

yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 29 Jun 2009 19:47

(any questions , insights & suggestions about this thread,feel free to email me at taryaga@gmail.com)

There are many reasons we need to be where we are and who we are,most are unknown.Why do we even have to be in a situation or have in our soul so much darkness and a pull toward self-destructing negative behaviors?

I saw once an amazing thought in a sefer.Moshe Rabeinu came from a union that after the Torah was given would have deemed him a mamzer(parents being an aunt & nephew).He could not boast of his lineage.This is one reason that let him be the greatest Anov that ever lived.

We who have to deal with the stuff that's in us that we would rather not have in the first place-this pain and shame over the course of time -makes us realize that even when we b'ezras Hashem pull out of the addictions-we will never look at another Yid that is struggling with this in a negative way

We catch a Yid looking where he shouldn't be looking and our hearts are full of compassion.We will daven for him,treat him with respect,gently try to get him out of it.We would never disgrace him-not even in our hearts-because we were there.We know what it's like.In our eyes he is a potential tzaddik.

This is surely one reason Hashem gave us this urge towards baseness with all it's shades of ugliness.Yes you are special-like every Yid is-but never ever judge harshly My son or daughter that is struggling-because I love him or her - he or she is part of Klall Yisroel.Just as indispensable as you are.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by kutan - 29 Mar 2011 12:39

Just watch the peyos, please!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 29 Mar 2011 13:43

Beautiful words from Rav Kook on Purim-sounds like it pertains to our days

Purim: "Go Gather All The Jews"

During these days of Purim, in this difficult hour, many troubles from without besiege and afflict the entire nation of Israel.

Yet our greatest anguish stems from troubles from within. We lack internal unity, peace in the House of Israel. Let us recall those days and their events as they are recorded in the Scroll of Esther - written, as it was, with Divine inspiration. For the Divine spirit transcends the passage of time and the transient ideologies of each generation. The eternal words "Go gather all of the Jews" shall once again revitalize us and elevate us from our lowly state.

Is Unity Possible?

One may ask: Is it really possible nowadays to gather all of the Jews? Is it possible to unite all the different factions and parties? How will the bones scattered across the vast valley of exile - both material and spiritual - once again form that entity known as Klal Yisrael, and put forth its demands for strength, renewal, and redemption?

The answer is that there is a place where this dispersion, both physical and spiritual, cannot rule over us. But you object: We see with our own eyes the awful internal strife, Jews fighting Jews, brothers turning against brothers like wolves and snakes. How then can one say, "Go gather all of the Jews"?

Whoever thinks that Haman erred when he said, "There is one nation scattered and divided" (Esther 3:8), is mistaken. Indeed, the nation is scattered and divided; but nevertheless, it is 'one nation.' Nor should one question the possibility of a nation being simultaneously united and divided. The world is full of wonders. This nation, whose very survival in history is replete with wondrous wonders, demonstrates by its existence that it is essentially one nation, despite its dispersion.

True, the malady of exile has divided us. But 'the Eternal One of Israel will not lie.' The exile and all of its terrors must come to an end. Now that the wind has begun to blow from the four corners of the earth, from both the troubles surrounding us and from the spiritual revelation which stirs us to return and be rebuilt in the land of our life - **now we are nearing the realization that there is a cure for the malady of our dispersion and division.** In the final analysis, we are, and shall always be, a united nation. Israel shall once again rise to the eternal words, "Go gather all of the Jews."

The Hidden Spirit

Yet the difficult question obstructing the path of redemption remains - the divisive discord that consumes us. The answer is that there are two sides to a person. Medical treatment utilizes the inner resources of vitality and health that lie hidden within. This inner spirit is so hidden that even the patient is unaware of its existence. **Spiritual maladies and their physical manifestations infect only our baser aspects, that side of which we are aware. But our hidden, unknown side always bursts with energy, brimming with life and strength. This hidden repository of health has the power to heal the outer self, which can mislead one into thinking that he is sick and feeble, when in fact he possesses an energetic, healthy soul, full of life and vigor.**

That which is true for the individual applies to a much greater degree to the entire collective. Klal Yisrael in particular is truly one nation: "And who is like Your nation, Israel, one nation in the land?" (I Sam. 15:19) We must admit our error in identifying the essence of Israel with its superficial appearance, with its outer, baser side. This self-image has made us fearful. We are conscious only of our dispersion and division.

The Hamans of every generation strike at us with their poisonous hatred. Especially in this transition period, they perceive our weak side, for it is visible and recognizable. But precisely through these tribulations we will come to realize that we possess a previously unknown, collective soul, a great national spirit whose existence we had forgotten. It abounds with vitality and possesses sufficient power to renew our lives as of old, and repel all of the Amalekites who wish to assault our weak.

This hidden Judaism, unknown even to ourselves, this great soul of a great nation, bearing both the suffering and the light of the world within it, will become known to us during these portentous times. The blessing of "Go gather all of the Jews" will emerge from its hidden place within the national soul. **Every Purim we must appreciate the great inner repository of our blessedness and our essential trait of oneness, which will vanquish our divided side.**

From a state of being unable to 'distinguish between cursed is Haman and blessed is Mordechai' will come a higher recognition - to find the unknown Jew within us. Brothers will know one another and join hands, and a mighty voice will be heard, "Let us rise up and ascend to Zion, to the house of our God" (Jer. 31:5).

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Dov - 29 Mar 2011 23:48

Rav Kook. Rav Kook. Gevalt. Thanks, Yechidaleh.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 04 Apr 2011 13:11

God wants to

Shower upon us

Endless flow of blessing

We are asked

To make ourselves receptive vessels

So as to receive it

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 07 Apr 2011 13:06

I posted this elsewhere as well

a powerful lesson on giving a listening ear to a fellow yid in pain

this story is about a wagondriver who is in great pain and grief-stricken and he needs to pour his heart out and no one wants to listen.or cares.or takes the time.

so he has no choice and resorts to pouring out his grief in a sad and poignant way.

No Yid should need to have to end up like this wagon driver

MISERY

by Anton Chekhov

"To whom shall I tell my grief?"

THE twilight of evening. Big flakes of wet snow are whirling lazily about the street lamps, which have just been lighted, and lying in a thin soft layer on roofs, horses' backs, shoulders, caps. Iona Potapov, the sledge-driver, is all white like a ghost. He sits on the box without stirring, bent as double as the living body can be bent. If a regular snowdrift fell on him it seems as though even then he would not think it necessary to shake it off. . . . His little mare is white and motionless too. Her stillness, the angularity of her lines, and the stick-like straightness of her legs make her look like a halfpenny gingerbread horse. She is probably lost in thought. Anyone who has been torn away from the plough, from the familiar gray landscapes, and cast into this slough, full of monstrous lights, of unceasing uproar and hurrying people, is bound to think.

It is a long time since Iona and his nag have budged. They came out of the yard before dinnertime and not a single fare yet. But now the shades of evening are falling on the town. The pale light of the street lamps changes to a vivid color, and the bustle of the street grows noisier.

"Sledge to Vyborgskaya!" Iona hears. "Sledge!"

Iona starts, and through his snow-plastered eyelashes sees an officer in a military overcoat with a hood over his head.

"To Vyborgskaya," repeats the officer. "Are you asleep? To Vyborgskaya!"

In token of assent Iona gives a tug at the reins which sends cakes of snow flying from the horse's back and shoulders. The officer gets into the sledge. The sledge-driver clicks to the horse, cranes his neck like a swan, rises in his seat, and more from habit than necessity brandishes his whip. The mare cranes her neck, too, crooks her stick-like legs, and hesitatingly sets off. . . .

"Where are you shoving, you devil?" Iona immediately hears shouts from the dark mass shifting to and fro before him. "Where the devil are you going? Keep to the r-right!"

"You don't know how to drive! Keep to the right," says the officer angrily.

A coachman driving a carriage swears at him; a pedestrian crossing the road and brushing the horse's nose with his shoulder looks at him angrily and shakes the snow off his sleeve. Iona fidgets on the box as though he were sitting on thorns, jerks his elbows, and turns his eyes about like one possessed as though he did not know where he was or why he was there.

"What rascals they all are!" says the officer jocosely. "They are simply doing their best to run up against you or fall under the horse's feet. They must be doing it on purpose."

Iona looks at his fare and moves his lips. . . . Apparently he means to say something, but nothing comes but a sniff.

"What?" inquires the officer.

Iona gives a wry smile, and straining his throat, brings out huskily: "My son . . . er . . . my son died this week, sir."

"H'm! What did he die of?"

Iona turns his whole body round to his fare, and says:

"Who can tell! It must have been from fever. . . . He lay three days in the hospital and then he died. . . . God's will."

"Turn round, you devil!" comes out of the darkness. "Have you gone cracked, you old dog? Look where you are going!"

"Drive on! drive on! . . ." says the officer. "We shan't get there till to-morrow going on like this. Hurry up!"

The sledge-driver cranes his neck again, rises in his seat, and with heavy grace swings his whip. Several times he looks round at the officer, but the latter keeps his eyes shut and is apparently disinclined to listen. Putting his fare down at Vyborgskaya, Iona stops by a restaurant, and again sits huddled up on the box. . . . Again the wet snow paints him and his horse white. One hour passes, and then another. . . .

Three young men, two tall and thin, one short and hunchbacked, come up, railing at each other and loudly stamping on the pavement with their goloshes.

"Cabby, to the Police Bridge!" the hunchback cries in a cracked voice. "The three of us, . . . twenty kopecks!"

Iona tugs at the reins and clicks to his horse. Twenty kopecks is not a fair price, but he has no thoughts for that. Whether it is a rouble or whether it is five kopecks does not matter to him now so long as he has a fare. . . . The three young men, shoving each other and using bad language, go up to the sledge, and all three try to sit down at once. The question remains to be settled: Which are to sit down and which one is to stand? After a long altercation, ill-temper, and abuse, they come to the conclusion that the hunchback must stand because he is the shortest.

"Well, drive on," says the hunchback in his cracked voice, settling himself and breathing down Iona's neck. "Cut along! What a cap you've got, my friend! You wouldn't find a worse one in all Petersburg. . . ."

"He-he! . . . he-he! . . ." laughs Iona. "It's nothing to boast of!"

"Well, then, nothing to boast of, drive on! Are you going to drive like this all the way? Eh? Shall I give you one in the neck?"

"My head aches," says one of the tall ones. "At the Dukmasovs' yesterday Vaska and I drank four bottles of brandy between us."

"I can't make out why you talk such stuff," says the other tall one angrily. "You lie like a brute."

"Strike me dead, it's the truth! . . ."

"It's about as true as that a louse coughs."

"He-he!" grins Iona. "Me-er-ry gentlemen!"

"Tfoo! the devil take you!" cries the hunchback indignantly. "Will you get on, you old plague, or won't you? Is that the way to drive? Give her one with the whip. Hang it all, give it her well."

Iona feels behind his back the jolting person and quivering voice of the hunchback. He hears abuse addressed to him, he sees people, and the feeling of loneliness begins little by little to be less heavy on his heart. The hunchback swears at him, till he chokes over some elaborately whimsical string of epithets and is overpowered by his cough. His tall companions begin talking of a certain Nadyezhda Petrovna. Iona looks round at them. Waiting till there is a brief pause, he looks round once more and says:

"This week . . . er. . . my. . . er. . . son died!"

"We shall all die, . . ." says the hunchback with a sigh, wiping his lips after coughing. "Come, drive on! drive on! My friends, I simply cannot stand crawling like this! When will he get us there?"

"Well, you give him a little encouragement . . . one in the neck!"

"Do you hear, you old plague? I'll make you smart. If one stands on ceremony with fellows like you one may as well walk. Do you hear, you old dragon? Or don't you care a hang what we say?"

And Iona hears rather than feels a slap on the back of his neck.

"He-he! . . . " he laughs. "Merry gentlemen God give you health!"

"Cabman, are you married?" asks one of the tall ones.

"I? He he! Me-er-ry gentlemen. The only wife for me now is the damp earth. . . . He-ho-ho!. . . .The grave that is! . . . Here my son's dead and I am alive. . . . It's a strange thing, death has come in at the wrong door. . . . Instead of coming for me it went for my son. . . ."

And Iona turns round to tell them how his son died, but at that point the hunchback gives a faint sigh and announces that, thank God! they have arrived at last. After taking his twenty kopecks, Iona gazes for a long while after the revelers, who disappear into a dark entry. Again he is alone and again there is silence for him. . . . The misery which has been for a brief space eased comes back again and tears his heart more cruelly than ever. With a look of anxiety and suffering Iona's eyes stray restlessly among the crowds moving to and fro on both sides of the street: can he not find among those thousands someone who will listen to him? But the crowds flit by heedless of him and his misery. . . . His misery is immense, beyond all bounds. If Iona's heart were to burst and his misery to flow out, it would flood the whole world, it seems, but yet it is not seen. It has found a hiding-place in such an insignificant shell that one would not have found it with a candle by daylight. . . .

Iona sees a house-porter with a parcel and makes up his mind to address him.

"What time will it be, friend?" he asks.

"Going on for ten. . . . Why have you stopped here? Drive on!"

Iona drives a few paces away, bends himself double, and gives himself up to his misery. He

feels it is no good to appeal to people. But before five minutes have passed he draws himself up, shakes his head as though he feels a sharp pain, and tugs at the reins. . . . He can bear it no longer.

"Back to the yard!" he thinks. "To the yard!"

And his little mare, as though she knew his thoughts, falls to trotting. An hour and a half later Iona is sitting by a big dirty stove. On the stove, on the floor, and on the benches are people snoring. The air is full of smells and stuffiness. Iona looks at the sleeping figures, scratches himself, and regrets that he has come home so early. . . .

"I have not earned enough to pay for the oats, even," he thinks. "That's why I am so miserable. A man who knows how to do his work, . . . who has had enough to eat, and whose horse has had enough to eat, is always at ease. . . ."

In one of the corners a young cabman gets up, clears his throat sleepily, and makes for the water-bucket.

"Want a drink?" Iona asks him.

"Seems so."

"May it do you good. . . . But my son is dead, mate. . . . Do you hear? This week in the hospital. . . . It's a queer business. . . ."

Iona looks to see the effect produced by his words, but he sees nothing. The young man has covered his head over and is already asleep. The old man sighs and scratches himself. . . . Just as the young man had been thirsty for water, he thirsts for speech. His son will soon have been dead a week, and he has not really talked to anybody yet He wants to talk of it properly, with deliberation. . . . He wants to tell how his son was taken ill, how he suffered, what he said before he died, how he died. . . . He wants to describe the funeral, and how he went to the hospital to get his son's clothes. He still has his daughter Anisya in the country. . . . And he

wants to talk about her too. . . . Yes, he has plenty to talk about now. His listener ought to sigh and exclaim and lament. . . . It would be even better to talk to women. Though they are silly creatures, they blubber at the first word.

"Let's go out and have a look at the mare," Iona thinks. "There is always time for sleep. . . . You'll have sleep enough, no fear. . . ."

He puts on his coat and goes into the stables where his mare is standing. He thinks about oats, about hay, about the weather. . . . He cannot think about his son when he is alone. . . . To talk about him with someone is possible, but to think of him and picture him is insufferable anguish. . . .

"Are you munching?" Iona asks his mare, seeing her shining eyes. "There, munch away, munch away. . . . Since we have not earned enough for oats, we will eat hay. . . . Yes, . . . I have grown too old to drive. . . . My son ought to be driving, not I. . . . He was a real cabman. . . . He ought to have lived. . . ."

Iona is silent for a while, and then he goes on:

"That's how it is, old girl. . . . Kuzma Ionitch is gone. . . . He said good-by to me. . . . He went and died for no reason. . . . Now, suppose you had a little colt, and you were own mother to that little colt. . . . And all at once that same little colt went and died. . . . You'd be sorry, wouldn't you? . . ."

The little mare munches, listens, and breathes on her master's hands. Iona is carried away and tells her all about it.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Me3 - 07 Apr 2011 15:11

Have you known the pain of sadness and the feeling that it brings?

Yes I'm sure there've been some times you've had to cry.

And that loneliness is worst of all, I'm sure you will agree

For we are not so different, you and I

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 07 Apr 2011 15:15

Abie Rottenberg-the best of the best

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 08 Apr 2011 18:54

Rabbi Yissocher Frand On Parshas Metzora

(Thursday, April 7th, 2011)

A Plague Turns Into a Blessing

The pasuk says, "When you come to Land of Canaan which I give to you for a possession, and I will put a plague of Tzaraas in a house of the land of your possession" [Vayikra 14:34]. Rash"i quotes the Medrash Rabbah, which says that this was in fact good news for the Jewish people.

Tzaraas (or Nega(im)) is a spiritual plague causing various types of discoloration of skin,

clothing, or house walls; and associated with various sins of speech. Why would the appearance of Tzaraas on their houses be good news? If Tzaraas is found on the walls of the house, one is required to demolish the house! How many of us would consider that good news?

The answer is, as Rash"i says, that the inhabitants of the Land of Canaan hid great wealth and treasures in the walls of their houses. If a person would get a plague of Tzaraas on his house and follow the halacha of tearing it down, he would find a fortune inside. Therefore, this was good news.

Many of us have, no dou bt, been bothered by the following question: If G-d wants me to receive a present, this is a very strange way for Him to go about giving it. We all know that Tzaraas comes as punishment for a sin. The Talmud [Eruchin 16a] lists a number of sins for which Negaim come. They come for slander, they come for being stingy, etc. So which way is it? Is Tzaraas coming for a sin or is it coming as a way to provide a treasure?

Would it not be more logical and sensible that there should be a halacha that when one puts up his Mezuzah in Eretz Yisroel, it is necessary to bore into the door post, so he could find his treasure that way? It is certainly a very strange teaching of our Sages that I should find my treasure specifically when I am in the midst of suffering a punishment which I deserve.

Additionally, the language of the section of 'Nigei Batim' [Plagues on houses] is different from the language used by the Torah in connection with other types of Tzaraas. There are three types of Tzaraas. One type appears on the house, one type appears on clothes, and one type appears on the human body.

Concerning the negah of the house, the Torah says “And I will put a negah on the house of the land of your inheritance” [14:34]. By the other types of Tzaraas, it says, “And the garment will be brought...” or “And the person will be brought...” The Torah speaks in third person — the Jew will find that he has a Tzaraas. Only by the house does G-d speak in first person — “I will put...”

The Rambam says [Hilchos Tum'as Tzaraas 16:10] that the three categories of Tzaraas (house, clothing, person) have an order to them. The purpose of Tzaraas was to remove a person from the sin of Lashon HaRa [evil tongue; slander]. If a person would speak Lashon HaRa, first he would get Tzaraas in his house. If he would persist in speaking Lashon HaRa, it would begin to affect his clothing. If he persisted in his evil ways, it would affect his body.

Rav Bergman, in his Share Orah, mentions a principle that we have mentioned a number of times in this shiur: At the end of the Tochacha in Bechukosai, the Torah concludes with words of consolation [Vayikra 26:42]. “And I will remember my covenant with Yaakov, and even my covenant with Yitzchak, and even my covenant with Avraham, and the Land I will remember.” However, the Tochacha [chastisement] in Parshas Ki Savo does not end with any words of consolation.

The Zohar says that they asked in the Beis Medrash regarding the reason for this discrepancy. Rav Shimon Bar Yochai answered that in the Tochacha of Parshas Bechukosai, the thrust and theme of the chastisement was “Your dealings with Me is with ‘keri,’ so too, my dealings with you will be with a fury of ‘keri.’” In other words, if you think things are just ‘happening’ (mikreh); if you don’t take Me seriously; if you don’t believe in Divine Providence, then the

response will be that I too will deal with you such that you will be subject to all the evils that “nature” can offer. I will stand, so to speak, on the sidelines.

On the other hand, the Tochacha of Parshas Ki Savo constantly says, “I will do this to you; I will do that to you; etc.” When it is G-d Himself that is handing out the punishment, the relationship between the Jewish People and their Creator has not been severed. G-d is punishing, but there still is a relationship. It is analogous to the case where the father knows the child is doing bad and spans him. He punishes him, but the relationship is still there.

Sometimes, however, there is a situation where the father walks out of the room and says, “I am going to teach this child a lesson. Let whatever happens to him, happen. Let him play with matches and get burnt. I will show him, by leaving.” This is the Tochacha of Parshas Bechukosai. This is a far worse curse; therefore it needs a consolation.

This is the difference between nigei batim and all other N egaim. With nigei batim, where one has just strayed and spoken Lashon HaRa, perhaps occasionally, G-d says “Our relationship is still there” — I will personally punish. “I will place the nega...” But if one persists and goes further and further away; then eventually, it will no longer be “I will place...” It will be that the plague will come, but the relationship will no longer be there.

Now we can begin to understand how there can be a treasure in a punishment. Chaza”I tell us that when Shimshon [Samson] was in the house of the Plishtim [Philistines] and his two eyes were taken out, Samson prayed to G-d: “With the merit of the loss of one of my eyes, let me bring down the house upon the Plishtim; and with the merit of the loss of my other eye, let me

have the merit to enter Olam Haba.”

This is amazing. The Talmud tells us [Sotah 9b] that ” Shimshon went after his eyes...” He sinned with his eyes and as a result of that, he lost his eyes. How then, does he come and claim to have merit based on the loss of his eyes? Rav Bergman says, herein lies a great principle. If G-d gives a person a punishment and he responds to that punishment, then he turns the punishment into a merit. That is what suffering and punishment is all about. The purpose is to strengthen the relationship between G-d and man. If Shimshon responded and knew that he did Teshuva [repentance] for the sin that he did with his eyes, he could then come back to G-d and say “with the fact that I lost my eyes and I realized the lesson in that and am thereby turning it into a merit for myself, with that merit, grant me the ability to kill the Plishtim and get into Olam Haba.”

With this we can now understand how the Nega Tzaraas can be hiding a treasure. We had asked, if it comes from a sin, how can it be the source of a treasure? The answer is that with the nega of Nigei Batim, which is the first level of Loshon HaRa that a person commits, there is still a personal involvement of G-d. (“And I will place...”) If a person then responds, and as the Rambam says, rectifies his ways, he can in fact turn that punishment into a merit. Therefore, it is appropriate for this correct response to merit the treasures that the inhabitants of Canaan left behind.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 12 Apr 2011 12:45

Every Yid

Fears God

And loves Him

But it's not always

Apparent

Often it takes

A major event

Either a tragic event

Or a very happy one

To move a person

Shaking him

Out of his complacency

Stripping the outer garment

As the inner pure soul

Is revealed

It's our prayer

That every Yid may

Reveal

His inner most soul

In its purity

Not via painful experience

But rather through the medium of joy

The real goal

Is to be sensitive

To the pureness

Within our souls

Even through the aspects

Of “mundane” life

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 14 Apr 2011 20:36

Teaching Torah,

Giving over its priceless lessons

Has great benefits

Increasing the teachers

Own understanding

As well as influencing

His students

To become closer

To our Father in heaven

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 17 Apr 2011 02:48

A profound ancient story that helps us understand how we need to apply Yitzias Mitzrayim in our own personal lives

A woman says to her friend, "Poor Lila has really suffered for what she believes"

Her friend asks , " What **does** Lila believe in?"

"Lila believes she can continue to wear a size six pair of shoes on her size nine feet"

"How painful," her friend murmurs."What can we do to help?"

"We cannot do a thing except pray that her ill-fitting shoes come apart at the seams and Lila is forced to finally throw them away"

I can write more, but I decide not to.

for every person has his or her unique ill fitted small shoes on larger feet.

Each one of us is attached to that constrictiveness,and our friends pray for us that those old shoes fall apart so that we can wear those larger shoes that are worthy of us,with our unique special souls

Instead I will leave you this story to think about on Pesach.

to think deeply about how to gain the courage to throw out those old shoes we became attached to.

that would be true freedom for us all

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Dov - 17 Apr 2011 03:14

Mah yafu pa'amoyich *ban'olim!*

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 17 Apr 2011 09:38

exactly Dov!!!

and I would be surprised if this story's original source is based on that verse

The beauty of Klal Yisroel ,its expansive elevated soul,dwelling within the physical body,mind and heart,that is perfectly aligned with it

How beautiful the footsteps of the feet that are wearing the larger beautiful shoes that are perfect for it!!!!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by ur-a-jew - 18 Apr 2011 17:13

[yechida wrote on 17 Apr 2011 02:48:](#)

Instead I will leave you this story to think about on Pesach.

to think deeply about how to gain the courage to throw out those old shoes we became attached to.

that would be true freedom for us all

Thanks for the beautiful and insightful story, although I'm not sure that this is the main message of Yetzias Mitzrayim. The main message perhaps because of its simplicity, too often gets overlooked. It is that there is a Hashem, that he runs the world on a daily basis and that he took US out of mitzrayim. Yes, the meforshim talk about a spiritual yetzias mitzrayim that we all have. But before we get to that point we have to recognize the fundamentals and that is the lesson that we need to give over to our children. Have a wonderful yom tov and thanks for all your inspiring words throughout the year.

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