

My private God.

Posted by admonimous - 18 Jan 2011 10:39

I am secular guy. Although, I've bought a Siddur, and I read a lot in Tanach, I never felt attached, never "got it". Every time it was like somebody tells you his dream. He sounds exciting, confused and etc. and you listen and say to yourself: "OK, is the end close?"... I know now why it was so. It's because the God in there is not MY God, it's the God of Moshe, Avraam, Yakov... They talked to him, and he talked to them.

Now, in 12-step program I found my own God, the one who talk to ME and the one who I talk to.

Everyone can write his own Torah.

"Vayelech admonimous bayaar, vayeonen mitachat la-etz, vayastirohu Hashem meainey shchenav..."

This God is mine private God.

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Re: My private God.

Posted by Jooboy - 18 Jan 2011 14:35

Congratulations on finding your own God. Thank you so much for your post.

I find this to be a really important topic and personally I approach it from the exact opposite end of the spectrum. I grew up with and do actually believe in the God of Avraham, Yitzchak and Yaakov. However, I don't think that I have yet fully found my own God.

The 3rd step says "as we understood him". This is an area to work on for me. I believe in the God of my ancestors but I also need to believe in the God that I have a personal relationship with, not just the God who is a friend of the family.

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Re: My private God.

Posted by admonimous - 19 Jan 2011 05:36

Thank you, jb, for your reply.

I wish we all find our own God and make him our friend.

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Re: My private God.

Posted by ur-a-jew - 19 Jan 2011 16:17

In Shemone Esrei we say ?????? ?????? ????????

In this past week's parsha we also said in ??? ?????? ??????????????, ??????? ??????
????????????????????.

The Oir Hachayim asks that he was our father's God before he was our God.

One answer that is given is that while it is true chronologically he was our father's God first, but we first have to work on making him our God. We have to understand why it is that he is our God.

I once posted the following story elsewhere which you make be able to take something from:

In "Stories That Tug At the Heart" Artscroll / Mesorah Publications 2009, Rabbi Binyomen Pruzansky tells a story that I once shared with him. The story is true and close to my heart. In the book Reb Binyomen changed the names of those involved to protect their privacy. With permission of the family I am putting the correct names back in. The names are part of the story! The comments in parenthesis are mine. [copied from http://www.torahlab.org/haberblog/the_last_class/ so that is Rabbi Haber speaking]

The Last Class

The clock ticked inexorably toward Shabbos as Rabbi Yaacov Haber put the finishing touches on his preparations. Another hour or so, he assessed, and he would be finished. As he leafed through a brand new sefer searching for a quote he would utilize in his Shabbos morning sermon, the insistent ring of the phone pulled him away from his task.

“Rabbi Haber?” the voice on the other end asked hopefully. “Yes, it is. Who’s calling?” “It’s Jarom Haber,” said the caller. “I live here in Monsey and really must speak to you right away. Could I come over today?” (I assumed that the purpose of the call was to compare notes from Galicia and figure out whether we are related. Although this is a task I enjoy - Friday afternoon just wasn’t the time. When I tried to make an appointment for the following week he became desperate.)

Hearing the desperate edge in the caller’s voice, Rabbi Haber began quickly weighing the possibility of fitting one more item on his Erev Shabbos agenda. Alas, it appeared impossible. “I’d be happy to speak to you,” Rabbi Haber told the caller. “But today will not be possible. How about Sunday?”

“No, Rabbi, I’m sorry, but this really can’t wait,” Jarom replied firmly. “I need to speak to you today.” Clearly, Jarom Haber, whoever he was, would not be taking “no” for an answer. “In that case,” Rabbi Haber conceded, “come right over.” He gave Jarom his address and returned to his work, hoping he would be able to finish in the half-hour it would take for Jarom to reach him. Methodically recalling the names and faces of former members of his Monsey shul, he tried to put a face to the name Jarom Haber. However, he had no memory of anyone by that name. The mystery was soon settled by Jarom’s arrival. Entering the foreign territory of the Rabbi’s study, Jarom appeared a bit tenuous. His tall, broad frame was a bit stooped, as if he were carrying a heavy bundle on his back. Yet one could see that such was not his normal bearing; his direct, blue-eyed gaze, the thick, tousled shock of sandy brown hair and deep laugh lines framing his mouth created the image of an energetic, self-assured man.

“I hope this isn’t too much of an inconvenience,” Jarom began. “I realized on the way over here that Friday afternoon is probably a busy time for a Rabbi. But I won’t take too long. I just have one question to ask.” “It’s no problem,” Rabbi Haber assured him. “Have a seat and tell me what I can do for you.”

“Well, I just have to preface it by explaining to you that even though I was born Jewish, I am an atheist. Not just an atheist, but you might say I’m a professional atheist. I’m a professor at Rockland Community College, and I teach courses on atheism. In fact, I’ve written several

books on atheism. “The reason I came to you is because this morning, I went to my doctor to receive the results of some tests, and he informed me that I have pancreatic cancer. I don’t know if you know anything about pancreatic cancer, but it has an almost-zero survival rate, and mine is already in a very advanced stage. In a few weeks or at best, a few months, I’ll be finished. There’s nothing for me to do about it.

(“Here is my dilemma) what I really want to do now is to pray. My problem, of course, is that I don’t know how I can possibly pray. How can an atheist pray? Who would I pray to? (I am the proverbial ‘atheist in a fox hole’ I want to pray but I really can’t) I’ve been hearing about you from some of my neighbors and I thought that you might be able to advise me. What should I do?”

Observing the lively spark in Jarom’s eyes as he spoke, Rabbi Haber could hardly believe that he was speaking to a terminally ill man. Nevertheless, he was aware that this particular disease often progressed rapidly, and he had no doubt that the situation was dire. Jarom was like a drowning man struggling to find something to hold onto, begging Rabbi Haber to throw him a lifeline. “What comfort is there for an atheist facing death?” the Rabbi wondered. “How alone he must feel with his fears and pain!” Regardless of Jarom’s lifelong misconceptions, however, Rabbi Haber knew that G-d was indeed there for him. The challenge was to convince Jarom that this was so; that he, like any other person born into this world, had the ability to call out to G-d for help.

“Tell me something, Jarom,” Rabbi Haber said. “When you say you’re an atheist, what exactly do you mean? Are you saying that you are 100 percent certain that there is no such thing as G-d? Or is there perhaps a small 5% window of possibility that you may be wrong? “

Jarom drummed his fingers on the armrest of his chair and rolled his eyes upward as if searching the ceiling for an answer to the question. He had never considered his level of certainty about his beliefs. Now, using nothing but his own considerable power of logic, he had to admit that his atheism (or anything else for that matter) was not a 100 percent certainty. If it were, why would he be sitting in a rabbi’s office? “Well, I guess I could say that there’s a five percent possibility that there’s a G-d,” Jarom replied cautiously, as if the very proclamation might cause some unseen cosmic cataclysm. These were not words he had ever expected to hear from his own mouth.

“Good!” Rabbi Haber declared. “So here’s what I want you to do. Pray through that window that is open 5 percent. Aim your prayers there, and I am sure they will reach G-d.”

The Rabbi's words painted a picture in Jarom's mind. There was a splendid palace, and Jarom stood outside it, facing a window that was open just a few inches. From that little crack at the bottom, Jarom could sense the majesty and power residing within. He didn't own a key to the palace; the guards didn't know him at the gate, but he would pray through that narrow opening, and his words would be heard. Jarom Haber's words would reach the ears of G-d. Jarom's cool facade crumbled as he pictured himself, a lost child trying to get his Father's attention, calling through the window from outside.

His eyes instantly overflowed with tears and he began to cry aloud, "I can pray! Thank you, Rabbi. There's a way for me to pray." Rabbi Haber sat quietly watching this troubled man gratefully grab the lifeline he had been thrown. Jarom regained his composure and turned urgently to the Rabbi once again. "What will I say, Rabbi? Even if I can pray, even if G-d will listen to me, I don't know what to say!"

"Do you know how to read Hebrew?" asked Rabbi Haber. Thanks to a few years of Hebrew school in Jarom's pre-bar mitzvah years, he had indeed learned alef-bais. With a small measure of pride, he answered, "Yes, I do." "Alright," said Rabbi Haber. He took a slim volume of Tehilim off the top of his desk and handed it to Jarom. "Let's start right now, then, by saying this chapter of Tehilim." Jarom took the sefer into his hands. He had handled thousands of books in his life as an academic; some of the volumes were rare antiques. Yet now, handling a simple volume of Tehilim, his hands trembled. He began to haltingly read the chapter Rabbi Haber designated, all the while imagining that slightly open window, and hoping that inside the palace, his praises were being received with pleasure.

When Jarom finished his recitation, Rabbi Haber helped him understand the meaning of what he had said. The words were full of encouragement and comfort, stirring in Jarom the beginnings of a sense of trust in G-d. No longer was the issue whether or not G-d existed; he had prayed and felt certain that his words were heard. Now the issue was how to build a relationship with G-d in the short time he had left.

"I think the most important thing we could do at this point is to learn some Torah together," Rabbi Haber suggested. Jarom agreed, and they arranged to spend 15 to 20 minutes a day learning. "What is it that you would like to learn Jarom?" Jarom had no ready answer. He was not sure where to find what he felt he needed in this crucial period of his life. He wanted a little time to consider the possibilities. On Sunday morning, Jarom called Rabbi Haber. He had done some reading and some thinking, and had decided. "I want to learn the laws of repentance," he told the Rabbi with conviction. Rabbi Haber was moved by the man's sincerity. Indeed, all he wanted now was to get his affairs in order both in this world and the next. Like a man moving to a new home after many long years, Jarom wanted to shed all the useless items he had accumulated and go forward carrying only that which he would need.

Starting that day, Rabbi Haber and Jarom became learning partners, poring over the Rambam's laws of Teshuvah (repentance) with depth and focus. Jarom's scholarly abilities were turned in a new direction, exactly 180 degrees opposite of the path he had pursued throughout his life. Rabbi Haber enjoyed the challenge of Jarom's insightful questions, and marveled at his quick grasp of the concepts they learned together.

As expected, Jarom grew weaker by the day. His athletic build began to shrivel, his posture to droop; his bright, intense eyes contrasted eerily with his pale face. Finally, too weak to deliver his lectures, he was forced to resign his teaching position. Nevertheless, Jarom persisted in his journey toward G-d. He purchased tzitzis and a yarmulke and began to wear them. Every day, he put on his tefillin and prayed as well as he could, injecting the overflowing contents of his heart into the Hebrew words he was just beginning to master. Rabbi Haber watched with mixed emotions as his new student's Torah learning blossomed and flourished, and his physical presence withered away.

One morning, as Rabbi Haber and Jarom learned together, they reached a point in the Rambam's work that describes the process of complete Teshuvah. "The final step," Rabbi Haber explained, "is when a person has the opportunity to commit the same sin again, but he holds himself back and refrains from doing it." "There isn't enough time left in my life for me to revisit every sin I've committed," Jarom commented somberly. "I wish there was some way I could do a complete Teshuvah, but I'm afraid that's just never going to happen." The weeks passed quickly, and as they did, Jarom's condition deteriorated further. He and Rabbi Haber completed their study of the Rambam's work, but Jarom continued to pay frequent visits to his mentor.

One day, Jarom walked into Rabbi Haber's study looking more energized than he had in weeks. "Rabbi, I've got it!" he exulted. "I figured it out! I found a way that I can do complete Teshuvah!" "That's great!" Rabbi Haber responded. "What do you have in mind?"

"I called up the college where I had been teaching for all these years and I asked them if I could give one final class before I die. Well, of course they couldn't say no to a request like that, so they are letting me give a lecture." "That will be great, but what does it have to do with complete Teshuvah?" Rabbi Haber asked. "I am calling my lecture 'The Last Class.' With this lecture, I am going to prove to the students that (absolute) atheism is false, and I am going to prove to them that there is a (strong possibility of) G-d. I am going to do Teshuvah just as the Rambam describes it: the same place, same situation, but this time, instead of turning people away from G-d, I am going to teach them that Hashem is the Master of the World."

A few days later, Jarom arrived at Rockland Community College to speak to the students.

Standing in front of the lecture hall, the once vibrant professor was gaunt and tired looking. But when he called the class to order and began to speak, his passion for his subject opened up new reserves of strength within him. If the class had come in expecting the raspy whispers of a dying man, they would be taken aback by the clear, bold words Jarom was speaking. "Everywhere you look around you, you can see there is a Creator who designed the world," he told them. "If you pay any attention at all to your life – to the people you meet and the things that happen to you and to others, it is clear that (there is at least a possibility that) G-d is running things. Even if you can't be so sure, you cannot prove beyond a doubt that there is no G-d. Hold open a small window of possibility – a five percent chance – that there is a G-d," he urged his students. "And make it your business to pray to Him. Pray through that small window you've left for yourself, and you will find, as I have, that it opens wider and wider for you. You'll find some day that G-d has become a certainty in your life – that he's there for you 100 percent."

A few weeks later Jarom passed away. He left this world as a Torah Jew whose lips had uttered prayers, whose keen mind had been rededicated to Torah learning, and whose longing for repentance had been satisfied.

Rabbi Haber said in his public address at Jarom's funeral, "Jarom Haber died as a great Jew.and his story is a lesson for all of us".

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Re: My private God.
Posted by admonymous - 20 Jan 2011 05:46

[David/Rage wrote on 19 Jan 2011 16:07:](#)

achi, i like what you write....

and maybe "everyone can write his own torah"...in the sense that we addicts need to learn new rules on how to live life...we need to create our own torah in a sense...but at the end, youll find that the torah you write for yourself...its been right there all along...been right there in the torah of moshe...only we didnt see it...

Thank you, david. I appreciate you words. I do agree with you that it is already there, I mean my private Tora. And maybe through my "friendsgip" with God I could find it.

I always felt the presence of Him, but it was like sparks. Very short but powerfull moments, and then I went on without Him. When I spent hours in front of Internet, masturbating, He was there with me, but I could not or didn't want to see Him. When I drive my car, staring at pretty girls passing, He sit right next to me, but I can't or don't want to see Him. I think that I am ALONE. But I am not.

Now I started to see Him or feel His presence more often. Not only when I staring at the stars, or beautiful sunset.

I hope that He will help me to open my eyes, my ears, my heart to have Him at every moment in my life.

Thank you again for your message.

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Re: My private God.
Posted by admonymous - 20 Jan 2011 05:56

[ur-a-jew wrote on 19 Jan 2011 16:17:](#)

In Shemone Esrei we say ?????? ?????? ????????

In this past week's parsha we also said in ??? ?????? ??????????????, ?????????? ?????? ?????????????????????.

“Everywhere you look around you, you can see there is a Creator who designed the world,” he told them. “If you pay any attention at all to your life – to the people you meet and the things that happen to you and to others, it is clear that (there is at least a possibility that) G-d is running things. Even if you can’t be so sure, you cannot prove beyond a doubt that there is no G-d. Hold open a small window of possibility – a five percent chance – that there is a G-d,” he urged his students. “And make it your business to pray to Him. Pray through that small window you’ve left for yourself, and you will find, as I have, that it opens wider and wider for you. You’ll find some day that G-d has become a certainty in your life – that he’s there for you 100 percent.”

Thank you, ur-a-jew, it is a beautiful shiur!

I find myself a lot in situations that I don't know what to say to Him. One day I drove my car back from work, and I wanted to talk to Him, and I didn't know how to start. So I opened, like I do at the meetings: "Hello, my name is admonimous, and I am sexaholic". And the funny thing that heard Him in my mind answering me: "Love you, admonimous". It was so strong feeling, my eyes got wet....

I hope I will focus on this little window, that is already opened to me, and the rest is His will.

Thank you very much.

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Re: My private God.

Posted by ur-a-jew - 20 Jan 2011 15:55

[admonimous wrote on 20 Jan 2011 05:56:](#)

I find myself a lot in situations that I don't know what to say to Him. One day I drove my car back from work, and I wanted to talk to Him, and I didn't know how to start. So I opened, like I do at the meetings: "Hello, my name is admonimous, and I am sexaholic". And the funny thing that

heard Him in my mind answering me: "Love you, admonimous". It was so strong feeling, my eyes got wet....

I could hear it while I was reading it. Early on in my GYE days, I learned from Dov, that we have to talk to Hashem. I usually start out: "Hi, it's me your son . . ." It is for that reason that many of our tefilos are in first person Borch Ata, Blessed are you, as if we are having a face to face conversation with Hashem. And we are.

On the broader subject of tefillah, I came across a vort from Rav Shamshon Rafeal Hirsch on the possuk ?????? ??????. It provides a new insight into tefillah which spoke to me and I'm sharing it with you.

"From the root ??? (to judge), related to ??? as we have already seen in the account of the ??? ?????, the ????? does not mix materials together; rather he introduces a foreign element into a substance and integrates some of the new into every particle of the old, thus creating a new substance. According to the Jewish conception this is the task of the judge. Lies and injustice cause division, create conflict and dispute. A judge introduces justice, the Divine truth of things, into the disputed matter creating harmonious unity where lies and injustice had caused conflict and division.

????? means: to perform this task (???) upon oneself, to infuse every aspect of one's being and existence with God's truth, and thus attain for oneself harmonious integrity of all of life by the light of God's Countenance.

Jewish tefillah, then, is antiethcial to the common conception of "prayer" Tefilah is not an outpouring from within, an expression of the heart already feels – for that we have other terms: ????? ??? and the like. Rather, tefillah means infusing the heart with truths that come from outside oneself.

Tefilah is ?????? ?????; Mispallel means to work on refinishing one's inner self, to elevate one's mind and heart to the lofty heights of recognition of truth and desire for serving God.

If this were not the case, if Tefillah were but an outpouring of our emotions, it would make no sense to have fixed times and fixed texts for our prayers. How could Chazal assume that all the members of the community would be imbued with the same thoughts and the same emotions at predetermined times?

Moreover, prayer that is merely an expression of feeling is superfluous. Thoughts and emotions that are already alive within us do not require expression, least of all expression in set phrases formulated by others than ourselves. Deep inner experience always finds its own way of self-expression; and when the inner experience is exceedingly grand and profound, it is beyond all expression, and the most appropriate expression is silence.

It follows, then, that the whole purpose of our fixed prayers is to awaken the heart and to revive within it those timeless values that still require reinforcement and special care. **One can truly say that the less we feel in the mood of prayer, the greater is our need to pray, the greater is the redeeming power and sublime value of the work upon ourselves hat we perform through Tefillah. The absence of the mood for prayer is in itself the surest sign of the obscurement and dimming of that spirit that is not the basis for Tefillah but its goal and exalted purpose."**

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Re: My private God.

Posted by admonymous - 23 Jan 2011 05:54

[ur-a-jew wrote on 20 Jan 2011 15:55:](#)

One can truly say that the less we feel in the mood of prayer, the greater is our need to pray, the greater is the redeeming power and sublime value of the work upon ourselves hat we perform through Tefillah. The absence of the mood for prayer is in itself the surest sign of the obscurement and dimming of that spirit that is not the basis for Tefillah but its goal and exalted purpose."

This is really amaizing.

I started to understand your answer only when I reached it's end. And then I read it again couple of times, discovering each time something new.

Thank you.

If I got it right, the fixed ?????? are aiming to start our spiritual "engine" in order to make us able to talk to Him in a personal level. If we don't want to say fixed tefilot from various reasons, we will never want to make a ??? with Him.

Am I right?

Thank you again!

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Re: My private God.

Posted by ur-a-jew - 23 Jan 2011 16:32

[admonimous wrote on 23 Jan 2011 05:54:](#)

Am I right?

I believe you are. Thank you for your insight, because I think you've brought out for me an aspect that I didn't see there before.

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Re: My private God.

Posted by yechidah - 28 Jan 2011 18:20

my private God coincides with the belief in "hashgacha pratis" -Divine Providence-specific to the minutest detail -including the greatest details of your own personal life

here is a Jewish Press article

It is unsettling to be locked out of your home. My nine-year-old daughter recently locked us out

of our home twice in one evening. Not having been raised in Jewish observance, I did not know about Hashgacha Pratis (Divine Providence) - the personal involvement that God had in my life. In this discovery, I found the very key to my life.

"Mommy, come outside and watch me play basketball," my daughter said. After making a number of baskets, she went onto the porch and shut the back door. Unfortunately, she locked us out.

We were to leave soon to visit my mother, in rehab at a nursing home after a hospital stay. Here I was, in the "sandwich generation," driving back and forth to my children's schools and to the nursing home. I felt bad for my parents, and remiss that I had not had more time to watch my daughter play outside. I longed for the simple pleasures of motherhood.

We needed to pick up my 15-year-old son. My father, too, was visiting my mother at the nursing home while my husband was bringing dinner. Intending to go inside for my car keys, I discovered that we were locked out.

We had a spare key at the neighbor's home where my son was staying, only a few blocks' walk. We would soon get back in.

On our walk to pick up the key, we ran into a woman who lived on our street. I borrowed her cell phone to call my son to bring the spare key home. The family with our key drove my son home and, with key in hand, he quickly opened our front door. The problem was solved - or so I thought.

With spare key in hand, my son went back to his friend's house. Meanwhile, my daughter ran through the just-opened front door and closed it behind her, and then came out the back door, also closing it behind her. I did not notice that my daughter had locked us out again.

The neighbor joined us in our backyard. We talked while I watched my daughter resume shooting baskets. The neighbor was not observant, and shared with us that her sister had recently become Orthodox. My neighbor thought that observant women spent most of their time cooking for Shabbos and holidays. It had only been a short time since Rosh Hashanah, Sukkos and Simchas Torah. Still feeling overwhelmed I sought the right words.

I agreed that observance was hard work, but it had brought so much purpose to my life. I spoke about the exquisite beauty and inner strength of the Jewish woman, and her unique ability to come close to God. I cited King Solomon's portrayal of an eishes chayil, a Jewish woman of valor. As we said goodbye, I invited her family for a Shabbos meal.

As I approached my home, I was greeted with the familiar sight of a locked door. Now needing to hurry, we walked to another neighbor's home to use their phone to call my son. We needed him to, yet again, bring that spare key.

I did not want to be upset with my daughter. In search of a way to understand these seemingly chance events, I began to sense that something bigger was happening. I thought about Hashgacha Pratis. I tried to include G-d within these strange happenings, and was embraced with a sense of calm.

My daughter, in her little voice, wisely offered, "Mommy, do you realize that this is Hashgacha Pratis?"

Smiling, I asked, "What does Hashgacha Pratis mean to you?"

"Hashem guides the steps of every person. Nothing happens by chance," she answered.

Among the greatest gifts I have received in coming to Torah observance is learning the fundamental belief in Hashgacha Pratis, that every event in the world is specifically guided and determined by Divine will. "From His dwelling place He supervises all inhabitants of earth" (Tehillim 33:14). Hashgacha means to "oversee," and Pratis means "individual" - that is, "individual supervision."

I used to think that God observes us from the distant heavens far above. I did not know that He is intimately involved in every aspect of my life. This discovery awakened me to an entirely new world filled with deeper meaning and purpose.

I began to study Torah eight years ago, to better teach my children about their Jewish heritage. I had not intended to change my life. Yet the words of Torah resonated deeply within my soul, with each word opening the door to my mind and heart - to seeing the Hand of God. The more I searched for God, the more I believed that everything was from Him, and the more my world became filled with His Presence.

At our neighbor's home, my daughter and I entered a warm family scene with their three children. Their little girl was happily sitting on her father's lap, and I noticed that he did not look well. His wife told me that he had had cancer 14 years ago, and that it recently returned. He was completing his last round of chemotherapy, and they hoped that the scan would show that the cancer was gone. I asked for his Hebrew name so I could pray for him.

My son arrived with the house key, and I held onto it tightly. After thanking our neighbors, I immediately went home to get my car keys so I could finally go see my mom. We could still make it for dinner. I never thought that I would be so grateful just to be able to open the door.

As we entered my mother's room in the nursing home, an unsettling feeling swept over me. It was difficult to see her connected to a machine perpetually pumping oxygen.

"I call my oxygen my best friend; it's my key to life," she said. I marveled at my mother's strength and positive outlook - that she had found her key. She shared that one does not cherish life's precious essentials until they are lacking. I thought about what a gift it was just to be able to breathe freely. I wanted my mother to be given back this precious gift.

My 83-year-old father was sitting, as he did so often, by my mother's bedside. My parents have been married for nearly 57 years. I found comfort in his steadfast devotion to her. My father's expression had changed since my mother got sick. He was one with his wife, and her pain became his. I prayed to Hashem to remove this pain from them.

I am learning that suffering, too, is part of His plan, and each challenge that God sends us brings Divine messages that help us fulfill our mission in this world - and to experience the ultimate good in attaching ourselves to Him.

I am too tiny to be able to understand the ways of Heaven. With my belief in Hashgacha Pratis, I struggle with accepting that my mother is suffering. I yearn to be able to find the spare key that will unlock my parents' pain and make it go away.

I thought about that day's occurrences, when my daughter and I were twice confronted with a locked door to our home. With each experience - the conversation with the neighbor about the inner beauty of Jewish women, and the father who needed prayers for recovery - Hashem had opened up the door for us to learn valuable lessons.

I reflected on my daughter's words, that Hashem guides the steps of each person and that nothing happens by chance. Within these treasured words, I found the key that opened my eyes to seeing Hashem's Hand. I am so grateful that my children know that they live in a world of Hashgacha Pratis.

May I find the key to unlock the courage and emunah to always trust that within suffering, there is Hashgacha Pratis, and that HaKadosh Baruch Hu is lovingly taking me by the hand and accompanying me through this experience - step by step.

I pray to hold on tightly to this key.

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Re: My private God.
Posted by DovInIsrael - 15 Feb 2011 13:29

@ad...

hey there.

some people think that HOLY, means - OUT THERE...far out, far away.

but really it means RIGHT THERE...

God is there...waiting for you...eager to listen to you, to hear you!

This is how we can elevate the PAIN, too!

remember when you were young.. you fell...

you cried!

Mom was there... for hugs, kisses. (a connection was made)

and then you felt better.

same is true in life -

PAIN... we CRY OUT to The Creator...the pain fades away..we feel PLEASURE!

but what happens with addictions:

PAIN.. ... and even though we strive for pleasure... at best we get temporarily COMFORT...which in the end creates MORE PAIN.

its a cycle.

keep climbing

you are doing great

dov.ii

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Re: My private God.

Posted by LaviniaGillian20 - 19 Feb 2011 12:09

Your ethics and your character are your the biggest God.They can never be cheated or denied or defied.In whatever you do they are upheld and gratified.

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Re: My private God.

Posted by geshertzarmeod - 19 Feb 2011 19:29

This is such an inspiring post from beginning to end!

I'd like to add something that I saw today in the Nesivos Shalom

I hope it will add something, forgive me if it doesnt.

He says that it is natural for a person to love that which in his mind the most important thing in the world. So the Mitzvah to love Hashem is not a command to have the emotion of love towards Hashem.

Rather it is to realize that Hashem is the most important thing in your life. When I read this post, I realized that its exactly as you are all saying, Hashem has to be your own personal G-d in order to the most important thing in YOUR life. Now I quote...

Translation: "If so even if he falls into the clutches of the evil inclination and he becomes full of blemishes and filth, its all just "temporary" by him and against his true will, as his heart is broken inside. And then through him is the fulfillment of the verse, " Hashem sees no iniquity in Am Yisrael... for Hashem HIS GOD is with him" Even when he sins Hashem is with him as his heart is not really into the sin, because it pains him that he is distanced from Hashem . its just that he doesnt have the inner strength to overcome his inclination. This type of sin doesnt distance him from Hashem."

The mitzvah to love Hashem then is not that you have to have the emotion rather its to constantly work on finding ways to make Hashem the most important thing in your life and then the love will come naturally.

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