

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](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.

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 25 Feb 2010 20:34

---

Acceptance

by Dawn Anderson

-----

the poem actually came along with a picture

of a caterpillar and a butterfly

and it is the caterpillar that is pleading

-----

Accept me for who

I am, not for who you hope

I will one day be.

(and yechida adds, that it is the accepting who I am--fully and conditionally-- that gives me the encouragement and strength to be one day what you hope me to be)

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections  
Posted by Dov - 26 Feb 2010 00:26

---

Beautiful and thanks again R Yechida!!

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections  
Posted by yechidah - 26 Feb 2010 15:49

---

thank you dov

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections  
Posted by yechidah - 26 Feb 2010 15:55

---

Big snow storm in NY--was able to come into work, so here is a post about Gratitude.

A big part of Purim, because that is the main way to get to Simcha.

I have alot to learn about both Gratitude and Simcha.

It's been a very very long time since I've felt either one in a powerful way.

It's time to welcome those dear old freinds.

It's been long overdue

Have a wonderful Shabbos, dear friends

Gratitude by –Jason Westlake

“Why should I be grateful for anything?”

Says the misguided soul, “How does it help me?”

“It seems like a nice gesture, but nothing more

“It surely can’t hurt me if I don’t have it”

This man never felt the need to show gratitude

He felt the world owed him for what it had withheld

But when he became bitter, his life unfulfilled

He wanted to change, but didn’t know how

He picked up a book one day out of the trash

He knew not why, but felt compelled to read

A new feeling, a new light entered his heart

His life now infused with a joy he never knew

All from this book and the ideas it conveyed

His friends and family were amazed at the change

And they implored him to share what he had learned

This is the message he related that day:

We are all receptors with great capacity

To receive all blessings for our benefit—

Knowledge, revelation, light, and experience

For our personal growth, to show us the path

Parents, teachers, counselors, coaches, and friends

Who provide support, love, guidance, and strength

Our bodies a physical tabernacle

Food and nourishment so we can survive

Money, time, and physical resources

Which are tools to help us on the journey

All of creation for our enjoyment

All of our talents to assist even more

The key to receiving all of these blessings

Lies in the receptors if they are willing

The receptors are powerful magnets

Easily attracting all things for our needs

But when they are closed, all blessings are repelled

Our bodies, souls, and minds shut down, starved to death

Deprived of basic needs, our lives shrivel up

Bitterness, anger, and depression result

The blessings are like an ever-flowing river

Continually coming to us in abundance

This is its natural state, with us as its end goal

The receptors being the gateway to entrance

During times like this, when great dams we've built

Blocking and repelling the flow to us

It becomes more difficult to break these walls down

And open up the soul once more to its blessings

Herein lies the miracle of gratitude

When we can't find how to open the floodgates

Letting the flow return to its natural state

When everything we try just doesn't work

When our faith and hope seem to be lost to us

Gratitude then serves its fundamental purpose

To open up our hearts and minds once again

To remind us of what we've received before

To open the floodgates of blessings flowing down

To help us remember what we knew in the past

To return us to our former state of glory

To tear down those walls that repelled those blessings

It's the first step towards finding our faith and hope

Towards receiving more knowledge and resources

To empower us to fulfill the dreams we have

To fill our hearts with love and the power to choose

It's not merely a nice gesture to others

But instead a critical key for ourselves

That turns our hearts in the right direction

Returning to us our power to receive

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 26 Feb 2010 16:26

---

Between Cracks

by Dawn Anderson

Neglected and

abandoned by all,

save hope

-



Through cracks

in a sidewalk,

flowers grow.

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 26 Feb 2010 16:36

---

Definitions Without Words

by Dawn Anderson

Often, what is seen is more powerful than that which can be defined with words.

-----

Her one single tear falls

Upon his unsympathetic glance.

Silence hangs heavy.

Definition - broken heart.

The mind's photograph, now

A stored memory.

Meaning - not found

In Webster.

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 26 Feb 2010 17:03

---

A poem I saw

Writing down your thoughts and feelings can be very healing in many ways

## My Journal

my inner child's security blanket:  
i find solace in its blank pages  
and its ability to change.  
a silent sounding board,  
it reflects my perspective  
from a different time and space.  
my magic mirror, my time machine.  
simple muse: it collects my thoughts,  
wishes and whims together,  
and treasures them in leather bound.  
it sits on my knee patiently,  
suggesting that I express myself.  
i'm allowed to say anything  
without fear of negative recourse.  
the journeys of my mind made tangible  
through ink and paper's union:  
My sacred evidence of life lived.

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections  
Posted by yechidah - 26 Feb 2010 17:12

---

WE MUST LOVE OTHERS

God has told us-

'We must love others'-

For without loving others

We cannot love God truly.

Shalom Freedman

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 26 Feb 2010 17:17

---

There Are Poems Too Painful To Be Written

THERE ARE POEMS TOO PAINFUL TO BE WRITTEN

There are poems too painful to be written

Poems also too shameful-

And poems that cannot be said,

Because of the pain they would give others.

No one can tell all their truth

Without hurting too much.

Silence may be sacred

Hiding – True Love.

Shalom Freedman

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 26 Feb 2010 17:22

---

and yet, despite it all,

each morning bring forth new light,

into the window of the soul,

shedding healing light,

on places,

that were one time,

very dark.

THE LIGHT THROUGH THE MORNING WINDOW

The light through the morning window

The small leaves of the light green tree

The pale sky waiting behind everything

The night which is gone now.

All these failures one after the other,

Other names other destinies, greater than mine

The single singing I cannot hear

The great prophecies I will not realize.

Others who are more to me

Even than I am to myself.

The morning

The morning again

Words again

Trying to live again

A poem again perhaps.

In a life of many days

In which each small day

Its own struggle

And each night

A night which ends

With morning light.

Shalom Freedman

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by silentbattle - 26 Feb 2010 20:28

---

[yechida wrote on 26 Feb 2010 17:17:](#)

There Are Poems Too Painful To Be Written

THERE ARE POEMS TOO PAINFUL TO BE WRITTEN

There are poems too painful to be written

Poems also too shameful-

And poems that cannot be said,

Because of the pain they would give others.

No one can tell all their truth

Without hurting too much.

Silence may be sacred

Hiding – True Love.

Shalom Freedman

Very true...sometimes our need to be honest, to come clean, can hurt the "other."

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections  
Posted by 7yipol - 28 Feb 2010 16:59

---

PURIM

Today is an Eis Ratzon

Daven for all of us YECHIDA

Please beg Tatty to come home,

as He shakes up this world

which has rejected Him and all His admonitions

May He cradle His kinderlach in His arms

and comfort us as only He can

Please

beg Him

=====  
=====



Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 01 Mar 2010 14:16

---

7UP

I wrote this the night after Purim in NY (the beginning of your Yerushalayim Purim)

As a nation,

we suffered greatly,

terrible pain,

darkness,

so though there may be,

some excess,

in the pent-up outburst,

of Purim Simcha,

perhaps beyond what it should be,

please forgive us,

we are Your children,

human,

broken,

smiling and dancing outside,

crying inside,

as many of us,

need desperately,

to feel Your love,

underlying it all,

that is what,

we really need

to feel.

=====  
=====

Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 01 Mar 2010 14:50

---

from aish

it is helpful to many that have pent up emotions of thing that are truly hurting them, to speak to God about them, or at least, put it in writing.

A letter to my abusive parents.

by Hadassa Luk

My letter is written to you, but it's intended for me. To clear things up inside. To try to understand myself better. To comprehend the perplexity of the human heart.

I can't even address you as I should. It hurts too much. Should I start with questions? Should I start with telling you what is on my mind? What has been weighing on my heart probably since I was born? Maybe even since you carried me? I don't know how you felt when you carried me, but I assume it was not the healthiest feelings. I do know though that you did not want to see me for the first few minutes of my life. My life that has plagued you.

I don't know how to write this letter at all. It is so deeply recessed in my heart, in the innermost

chambers. I was too scared to enter these chambers. I didn't have the emotional strength to go there. You have given me a lot of grief. I have been a crippled human being because of you. I have grown up without parents and have never been a child because of you. I have never known what it means to trust someone because you have taken that away from me. I have learned to be scared of people, because you made me scared of them.

I learned to be immune to hurt and insults, because you have done it so many times. I have since learned that lacking a mother and love are things that can never really be filled. I live that void every day. I've learned that when someone loves you, don't allow it to seep in, because you can never make up 20 or so years of it. I learned to be immune to hurt and insults, because you have done it so many times. It was just a part of life, part of getting up in the morning and pushing through another day.

You taught me to go into my own world, which in itself was not too pleasant, because you were in your own world when I was a child. I learned to see the outside world as a threat, as if people are out to get me. I learned to shy away from good gestures and don't know how to get out of harmful situations because you have alternated between the two, way too often. I learned to just grit my teeth when given criticism, because that's all I ever heard from you. I don't know how to accept praise, because I was never deserving of it. I never learned to laugh, because you never allowed me to. I never learned how to say no when needed, because you never gave me that choice. I don't know how to be a productive member of society, because you demanded me to produce too much.

I am young in years but old in resilience. Too old. I have learned to shirk responsibilities, because you never took it. I learned that punishments come regardless of intentions, because nothing was ever good enough for you. I learned that it's the simplest to blame others for your shortcomings, because that is what I have always heard from you.

I learned that squelched emotions are much better and safer, because you never let me voice them, and I could not afford to feel them. I learned that it is okay to be alone in this world, because you did not allow anyone into my world. I learned that it is safer to hide, because if I was around, you would always get at me. I learned how to be there, yet be invisible, because if I was seen, it never ended well. I learned that you should never admit to your wrongdoings, because I was always blamed for your mistakes. I learned that if you're hurt, you deserve it, because that's what you always told me.

I learned to let people roll all over me, because I believed if I would allow it, I would finally win your approval, your love... I learned that love is conditional, because you put down very harsh

conditions. I learned that values are valueless, because you didn't have any. I learned to beg for what I need, because that was the only way I got anything.

I learned too many things to list. Most of them were negative. But one positive thing that life has taught me is that just when I feel that I can't go on any more, God sends another spurt of strength.

I pray that I take adversity with the grace of an adult, not the grief of a child. I just wish I would have learned it in a different way. I just wish that I had parents that I can be proud of, that my childhood would not have been wasted like that. I just wish that I would not be so crippled by your teachings and your crookedness. How I wish that I would have known a different life, that I would have known right from wrong through your teachings. I know the wrongs, but I do not know the rights.

I want to be able to tell you all this, but I'm not ready, and I might never be. I want to give my children, please God, everything that I did not get, but how do I do it? I want to know where the balance between love and discipline is, but I never saw it. Maybe it is one and the same thing. You can't discipline without love.

I hope that one day you will be proud of me, even though I have a hard time knowing that I give you nachas. But I realize, most importantly, I need to be proud of myself.

I pray that my life may be a lesson for my future years. That I learn only good things from my past. That I take adversity with the grace of an adult, not the grief of a child. That I do not lean on my handicaps, but that I use it to push me forward and upward.

I hope that one day I will be able to stand up proudly and say that I have come out the winner, in spite of my past. Or maybe because of it.

The writer is using a pseudonym.

=====  
====

