

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 - 13 Oct 2009 17:53

I saw this poem.

I do not know who wrote it

relating to the previous post

You never know when you're living in the Moment.

Maybe you were busy taking photos to remember the occasion.

Or you forgot to look as you were rushing by.

Or perhaps complaining too much to appreciate the blessing of just 'being'.

Being yourself.

Being with someone.

Being grateful.

Being forgiving.

Being less hard on yourself.

Being real.

The Moment passes

You cannot get it back

And so are the next Moments -

One after another.

Until you awake as if from a dream

And realise you are living in the Moment

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 13 Oct 2009 18:23

here is one more

Life by Jessica Workman

Life is a challenge - meet it

Life is a gift - accept it

Life is a sorrow - over come it

Life is a tregedy - face it

Life is a mystery - unfold it - unsolve it

Life is a opportunity - take it

Life is a promise - complete it

Life is a struggle - fight it

Life is a goal - achieve it

Life is love - love it

Life can be adventures - enjoy it

Life is a duty - perform it

Life is a game - out smart it

Life is a beauty - praise it

Life is life - live it - make of something good of it

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by TrYiNg - 14 Oct 2009 09:43

Expresses just what I think. Will print it out to show to others. YOur zchus R' yechida.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 14 Oct 2009 18:26

Dear Brothers and Sisters

Luv them

Here is thought on Parshas Beraishis

The key to Torah is Berashis

The key to Life is Beraishis.

Because we always have to begin Anew.

Hashem tells us do not think that I created your world and then left it

I am constantly and continuously creating the world,

Every single second,

Because if I don't, everything that exists will not be

As if it never was.

The Torah ends with "Leynai Kol Yisroel"

Rashi says that this refers to the Luchos that were broken

The Torah ends with us being broken by the broken Luchos

It end in failure

Moshe dead

Luchos Shattered

What now?

The answer is very simple and very profound,

A great kindness from Hashem, a great healing,

We connect to the beginning,

The end of the Torah and the beginning is one,

And it's brokenness, the shattered Luchos become whole again,

Because we are back to Berashis,

Where it all began,

Where we are born anew.

The Lamed at the end of the Torah,

The Bais at the beginning of the Torah,

Is "Leiv"

The heart.

That very heart broken,

Lamad at one end,

Bais at the other

Disconnected.

Fragmented.

The Bais at the beginning is what we thought we could have become,

Our potential,

Before we “messed up”

Before the Golden Calf,

Before the Broken Luchos

Before the Addiction,

Before the anxiety and depression,

Before all this pain

We were whole and good at that Bais-the beginning.

The Lamed at the end is what we are

What we see ourselves as after that great shattering

low, broken,

the Moshe is dead in us,

the addict,

the strong pull toward the unhealthy,
the forgetting of who we truly are,
a special neshomah,
greater than the highest angels,
doing down to the deepest depths,
to bring forth the greatest light,
so that the Lev, the Heart of Klall Yisroel,
becomes One and Whole again.

Forget about what we could have been,
Because never would have been,
Or should have been,
Because what we are is a vehicle for something even greater than we could have been,
It's a new existence, a higher plane.

We hate what is in us.
Being in the depths of a dark deep struggle,
Looking at shmutz,
Laziness,
Apathy,
Pain,
Depression,
Anxiety,
Not believing that there is any good in us at all.

Once Screwed Up,

Always Screwed Up.

That is what we believe

FALSE!!!!!!

Because it's just a major construction,

Right now in a ugly dirty state,

Ever hang around a house half constructed?

A very ugly unpleasant place,

May even see rats and roaches,

But 3 years later,

What beauty is there!!

Did you dream standing in that place that looked like hell itself, chaos,

Turn into a warm cozy dining room,

Large beautiful white covered table,

Shiny joyful faces,

The lights of the Shabbos candles,

Lighting up the world

The seforim say that our neshomas of this dark generation are rooted in those last letters of the sefer torah.

These letters are sloppy

Because the sofer does not write them in his experienced hand

Ever been to an Hachnosas Sefer Torah?

The sofer just outlines them.

A novice plain non-sofer fills it in

We try our best

Not bad, not bad

But doesn't compare to the rest of the letters

The proverbial classical inferior complex,

Sloppy Sloppy Sloppy

But if it would be neat and clean and perfect the sefer torah would be buried or burned.

I forgot with whom this was, but a godol hador deemed a sefer torah possul because those last

letters were perfect .

A heretic must have written it.

Last letters too neat and clean.

Our Holy Minhag to have the tzibbur fill in those last letters must be kept.

Our Sloppy non-sofer letters of the sloppy neshomas such as ours are integral to the kashrus of our holy Sefer Torah.

Without our last uneven non perfect letters, those beautiful letters are
just shaimos.

Not a Sefer Torah

Hashem wants this.

He knows we are sloppy and weak

He knows we may not look as nice and as clean as those higher neshomas up there in Braishis or in the Shirah or in the Aseres Hadibros.

He needs us here.

Sloppy, but loyal

All the way to the last Lamed.

What happens then?

We connect to the Beginnig

The Breishis,

By fighting our darkness in our sloppy way, trying our best even if it seems to fall short, but trying trying, trying, then Hashem does the rest for us

We unite the Bais with the Lamed,

And the Heart of Klall Yisroel becomes One

Because that is the way it truly always was.

We were just too blind to see it.

Until now.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 15 Oct 2009 12:26

Author Pat Conroy (The Price of Tides, The Lords of Discipline, The Water is Wide, The Great Santini, Beach Music, South of Broad, and the cookbook that has a lot of interesting stories in them,) suffered great abuse from his father and he wrote about some of it in a memoir called "My Losing Season"-a great book, because it describes a lot of life lessons about failures and losing. how losing went deeper and richer and was more valuable to him than winning would have been

In the summer time I went with my brother to see him at a book signing of a new novel of his.(together with another Pulitzer Prize author Richard Russo)

He talked a little about the memoir "My Losing Season" which was mostly about a year in college that he was on the basketball team and he said that no matter how bad his father treated him, he always wanted to be close with him and to connect with him. So he knew his father liked basketball so he figured that if he would become a good basketball player he would connect with his father.

And his words ring in my ears

"It was a colossal failure. I would not be able to connect with him."

One night he played one of his greatest games. After the game, his father slammed him against the wall and told him that he played like a piece of garbage"

The yetzer horah does this to us all the time.

All the time.

We play our best game, we are on the right track, we are moving forward in the most productive manner, and suddenly and viciously that evil phoney slams us against the wall and tells us that

we are a piece of garbage.

A lot of abuse that Pat Conroy suffered he could not write about openly so he put it in his fiction.

This scene depicts such abuse,

I will quote from the book "The Courage to Write" by Ralph Keyes

The most famous scene in Pat Conroy's "The Great Santini" portrays a one-on-one basketball game that Marine Colonel "Bull" Meacham loses to his eighteen year old son, Ben.

Meacham is not a grateful loser

He demands they resume play, that Ben come back to guard him.

"I'm not gonna guard you, Dad. I won," Ben said, his voice almost breaking. He could feel himself about to cry.

Bull saw it too. "That's it, mama's boy. Start to cry. I want to see you cry," Bull roared, his voice at full volume, a voice of drill fields, a voice to be heard above the thunder of jet engines, a voice to be heard above the din of battle. Bull took the basketball and threw it into Ben's forehead. Ben turned to walk into the house, but Bull followed him, matching his steps and throwing the basketball against his son's head at intervals of three steps. Bull kept chanting "Cry, cry, cry," each time the ball ricocheted off his son's skull. Through the kitchen Ben marched, through the dining room, never putting his hands behind his head to protect himself, never trying to dodge the ball. Ben just walked and with all his powers of concentration rising to the surface of consciousness, of being alive, and of being son, Ben tried not to cry. That was all he wanted to derive from the experience, the knowledge that he had not cried.

Even though the incident did not happen, Pat Conroy found that writing it forced him to confront

long-repressed feelings about his abusive father.” The scene upset me badly,” said Conroy.” I had created a boy named Ben Meacham and had given him my story. His loneliness, his unbearable solitude, almost killed me as I wrote about him. We had hidden my father’s betrayal so completely –no one knew outside my family. It started all the engines up for me, the engines people in therapy know about but I had no idea about”

I read that paragraph with the basketball many times because I realized after a while what it meant for me.

The Yetzer Harah is Bull

Cry Cry Cry he screams as the ball smashes into your skull again and again

But you have already won.

So you refuse to cry in front of that despicable maniac

Until you get to your room, lock the door, and cry your heart out to Hashem

Please get this maniac away from me.

I can’t take too much more of this.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 15 Oct 2009 17:36

Another poem I saw(not my own)

Anyone who is feeling this way on a constant basis needs to get help

nothing to be embarrassed about

we are only given control over our own behaviors.

we cannot control other people's behaviors

Especially those closest to you.

What does this have to do with the issues at hand discussed here at GYE?

Everything.

Because many have this voice in themselves,

or the voice of their father and mother ripping each others guts out,

retreating in panick into Escapism,

anything anything that will drown out this terrible voice

as Uri said several times -from his therapist,

running running running to that Comfort Zone,

because,for now,this is the only place we can run,

unless we create a healthy save haven for ourselves,

such as this place.

and a safe haven in our own heart

which cannot happen,

unless we see the true good that is in our heart,

so we can escape there,or not "escape" there,but to be there safely and securely,the true comfort,that is within ourselves.

All I Ever

When all I've ever done

was stand by you

why do you push me away?

When all I've ever done

was make you laugh

why do you drive me to tears?

When all I've ever done

was praise you

why do you put me down?

When all I've ever done

was sing for you

why do you give me the silent treatment?

When all I've ever done

was believe in you

why do you tell me I'll never make it?

When all I've ever done

was always love you

why did you always hate me?

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 15 Oct 2009 21:07

Words by Stanley T. Crawford

Words paint a picture of the calm blue sky,
Words paint a picture of the cold white snow,
Words paint a picture of the still black night,
Words can move, sway, heal, or anguish the soul.

Words narrate the work and rest of your day,
Words narrate the discussions with your mate,
Words narrate the fun and frolic of the night,
Words can move, sway, heal, or anguish the soul.

Words describe the men and women dead from war,
Words describe the lion chasing its prey,
Words describe the hawk devouring a mouse,
Words can move, sway, heal, or anguish the soul.

Words are used to create relationships,
Words are used to repair relationships,
Words are used to destroy relationships,
Words can move, sway, heal, or anguish the soul.

Power of Words by Letitia Elizabeth Landon

'Tis a strange mystery, the power of words!
Life is in them, and death. A word can send
The crimson colour hurrying to the cheek.
Hurrying with many meanings; or can turn
The current cold and deadly to the heart.
Anger and fear are in them; grief and joy
Are on their sound; yet slight, impalpable:--
A word is but a breath of passing air.

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by 7yipol - 15 Oct 2009 23:46

Along the words theme:

THE POWER OF SPEECH

There seems to be unlimited,

Almost omnipotent power

Inherent within the gift of speech-

As if G-d says to mankind

"Take my double edged sword

To knight your brother-

Or to slay him."

Ability to communicate with holiness

Is the gossamer thread

Which ties us to the Heavenly kingdom.

To sever it

Is to wallow

In the kingdom of animals.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by 7yipol - 15 Oct 2009 23:49

And another.

Reb Yechida, I hope you dont mind me hijacking.

Perhaps should post it next week?

WORDS

Building blocks

mortar and stone

stretch heavenward.

Further than the ear hears

the eye sees.

Only the mouth

extends beyond

with threats and curses

weapons of war

in a dangerous bid

to outwit G-d.

A tower is built

in Babylon.

G-ds wrath

crashes earthward

as consonants and syllables

rain down chaotically

while sharp

accents and alphabets

pierce the tongues

of Man.

Built on the rubble

of rhetoric and deceit

A world recreated.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 16 Oct 2009 12:25

7UP-

both poems are great and clear and powerful

and with stuff like this you can hijack as much as you can

if a plane is going to Florida and gets hijacked because this Yid says "I won't hurt anyone,I'm just taking you all to Yerusholayim"

that's a good thing

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 16 Oct 2009 13:03

Dear brothers and sisters

To continue the theme of Braishis , to begin anew, "Today", I quote Likutai Maharani #261

When a person falls from his spiritual level, he should know that it is Divinely ordained

This is because being rebuffed is the beginning of being drawn close

(I'm repeating this line)

THIS IS BECAUSE BEING REBUFFED IS THE BEGINNING OF BEING DRAWN CLOSE.

He therefore fell, in order that he should motivate himself to draw closer to God

The advice for him is to start anew, to enter the service of God as if he had never begun before.

This is a very important rule in the service of God: Literally every day people need to begin anew.

Then R Noson adds this note

See more on this subject elsewhere in the works of rabbeinu zl, how important it is that a person strengthen himself in the service of God and not become discouraged because of anything in

the world, but rather always start anew. Study this subject well, and it will be forever pleasing to you

Dear friend have a wonderful Shabbos Beraishis

And please do not be discouraged.

Hashem loves us and very soon the rebuffing stage will be over, and we will also see the opening of the "Drawing Close" in a very revealed and special way.

My deepest wish is that this starts for all of us-right away

This Shabbos Braishis.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 19 Oct 2009 12:53

Dear friends,

This post may give away the summer camp that I was in for many years, and the approximate time frame, but so be it.

This was a theme song that I heard when I was a young boy that moved me to such an extent that 2 or 3 years later I asked someone who knew it verbatim to repeat it for me. and I wrote it down.

I was on the team that sang this song.

2 lines of it I never forgot at all

This was about 4 years prior to that Erev Tisha Baav experience that I talked about in a previous post when I first mentioned the positive influence and outlet of summer camp.

I came across the song a few weeks ago and I will post this here.

Tune of Odecha Hashem Elokah Bichol Levovi

Low 1

One day many long years ago,

A prince sat enveloped in woe

He sinned and was banished from home

Sent into exile to roam

Low 2

One day he did repent

I see now for what I was sent

For father's embrace I do yearn

How can I ever return

High 1

My son wipe away all your tears

T'is I who's suffered these years

If only I would see the day

You'd'e rush back before me and say

High 2

Oy Tatte I know what I've done

I will behave like a king's son

I'd'e grab you and let the world see

My only son you'll'e always be

Low 3

But father its been so long since

I don't even look like a prince

My clothing all spoiled and torn

My body all battered and worn

Low 4

But son,there's no need to fear,

As long as your Ratzon is there

Together we'll be once more

With Ahava just as before

(Back to High 1-Oy Tatte....)

The two lines that I had never forgotten was

Oy Tatte I know what I've done

I will behave like a king's son

Do we always act like a king's son?

Unfortunately no.

Do we at least yearn to act like a king's son? (or king's daughter)

That is within us to do all the time.

We may be far from our goal

But we can always be close to that yearning to attain it.

That yearning, even while yet still far far away from Hashem

Is very precious to Him.

And He will bring us close.

I wrote this on Motzoi Shabbos

And on Sunday ,in Shul, Rosh Chodesh, the Shliach Tzibbur (not me) sang this niggun for
"Pischu Li"

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by kutan - 19 Oct 2009 19:19

Hey Yechida, we were team mates!

Remember if we won?

color (blue?)

All I remembered (over these years) was:

if only I would see the day

You'd'e rush back before me and say

Oy Tatte I know what I've done

I will behave like a king's son

But remember I definitely did. Its been bumbling around in the head all these years.

Thanks for the memory.

kutan

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 19 Oct 2009 19:28

must have been the zchus of the abarbanel

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