

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 - 18 Nov 2009 17:19

Never Marry But For Love

William Penn (1644-1718)

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely. He that minds a body and not a soul has not the better part of that relationship, and will consequently lack the noblest comfort of a married life.

Between a man and his wife nothing ought rule but love. As love ought to bring them together, so it is the best way to keep them well together.

A husband and wife that love one another show their children that they should do so too. Others visibly lose their authority in their families by their contempt of one another, and teach their children to be unnatural by their own examples.

Let not enjoyment lessen, but augment, affection; it being the basest of passions to like when we have not, what we slight when we possess.

Here it is we ought to search out our pleasure, where the field is large and full of variety, and of an enduring nature; sickness, poverty or disgrace being not able to shake it because it is not under the moving influences of worldly contingencies.

Nothing can be more entire and without reserve; nothing more zealous, affectionate and sincere; nothing more contented than such a couple, nor greater temporal felicity than to be one of them.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 18 Nov 2009 17:21

George Eliot (1819-1880)

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined together to strengthen each other in all labour, to minister to each other in all sorrow, to share with each other in all gladness, to be one with each other in the silent unspoken memories?

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 18 Nov 2009 17:39

Amy Lowell - Listening

'T is you that are the music, not your song.

The song is but a door which, opening wide,

Lets forth the pent-up melody inside,

Your spirit's harmony, which clear and strong

Sings but of you. Throughout your whole life long

Your songs, your thoughts, your doings, each divide

This perfect beauty; waves within a tide,

Or single notes amid a glorious throng.

The song of earth has many different chords;

Ocean has many moods and many tones

Yet always ocean. In the damp Spring woods

The painted trillium smiles, while crisp pine cones

Autumn alone can ripen. So is this

One music with a thousand cadences

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 18 Nov 2009 18:15

this is from a story by Amy Hempel(-Nashville Gone To Ashes)

a widow is talking

never forget the pain of a widow

"Here's a trick I found for how to finally get some sleep. I sleep in my husband's bed. That way the empty bed I look at is my own."

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 18 Nov 2009 18:56

It seems essential, in relationships and all tasks, that we concentrate only on what is most significant and important.

Soren Kierkegaard

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 18 Nov 2009 20:56

Rav Kook

Baseless Love

There is no such thing as "baseless love." Why baseless? This other person is a Jew, and I am obligated to honor him. There is only "baseless hatred"-but "baseless love"? No!

Malachim Kivnei Adam, p. 484

The Dew of Lovingkindness

Love for the Jewish people and the work of defending the entire people and every individual is not just an emotional accomplishment. It is an important area of the Torah. It is a deep and broad wisdom with many branches, which blossom and draw sustenance from the rich dew of the light of the teaching of lovingkindness.

Malachim Kivnei Adam, p. 483

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 19 Nov 2009 13:42

Dear friends,

I saw in shul a copy of a letter,

Written by a Rebbe to one of his Chasidim,

I do not know which Rebbe it is,

The top of the page said "Mili D'Avos"

And it was written in Yiddish

Here is the nekudah of the letter,
For a Yid to go to the Mikvah before davening,
It is not a mitzvah,
But what Mikvah could bring to you,
Even the greatest Mitzvah cannot bring.

Same with Depression (Atzvus),
It is not a sin,
But the blocking of the heart,
That Depression can cause,
Even the greatest sins cannot cause.

Now there is a difference between Merirus (Bitterness) and Atzvus (Depression),
Merirus is a true broken heart,
Depression is something very different then that,
You fall there into a daze and a haze,
You cannot tolerate yourself,
You cannot tolerate others,
There is a heavy weight on your heart,
Cannot do anything.
Very sharp with yourself,
Even disgusted

Merirus is Proactive (versus Depression's Reactive)

Does not let you sleep,

Into that deep slumber of Despair,

Just the opposite

Merirus jolts you into action,

You didn't even start yet,

So seize the moment in Prayer,

Grab a minute for learning,

Rejoice in finding a friend,

And be happy to help him,

This is Merirus,

ProActive in that bitter state,

That ultimately leads to Simcha.

So after a Fall,

How do you know that you are experiencing

The Healthy Bitterness,

And not the Unhealthy Depression?

It's what happens right after the fall.

Do you fall into lethargy,

Or do you spring up and proactively fight and fight,

To become a better person.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 19 Nov 2009 17:49

Dear friends,

For those that read the post on Curtain by Agatha Cristie and the identity of X, here is a part of the "The Final Problem", where Sherlock Holmes describes his most deadly opponent- Professor Moriarity

When I was a teenager I used to dig up books that other authors wrote about that on going duel between Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarity

Moriarity is X

Learn what an Anti-X, one who has Moriarity's abilities but chooses to use it for the positive, what amazing things can be accomplished

You have probably never heard of Professor Moriarty?" said he.

"Never."

Ay, there's the genius and the wonder of the thing!" he cried. "The man pervades London, and no one has heard of him. That's what puts him on a pinnacle in the records of crime. I tell you Watson, in all seriousness, that if I could beat that man, if I could free society of him, I should feel that my own career had reached its summit, and I should be prepared to turn to some more placid line in life. Between ourselves, the recent cases in which I have been of assistance to the royal family of Scandinavia, and to the French republic, have left me in such a position that I could continue to live in the quiet fashion which is most congenial to me, and to concentrate my attention upon my chemical researches. But I could not rest. Watson, I could

not sit quiet in my chair, if I thought that such a man as Professor Moriarty were walking the streets of London unchallenged."

"What has he done, then?"

His career has been an extraordinary one. He is a man of good birth and excellent education, endowed by nature with a phenomenal mathematical faculty. At the age of twenty-one he wrote a treatise upon the binomial theorem, which has had a European vogue. On the strength of it he won the mathematical chair at one of our smaller universities, and had, to all appearances, a most brilliant career before him. But the man had hereditary tendencies of the most diabolical kind. A criminal strain ran in his blood, which, instead of being modified, was increased and rendered infinitely more dangerous by his extraordinary mental powers. Dark rumours gathered round him in the university town, and eventually he was compelled to resign his chair and to come down to London, where he set up as an army coach. So much is known to the world, but what I am telling you now is what I have myself discovered.

"As you are aware, Watson, there is no one who knows the higher criminal world of London so well as I do. For years past I have continually been conscious of some power behind the malefactor, some deep organizing power which forever stands in the way of the law, and throws its shield over the wrong-doer. Again and again in cases of the most varying sorts -- forgery cases, robberies, murders -- I have felt the presence of this force, and I have deduced its action in many of those undiscovered crimes in which I have not been personally consulted. For years I have endeavoured to break through the veil which shrouded it, and at last the time came when I seized my thread and followed it, until it led me, after a thousand cunning windings, to ex-Professor Moriarty, of mathematical celebrity.

"He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson. He is the organizer of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetected in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans. But his agents are numerous and splendidly organized. Is there a crime to be done, a paper to be abstracted, we will say, a house to be rifled, a man to be removed -- the word is passed to the professor, the matter is organized and carried out. The agent may be caught. In that case money is found for his bail or his defence. But the central power which uses the agent is never caught -- never so much as suspected. This was the organization which I deduced, Watson, and which I devoted my whole energy to exposing and breaking up.

"But the professor was fenced round with safeguards so cunningly devised that, do what I would, it seemed impossible to get evidence which would convict in a court of law. You know my powers, my dear Watson, and yet at the end of three months I was forced to confess that I had at last met an antagonist who was my intellectual equal. My horror at his crimes was lost in my admiration at his skill. But at last he made a trip -- only a little, little trip but it was more than he could afford, when I was so close upon him. I had my chance, and, starting from that point, I have woven my net round him until now it is all ready to close. In three days -- that is to say, on Monday next -- matters will be ripe, and the professor, with all the principal members of his gang, will be in the hands of the police. Then will come the greatest criminal trial of the century, the clearing up of over forty mysteries, and the rope for all of them; but if we move at all prematurely, you understand, they may slip out of our hands even at the last moment.

"Now, if I could have done this without the knowledge of Professor Moriarty, all would have been well. But he was too wily for that. He saw every step which I took to draw my toils round him. Again and again he strove to break away, but I as often headed him off. I tell you, my friend, that if a detailed account of that silent contest could be written, it would take its place as the most brilliant bit of thrust-and-parry work in the history of detection. Never have I risen to such a height, and never have I been so hard pressed by an opponent. He cut deep, and yet I just undercut him. This morning the last steps were taken, and three days only were wanted to complete the business. I was sitting in my room thinking the matter over when the door opened and Professor Moriarty stood before me.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 19 Nov 2009 19:34

Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards.

Soren Kierkegaard

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 19 Nov 2009 22:08

and this, my friends, should be hung up in every yeshiva, every shul, every home.

Recognize Your Nature by Rav Kook

There are people who have left the path of traditional Judaism because they betrayed their personal, unique approach in Torah learning and spiritual self-perfection.

Let us take the example of a person who is suited for aggadah. His constitution is not fit for spending the bulk of his time learning halachah. But since he does not appreciate his distinctive character, he follows the general practice and steepes himself in the study of halachah. In his spirit, however, he feels an opposition to what he is doing, because such in-depth learning is not in accord with the nature of his essential capabilities.

If he were to recognize his proclivity and nurture it, immersing himself regularly in the area of Torah that suits the character of his spirit, he would recognize immediately that the feeling of opposition he had experienced when learning halachic matters did not come about because of any essential lack of these holy and necessary topics, but rather because he had been seeking another area of Torah on which to concentrate. Realizing this, he would remain faithful in an elevated manner to the holiness of the Torah. He would succeed in Torah in the area that is suited for him. And he would help those whose strong point is halachah, by giving them a taste of the pleasure of aggadah.

However, if he does not recognize the reason for his feeling of opposition to learning and continues to battle against his nature, as soon as a non-Torah path opens before him, he breaks out onto it. He becomes an enemy and rebel against Torah and faith, growing ever more alienated.

It is from such people that the wild ones of our nation have come forth, people who claim to present a vision, yet who blind the eyes of the world.

Orot Hatorah 9:6

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 20 Nov 2009 13:39

Dear brothers and sisters,

For those that don't read yechida's posts, I ask you to please read just this one, or copy this to where it will be read, and understood, and internalized.

Many years ago I read a book called "Self-defeating behaviors" by Milton R Cudney and Robert E Hardy

I do not own this book but I read this part of it and copied it by hand word for word.

I was looking through some of my old notebooks and papers and I found it.

I understand why it was so important for me and why I was driven to copy it.

And this is a concept that is discussed here and Uri has alluded to it as well in his posts. I think Uri heard some of this from R' Shlachter but we would need to ask Uri if indeed this is so.

What is a self defeating behavior?

"A true self defeating behavior an act or attitude that ONCE WORKED TO HELP AN INDIVIDUAL COPE WITH A HURTFUL EXPERIENCE but that now works against the individual to keep him or her from responding to new moments of life in a healthy way."

I then copied a 4 part illustration

please focus on it with your mind and heart.

It's not new, you have probably heard a lot of this, a simple story here, but it is one of the most important things I have ever read ----and if internalized, I think this will be one of the most important things you will have ever read. You know this..

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Read carefully with the purpose of really really internalizing the concept.

This concept, if understood and felt, can save lives

Read slowly.

Part 1-Creation of Self Defeating Behavior

After years of hard work, a successful businessman finally took on an ocean cruise he had been dreaming of his entire life. He spent his days walking the deck of the huge ocean liner, smelling the fresh sea air and lifting his eyes to contemplate the vast and clear horizon. One day, however, a violent storm blew up suddenly. Before the man could take shelter, a blast of wind blew him against the deck railing. a second gale caught him before he could gain his balance and he tumbled over the top of the railing. As he fell overboard, though, he reached out to grab something-anything-he could hang onto. And luckily, he caught the tines of a heavy anchor suspended from a link chain on the side of the ship. He grasped at the anchor with both hands and squeezed its tines until his knuckles turned white, As the storm winds buffeted him from side to side, the man clung to the anchor, holding on for dear life

Part 2-Perpetuation of Self Defeating Behavior

At last the storm abated, and the man who had been thrown overboard, though he sill clung to the anchor that had saved his life, was able to relax a bit. Soon enough, someone in the cruise ship would notice his absence and would send a crew out to rescue him. He did not know, however, that the chain from which the anchor hung had been damaged in the storm. One of its links was badly eroded, and the battering force of the wind had caused it to crack.

The sun had just reappeared when, finally, the damaged link gave way. Both the anchor and the terrified man who clung to it fell in the ocean and began to sink. As he plunged underwater, the sinking man had only one thought.

“This anchor saved my life” he told himself,” If I let go of it, I’m sure to die”

Part 3-Practice of Self Defeating Behavior

As the anchor sank deeper and deeper into the ocean, the man who had been thrown overboard still continued to cling to it. He knew that he was sinking fast, but he also knew that hanging on to the anchor had saved his life. so he held his breath and allowed the weight of the anchor to carry him to the ocean floor. He was aware that he was in danger, but the anchor, which had saved him once, might miraculously save him again

“This really isn’t so bad” the man thought to himself. ”It’s pleasant down here, once you get used to it. The water is warm, and there is a real sense of peace and quiet. It’s not like being on a ship, where a storm can come up on you in a flash and throw you overboard”

Finally, the anchor came to rest on the ocean floor. The man, who still clung to it, was having difficulty holding his breath. His lungs burned, and his head filled with pressure. “What am I going to do to get out of this mess? he asked himself, believing all the while that sooner or later a member of the ship’s crew would appear to rescue him.

Part 4-Replacement of Self Defeating Behavior

The man who had been thrown overboard sat in a bed of rocks on the bottom of the ocean, his arms wrapped tightly around the anchor that he believed saved his life.He knew that he could not hold his breath much longer, his chest ached, and his head felt like it would explode. Finally he gave in. He let out his breath in a great burst, and when he did, his mouth filled with sea water. He tried to swallow, but the salty fluid seeped down his throat and into his lungs. He coughed violently

He knew he was drowning.

He looked at the anchor that had been his salvation. Somewhat tentatively, he loosened his grip on the iron shaft and felt his body float away.

“Maybe if I let go completely...” he thought “It might not help, but I am going to die anyway”.

Nearing unconsciousness, the man saw that his only hope was to let go of the anchor. He relaxed his arm and let them float free. At that moment, his body began to rise up from the floor of the ocean. He felt himself being carried upward by the weight and the flow of the water. Above him ,he saw a light, which grew brighter as he continued to float up. He used his arms to push himself towards the brightness, he new now that he might survive. With a burst of energy, the thrust his arm downward, and ,as he did it, his face broke the surface. He drew in a great breath of brisk sea air. As his vision cleared, he saw the cruise ship from which he had fallen, and on its deck, a party of anxious rescuers

And all around him, he saw the light,

Directly overhead, in all its brightness, shone the sun.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 20 Nov 2009 17:22

relating to the last post

To 'let go' does not mean to stop caring;

it means I can't do it for someone else.

To 'let go' is not to cut myself off;

it is the realization that I must not control another.

To 'let go' is not to fix;

but to be supportive.

To 'let go' is not to be in the middle

arranging all the outcomes;

but to allow others to effect their destinies.

To 'let go' is not to be protective;

it is to permit another to face reality.

To 'let go' is not to regret the past;

but to grow and live for the future.

To 'let go' is to fear less and love more.

~~ Author Unknown ~~

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 20 Nov 2009 17:45

letting go by Kristina Sullivan

What is fear?

And why has it ruled me?

If you say I can't.

I will.

When I let fear control me

I feel like I'm in a locked up place

in desperate need of the key

to get me where I need to be.

Letting go of the fear

is a work in progress.

I try not to regret what was.

Because, the pain has made me stronger.

And lessons have been learned.

In time, I have changed.

I now have the courage to pursue my dreams.

Knowing that if I don't

it could be a repeat of the past.

And I can't take the chance

of letting another opportunity pass me by.

Again

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 20 Nov 2009 17:57

same theme as above

Michael Pacholski The Clenched Bird

And you are afraid you will lose its heart a little

when it leaves your hands?

You should not be afraid of this.

Neither can you keep it

in your palm forever.

Its young wings beat against your fingers

not to pain you but to fly like it must

in air unknown and strange and wonderful.

The silky feathers bristle

for a taste of rain far away.

Little squawks call out for distant clouds

and the entire body

shakes and cries and moans

for the innermost orbit of the sun.

It is all you can do

and all you must do

to breathe and release

let it go with joy

and dry your newly wakened eyes

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