

Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 06 Sep 2009 01:20

Ok so a couple of things.

First of all,I think we should all accept to say a perek of tehillim at least every day for the GYE family.

Many of us have a list of the people who frequent the forum and that is great,but whoever does not just try also to say just one perek a day for the family.

I further think that it would be great if we'd say the same perek together.It would really unify us and remind us that **we are not alone**

Sunday, the 17th of elul,september 6th we will be saying the first mizmor "Ashrei Haish".

That is the first thing.

The second thing is that people who are going through a tough nisayon that day can request that we daven for them special and I think that will give us an extra boost as we feel that everyone is really behind us.

This is different from the "Im about to fall" thread.this is more like im going through a very tough nisayon/time.please daven for me!

So that's the second purpose of this thread.

Sound good?

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by the.guard - 14 Oct 2009 19:40

reb Dov has a peirush on "ani litzela nachon" somewhere on this forum...

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 14 Oct 2009 23:31

Today's perek is perek 38, Mizmor Levodid.

A depressing psalm at best.

Hopeless at worst.

"Your arrows have been shot into me, and Your hand has come down upon me."

"My heart is in storm, my strength has forsaken me, and the light of my eyes – they, too, are no longer with me."

"For I am prone to crippling pain, and my ache is always before me."

Sounds like what I've been feeling like lately.

What on earth is Dovid telling us?

What does he want from us?

A story about the Baal Shem Tov....

One Thursday morning, the Baal Shem Tov turned to his Chassidim and said:

"Prepare the carriage. We're going somewhere for Shabbos."

He did not disclose their destination, and the Chassidim knew better than to ask.

So they headed out and traveled all day until they got to a remote village.

They continued to the edge of the village and came to a stop by the most broken-down shack any of them had ever seen.

Out came running a poshut yid who, judging by his patched-up clothes, did not have much money to his name.

“Guests! Please come in! Have something to eat! Will you please stay by us for shabbos?”

The Baal Shem Tov said “Okay.”

As the yid went running inside to find some food, the Baal Shem turned to his Chassidim and said “No matter what, do not tell this man who I am.”

The yid, Yankel was his name, was meanwhile begging his wife to let him shecht the cow.

“We never have guests, my wife. What a zechus! They need a proper meal!”

The wife solemnly answered:

“But we need this cow for milk for our kids. Do you want them to starve??”

“The guests come first. Hashem will provide.”

So he slaughtered the cow and served his guests a nice lunch.

The Chassidim felt bad eating bichlal cause they knew that this man obviously was taking food from his own children’s mouths.

But the Baal Shem Tov finished everything in site.

The next morning, he finished whatever was left from the previous night.

His Chassidim were shocked, but they didn’t say anything.

After breakfast, the Baal Shem said to his host:

“Now I will give you my menu for shabbos. I want two types of fish, soup, chicken, meat, wine, challas, cakes, etc.”

Yankel rushed to his wife.

“My wife, we need to give our guests a special shabbos meal.”

“But Yankel, we have no money! And we slaughtered the cow yesterday! What are we supposed to feed them with?!”

But Yankel was not deterred.

“We have only one choice. We must sell our house.”

“WHAT?!”

“Yes. For the honor of our guests and for the honor of shabbos, I am going to sell the house.”

So he went to the local real estate agent and sold the house.

A broken-down shack, how much is it worth even?

Just enough for three shabbos meals, really.

Yankel made the sale and agreed that he would hand over the house the next week.

That shabbos, the Chassidim felt sick.

They knew that this meal was finishing Yankel off for good.

They’d rather have died than be sitting there at that shabbos table.

But the Baal Shem Tov ate everything that they left over.

He did not leave a morsel.

After Shabbos, the Chassidim rushed to the wagon, desperate to leave.

But the Baal Shem walked slowly out.

As the wagon pulled away, the Baal Shem Tov leaned out and said:

“I just want you to know. I am the Baal Shem Tov!”

Yankel watched them disappear and slowly realized his matzav.

He had nothing.

No house.

No money.

No food.

His wife wasn’t speaking with him.

What was there to do?

Yankel made for the woods.

He went to his regular secluded spot and burst out in tears.

“Hashem! What am I to do?! I have nothing! I have given it all to you! If only I had some money, I would host a thousand guests every shabbos! Please Hashem, help me so my children won’t die of hunger.”

And he cried.

And cried.

Finally, dried out of tears, he slowly trecked home.

On the way, he bumped into Velvel, the town drunk. Velvel said to him:

“Yankel, I have been looking all over for you. Yankel, I want to tell you something. I feel my days are numbered. I will die soon and have noone to pass my money on to. My children show me no respect. They curse me and mock me. You are the only one who ever treats me respectfully. Therefore I will share this secret with you. Though people don’t know it, I am a very rich man. I have a treasure hidden in this forest and I want you to have it when I die.”

Any doubt that Yankel had vanished when Velvel took him to his hiding spot which revealed a mass amount of gold hidden under a tree.

The next day there was a big commotion in town.

Velvel the drunkard had passed away during the night.

Yankel was now a very rich man.

As he had promised, he had many guests every shabbos.

When he went to visit the Baal Shem Tov, the Rebbe explained:

This life is a cycle. There was so much waiting for you but you had to hit rock-bottom first. So I had to be mean to you and empty you out to get you to cry out to Hashem as you did.

And only then you would be zoche to receive all the bracha as you did.

Why do I bring this story?

There comes a time in a person's life when he feels completely beaten down.

He is empty.

He has nothing.

He has hit rock-bottom.

Some people get this once in their lifetime.

Some people get this more than once.

But either way, it is a blessing.

Every person I know that has recovered from addiction has done so after hitting rock-bottom.

Their life became unbearable.

One person told me how they went to their rebbe's house and fell at his feet crying for an hour.

Another person told me his wife was about to divorce him.

And a cry comes from the depths.

"Hashem, before You is all my yearning, my sighs are not hidden from You!"

We realize we are helpless.

And we reach out to Hashem.

We place ourselves in His hands.

Our feeling of bottomness brings out the deepest from our neshamos.

Our deepest yearnings.

Our deepest desires.

Hashem sometimes needs to knock us down so that we can soar up.

I don't know if I'm expressing myself well here.

But the times that I felt closest to Hashem were not when I was doing well.

It was right after a fall.

When I had just cried out everything I had.

When my eyes hurt from crying so much.

When I yelled "ENOUGH!!!!"

When I realized I was nothing.

And that was when I became something.

I am who I am because of my falls.

Every time I fall, I'm actually getting closer to my eventual goal.

I'm not just talking about acting out.

I'm talking about being down to the utmost.

Somehow, these always bring me higher.

The falls are precious, my friends.

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by habib613 - 14 Oct 2009 23:41

Uri you're going to be a rebbe some day.

I wish i could cry like you do.

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 14 Oct 2009 23:51

Drink alot of fluids.

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by habib613 - 14 Oct 2009 23:53

that's your secret.

have to try that one.

letakain and trying, prepare to hear me cry tomorrow.

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by letakain - 15 Oct 2009 00:31

very jealous!!!

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 15 Oct 2009 00:34

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by habib613 - 15 Oct 2009 00:43

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by Sturggle - 15 Oct 2009 06:53

[Uri wrote on 14 Oct 2009 23:31:](#)

Today's perek is perek 38, Mizmor Levodid.

A depressing psalm at best.

Hopeless at worst.

Uri,

shkoyach on your post!

amazing and powerful.

I agree that the perek is somewhat depressing,

but I think you did a great job explaining it

and I think my thoughts are along the lines with yours.

This perek hints to the fact that we have HKB"H and only HKB"H to turn to.

Always HKB"H as well.

Everything may seem lost, depressing.

I may feel so down,

yet I know, there is always one place to turn.

For me as well, when I am down,

it is easier to cry out to Him,

for I am forced to realize there really is nowhere else to turn.

And, gals, u cwazy!!!

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by the.guard - 15 Oct 2009 08:01

Thank you, Uri, for making my job easy not having to find material for today's Chizuk e-mail.
THIS IS ONE OF YOUR BEST POSTS EVER!! (and that is saying *a lot*).

He has hit rock-bottom.

Some people get this once in their lifetime.

Some people get this more than once.

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But Uri, I'm telling you. Once you finally get OFF that roller-coaster - having come out **on top** (of course), I'm going to start calling you **the GYE Admor!**

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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by the.guard - 15 Oct 2009 08:04

Sturggle, I really like that line in your sig: "Hashem made me and He does not make junk." ;D
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Re: Tehillim/Daven for me!!

Posted by 7yipol - 15 Oct 2009 09:32

The more I get to know this son named Uri, the more in awe I am.

Of everyone on this forum, I am more speechless than any over your post, its depth, and at what point in your struggle it came.

I've said it before and I'll say it again.

Its a zchus to be even a small part of your life.

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