

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.

=====
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 21 Apr 2011 18:16

Often we are plagued

With many doubts

And questions

Which have no basis

In reality

We have inborn Emunah

Yet we falter in our minds

And doubt our belief

We, with effort

Can accomplish

Yet we don't "think" we can

It may be laziness or fear

That holds us back

And yet we "think" its not that

We "think" its simply beyond us

We "think" that we have

Only empty meaningless thoughts

Void of any goodness

When in reality

We have a lot of Torah wisdom

Within us

Knowing our capabilities

Is not arrogance

For self knowledge

With utter truth

Is the essence

Of humility

Moishe Rabbeinu

Knew his own uniqueness

In the history of Klal Yisroel

This did not detract

From his “nothingness”

He recognized

Where all his gifts

Came from

As much as Hashem wants us

To find our faults

So as to correct them

Even more so

He desires of us

to discover our strengths

our beauty

our unique specialness

so as to accomplish

what we were meant to be

on this world

It is with our positive qualities

Our gifts

That help me heal

That which is

Deficient in me

Everyone is inherently flawed

That is not only "OK"

It's perfect

It was meant to be there

It's our special qualities

That transform our flaws

Into the greatest blessing

=====
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 21 Apr 2011 20:44

A beautiful concept of Shir Hashirim by Rav Kook

The Seashore Essay

It was 1901, at a summer resort on the Baltic Sea. A young graduate of the Telshe yeshiva, troubled by matters of faith, opened his heart and his questions to the erudite young rabbi of Boisk — Rav Kook — who was vacationing there.

During an excursion to the seashore, their conversation turned to the book of Shir HaShirim, the Song of Songs. **Rav Kook gave a brilliant exposition on the nature of this poem of love, and in general, the place of romance and love in literature.** The novel ideas vividly stirred the young man. In fact, he entreated Rav Kook to stop. He knew the conversation would continue to other topics, and he feared losing this rare gem. He hurried to retrieve a pen and paper so that the rabbi could write down the ideas he had just expounded on. Rav Kook acceded to his request, and so, after his return with writing implements, the Rav spent the next few minutes perched on a rock by the roaring sea, writing down his thoughts on Shir HaShirim.

Not long after this incident, the editor of the journal Mizrach suggested that Rav Kook submit an article to be included in the next issue. The young man excitedly proposed sending the short essay written on the seashore, and Rav Kook agreed. The essay subsequently made its way into a number of other periodicals, until it was eventually printed in Olat Re'iyah, Rav Kook's commentary on the prayer book.

The young man later became well-known as a prominent scholar – Rabbi Dr. Benjamin Menashe Lewin, author of the monumental work Otzar HaGaonim.

The Role of Art

What is the purpose of Literature, and Art in general?

The purpose of Art, in all its forms, **is to give expression to every concept, every emotion, and every thought found in the depths of the human soul. As long as even one quality remains concealed within the soul, it is the responsibility of the artist to reveal it.**

Of course, artistic expression is not without boundaries and limits. The artist is duty-bound to create and express as long as his art serves to enrich and ennoble life. **Some matters, however, are best left hidden.** For such topics, the artist should use his figurative shovel, to bury and cover (cf. Deut. 23:24). Woe to the author who uses his artistic tools for the opposite purpose, to uncover and reveal unseemly matters, thus polluting the general atmosphere.

Love and Literature

What about romance and love? How should literature relate to these delicate topics?

The intense emotions that are experienced with regard to love are a significant part of the human condition, and it is natural that literature should expound on them. **Great care, however, is required when dealing with this particular subject.** The tendency toward intoxication with these emotions can defile the subject's inherent purity.

It is unfortunate that modern literature concerns itself exclusively with only one form of love — the romantic love between man and woman. **If a literary work without some expression of the inner feelings of romantic love is considered incomplete, then it certainly should include some of man's lofty emotions of love for the Creator of all works, the Source of all good and kindness. Can the depths of this exquisite love be measured? Can it be contained within vast oceans or confined within expansive skies?**

The dearth of artistic expression for this sublime love is redressed by the Bible's lofty song of love: the Song of Songs. As Rabbi Akiva taught: "All the books of the Bible are holy; but the Song of Songs is the Holy of Holies" (Yadayim 3:5).

Rabbi Akiva and Shir HaShirim

A soul that is insensitive to feelings of romance cannot relate to the tender sensibilities expressed in songs of love. Such a person will pervert those poetic yearnings, reducing them to the level of his own base desires. Similarly, one who has never ascended the heights of holy contemplation, one who has never experienced the uplifting surge of love for the Rock of all worlds — such a person will fail to grasp how the sublime yearnings of the Song of Songs truly reflect the highest aspirations of the Jewish people. But an insightful person will recognize that the body of literature of this holy nation, whose long history is replete with extraordinary displays of self-sacrifice and martyrdom to sanctify God's Name, would be incomplete without a suitable expression of their boundless love for God.

As he was cruelly put to death at the hands of the Romans, Rabbi Akiva told his students,

"All my life I have been troubled by this verse, 'You will love God... with all your soul' — even if he takes your soul. When will I have the opportunity to fulfill this?"

Rabbi Akiva then recited the Shema, and his soul departed when he reached the word echad, declaring God's unity (Berachot 61b).

Only a soul as great as Rabbi Akiva could testify that the Song of Songs is the Holy of Holies, and that "the entire universe is unworthy of the day that the Song of Songs was given to Israel." In his life, Rabbi Akiva experienced love in all of its levels: the private love for Kalba Savua's daughter, in its natural purity; the idealistic love for his people, including its fight for independence against Roman occupation; and the lofty love for God, in all of its noble beauty. Thus Rabbi Akiva was eminently qualified to evaluate the true nature of the love so poetically expressed in the Song of Songs.

But those with narrow minds and coarse hearts cannot properly appreciate this precious book. They are like those who crawl at the bottom of a towering castle that stretches high into the clouds. They measure the height of this great edifice according to their limited eyesight. And if they are informed that from the spires of this great castle one may view a dazzling star, breathtaking in its exquisite beauty, they immediately conclude that such a star must be a lowly one indeed.

Such narrow minds, who can only see in Rabbi Akiva a lonely shepherd who fell in love with his employer's daughter, will certainly fail to comprehend his startling declaration that the Song of Songs is sacred above all other books of the Bible. They only see a simple shepherd and a simple song of private love.

We may appreciate Rabbi Akiva's greatness of soul from the following story. When a group of scholars saw a fox scampering in the ruins where the holy Temple once stood, they shed tears at this sight of bleak desolation. Rabbi Akiva, however, astounded his companions by laughing. He understood that, just as the prophecies of destruction had come to pass, the prophecies of redemption will also be fulfilled. For this spiritual giant, the distant future was as real and palpable as the present reality. His unshakable faith and vision was rooted in a profound love of God. **This love so filled his pure heart that the future was a certain reality, leaving no room to mourn over the disasters of the present.** For Rabbi Akiva, the tragedies of the day were but a thin cloud, casting fleeting shadows under the brilliant daytime sun.

Only such a lofty soul could confidently proclaim, "The entire Bible is holy. But the Song of Songs is the Holy of Holies."

(Adapted from Olat Re'iyah, vol. II, pp. 3-4. Historical notes from Mo'adei HaRe'iyah, pp. 333-334)

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 22 Apr 2011 15:41

Permeate

by Amber V Moonstone

Permeate

by Amber "V" Moonstone

Seeping downward

filling each crack

each crevice

landing in your gut.

Sadness grabs you

squeezes the life

out of you

holds you at bay.

Sadness is contagious,

it is desolation,

depressive and negative.

One must dive out of it.

Leaning on a friend,

a lover, or a child.

Is like a life perserver,

a way back up to the surface.

If you dwell in sadness

you will become

depressed, lonely, angry,

A land where no one should inhabit.

As soon as sadness takes a hold,

shake it off instantaneously,

tell Mr. Sadness to take a walk,

put positive thoughts in your mind.

Everyone feels sad now and again,

but when it lingers,

it's time to change your thoughts

To rejuvenate your soul.

See yourself happy and free,

walk into gladness,

let it permeate your being,

and always remember to smile!

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 22 Apr 2011 15:44

The Gift of Spring

Sun's Glow, Soothes My Inner Spirit"

by Amber "V" Moonstone

Like the sun,

when it hides behind a cloud,

or sets for the evening,

Our inner spirit sometimes is gone.

You feel hallow or empty inside.

or you feel like you can't go on.

Know that your spirit is always there

even if you cannot feel it,

it still burns deeply inside of you.

It is only temporary,

You can rejuvenate and recharge

just like the sun coming up in the early morning hours.

It is a new day,

A new beginning,

Just dig deeply into that core

Find your beautiful spirit once more

knowing that it is temporary

and a new day will make a difference

Knowing that bright sunlight

shining in your core.

brings brightness and warmth

to your spirit's health and vitality.

Peace, Love, and Light,

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 27 Apr 2011 18:32

We need to learn

To separate

Our obligations

From the worry

That is attached to them

It's a vicious cycle

The worry creates

Barriers

Holding us back

From fulfilling those tasks

In a healthy way

It's not easy

Very far from easy

The removal of worry

but still...

It is

Something to strive for

Something to pray for

To separate the worry

From the tasks at hand

=====

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 27 Apr 2011 20:37

a quote I saw today:

Admit that your own private Mount Everest exists.

That is half the battle.

=====

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 28 Apr 2011 19:03

Every block of stone has a statue inside it and it is the task of the sculptor to discover it.

(Michelangelo)

In other words,he is saying as follows:

The beautiful statue was already in the stone

it's God's statue

not mine.

All I did was to remove the excess marble to reveal the stunning beauty that has been there all along

we need to look at ourselves this way as well

We are intrinsically good and pure and uniquely special

we do not "attain" this goodness from "out there" and drag it "in here"

It was in here-inside us-all along

we just need to remove the barriers so as to reveal it

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 28 Apr 2011 19:15

and here is one of Michelangelo's hidden statues

a boy named Teddy

The Story of Mrs. Thompson

As Mrs. Thompson stood in the front of here 5th grade class on the very first day of school,

she told the children a lie. Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them all the same. But that was impossible, for there in the first row, slumped in his seat, was a little boy named Teddy Stoddard. Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he didn't play well with the other children, that his clothes were messy and that he constantly needed a bath. And she noticed that Teddy could be unpleasant. It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold Xs and then putting a big "F" at the top of his papers.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's past records and she put Teddy's off till last. However, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise.

Teddy's first grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners...he is a joy to be around."

His second grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is an excellent student, well liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle."

His third grade teacher wrote, "His mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to do his best, but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Teddy's forth grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and he sometimes sleeps in class."

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem and she was ashamed of herself. She felt even worse when her students brought her Christmas presents, wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright paper, except for Teddy's. His present was clumsily wrapped in heavy brown paper that he got from a grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing and a bottle that was one quarter full of perfume. But she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on, and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist. Teddy Stoddard stayed after school that day just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my mom used to."

After the children all left she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching reading, writing and arithmetic. Instead she began teaching children. Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Teddy.

As she worked with him his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him the faster he responded. By the end of the year Teddy had become one of the best students in class. and despite her lie that she would love all children the same, Teddy became one of her "teacher's pets."

A year later she found a note under her door from Teddy, telling her that she was the best teacher in his whole life. Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He wrote that he finished high school, third in his class, and she was still the best teacher he had ever had in his whole life. Four years after that she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, he had stayed in school, had stuck with it, and would soon graduate from college with the highest honors. He assured Mrs. Thompson she was still the best teacher he had ever had in his whole life.

Then four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after his bachelors degree he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still the best and favorite teacher that he had ever had. But now his name was a little longer and the letter was signed Theodore F. Stoddard MD.

The story doesn't end there. You see, there was yet another letter that spring. Teddy said, he had this girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and he was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit in the place at the wedding usually reserved for the mother of the groom.

Of course Mrs. Thompson did and guess what?

She wore that bracelet, the one with the missing rhinestones . She also made sure she wore the perfume that Teddy remembered his mother wearing on their last Christmas together. They hugged each other and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear, "Thank you, Mrs. Thompson, for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference." Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back and

said, "Teddy, you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach until I meet you."

=====
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 28 Apr 2011 20:51

"We love the things we love for what they are."

— Robert Frost

=====
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 29 Apr 2011 15:15

From Reb Shlomo

It says, K'DoShIM TiHiYU, it says, G-d says 'be holy'. Then it says, EESh AMO V-ABiYO TiRA'U, {REFERENCE: Leviticus 19:3} fear your mother and your father. And then it says, and keep Shabbos, K'doshim TiHiYU means, I have to be holy. But you know something, I can learn by myself to be holy! But what are my parents to teach me? What can I only learn from my parents? **The holiness of my parents. They're teaching me how to become defiled for somebody else. My parents are teaching me how to become lower for somebody else, -for their child.** It's the highest teaching there is. Because Listen to this. **The acid test of a holy person is: not how holy you are, how unholy can you become for somebody else and still be holy.**

Let's put it this way, you know, on a simple level. Imagine someone comes to you and says, y'know, I don't believe in G_d. So how do you get them back to believe in G-d? When someone tells you they don't believe in G-d, you have to feel the darkness, like in a certain deep way you have to stop believing in G-d in that moment also. I want to share something very deep with you. I don't know if anybody says it, because I never thought of it before, it just come to my

head. Why is it that the people who bury somebody are called chevre kedishe - Community of holy people. Why aren't the people who put on tfillin called chevre kedishe. How do you bring somebody back to life? You have to 'threaten' G-d. You have to say to G-d, Listen G-d, if this person is dead, I want to be dead too. That's all there is to it. You better bring this person back to life. And you know something friends. Why do we believe in the resurrection of the dead? Because we know that the people who bury, -the holy people, -the chevre kedishe, when they put someone in the ground they say to G-d: G-d, if this person is dead I don't want to live either. And at that moment, we know, they give this person so much life that we believe he has to come out of his grave. Has to be.

You know what it is? What does a really holy person say to G-d when he sees someone who's not so holy. You say to G_d, listen G-d, if this person is not holy, I don't want to be holy either. So one of the two: either you give me so much holiness that I make this other person holy also, otherwise I quit. So suddenly this person becomes a little vessel for so much holiness, to turn on the other person also. So what do you do when you see a person doesn't believe in G-d. You say, listen G-d, one of the two: or I stop believing in you too, otherwise you better make me a vessel for so much light that this person through me he should also know the vessel.

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 29 Apr 2011 16:39

**Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to an understanding
of ourselves.**

- Carl Jung

this is a reality we dont like to face

and this is the primary reason for the source of pain many have in relation to our spouses.

they were put there to give us something profound to understand within ourselves

but who really has the courage to want to understand?

=====
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Dov - 29 Apr 2011 16:51

May I be one such person, together with all of us at GYE and even the rest of the world.

=====
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by kutan - 01 May 2011 06:54

Hi Yechida,

I'd like to recommend:

Warriors of Transcendence

by Erez Moshe Doron,

www.amazon.com/Warriors-Transcendence-Erez-Moshe-Doren/dp/9659134207

It is a sci fi "fantasy" type novel, and brings out kabalistic concepts of Moschiach, evil, Amalek, tefilah, etc

Only side affect is that it can keep you up to 2 AM.

k

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 02 May 2011 19:27

we know alot more than what we think we know

we just dont want to confront it

and hence this quote:

We all sit in a circle and suppose, while the secret sits in the center and knows. "

— Robert Frost

=====