made up of the "fire" characteristic meaning easily angered and temper that isn't calmed quickly. So you can see if my supposed correlation is true, it's a vial mix for me. I know humility and crushing my ego is what I need to work on but it's so hard and at the time it's causing pain to me and everyone around me. Insignificant arguments that are blown out of proportion. I don't know anymore, I guess I need a shrink!

thanks

Forgive me if this post doesn't make sense or has too many errors, I'm writing on my phone

But still any

comments are greatly appreciated.

Thanks,

Giant Leap

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by Tomim2B - 19 Oct 2009 07:13

The Smell of Gan Eden

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Two Chassidim were once staying in an inn on their way to see R' Levi Yitzchok of Berditchev. While her husband was out, the innkeepers wife bolted into the room of these Chassidim and, weapon in hand forced them to commit an aveira with her. In the face of this difficult situation the Chassidim had agreed to fulfill her wishes, and only requested to use the bathroom beforehand. Happily, she allowed them access to the bathroom, which to her shock and surprise, as soon as she had let them in, they jumped right into the pit below the outhouse. Covered in dung, the Chassidim climbed out, and said - "Ok! We're ready! You can imagine how quickly the innkeepers wife lost interest in them and took on repulsion instead.

The Chassidim seized the opportunity and ran, leaving all their possessions behind. With nowhere to go, and only a short distance from the Berdichever's shul, that is where they headed. When they arrived it was just before mincha, and people were assembling in the shul getting ready to daven - only that they were waiting for their Rebbe -R' Levi Yitzchok of Berdichev - to arrive. These men, covered in human feces, and without the opportunity to clean themselves, entered the shul as is. They looked disgusting, and their odor was just unbearable! It was in the dead of the winter, so cold and wet, they squeezed in next to the heater located in the back of the shul. It wasn't long before the stench of cooked feces began to fill the room. When that happened, those present had gotten angry at them for bringing this terrible odor into a shul - a place of prayer, and they had wanted to throw them out.

Just as they were about to be removed from the shul, that's when the Rebbe walked in. R' Levi Yitzchok as he walked into shul breathed in deeply from his nose (savoring the smell) and as a pleasant smile spread across his face he said out loud: "Yosef HaTazdik! Ahhhh, the smell of Gan Eden!".

(The above post has been reposted from the "Hi. I'm Smith" thread with the addition of minor details.)

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by Tomim2B - 30 Nov 2009 07:40

Who's in Control of Who?

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A man once commit a crime and was imprisoned till his trial date. When the date of his trial arrived he was released from the prison by a guard who was to transfer him to the courthouse. The guard, fearing that he may attempt to escape, drew out a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and cuffed the hand of the prisoner to his own. With their hands cuffed together, they walked through the city towards the direction of the courthouse.

On their way people started to assemble in the streets and observe. Seeing the cuffed man, the people of the city began to laugh at him and at his pitiful state. Offended by their remarks, the man shouted back at them: "You're making a mistake! He isn't transferring me - *I'm* transferring him! It is *I* who placed him in handcuffs - *not vice versa!*"

Just then, a wise man from amongst the crowd stepped forward. "If so, unlock the cuff that's on your hand." he said. "If you can do that, then we'll know that you're saying the truth. If you can part yourself from him, we'll know that you're in control of him - but if not, *then he's clearly in control of you!*".

The same is true with our challenge. If you find that you are able to part from it, "sure!" go ahead and maintain that you are still in control. But if after several attempts you still find yourself bound in the shackles of your "problem", you've got to admit that you are dealing with something which is no longer in your control and you must take a different battle plan. Think

you're not addicted? Try breaking away and see if you can do it! Can't? Then you're in this with the rest of us. Welcome to GYE - where we can regain true freedom!

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by Tomim2B - 02 Dec 2009 07:45

Is This Arrogance I Feel?

Being that our lust only arises from our own personal "needs" - and therefore ego, in freeing ourselves from the shackles of our addiction we are instructed to stay clear out of the way of ego. Still, even in the act of ridding ourselves of our ego, it's possible that we can get entirely caught up focusing on "ourselves". The only route towards real improvement is to simply get out of our heads (the spotlight of our minds), stop thinking about ourselves (our egos) and our gains, and jump right into thinking about others and how we can be of service to them - no strings attached (even with our own self-betterment in mind). I thought to mention this story for the important lesson we can learn from it:

One of the followers of Rabbi DovBer of Lubavitch (the "Mitteler Rebbe, 1773-1827) was known for studying and praying with great devotion, and displaying a kind, gentle manner to others. Yet, he still had a serious character flaw. He greatly admired his own virtues. Afraid that he was growing arrogant, the chassid decided to approach his Rebbe for guidance.

After hearing the chassid describe his predicament, Rabbi DovBer was silent for a moment, and then responded: When G?d created the world, He created both good and evil. After these two elements came into being, they came before G?d and asked for their respective missions. "Spread the light of goodness and kindness in the world," G?d instructed the Good Side. "This is achieved by making people aware of their Creator."

Evil asked, "But will I be able to do my job? Will people really listen to me?" G?d then instructed the Evil Side to combat the good, thereby giving people the choice and opportunity to overcome adversity. The Evil Side asked, "But will I be able to do my job? Will people really listen to me?"

When the Creator responded in the affirmative, the Evil Side asked to be told its name. "You will be called the Serpent," said the Creator.

Upon hearing this, the Serpent became worried. He was afraid that his name alone would frighten people away and doom his mission. "Have no fear," reassured G?d, "you will succeed."

Indeed, the Serpent was successful in misleading Eve to sin, convincing her to eat from the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden and to share her sin with Adam. After eating from the same fruit, G?d banished the pair from Eden, and thus began all of life's challenges.

However, when Adam and Eve realized their sin, they repented completely and managed to atone for their folly. Seeing the holiness that now permeated their lives, the Serpent came before the Creator again: "Destroy me," he implored. "I will never be able to succeed now!"

"Have no fear," responded the Creator. "I will change your name to Angel of Death. No one will recognize you."

The Evil Side – disguised as the Angel of Death – did his sinister work for generations, until our grandparents Abraham and Sarah began spreading the knowledge of G?d in their surroundings. Forlorn, the Angel of Death complained again that his job was too difficult, well-nigh impossible. "Fear not," said the Creator, "I will change your name again. From now on, you will be known as Satan. No one will recognize you."

So, Satan began his career. His work went well until Moses made his appearance. When he began teaching Torah, Satan was ready to throw in the towel for good. He appeared before the Creator asking for a merciful end; now he truly felt useless. Again, his name was changed. This time, he was renamed "Arrogance."

Again, his name was changed. This time, he was renamed "Arrogance." Arrogance now began his career. This time, his disguise was so good that he even penetrated houses of Torah learning. The more a true scholar studies, the more he realizes how little he really knows. However, under the influence of Arrogance, people would study and not be humbled by their knowledge. Instead, they assumed airs of superiority and looked down with disdain at the unlearned. Of course, they sugarcoated these feelings by claiming to defend the dignity of their

knowledge, not their own person.

This continued until Rabbi Israel Baal Shem Tov arrived in this world. He revealed the true unity of G?d, before whom all are equal—no matter their level of scholarship.

Again the Evil Side came before the Creator, disguised as Arrogance, asking for a merciful end. Again his name was changed. This time instead of plain Arrogance, it would be known as "Fear of Arrogance." Being less bold than plain old Arrogance, Fear of Arrogance could do its work in peace.

"Now listen here," concluded the Mittlerer Rebbe, "you should know that Fear of Arrogance is Arrogance, who is Satan, who is the Angel of Death, who is the Serpent himself! Quickly, throw him out of your house because your life is at risk!"

(This story, written by Rabbi Yossi Gordon, was found published on Chabad.org.)

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by kutan - 02 Dec 2009 14:29

Thank you Tomim, for that very thought provoking essay.

To me, it seems to be saying that the best way to avoid arrogance is to avoid worrying about being arrogant, since that is an insidious form of arrogance itself.

But I have a feeling that I am way off.

Guard, as the chief and head anav of the community, could you kindly enlighten us with your understanding of what the Mittler Rebbe is trying to convey to us?

kutan (Gadol?)

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Re: Open Journal

Posted by Tomim2B - 03 Dec 2009 08:33

Half Measures Avail Us Nothing!

One cold winter day in Chicago a poor Jewish man was slowly walking home from the factory when he passed by a fancy, expensive restaurant. He stopped before the huge glass window and gazed for several minutes at the rich people sitting in the plush warm room talking and laughing while eating delicious cheese blintzes, completely oblivious of him as though they were on another, higher plane of existence.

"Blintzes," he muttered to himself as he turned and continued home.

"Sarah," he announced to his wife as he closed the door behind him and threw his coat over a chair, "Sarah, I've been thinking, do you think you could make me blintzes? I would really like some blintzes."

"Of course Max," she answered. "I'll try my best."

Sarah took out her old cookbook and opened it up to "Blintzes". "Aha!" She happily exclaimed. "Here they are... blintzes!"

Two cups of flour, a cup of water... "Oh, look here, Max, it says we need cream cheese. We don't have cream cheese," she said sadly. "Listen Sarah, you know what? Forget the cheese," consoled Max.

"Look here" she called out again. "It says we need walnuts, honey and raisins!" "Forget that stuff, too," he advised. "Oh you are such a good husband Max! But, what's this? What about cinnamon and brown sugar," she read out from the book. "Not necessary!" he decreed. "Just please start baking already, Sarah, I'm really hungry."

So she ceremoniously lit the oven, mixed the flour and water, rolled it into cigar shapes put them in to bake and in just minutes there they were, sitting on a plate before a very happy Max, napkin tucked into his collar.

His knife and fork immediately went to work and within seconds he was actually doing it! He was eating blintzes just like the rich guys in their fancy restaurant.

Sarah watched him proudly as he slowly swallowed. After several seconds of complete silence she couldn't resist. "Nu, what do you think? Do you like it?"

"You know, Sarah," said Max. "You know, I don't understand what those rich people see in blintzes."

(Taken from an article written by Rabbi Tuvia Bulton. The original source of this parable, Rebbetzin Nechoma Greisman A"H.)

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Re: Open Journal
Posted by Tomim2B - 03 Dec 2009 10:01

I'm The Baal HaBayis of This House!

Many years ago in Russia, a chossid once complained to his Rebbe that he was having difficulty maintaining control of his eyes and thoughts, and he requested from his Rebbe a lesson that could perhaps demonstrate.

The Rebbe did not respond to his question. Instead, he was sent to visit the house of another chossid at the outskirts of town.

The chossid did as he was told, and began looking for the house he was sent to. It was in the dead of winter, and he was faced with ferocious cold. By the time he had arrived he could bare it no more. He quickly ran towards the house and pounded loudly on the door.

From inside the house came a sound of an old man's voice. "Who's there?" he said. In response came "It's me" as the chossid said his name and began to explain his his purpose for the visit. Still, the door was not opened.

After some time passed, feeling ignored, the chossid pounded on the door once again, only this time, much louder than before. Again, through the door came the voice of the old man: "who is it?". The chossid repeated his name and once again mentioned his reason for coming. Still, nothing! He wasn't let into the house.

This repeated itself over and over several times, till, cold and confused and with nowhere to go, the chossid cuddled up on the doorstep of the house and went to sleep.

Early the next morning, the old man, greeting the chossid with a smile opened the door and welcomed him inside. The chossid angrily shout out at him: "Didn't you hear me banging on your door yesterday?! Why didn't you open your door when you first heard me?!"

The old man smiled and calmly replied: "I'm the baal habayis here. No-one comes inside if I don't let!"

(Originally posted in a thread of it's own - several months ago.)

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