



Supplement to:

LAKWOOD
STORIES
ABOUT

YOU & EYE

אלול שנת ימ"י תשוב"ה תשע"ג

PLEASE RESPOND WITH OR WITHOUT MONEY

The cost of publishing & mailing this & the previous booklet was about 60c each. Multiply by 10,500 and the cost is about \$6,000 each volume. If you can be mishtatef in this zikuy harabim please do so ותזכו למצוות.

As per the advice of a few g'dolei yisrael, the following should be publicized:
"The promotion of shmiras einayim among klal yisrael serves as part of a tikkun for letting the eyes stray."

This is in addition to the

S'gulah for nachas, parnasah & safety from Yeshaya Hanavi:

HE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES FROM SEEING THE FORBIDDEN
...HIS ENEMIES WILL NOT REACH HIM - HIS CHILDREN
WILL THRIVE AND ALL HIS NEEDS WILL BE PROVIDED

Yeshaya 33:15,16 (see Rashi & Metzudos)

P.S. Whether or not you send money, please send us your shemiras einayim-related story. It could be a chizuk to many others.
וזכות הרבים תלוי בו



You & Eye

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For Credit Card donations please Email or call 732-691-2907

Future You&Eye project BS"D: **Dress Code At The Workplace**

A Word for this supplement

It was only a short while ago that I shared “Lakewood stories about You& Eye” with the community. The many months leading up to this accomplishment found me wavering intensely. At times I was extremely enthusiastic about the booklet. Other times I was very reluctant and abandoned the whole idea only to be inspired again by some fascinating story putting me back on track.

After months of vacillating, I concluded I was on to something worthy and it would be unjust to keep it secret. I then published and distributed over 10,000 booklets.

No sooner had You & Eye reached Lakewood homes, and public reaction from Lakewood and far beyond, triggered a new seesawing in my mind. Some responses were very encouraging while others made me wonder again “what for?”

Yet with a constant flow of mindboggling stories coming my way as a result of You & Eye, some of which are told here, a growing feeling of awe within me suppressed any regrets over its publication. If the stories of the original You&Eye were not meant to be kept under cover, certainly these deeply heartening stories must be told. These stories are a supplement to be included in a future enlarged and modified You & Eye[BS”D]. The first ten stories reference You&Eye and are part of its direct results. They were a primary inspiration to continue the You & Eye project.

As mentioned earlier, not all responses were in praise of, some were very critical. Amongst the opposers of promulgating You & Eye were two prominent individuals, both disseminators of Torah in Lakewood. Independently, they straightforwardly shared their opposition with me. Yet unbeknown to these two notables, their sons, one in Mesivta, one older, thanked me profusely for the encouragement You & Eye infused them with. But the irony that goes along with the story is, one of the two took up their opposition with me only *after* I was privy to his son’s feelings. I respected his sons privacy and said nothing. However, this was another link in my conviction to continue.

In an introduction to You & Eye I pointed to its purpose: To help eliminate one element of hardship in the battle of protecting the eyes - the feeling of being stranded and alone on the battlefield. Yet with the advent of You& Eye, this unloneliness shone through many times stronger than I myself ever realized.

Some stories here branch off a bit beyond Shemiras Einayim. But all these stories are of seemingly simple people engaged in daily mundane activities. They may still have a way to go in improving some of their own issues, but that won't hinder them from going to very great lengths and giving so much of themselves to do the Will of Hashem. All these stories are authentic (some details were changed), heard from the protagonists, either directly or at most from one intermediary. Once one gets a glimpse of what's going on beyond the apparent it becomes so much more daunting to ever think negatively about another Jew.

Mi ke'amcha Yisrael, Hashem loves them all.

Shlomo Meyer

P.S. For copies of the original You&Eye use contact information provided.

מכתב ברכה

מאת הרב אשר חיים ליבערמאן שליט"א

כבוד קו מעשרים יהודים ר' ארי זלמן ואלמורה גלית אפרה
אברהם רבי אברהם מייער יי

I wanted to thank-תודה for שמואל קונטרס "I and You" which I
looked through and found to be inspiring and to be a חיוב
I did not check each and every story so this is not an
מסמך ויהי חשבון ארנו לעולם אצאנו עמוכם מאנגלית חופף קדוש וטהור
ע"י חיוב לאיגוד החסידים וע"כ נכתב אצאנו עמוכם לאך אצאנו רוחניים יי
אלו חיים ליבערמאן

Hashem Should Only Forgive Me

A Rosh Yeshiva in Lakewood

THIS STORY APPEARED IN "LAKEWOOD STORIES OF YOU AND EYE."

I was at the l'chvod hachag sale at the Blue Claws stadium shlepping all my stuff for Yom Tov. I got on line - the men only line - to pay. A 'trend victim' in the background at her computer facing the customers posed a problem. I lost control of my eyes three times before I finally pulled myself together.

It was during the short drive home that I was innerly torn to pieces. Here I was already in my 40's, a magid shiur with bochurim looking up to me, and I let my eyes stray three times at once. Losing control once, I could justify, after all I am only human. But what could I say to myself - to Hashem - about the other two times? The remorse gnawed at me and being a mere 4 days to Rosh Hashana only intensified these feelings.

I decided to figure out how much this whole savings was - almost \$360 - and just give it to tzedaka. If the savings was the premise to take me down, I don't want the savings. But my conscience still gave me no peace. Finally I dialed the number to a chesed organization that distributes food to the needy for Yom Tov and gave them over my whole order - fish, chicken, meat, wine, produce and paper goods. I wanted no trace to remain - not here on this world - and I hope in the next world neither.

THE FRIDAY AFTER THE BOOKLET WAS PUBLISHED, AN ENVELOPE WAS IN MY MAILBOX WITH \$200 AND THIS SHORT NOTE.

Re: You and Eye

Subject: Hashem should only forgive me

I probably am the 'trend victim' of this story. I didn't realize the extent. Please give the \$200 to the magid shiur. I know it cost him much more but for now I need money to get some new clothing.

Shailos

Rov in Lakewood

As rov to my Balabatim, I spoke at the Ne'elas Hachag on Shavuos like I do every Yom Tov. With the summer looming ahead, I encouraged them to strengthen their shmiras einayim, amongst other things.

When first one, then another called with shmiras einayim related shailos, I assumed it was my drashah. But, as the calls kept coming in, I knew there was more. When the next call came in, I asked.

“A booklet, ‘You and Eye,’ came in the mail over Shavuos.”

Stay Out

Cheder Rebbe

I am a rebbe in a cheder in Lakewood. The cleaning lady in my house helped me come to a conclusion: Going to teach Yiddishe kinderlach with a cleaning lady preceding them did not sit right with me. With the encouragement of my wife, I was mekabel never to be in the house when the cleaning help is there. Sometimes my wife hands me a shopping list at the door. The Sunday after shavuos, I had a few minutes for breakfast before I had to run and teach. However, the cleaning lady happened to be there early. I figured I would run in for a quick breakfast while my wife keeps her upstairs. But then, the ‘You and Eye’ booklet came to mind and I had a change of heart. Why compromise after years of holding on? I returned to shul, ate something there, then was on my way to teach those pure children.

Trained?

Lakewood Shana Rishona

Compromise! That was part of my training as a chosson. I am still adapting to married life. Still forgoing b-b-q chicken for my wife's preference of grilled chicken. Compromising! Giving in.

However, I was at a loss when compromising was just not an option. My wife is a tremendous baalas chesed, is stringent about shmiras halashon, davens beautifully and has many other maalos. There's just one thing - the trendy dressing of her peers has infiltrated her pure lifestyle. I broached the subject but got nowhere. What am I supposed to do? Do I insist? Do I put my foot down? Should I just let it fly? I wasn't trained. In fact I wondered what my always compromising wife would do if I were to veer. Was she taught? My heart was aching to do Hashem's will but I didn't know how. I encouraged myself to utilize the holy days of S'firah, the period of preparation to Kabolas Hatorah, to daven every day for direction. I continued davening until Shavous. Motzei Yom Tov I found the book 'You and Eye' in my mail.

My wife read it a few times. A complete changeover began. The veil of denial was lifted. She was infused with a new strength to stand against the tide.

I guess I really was trained how to deal with uncompromising situations. From when I was a child, everyone always taught me when you need something you can always daven to Hashem. You can always count on Him - and it's so much more peaceful.

Dear You and Eye,

Lakewood Teenager

I would like to express my utmost hakaras hatov to all those who put in effort to make this pamphlet come together. I received it just a few days after I was mekabel not to visit certain inappropriate websites - which was very encouraging! It also helps me tremendously knowing that there are others overcoming the same nisayon of protecting their eyes and neshama. Hope to get another pamphlet soon but meanwhile I'll keep reading this one over and over!

Immediate Results

Lakewood Kollel Family

Thank you so much for the booklet, You and Eye. Just as you mentioned in the booklet, there are many times when I and my family feel that 'we are the only ones doing this', and

the chizuk in numbers is tremendous! The two immediate results for us personally were: A) to throw out our trusty old Yellow Pages phone book (no small sacrifice for a family without any other way of looking up phone numbers outside of the Cheder Directory!), and B) to aspire to reach the levels of the families whose children have never been in Shoprite and who instinctively try to take the route with fewer billboards.

Hey Taxi!

Former Yeshiva Bochur

The C.D. playing in the taxi taking me to Yerushalayim, contrasted sharply with the appearance of its driver. He could have passed as one of the many yeshiva drop outs of the streets of Tel Aviv. However, the C.D. was that of a very strong Hashkafa lecture. At some point the driver turned down the volume and told his story.

The Rabbi on the C.D., a Lakewood alumnus, was his passenger years ago and really impressed him. He tried kiruv on him, but spiraling downward from my Yeshiva upbringing was fast. Back up is not as quick. We compromised on something small, something in the field of Shmiras Einayim, of which I knew about all too well from my yeshiva days. The first twenty minutes of every day will be dedicated to watching the eyes. Without telling the details I began doing my daily twenty minutes. Four days into my newfound practice was Shabbos. With business as usual I got into my cab and went looking for business. I was flagged down by a couple. But being within my dedicated twenty minutes, the way they were dressed I just passed up on them.

I felt very awkward. Driving on Shabbos but watching my eyes! It was absurd! I was going to go back and pick up those people - but a deal is a deal, maybe in twenty minutes. A cigarette was at the ready in my hand and again that hypercritical feeling - watching the eyes and lighting up a cigarette on Shabbos? I couldn't take it any longer. I just parked the car and figured I'll wait out the twenty minutes in a nearby park. However that contradicting feeling refused to leave me for the rest of Shabbos.

The following Shabbos I was not going to go through this again. I just decided to forget the driving for this Shabbos - And also the smoking. To make a long story short Tefillin, Kashrus and full Shmiras Shabbos came soon after.

My downgrade in Yeshiva began with the eyes and so did my comeback.

Drop Out

Lakewood Teenager

I was in a very good high school here in Lakewood, but I also belonged to another school, "The Academy of Denial." I was taught, both at home and in school, all that anyone needs to know about tznius. The dignity pronounced by modesty, the loving kindness of Hashem that comes with it, the fortunate occurrences and tragic ones all tznius related; I've heard it all. Right now, though, the acceptance by my peers is what counted. I also had resentment to refined dress. Some of those that tried pushing tznius unto me, were out of touch to say the least. Emulating them was last on my list and I would alienate myself from anything they directed my way. I wasn't the only one with this grudge and a bunch of us were rather drawn to be trendy, clearly deviating from all we were taught. But we still had issues to deal with. Hashem, the World to Come, Reward and Punishment, just to name a few. Hence the founding of The Academy of Denial within the hearts of each of us. Here, one does as she pleases, and tries, mostly unsuccessful, to subdue any feelings of guilt. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months and then years and 'it was what it was.' One day, after reading some stories of "You and Eye", a resistance within me crumbled. It was one thing to deal (or not deal) with my own issues. But to know that some weaker men are davening to Hashem for an extra measure of Siyata D'shmaya because of me was more than I was ready to handle. I've since dropped out of the academy and I think one of my friends is also. We're going to shop for new clothes today.

Upgrade... For Us

Lakewood Store Keeper

The standard of Tznius in our development was on the decline, and many of us men were not pleased. Every now and then, one of the men in Shul would raise the subject, and we would all engage in some mutual grumbling about the deteriorating situation.

One fine day, the 'You and Eye' booklet arrived in our mailboxes. For the first time, we realized that we'd neglected a critical point. The downgrade in Tznius definitely called for an UPGRADE in Shmiras Einayim on our part! There is more to it than just simply rehashing our familiar mantra of 'they should', 'why can't they', and 'why don't they'. While those causing Tznius problems in our midst should think the better of it, we can not ignore our own obligation to step up our vigilance until the present state of affairs improves-- hopefully, soon.

Post No Bills #1

Overseas

I live in Machester, England. On the way home from shul today, I watched as a new advertisement was being posted on a billboard. It was inappropriate, and in a yiddishe neighborhood, no less. Emboldened by the You and Eye booklet, I approached the poster hanger and nicely protested such an advertisement in the neighborhood. The man was apologetic but explained that his job was to hang it and could not help me. Half an hour later, I passed that spot again. The man was still there with the new advertisement shredded to pieces lying on the floor. The man explained: I took a picture of the hanging advertisement and sent it to my boss as proof that I did my job. But I really wasn't interested that people be upset with me, so I took it down.

Your launch pad might be in Lakewood, but you reach targets across the ocean.

Thank you!

Postscript: Whether or not this worker was right with his actions is a discussion on its own.

Post No Bills #2

Kollel Yungerman

I was on line to pay at one of the larger kosher supermarkets in town. A large, improper ad by a shaitel company caught my eye. I left my spot on line and went to find the manager. I voiced my concern, went back to pay and was ready to leave the store. That's when I noticed the manager almost charging at me. I was sure he was going to permanently ban me from his store. How surprised I was, when he actually thanked me. He told me he immediately called the company to remove their ad and never advertise again in his store. He also apologized for not tending to it earlier and explained that his many responsibilities kept him from realizing the problem on his own.

In hindsight, why did I think he would be upset?

Who or what?

Lakewood Rebbe

My daughter needed pictures developed for a school project due the next day. I went to a heimishe photo shop but their machines were down. The only other option would be to go to a goishe place; a far cry from being recommended. I made a quick calculation. I needed it then, it could not be pushed off. My wife does not know how to use any of the photo machines. It's 'leka darcha achrina' – no alternative. The mitzvah of watching the eyes was before me and I davened to Hashem to make it through safely.

I entered the store. I have never seen men employed there before, but this time it was men only. What was really interesting, the name tag of the man who served me read, "Angel". I was wondering if that was his name or rather what he was.

The Shadchanim

Lakewood Yungerleit

Someone in our neighborhood was getting on in years with no shidduch in sight. A group of us decided to do something. We all subscribed to a S'gula that Rav Yitzchok Zilberstien shlita heard from the Shomer Emunim. When a person withstands a nisayon of Shmiras Einayim he then has the opportunity to daven for whatever he desires. We were all going to dedicate the T'filos of these lofty moments, should they present themselves, that the appropriate shidduch come about.

Two weeks later...you guessed – Mazel Tov!!

Out Of Print

Lakewood Balabus

My job was on the finishing line of a large printing company that printed magazines for various publishers. Occasionally they would run a Jewish kuntress but most of the time it was the kind of material I would not let into my home. I was never at ease with my job, but I had to support a family. Every once in a while I would think of my grandfather who had to

go job searching every week because he wouldn't work on Shabbos... But then again, this wasn't chillul Shabbos.

One day, the boss excitedly announced that he just signed a contract with a large magazine company. The inappropriate content of this new magazine surpassed anything we dealt with before. It was time to take the plunge. That night, my wife and I had a very long discussion. She understood but had one concern, "was it right for us to do this, if we may end up having to accept charity afterwards?" We asked our rav- who gave us the green light. I gave in my resignation as of the end of the month.

I would have loved to end the story with details of a new job offer popping up from nowhere, but I have no such ending. I just keep thanking Hashem for giving me - no us - the courage to do this. I daven for parnasa and that we always be happy with the step we've taken.

For now, that's a pretty good ending.

Shortly after this story came my way and it's impact was still resounding in my mind, a choshuva magid shiur asked me where he could go for a brocha in Lakewood or anywhere else. With my heartstrings pulsating with awed emotions I blurted, "Believe me you have plenty of people here in Lakewood, if you only knew of their mesirus nefesh, you would go to THEM for brochos.

Offer Declined

Lakewood Kollel Wife

I work in one of those 'dream professions' that allows me to be my own boss, work from home, and pick my own hours and clients. The disadvantage of such a profession is that there is never a steady income to count on; what comes in, comes in, and when it doesn't, there's not much you can do about it. All told, Parnassah was never easy for my family-- to put it nicely.

One morning, I received a call from a former client who wanted me to help launch a new, long-term project. Based on his description, I calculated that my charge would be \$1000 for the initial set-up, followed by \$200 every month thereafter. After telling the client that I would check my schedule and get back to him shortly, I hung up the phone to consider.

On the upside, I knew this man to be a reasonable and reliable client who would pay in a timely fashion. On the downside, I knew that he expected his employees to be available pretty much around the clock, and had a habit of calling to discuss his business morning, noon, and night. Women are not immune to Yetzer Horahs either and this could create a relationship too close for comfort.

My husband and I had been learning through Chovos HaLevovos Sha'ar HaBitachon together for the past several weeks. Viewed through the lens of the Chovos HaLevovos, the decision was obvious: If Hashem wants us to get \$1000, He can send it to us in any one of a million different ways. It will not help our financial situation to do something that might be Kneged Ratzon Hashem.

It was a hard decision. We really needed the money. But I made up my mind and turned down the job.

I was sure that my story finished here. Apparently Hashem thought otherwise.

A few hours later, my husband walked through the door. Reaching into his jacket pocket, he pulled out an envelope and announced, "They decided to give everyone an extra bonus today, L'kovod Yom Tov. None of us really know why, since they've never done this before." Inside the envelope was \$1000. The bonus had never been given before-- and was never given again.

Unplugged

Lakewood Balabus

I say a daf Hayomi shiur for Balei Batim. One night I got a call from one of the Balei Batim. He was leaving for a business meeting and lodging in one of the city's hotels. He requested of me that upon his return, I should make sure to ask him if he unplugged the TV. the moment he was shown to his room.

He felt the venture could never be labeled successful if he couldn't master Shmiras Einayim in the course of his stay.

Father and Son

Lakewood Kollel Yungerman

It was now two days that our chabura was stuck. We could not come to an understanding of Tosfos. The Rashba made it even more complicated. In short, it was leibedik.

Friday afternoon, over the phone, I shared the frenzy with my 15 year old son, Chaim, who learned in an out of town Yeshiva. The complexity was above him but he picked up on the matzav. After a few more minutes, we wished each other good Shabbos and hung up.

Friday night I hosted a visiting Meshulach – a big talmid chacham. His son’s bar mitzvah had been the previous week, after which he flew off to the States. Trying to make him feel at home, I asked about the bar mitzvah pshetel which he authored himself. Beginning with a Reb Baruch Ber in Bava Kama, he then moved on to *our* Tosfos and then to *our* Rashba. Within 15 minutes he went through the whole sugya with phenomenal sharpness. It was unreal!

Motzai Shabbos I dialed my son and once again shared the excitement from inviting the meshulach to the clarity that he brought along. My otherwise talkative son was evasively silent, like he was hiding something, but then he spoke.

“Abba, Friday afternoon a few friends and I went to buy some nosh for Shabbos. I was on line to pay when I felt my eyes pulling in the wrong direction. I struggled for a moment and then thought of you. I remembered a segula that the moment a person overcomes a ‘shmiras einyaim test’ he has an opportunity to daven for anything he wants. I davened for you – you should krich arois.”

Tears welled in my eyes. The feelings I had right then, as a father, could only be described in two words – PURE NACHAS!

The Dress Shop

Lakewood Kollel Wife

The three Weiss girls were long time customers at the N.Y. dress shop where, for over twenty years, I was a sales associate. Ruchy, the youngest, was always Rebbetzin to her

sisters, constantly pointing out why this dress and why that dress was deficient in Tznius conformance. For herself she was happily stringent. The threesome got along well and were a cheery group –a pleasure to be of assistance to.

One rather slow day, Ruchy walked in half an hour before closing. I'd already seen her since her Chasuna and I thought something was amiss – the pep was just not there. Now again, I thought I detected an inertness in the old Ruchy. When I heard a sob and a barely audible mumble from the dressing room, I was sure now. I wished I could help.

Moments later I was face to face with Ruchy, ringing up her purchase. No one was in the store other than the two of us. I mustered the courage, looked her in the eye and said softly, “Ruchy?” She seemed to be holding back (more) tears and said “I’m okay.” Somehow though Ruchy’s story came out.

Ruchy married a very good boy. An excellent learner, strong Baal Middos, and a heart of gold. But the clothes he preferred his wife wear, were at best – Bdieved, a very far cry from Ruchy’s ideas. He was very nice about it, but a good wife strives to please her husband.

Ruchy conferred with her Kallah teacher but did not find much solace there. With her heart torn in two, when Ruchy went for a new shaitel she cried her heart out to Hashem that the shaitel she chooses; the color, the style, the length should all find favor in her husbands eyes. Now a month later she was doing a repeat. She was buying a new dress and begging Hashem with tears because no one else could help her.

I wished her a good night like I do to all the customers but this time I meant it so much more. I even stayed an extra 15 minutes after closing to daven for Ruchy and all the well meaning woman of Klal Yisroel.

Brenda

Lakewood Kollel Wife

Look at me today and you wouldn’t believe it, but they used to call me "modern". I was perfectly okay with it. I had my friends and what anybody thought of me did not matter. I was even more placid once I married. We were a happy couple albeit “modern.” Until Brenda stumped me...

Brenda, our Puerto Rican cleaning lady, showed up one sweltering summer day, with a dress till the floor and sleeves to her wrists. I questioned her modest dress and this is what Brenda, in her broken English told me. "My grandmother is very ill. I think this might help her." She left me astounded to the nth degree.

I've decided to change. And remember? I have my friends and what anybody thinks of me doesn't matter.

Torah is not in heaven. If it were we would be expected to try and scale the heavens in pursuit of it. (Rashi, Nitzavim). Here are seven stories of people taking to the skies in their service of Hashem.

Taken For Granted

Lakewood Couple

Avrohom, his wife and child were in flight when a flight attendant approached with a request. The personal video screens a few rows over were not working. "Do you mind swithching seats with the passengers seated in those seats since you three probably will not be using your videos?"

Avrohom feels the heros of this story are the ones before him who created this impression.

Before venturing out

Lakewod Kollel Yungerman

It worked out perfectly. I'll daven with the earliest Shachris Minyan, go straight to the airport and make my flight. At the minyan an individual got up and made an appeal for tzadaka, the kind that typically generates fifty cents or a dollar. Just then it hit me. People give Tzedaka for all kinds of *yeshuos*. I could use an extra measure of *siyata d'shmaya* to keep my eyes in check while enroute. I pulled out a twenty dollar bill and gave it to the meshulach. Without going into specifics, I witnessed great *siyata d'shmaya* while in transit.

Through the Night

Lakewood Bachurim

It was about 3:00 in the morning. I was almost home when I noticed the lights in the shul at the corner. I was wondering who could be there at this hour on a regular Tuesday night (or call it Wednesday morning). I pulled over and went inside to find Moshe and Leby, both about 16-17 years old, learning. How special! I thought – but what *was* special tonight?

Leby explained: “Tomorrow we are going overseas. As a proven segulah for shmiras einayim on the plane, we try to stay up the night before flying. When we board the plane, being overly exhausted we find our seats and fall into a deep sleep, only to awake just before landing, 7 hours later.

Post Script: The Steipler would do this. Since he couldn’t learn properly on a scheduled train journey, he would learn through the night, and sleep while he traveled.

Showing Cancelled

Lakewood Kollel Yungerman

On my way going, many Yidden were on the plane with me. We all sat together and had to daven enroute three times– Maariv, Selichos and Shacharis. The way back was a different story. There were almost no Yidden on the plane. We would leave after Shacharis and land before Mincha – no davening on the plane. With so many hours in flight, I was worried about the movie the airline would show. I made sure to set aside a few moments before the flight to Daven for Siyata Dishmaya. I told Hashem of other times when I was tempted and wasn’t always the victor. He should please not put me through this again. The next day I boarded the plane. The large screen was at the ready, but nothing showing. About 20 minutes into the flight an announcement came over the P.A. system: “The airline is very sorry. We’re experiencing a mechanical failure on our video system. We apologize.”

I was wondering, why they would need to apologize?

Love thy neighbor

Lakewood Kollel Yungerman

I was seated next to another frum man on my flight back to New York. Twenty minutes into the flight I noticed my neighbor’s eyes fixed on the video screen’s movie.

Instinctively, I wanted to close it out of my mind - mind my own business. At the same time, I felt if Hashem helped me keep away why be selfish and ignore my neighbor? I davened to Hashem. I thanked Him for being with me and asked him to help my neighbor who probably would rather not watch either. Moments later the screen in our section went blank. It remained like that for the remainder of the flight.

I felt sorry for the other passengers who missed out on their flight entertainment. But what would you do?

Pleasant Flight

BMG Bochur

I was on the plane when a bochur boarded, obviously going back to Yeshiva. He cleared out all the reading material provided by the airline into the overhead storage compartment. Only then did he sit down to enjoy the flight.

Reserved Seat

Lakewood Balabus

I am just not the type. I fly frequently and as uncomfortable as I feel if I end up being seated next to a woman, I could not get myself to ask a steward to try and rearrange the seats. Knowing my weakness, I try to put aside a few minutes to daven for Siyata D'shanya before flights. Today's flight was no different. I asked Hashem to please take care of the seating arrangements on the plane. I got to the check in area. The entire area was full of woman on a return trip from some woman's tournament. There wasn't a man on line! I felt like I was on the wrong side of the mechitza.

With almost every seat occupied by one the contestants, the scene on the plane wasn't too encouraging either. As I inched towards my seat, a woman, apparently the guide of the group, asked, "Sir, would you mind sitting over there, next to those two gentlemen a few rows over?"

They were the only other men on the plane. You know what I answered.

The Segula of the NEFESH HACHAIM

Whenever a person finds himself in trouble, he should focus all his concentration on Ain Od Milvado (there is none other than Hashem) and no evil will befall him. Here are three stories of Lakewood people who took this segula to protect their eyes.

Segula License

BMG Kollel Yungerman

One thing my wife can not take care of is my drivers license, I've got to go myself. When the day I was going to go arrived I practiced the segula of concentrating Ain Ode Milvado that I meet no evil. I walked into the Motor Vehicles Agency on a 90 degree Tuesday morning, and there wasn't even one lady in the crowded waiting area.

Or maybe my eyes just wouldn't see.

Segula Appointment

Lakewood Senior

Whenever I have to visit a medical professional, I try using the segulah of focusing on Ain Ode Milvado not to be affected by problematic reading material in the waiting room. The last time I visited the doctor, I was immediately shown to the doctor's office. The patient with the appointment before mine had just cancelled.

Segula Construction

BMG Kollel Yungerman

I parked my car ten minutes before my 2:00 appointment. I closed my eyes and spent a moment concentrating on Ain Ode Milvado that Hashem spare my eyes from straying. I went in to find a sign posted at the entrance to a dark waiting room "Electrical upgrade in progress waiting room is closed" A sign directed the patients to a side conference room to await their appointments. But the magazines remained in the gloomy waiting room.

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