### **GYE - Guard Your Eyes**

Generated: 27 August, 2025, 03:33

yechida's reflections Posted by yechidah - 29 Jun 2009 19:47

(any questions, insights & suggestions about this thread, feel free to email me at tarvaga@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 placethis 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.

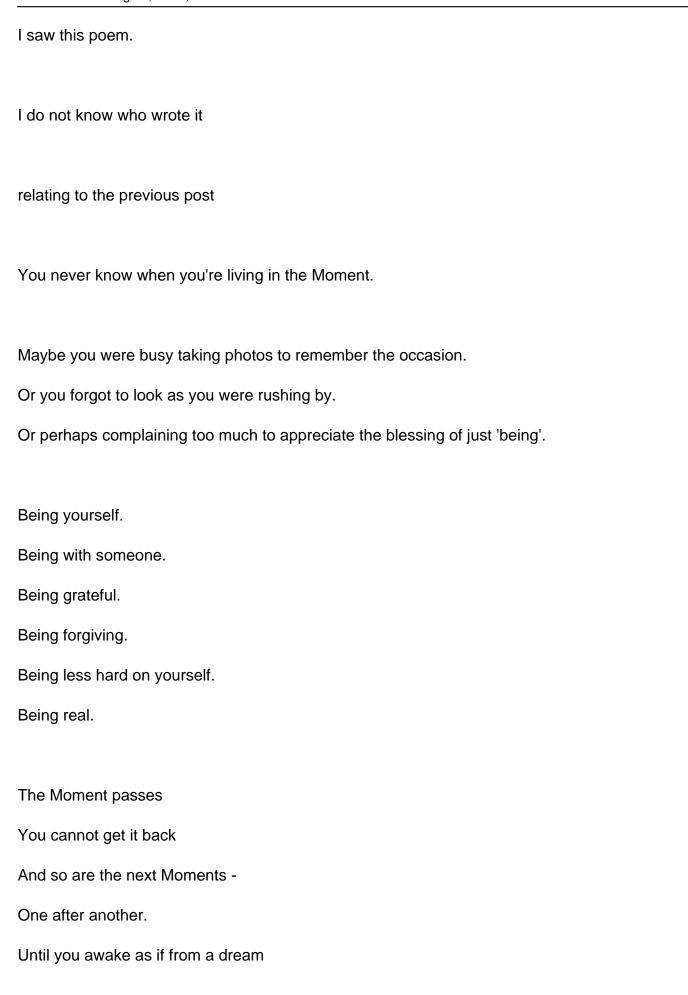
This is surely one reason Hashem gave us this urge towards baseness with all it's shades of ugliness. Yes you are special-like every Yid is-but never ever judge harshly My son or daughter that is struggling-because I love him or her - he or she is part of Klall Yisroel. Just as indispensible as you are.

\_\_\_\_\_\_

====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 13 Oct 2009 17:53



Generated: 27 August, 2025, 03:33

And realise you are living in the Moment

\_\_\_\_\_\_

====

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

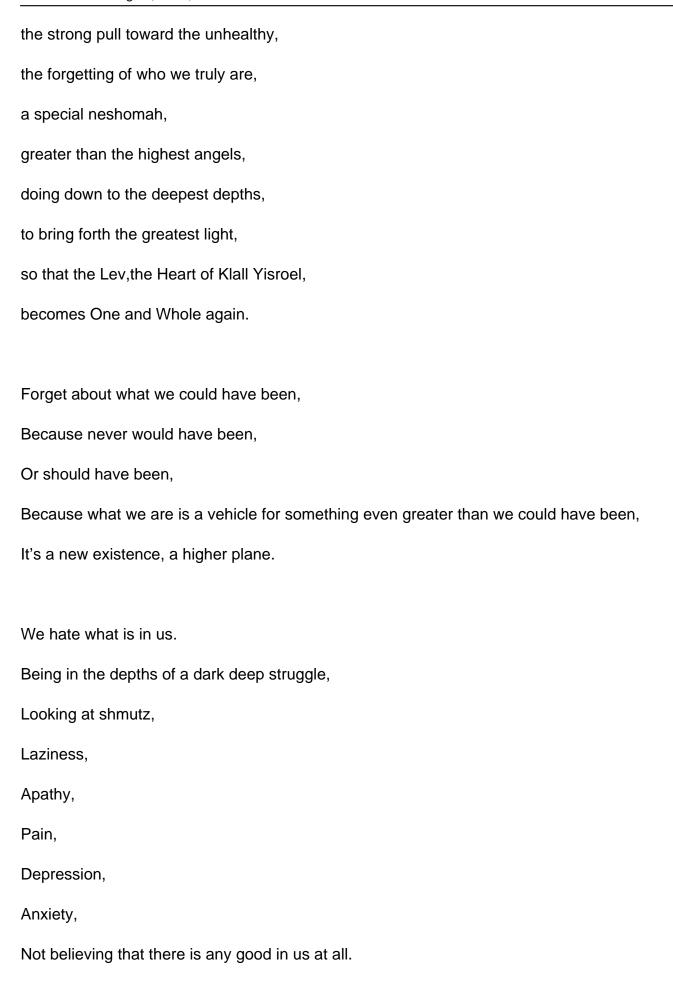
Life is a beauty - praise it

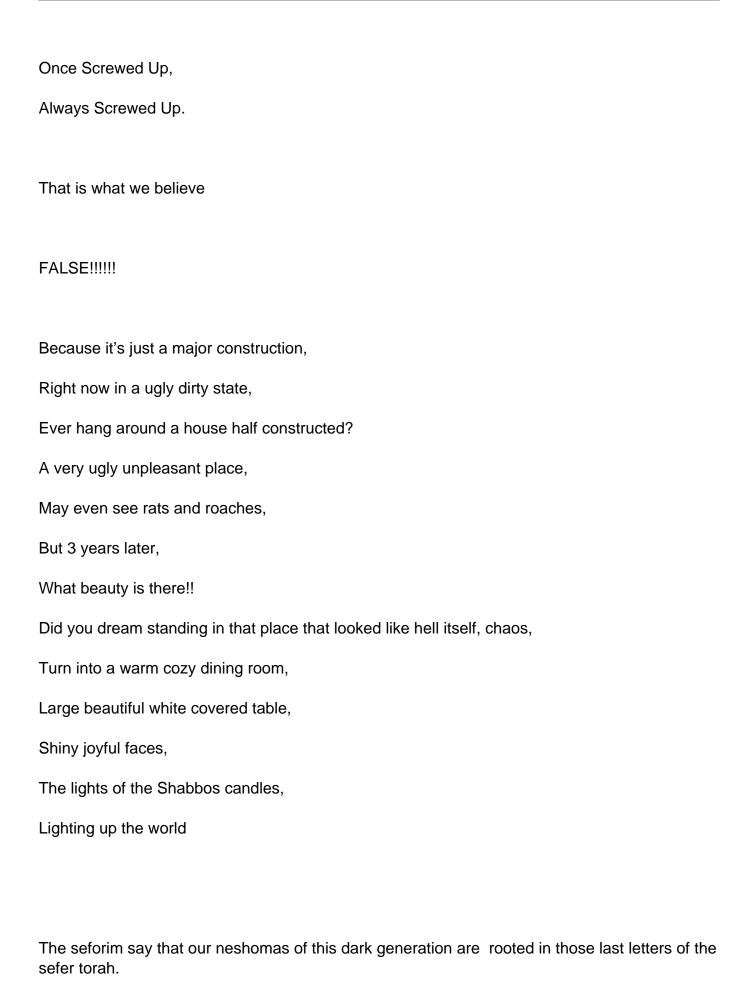
Life is life - live it - make of something good of it

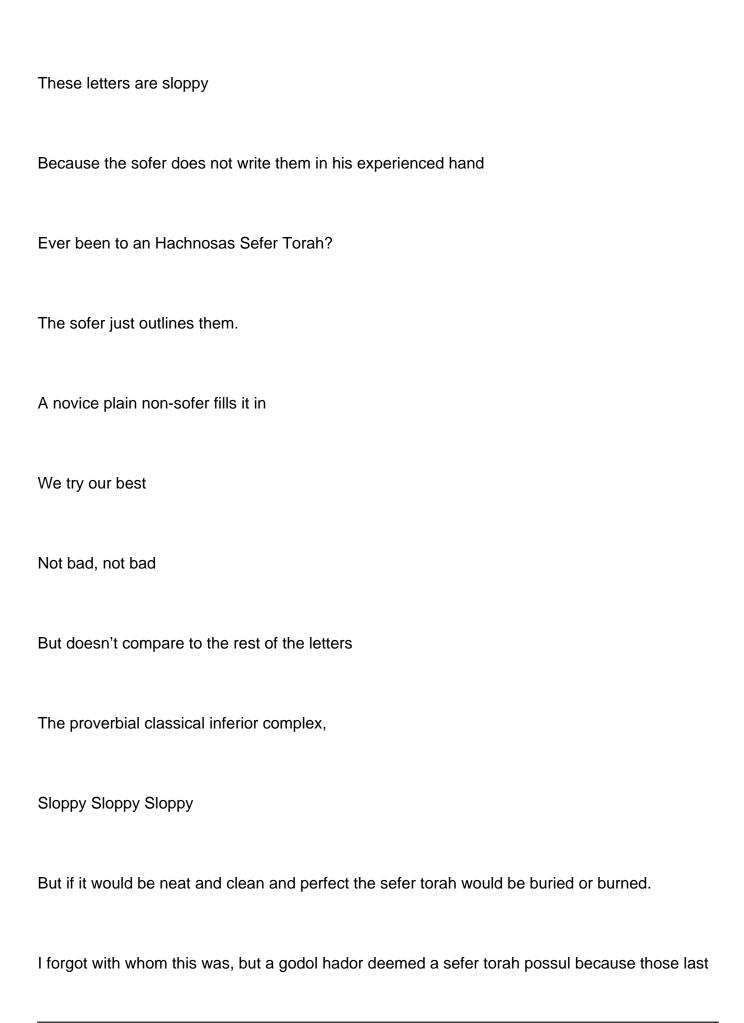
**GYE - Guard Your Eyes** 

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,







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 at 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.
====
Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 15 Oct 2009 12:26
Author Pat Conroy (The Price of Tides, The Lords of Dicipline, 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

12 / 29

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.

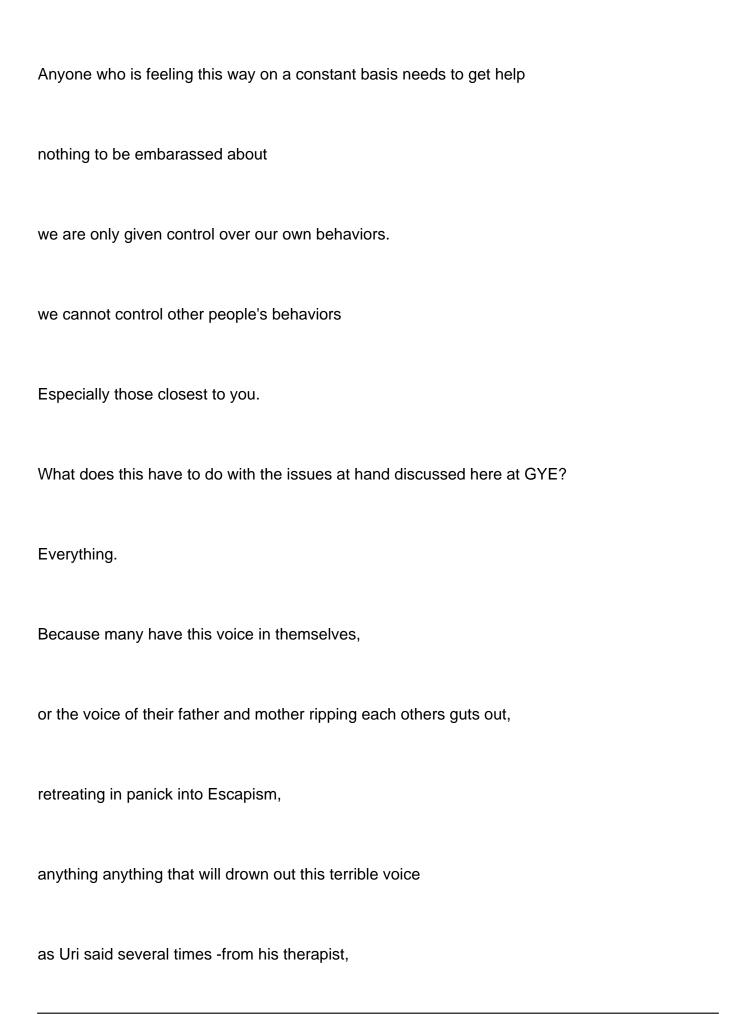
"I'm not gonna guard you, Dad.I won, "Ben said, his voice almost breaking. He could feel himself about to cry.

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.
====
Re: yechida's reflections Posted by yechidah - 15 Oct 2009 17:36
Another poem I saw(not my own)



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?
=======================================
Re: yechida's reflections Posted by vechidah - 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.	
====	
Re: yechida's reflections Posted by 7yipol - 15 Oct 2009 23:46	
Along the words theme:	
THE POWER OF SPEECH	

**GYE - Guard Your Eyes** Generated: 27 August, 2025, 03:33 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. 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?

rain down chaotically

<u>WORDS</u>
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

while sharp
accents and alphabets
pierce the tongues
of Man.
Built on the rubble
of rhetoric and deceipt
A world recreated.
=======================================
Re: yechida's reflections Posted by yechidah - 16 Oct 2009 12:25
7UP-
70F-
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
=======================================
====

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 Maharan #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

I was on the team that sang this song.

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.
====
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.

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

Н	lio	ıh	1
	uУ	,,,	•

My son wipe away all your tears

T'is I who's suffered these years

If only I would see the day

Youd'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'de grab you and let the world see

My only son youll'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



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"
"Pischu Li"
"Pischu Li" ====================================
"Pischu Li" ====================================
"Pischu Li"  ===================================

====

Generated. 27 August, 2023, 03.33
if only I would see the day
Youd'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.
luston
kutan
====
Re: yechida's reflections Posted by yechidah - 19 Oct 2009 19:28
must have been the zchus of the abarbanel