

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)

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 - 21 Sep 2009 20:53

This is a poem I saw that reflects some of the emotions of the last post

Cry by Tupac Shakur

Sometimes when I'm alone

I Cry,

Cause I am on my own.

The tears I cry are bitter and warm.

They flow with life but take no form

I Cry because my heart is torn.

I find it difficult to carry on.

If I had an ear to confide in,

I would cry among my treasured friend,

but who do you know that stops that long,

to help another carry on.

The world moves fast and it would rather pass by.

Then to stop and see what makes one cry,

so painful and sad.

And sometimes...

I Cry

and no one cares about why.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by Rage AT Machine - 21 Sep 2009 20:58

Yechida,

i just read your long post from earlier today...i wish i can give you a standing ovation...you said what needed to be said...passive aggressive behavior is all too much the norm especially in our circles...i will try to digest all you said and have it internalized...i hope to relate to people around me better and i hope the people around me do the same...thank you for that post...i wish i can forward it but alas, i cant...

an additional thought: i will try to treat my wife the way i hope my daughter's husband will treat her...

and did you just quote a gangsta rapper?

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by kutan - 21 Sep 2009 20:59

wow.

I always passed up the poetry section in the library.

Thought it was for.....

.....flakes :D

who would know...

never say never!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 21 Sep 2009 21:12

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yecheda is a strange yechida and if this is a gansta rapper that said a truth-so be it-I will take it from there too.

I just read this somewhere-I have no idea who this guy is

the idea of treating your wife the way you would want your daughter's husband to treat her is very good way to look at it.

It is also true that if you treat someone better they actually become better

This will not happen overnight

It will take a lot of time.

But if you keep at it, she will become a special person because you are treating her that way.

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by 7yipol - 21 Sep 2009 21:26

R' Yechida,

"Thank you" says nothing, yet everything.

When said from the heart.

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by yechidah - 21 Sep 2009 21:29

and the heart is felt because everything is there

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by yechidah - 23 Sep 2009 13:22

Dear friends

I saw this in the reader's digest years ago and it left a great impression on me,so I saved it.

We could apply this to ourselves

The Terribly Tragically Sad Man by Loren Seibold

Once there was a boy who lived in a big house on a hill. He loved dogs and horses, sports cars and music. He climbed trees and went swimming, played football and admired pretty girls. Except for having to pick up after himself, he had a nice life.

One day the boy said to God, "I've been thinking, and I know what I want when I become a man."

"What?" asked God.

"I want to live in a big house with a porch across the front and two Saint Bernards and a garden out back. I want to marry a woman who is tall and very beautiful and kind, who has long, black hair and blue eyes, and who plays the guitar and sings in a clear, high voice.

"I want three strong sons to play football with. When they grow up, one will be a great scientist, one will be a senator and the youngest will quarterback for the 49ers.

"I want to be an adventurer who sails vast oceans and climbs tall mountains and rescues people. And I want to drive a red Ferrari and never have to pick up after myself."

"That sounds like a nice dream," said God. "I want you to be happy."

One day, playing football, the boy hurt his knee. After that he couldn't climb tall mountains or even tall trees, much less sail vast oceans. So he studied marketing and started a medical-supplies business.

He married a girl who was very beautiful and very kind and who had long, black hair. But she was short, not tall, and had brown eyes, not blue. She couldn't play the guitar, or even sing. But she prepared wonderful meals seasoned with rare Chinese spices and painted magnificent pictures of birds.

Because of his business, he lived in a city near the top of a tall apartment building that overlooked the blue ocean and the city's twinkling lights. He didn't have room for two Saint Bernards, but he had a fluffy cat.

He had three daughters, all very beautiful. The youngest, who was in a wheelchair, was the loveliest. The three daughters loved their father very much. They didn't play football with him, but sometimes they went to the park and tossed a Fris-bee ---except for the youngest, who sat under a tree strumming her guitar and singing lovely, haunting songs.

He made enough money to live comfortably, but he didn't drive a red Ferrari. Sometimes he had to pick up things and put them away -even things that didn't belong to him. After all, he had three daughters.

Then one morning the man awoke and remembered his dream. "I am very sad," he said to his best friend.

"Why?" asked his friend.

"Because I once dreamed of marrying a tall women with black hair and blue eyes who would play the guitar and sing. My wife can't play the guitar or sing. She has brown eyes, and she's not tall."

"Your wife is beautiful and very kind," said his friend. "She creates splendid pictures and delectable food."

But the man wasn't listening.

"I am very sad," the man confessed to his wife one day.

"Why?" asked his wife.

"Because I once dreamed of living in a big house with a porch, and of having two Saint Bernards and a garden out back. Instead, I live in an apartment on the 47th floor."

"Our apartment is comfortable, and we can see the ocean from our couch," replied his wife. "We have love laughter and paintings of birds and a fluffy cat -not to mention three beautiful children."

But the man wasn't listening.

"I am very sad," the man said to his therapist.

"Why?" asked the therapist.

"Because I once dreamed that I would grow up to be a great adventurer. Instead, I'm a bald businessman with a bad knee."

"The medical supplies you sell have saved many lives," said the therapist.

But the man wasn't listening. So his therapist charged him \$110 and sent him home.

"I am very sad," the man said to his accountant.

"Why?" asked the accountant.

"Because I once dreamed of driving a red Ferrari and of never having to pick up after myself. Instead, I take public transportation, and sometimes I still have to clean up."

"You wear good suits. You eat at fine restaurants, and you've toured Europe," said his accountant.

But the man wasn't listening. His accountant charged him \$100 anyway. He was dreaming of a red Ferrari himself.

"I am very sad," the man said to his minister.

"Why?" asked the minister.

"Because I once dreamed of having three sons; a great scientist, a politician and a quarterback. Instead, I have three daughters, and the youngest can't even walk."

"But your daughters are beautiful and intelligent," said the minister. "They love you very much, and they've all done well. One is a nurse, another is an artist and the youngest teaches music to children."

But the man wasn't listening. He was so sad that he became very sick. He lay in a white hospital room surrounded by nurses in white uniforms. Tubes and wires connected his body to blinking machines that he had once sold to the hospital.

He was terribly, tragically sad. His family, friends and minister gathered around his bed. They were all deeply sad too. Only his therapist and his accountant remained happy.

Then one night, when everyone except the nurses had gone home, the man said to God, "Remember when I was a boy and I told you all the things I wanted?"

"It was a lovely dream," said God.

"Why didn't you give me those things?" asked the man.

"I could have," said God. "But I wanted to surprise you with things you didn't dream of.

"I suppose you've noticed what I've given you: a kind, beautiful wife; a good business; a nice place to live; three lovely daughters -one of the best packages I've put together-

"Yes," interrupted the man. "But I thought you were going to give me what I really wanted."

"And I thought you were going to give me what I really wanted," said God.

"What did you want?" asked the man. It had never occurred to him that God was in want of anything.

"I wanted to make you happy with what I'd given you," said God.

The man lay in the dark all night, thinking. Finally he decided to dream a new dream, one he wished he'd dreamed years before. He decided to dream that what he wanted most were the very things he already had.

And the man got well and lived happily on the 47th floor, enjoying his children's beautiful voices, his wife's deep brown eyes and her glorious paintings of birds. And at night he gazed at the ocean and contentedly watched the lights of the city twinkling on, one by one.

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by 7yipol - 23 Sep 2009 14:37

This one gets printed out and read to anyone and everyone, even - or especially- if they dont want to hear it!!!

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by letakain - 23 Sep 2009 14:40

thank you yechida! at this rate, i'm going to have to have a gye album for shabbos!

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Re: yechida's reflections
Posted by yechidah - 23 Sep 2009 19:12

I read it twice.

Last time I read it was years ago.

It still has it's powerful message.

I will try to apply it to my life

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by bardichev - 23 Sep 2009 19:42

"Yes," interrupted the man. "But I thought you were going to give me what I really wanted."

"And I thought you were going to give me what I really wanted," said God.

WOW

MAH HASHEM ELOKECHA SHO-EL MEI-IMCHA KI IM LI-YIRAH

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 23 Sep 2009 20:38

[bardichev wrote on 23 Sep 2009 19:42:](#)

"Yes," interrupted the man. "But I thought you were going to give me what I really wanted."

"And I thought you were going to give me what I really wanted," said God.

WOW

MAH HASHEM ELOKECHA SHO-EL MEI-IMCHA KI IM LI-YIRAH

you forgot v'ata! now! Hashem wants this moment, now. not forever. not tonight. not in an hour.
just be good now.

i heard it from a huge tzaddik!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by bardichev - 23 Sep 2009 21:05

[letakain21 wrote on 23 Sep 2009 20:38:](#)

[bardichev wrote on 23 Sep 2009 19:42:](#)

"Yes," interrupted the man. "But I thought you were going to give me what I really wanted."

"And I thought you were going to give me what I really wanted," said God.

WOW

MAH HASHEM ELOKECHA SHO-EL MEI-IMCHA KI IM LI-YIRAH

you forgot v'ata! now! Hashem wants this moment, now. not forever. not tonight. not in an hour.
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TIFERS SHLOIMA

I MIGHT HAVE QUOTED IT

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 23 Sep 2009 21:44

Meditations of the Rebbe by Tzvi Freeman

237-what the Rebbe said to handicapped Israeli soldiers

Each and every person is given all he needs to

accomplish his mission in this world. But each of us have different missions, and therefore need different powers to accomplish them. But none of us have an easier time than any other.

Therefore, if you there is a human being who appears deficient or “handicapped”, know that in truth that person must have other, unseen compensatory powers that others do not have. Do not call him “handicapped”-call him “special”

After I read this, I was thinking

We may consider ourselves “handicapped” in a certain sense, because our faults that are in us, feel to us as being serious and even devastating.

And no one is going to downplay the struggles we may have.

Many of them are truly terrible to us and it easy to fall into bitterness because of what we see in ourselves as a serious and ugly handicap.

We try to hide it because we feel great shame that we have this darkness within us..

We wish we wouldn't have it.

And these are very personal handicaps, each person experiences his or her own unique darkness that no one else can fully understand.

But what we are being told is that this handicap will not impede on our mission in life.(actually it will enhance it but this meditation does not dwell on that point)

We have “unseen compensatory powers” that others do not have.

We see things in a deeper way, we are more sensitive in our awareness of Hashem,
and how we truly want to be close to Him.

our new chosson saw in our new kallah these “unseen compensatory powers” ,the Shirah that Hashem needs to come out, that only the chosson can do, because he accepts the kallah as she is, completely, not editing anything ,but rather accepting a person the way it is, because beautiful Shirah can come from a darkness that finally arrives in a very bright place, that says that there was never real darkness in the first place. because now it becomes part of that Shirah, a most needed part, it is transformed into something great and meaningful.

in simple English, as the Rebbe told those soldiers, that “handicap” means “special”

2 sides of the same coin.

Each in our own way must find this specialness, often unseen, in every Yid he encounters-or at least make the effort to do so.

The Reverse of Bedikas Chometz

You have to search for the good

It's there.

What I have noticed here is that many are down on themselves because of their "handicap" and it is his and her friend that point out those "unseen compensatory powers" that is there as a great gift for himself and for the world.

The world you ask? me a gift to the world? But most of the world doesn't even know that exist? Who am I in the scheme of things?

But on this question I heard what Rav Pam said when he quoted the Rosh Hashana Mussaf words in zichronos "M'aaseh Ish Uf'kudasoh" –each person and his or her mission in life.

He said that in Nechemiah it is written all the names of the people who rebuilt the destroyed walls of Yerushalayim.

Each person repairs his little section that was near him he did his small section near him, the next person did his small section near him, and by everyone doing their mission the entire wall was built, and their names are honored eternally in Nechemiah.

Because Hashem tells you that your mission is to do what you can do.

Fix that small part of that broken wall of Yerushayim that is near you

That's what I want.

Your "little" tefillah,

your “little” life,

your “little” refusal to look at something immoral,

your “little” kind word,

your “little” Yom Kippur,

your “little” succah,

your “little” tzadakah from a “little” income,

your “little” kind word to your wife that was given to “little” you,

your “little” “thank you” to Me,

your “little” torah that you learn,

your “little” song to Me,

coming from your “little” heart of yours.

All I ask is to fix that small part of that broken wall of Yerushayim.

You do this “little” thing, and I am proud of you.

And I will take care of everything else

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