

yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 29 Jun 2009 19:47

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(any questions , insights & suggestions about this thread,feel free to email me at [taryaga@gmail.com](mailto: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 - 03 Nov 2009 15:06

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In the same subject please read the article in aish.com called "private pain,public remarks"

here is a part of it but please read it in full

Japanese scientist Masaru Emoto has published a book with his findings from worldwide research on the affects of water, evidence that thoughts, words, ideas and music affect the molecular structure of water. He claims that if human speech or thoughts are directed at water droplets before they are frozen, images of the resulting water crystals will be beautiful or ugly, depending on how positive or negative were the words or thoughts. Imagine how powerful words are if they can effect the molecular structure of water.

Perhaps God has made me the receiver of so many "sticks and stones" so I could be more careful with others. When I want to ask an inappropriate question with no real reason I think twice. Sensitivity seems to be a real exercise which requires lots of training. God gave me the opportunity to have a lot of training, and if it means I can prevent someone else from hurting, doesn't that make it a blessing?

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by 7yipol - 03 Nov 2009 16:39

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I heard a similar idea regarding flowers. When the researcher spoke gentle, nice words to them they blossomed. Yet when 'yelled at', they withered.

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Posted by kutan - 03 Nov 2009 21:21

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[7Up wrote on 03 Nov 2009 13:04:](#)

The more I get to know this YECHIDA, the more in awe I am.

Ditto!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 03 Nov 2009 21:48

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To a Yid whose true goodness is hidden from many,  
asking Hashem that the unspoken and unheard,  
reaches the mind and the heart,  
of the one that it can help

The Malochim told the wife of Lot,

“Do not look back”

Simple Reason was,

She was not deserving to see the destruction of Sodom

However the Divrei Shmuel, one of the Slonimer Rebbes

Hints to a deeper meaning ,

Look ahead,

Do not look back,

What was, was.

The main thing is to accept the present,

And move on,

Looking back will freeze you solid,

Like a pillar of salt,

Stuck in the same place forever.

Now of course part of teshuvah is fixing the past,

You run away, but you ask forgiveness,

You deal with it,

But be careful not to let it freeze you,

So you move ahead, move ahead,

Never turn your head back,

Yes Hashem I'm sorry I was ever in that sick place,

But I'm not turning my head back to it,

I cannot risk this,

You just take care of me as I move on,

Do not allow me to be scarred by the Fire of Sodom,

As I plant the seed in a new special place,

Untainted,

So I can grow and thrive,

In the way You want me to,

What you always knew I had in me,

A part of Your greatness,

Shining through me.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by 7yipol - 03 Nov 2009 22:01

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I think we need a book of "YECHIDA's"

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 04 Nov 2009 04:40

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totally!

WE WANT A BOOK!

WE WANT A BOOK!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 04 Nov 2009 14:16

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This one needed to written

but shouldn't be in any book

I've always been honest with all of you

so when the not so nice part of yechida comes out

I don't hide it from you,

I'm ashamed of the cynical bitter part that is there,

I don't think I will ever get rid of it completely,

but when it does, I try to use it as a lesson

for myself, and for others.

The husband comes home in a bad mood,

And to add to it, he wants to eat supper and the kitchen is a mess,

Not one clean spot on the table to eat,

The floor is an full of obstacles,

Wrappers, spilled juice,a bone of a chicken,

Wife is harried and at that moment does not look like the wedding pictures,

And at that moment you say to yourself,

I'm not asking for much right now,

Just a clean kitchen,

I know that a "good" wife has a pleasant neat kitchen,

And after some cleaning, after the kids are sleeping,

To come back to the kitchen, and make it "spotless"

Nothing like a "spotless" kitchen,

Like my friend's wife has,

I am on a high madreigah,

I am not jealous of anything my friend has,

And certainly not his wife.

After all I'm a frum fellow,

Not interested in my friends wife at all,

Not at all, Not at all,

Not at all, Not at all

(even thought she knows every maharal,

And every michtav eliyahu,

And appreciates her "tzelem elokim"

By dressing nicely)

Not at all, Not at all

Not at all, Not at all

Only one little thing I ask for,

To come home to a clean kitchen,

And after some cleaning a "spotless" kitchen,

Because a good wife (like the wife of my friend who I don't 'really' look up to),

Has a "spotless" kitchen

A sloppy kitchen is a sign of a sloppy mind,

A good wife works on organizing her heart and her mind,

Which manifests itself in an organized kitchen,

And ultimately a "spotless" kitchen,

It's a sign of intelligence and elegance,

Of beauty, of regality,

To have a "spotless" kitchen.



My friends,

A spotless kitchen is not a sign of a good wife.

And for anyone who thinks it is,

I ask them to read outloud,

Page 121,paragraph 411,

Of Awake my Glory,

Mr spotless husband who would love to have a good wife (and that good wife is never his own, of course, naturally)that can maintain spotlessly a “spotless” kitchen

Start reading, Mr Spotless, or Rav Spotless, or Harav Hagoan Spotless, Admur Spotless, Rosh Yeshiva Spotless, Spotless Holy Yid who cannot take Spots, who has a Spotless character, gives a Spotless Daf Yomi Shiur, Spotless Yid who has a Spotless kittel to be buried in, who would not be caught dead on a site of Yidin that have some Spots, that reminds him of his “not so good” wife that has Spots that irritate and annoy his Spotless sensibility and refinedness, who wants to take benzene and scrub all those Spots off his Spotful wife to make her more like that Spotless One next door, whom he never thinks about, Not at all, Not at all, Not at all

Mr Spotless read aloud this Spotless paragraph of Awake my Glory by R Avigdor Miller that always dressed neatly, no spots on his suit, yet understood the proper perspective, that without fear of Hashem, Spotlessness is deadly

When the Germans entered Poland, Lithuania, Latvia and Russia, we know what they did. They send soldiers to take all children from their mothers. The children never returned. Were they taken to farms, or put into children’s institutions? They were slain immediately. One million Jewish children were killed by the gemutliche Germans and Austrians. The Germans did not wear loin cloth; they were not savages with wild hair or with bones through their noses. The Nazi’s were neatly dressed, shaved daily, and at home many has spotless kitchens. The female camp guards who fashioned lampshades from Jewish skin were typical of the German Hausfrau and were defended on the grounds that they had “spotless kitchens”. That is the

German concept of virtue:” her kitchen was spotless” She personally murdered Jews and she the hobby of making lampshades from their skin, but her kitchen was spotless

And yes it is normal to be annoyed at the faults of others, especially of a husband and wife who is always in close contact with you.

But using benzene or bleach to erase the spots of your wife is not recommended

Yes, it will get rid of the spots

Good job, Great job,

Congratulations Reb Spotless,

Admirable Lofty Work

No spots in your wife

But you killed her.

A very dead, very spotless wife

She is cleaning for you, cleaning your children for you, she is smiling for you,, she is even quoting mesilas yesharim to you, makes a great potato kugel for you, nice makeup on for you, dressing up for you, she is having spotless sex with you whenever your spotless urge desires it, but you killed her

The walking smiling dead.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 04 Nov 2009 16:08

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For those who believe in evolution

I'm waiting

All I want is one simple thing

Is it too much to ask for?

Just one monkey to walk out of the forest and shake my hand and smile and say "Sholom Aleichem Reb Yid."

Still looking for that one wing on that one fish that is still trying to fly up to the sky

That would be cool

A fish leaning how to fly

Still waiting

Still waiting

Maybe that monkey will have a spotless kitchen

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 04 Nov 2009 18:26

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Intimate Hymn by Avrohom Yehoshua Heschel

From word to word I roam, from dawn to dusk.

Dream in, dream out -- I pass myself and towns,

A human satellite.

I wait, am hopeful, as one who waits at the rock

For the spring to well forth and ever well on.

I feel as bright as if I tented somewhere in the Milky Way.

To urge the world to feel I walk through lonesome solitudes.

All around me lightning explodes sparks from my glance

To reveal all light, unveil faces everywhere.

Godward, onward to the final weighing

overcoming heavy weight with thirst.

Constantly, the longings of all born call out, "Is anyone around?"

I know each one is HE, but in my heart there writhes a tear;

When of men and rocks and trees I hear;

All plead "Feel us"

All beg "See us"

God! Lend me your eyes!

I came to be, to sow the seed of sight in the world,

To unmask the God who disguised Himself as world--

And yes, I wait to be the first to announce "The Dawn."

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 04 Nov 2009 18:28

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God pursues me everywhere by Avraham Yehoshua Heschel

God pursues me everywhere,

Enmeshes me in glances,

And blinds my sightless back like flaming sun.

God, like a forest dense, pursues me.

My lips are ever tender, mute, so amazed,

So like a child lost in an ancient sacred grove.

God pursues me like a silent shudder.

I wish for tranquility and rest -- He urges; come!

And see -- how visions walk like the homeless on the streets.

My thoughts walk about like a vagrant mystery --

Walks through the world's long corridor.

At times I see God's featureless face hovering over me.

God pursues me in the streetcars and cafes

Every shining apple is my crystal sphere to see

How mysteries are born and vision came to be.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 04 Nov 2009 19:07

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they keep getting better and better, yechida.

and i feel bad for rebbetzin/mrs. spotless kitchen 2...

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 04 Nov 2009 20:30

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WHEN I'M HURTING by Jo A Witt

It's easier for you to walk away, than it is for you to reach out to me.

It's easier for you to look away, than it is for you to see the depth of my despair.

It's easier for you to look through me, than it is for you to see "me."

It's easier for you to distance yourself, than it is for you to really care.

It's easier for you to hear, than it is for you to listen.

It's easier for you to judge, than it is for you to understand.

It's easier for you to label, than it is to get acquainted.

It's easier for you to bask in your joy, than it is for you to feel my pain.

It's easier for you to bewilder at my mysteries, than it is for you to probe deeply into the depths of my soul.

It's easier for me to look away, than it is to let you see the feelings betrayed through my eyes.

It's easier for me to cry, than it is for me to talk.

It's easier for me to walk alone, than it is to risk rejection.

It's easier for me to push you away, than it is for me to be held.

It's easier for me to distance myself, than it is to trust that you won't hurt me.

It's easier for me to die, than it is for me to face life's challenges.

It's hard for me to smile when I am hurting.

It's hard for me to talk when you won't understand.

It's hard for me to reach out when I need help the most.

If only you'd really look at me and see who I am.

If only you cared enough to reach out when I push you away.

If only you'd hold me, without asking why.

If only you'd acknowledge the validity of my feelings.

But it's the easy roads that are most often taken.

And so I hurt alone.

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