

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 - 11 Nov 2009 22:16

Another form of arrogance is these social levels that many of us care about

and in case my heilega Rebbi will ask, what does this has to do with lust and addiction?

everything

many of us (not all of us,only some of us,myself included) find it very hard to accept that part of ourselves that have these problems that we do not want to face

that part of ourselves we do like at all

we do not want to look at

and we have to

and we have to look at ourselves with compassion

even those ugly parts

because it is part of us

and we want that part to become healthy too

but this story is about social status

it hits home

It's a honor to know Ikey Snigglefritz

Title: The Social Triangle

Author: O Henry

At the stroke of six Ikey Snigglefritz laid down his goose. Ikey was a tailor's apprentice. Are there tailor's apprentices nowadays?

At any rate, Ikey toiled and snipped and basted and pressed and patched and sponged all day in the steamy fetor of a tailor-shop. But when work was done Ikey hitched his wagon to such stars as his firmament let shine.

It was Saturday night, and the boss laid twelve begrimed and begrudged dollars in his hand. Ikey dabbled discreetly in water, donned coat, hat and collar with its frazzled tie and chalcedony pin, and set forth in pursuit of his ideals.

For each of us, when our day's work is done, must seek our ideal, whether it be love or pinochle or lobster a la Newburg, or the sweet silence of the musty bookshelves.

Behold Ikey as he ambles up the street beneath the roaring "El" between the rows of reeking sweatshops. Pallid, stooping, insignificant, squalid, doomed to exist forever in penury of body and mind, yet, as he swings his cheap cane and projects the noisome inhalations from his cigarette you perceive that he nurtures in his narrow bosom the bacillus of society.

Ikey's legs carried him to and into that famous place of entertainment known as the Cafe Maginnis--famous because it was the rendezvous of Billy McMahan, the greatest man, the most wonderful man, Ikey thought, that the world had ever produced.

Billy McMahan was the district leader. Upon him the Tiger purred, and his hand held manna to scatter. Now, as Ikey entered, McMahan stood, flushed and triumphant and mighty, the centre of a huzzaiing concourse of his lieutenants and constituents. It seems there had been an election; a signal victory had been won; the city had been swept back into line by a resistless besom of ballots.

Ikey slunk along the bar and gazed, breath-quickenened, at his idol.

How magnificent was Billy McMahan, with his great, smooth, laughing face; his gray eye, shrewd as a chicken hawk's; his diamond ring, his voice like a bugle call, his prince's air, his plump and active roll of money, his clarion call to friend and comrade--oh, what a king of men he was! How he obscured his lieutenants, though they themselves loomed large and serious, blue of chin and important of mien, with hands buried deep in the pockets of their short overcoats! But Billy--oh, what small avail are words to paint for you his glory as seen by Ikey Sniggelfritz!

The Cafe Maginnis rang to the note of victory. The white-coated bartenders threw themselves feathfully upon bottle, cork and glass. From a score of clear Havanas the air received its paradox of clouds. The leal and the hopeful shook Billy McMahan's hand. And there was born suddenly in the worshipful soul of Ikey Sniggelfritz an audacious, thrilling impulse.

He stepped forward into the little cleared space in which majesty moved, and held out his hand.

Billy McMahan grasped it unhesitatingly, shook it and smiled.

Made mad now by the gods who were about to destroy him, Ikey threw away his scabbard and charged upon Olympus.

"Have a drink with me, Billy," he said familiarly, "you and your friends?"

"Don't mind if I do, old man," said the great leader, "just to keep the ball rolling."

The last spark of Ikey's reason fled.

"Wine," he called to the bartender, waving a trembling hand.

The corks of three bottles were drawn; the champagne bubbled in the long row of glasses set upon the bar. Billy McMahan took his and nodded, with his beaming smile, at Ikey. The lieutenants and satellites took theirs and growled "Here's to you." Ikey took his nectar in delirium. All drank.

Ikey threw his week's wages in a crumpled roll upon the bar.

"C'rect," said the bartender, smoothing the twelve one-dollar notes. The crowd surged around Billy McMahan again. Some one was telling how Brannigan fixed 'em over in the Eleventh. Ikey leaned against the bar a while, and then went out.

He went down Hester street and up Chrystie, and down Delancey to where he lived. And there his women folk, a bibulous mother and three dingy sisters, pounced upon him for his wages. And at his confession they shrieked and objugated him in the pithy rhetoric of the locality.

But even as they plucked at him and struck him Ikey remained in his ecstatic trance of joy. His head was in the clouds; the star was drawing his wagon. Compared with what he had achieved the loss of wages and the bray of women's tongues were slight affairs.

He had shaken the hand of Billy McMahan.

* * * * *

Billy McMahan had a wife, and upon her visiting cards was engraved the name "Mrs. William Darragh McMahan." And there was a certain vexation attendant upon these cards; for, small as they were, there were houses in which they could not be inserted. Billy McMahan was a dictator in politics, a four-walled tower in business, a mogul, dreaded, loved and obeyed among his own people. He was growing rich; the daily papers had a dozen men on his trail to chronicle his every word of wisdom; he had been honored in caricature holding the Tiger cringing in leash.

But the heart of Billy was sometimes sore within him. There was a race of men from which he stood apart but that he viewed with the eye of Moses looking over into the promised land. He, too, had ideals, even as had Ikey Snigglefritz; and sometimes, hopeless of attaining them, his own solid success was as dust and ashes in his mouth. And Mrs. William Darragh McMahan wore a look of discontent upon her plump but pretty face, and the very rustle of her silks seemed a sigh.

There was a brave and conspicuous assemblage in the dining saloon of a noted hostelry where Fashion loves to display her charms. At one table sat Billy McMahan and his wife. Mostly silent they were, but the accessories they enjoyed little needed the indorsement of speech. Mrs. McMahan's diamonds were outshone by few in the room. The waiter bore the costliest brands of wine to their table. In evening dress, with an expression of gloom upon his smooth and massive countenance, you would look in vain for a more striking figure than Billy's.

Four tables away sat alone a tall, slender man, about thirty, with thoughtful, melancholy eyes, a Van Dyke beard and peculiarly white, thin hands. He was dining on filet mignon, dry toast and apollinaris. That man was Cortlandt Van Duyckink, a man worth eighty millions, who inherited and held a sacred seat in the exclusive inner circle of society.

Billy McMahan spoke to no one around him, because he knew no one. Van Duyckink kept his eyes on his plate because he knew that every one present was hungry to catch his. He could bestow knighthood and prestige by a nod, and he was chary of creating a too extensive nobility.

And then Billy McMahan conceived and accomplished the most startling and audacious act of his life. He rose deliberately and walked over to Cortlandt Van Duyckink's table and held out his hand.

"Say, Mr. Van Duyckink," he said, "I've heard you was talking about starting some reforms among the poor people down in my district. I'm McMahan, you know. Say, now, if that's straight I'll do all I can to help you. And what I says goes in that neck of the woods, don't it? Oh, say, I rather guess it does."

Van Duyckink's rather sombre eyes lighted up. He rose to his lank height and grasped Billy McMahan's hand.

"Thank you, Mr. McMahan," he said, in his deep, serious tones. "I have been thinking of doing some work of that sort. I shall be glad of your assistance. It pleases me to have become acquainted with you."

Billy walked back to his seat. His shoulder was tingling from the accolade bestowed by royalty. A hundred eyes were now turned upon him in envy and new admiration. Mrs. William Darragh McMahan trembled with ecstasy, so that her diamonds smote the eye almost with pain. And now it was apparent that at many tables there were those who suddenly remembered that they enjoyed Mr. McMahan's acquaintance. He saw smiles and bows about him. He became enveloped in the aura of dizzy greatness. His campaign coolness deserted him.

"Wine for that gang!" he commanded the waiter, pointing with his finger. "Wine over there. Wine to those three gents by that green bush. Tell 'em it's on me. D--n it! Wine for everybody!"

The waiter ventured to whisper that it was perhaps inexpedient to carry out the order, in consideration of the dignity of the house and its custom.

"All right," said Billy, "if it's against the rules. I wonder if 'twould do to send my friend Van Duyckink a bottle? No? Well, it'll flow all right at the caffy to-night, just the same. It'll be rubber boots for anybody who comes in there any time up to 2 A. M."

Billy McMahan was happy.

He had shaken the hand of Cortlandt Van Duyckink.

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The big pale-gray auto with its shining metal work looked out of place moving slowly among the push carts and trash-heaps on the lower east side. So did Cortlandt Van Duyckink, with his aristocratic face and white, thin hands, as he steered carefully between the groups of ragged, scurrying youngsters in the streets. And so did Miss Constance Schuyler, with her dim, ascetic beauty, seated at his side.

"Oh, Cortlandt," she breathed, "isn't it sad that human beings have to live in such wretchedness and poverty? And you--how noble it is of you to think of them, to give your time and money to improve their condition!"

Van Duyckink turned his solemn eyes upon her.

"It is little," he said, sadly, "that I can do. The question is a large one, and belongs to society. But even individual effort is not thrown away. Look, Constance! On this street I have arranged to build soup kitchens, where no one who is hungry will be turned away. And down this other street are the old buildings that I shall cause to be torn down and there erect others in place of those death-traps of fire and disease."

Down Delancey slowly crept the pale-gray auto. Away from it toddled coveys of wondering, tangle-haired, barefooted, unwashed children. It stopped before a crazy brick structure, foul and awry.

Van Duyckink alighted to examine at a better perspective one of the leaning walls. Down the steps of the building came a young man who seemed to epitomize its degradation, squalor and infelicity--a narrow-chested, pale, unsavory young man, puffing at a cigarette.

Obeying a sudden impulse, Van Duyckink stepped out and warmly grasped the hand of what seemed to him a living rebuke.

"I want to know you people," he said, sincerely. "I am going to help you as much as I can. We shall be friends."

As the auto crept carefully away Cortlandt Van Duyckink felt an unaccustomed glow about his heart. He was near to being a happy man.

He had shaken the hand of Ikey Snigglefritz.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by imtrying25 - 11 Nov 2009 22:25

This time yechida i read every word, **EVERY WORD**. What a great story. And so true. We all can relate to this story one way or another. Yechida your just amazing.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 12 Nov 2009 13:40

True Intimacy 1

Dear brothers and sisters,

A great book by Manis Friedman,

Called "Does anyone blush anymore?",

One of the best books I read,

In getting the head and heart screwed on straight,

In regards to sexuality and intimacy,

And understanding the essence of modesty

He talks a lot about borders,

And how the lack of it can destroy families,

As well as ourselves.

No Borders is insanity.

He writes that there is a saying,

Don't laugh at a funeral or cry at a wedding,

Which in essence means,

Established Borders,

With your feelings and your behaviors,

And don't say "that's not honest,

After all when I'm sad, I'm sad,

I can't make believe that I'm happy.,

So I cry at the wedding ,

Because I have to be honest with my feelings,

Or I will laugh at the funeral,

Because I am so happy with life

And so it goes with a person's private life,

No matter how close and intimate you are with this other person,

You must love them enough to respect their privacy,

It is so so important,

You feel hurt that he or she is not letting you in,

You try to peak behind that curtain,

You will not get closer to that person,

Rather you will become estranged,

If a person does not want to reveal a part of himself or herself,

Then to look there is wrong.

As strange as this sounds,

By not looking and not prying,

You are coming closer to him or her,

By not peaking behind that curtain,

You are bonding in a very powerful way,

This is not logical,

But true, nevertheless.

I will now start with this very important quote from the book

“When we are invited to become a part of someone’s life, we have to be careful not to violate the other person’s privacy. The respect we have for another person’s privacy-however that person has chosen to define it-enables us to nurture an intimate relationship. As soon as we trespass where we haven’t been invited, we destroy the boundaries and dissipate the intimacy. In such an environment, our relationship cannot flourish”

This is very important, my friends.

I see how true this is.

There were things that my wife was not comfortable talking to me about until much later in our marriage.

I make lots of mistakes, but on this aspect, Hashem helped me do the right thing

When I saw that she did not want to open up about certain things

I let her be and I did not pry.

The curtain was up and I stayed on the outside.

At the right time I was invited in.

Was I invited in on everything? No.

But on many things I was.

And same with me

I was not able to open up about certain things until recently

No evasion, no shtick, no slyness, no hidden agenda, no stupid silly reason for erecting this curtain for so long

I simply was not ready

And when I was, I invited her in

This notion that chosson and kallah have to know every single thing about each other's life is utter nonsense.

It will actually create more problems

I'm not talking about being secret and conniving

I'm talking about 2 decent people that want a honest open relationship

Still, there is no mitzvah to tell your husband that you made a teacher's life a living hell in 7th grade.

It's gnawing at you, and at a certain point you may want to talk about it but only when you feel that it is important to, and only when you are ready to.

I'm talking about us decent human beings here.

We are not trying to be evasive or to lie or to be dishonest-that is not why we are putting up the curtain or wall.

We are honest and open and decent and upfront in our relationship

I'm just not ready to talk about this yet, so please do not enter.

this is not rudeness

Its being human

This is extremely important

Be as open and honest as possible in the communication with your husband or wife

But when that curtain comes up on certain subjects, then do not enter.

You love the curtain, it has its own beauty, even in its hiddenness, and you love the one who needs that curtain up right now.

That is true intimacy.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 12 Nov 2009 14:30

In connection to above read aish article "marriage from caterpillar to butterfly"

there is alot about this curtain there

here is one small part

here the Rebbe withholds his personal feeling and opinion from his wife

a veil-a curtain

but this is intimacy

think about this

For Her Sake

To make a comparison from the ridiculous to the sublime, when we look at episodes in the lives of our great rabbis, we find Torah giants whose thoughtfulness and willingness to give to their wives made their marriages so beautiful. I could write an entire book of such stories, but I'll share one that has had the most profound impact on me. It is a story that occurred with Rabbi Yaakov Yisrael Twerski, the Hornosteipel Rebbe of Milwaukee.

Two months before his passing, the Rebbe was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. From the Rebbe's 50 years of experience visiting sick patients, he understood that his end was near. He summoned his son, Rabbi Dr. Abraham J. Twerski (who is a medical doctor), to discuss his options.

"The doctors suggest that I undergo chemotherapy," the Rebbe said. "It is 'blessing in vain'

[i.e. — a waste of time], no?”

The son nodded in agreement; based on his medical knowledge, his father had already suffered irreversible damage.

“I am going to suffer terribly from chemotherapy, right?” asked the Rebbe.

Rabbi Dr. Twerski nodded again.

“It is not worthwhile to go through it,” concluded the Rebbe. “It is not going to help, and I will suffer. I am going to inform the doctors that I don’t want chemotherapy.”

Painful as it was to confirm his father’s analysis, Rabbi Dr. Twerski had to agree that it was the right move.

While this conversation transpired, Rebbetzin Twerski was outside discussing her husband’s illness with the attending physician, who told her that chemotherapy was an option. She walked into her husband’s room, and, unaware of the previous conversation, she said, “I want you to have chemotherapy.”

A moment later the attending physician walked in, and he said, “So, are we going through with chemotherapy?”

“Yes,” replied the Rebbe, leaving his son opened-mouthed.

Later that day, Rabbi Dr. Twerski had an opportunity to ask his father why he had changed his mind so quickly.

Here is a man who knew that there would be no payback. "We both know that the chemotherapy won't help. We both know that I am going to suffer from it," said the Rebbe. "If I don't try the treatment, however, your mother will not forgive herself. She will always think to herself, 'I should have insisted that he have chemotherapy. I'm sure he would have lived longer if he had done so.'

"I don't want your mother to suffer from such guilt, so I'll do it for her sake," the Rebbe concluded.

We all have times in marriage in which we go beyond the call of duty for our spouses. In many cases, however, our actions are fueled by a "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" attitude. Here is a man who knew that there would be no payback. But he was ready to suffer through the horrific physical discomfort of the chemotherapy anyway, just to spare his wife feelings of guilt

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 12 Nov 2009 16:03

wow, your right. that is very important to read

to understand

to live by.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 12 Nov 2009 18:29

Dear Friends,

This is from a selection of quotes that were “carefully selected”

And this is a “careful selection” of the “carefully selected”

Keep a green tree in your heart and perhaps a singing bird will come-(Chinese Proverb)

Don't carry a grudge. While you're carrying a grudge, the other guy's out dancing (Buddy Hackett)

What a wonderful life I've had!! I only wish I'd realized it sooner.(Colette)

If you're scared, just holler and you'll find it ain't so lonesome out there.(Joe Sugden)

Courage is fear that has said it's prayers (Dorothy Bernard)

There are 8 rungs of charity. The highest is when you help a man to help himself (Rambam)

A child of five would understand this. Send somebody to fetch a child of five (Groucho Marx-hey. much smarter than that other Marx with those fat boring putrid books. This Marx was wiser-and funnier too)

The best way out is always through (Robert Frost)

The secret of patience-do something else in the meantime (Anonymous)

GOD WRITES MY MUSIC-(Bach-If he believed this-why can't we?)

I DID NOT WRITE IT.GOD WROTE IT.I MERELY DID HIS DICTATION (Harriet Beecher Stowe-
If she believed this-why cant we?)

PEOPLE SEE GOD EVERY DAY-THEY JUST DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM(Pearl Bailey-if she
realizes this-why can't we?)

An optimist is a man who starts a crossword puzzle with a fountain pen (Anonymous)

For myself I am an optimist –it does not seem to be much use being anything else (Winston
Churchill)

A man who will steal FOR me, will steal FROM me (Teddy Roosevelt-a shrewd guy who spoke
softly and carried a big stick, not like some of my earlier Rabbeim who spoke loudly and used
that big stick all the time. when it broke, no problem, next day there was a new one, now that's
a lesson in not giving up, my apology for digressing)

When in doubt, tell the truth (Mark Twain)

When in doubt, take a nap (mrs yechida's mother-may Hashem bless her-I take that advice as
often as I can)

Even when not in doubt, take a nap (yechida)

Friendship is not possible between two women , one of whom is very well dressed(Laurie
Colwin)

Common sense is not so common (Voltaire-and I think yechida too but I'll give Voltaire the credit)

If there were wisdom in beards, all goats would be prophets (Armenian Proverb)

And to conclude with the words of William Wordsworth

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love

And by the way,
that helps form the green tree in your heart,
for that singing bird to come to,
so that we may enjoy
warm, pleasant, happy, sunny spring ,
in our hearts,
for the rest of our lives

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by yechidah - 13 Nov 2009 13:50

Dear friends,

I was very inspired by the works of Mitch Albom, his 2 fiction books (the 5 people you meet in heaven, for one more day) and a non fiction book called "Tuesday's with Morrie"

For those that read anyway-these books are worth reading

He wrote a new non-fiction account called "have a little faith"

I have not read it yet but I saw this piece where he has a conversation with a Rabbi

It is something to think about

once asked the Reb that most common of faith questions: why do bad things happen to good people? It had been answered countless times in countless ways; in books, in sermons, on Web sites, in tear-filled hugs. The Lord wanted her with him . . . He died doing what he loved . . . She was a gift . . . This is a test . . .

I remember a family friend whose son was struck with a terrible medical affliction. After that, at any religious ceremony—even a wedding—I would see the man out in the hallway, refusing to enter the service. "I just can't listen to it anymore," he would say. His faith had been lost.

When I asked the Reb, Why do bad things happen to good people?, he gave none of the standard answers. He quietly said, "No one knows." I admired that. But when I asked if that ever shook his belief in God, he was firm.

"I cannot waver," he said.

Well, you could, if you didn't believe in something all-powerful.

“An atheist,” he said.

Yes.

“And then I could explain why my prayers were not answered.”

Right.

He studied me carefully. He drew in his breath.

“I had a doctor once who was an atheist. Did I ever tell you about him?”

No.

“This doctor, he liked to jab me and my beliefs. He used to schedule my appointments deliberately on Saturdays, so I would have to call the receptionist and explain why, because of my religion, that wouldn’t work.”

Nice guy, I said.

“Anyhow, one day, I read in the paper that his brother had died. So I made a condolence call.”

After the way he treated you?

“In this job,” the Reb said, “you don’t retaliate.”

I laughed.

“So I go to his house, and he sees me. I can tell he is upset. I tell him I am sorry for his loss. And he says, with an angry face, ‘I envy you.’

“ ‘Why do you envy me?’ I said.

“ ‘Because when you lose someone you love, you can curse God. You can yell. You can blame him. You can demand to know why. But I don’t believe in God.

I’m a doctor! And I couldn’t help my brother!’

“He was near tears. ‘Who do I blame?’ he kept asking me. ‘There is no God. I can only blame myself.’ ”

The Reb’s face tightened, as if in pain.

“That,” he said, softly, “is a terrible self-indictment.”

Worse than an unanswered prayer?

“Oh yes. It is far more comforting to think God listened and said no, than to think that nobody’s out there.”

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 13 Nov 2009 16:43

i just want to tell you that i really thought about your curtain post and i was able to put it into practice. i was so curious about something that happened and then i saw the look on the girls face and i said "it's ok, you don't have to tell me."

i think she really appreciated it.

and she was surprised that i didn't ask her to trust me with it.

this is hers. only hers.

and you were right- i think it made us closer.

have a fabulous shabbos!

letakain21

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by habib613 - 13 Nov 2009 16:50

lol letakain

and yechida, that was really special. tuesdays with morrie is an amazing book. maybe i should read this one too.

who was the rabbi,do you know?

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THANKS!!!!!!
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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 13 Nov 2009 17:05

thank you letakein

you did the right thing.

it's not always easy to know when to ask and how, and to somehow convey the message that my not prying into your business is not because I don't care what is happening in your life, because I really do care, it's just that I understand you don't want to share this right now, and I respect your privacy.

not an easy balance, and I guess we learn how to do this better as we grow.

and there were time that the other person clearly appreciated my just wishing them well, and not asking details.

and the other side of this is that when he or she risks it, and decides to open up to you-then consider that both an honor and an obligation.

Now you must listen-really listen

have a wonderful shabbos

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 13 Nov 2009 17:16

thank you habib

I am not sure who the Rabbi is and to be honest I am not sure if that Rabbi is or isn't Orthodox, but the idea of this piece is very powerful, and very true

I reserved the book from the library but I did not get it yet

I remember that Rav Pam told us that Nachshon Waxman was captured and killed, someone asked his mother how could all the tefillos of so many in Klall Yisroel not be answered

She responded "Hashem did hear all our tefillos and did answer us. His answer was "No"

Rav Pam was so moved by her response that he wrote her a letter.

He also told us the "No" was a response to that specific request that Nachshon be returned safely

but all those tefillos helped, there were many "Yes" answers to those tefillos, it's just that it helped in a different way than we thought.

have a wonderful shabbos

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 13 Nov 2009 17:34

Diamond,

this is part of what Nachshon's mother wrote

On Saturday night at midnight we buried our son.

That same microcosm of our people came to Mount Herzl at midnight Saturday night to attend Nachshon's funeral.

That same microcosm of our people who had come to pray for Nachshon's rescue at the Western Wall came to Mount Herzl at midnight Saturday night to attend Nachshon's funeral; many never set foot at a military cemetery.

My husband asked Nachshon's Rosh Yeshiva, Rabbi Mordechai Elon, who gave the eulogy, to please tell all our people that God did listen to our prayers and that He collected all our tears.

My husband's greatest concern when burying his son was that there would be a crisis in faith. And so he asked Rabbi Elon to tell everyone that just as father would always like to say "yes" to all of his children's requests, but sometimes he had to say "no" though the child might not understand why, so our Father in Heaven heard our prayers, and though we don't understand why, His answer was "no."

Our Father in Heaven heard our prayers, and though we don't understand why, His answer was "no".

The entire nation mourned with us. Thousands came to comfort us, though no one can comfort a bereaved parent. Israeli radio began each morning's broadcasts with the words "Good morning Israel, we are all with the Wachsman family." Food and drink were delivered non-stop to our home; bus and taxi drivers who brought people from all over the country who wished to express their condolences, left their vehicles and joined their passengers in our home. That unity, solidarity, caring, compassion, and love with which we were showered gave us strength and filled our hearts with love for our people.

After the Shiva, we all returned to our routines. Our son who had just gotten out of the army attended the Hebrew University, another went back to the army, two others returned to yeshiva, and the two youngest, twins who had just turned eight on the day of the funeral, went back to school.

For that is what the Jewish people have always done -- rebuilt after destruction, began new lives from the ashes and blood of the old.

I had a new respect for my parents, who had lost everyone and relocated to a strange land, a foreign tongue, and built a new family, a new life.

I was in my own country, my own homeland; my son died wearing his country's uniform, and, God willing, my other sons will serve their country proudly as well.

For, among my people I dwell, and that for me is still a privilege and a blessing. My three-fold love of my people, my land, and my Torah has never wavered.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by 7yipol - 14 Nov 2009 20:59

This week is the first yartzheit of the Mambe massacre.

How many karbonos are needed Hashem???

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by the.guard - 14 Nov 2009 21:44

He had shaken the hand of Ikey Sniggelfritz.

This story holds the secret to Hashem's love for us... It is the only thing that can give Hashem joy... Like, lehavdil, this duke....

Harofei leshvurei lev, umechbesh le'atzvosam, moneh mispar lakochavim - lechulam sheimos yikra!

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