

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 7yipol - 05 Nov 2009 13:12

Some of the things you post and write leave me with a feeling of such deep sadness.

Some because they speak to me too closely.

Others because they *dont*. And should.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by the.guard - 05 Nov 2009 13:55

Some of the things Yechida post leave me also with a deep sadness. Mainly because I don't have time to read them ;D

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 05 Nov 2009 15:53

for someone who does not watch movies,then please continue not doing so

mr yechida refuses to take the "credit" or responsibility of your starting to watch movies

but for someone who is seeing movies anyway,then I will tell you that "Life is Beautiful" is probably the best film I have ever seen.

don't get scared off by the Italian subtitles

I will say one thing

you see how a loving father shields and protects his only young child from the horrors that surround him

when we get hit with some bumpy roads and dark times, we must learn to treat our neshamah like this father treated his child.

we cannot deal with the pain face to face sometimes

especially after a fall.

we need to feel the sunshine of love from our Father in those painful times.

somehow putting on the "spin" that this is all one fun game.

in certain times, this is how it has to be done

because, though the "spin" on the horrible situation is false

the intense special love of the father to the child is the most true reality in the world

and when that love is felt by the child

the child can then carry on in life

and even thrive

like the lone beautiful rose

somehow radiant

in an empty wasteland

waiting patiently

to be picked up gently

and placed in that wonderous rose garden

where she truely belongs

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 05 Nov 2009 16:45

but to be truthful there was valid criticism of the film that holocaust survivors were affended by the lightness of the tone,the unreality of the plot,and that things were much worse than depicted.

this is true

one must go into this film knowing that the holocaust was a million times worse than described here

yet the points in the previous post are valid

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 05 Nov 2009 16:58

I have great respect for author Julia Cameron author of "The Artist's Way" and many other books including 4 personal prayer books.

I think I saw her mentioned several times on the forum

Several reason why I respect her.

The main reason is that as she expresses herself in her own creativity, she pleads with her readers, you have a lot of creativity within you, bring it out from within.

I found my own soul and my own voice

Let me help show you how to find yours.

And I admire her for this because many talented writers tell their readers "be more like me", "be a clone of ME"

This one is different. She tells you to be yourself. I'll just try to help you be the best "you" that you can be.

So she writes her own prayers to God.

'I have written these prayers as a response to many situations. They reflect my ongoing request for conscious contact with the Great Creator.'

Reflecting many "different moods and colors"

Written "over a decade's time, and reflect my own spiritual journey"

And she presents to us 4 books with hundreds of prayer in them for many situations and many issues.

Does she say "Here are the prayer book of mine. Feel free to use them. I did all the hard work and all you need to do is read the words and concentrate"? or "look at all the beautiful stuff I composed"?

No.

She does not say this.

Instead she says the following

"It is my hope that this modest book will serve as both guide and blueprint. I have written prayers WHICH MAY IN TURN CATALYZE PRAYERS OF YOUR OWN"

"In writing theses prayers, I found more and more closely aligned with the Great Creator.. Optimism and faith were among the gifts I received. May you find these gifts at your doorstep"

I respect her because she is sincere and would be happy if these gifts end up on my doorstep.

Here is one of those prayers

This in her 4th book "Answered Prayers". God talking to her.

(and for the 12 step experts here I think one point she had an alcohol problem so some of these concepts of "letting go" from there)

You put off getting to know Me. You say you are hungry for faith, but you do not try to contact Me. You say you want to change, but you are unwilling to allow for change. In short , you are stuck, and I am who you blame for your condition. I cannot coax you. You are stubborn. Only you can swing the door open between us. To do that you need willingness. May you find it now. Half measures avail you nothing. You stand at a turning point. It is my hope you will let go absolutely

What happens when you let go?

You leap and the net appears.

I am the net. I, God, am your invisible support. I am the power you are looking for, the power that is the source of right actions and attitudes.

Draw close to Me and I can alter your life. Come to Me with your problems and watch Me as I bring you their proper solutions.

It is My joy to aid you with your life.

It is My pleasure to be intimately involved in your affairs.

Get to know Me

In order to experience faith, you need only try to contact Me.

I am your energy of transformation. As you allow me to touch your will and your life, you will experience change for the better.

Allow Me to enter your domain.

She quotes Ernest Holmes saying the following

No matter how imperfect the appearance may be,

Or painful ,or discordant,

There is still an underlying perfection,

An inner wholeness,

A complete and perfect Life,

Which is God

And as Don Campbell said

We are all, in a sense, music.

Shirah

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 05 Nov 2009 20:26

IN MY SHYNESS bu John A Witt

In my shyness . . .

At times I retreat to my "shell,"

Clinging to the security of being alone.

In my shyness . . .

I may attempt to merge with my surroundings--

To be ignored, unnoticed, a silent voice rarely heard.

In my shyness . . .

I can feel completely alone,

Although surrounded by people.

In my shyness . . .

I'm perceived as having a padlocked soul--

And few try to gain entry into my realm.

In my shyness . . .

Few will dare venture to really know me--

To hear my quiet voice or to really try to understand.

In my shyness . . .

I can have a myriad of words to say,

Yet, my sealed lips will not release them.

In my shyness . . .

The words I do speak will at times be jumbled,

And I'll feel worse for having spoken them.

In my shyness . . .

I will be viewed as "stuck up" and unfriendly,

Labeled by the presumption of a troubled past.

Yet, despite my shyness . . .

I will at times emerge from my "shell,"

And you may catch a glimpse of who I am.

And despite my shyness . . .

I may put on a good "front,"

Disguising my innermost insecurities.

Despite my shyness . . .

A select few will manage to penetrate these "walls,"

With the sharing of time and the evolving of trust.

My shyness . . .

Frequently unrecognized, seldom understood--

A shackle, a haven, a veil.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 06 Nov 2009 13:50

This is a very profound story,

Has a very deep message,

Because there are many out there,

Who are ready to give up,

And there are those who see this despair,

And will not stand by,

But will at all cost,

Do whatever they possible can,

To give hope, To give new life

And this is sometimes done,

In a very unconventional way,

A priceless gift that is eternal

Looks can be deceiving
And the Shvartze Wolf,
Is really the white pure sheep,
But who will know it?

Please read this story carefully
And let us yearn to help our fellow Yid,
And give him a unique gift,
His own precious Last Leaf

The Last Leaf by O Henry

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run
crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These
"places" make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself
a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in
this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and
canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself
coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came

prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the _table d'hote_ of an Eighth street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places."

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman.

A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer.

But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in--let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She--she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day," said Sue.

"Paint?--bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice--a man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth--but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent. from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a

one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting--counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven;" and then "ten," and "nine;" and then "eight" and "seven," almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count?

There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear. Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too.

I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for

getting well real soon were--let's see exactly what he said--he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I

want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I went to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'till I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly

lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes, plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor lettles Miss Johnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old--old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf been trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a

masterpiece, and we shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to

Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and--no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

An hour later she said.

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is--some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now--that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days.

The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and--look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece--he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 06 Nov 2009 14:11

Have a wonderful shabbos, dear friends,

and always remember this (I read this just last week)

others may be very upset that the rose has a thorn,

but we rejoice that the thorn has a rose,

and as I read this, I think to myself,

the rose cannot exist without the thorn to protect it,

so thank you, ugly painful hurtful thorn, for being there

you hurt me deeply, and you help me grow and thrive

I would not be as beautiful and radiant without you

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 06 Nov 2009 14:34

thank you, you have a fabulous shabbos too! thank you for being so supportive yesterday and all the time, come to think of it!

i really like the comparison to the rose. i appreciate that you are willing to say that it hurts and not **just** that it's best for us. i know it is but right now, i just needed to hear that it's ok to hurt.

it's best for us to hurt- that's the whole point. hurting to help us grow.

i think i just repeated myself a few times but hey, i went into a bit of a rant. ;D happens to all of us! :D

thanks, yechida!

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by kutan - 06 Nov 2009 15:52

This is from today's email by Guard, but I think it belongs in Yechida's reflections:

The Nesivos Shalom (Parshas Noach) brings the Pasuk: "Vayehi Er Bechor Yehudah Ra Be'einei Hashem, Vayemiseihu Hashem - And Er the son of Yehudah was bad in the eyes of Hashem, and Hashem killed him". The Nesivos Shalom explains that there are two types of "bad": (1) "Ra" without a "Hei", and (2) "Ra'ah" - with a "Hei". "Hei" represents the name of Hashem. "Ra" without Hashem (like it says by "Er") is "bad" with no hope, and "Ra'ah" with a "Hei" is "bad" with hope.

Continues the Nesivos Shalom: It says about the Jewish people, "Lo Hibit Aven Biyaakov... Hashem Elokav Imo - He sees no sin in Yaakov... Hashem his G-d is with him". Asks the Nesivos Shalom, how can it be that G-d chooses not to see sins in the Jewish people? Chaza"l say terrible things about anyone who says that Hashem is a "Vatran" (i.e. that He lets us off the hook when we sin)? Explains the Nesivos Shalom, that the end of this Pasuk holds the answer - "Hashem Elokav Imo - Hashem his G-d is with him". A Jew that sins because he can't control himself, but deep down his heart is breaking about how far he is from Hashem and he doesn't let go of Hashem, in such a case Hashem chooses not to see the evil and will forgive this person. And even if during the sin he doesn't feel bad, but afterwards he feels bad about it and the good inside him makes him feel guilty and he asks himself, "How could I have sinned and ignored the word of Hashem?" then there is also still hope for him. For this is the Koach that brings to Teshuvah.

And the Nesivos Shalom goes on to say that the guilty feelings we have are a GIFT from Hashem that come from the good inside every Jew. Indeed, a Jew who does NOT have these feelings anymore no longer has hope - like "Er" the son of Yehudah (where the "Ra" is written without a "Hei"), and that is why Hashem killed him.

And he goes on to say that this can be a test for a person to know where he stands. If he no longer has a guilty conscious when sinning, then he can know that he is in a very bad state indeed. Because a person who gives in to the Yetzer Hara only because the Yetzer

hara has tempted him strongly and he can't hold back, is still not "bad" in essence, and G-d will forgive him when he does Teshuvah. But where one doesn't feel guilt anymore, it means that the bad has taken him over completely, and there is little hope.

And this is a Tikkun for every Jew to be able to get out of the bad. That even when he falls, he should make sure that the fall does not become part of his essence. For one who continues to hold on to Hashem and feel guilty when he is far from Hashem, even if he did the worst sins, he still has hope and will be forgiven.

Guard delegated to me the honor of posting it here, and I thank him for that.

kutan

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 06 Nov 2009 16:07

that hope,that Hei, is that "Last Leaf"

a Yid may see that it is ready to fall off

and his friend has to make sure it never does.

Er saw the Last Leaf fall

We cannot let that happen again

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by letakain - 06 Nov 2009 16:31

check out my thread. scary- how'd you know i was writing about leaves?

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by the.guard - 07 Nov 2009 16:50

What a beautiful story, the last leaf... Brought tears to my eyes. Thank you Yechidah...

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 09 Nov 2009 13:34

We know that Hashem is our King,

And sometimes we feel too scared or embarrassed,

to talk to the King

We also know that Hashem is our Father

But there are things we cannot tell a father

Even a nice understanding one

A friend, and I mean a true one,

We can always talk too,

And it is true,

That some of us do not have true friends,

And even good ones,

We sometimes cannot speak with about certain things,

But a perception of Hashem as a True Friend,

is the most powerful thing,

So I sometimes did this,

Hashem you are my friend

Please hear me out,

And give me advice on how to deal,

With certain difficult or confusing things that come my way.

Hashem as Friend is a great gift,

Because you open up to the True Friend,

And you can tell him Anything and Everything,

Things that are hurting you,

Things you are thankful for,

Everything.

But sometimes I am uneasy,

Because where do you find Hashem as Friend,

King-yes

Father-yes

Even husband –yes

But Friend?

So Hashem my Friend tells me not to feel uneasy,
And Friday night in shul,
Hashem puts in the shelf that I am looking at,
The “Avodas Yisroel”,
Of the Koshnitzer Maggid,
And I turn to Pirkei Avos Perek 2,
And right there, the second explanation,
Hashem gives me what you wonderful chevrah here
Call a “BIG HUG”

Who is a “Chaver Tov”??

“HaBorei Yisborach”

Trust the Koshnitzer Maggid

And I do.

And the Mesillas Yescharim says this too

Talk to Hashem “Kasher Yidaber Ish El Rayahu”-like a person speaks to his friend

And I trust him too.

But I ask anyway

Later, after showing this to my father-in-law, I ask him, where is the source in Chazal of Hashem being a friend to Klall Yisroel?

He refers me to a Toras Moshe (Chasam Sofer) in Parshas Mishpotim on "Ki Yitein Ish El Rayahu" regarding a shomer. In there, he brings a source from the Midrash that Hashem and Klall Yisroel are deemed "friends"-see there a beautiful torah, perhaps even worthy of a chizzuk e-mail down the road to watch the "keilem", the vessels, Hashem gives us to watch

That's right,

Hashem is your friend

You can talk to Him always,

So Sunday morning I go to the cemetery to visit a dear friend and I stop by the Tzeilime Rav to put in a good word for my friends here to my Friend who is the Ultimate Friend of my friends.

Important concept-kivrai tzaddik are special places but always remember "Ein Od Milvado"-the tzaddik is what is called a "meilitz yosher" but Hashem does everything
"Ba'KOL,Mi'KOL,KOL"

His name was "Levi Yitzchok" he did not allow any titles on the tombstone

Only "Levi Yizchok"

But it does say this there.

That his father named him “Levi Yitzchok” after the Bardichever.

the "Kedushas Levi"

I think he was the one who asked Hashem this :

“Please let Klal Yisroel be your Friend”

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