

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 - 06 Oct 2009 01:10

kutan (ad ki chudal lispar ki ain mispar)

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 07 Oct 2009 21:02

Dear Friends,

The book called "Toward a Meaningful Life-The Wisdom of the Rebbe" adapted by Simon Jacobson is literally packed with wonderful insights on each and every page.

Here is one story on page 265

1-In 1978, after the Rebbe suffered a serious heart attack, a doctor was drawing his blood. "What is it that draws the blood from the veins?" the Rebbe asked. "The needle itself or the vacuum in the syringe?" The doctor answered that it was the vacuum.

"That reminds me of a troubled man who once came to see me," the Rebbe said to his secretary, who was standing nearby. "He complained that he was "empty" and unfit for anything. I told him that in fact the opposite was true-that the empty vessel can draw in with much greater intensity than when a vessel is full ,so he actually is in an excellent position to produce much good and holiness"

It was a holiday ,a day on which the Rebbe traditionally delivered a joyful sermon. "Since I will not be able to speak," he said to the secretary,"I ask you to repeat what I just said. Just as a vacuum draws in more forcefully than something that is filled, at the gathering tonight, even though a person usually sitting in my chair will be absent, the holiday spirit should not be dampened.

On the contrary—the vacuum will evoke all good things from heaven

I relate to this because very often I feel unworthy of anything.

And somehow inside myself, I say to Hashem because this is how I feel, take care of me and help me with this empty nothing I am.

And if what I say to Hashem is for real, and from the depths of my heart, real tears, He somehow opens things up for me.

Everyone here can do this.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by 7yipol - 07 Oct 2009 21:09

Beautiful post R' Yechida.

Which Rebbe was it?

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 07 Oct 2009 22:56

The Rebbe Mom.

Please, you're embarrassing me.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 08 Oct 2009 13:06

Thank you 7UP and Uri

This is the Lubavitcher Rebbe

By the way,his Igros, the letters that he wrote are brilliant.

I am not a Lubavitcher Chossid per se- but I owe my life to him.

When I was in 9th grade,by recess,I saw a likutai sichos on the floor.

I picked it up, read it,and something moved me,and I asked a Lubavicher chossid in my class to give me the sichos and maamorim every time he gets it.

After 2 years I had over a hundred of them that I read

That was the start of me learning the seforim of Chabad.

I was shaky at that time inside, and could have gone either way.

the picking up of that Likutai Sichos was one of the the most crucial turning points of my life,caused me to learn hundreds of extra hours on concepts of Ahavas Yisroel,Achdus

Hashem, Simcha, Emuna, Bitachon, and the greatness of Mitzvos.

and saved me because of what I could have done in those many hours.

It was tough as it was, my inner emotional state at the time, but I would have been a total lost case if not for me connecting to this Torah

Things I did not learn in Yeshiva

And I've only touched the surface.

I reread that original sichah I picked up from the floor this past summer

I hope to post it here one day in English and with elaboration like the Tomer Devorah and Tanya and Chiddushai Harim.

That Sichah is part of my "Shulchon Aruch"

and it connects to GYE

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 08 Oct 2009 13:08

please come here soon. an important post for Shmini Atzeres.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 08 Oct 2009 16:12

Dear brothers & sisters,

May you all experience true Simcha and true Ahava with your Creator, with Klall Yisroel, and may each one of you have the zchus to find someone who truly loves you and will see the good in you that can be appreciated and nurtured into something very special.

There is a book called "Simple Words" by Adin Steinsaltz, a wonderful book on the deep meaning of deceptively simple words

From page 107 here are 2 paragraphs. (bold" bardichev" is mine not authors)

The first similar to what Aryeh Kaplan wrote in what was quoted in a previous post.

Jewish tradition, however does not see sex ,per se, as sinful.In fact,in the right context ,and when engaged in with conscious purpose, sex is seen as a positive commandment, **A FORCE OF CONNECTION**-because, in contrast to money and food, sexual pleasure in itself is not connected with ownership .It is a pleasure that is derived from giving and being connected with another-both in the body and beyond the physical plane; **IT CAN BECOME A MOST MEANINGFUL EXPRESSION OF LOVE,OF CHARITY AND BENEVOLENCE** .Sexual desire, possibly the most powerful human desire, can become an expression of holiness.

THE PHYSICAL UNION ENHANCES THE SPIRITUAL UNION OF TWO INDIVIDUALS. More than that,the particular bond between male and female, in which giving and receiving blend with each other, becomes a way of learning and experiencing a multilevel connection. In a nonabstract form, it becomes a paradigm for doing good deeds. Study and prayer, as well as charity ,may also acquire some kind of erotic fervor. This is the reason why Kabbalistic literature describes any kind of deep connection between spiritual entities with the term "copulation"(ie Zivvug)

Incidentally Shmini Atzeres is such a day of Zivvug of Hashem and Klall Yisroel, the intimate relationship between the chosson (Hashem) and kallah(Keneses Yisroel).

I saw this in several seforim including the sefer of the first Slominer Rebbe on the piece on Shmini Atzeres.

That day is you and Hashem.

Alone.

I heard that the Chasam Sofer said that the whole Yamim Noraim leads up to the specialness of this day.

Because it is day that the Choson tells us He is spending special time with this Kallah.

Another quote from yet another great book called "The doctor and the soul" by Viktor Frankl

The spiritual core as the object of the true attitude of love is, then, irreplaceable and inexchangeable for the true lover, because it is unique and singular.

It follows from this that true love is its own warrant of permanence....

Sexual excitement is only temporary.

And a psychological state is also impermanent.

The sex drive vanishes promptly after gratification.

And infatuation , too ,is seldom of long duration.

BUT THE SPIRITUAL ACT BY WHICH A PERSON COMPREHENDS THE SPIRITUAL CORE OF ANOTHER OUTLASTS ITSELF;TO THE DEGREE THAT THE CONTENT OF THAT ACT IS VALID,IT IS VALID ONCE AND FOR ALL...

LOVE IS MORE THAN AN EMOTIONAL CONDITION; LOVE IS AN INTENTIONAL ACT.

WHAT IT INTENDS IS THE ESSENCE OF THE OTHER PERSON.

and then I see this sentence.

His unique being is like all true essences, something timeless and thus imperishable

This is how Hashem loves us, my dear brothers and sisters.

We are timeless and imperishable.

A Yid that loved his wife a thousand years ago, and was intimate with her because of her essence and because of what she truly is-the act is sacred and eternal.

That physical act is eternal, even if no children came from it

The Chida says so. people with no children who had a true kesher with their wives will go upstairs after 120 and be greeted by many neshomas, his “children” created by the physical union with his wife on this world done with true Ahava.

This special connection enhanced by the physical connection did not end with death.

It is timeless and endures forever.

We have the Avos in us.

Yitzchok loved Rivka.

And part of that endures and is part of us that love is also within every Yid.

So why waste this special intimate eternal act on emptiness and on a mere external shell that truly truly is nothing at all?

And when this intimacy is not possible at the moment, it can be directed to a special tefillah or to that powerful emotion of closeness to Hashem that I wish all of us will experience this Shmini Atzeres.

If I knew that all my brothers and sisters would experience this true Simcha and Ahava with Hashem, and with those they truly love, that all my single friends would find their true zivvug, and all the married ones have a good and healthy relationship with their spouses, and parnassah ,and good health, this would fill me with true Simcha.

If these berachos are still missing from my brothers and sisters, then I am missing it too.

Because the heart of Klall Yisroel is One.

Shmini Atzeres is the day of the Heart of Klall Yisroel.

Speak to Hashem on this very special day.

He always listens.

But this day the Chosson is listening to his Kallah, with the purest Love.

Have a wonderful Yom Tov

May only blessing shine on all of you

The one who feels unworthy of being called your friend

Yechida L'yachdoch (as we say Hoshana Rabbah)

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by 7yipol - 08 Oct 2009 20:51

May we all be zoche to the beis hamikdash , and eternally entwined keruvim yet today.

Small but sincere,

7up

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 08 Oct 2009 21:05

Amen, 7UP (who is not small at all)

will not be on line till Monday.

the eternally entwined keruvim is when our hearts are all embraced with each other within.

because it is in our heart that the bais hamikdosh is being built.

destroyed twice but coming UP forever.

nothing like the heart of a true mother,a heart sincere and not small at all

have a very special Yom Tov

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by 7yipol - 08 Oct 2009 21:21

You too R' Yechida.

Enjoy the chag with your family and Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and come back to us recharged and

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Kedusha - 09 Oct 2009 03:19

inspired.

Yechida,

What a beautiful, profound, and timely message!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 12 Oct 2009 15:34

Thank you kedusha

and may you all have a wonderful year ahead.

Berashis-a new beginning

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 12 Oct 2009 15:47

Dear friends

there are several lessons to be learned from this story

one is to be careful when describing a inappropriate behavior or image,EVEN FOR THE PURPOSE OF STAYING AWAY FROM IT-because this can be a great trigger toward that very unhealthy thing you wish to escape from.

another lesson is the wrong attitude of seclusion and separation from this world that many of other faiths have.

that is not our way

we have to integrate the physical and the spiritual into one cohesive whole.

not easy to do.

but this is why we are here.(Anshei Kodesh not Malachei Kodesh)

another lesson is kedusha has to be taught to be appealing and joyful and not a contradiction to a very physical life.

If you look at kedusha as a morbid, sad, isolated state of existence...then why would one strive towards it?

another lesson is the power being cynical.

a very powerful tool that should be used wisely and very sparingly

A STORY WITHOUT A TITLE

by Anton Chekhov

IN the fifth century, just as now, the sun rose every morning and every evening retired to rest. In the morning, when the first rays kissed the dew, the earth revived, the air was filled with the sounds of rapture and hope; while in the evening the same earth subsided into silence and plunged into gloomy darkness. One day was like another, one night like another. From time to time a storm-cloud raced up and there was the angry rumble of thunder, or a negligent star fell out of the sky, or a pale monk ran to tell the brotherhood that not far from the monastery he had seen a tiger -- and that was all, and then each day was like the next.

The monks worked and prayed, and their Father Superior played on the organ, made Latin verses, and wrote music. The wonderful old man possessed an extraordinary gift. He played on the organ with such art that even the oldest monks, whose hearing had grown somewhat dull towards the end of their lives, could not restrain their tears when the sounds of the organ floated from his cell. When he spoke of anything, even of the most ordinary things -- for instance of the trees, of the wild beasts, or of the sea -- they could not listen to him without a smile or tears, and it seemed that the same chords vibrated in his soul as in the organ. If he were moved to anger or abandoned himself to intense joy, or began speaking of something terrible or grand, then a passionate inspiration took possession of him, tears came into his flashing eyes, his face flushed, and his voice thundered, and as the monks listened to him they felt that their souls were spell-bound by his inspiration; at such marvellous, splendid moments his power over them was boundless, and if he had bidden his elders fling themselves into the sea, they would all, every one of them, have hastened to carry out his wishes.

His music, his voice, his poetry in which he glorified God, the heavens and the earth, were a continual source of joy to the monks. It sometimes happened that through the monotony of their lives they grew weary of the trees, the flowers, the spring, the autumn, their ears were tired of the sound of the sea, and the song of the birds seemed tedious to them, but the talents of their Father Superior were as necessary to them as their daily bread.

Dozens of years passed by, and every day was like every other day, every night was like every other night. Except the birds and the wild beasts, not one soul appeared near the monastery. The nearest human habitation was far away, and to reach it from the monastery, or to reach the monastery from it, meant a journey of over seventy miles across the desert. Only men who despised life, who had renounced it, and who came to the monastery as to the grave, ventured to cross the desert.

What was the amazement of the monks, therefore, when one night there knocked at their gate a

man who turned out to be from the town, and the most ordinary sinner who loved life. Before saying his prayers and asking for the Father Superior's blessing, this man asked for wine and food. To the question how he had come from the town into the desert, he answered by a long story of hunting; he had gone out hunting, had drunk too much, and lost his way. To the suggestion that he should enter the monastery and save his soul, he replied with a smile: "I am not a fit companion for you!"

When he had eaten and drunk he looked at the monks who were serving him, shook his head reproachfully, and said:

"You don't do anything, you monks. You are good for nothing but eating and drinking. Is that the way to save one's soul? Only think, while you sit here in peace, eat and drink and dream of beatitude, your neighbours are perishing and going to hell. You should see what is going on in the town! Some are dying of hunger, others, not knowing what to do with their gold, sink into profligacy and perish like flies stuck in honey. There is no faith, no truth in men. Whose task is it to save them? Whose work is it to preach to them? It is not for me, drunk from morning till night as I am. Can a meek spirit, a loving heart, and faith in God have been given you for you to sit here within four walls doing nothing?"

The townsman's drunken words were insolent and unseemly, but they had a strange effect upon the Father Superior. The old man exchanged glances with his monks, turned pale, and said:

"My brothers, he speaks the truth, you know. Indeed, poor people in their weakness and lack of understanding are perishing in vice and infidelity, while we do not move, as though it did not concern us. Why should I not go and remind them of whom they have forgotten?"

The townsman's words had carried the old man away. The next day he took his staff, said farewell to the brotherhood, and set off for the town. And the monks were left without music, and without his speeches and verses. They spent a month drearily, then a second, but the old man did not come back. At last after three months had passed the familiar tap of his staff was heard. The monks flew to meet him and showered questions upon him, but instead of being delighted to see them he wept bitterly and did not utter a word. The monks noticed that he looked greatly aged and had grown thinner; his face looked exhausted and wore an expression of profound sadness, and when he wept he had the air of a man who has been outraged.

The monks fell to weeping too, and began with sympathy asking him why he was weeping, why his face was so gloomy, but he locked himself in his cell without uttering a word. For seven days he sat in his cell, eating and drinking nothing, weeping and not playing on his organ. To knocking at his door and to the entreaties of the monks to come out and share his grief with them he replied with unbroken silence.

At last he came out. Gathering all the monks around him, with a tear-stained face and with an expression of grief and indignation, he began telling them of what had befallen him during those three months. His voice was calm and his eyes were smiling while he described his journey from the monastery to the town. On the road, he told them, the birds sang to him, the brooks gurgled, and sweet youthful hopes agitated his soul; he marched on and felt like a soldier going to battle and confident of victory; he walked on dreaming, and composed poems and hymns, and reached the end of his journey without noticing it.

But his voice quivered, his eyes flashed, and he was full of wrath when he came to speak of the town and of the men in it. Never in his life had he seen or even dared to imagine what he met with when he went into the town. Only then for the first time in his life, in his old age, he saw and understood how powerful was the devil, how fair was evil and how weak and faint-hearted and worthless were men. By an unhappy chance the first dwelling he entered was the abode of vice. Some fifty men in possession of much money were eating and drinking wine beyond measure. Intoxicated by the wine, they sang songs and boldly uttered terrible, revolting words such as a God-fearing man could not bring himself to pronounce; boundlessly free, self-confident, and happy, they feared neither God nor the devil, nor death, but said and did what they liked, and went whither their lust led them. And the wine, clear as amber, flecked with sparks of gold, must have been irresistibly sweet and fragrant, for each man who drank it smiled blissfully and wanted to drink more. To the smile of man it responded with a smile and sparkled joyfully when they drank it, as though it knew the devilish charm it kept hidden in its sweetness.

The old man, growing more and more incensed and weeping with wrath, went on to describe what he had seen. On a table in the midst of the revellers, he said, stood a sinful, woman. It was hard to imagine or to find in nature anything more lovely and fascinating. This reptile, young, longhaired, dark-skinned, with black eyes and full lips, shameless and insolent, showed her snow-white teeth and smiled as though to say: "Look how shameless, how beautiful I am." Silk and brocade fell in lovely folds from her shoulders, but her beauty would not hide itself under her clothes, but eagerly thrust itself through the folds, like the young grass through the ground in spring. The shameless woman drank wine, sang songs, and abandoned herself to anyone who wanted her.

Then the old man, wrathfully brandishing his arms, described the horse-races, the bull-fights, the theatres, the artists' studios where they painted naked women or moulded them of clay. He spoke with inspiration, with sonorous beauty, as though he were playing on unseen chords, while the monks, petrified, greedily drank in his words and gasped with rapture. . . .

After describing all the charms of the devil, the beauty of evil, and the fascinating grace of the dreadful female form, the old man cursed the devil, turned and shut himself up in his cell. . . .

When he came out of his cell in the morning there was not a monk left in the monastery; they had all fled to the town.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 13 Oct 2009 13:01

Today,Chaf Hei Tishrei is the Yartziet of 2 Great Giants

Chasam Sofer

Kedushas Levi-the Bardichiver

we are fortunate to have a spark of the bardichiver on this forum

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