

Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ben durdayah - 30 Dec 2010 08:14

:(Although I've had my ups and downs over the years, and some long streaks of abstinence from any P*** or M***, I never got off the roller coaster. Not that I think that I'm the most far gone person here as far as the quality and quantity of the shmutz, still I know that this is an addiction that never left me and never will if I do nothing about it.

This morning i thought of a mashal (someone else might have used it already, but for me it was a moment of clarity from heaven): A temporary bout with the YH about lust and P*** etc. is like a strep throat -take your antibiotics, drink fluids, rest up and it'll go away; if you don't catch the bacteria again -you're cured, and it's gone. But when the struggle for kedusha keeps on being just that, and with the slightest slip -you feel that you've lost control and your actions show that even years of self restraint didn't do the job (like ridin' a bicycle -ya never forget how to; same thing goes for sewage surfing...) that my friends is like Rachmana Litzlan Lo Aleinu V'lo Aleichem 'Yennerr Machla', and not the kind that attacks at first a specific organ or is operable; rather like the kinds of Yenner Machla in the blood -the best they can do is put it in remission, but it's there to stay -and when Chalila V'chas it's active -there's no limit to the damage it can do and the places that it will show up in. Same goes for addiction to Shmutz.

What's the point of this whole tirade? ... to be continued in the next installment (because it's too hard to type without seeing what your doing and I've filled the window and now it's dancing the Hora and making me dizzy...).

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by bardichev - 13 Jan 2011 19:43

I stopped reading these stuff

Binah-lo silbash

Mishap-cha. Ball tishaktzu

Ami? Ball Tashchis

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ben durdayah - 13 Jan 2011 23:35

But No Green Elephants (Part IV)

"Zanvil! What a nice surprise! You know that I almost had a heart attack worrying about you! Another minute, if you wouldn't have walked through the door -Ich volt gechalisht... and I would have died! Yes, died! And it would have been all your fault! A sheine meise!", this was the greeting Devoirah the klavte devoted dedicated to her dear husband, and if she would have continued berating him, I would be here all night and all day and all night and maybe then you'd be reading the half of it.

Now, Zanvil had lots of thoughts running through his mind after such a warm welcome, for instance *"Hmmm, A sheine meise -or missah -indeed, Ah shud az ich hub nisht gevart nuch a puhr minute before I came home..."* but our Zanvil was first and foremost ~~a hen-pecked husband~~ a good soul, and wouldn't wish such an end on a fly. Besides, it would just break Ruchi's heart if her mother was to die. Oy! such a wonderful girl...Oy! Such a wonderful boy... Vus tiht mehn? Through the thoughts and possible plans of action running through his head...Zanvil heard Devoirah ~~yapping away at him~~ sharing the day's goings on with him in excruciating detail...And then he heard an item which (after 39 years of marriage) caught his attention...

"Devoirah! Did you say miracle healer?"

"What? You weren't listening to me? You never list-"

"Sweetheart, I always listen to you (*Ah breirah hub ich? Do you ever let me get a word in edgewise?*)! But listen, all of our problems are going to be solved...and I might even manage to buy you a white fox fur coat just like the fancy ladies from the next shtetl over!" (*Look, the man's got 39 years experience...he knows how to get her attention...*).

"What? But-"

And Zanzvil starts telling her the whole story...and about the Choson that he found for their precious Ruchi...

"Nice, so you interrupted me just to rub it in...! Di vilst mir hargennen fin grois tzaar? (*Zanzvil in his head....'Hmmm... she's got something there...*) Ah sheine meise you unemployed disabled ex-shtreimel macher! Where do you think you're going to come up with 10,000 gold coins from? And who's going to give a second look at a dalphon like you who lives in a safek-hut safek-shack at the outskirts of town? Hershel the Horrific or whatever his name is?"

"No Devoirah, I've got a plan..."

"We'll take out some of the money that we stashed away for Ruchi's Nadan, and we'll go to the Dapper Doctor. If he can just cure my rheumatism, I'll be able to start working with Chaim Yankel the Road Kill Butcher from the slightly larger shtetl over the mountain, and I'll get his best possum shvenzlach...and before you know it...I'll have clients from Bardichev Biz Boyan waiting on line for the world famous Schwartz Shtreimelach. We'll have so many clients that people will start to say "Az me zeyt a shvantz- miz es zein Zanzvil's Zanzvil!" And I'll have 10,000 times 10,000 golden coins and we'll be able to buy a new house in the center of the derfel near the Shteeble...and then maybe we'll be able to think about a nice fox fur coat for you..."

"A sheine meise...Alle Muhl bin ich de letzte! As far as I'm concerned you can suffer from your rheumatic arthritis until your hands come out of your nose! Sheine Chaloimos Hust Dee!". Now, it has been said that Devoirah is an opinionated ~~poison~~ person, but Zanzvil knows the one way to change even Devoirah's opinion..."

"Devoirah... Just think about Ruchi! And how happy she'll be..."

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by Efshar Letaken - 14 Jan 2011 15:28

What makes you think that your allowed to keep us in suspense over shabbos?!

At least another installment!

I'm having a hard time concentrating during Shmoine Esrei traveling in thought to Bradsvile & Bardichev!

I can't help but try to imagine What Chaim Yankel the butcher looked like.

Well for Zanvel & his Machshaife with their Hut/Shack I have a petty good picture in my head based on the details you gave.

But vus vet zain mit di shidduch & where the Green Elephant comes into the picture just keeps my imagination in full gear.

I guess that's better then the other Hirurim that knock on my door every now & then.

I guess I have to have Gedult.

As we say "its one Day at a time" small baby steps! (Installments)

Git Shabbos!

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by bardichev - 14 Jan 2011 15:31

I'm waiting for the elter zaydeh khalled

Efsher the pooritz brought him back from the vayter lender

Who knows

Its gonna be a thriller

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by ben durdayah - 15 Jan 2011 21:28

But No Green Elephants (Part V)

The next morning found Zanvil and Devoirah in the dapper dpctor's office.

"Good Morning folks! What can I help you with?", said the 'miracle worker'.

"Well doctor", said Zanvil (*before Devoirah had a chance to open her mouth*), "I've been suffering from rheumatic arthritis which has been crippling me for the past few years..."

"Rheumatic arthritis, rheumatic arthritis... hmmm...." muttered the dapper doctor under his

breath, while flipping through a few heavy volumes strategically placed on his desk; while his face expressed utter dismay...

"Doctor," Devoirah found her tongue, though she was rather tame as she was in awe of the learned doctor, "do you have a cure for my husband's ailment?".

"Yes, yes... hmmm....", said the doctor after what seemed like eternity and a half, "I do have a special potion, the ingredients which it contains are very, very, expensive. But, it works wonders, and if you will follow the instructions to a T, it will restore your lost youth, and allow you to return to activities which you haven't participated in in years..."

"Even kickboxing and 'possum tossing?" asked Zanvil with baited breath (*halitosis*).

"Even roadkilling and shtreimelmaching?" asked Devoirah anxiously.

"ANYTHING!", said the dapper doctor, "You will be able to do anything you want".

"So how much are we looking at here?" asked Zanvil, always the practical one.

"Well, like I said, the ingredients of this potion are quite expensive, and preparing the mixture requires much expertise and concentration, but 7500 golden coins aren't too high a price to ask for regaining one's youth are they?"

"Oy!!!!" said Zanvil (*There goes the chosson*).

"Oy!!!!" echoed Devoirah (*Bye bye fox fur coat*).

"What's that supposed to mean?", said the dapper doctor.

"That means that we don't have so much money.", said Zanvil guilelessly.

"Oh," said the dapper doctor, his whole self a portrait of compassion, "I am so sorry to hear that..."

"You know, since you folks make such a wonderful impression, maybe I can give you a little discount. How much can you afford to pay for this new lease on life?"

"1500 golden coins", said Devoirah, ever the keen negotiator.

"5000 golden coins is all we have!!!", cried Zanvil, ever the straight shooter.

"Ah Sheine meise!" shrieked Devoirah, taken aback at her husband's ~~idiotic~~ honesty.

"Dear me...", said the dapper doctor, "I must say... with such prices I might as well close up shop!"

"Doctor...", said Zanvil with tears in his eyes...

"Okay," said the dapper doctor, wiping a (crocodile) tear from the corner of his eye, "I know I'm a bit of a softie, but I can't resist... you're just the most charming couple that I've met in the last five minutes. 5000 golden coins it is".

It was all Zanvil could do to keep seated and not break out in a kadatchke, or whatever kind of dance a middle-aged man suffering from rheumatic arthritis could break out into.

"But you must be prepared to follow the directions to the utmost. If you don't, the preparation won't work -and I can't take responsibility for that".

"Of course doctor!", said Zanvil, "whatever you say".

"First things first... the money please?".

"Here you go doctor", said Zanvil, pulling out a stained handkerchief from his pocket and pouring its glittery contents on the doctor's desk.

The dapper doctor took his time, counting up the coins -biting on them here and there to test their authenticity -and when he finished counting all five thousand coins, he opened one of the drawers in his desk, and removed a small glass jar.

"You see this powder?", said the dapper doctor.

"Of course we see! My man has rheumatic arthritis- not a cataract!", pouted Devoirah.

"That was a rhetorical question Ma'am", said the doctor.

"A what?"

"A rhetorical question, meaning a question which requires no response." *Well, the doctor was obviously unfamiliar with Devoirah, for as far as she's concerned there is nothing which anyone says in her presence which doesn't require an immediate response!*

"This is the special formula for rheumatic arthritis. You must take exactly two tablespoons of the

powder, and cook them up with an onion, a potato, and three cups of water for one hour. The mixture must be stirred precisely every two minutes -no more and no less. After the mixture has cooled, add a teaspoon of salt, a pat of butter, and pepper to taste. Zanzil must have exactly 1/4 of a cup of the mixture once exactly every 27 minutes for the course of a week. And after that... He will feel like a new man..."

"Oh... one more very important thing -I can't believe that almost forgot to mention -during the entire cooking process, and especially when stirring the preparation, and even more so when it is administered to the patient, you must take great care that noone involved with the preparation nor the patient think about **Green Elephants!**"

"Doctor!", said Devoirah, "There is no such thing as a green elephant!".

"Look, I'm just a dapper doctor- not a zoologist -and these are the instructions, if you want the cure to work properly remember- **NO GREEN ELEPHANTS...**"

TO BE CONTINUED

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ZemiroShabbos - 16 Jan 2011 02:04

reb EBD, a gut voch

if the elephants already arrived does that mean that it's almost over?..... hope not

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by bardichev - 16 Jan 2011 02:25

Zemmy u r like devoirah (todays maftir)

He told u not to think about the big verde mammals

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 16 Jan 2011 05:07

[bardichev wrote on 16 Jan 2011 02:25:](#)

He told u not to think about the big verde mammals

peel yarok

greener elefant

whatever you call them you cannot think about them

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by bardichev - 16 Jan 2011 05:57

Ebd as our rebbih jught "helli-fanten"

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ben durdayah - 16 Jan 2011 11:53

DAY 17

B"h we had a fine Shabbos over here in the Holy Land.

But Sunday is always "Vay Avdah Nefesh Day", and the YH is trying to reel me back in with his favorite tools -general depression, and Plain Yentie as a trigger. But I'm trying to keep on reminding myself:

A) **Clean** is what I really want to be,

By myself there's no way that's going to happen for the long term,

C) By giving over the battle to Hashem, and turning to him with a little prayer in the middle of the street to take away this illogical urge, I will do something that works; and not just keep every little non-incident inside to make me frustrated and angry at the world just for going about their everyday life.

D) Most importantly, I am no longer alone... Where ever I am and whatever I'm doing I've got all of you guys in the back of my mind, and I know that I have where to go and who to talk to about what's bothering me. It's mammesh the chabeerah of my dreams -which means that we meet here not just to eat ruggelach, shmooze, and exchange vertlach on the parshah or chasiddish politics. We're all working more or less on the same kabbalos in the same area, with similar nisyonos. And being one of you GYES is a big push to **keep on trucking**...

Okay, now I can get back to Zanvil and Devoirah...

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ben durdayah - 16 Jan 2011 18:45

But No Green Elephants (Part VI) *I'd better finish this story soon...my Roman numerals do not go much higher than this.*

So Zanzvil, Devorah, and a small glass jar with some white powder went home to the safek hut safek shack at the outskirts of the village so insignificant and boring, that no one remembers what its name was -if it had a name at all...

Devorah, ever the klave devoted and dedicated wife, set about preparing the first batch of the concoction which the quack dapper doctor had concocted. *We will follow her thoughts in italics... one of the few liberties we authors can take in creative writing which might be useful -but impossible -in real life ...; we actually know what's going on in our characters' minds.*

She carefully measured exactly two tablespoons of the powder, *Ah sheine meise! Green elephants zugt ehr, no thinking about green elephants! Everyone knows that there's no such thing as green elephants! Elephants are gray, maybe there are some white ones out there, Meshigge Oifen Gantze Kupp -Azoi vi Zanzvil...*

and cooked them up with an onion, *nu, s'hut gekost 5000 rendlech... Okay, Devorah... maybe it's k'dai to follow his ridiculous instructions... after all he's the doctor, and if this works -fox fur coat, here I come!!! Okay, no green elephants. You go girl!.*

a potato, and three cups of water for one hour. She stirred the mixture precisely every two minutes -no more and no less. *But b'etzem why not? NO NO NO White elephants Pink elephants ELEPHANTS GREEN, NO THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!!! NO MATTER WHAT I KEEP ON WINDING UP WITH, no Devorah don't think that word again it's already been two whole minutes that you managed not to think of green elephants AAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!!!! There they are again -racing through my mind! A VIRTUAL STAMPEDE OF GREEN ELEPHANTS!!!*

After the mixture cooled, she added a teaspoon of salt, a pat of butter *Stuff and nonsense... what effect can my thoughts have on mashed potatoes with powder anyways Be'Emes they're just thoughts not actions. There you darned dapper doctor, are you happy now? GREEN*

ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

and pepper to taste. *Gee, this is pretty tasty... maybe I'll fargeen myself another taste.*

And so Zanvil had his first taste of the miracle rheumatic arthritis removal remedy as prescribed by the dapper doctor and prepared by his klavte devoted and dedicated wife, and another 1/4 cup every 27 minutes thereafter *Gee, this is much tastier than Devoirah's mashed potatoes....must be the white powder....*

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by Efshar Letaken - 16 Jan 2011 20:46

Raboisai!

Nisht Fargesen!

No Green Ele-faanten!

Something tells me "**BNGE**" is going to become a GYE classic.

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by ben durdayah - 16 Jan 2011 21:12

This is mammesh bashert that I had a chance to clarify an issue -with which I myself struggle very much -in response to a post on a different thread. So I will take the liberty of posting it here as well:

Although I am happily married, I can very much identify with your difficult feelings of conflict at seeing even our frum women and couples in the street.

If you stick around here, you will learn that this is a reaction to 'triggers' in recovery shprach. It's not really the girls or women that you see that 'turn you on', as much as it's the wheels in your head that start spinning after what you've seen even in a passing glance.

However, what you say that "married folks can act out on taavos" -is not accurate, because if a married guy approaches intimacy as an outlet for his taavos -it's like drinking salt water; even about perfectly legitimate marital relationships the Gemara says "Mareevo Masbio, Masbio Maareevo". Besides which, Lo Sachmod Aishes Re'echa speaks to married folks just as to single folks.

Much more so, the more we understand the nature of our problem, we will realize that it's not a matter of having an 'escape valve' for natural urges; that's just an excuse that the YH tries to use to convince us that it's impossible to go up against him. The truth is that for **us** it's impossible to go up against him -on our own -because "Ilmalei HaKaddosh Baruch Hu Ozro, Lo Yuchal Lo". On the other hand, if we bring **Hashem** into the picture with proper Annayah on our parts -"Haba LeTaher, Mesay'in Lo" and as we read in this week's parasha -"Hashem Yilachem Lachem, V'atem Tacharishun". Over here on this site -you'll learn how. Some will call it "Recovery" and "Twelve Steps", others would like to say that they're "Doing Teshuvah" and "Getting Chizuk". The bottom line is, that whoever is sincere and willing to try his best, can regain his Kedusha on this holy site.

I really feel for you, and Be'emes -Have No Yiush -I know other people who had serious psychological and psychiatric issues -in addition to P*** and M***** problems and are today happily married -even though at your age they still were looking for their shidduch. And I know other people who have no serious psychological and psychiatric issues and thought that marriage would 'cure' their 'taavos' and they only got worse off.

Chazak VeEmatz, and KOT!!!

E. Ben Durdayah

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by Efshar Letaken - 16 Jan 2011 21:56

Bards has a gr8 one liner for the problem about other furm woman sometimes dressed in a way that might be triggering for us that goes like this.

"She Might Be A Problem, But She Aint MY Problem!"

for me this works wonders.

we start the blame game when we are faced with this issue.

Hey! I mean, it's her fault! look how she dresses! she will burn in Gehenom!

Na Na Na, Shefeleh! She Might Be A Problem, But She Aint MY Problem!

now **Keep On Turcken!**

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