

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 BruceWayne - 24 Sep 2009 00:35

[yechida wrote on 21 Sep 2009 20:53:](#)

This is a poem I saw that reflects some of the emotions of the last post

Cry by Tupac Shakur

Sometimes when I'm alone

I Cry,

Cause I am on my own.

The tears I cry are bitter and warm.

They flow with life but take no form

I Cry because my heart is torn.

I find it difficult to carry on.

If I had an ear to confide in,

I would cry among my treasured friend,

but who do you know that stops that long,

to help another carry on.

The world moves fast and it would rather pass by.

Then to stop and see what makes one cry,

so painful and sad.

And sometimes...

I Cry

and no one cares about why.

Well, lately I was thinking of putting some lyrics by Ozzy or something and here you go one-upping me with Tupac.

I seriously can't believe you don't know who Tupac was.....wow. I guess you're older than I am or just disconnected from American pop culture (not necessarily a bad thing).

He was a hugely popular rapper in the 90's who had some major feuds with other rappers. He wound up being gunned down in a driveby shooting in Vegas in 1996. There's a whole Wikipedia article about him. He's probably the most famous rapper ever. And no, I don't listen to rap.

Anyway, he's one of those few that forever changed the genre of their chosen art.

Many of his lyrics are like that. Powerful. Though I wouldn't exactly call him a role model.

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Noorah BAmram - 24 Sep 2009 01:13

Dearest Yechida

Thanks so much for "the tragically sad man".

I know the man personally, for the tragic sad man is me ;(

Absolutely brilliant!!

Noorah

=====
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 24 Sep 2009 16:04

Dear Friends

Before Yom Kippur,emphasis on interpersonal connection of one Yid to another.

Do not betray the trust of another Yid.

Doing so,can cause major major damage.

sometimes it's not so clear cut(see sefer chofetz chaim) so you would need to ask daas torah

But as a general rule,respect a Yid as a Reshus HaYachid.

He invites you into his private area, trusts you to treat it with care and respect, the worst thing

you can do is violate that private place.

you must protect his private place as a sacred holy place.

Trust by Jennifer Rondeau

How can I trust someone if that someone has broken my trust,
My heart is empty,
Its cold as ice,
As it reach to break,
It leaks out of water,
That water drips and slips away,
That trust,
That moment,
All within those you have broken,
I may not trust you or your friends but that don't mean we can't be friends,
Just friends without that trust,
You have to work your trust with me,
You have to make me understand why should I ever trust you again,
You have to repair that broken trust,
You have to work hard,
That don't mean be hateful towards me,

Just show me that I can trust you once more.

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 25 Sep 2009 12:28

I Am Offering This Poem by

Jimmy Santiago Baca

I am offering this poem to you,
since I have nothing else to give.
Keep it like a warm coat,
when winter comes to cover you,
or like a pair of thick socks
the cold cannot bite through,

I love you,

I have nothing else to give you,
so it is a pot full of yellow corn
to warm your belly in the winter,
it is a scarf for your head, to wear

over your hair, to tie up around your face,

I love you,

Keep it, treasure it as you would

if you were lost, needing direction,

in the wilderness life becomes when mature;

and in the corner of your drawer,

tucked away like a cabin or a hogan

in dense trees, come knocking,

and I will answer, give you directions,

and let you warm yourself by this fire,

rest by this fire, and make you feel safe,

I love you,

It's all I have to give,

and it's all anyone needs to live,

and to go on living inside,

when the world outside

no longer cares if you live or die;

remember,

I love you.

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 25 Sep 2009 12:31

Final poem before Yom Kippur

Never give up dear brothers and sisters

Hashem is with you

He will see you through

See it through by Edgar Albert Guest

When you're up against a trouble,
Meet it squarely, face to face;
Lift your chin and set your shoulders,
Plant your feet and take a brace.
When it's vain to try to dodge it,
Do the best that you can do;
You may fail, but you may conquer,
See it through!

Black may be the clouds about you

And your future may seem grim,

But don't let your nerve desert you;

Keep yourself in fighting trim.

If the worst is bound to happen,

Spite of all that you can do,

Running from it will not save you,

See it through!

Even hope may seem but futile,

When with troubles you're beset,

But remember you are facing

Just what other men have met.

You may fail, but fall still fighting;

Don't give up, whate'er you do;

Eyes front, head high to the finish.

See it through!

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 25 Sep 2009 15:52

they just get better and better yechida!

printing for shabbos. both.

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 29 Sep 2009 18:13

Dear friends

crazy busy now but just wanted to say that all of you were in my tfillos on this Yom Kippur.

could not sleep from 2AM to 4AM so I listened to a phone shiur.

I use 2 phone shiurim

1-kol halashon 1-718-906-6400 -currently listening to the yiddish shuirim by rav shlesinger on tefillah

2-chabad 1-718-735-7333-listening on a variety of topics

on the chabad shuir an interesting concept based on the Zohar and Kabbalah

(from the Rashab Taf Reish Samach Vav)

the main point was this

The main purpose of this world is fulfilled by us simple neshamos that deal alot with physicality and with the struggles that come along with it.

To elevate and refine the physical world and our animalistic tendencies and infuse holiness into it.

This is the main reason we have Torah and Mitzvos

The holy neshomas are here to help us.

us little ones.

They know their shlichus so they do just that.

(like Hashem told Moishe, Klall Yisroel goes down-so do you)

and the Yidin here at GYE are doing exactly what Hashem wants them to do.

Very unpleasant stuff we have to deal with and fight with on a daily basis.

But Hashem desires such service from us.

to take the lowest and elevating it to a refined high level

Only we can do this.

struggles after Yom Kippur does not negate our teshuva.

Hashem accepted our teshuva with a Full Open Heart

He tells us "do not get discouraged that you did not turn into a tzaddik over night."

Neilah cleaned you and you have a brand new start.

But I am not telling you that your Yetzer Horah will disappear.

I don't want it to.

I need you to continue on your journey with as much simcha as possible.

You are fulfilling your purpose on this world by fighting this darkness in you

and this fills Me with great Joy

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 30 Sep 2009 12:27

The Voice that kills/The Voice that heals (Part 1)

Dear Friends,

On Yom Kippur I was thinking of one of the insights that Rav Pam said about the “Al Chait”

If you look at them you will see that a very large amount of them are connected with the abuse of speech,

A very large percentage, more than you would think

I did not notice this, until Rav Pam said this.

Yom Kippur night, right before I went to sleep, I looked at a book called “Walking with Rabbi Miller” by Rabbi Mordechai Dolinsky.

I had already read this wonderful book before.

I browsed through various chapters and I read over carefully Chapter 36 called “Beware!! Feelings are Everywhere”

I will quote 2 stories from this book how words killed people.

Yidin that were killed by other Yidin (in story 2, story 1 is unclear) as a direct result of words used against them.

At a later time I will talk about how words within a person’s head and heart can cause someone to destroy himself. or herself .

And that for some people, including many Yidin here, cannot allow ourselves to use these harsh words that will cause us our own devastation

Even in the name of self improvement, of teshuva, of fixing what we are doing wrong, we are not allowed to use these words

Not ever.

Under no circumstances.

And many precious GYE Yidin are hurting themselves terribly with powerful devastating weapon, turned inward, and this has to stop.

I have been guilty of the abuse of words as well.

Both with others and with myself-as well as being a victim of it as many have been.

But this is for a later time, with Hashem's help.

Story # 1

As we walked, the Rebbe spoke about a young man to whom he had been close. He was a sincere bachur, a Yirei Shamayim with a fine character. He was of average intelligence, but had a strong will power that could have driven him to greatness far beyond that which many more brilliant young men achieved. There was nothing unusual or outstanding about him; perhaps he was a little more sensitive than most to negative remarks or actions. The Rebbe had a warm, close relationship with this bachur and had hopes for a bright future for him. After not seeing the boy for a while, the Rebbe made inquiries that led him to the following revelation: Without warning or provocation, the young man was accosted with a sudden barrage of nasty insults and harassment. Not expecting this, he was caught off guard and took it very much to heart-too much. The trauma of the incident was so great that it left him in a state of emotional shock that spiraled into a severe nervous breakdown necessitating hospitalization.

Upon hearing this ,the Rebbe immediately rushed to the mental institution to visit the boy, hoping that their close relationship would allow his comforting words to penetrate and perhaps help the boy “snap back”

The Rebbe describes how he was allowed to sit and speak with him, and the devastating disappointment that followed. He spoke warmly, trying to rekindle their close relationship, but the boy just stared glassy-eyed into space, not even noticing his visitor .The Rebbe made several trips, each time failing to evoke even the slightest acknowledgement of his presence.

And then, one day, the Rebbe heard the horrible news of the murder of this young yeshiva man in the ward.

The Rebbe expounded on the extreme caution one must exercise in all communications, and the realization we must have of the awesome responsibility for the repercussions our words can cause,

This is Story # 1 of Chapter 36 that I read this Yom Kippur night.

This made me understand a little more of Rav Pam’s observation.

Why so many “Al Cheits” are connected with words

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 01 Oct 2009 12:46

The Voice that kills/The Voice that heals (Part 2)

Dear friends,

This is Story # 2 of Chapter 36 that I read the night of Yom Kippur.

After surviving the Holocaust, a young woman made her way from Europe to Eretz Yisroel, where she found a job teaching in a prestigious frum high school. Because of the difficulty in the wake of the Holocaust she remained single.

She was very dedicated to her job, always on time for work without fail, and was popular with the student. However after a number of years of teaching, she had a class that did not appreciate her. One day the girls decided to cause trouble as an expression of their displeasure. Their plan was to go on strike, refusing to respond to her in any way.

When she came into class the next day and asked them to open their chumashim, they ignored her. She repeated her request, but they just sat there. After failing to evoke any response from them, she told them that obviously there was a problem in this class, and that she wanted each of them to write down honestly what she thought the problem was and hand the paper in to her. The girls did so, each one writing what she saw fit. The teacher then collected the papers and read them on the spot.

As she read through them, she came to one that bluntly informed her that the writer did not like her because she was an “old maid”. This insult upset the teacher so much that she took her handbag and rushed out of the classroom to her home, not telling anyone what had happened or where she was going

The next day she did not appear, nor the next day. Nor did she get in touch with the school or send any message. This struck the school as very odd, since she had always been so dedicated and reliable. Finally, the principal decided to go to the teacher’s home to find out what was wrong. When no one answered her knock, the principle entered the teachers apartment and found her lifeless body there. She called the police; the coroner determined that she had died of a heart attack several days earlier. (the epilogue was that the girl who wrote the “killer” note was still not married or engaged as the time the story was passed along, a number of years after the incident)

The chapter ends with what we have to bear in mind. One word can actually lead to the brutal, tragic removal of a precious, beautiful diamond of a neshomah from this world with a whole life and future unfulfilled.

We must daven to Hashem to help us not to cause anguish to others.

Compassion.

I just saw this Yalkut Shimoni on Vos Habracha. (#557=UBain Kesafav Shochein)

Why did the Shechina dwell in the portion of Binyomin?

Because all the other brothers were by the sale of Yosef.

Binyomin wasn't there by the sale of Yosef.

Hashem says don't I want the Bais HaMikdash built so that Yidin should daven to Me that I should be full of Compassion towards them?

I CANNOT DWELL IN THE PORTION OF THOSE THAT DID NOT HAVE COMPASSION ON THEIR BROTHER.

And this thought came to me

Binyomin did not actively have compassion on Yosef

He simply was not there.

How much more so would the Shechina dwell amongst us with our active compassion.

The Nazi's couldn't kill this teacher but the tragic error of this girl who called her an old maid- that is what killed her.

So this is what I do to try to avoid making such a tragic mistake of destroying a person with words is 2 things.

Daven real hard that Hashem should save me from doing this terrible thing.

Find a person that is an easy target, the one that no one cares much about, the "old maid" in our midst ,and daven very very hard for this Yid's well being as if he or she is your own child.

My friends, we all have problems-even some major problems

But some Yidin have it worse.

We have to daven for them

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 02 Oct 2009 14:05

The Simcha of Yom Tov increased exponentially, because of unique Yidin here who taught me

so much by just being themselves.

Physically hidden from me, but shining forth with great warmth, and comforting light, in the most revealed way, coming forth from within the pain and struggle that comes with a high sensitive neshamah coming down to this world in this most unique and challenging time, where great beauty is hidden and trapped but is seen and will always be seen clearly and seen with great awe and endless love by this little neshomah who is called yechida, who feels unworthy, because he is, but who is truly blessed to know the Yidin that General Guard brought together here.

Dear brothers and sisters,

There is a book called “Jewish Alternatives in Love Dating and Marriage” by Pinchas Stolper

This is a paragraph from the forward to that book written by Aryeh Kaplan

Judaism does not see sex as something dirty or animal. Rather, the Torah sees sex as one of the most holy human endeavors. Indeed, the Torah's strictures surrounding sex can be compared to those surrounding the permissible uses of a Torah scroll. It is precisely because a Torah scroll is so sacred that the uses to which it can be put is so severely restricted. The same is true of sex.

What can be added this thought is that within the permissible uses of sex, within this protective abode, is an extremely powerful and very beautiful expression that goes beyond the physicality of it and brings forth a great treasure from within the neshomah.

And that is why I have written often about the importance of not destroying this yearning from within but to build a protective home around it, a succah if you will, because this positive and healthy expression of sex is one of the reasons we are here on this world.

You learn to love your wife or husband, or still being single you are prepared to do so, and you come to love the Creator of it all-the One who put this love within you

The part we know about is the making of those fences to protect us from the outside unhealthy expression of sex.

The part that is not brought out is that one these fences are there and properly secured from the unhealthy sick outside world of sex in its cancerous state, comes now the tafkid of concentration of the inner holy and special domain of this gift, and light and cozy and safe fireplace that glows within the neshomah.

A comforting thought this is, that Hashem gives each one of us a separate and unique shlichus in life, his or her calling, this Yid is needed to serve Hashem as a carpenter so he is given good hands that have the ability to build things, this other Yid with his inborn interest in medicine because Hashem wants him to be a doctor, another Yid with his music and song, another Yid with his or her poetry, another with speech, another with numbers, another with educating and teaching, another with managing a store, another overcoming natural anger, another to fight depression, another to contain a strong sex drive, another to force generosity in the face of a strong stingy disposition, another learning to live and even thrive in an environment where their value as a human being is not known or not appreciated.

Higher neshomos, Lower neshomos-no difference

Every neshoma is here because Hashem needs him or her here, with a task, with a specialness, with a unique ability that needs to be discovered and realized

And no unhealthy tendency, no addiction, no darkness, no disgusting thing can remove or bury the hidden treasure within.

Some here hate themselves because of the dark stuff within them

While true beauty comes forth from within this darkness, seen by other Yidin, but never or rarely seen by the one who is fighting this fight

So Uri doesn't see as much of the greatness that is Uri.

But the rest of us see it,

The struggles cannot hide this reality.

And the same applies with all of us.

We are blinded by our faults.

It blocks us from seeing who we truly are

We all suffer from darkness of one form or another

We do not ask for it

But it's there.

And that suffering propels us to our greatness

The Chovas Halvovos talks about the Avierah being a great benefit.

A Mitzvah can lead to arrogance

An Aveirah breaks you ,brings you to teshuva, a lev nisbar you become-what a gift that is!!

So the crazy fight is not all that bad.

It defines me.

It forces me to look into the deeper meaning of life.

A deeper richer marriage

Deeper richer friendships

Deeper richer connection to Hashem

And to Klall Yisroel.

This is the blessing of not being “average” in the range of the dark struggles

Not exactly an open obvious blessing

But a hidden one that requires hard work to come forth

This is our greatest blessing

The hidden one dug out from the depths of darkness.

That is why we do not flinch or look down at the ugliness within another Yid

Because we know of the light within it.

An average person cannot see this

We can

Because we sense within our ugliness that hidden and sublime beauty

Happiness from pain

Simchas Torah that came from a Tisha Baav

Simchas Torah.

We hold on to that Torah

Men with their arms and hearts

Women hold it in the heart

Dark letters of the Holy Torah surrounded by White

Holy Darkness that has within Holy Light

We are dancing with the Torah

The Torah is dancing with us.

I love you, my heilega Yid,

The craziness too,

the pain of the heart torn,

into millions of fragmented shattered pieces.

And yet the heart is One.

A Damaged Heart,

and yet a Perfect One,

because you love Me like no one else can,

With the blinding light of that crushing darkness,

What warmth, what light, life giving love that is there,

Within that deep heart of yours,

That broken broken whole heart of yours,

Embrace every part of that heart, that life,

The sickness becomes the very vaccine that destroys that very sickness,

Because you were always whole and complete,

My beloved shattered and whole Yid,
I love you my heilega succah Yid,
Dance with me Simchas Torah,
My sons with their feet and hands, and inner soul,
My daughter in their hearts,
I'm proud that you are my beloved children,
I love every single one of you.
Shut out the crazy world and be with Me,
With the Heart of Klall Yisroel that is One

The Damaged heart of Klall Yisroel is One
And when we all realize that we are One,
Then the heart is no longer damaged,
The Perfect heart of Klall Yisroel is One

Good Yom Tov handsome brothers and beautiful sisters

No forum on Yom Tov

The heart within us is the forum

Where unworthy yechida hears the song of the neshomos at GYE singing Shirah in his heart.

A Shirah that will be heard when Moshiach comes

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 02 Oct 2009 16:36

wow, yechida.

i don't have words....

your connection to Hashem is something

for others to aspire to

and look up to.

you have a very heilige neshama

and you express it beautifully

with masterful poetic words

that touch the heart

of all who read them.

Have a super yom tov!

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by bardichev - 02 Oct 2009 16:41

GOOOD YOM TOV

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 02 Oct 2009 16:46

Thank you for your kind words

and I love all of you

May you all have a Yom Tov of True Simcha

=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Efshar Letaken - 02 Oct 2009 17:47

Sorry Yechida for not taking enough time to read trough all your posts.

But I will have to print them out to read them on shabbos & Yom Tov.

The are all Master pieces.

Right a Book!

=====