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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by mr. emunah - 21 Jun 2013 21:38

all day (until 5:30)

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by reallygettingthere - 21 Jun 2013 21:56

I've been there.

Felt so...

I'm not gonna tell you how I felt bcz your gonna say, 'That's how I feel" and I dont want to reinforce those negative feelings.

Do you feel like you will continue slipping?

(I'm assuming watching TV includes slipping)

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by mr. emunah - 21 Jun 2013 22:16

I just watched another 8 hours between today and yesterday

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by reallygettingthere - 21 Jun 2013 22:27

Do you want to stop?

You could say no if you don't want to stop. That's ok.

Honesty is better than holiness...

Anytime

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by Dov - 21 Jun 2013 22:54

That much TV...was it fun?

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by reallygettingthere - 21 Jun 2013 23:05

In my experience it is fun if you actually watch something from start to finish but most of the time I would channel surf for hours hoping to find something provocative to feed my lust and wouldn't.

That wasn't fun and I would feel pretty lousy the whole time.

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by mr. emunah - 24 Jun 2013 21:26

A REAL GREAT GYE STORY MY HAVRUTA TOLD ME;

There was a great Tzadiq called Reb Shmuel Kaminker, he had a bat yechida from his first wife by the name of Malka, he had a 2nd wife by the name of Devorah.

What do you know? Devorah and Malka didn't get along

Rabbi Shmuel was a great tsadiq, therefore he would constantly give away whatever money he had to tsedaqa, effectively placing him and his family into abject poverty.

His dear daughter Malka came to him with a brilliant idea;

"Tatty, why don't you give a get to Devorah, then you could surely find a noice rich lady to get married to?"

Rabbi Shmuel was appalled at the idea,

"My dear daughter, believe me, I do not go to sleep at night until I believe that I will not wake up alive in the morning, I need to live each day like it is my last, so what will happen of I divorce Devorah? I surely won't get remarried today, and I know that today is the last day of my life, so there won't be a tomorrow, and no new wife as well!"

(the nimshal is "one day at a time")

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by mr. emunah - 25 Jun 2013 00:26

[Dov wrote:](#)

That much TV...was it fun?

it was,

but I got a headache

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by mr. emunah - 25 Jun 2013 00:27

53 to da p 146 to da m

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by tehylimzugger - 25 Jun 2013 17:14

53+146=199

like Sedaqa [????]

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by mr. emunah - 25 Jun 2013 18:02

54 to da p 147 to da m

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by tehillimzugger - 25 Jun 2013 18:18

54+147=201=????? ?????? ???"?

Keep up the good work!

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Re: The path to the Gaurden of Emunah
Posted by mr. emunah - 25 Jun 2013 22:08

some more Tom Sawyer;

One day Tom was in the act of dosing the crack when his
aunt's yellow cat came along, purring, eying the teaspoon
avariciously, and begging for a taste. Tom said:

'Don't ask for it unless you want it, Peter.'

But Peter signified that he did want it.

'You better make sure.'

Peter was sure.

'Now you've asked for it, and I'll give it to you, because
there ain't anything mean about me; but if you find you
don't like it, you mustn't blame anybody but your own self.'

Peter was agreeable. So Tom pried his mouth open and

poured down the Pain-killer. Peter sprang a couple of yards in the air, and then delivered a war-whoop and set off round and round the room, banging against furniture, upsetting flower-pots, and making general havoc. Next he rose on his hind feet and pranced around, in a frenzy of enjoyment, with his head over his shoulder and his voice proclaiming his unappeasable happiness. Then he went tearing around the house again spreading chaos and destruction in his path. Aunt Polly entered in time to see him throw a few double summersets, deliver a final mighty hurrah, and sail through the open window, carrying the rest of the flower-pots with him. The old lady stood petrified with astonishment, peering over her glasses; Tom lay on the floor expiring with laughter.

‘Tom, what on earth ails that cat?’

‘I don’t know, aunt,’ gasped the boy.

‘Why, I never see anything like it. What did make him act so?’

‘Deed I don’t know, Aunt Polly; cats always act so when they’re having a good time.’

‘They do, do they?’ There was something in the tone that made Tom apprehensive.

‘Yes’m. That is, I believe they do.’

‘You DO?’

'Yes'm.'

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