

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 yechidah - 07 Nov 2011 17:05

aish article

With all my flaws, am I worthy of love?

by Yvette Alt Miller

My walk home from synagogue on a recent Saturday morning shook the entire way I look at life.

The day was beautiful, and instead of taking my kids straight home, we stopped to play in a park. As children ran around, laughing and squealing, I noticed a woman about my age sitting on a swing. We caught each other's eyes for a moment and smiled, and then I looked away, a little embarrassed. The woman seemed to be actually playing on the swing.

She came over and stood near me. We smiled at each other awkwardly and she broke the silence. Nodding at my dressy outfit, she asked if I'd been in synagogue. When I answered yes, she thought for a moment. It seemed she was fighting to hold back tears.

"I'm Jewish too," she mused.

"Great!" I replied, a little too enthusiastically. The woman seemed different, too child-like and slightly off-kiltered. She seemed to have something more she wanted to say, and I cast around for something to draw her out. "Do you go to synagogue too?" I asked.

"I don't think people in synagogue would want someone like me." That did it. "No," she replied, and started to cry softly. "I don't think people in synagogue would want someone like me."

Oy. I glanced around the park, but there was no one else nearby to help me comfort my new acquaintance. Awkwardly, I moved closer to her. I patted her on the back and, injecting a note of jollity that I didn't really feel into my voice, said "Of course people would want you to be there! Everyone would be so happy if you came! Why don't you?"

Instead of answering, she just cried harder. After a while, she told me about herself. She had some developmental challenges and was rather unhappy. "I don't think even God wants me," she sniffed.

Oy. Oy. Oy. I looked around the park again, wishing with all my heart that a great rabbi or two would suddenly stroll by and explain that God does want her, that she is beautiful and important and special. That the Torah teaches that every person is created in the image of God, that we reflect an aspect of His holiness. Each of us is a universe in ourselves, containing untold wonders.

Related Article: [Even I'm Worthy of Miracles](#)

I put my arms around her and held her close. Using simple words, I tried my best to convey these thoughts. For a long while we embraced. "Of course God loves you," I murmured over and over again, "God loves you so much."

She stopped crying and we lapsed into a comforting silence.

"I have an idea," I said. "Why don't you come to synagogue next week? We can sit next to each other."

Instantly, her face fell. "I don't have any nice clothes," she said, gesturing to her casual outfit.

"That doesn't matter at all!" I said, trying to be chipper, but the look on her face said she saw right through me.

Just then, more people from synagogue strolled into the park all dressed up and festive. "Come meet my new friend!" I cried, and managed the introductions. Soon enough, the woman was deep in conversation with other people, who all echoed what I had said: We would all be thrilled

to see her in shul, no matter what she's wearing.

We left the park that day feeling pretty good about ourselves. It was only later that it hit me: Aren't we all like that woman in the park sometimes? Wondering if we are worthy of anyone loving us? Wondering if other people will accept us? Wondering if even God likes us?

I hear the doubt all the time. "I have so much baggage." "I'm damaged goods." "I hate the way I look." I've had several friends tell me over the years that they hated – actually hated – themselves for being overweight. People who say they aren't bright, are "over the hill," not spiritual, who feel they have nothing to give.

We cloak our self-doubt in silence. We certainly don't cry on strangers' soldiers in public. We may be more sophisticated than the woman in the park. We cloak our self-doubt, even our despair, in silence. We say nothing to others about the way we're feeling. We certainly don't cry on strangers' soldiers in public.

Yet what if we did voice our doubts, our questions, our raw need? What if we reached out to other people, as that brave woman did? What if we allowed ourselves to think for a moment about our essential holiness, that we are created in the image of the Divine? That we are part of a wider community? That we might, despite our flaws, still be loved?

I don't know if my new friend will actually make it to synagogue, but I hope she does. I'd like to thank her for making me realize anew that the words I whispered to her in comfort are true for all of us. Every person is unique, important and beloved. Each one of us is a crucial member of the Jewish people. Her local community is waiting to embrace her with open arms, with love and joy, as is the Almighty. And that's true for all of us.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 07 Nov 2011 17:16

Beautiful and so very true

thank you Yechida

and mazel tov on being oleh ligdula and becoming a moderator, a well-deserved honor for a very capable person

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 07 Nov 2011 18:03

thank you zemmy, appreciate very much your kind words

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 10 Nov 2011 19:16

A beautiful poem about renewing oneself every single day

Mountains of Hope

by Walt Hardester

Morning musings.

The sun rises over the mountains,

Dew sparkling like diamonds in the new sunlight.

As the world comes alive.

I stand in awe of the sunrise,

I have seen it a thousand times before.

But like seeing something for the first time,

This day is different.

Is it a new found awareness,

Or is it something old reawakening?

Am I still dreaming,

Or have I found myself again?

For hidden among the worries and trials, almost forgotten,

Was me.

I have been here all along,

Only buried beneath the heap.

Needless time wasted carrying a burden,

Afraid to trust.

No longer afraid as I watch the sun rise on a new day,

Beginning a new life is hard.

But I shall move forward,

Ere I stagnate in self pity and despair.

Pray to God I will never go there,

Again...

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 11 Nov 2011 17:40

A Leaf

by Myrna D Badgerow

A Leaf

Today I thought I heard

raindrops, an almost forgotten

sound of late so I reached out

with open palm to capture one

or perhaps even two because I

have missed the rain so... but instead

upon my palm I found a leaf, not golden

nor brilliant scarlet... it was brown,

dull, curled and withering...hardly

beautiful I would suppose

but I have never captured one

before, have never really seen

their fall from grace, have only heard

their sweet escape, nor have I ever

felt the innocent joy of one softly

drifting into my grasp, and as I

held it, I knew it must have been

left behind by a loved one who visits

with the changing winds of seasons

and the sigh of a memory, one

who knew the smile it would bring,

and the warmth of heart... today

I caught a falling leaf... not golden nor brilliant

scarlet but beautiful nonetheless

because it was a gift... and it was special!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 15 Nov 2011 17:53

Disabilities tend to overshadow the beauty of a person

But not to those who truly love them

Different... But

by Myrna D Badgerow

Different... But

Father and Daughter sit beneath the spreading arms of an oak, sharing time and words, spending moments together. He watches as she opens her book to read, her small fingers finding her place. She begins to read aloud....

'and wind blew there in the meadow, stirring the grasses and weeds beneath a summer sky'

'Daddy, what is a meadow?' she pauses in her reading to ask.

'A meadow is like a big field. It usually has pretty wildflowers there, some trees and birds, and small animals like squirrels and such. The grass is usually tall but very thin, ' he explains.

'Does God live there?' she asks.

'Yes, Little One, he does. Now back to reading,' he says with a smile.

'The pretty bluebells and black-eyed Susans dance with the breeze. The grasses sway, keeping time for the birds and wind making music.'

Daddy, what is blue? I mean, what does it look like?' she stops reading once again to ask a question.

He looks at her and sees the curiosity in her sightless eyes. He has to smile at her inquisitiveness though he was quite accustomed to it. She wanted to know all! How could anyone pity this child? He knew some did, wondered of the life she'd lead, wished more for her. But those who love her do not because they know the truth. She was special, but not because she was different, not because she was blind... it was just because of who she was.

'Daddy!! What is blue?' she interrupts his thought almost as though she knows where they had gone. Again he smiles.

'Blue is like feeling warm and cool at the same time. Remember when we went to the beach and you walked in the ocean? You said it was like the warm water and the cool water were tickling your feet. That is blue.' he tries to explain.

'Oh, okay. But what are bluebells and black-eyed Susans?' she asks quietly.

'They are both kind of flowers. Bluebells do kind of look like bells hanging from their stems,' he tries to paint the picture for her.

'What about black-eyed Susans?' she wants to know.

'Now that's a bit harder. I guess they're like the sun but with a little black hole in the center,' he again tries his best to answer her questions.

'So it's kind of like I see? Different and with a hole in the middle?' she turns her wide blue eyes to look at him.

'Yes, just kind of like that,' the father manages to choke out as tears flood his eyes. Pity this child? Never! His gaze focuses once again on her fingers gliding across the page of her Braille story book and he hears her read again....

'How peaceful it is! How filled with all good things of nature it is! This meadow... this small piece of beautiful beneath the summer sky.'

'God DOES live there!' she exclaims. 'Daddy, can you take me to a meadow sometime? I want to hear the music and feel the flowers dance.' she says as she closes her book and makes ready to leave.

'I'll take you, Little One,' he says again between tears as he takes her hand for the walk home. No, she is not to be pitied. How lucky he is to have her in his life, May he always be able to share the world through her eyes, share her innocence and purity of spirit. Pity her? Again.. never! May he be more like her. Different... but so very special. He looks heavenward, whispers a 'thank you' to whomever may be listening, and there beneath the arms of the spreading oak he hears a whisper in the wind. 'You're very welcome', it says, 'very welcome indeed.'

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by yechidah - 16 Nov 2011 20:36

Innocence and Butterflies

by Myrna D Badgerow

Innocence and Butterflies

He watches the child from a distance, not wishing to disturb or intrude upon the moment. A butterfly has captured her attention, mesmerizing her, making her oblivious to all but the flutter of wing, the dance of color across a flawless sky.

He sketches to memory the innocence, the wistful joy, and intrigued imagination etched on the child's face, sparkling within her eyes. If only innocence could last forever...

'Daddy, why did God make butterflies?' the girl's softly asked question breaks the silence.

The man thinks for a moment, watching the winged beauty, before he speaks. 'Well, the butterfly is like a flying gardener, little one. It helps bring us pretty flowers and fruit we like to eat. And if we watch butterflies carefully they can tell us how healthy nature is. And I think they remind us that what may seem weak often is stronger than we can imagine. Remember when we watched one come out of its cocoon?'

As if on cue the butterfly flits away onto a new journey and the girl's eyes shadow slightly but then she smiles. 'Yes, I remember and I suppose you're right but I think it's more than that.'

'And just what do you think it might be?'

'I think God just wants to show us that even an ugly old caterpillar can fool us!' The girl grins and skips away in search of another adventure.

The man is left stunned and silent... and swears he hears God chuckle, 'Indeed!'

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 21 Nov 2011 21:18

Just A Day

by Myrna D Badgerow

Sometimes we are given the most glorious days...a tribute to the gift

Just A Day

It was not special, or marked as a date

Of significance, not red-circled

For the forgetful,

No card shopping or stamp required.

It was just a day in November.

Just a day....

With skies painted that unbelievable blue

Of remembered summers,

Leaves dancing in gold and crimson glory,

A day when grass seemed greener, almost spring-like,

One last preening before frost
Laid its shivering cloak,
Birds warbling, feeling a need to finish
Every song, hit every note...clearly mocking
Winter and its coming silence,
And the air, so crisp and clean, a breath of season,
Carrier of vibrant dreams and pungent autumn.

It was just a day...
But it was perfect... it was November.
And for that moment
It was the only day in existence
That ever mattered.

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by yechidah - 23 Nov 2011 18:21

Reflection of Self
by Myrna D Badgerow

A bit of introspective thought here... I do hope you enjoy!

Reflection of Self

I have taken pen in hand
in hopes of a letter to command,
to forge in some degree
a testament to my reality

Dear Self... I begin...
not sure of name, of where or when
I realized the truth of you and me...
so I'll toss this pen of formality.

I have talked to you before
never introduced were we
as there was no need
we knew all secrets, kept them
within hidden places, whispering
of them only when solitude marked
our meeting. I have not always been
kind to you, dismissing your strength.
your dignity, your ability to guide me
when I would not be guided, your choice
to keep me honest when the simpler path
would have led me to deceit and shame.
Always you were my champion, though

your praise often fell upon a heart not
comfortable with accolades and triumphs,
content to believe in every imperfection
bleeding into my soul. You gained wisdom
through the life I lived, reminding me when
needed of these things I knew but sometimes
forgot... conveniently.

You were my friend and still are
though I sometimes thought
of you as an enemy...
but you never gave up on me, never allowed
me to give up on you.

And I wonder why it has taken me
so long to say...
you are my being and inward reflection,
my heart and soul,
my yesterday and my tomorrow...
you are my SELF
and I thank you for molding
me into who I am.

With utmost respect,

Me

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 30 Nov 2011 21:38

The Necklace

by Sherry Bach

An analogy between a necklace and a person's pain

The Necklace

Knotted gold chain, wound up together left to right, top to bottom. I can't see the end or the beginning because it is tangled into a ball that lets no light through the crevices. Useless the way it is and not fulfilling its intended purpose, who will take the time to gently rub it between a finger and a thumb to loosen the sphere so that little by little a small portion can be freed; once that piece is free the rest is sure to follow as long as patience is applied. Then the snarled mess can begin to add beauty to whatever it is placed upon.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 05 Dec 2011 02:16

to become

by dan Rosenhagen

I Came to become

My life was dark and silent.

A shell has developed around me

for what seems to be an eternity.

The walls are closing in around my being.

God how I long for the freedom and beauty of being something more than I am.

My desires are disappearing, replaced by hope and faith.

My soul is alive.

I can feel it reaching for life

with passion and with desperation,

rooting its heart into that which could smother it,

but it will not die from its fears,

only then to embrace the unknown with love.

I am released from the past now,

as if I was liberated into a divine world of light.

I know from this, I am growing.

I taste the air.

The testing wind's of time are making me strong.

I smile at the rain and live to touch the sun,
for they have unchained me and command my deepest love.

When I look around me I can see the most colorful field of flowers ever known. But wait!

From the morning dew,
I see myself
In the reflecting face of a nearby orchid.

And with astounding amazement I can see,
I once was a seed in my darkest hour,
but came to become a beautiful flower.

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by yechidah - 07 Dec 2011 19:15

Manhood

by Stephen M Armstrong

What comprises manhood?

Manhood

What makes a man?

A certain organ? A certain size?

A lot of muscle? An arrogant swagger?

An impressive salary? A year-end prize?

A rod and reel? A fancy dagger?

Some would say "all the above",

But I would tend to disagree;

For I see a man as an energy-source

Who humbly knows his ability

To share his power with loving force.

His strength comes from a triple place,

From God at first, with a gift of life,

From parents who let him see his power,

From self who embraces his special task

To grow day-to-day, even hour-to-hour.

“Power” is influence, the chance to persuade,

And used with love it's an awesome thing,

To transfer energy one to another

As seed-to-tree cycles tree-to-seed,

Life keeps going beyond father and mother.

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by Dov - 08 Dec 2011 22:00

Thanks again, chaver. Beautiful and I printed a shtikel from Fromm above. May Hashem help me use it regularly and not forget to implement it.

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by yechidah - 09 Dec 2011 13:43

thank you dov

have a wonderful Shabbos

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