

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 - 27 May 2010 18:51

and the "inverse" of "Onoas Devorim"

what should have been said and wasn't

Living Words

by Vickie Yannuzzi

In life many times opportunity is lost in not speaking or writing thoughts, and feeling into words,
or spoken

Words that are never spoken...

Or written.....

Locked away never to give Life...

The dreams that could have been...

The love that was not shared...

Only empty spaces...

That could have touched a heart...

Reach inside that place...

To tell another..

That life was born anew Today

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 27 May 2010 20:24

Stone and the Flower

Spiritual Story by Unknown

"You have hardened", said the flower, bending her petals downward toward the half stone at her roots. "These rains should have softened you, made you more fertile and receptive to the seeds of the fields; but no. You have accumulated minerals and have become more silent and full of calcium. Why do you stay here? Why do you resist the brook that gives us water?"

The stone said nothing.

A number of clouds passed by, the sun set and the night arrived with an immense bronze-coloured freckled moon with acne scars upon her worn face and in this manner reflected down upon the silent stone which still had not fallen asleep. The flower, by now, had tucked-in her petals and slept profoundly, and at this time the stone began to answer:

"I stay here because your roots have made me yours. I stay here because it is no longer about my feeling the earth rather because I have become part of that which functions as a support of your stem which resists the wind and the rain. Everything changes, my sweet flower", said the stone, "but I stay here because love is that microscopic space between your feet and my salted skin. You would only be able to feel it if destiny were ever to separate the two of us."

The moon followed the fade of the stars. Dawn gave a yawn as the sun began to burn its horizon on the lower lip of the mouth of a new day. The flower awoke and extended her beautiful petals. "Good morning", she said, "I dreamt that you were singing to me. How foolish of me, don't you think?"

The stone said nothing.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 28 May 2010 17:17

dear brothers and sisters

have a wonderful and inspiring Shabbos

Hope to appreciate among the Infinite kindnesses of our Creator the great great chesed of a cup of coffee

Carrots, Eggs, or Coffee

by Unknown

A young woman went to her grandmother and told her about her life and how things were so hard for her. She did not know how she was going to make it and wanted to give up. She was tired of fighting and struggling. It seemed as one problem was solved, a new one would pop up.

Her grandmother took her to the kitchen. She filled three pots with water and placed each on a high fire, and soon the pots came to boil. In the first pot she placed carrots, in the second she placed eggs, and in the last she placed ground coffee beans. She let them sit and boil; without saying a word. In about twenty minutes she turned off the burners. She fished the carrots out and placed them in a bowl. She pulled the eggs out and placed them in a bowl. Then she ladled

the coffee out and placed it in a bowl.

Turning to her granddaughter, she asked, "Tell me what you see."

"Carrots, eggs, and coffee," she replied. Her grandmother brought her closer and asked her to feel the carrots. She did and noted that they were soft. The grandmother then asked the granddaughter to take an egg and break it. After pulling off the shell, she observed the hard boiled egg. Finally, the grandmother asked the granddaughter to sip the coffee. The granddaughter smiled as she tasted its rich aroma then asked,

"What does it mean, grandmother?"

Her grandmother explained that each of these objects had faced the same adversity: boiling water. Each reacted differently. The carrot went in strong, hard, and unrelenting. However, after being subjected to the boiling water, it softened and became weak. The egg had been fragile. Its thin outer shell had protected its liquid interior, but after sitting through the boiling water, its inside became hardened. The ground coffee beans were unique, however. After they were in the boiling water, they had changed the water.

"Which are you?" she asked her granddaughter.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 01 Jun 2010 12:47

Yesterday, Memorial Day afternoon, I was learning a piece from the Bais Aharon (whose Yartziet was Sunday ,and no, I'm not a Stoliner Chassid either, As a matter of fact I was learning this in a public Bais Midrash, and a Stoliner Chossid sees what I'm learning and asks me "You learn Bais Aharon ?You don't look like a Stoliner Chossid" and I had some explaining to do, you see, yechida learns Tanya & Likutai sichos but does not look like a Lubavicher)((although maybe my weekday hat does---my wife is begging me to make it disappear she may make it disappear in the near future), learns Likuttai Maharar but does not look like a Breslover, learns Sefardic seforim and is not a sefardi, learns Litvishe seforim but is not a Litvak. Learns Chidushai Harim,Sefas Emes,Penai Menachem but not a Gerron, reads Kierkegaard but am no

philosopher, Reads Jung and Rogers and Victor Frankl but am not a psychologist, ((though I may need one)) Reads Dickens and Twain, Hemingway and Faulkner but am not a English major, Read Sherlock Holmes and tried to figure everything out about a person by the tie they were wearing, Read Rise and Fall of the Third Reich to see the Hasgacha Peratis of how that disaster unfolded despite the fact that some parts gave me nightmares ,even read a thesaurus from A thru G once for the fun of it.(never read the phone book though-I'm not Rain Man,though I saw that too, and yes, Dustin Hoffman deserved an Oscar for that one, Cruise was good but over rated, but the guy is nuts in real life though I read a few chapters of Dianetics too) I guess in a sense yechida has some strange strain of multi-personality disorder. It's a blessing to learn such diverse seforim, but on the other hand yechida doesn't really fit anywhere comfortably, which is probably good for me, but sometimes no fun at all) Those piece is at the end of Parshas V'Eschanan (that's where I was up to because there are many seforim that I don't learn by Parshah but rather cover to cover,I reached Devorim,but then put it away,was made aware of His Yartziet on Sunday which caused me to pick of this holy sefer again)I saw a line there that inspired me to write what I wrote here. It's worthwhile to learn the second piece in Eikev (V'Hayah Eikev) as well as "Be'Ever Hayardain" in Devorim because those pieces give a lot of Chizzuk for Yidin like ourselves who struggle to remain pure and good in this very dark Galus. He gives us great hope. Again, it is one line in there that triggered what I wrote here. He does not talk about most of this specifically

To make God "One",

We must make ourselves "One"

Tie, bind, connect everything,

To the "One"

And thru this,

We reveal,

The "Oneness" of God

We naturally reject this task,

Believing it to be impossible,

Unless you lead a celibate and solitary life,

But one who eats, drinks,

Sleeps, cries, laughs,

Involves himself ,or herself

In the world,

Cleaning, baking, working, shopping,

Being intimate with ones soul mate,

Sometimes physically as well,

Many times in other deep powerful ways,

Raising a family,

Bathing, dressing,

Calling, driving,

Through all diverse situations,

Moods, feelings, thoughts, aspirations,

Moments, events,

How can I

Bind it all,

To the "One"?

Yet the "One"

Tells us we can,

Because we have

A part of "One"

Within us

Impossible to comprehend

But true nonetheless

He tells us

We do not need

To create anew

This “Oneness”

Within us

It’s already there

We need to pray to Him

To show us how

To tap into the “One”

That is within us,

Collecting the shattered

Fragmented pieces

Repairing them

As a compassionate doctor

Gently heals the wounds

Of his patient

For when we are told

“I am God, your Healer”

This is what /He means

I heal,

I repair,

I can take your hurt, damaged, lonely

Bleeding and tired, exhausted soul

And make you whole again

The first step is

To ask this of Him

With sincerity

My “office” is not

At the other end of the world

Not even across the street

It’s within your heart,

And even if you think

I’m not there

I am

And besides....

I’m very old fashioned...

I still make house calls

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 01 Jun 2010 13:21

from aish

Excellent advice for every couple.

by Rabbi Dov Heller, M.A. 1.CHERISH YOUR WIFE. RESPECT YOUR HUSBAND.

The core emotional need of a woman is to be cherished. This is the husband's number one responsibility. That means making her feel loved and appreciated, that she's your number one priority.

A man's core emotional need is to feel respected by his wife. When he comes home, he wants to feel that there is at least one person in the world who thinks he's got what it takes. That means getting off the phone when he walks in the door.

2.TREAT EACH OTHER LIKE GOOD FRIENDS

Under the marriage canopy one of the seven blessings given to the bride and groom is that they should become "beloved friends."

The hallmark of friendship is that each person validates and respects the other person's feelings and needs. Validation means: What's important to you is important to me. It's a key way to make your spouse feel loved.

3. REMEMBER THE FOUR GOLDEN WORDS: LISTEN, COMPROMISE, REPAIR, AND GRATITUDE.

Agree to keep one basic rule at the beginning of your marriage: No matter how upset you are, never launch a verbal attack. Fighting with insults only makes problems worse and erodes the relationship. Instead, implement the four golden words:

Listening: It's essential for working together and solving problems. Allow your spouse to speak without interruption and then repeat what has just been said. This reassures your spouse that he or she was heard.

Compromise: Strive to solve problems where both of you are happy with the solution. Neither one should feel coerced into accepting the other person's point of view.

Repair: When you hurt each other emotionally, repair the breakdown and remove the lingering feelings of anger and resentment. Aim for 100% reconciliation. A little resentment multiplied 50 times can create a wall of bitterness.

Gratitude: You can never say thank you enough to your spouse. Try to notice everything your spouse does for you and acknowledge it with sincere gratitude.

4. ESTABLISH STRONG BOUNDARIES

Your spouse is your number one priority - not your parents, relatives, friends, children, work, or hobbies. Set strong boundaries that show you value your marriage and don't allow anyone or anything to weaken your relationship.

That means meeting your spouse's needs before your parents' needs, coming home with enough time left in the evening to have quality time together, and inviolate date nights.

5. GIVE EACH OTHER PLEASURE DAILY

Marriage is ultimately about making each other feel good and striving to give your spouse pleasure on a daily basis - on his or her terms. If she says she likes lilies, don't bring her roses because you think they're more romantic.

Learn how your spouse prefers to be given to - whether it's physical affection, words of affirmation, receiving gifts, acts of service (like helping out in the house, running errands) or spending quality time - and get in the daily habit of doing it.

You'll enjoy giving more than receiving.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by briut - 01 Jun 2010 13:41

[yechida wrote on 01 Jun 2010 12:47:](#)

I was learning a piece from the Bais Aharon, [...] it is one line in there that triggered what I wrote here. He does not talk about most of this specifically....

So, nu, are you gonna give us the Bais Aharon's gevaldige torah "inside," or will we need to satisfy ourselves with your gevaldige poetic license?

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 01 Jun 2010 16:54

Briut,you have a valid point

loose translation

"Hashem is One.Is is possible to make Him One?Rather the main thing is to create Oneness within ourselves,binding everything to Hashem,and through this, the Oneness of Hashem is revealed...even physical basic needs such as eating,drinking,sleeping,we must tie to His Will and accept the Holiness that is within it..Hashem helps you bind all these physical acts to Him,and Oneness is revealed in all the Worlds,and thereby revealing His Oneness in this world.....

I don't have hebrew fonts or I would put the 3 precious torahs here in the way it was printed

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 02 Jun 2010 14:24

from Reb Shlomo

It was said that the Radoshitzer performed miracles in one day that the Ba'al Shem Tov didn't even do in a year. When someone needed a refuah shleimah (a complete healing) they would go to the Radoshitzer. Offiically, Radoshitz and Kotzk were enemies. Once, the Kotzker was very sick, and the Rebbetzin went to Radoshitz. She didn't want to say who she was, so she said that she needed a refuah shleimah for Menachem Mendel ben Esther. The Radoshitzer, however, upon recognizing her, said, If you think I don't know, why do you come to me, and if you think I know, why don't you tell me who your are. ' He blessed the Kotzker, who had a refuah shleimah.

The Radoshitzer went on to delineate the source of the differing schools of thought: The Kotzker wants Yidden to listen to Hashem, and I want Hashem to listen to Yidden. 'Gevalt. It's awesome. In Kotzk the miracle was that he takes the Yid who doesn't want to be a Yid and makes a Yid out of him; and the Radoshitzer does a miracle that he makes Hashem listen to his children.'

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 03 Jun 2010 12:22

It hurt very much to write this.

Unfortunately what is written here is not fiction

How I wish it was

It's called "Wife Attack" but it exists as a "Husband Attack" "Parent Attack" "Employer Attack" or even "Self Attack".- this cancer comes in many forms.

It must stop.

Why do I write this at GYE?

Because not only are we sensitive to how destructive things we do hurt us. We are also very sensitive to how what we do can hurt those that are very dear to us.

Which is what motivates us greatly to become a healthy human being

so as not to hurt anyone by what we do and say-or even think.

Wife Attack

He slaps me, suddenly,

With hurtful words,

Stabs me, viciously

With his sword

Of poisonous nouns

Writhing in agony

Whimpering,

I curl up in a ball,

As he kicks me

Frantic, trying to

Block myself from

His adjectives of fury'

hurling me into

despair,

defenseless, a woman,

a little girl

I'm a mother

But I'm still a little girl

Not comprehending

The senselessness of it all

I'de rather be dead

For death cannot hurt

As much as this

I gave my heart

My whole being

Only to be crushed

By one who is kind

To all-but me

Thief he is

Stealing kind words

That are mine

Spending it on others

Who do not see

What he is

When the door closes

Imprisoning me in a place

That is meant to be my true home

But isn't

Because this "home"

Is full of deadly weapons

Of words ready to unleash

A holocaust

Maiming, inflicting torture

And worse than a direct savage attack

That I am prepared to expect

Is the “subtle” one

Psychological warfare,

The knife just touching

He smiles

Speaks softly

As the knife silently releases

One drop of blood

No major damage yet

But I know what’s coming

Our children barely sense

Those attacks on me

Such “gentle” chiding

Leading to revealed assault

I block it out

Not to scare my babies

Even my teenager

is my baby

can’t scare him

I pray they should never see

The butchery

That is about to begin

May they never see me helpless

At the mercy

Of words

That will ultimately kill me

You single girls out there

Think you are lonely

You will never be as alone

As I feel now

When I am alone with him

This beloved one within our community

Alone with me

As the bedroom door shuts

Ring in my ears

As the metal clanging of a prison cell

That is when

I envy you the most

Who in their right mind

Wants to be touched

By one who cripples me

Telling me how frustrated he is

Sick and tired
of sleeping with
a mere shell of a woman
but it will just have to do
poor me
to end up with a poor excuse of a wife as me,
he tells me this
as he tears at my blouse
using me to release his tension and anger
he will never comprehend
that it was he who made me
into what he sees in me,
he thinks he is seizing me,
doesn't he see, in his sick desire,
that he is groping an empty shell,
I've left a long time ago
When I couldn't bear the pain anymore
Of him not knowing
Who I truly am

I cannot forgive
One who desires my body
But not my soul
He never tried to love that

And now it's too late

So I do not show him my soul

I hide it from him

For I have been hurt enough

I was ready, eager, full of life

As a beautiful rose

In a special garden

Instead

Crushed

Rotted

Decayed

Here is my grave

My tombstone

I read it in my head

Beautiful Rose

Buried together

With words never spoken

Never told her

Of her beauty

Her pure goodness

Lost forever

My husband

Who could have loved me

Cherished me

Instead killed me

When you see me

In the grocery buying milk

Or smiling brightly

At a dear friend's simcha

You do not realize

That you are observing

The walking dead.

A shattered shell of a woman

Can use her smile

to mask the horrible pain

deep inside

my neighbors see me

and see nothing

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 04 Jun 2010 12:27

Good Shabbos, dear friends

Shelach-we are all down here sent by Hashem. Sometimes the very tendencies that are very troubling to us are our greatest gift if we learn how to always be connected to the One who sent us.

it can be depressing when it sinks in that one is tied to physical desires that we do not yet know how to deal with properly

some need to be like Yehoshua and receive a bracha and guidance from his Rebbe or mentor. Others do not have this luxury. They need to be like Calev and cry to Hashem by the kevotim of the Avos i.e. connecting to them, and beg to be helped

If we do so, we will succeed in our mission, and what others see as bad we will see as good. We will understand why we have these tendencies and learn how to elevate them and use them in the service of Hashem.

Once we do this, with proper teshuva, all our previous mess-ups retroactively become positive forces, bitter but important "training" that helped us become what we can become. Very rich and very deep human beings that learned how to turn darkness into light.

May you all have wonderful Hatzlacha in your shelichus

This is the Tikkun of the Spies

to know our true essence and know that Hashem is sending us, we may not know where exactly, we may not know why, but we know with clarity that Hashem is sending us and he needs us to deal with what is and do our best every given moment

May you all experience the joy of being what you are meant to be-a true ben or bas Yisroel.

sincerely

yechida

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 04 Jun 2010 12:44

True Love is deep and private

this not only is by love between husband and wife as this poem reflects but also the love of us to Hashem.

there is alot to contemplate here

because our culture very much stresses the external public expression of things

Private

by Raymond v Morrow

Love cannot be worn

Like a diamond ring

Or a ribbon in your hair

Or your favorite eveningwear.

Love dwells in our hearts

Passion just for two

That is the way love must be

Tender secret you and me.

Raymond Morrow

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 07 Jun 2010 20:57

3 quotes by Eric Hoffer

(Rabbi Wein on his tapes spoke very highly of this person, which influenced me to read some of his works. Unfortunately, most of his writings are either unpublished or out of print)

the first quote is the root cause of addiction in many cases

the second quote helps a lot on the road to recovery-or for every person to practice in life-it's a worthwhile investment

the third is something most of humanity do not have the courage to face

but we must....

1- To believe that if we could have but this or that we would be happy is to suppress the realization that the cause of our unhappiness is in our inadequate and blemished selves. Excessive desire is thus a means of suppressing our sense of worthlessness.

2-The hardest arithmetic to master is that which enables us to count our blessings.

3-We lie loudest when we lie to ourselves.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 11 Jun 2010 19:14

Beautiful Mind

by Kate Burnside

Knowledge

without understanding

is dead

and hard-edged as stone:

unfeeling,

unseeing,

unyielding.

Understanding

applied with feeling

has wisdom's true beauty

and a touch

as soft as

love itself.

Wisdom

is to be valued
more than beauty
that fades,
or gold
that diminishes
the more it is spent.

The love of wisdom
forever grows
a gracious bounty
that overflows
incessantly
to bless the lives
of many.

A beautiful mind
casts rainbows
into the skies
of others,
colouring their heavens
with an iridescent treasure;
bestowing
priceless wealth
beneath their feet.

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Re: yechida's reflections

Posted by yechidah - 15 Jun 2010 13:34

from Reb Shlomo

I admit I don't understand exactly what he is trying to say

but I know there is something beautiful here

Nishmas kol chai tevereich es shimcha," the soul of everything alive blesses YOUR NAME." The truth is, as long as we're alive -- and hopefully we'll be alive forever -- we don't stop praying. Each time we take a breath it's the deepest prayer before the One, the Only One.

There's another level, though. I would like, one time in my life, to pour out my heart in the deepest way before the Only One. You know, my dearest friends, at a business meeting we discuss what we need to discuss and we say to each other everything there is to say. But when I meet somebody I love very much, even all of eternity wouldn't be enough to tell them how much I love them and how much I miss them every second of my life.

There is a story about two holy masters: Rebbe Mendele Vitebsker and the holy Kalisker Rebbe. They went to the Holy Land, to the land of all holiness. The Kalisker moved to Tzfat and Rebbe Mendel settled in Teveriah. The Kalisker wrote a letter to the holy Vitebsker, and this is what he wrote: "To my holy friend Rebbe Mendele, may your light shine forever "Until I came to the Holy Land my mind was so small. I asked of G-d each time I prayed, three times a day, that my prayer should be with all my heart. Now that I'm in the Holy Land I understand things so much more deeply, and the truth is shining into my heart. I know that such prayer is beyond me, far beyond me. Now all I'm asking of G-d is, 'Don't make me leave this world yet; please don't let me leave before I have prayed just one prayer."

Rebbe Mendele wrote back to him: "You touched me so deeply with your words that I know you can ask G-d for one prayer. As for me, though, I'm not even on that level. I'm not asking G-d even for one prayer. All I'm asking is, 'Let me say just one WORD of prayer before YOU. Don't let me leave this world without praying one word to YOU. Let me pour out my heart before YOU with a single word.'"

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