

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 - 20 Nov 2009 18:29

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And this is from Aish.

Pearl Simmons, died unexpectedly on August 21, 2002, four days after contracting a bacterial infection, leaving behind her husband and three young children .

Pearl's life passion was helping children develop their potential. She taught a "Positive Parenting" series at Children's' Hospital in Pittsburgh, and wrote the "Parenting Today" column in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

She believed that every child was special, and that by treating children right you would get the best from them.

Pearl's passing at age 42 leaves a great void in her family, her many students, and the Jewish community in which she was so active.

She wrote the following inspirational poem in 1997.

\* \* \*

"Letting Go"

I can't protect you any more.

I can't make your hurt go away.

I tell you I love you and show you I care.

I try to help out when things don't seem fair.

But my power as a mother goes only so far.

I can't always reach the places you are.

I want to be close like we were before,

But you want to move on -- to discover what's more.

When you were a baby, I'd hold you tight,

And keep you forever within my sight.

I could satisfy your every need,

It was an easy time for us indeed.

And when you were a toddler and scraped your knee,

You'd hold out your arms and run to me.

I'd kiss where it hurt and make it feel fine.

A hug and a kiss worked every time.

I was always the one you turned to then.

I wish it could be like that again.

But now when you're sad you turn away,

And I don't know what words to say.

You're my little boy, but you're growing up fast.

I feel you slipping from my grasp.

I want to hold on, but I know it's time

For me to let go of this child of mine.

## **GYE - Guard Your Eyes**

Generated: 3 April, 2025, 05:41

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I long to protect you, to shield you from pain.

But I have to remind myself time and again,

That you have to experience life on your own,

While I stand back and leave you alone.

You're still so young, but you've already found

How kids can be mean when I'm not around.

School kids tease you and call you names.

They make fun of you and play cruel games.

I tell you not to worry, that it'll be alright

I tell you to be brave, yet I can't make things right.

I try to listen and to hold you near,

To give you solace and allay your fear.

I try to be there when the going gets tough.

Sometimes growing up can be so rough.

But I also feel proud of the person you are.

I know that you're strong and that you'll go far.

I realize it's time to start letting go.

I've taught you so much of the things that I know.

As you step forward, I'll take two steps back.

It's not easy for me, but I'll soon get the knack.

I'm letting go, but I'll never be far.

You can always reach me, wherever you are.

I watch you proudly as you start on your way.

My love goes with you as we start a new day.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by DesertLion - 22 Nov 2009 17:44

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Hey Yechida,

I really liked one of the quotes that you posted in the forum, and which Guard used in chizuk e-mail 629.

It was, #105: "All of your world is G-d speaking to you. Listen carefully."

Could you please clarify what the Rabbi meant by this? Do you mean that if we have hit rock bottom, are covered in shame and ignominy and are despised by our friends and family, that all this comes as a punishment from God?

In other words, we shouldn't hate those people who laugh at us, but should rather accept this as God's wake-up call, so that we can mend our ways?

Thanks Yechida,

Desertlion

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Dov - 22 Nov 2009 21:36

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[yechida wrote on 20 Nov 2009 18:29:](#)

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I want to hold on, but I know it's time

For me to let go of this child of mine.

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But I have to remind myself time and again,

That you have to experience life on your own,

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I'm letting go, but I'll never be far.

You can always reach me, wherever you are.

I watch you proudly as you start on your way.

My love goes with you as we start a new day.

Dear sweet yid,

Thank you for her poem. It kills me, really. I had a very hard time reading it. I have a 20yo son who has somewhat slipped away already, and an almost-9yo one who hasn't yet figured out that he can lead his own life, and will. It is so precious to hold your own child. Then there are the girls, who still see me as something strong and good. Somehow. What can I say. I am crying now. It has always been terrifying for me to recognize that these people will go their own way. That they are already, though we don't realize it... What I am giving them is only a start. But that is huge, really huge.

Thank-you Tatty for giving us these people.

The greatest real present threat to my fatherhood and all it meant to these kids was and is: lust. As far as the character defects of fear and self-obsession are concerned, I'm just about as bad off as most people, I guess. OK, maybe a bit worse, but he knows how to take care of me, as long as I let Him. Thank-G-d I am sober today.

Thanks.

You are a precious, precious yid, period.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by imtrying25 - 22 Nov 2009 22:39

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Beautiful post Yechida. And beautiful words Dov. Thank you for sharing with us. I read your words twice and i just felt all the emotion all the love all the power behind those words it just read to my heart. Devarim hayotzim min halev. Thanks Dov. I hope i can remember these precious words when the time comes. Thanks R dov, Thank you.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 23 Nov 2009 13:53

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desertlion,Reb Dov,Imtrying,

Thank you all for your very kind words

Dov ,your post is very powerful.and this is a very hard part of parenthood,to see my children,each their own unique world,that are connected to me but also separate from me.We pray to Hashem that they "slip" away into a safe and good place,but I think especially in this generation, we must love and respect the separate world of our children,even if different than ours,and to forgive ourselves in our mistakes in raising them.We are human.We make mistakes and often big blunders,but if despite it all we love them, and their world unconditionally,then we still have hope that the 2 worlds meet and that the warm sun shines upon all of them.and on us.and mostly it will shine because we allow it to.and that one PM from several months ago remains true.no question about it.

and DesertLion,yechida knows that the world is God speaking to me, but I am forced to admit that often,I am unable to understand what is being said to me.But one thing is clear.we hit rock bottom,He is not telling us "Serves you right,you lowlife".He loves us.We may not figure it out,we may think sometimes"This is a very strange way to show Your love for me" but He does,and I think what He is doing is waking us up,and you don't need to be ashamed of anyone one other than ME.and I WILL FORGIVE YOU,because I see you are doing your best to pull out

of this. And when you do I WILL BE PROUD OF YOU ---and that is all that really counts. Let your inner compass be aligned with Me and the outer shame or disgrace or whatever it will fall to the wayside. because I see you are climbing up- and I will help you every step of the way.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 23 Nov 2009 15:54

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(R. Hillel Goldberg wrote wonderful books about the Mussar Movement and Thought, one called "The Fire Within" and the other "Illuminating the Generations" and some of what is written here are what I read there, as well as other sources. Incidentally, he wrote a book called "From Berlin to Slobodka" that is out of print, and shouldn't be. It is sadly comical that there are those who talk about EMES, EMES, EMES and then proceed to bury it, the missing parts of these biographies that we can learn the most from, mysteriously not there -but this is another story altogether)

Dear friends,

Rachel Leah 1

And Rachel envied her sister,

Loved her and envied her,

At the same time.

Rachel was the known tzaddekes,

Her qualities more apparent,

A good catch, A good shidduch.

Leah's qualities were more hidden,

More internal, more within herself,

Not revealed-but just as pure

Perhaps even more so,

Because of it's hidden nature.

The Alter of Kelm explains this envy of Rachel,

Coming from a pure source,

As it says in Tehillim (33-15)

"He created their hearts together,

He understands all their actions.

Because all actions interrelate,

One clarifies the other.

A man says that he cannot learn,

Because he is sick and weak,

And then he drives to the Giant Game,

That game clarifies the reason of his not learning,

Not that he is sick,or weak,

But rather he pursues his football,

Because Eli Manning interests him,

More than Yaakov Avinu

He purchases the Lexus,  
And then the Yid collector knocks on the door,  
I cannot give,  
It's a mitzvah not to give,  
Because I'm in debt,  
The first deed clarifies the second,  
The "debt" excuse is false.

Rachel was envious of her sister.

Now, let's see who is this "jealous" Rachel?

Oh yes,

That Rachel

The one who helps her sister as she is ushered,  
To the marriage canopy,  
Secret password that only she and her husband knows,  
Saving her sister from Shame,  
And from Esav,  
Allowing her to ultimately become,  
A Beloved Mother,  
Of most of Klall Yisroel.

Jealous.

Was she?

Rachel's first act-her selfless devotion to Leah,

Clarified her second act,

Her envy,

This was no conventional envy,

Because she strived to connect her sister to Yaakov,

Never ever undermining that relationship,

Which reverses the whole simple of

"And Rachel envied her sister"

seemingly jealous of her,

but truly devoted to her,

and yearning for those sterling qualities

that she saw in her hidden, less popular sister..

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 23 Nov 2009 18:41

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Rav kook

Holiness in Action and Holiness in Thought

Holiness in action and holiness in thought anchor the holiness of nature and will in its very foundation. The sexual act is sanctified in the strength of a pure and holy nature. This was the human experience before the sin. This all-encompassing holiness and, even higher than that, the longing for this holiness refine your entire connection to your soul. Familial relations are bound with the threads of the holy of holies, so strong and powerful, bringing a flow of long life to your descendants.

From this saintly basis flow life and refinement, power and strength, the greatness of life. All of your life is filled with strength: for those who are with you, for the generation, for the entire world.

Strength adds to strength, life draws forth life. Honor and beauty cause beauty and the glory of holiness to shine upon all.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 23 Nov 2009 19:04

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I posted this chilling poem because of it's painful truth.

I have seen Smiles that hide an inner Devastation

Outward Appearance often masks a Hidden Reality,

We must learn to see what is behind that smile,

Is it singing to us,

Or crying out to us.

The key to this mystery is in the eyes

If we know how to read them

Or if we care to look.

Events such as described here

Happen daily,

all the time,

taking up a different shape,

But it's all the same

A smile to remember by Charles Bukowski

We had goldfish and they circled around and around

In the bowl on the table near the heavy drapes

Covering the picture window and

My mother, always smiling, wanting us all



To be happy, told me "be happy, Henry!"

And she was right :it's better to be happy if you

Can

But my father continued to beat her and me several times a week

While

Raging inside his 6-foot-2 frame because he couldn't

Understand what was attacking him from within.

My mother, poor fish,

Wanting to be happy, beaten two or three times a

Week, telling me to be happy" Henry, SMILE!!"

Why don't you ever SMILE?

And then she would smile,to show me how,and it was the

Saddest smile I ever saw.

One day the goldfish died, all five of them,

They floated on the water, on their sides, their

Eyes still open,

And when my father got home he threw them to the cat

There on the kitchen floor and we watched as my mother

Smiled.

yechida gets this sick feeling in his stomach because he sees in his mind a lot of very dead goldfish strewn about many kitchen floors, and blood streaming across those spotless ones, as the heartbreaking smiling continues on and on and on.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 24 Nov 2009 13:11

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Rachel Leah 2

A voice is heard in Ramah,

Wailing, Bitter Weeping,

It is Rachel weeping for her children (Yirmiyahu 31-14)

Not the Sleeping Beauty,

The Weeping Beauty

It's a burden she is forced to bear

Prior to that,

She was not the weeping one.

Leah was the one that was weeping,

Fearing her lot with Esav,

Then Leah has children,

Rachel is barren,

So she is the weeping one now.

And Yaakov wept when she met her too,

A spark of prophecy,

He weeps because she will weep,

As her children are forced in chains,

On the road to a very long and bitter exile.

But this weeping is not in vain,

It is precious,

Priceless tears,

Saving her children,

From the wrath of Hashem,

As Menashe erects an idol in the Holy Temple.

Avraham, Yitzchok, Yaakov, Sarah, Rivka, Leah

Nothing doing.

Hashem is not appeased.

Rachel steps forward,

And Hashem isn't swayed by good looks,

It's deeds that count.

“Your Mercy should be greater than mine,  
I brought my rival in my household,  
All the work that my husband Yaakov,  
Did for my father,  
Was to build a home for ME,  
And not only did I passively allow my rival to come,  
But I actively gave the password to her,  
You too,  
When your children bring a rival, an idol,  
Who really is a dead nothing rival,(not like my special sister),  
Into Your house,  
Hold your peace,  
And Hashem is appeased.

Rachel saved us

But she is still weeping

For us, her children

Her children?

We may be sons of Yehudah, or a Kohen or a Levi,

Her children?

She is not only weeping for her children.

She is weeping for her sister's children

Because they are her children.

It's all the same

Rachel and Leah are One.

That is why

The heart of Klall Yisroel is One.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 24 Nov 2009 15:28

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As understanding and supportive a wife or husband or parent can or should be, they must not feel guilty about the condition of an addiction of the one they love.

they can help with love and support

but they must know they are powerless to heal

that must come from the addict himself or herself.

even beyond discussion of addiction

any harmful trait or behavior.

yes, it's true, a spouse can have a great influence, can give chizzuk to promote a healthy change.

but the change itself is not in their hands.

A wife or husband who tried their best to support as much as they humanly can to help, to promote healing, to be the best that they can be.

and yet, it did not work.

they must know that they have not failed.

the healing itself was never in their control

and as painful as the situation may be

they should be free of that pain of false and needless and heavy heavy guilt that sometimes can

come crashing down upon them.

No one should need to feel that pain.

### The Battle by Julie

The words that have yet been spoken

the things I need to say.

To voice what's within my heart

I just can't find a way.

I've fought with my emotions

I've held them deep inside.

I didn't want to face what for so long

you've tried to hide.

I've been lost within the dark

for so long I've seen no light.

Holding on to the memory

of a time when things were right.

I've looked upon your face  
and seen the sadness in your eyes.

The battle of addiction  
you no longer can disguise.

I've prayed to find the answers  
of what I myself must do.  
And I've prayed for the strength to fight  
through the hell that I go through.

I've held on for so long  
but I can no longer watch you die.  
I cannot fight this for you  
but lord knows how I've tried.

It's just so hard to watch the ones you love  
slowly slip away.

That's why I just blocked it out  
and held on to yesterday.

I don't have all the answers  
or the power to save your soul.

Your broken, lost and lonely



and I cannot make you whole.

This fight is yours and yours alone

no matter what I do.

For I cannot save you

the only one who can

is you.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 24 Nov 2009 19:14

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please read aish article "shy girl" and the link about her brother who died

this is only a small part

dear friend,read the last sentence,read the last sentence,read the last sentence

After years imprisoned in a world of my own silence, my heart now seemed to be barricaded behind locked doors. My throat clogged up and my tongue stuck to my palate every time I tried to speak about my past.

High, invisible walls erected themselves around my aching heart, and though I had many friends, I was unable to express any of my deepest thoughts or feelings with them. I could not let anyone get truly close no matter how hard I tried.

Luscious gardens with beautiful roses encircled the wall, giving the illusion of a happy, cheerful girl, always smiling. But on the inside, I was crying.

It was not until I met my husband that I was finally able to become my true self. He saw the wall behind the roses, and brick by brick, he helped me to pull it down. And for the first time in my life I was able to open up. And after much persistent effort on his part, and much crying on my part, bit by bit I was at long last able to share a part of my soul with the other half of my soul. He listened, he cared, he cried, and he helped me to see that even though my brother was no longer here with me, he will always be a part of me.

He was always there

A year later I gave birth to our first child. It was a baby boy. He was the most beautiful boy, with his soft cheeks and blue eyes. We named him in the memory of my brother.

And now I look back on those years with increased wisdom. For so many years I cried to God. I put all my hope in Him. But then, as time passed and I grew older, I saw that God was never going to bring my brother back, so I stopped asking. I stopped speaking to God altogether. It seemed that He had abandoned me and so I abandoned Him in return.

It was my very calling out to God that kept me from falling apart. It was 12 years later when I started to rebuild my connection with God. It was then that I realised that the foundations of my relationship with Him were in fact formed during those painful years. The whole time I had felt so alone in the world, but I was wrong. God was always with me. He was my hope. My life line. It was my very calling out to Him that kept me from falling apart. Because now I see that He was always there, holding me in His loving arms and kissing away my endless tears as I cried myself to sleep.

Though I may never know why this had to happen it does not mean I have to turn my back on God. I may not understand His ways but there is one thing I do know; God loves me, He loves my brother, He loves us all.

It only seemed like He deserted me when I give up on Him.

He didn't answer my prayers the way I wanted, but He never left my side. He never did abandon me. He stroked my cheeks, He held my hand and He caught my tears. He was my comfort. I poured my heart out to Him. I held onto Him and He held on to me. He never let go, and as long as I keep on holding on, He never will.

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Re: yechida's reflections  
Posted by DesertLion - 24 Nov 2009 20:31

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Hey Yechida,

Thanks for the reply.

Desertlion

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Re: yechida's reflections  
Posted by yechidah - 24 Nov 2009 20:59

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your welcome desertlion

and here is something on that theme

Hello God

Submitted by Jennifer

Hello God, I called tonight

To talk a little while...

I need a friend who'll listen,

To my anxieties and trials...

You see, I can't quite make it

Through a day just on my own...

I need your love to guide me,

So I'll never feel alone.

I want to ask you please to keep

My family safe and sound.

Come and fill their lives with confidence,

For whatever fate they're bound.

Give me faith, dear God, to face

Each hour throughout the day,

And not to worry over things,

I can't change in any way.

I thank you God, for being home,

And listening to my call,

For giving me such good advice,

When I stumble and fall.

Your number, God, is the only one

That answers every time.

I never get a busy signal,

Never had to pay a dime.

So thank you, God, for listening,

To my troubles and my sorrow.

Good night, God, I love You, too,

And I'll call again tomorrow!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 24 Nov 2009 21:54

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on that aish article "shy girl"

I was thinking

sometimes the harp is put aside and silent

but the heart will grasp it again one day

and it's unique Shirah will be sung

and what was withheld

will one day open up

when the comforting sun of Spring

will shine upon it

and the soul will reveal what it truly is!

I Had Set Aside My Harp by R Kook

I had set aside my harp-but I did not break it.

I still see reason for hope.

It is a ray that streams from the East.

I know that I will return

To my song, which I had withheld.

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