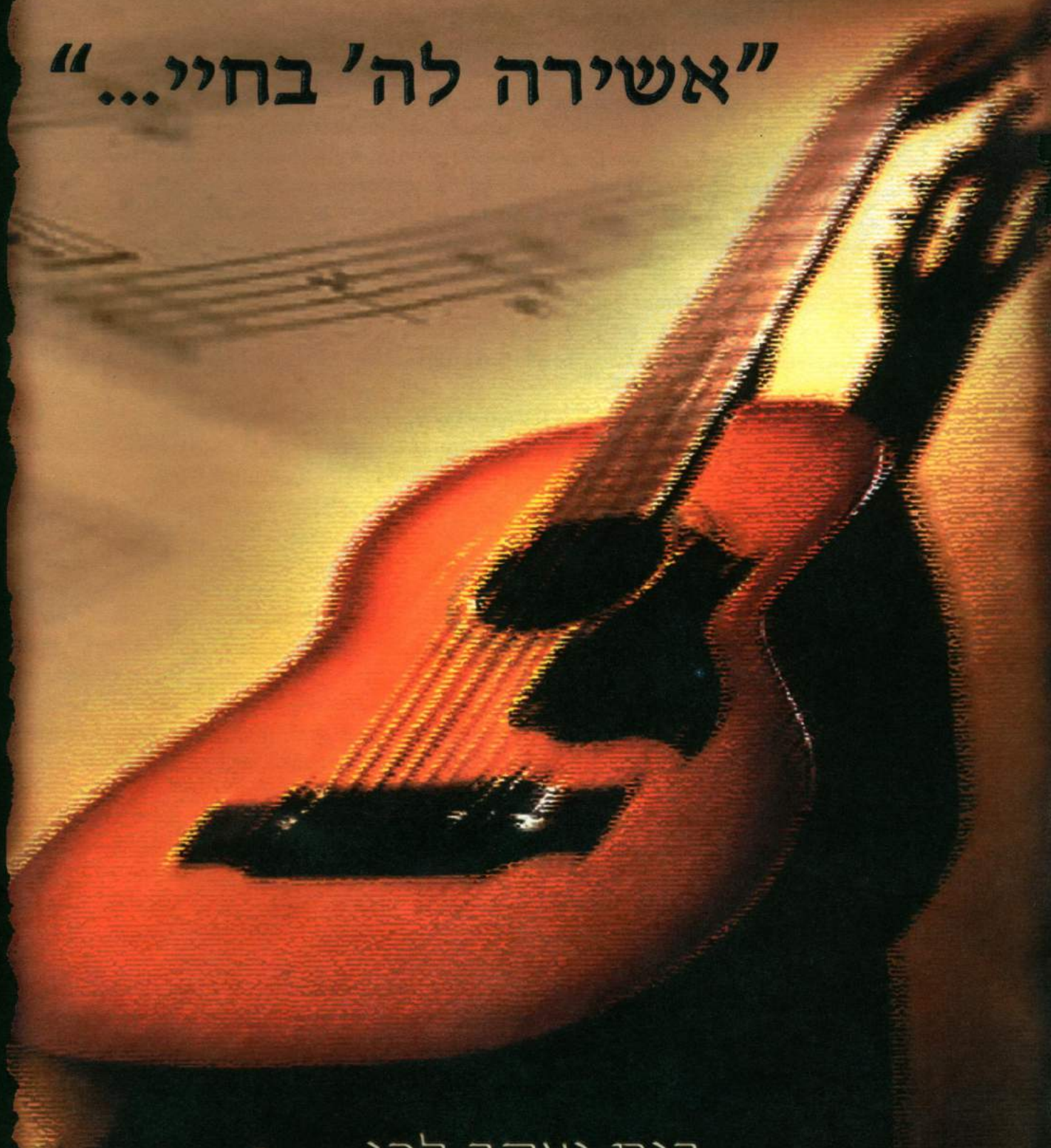
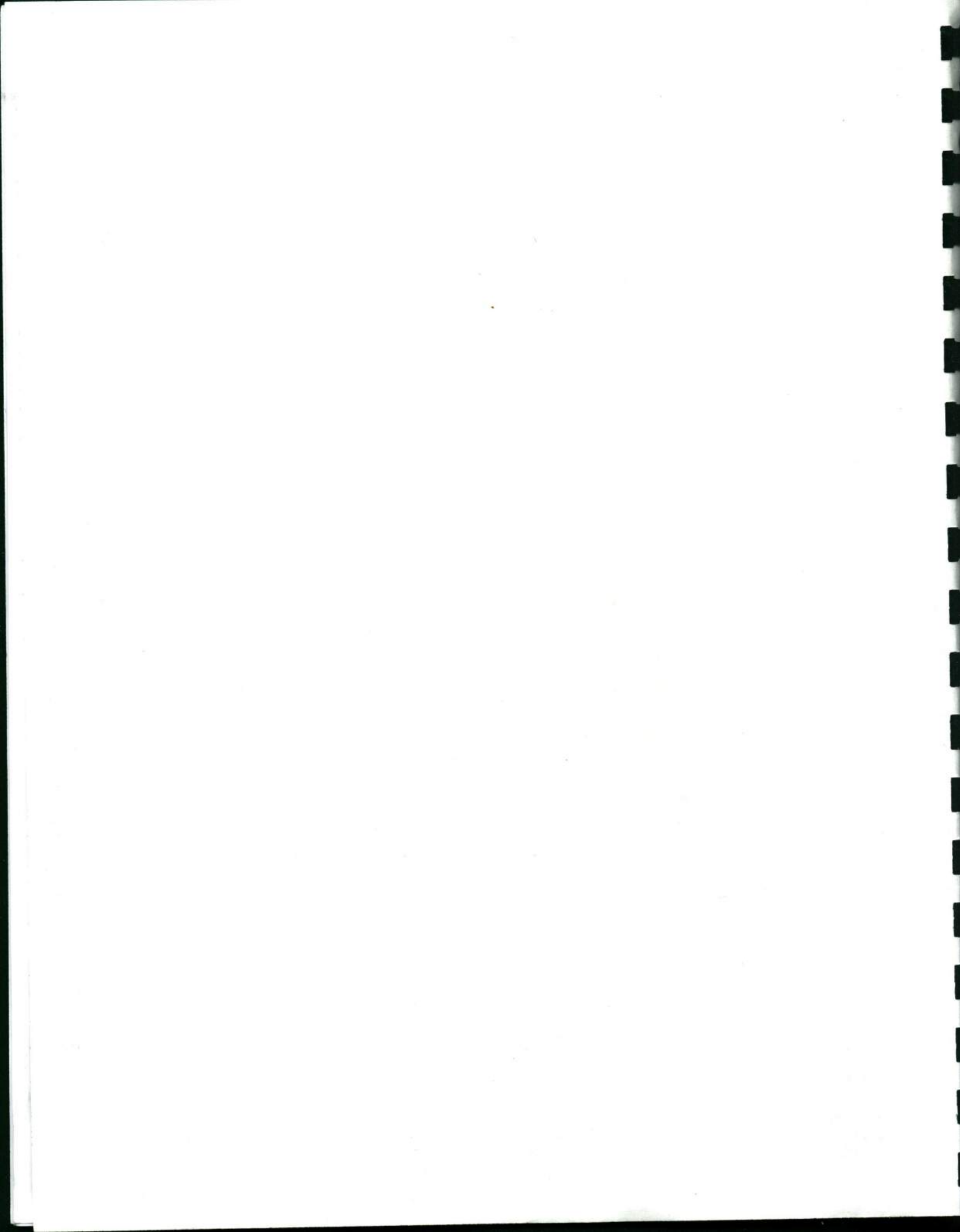


"אשירה לה' בחיי..."



בית יעקב לכו
סיון תשס"ו



EDITORIAL

The Arachim Seminar was over. As the many participants began to pack and leave, some of the Rabbonim and other frum men could be found mingling among the departing guests, offering to host them for a Shabbos. One Rav, Rabbi Yaakov Kovetz, gave his number to a dark skinned Israeli. This seemed to be the end of an inspiring Shabbos, but it was really only the beginning of a miraculous story.

A few weeks later, Rabbi Kovetz received a phone call. The man at the other end seemed hesitant at first but then explained the reason for his call.

"Hi," he said. "I don't know if you remember me, but you gave me your number at the Arachim Seminar..."

"Of course! How are you?" responded Rabbi Kovetz warmly.

"Uh, I'm okay," he said. "I was really inspired over that weekend, but back home, all my friends think I'm nuts and it's very hard for me to hold onto everything I've learned. Would it be possible for me to take you up on that offer and come to you for the weekend?"

Within minutes, the plan was finalized. The young man would be joining the Kovetz family for Shabbos.

That Friday, Rabbi Kovetz met the young man in shul. Then he took him home for the seuda. When it came time to sing zemiros, Rabbi Kovetz asked him to choose a song.

"I really loved the song you sang in the synagogue. I never heard it before the seminar and it really struck a chord. I think it's called 'לכה דורי'."

"Yes, it's a beautiful song. I could teach it to you if you'd like," offered Rabbi Kovetz. Pretty soon the young man was able to sing along with the Rav.

The next morning at the seuda, Rabbi Kovetz again asked his guest to choose what to sing and again he said 'לכה דורי'. The scene was repeated by Shalosh Seudos. Rabbi Kovetz thought it was a bit strange that this man would have such an obsession with a song but he gladly sang the song over and over again.

By the time Motzei Shabbos arrived, Rabbi Kovetz was really curious about this quiet young man. Then it dawned on him that he did not even know his name! When he asked him his name, the man blushed.

"Well, um..." he started slowly. "My name is Ahmed Abu Jamil."

Rabbi Kovetz was aghast. Had he hosted an Arab in his house the entire Shabbos?

"Don't worry, Rabbi," Ahmed said. "I'm really Jewish. Let me tell you a bit about my background."

"My mother is Jewish. She was living in Israel with her family when she was kidnapped as a teenager by Arabs. My mother married a rich Arab who already had many wives and children. My mother only had one son. I was brought up as a regular Moslem, and since childhood, I was indoctrinated to hate the Jews. As I grew older though, I began to wonder about this inexplicable hatred of the Jews. Then I came across a Bible - the original source - so I decided to study it in search of an answer. And Rabbi," said Ahmed stopping his monologue, "when you find the truth, you know it. My father was none too pleased about this "phase" of mine and claimed that I was an embarrassment to him. My mother realized that I would be in danger if this continued and so, one night, she let me in on her almost forgotten secret. She explained to me that I was really Jewish and she told me that I must escape. Before I left, my mother gave me her only two mementos asserting her Jewishness - a book of Psalms and a picture of one of her ancestors. I ended up in Israel and I continued studying the Bible. My friends teased me about this and suggested I become religious. To their disbelief, I actually went to a seminar and - as they say - the rest is history!"

Ahmed finished his story, drained. Rabbi Kovetz could not believe the story. "And who is this ancestor of yours?" he asked.

"I don't really know," Ahmed said. "But I'll show you the picture. I always keep it with me. It's my only connection to my mother," he explained.

Rabbi Kovetz looked at the picture and gasped.

"Is something wrong? Is this not a Jewish person?" questioned a perplexed Ahmed.

"No, no. Just the opposite. He was a very great Jew who lived many years ago. I was just a bit surprised. This is the kever of Rav Ahlomo Halevi Alkebetz - the author of 'לכה דורי'."

* * * * *

The power of a single tune. Generations later it affected the descendant of its composer, leading him to be מוֹרֵר הַתְּשׁוּבָה. How powerful is music!

The music of the Leviim in the בית המקדש would cause anyone who heard it to do תְּשׁוּבָה. The effects of music are tremendous. What you hear not only affects you but your future generations - for the good and maybe chas v'shalom for the bad. How careful we must be to listen to only the right things.

ENJOY YOUR SUMMER!

Thank you Reb Kalmanowitz for providing us with this story



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"אשירה לה' בחיי..."

בית יעקב לכו
סיון תשס"ו

ZIMRAH LAND

One day I entered Zimrah land,
And was greeted by the zimrah band.
I couldn't wait to explore and see,
Just what this land held for me.

First on my list was Cheder Drive,
Over there much nachas I did derive.
I saw boys learning; their voices care free and sweet,
It was music to my ears; listening was a treat.

I continued on, a smile on my face,
And chance upon a chasuna place.
Mazel tov wishes to the couple I did say,
The music was happy; it was their special day.

I directed my steps toward Simcha Road,
And from my shoulders rolled a worrisome load.
The musicians were jolly; playing music so rhythmic,
I did not notice the time continue to tick.

I proceeded to go down Tef filah Lane,
Inspiration in tef filah did I gain.
The tzaddik's song went right to my core,
Together with his, my tef filos did soar.

I entered the park at the end of town,
My spirits went up as the sun went down.
I listened joyously to the choir of birds,
Amazed at their singing to Hashem in their own words.

All the animals in the forest, park and zoo,
The rooster, deer, zebra and the lion, too,
Each in their own words do sing,
In joyous thanks their voices ring.

I come to the end of the park and sigh,
I now have to leave this land where music is alive.
I leave Zimrah land with an appreciation of song,
Knowing that from Shira, I won't stay away for long.

Esty Bernson



A Musical Challenge

My gaze swept over the violin
It rested silently in the stand,
Waited patiently to be strummed
By a musician's gentle hand.

I lifted the instrument carefully
And adjusted it the right way,
I deftly stroked the violin strings
And the music began to play.

I continued to play for hours
Holding the instrument at the perfect tilt,
Yet as the day drew to a close
The music began to lilt.

There was only one thing for me to do
For the music to play once more,
I tightened the strings continuously
And the music was beautiful like before.

The tighter I pulled the strings
The more more beautiful the melody,
Under pressure - its music is best
And the same is true for me!

I am a violin in '3's hand
Producing no sound at all,
Yet '3 doesn't want me to remain in silent
He waits for me to call.

So He lifts me from my stand
And strums upon each string,
Awaiting for a sound to emerge
Waiting for me to sing.

'3 strums me with hardships
So that I will sing His praise,
It's up to me to recognize
And see Him in all my ways.

And when I stop to sing a song
'3 just has no choice,
He must pull my strings tighter
In order to hear my voice.

"אשר יה' ע' בחיי"

When faced with צרות - '3 is near,
I must sing out from amidst my pain
For '3 is strumming me with care!

TUNING INTO TRADITION

"...שיר המערות." The pure voices of the נזרים ring out. Arranged on the 15 steps of the המקדש, בית המקדש, their clear voices blend with the sounds of the various instruments. The people hear – and they are moved.

"...שזרום עריכם." The hushed voice of the head of household is clearly heard in the dark cellar. His voice shakes slightly as he sings, hoping that this wouldn't be the last time he would be with his family. Courageously, he sings the old tunes for his family, defying his outward Christian appearance. His children hear – and they remember.

"...אמר אבי." The little town is silent, save for the lone voice of the תלמוד, singing the ageless words to his beloved talmidim. They listen to the tune, the words, and the tradition that would be passed to *their* children. The תלמידים hear – and they absorb.

"...אשרינו מה טוב חקנו." The sounds come from the most unlikely place in the world – the gas chambers in Auschwitz. The yeshiva bachurim are full of joy as they sing the שמחה חורה tune together. Arms around each other, they sing and dance with their last traces of energy. The Nazi commander hears – and he is moved.

Weddings. Bar mitzvahs. There are celebrations of all sorts – and music by all of them. But are we careful with the type of music being played? Music has the tremendous power to uplift. It has done so throughout the ages, in times of tranquility, and in times of turbulence. Music has been a common thread, used to encourage, to inspire, to stir one's emotions. The chain can be continued, and the celebratory music heard today can do much the same. However, we must proceed with care. This is a very powerful tool that can easily be misused. It's up to us to choose what we hear!

By: A Senior

Right Side Up

Caution: Things viewed upside down are different than they appear.

It was a bright, sunny day in mid July and I was relaxing on the grass in camp. As I was enjoying the magnificent scenery and the breathtaking view, my friend came by and sat down beside me. Since she was very tired, she lay down on my lap, letting her head dangle upside down. "The world looks so different upside down!" she said in amazement. "The words look so different upside down!"

There - she had said the words. This is the life we are living daily. We are viewing the world on a tilted angle. What we see is not the truth - it is falsities. The things that appear good are not necessarily so - how can we judge them? Do we really know their inner selves? Do we know what goes on beneath the surface? How could we decide what type someone is? Just because someone gets a high position - does that make him great? They is it that when it comes to twelfth grade there is such an emphasis on jobs? Do you think that only the girls with the top jobs are good? There are countless girls who don't especially shine out in school and a few years down the line, they make an excellent wife and mother. Jobs and popularity aren't everything. There's a lot more to a person than their exterior appearances. Many girls that get good jobs - rightfully deserve them. However, many girls that don't get good jobs - deserve way better. No human being knows the full measure of a person. Only God knows.

"and all the birds, the birds, the birds!"

It's not up to us to decide the nature of a person. In fact the picture is completely different. We're seeing the crooked version. "The world looks so different upside down!"



Reaching To Grow

The ground
is bare . . .

The snow
has melted . . .

The plants
seem dead . . .

All -
is very still.

A hidden seed
awakens,
Its heart
turning warm,

A tiny bud
appears,
Reaching toward
the sun.

The sun looks down -
and smiles,
Sending forth
its rays,
To warm that seed -
just a bit more,
So that the bud
will grow.

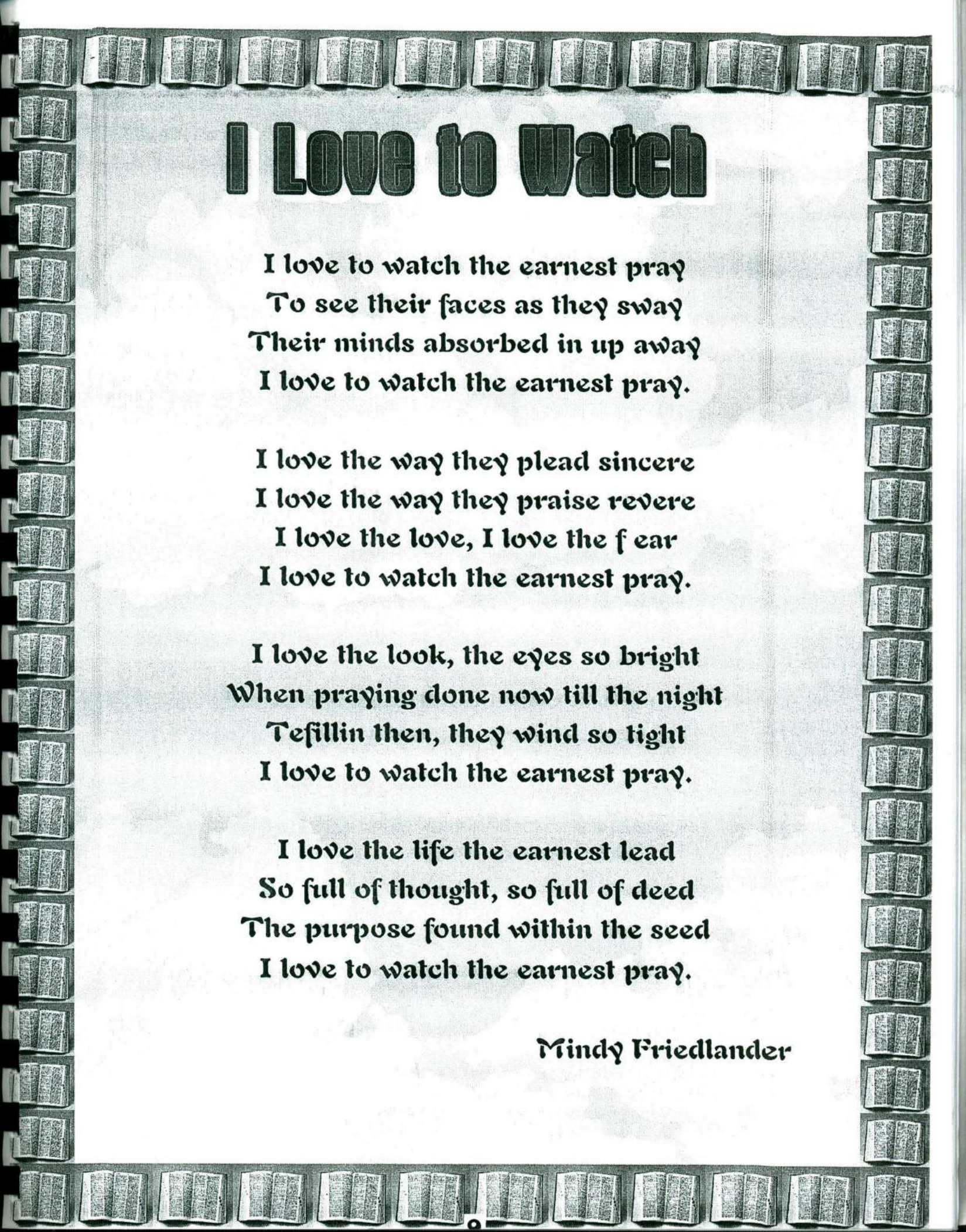
As the world
brightens,
And comes back
to life,

We -
too must awaken,
And reach
towards Hashem.

Hashem sends
a shower,
To wash
away the past;
Turn over
a fresh new leaf,
For it's time
to grow.

So take a moment
to ponder,
To sense all those
around us,
As the Sefirah
quickly passes by,
Do we improve our ways?
Do we at least try?

A Senior



I Love to Watch

I love to watch the earnest pray
To see their faces as they sway
Their minds absorbed in up away
I love to watch the earnest pray.

I love the way they plead sincere
I love the way they praise revere
I love the love, I love the fear
I love to watch the earnest pray.

I love the look, the eyes so bright
When praying done now till the night
Tefillin then, they wind so tight
I love to watch the earnest pray.

I love the life the earnest lead
So full of thought, so full of deed
The purpose found within the seed
I love to watch the earnest pray.

Mindy Friedlander



Age Old

Many years ago, there lived an old man who had many sons. He loved all his sons dearly, but for his second to youngest child, who always attended to his father's needs, his love knew no bounds.

One day, a tragedy struck. The old man's son, the apple of his eye, was kidnapped. It tore the old man's heart. He cried and cried until he could cry no more. His other children tried to comfort him, but he could not be comforted. He wanted his son back home.

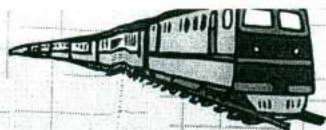
Years later, a few of the old man's sons traveled to a distant land. There they were able to purchase products which were unobtainable in their home land. Upon reaching their destination, they were astonished when they found out that the prince of the land was none other than their brother!

They quickly hurried home to inform their aging father that his most precious son was still alive. But how could they break the news to him gently? The shock and excitement could kill their elderly father!

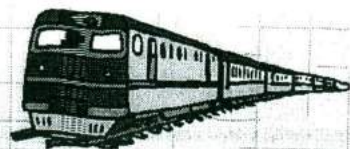
And, as we all know the end of the story, Serach bas Asher played on her harp that Yosef is alive.

This is the great power of music.

A Sophie



כל ישראל - ל ערבים זה לזה



Mr. Teitelbaum swayed over his gemara to the rhythm of the train car. His sing-song hum, baruch Hashem, went unnoticed because there was only one other man in the car, sitting at the other end. Mr. Teitelbaum always looked for empty cars on his way home so he could learn with no disturbance, and he was thankful now for the quiet.

But he looked up in consternation as the doors slid open at a local stop. The sounds of loud music and wild laughter permeated the station, and a group of five rough-looking teenagers boarded his car. They settled themselves in the middle of the car and their thrumming music bounded off the metal walls of the train.

Mr. Teitelbaum sighed in exasperation and closed his gemara. There was no way he could learn with that racket. He bent down and tucked the sefer into his attache case. As he straightened up, he saw one of the youths eyeing him, almost gleefully. Two of the teenagers stood up and sauntered over to Mr. Teitelbaum's side of the car. One stopped directly in front of him and grabbed onto the overhead rail, swinging himself from side to side so he came within an inch of Mr. Teitelbaum's face. The other sat in the seat directly next to Mr. Teitelbaum and shuffled nonstop. Mr. Teitelbaum kept quiet. He didn't want to start anything. He'd just wait it out till his stop.

Another teenager came over to the swinging kid.

"Get out of my place!" he yelled and shoved him. The swinging kid fell across Mr. Teitelbaum and his "seatmate." Mr. Teitelbaum drew back but kept quiet.

"Watcha doin'?" his "seatmate" snarled.

"Waddaya want?" whined the "fallen" teenager. "This guy's foot's stickin' out so far, he just tripped me!"

All three turned to Mr. Teitelbaum. Frantically he looked at the man on the other side of the car, but the man didn't move. I don't blame him, Mr. Teitelbaum thought. Who'd want to get involved with these kids?

"Hey, big guy, scrunch up a little, you take up too much space!" the other two teenagers joined the scene.

"Or why don't you just leave?"

"Hey, let's help him, guys, do our good deed for the day!"

Mr. Teitelbaum stood up and picked up his attache case, but one boy grabbed it from him.

"Hey, Jewboy, not so fast," he wagged a finger at him. "We got some business to take care of first."

Suddenly one teenager went flying clear across the car.

"Wha-" the one holding the attache case turned, but the huge black man grabbed him and threw him to the floor, too.

The train stopped just then and all five roughs ran out the door, throwing terrified looks over their shoulders as the black man glowered after them. Mr. Teitelbaum sat stunned.

"Tha - thank you," he stammered. "But - excuse me, but you were ignoring them before - why did you come now?"

The black man went to the stereo and shut off the music with a snap, then sat down next to Mr. Teitelbaum.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I should've stopped them right away, but I didn't want to get involved. But when they called you Jewboy, I had to help you, and I want to tell you why.

Right now, I look like any regular businessman, but a few years ago, I looked nothing like this. I had no job and I actually had to beg on the streets in order to live. It was humiliating, pleading with strangers to give me a bit of money, and not very lucrative at all. Hardly anyone ever gave.

There was one day when no one at all gave me anything. By mid-afternoon, I hadn't eaten and had no money, so I decided to walk from car to car in the trains. I figured, when they're sitting down, maybe people would give. But everybody ignored me. Car after car, no one even made eye contact with me! I started to feel invisible.

But then one man took out his wallet and pulled out a dollar. That alone was enough to make me more than happy, but he didn't stop there. He grasped my hand and wished me luck - and he smiled at me! All of a sudden, I felt like a person again, like I had some value as a human.

That feeling carried me through many other difficult days until I got a job again. And the man who gave me that feeling was a Jew, wearing a skullcap like you are. When I realized you were a Jew in trouble, I thought - here's my chance to repay that kindness the Jew did for me then."

THE COUNT OF LIFE

Adapted from Olomeinu.

The year was 1954,
The situation was grim.
He'd been in Siberia so long,
Each day was the same to him.

But on Pesach, things changed,
A mitzvah came his way.
There was no risk in getting caught,
He'd count the Sefirah each day!

It was the thread connecting him,
To his former way of life,
When everything was peaceful,
And free of fear and strife.

One day he managed to escape,
And he set out at a run.
He knew that they'd search for him,
With their dogs and guns.

He searched carefully,
For a safe place to rest.
A house with a mezuzah,
Was obviously the best.

He stopped and knocked loudly,
And a man came to the door.
He was too scared to let him in,
He didn't know for sure.

Was he even Jewish,
Or was it a disguise?
He just stood there and looked,
With very frightened eyes.

He needed to prove,
His Jewish identity.
How could he reassure him,
Of his authenticity?

The idea came to him in a flash,
And he said in a lowered voice,
"Hayom shloshim u'shloshim yom"
And the other man rejoiced.

He let him in and cared for him,
Together with his wife.
And together, they thanked
Hashem,
For the mitzvah that saved a life!

By: Laya Scharhon

LITVISH VERSUS CHASIDISH

Litvish or Chasidish
The conflict has begun,
Which one is better
And who's the right one?

There are those that wear a shtreimel
Or hat brims - up or down,
Beige with seams and who knows what
Or plain - blue, black or brown!

There are shaitels, tichels, hats,
And there's even a shpitzel for you,
Beketcha, short jacket, gartel
To name you just a few!

The rift just keeps on growing
It gets bigger by the day,
And when it comes to מנהלים
Each side has a lot to say!

We don't eat in other's houses
Because on Pesach we don't mish,
And we could daven מנחה any time
Because we are Chasidish!

On סוכה we eat in the צרתנו
Just because that's what we do,
We don't say מוריד הטל in the summer
Because that's Litvok's for you!

What's a מיתנה without a Mitzvah Tantz?
The Chasidim say it does enhance.
But the Litvish feel differently about it
They'll do fine without this extra dance.

Chasidish and Litvish sound different
With the words that we speak,
Each one has a different הברה
And to the other it sounds like Greek!

Why do we need such an ongoing argument
Among people of the same nation?
'I didn't have this in mind
When He made אדם - the first creation!

So what? - if some have long engagements
And others' are just a few weeks,
What counts is not our מנהלים,
The way we dress or the way we speak.

















What matters is what's inside
And not the clothes we wear,
We're each made of a אדם
Even though the differences are crystal clear.

We were all together when we got the תורה
By ה' we did stand,
Ready to listen to what 'I said
And to obey every command.

ירון פס ישראל-ם
Each person felt a part,
כאילו אחד בלב אחד
We were like one in soul and heart!

Keep this in mind when there's מחלוקת
Whether it's about מנהלים or anything,
We're all part of one nation - כלל ישראל-ם
Under 'I - the King of all Kings!

Dena Serebrowski

 One shtreimel	 Each one
 One bent down	 An individual
 One bent up	 Yet joined together
 One straw	 Ten men
 One wide - rimmed	 One purpose
 One with a feather	 To daven
 One kipah	 To their
 One hamberg	 One Creator!
One cap	
One spudik	

A Song Sung Again

Mrs. Feldenbaum smiled with pleasure at the story I'd just told her about my younger sister. She always loved to hear about little kids' antics, and almost every time followed the stories with one or two about her own daughter. I loved hearing her talk about her "Fradel'ah" who was lost in the war. Now I watched her face soften and her wrinkles all but disappear as her thoughts turned to her only daughter.

"A Fradel'ah story?" I asked eagerly.

"No," she answered, eyes twinkling. "But you must be a mind reader - I am thinking about my Fradel'ah."

I laughed. "Not a mind reader! It's just that you always seem to be thinking of her."

"Yes," Mrs. Feldenbaum said softly. "I do think of her - almost all the time."

"You know," I mused, "we learned that Yaakov Avinu couldn't forget Yosef because he was really alive..."

Mrs. Feldenbaum chuckled. "You're a dreamer, Ruchy. But there's no way a three-year-old girl could survive in those conditions."

"You never told me what happened to her," I said.

"I myself don't really know," Mrs. Feldenbaum replied. "It was Kristallnacht, and our house was on fire. My husband and I took our three-year-old, our bas zekunim, and tried to get just a few blocks down, to my sister's house, but the mobs caught my husband. He yelled at me to run quickly, and I held Fradel'ah tighter and ran."

My eyes were riveted to her face. Her eyes shone with tears even over forty years since it had happened.

"But a group of goyim were between us and my sister's house," Mrs. Feldenbaum continued. "I hid in an alleyway, waiting for them to move on, but they saw me and dragged me out. They began hitting me, and I lost hold of Fradel'ah. She was terrified." Mrs. Feldenbaum smiled sadly at me. "Imagine, a kleine maidel hearing her mother cry out in pain. I screamed to her - go to Tante Yidis! She knew the way - we always walked there. I fainted then, and I don't know what happened to her. When I woke up, I was in another Yid's house. The mob was gone, but so was my Fradel'ah. She didn't go to my sister, and I can only assume she was killed as they killed her father."

"Oh," I let out my breath. "And you never heard anything about her?"

"No," Mrs. Feldenbaum said. "Nothing. But enough sad stories. Now - do you want me to sing her favorite song?"

"Sure," I said.

"I still find it painful to sing it," she said. "Fradel'ah loved music, and especially this song. But I want you to hear it."

I closed my eyes as she sang. No wonder Fradel'ah loved music, I thought. With a mother who sings so beautifully, she was bound to!

"That's a beautiful tune," I said when she finished.

"Yes," she said. "Fradel'ah sang it all the time. I sang it to her every night. Should I teach it to you?"

"Oh, please do!" I said excitedly, and we spent the rest of that Shabbos afternoon singing "Fradel'ah's song."

"She had such a hard life," I told my mother that night as we cleared up after Shabbos. "She was childless for so long, and when she finally had a daughter, she lost her so horribly! But when she speaks of her Fradel'ah, it's as if nothing bad ever happened to her or her daughter. She speaks with such love and happiness..." I looked up at my mother. "How can she, after all that happened to her?"

"Well, she can't change the past," my mother answered. "Maybe she realizes that instead of dwelling on the tragedy, she's better off remembering the good times."

"A lot easier said than done," I commented, starting to wash the dishes. "But Mrs. Feldenbaum is so strong - I guess that explains it." I lapsed into thought and the only sounds in the kitchen were running water and the clinking of pots as my mother cleared up.

Suddenly I realized the kitchen behind me was silent, and I glanced curiously at my mother. She was leaning on the counter and staring into space.

"Ma?" I said, bewildered. "Are you okay? Is something wrong?"

"No, I'm fine," she answered, looking at me. "I just..." she shook her head. "When you started humming, I got this strong image..."

A Song Sung Again, continued

"I was humming?" I raised my eyebrows.

"You always sing or hum when you wash dishes," my mother replied with a chuckle. "I always wondered if you realized you do that."

"Well, anyway, what's this - image - you were thinking of?" I asked

"I saw - no, I felt myself in bed - there were pink ruffles on the blanket," she smiled. "I don't know why I should think of that. And my mother was sitting on my bed and singing that tune. Where did you hear it?"

"I didn't even know I was singing," I said dryly. "So how should I know what song I was singing, much less where I heard it?"

"Listen," my mother hummed a few notes of the tune.

"That's the tune Mrs. Feldenbaum taught me.

"I don't know," my mother turned back to the pots and continued to hum. I stared at her, an impossible idea taking hold of me.

"Ma - where were you during the war?"

My mother turned around quickly, and her eyes danced.

"Cooking for a grandmother, are you?"

"Well, what's wrong with asking?" I said defensively, feeling more than a little silly at the idea.

"I was sent on the Kinder-Transport, you know that."

"Yes, I know, but..." I hesitated, then said in a rush, "but you told me you never knew what your last name was, so maybe some family sent you when they found you on Kristallnacht..." I trailed off, hearing the ridiculousness of the supposed situation.

"It's possible," my mother humored me, still amused. "Not probable, but maybe. The truth is, I don't remember saying good-bye when I boarded the train. I don't remember boarding the train at all! I was only about four or five, anyway..."

"Maybe you were three?" I broke into her musings.

"Maybe," my mother smiled. "I don't remember anything from before my British family, besides for now that image of my mother. But," my mother looked almost apologetic, "sorry to disappoint you, but my name was the only thing I told them, remember? And my name is Falga, not Fradel'ah."

"Maybe you had a lisp," I argued, still playing detective. "The names are similar enough. And anyway, I can see similarities between you and Mrs. Feldenbaum."

My mother broke out in laughter. "Oh, Ruchy, you're really too much! You'd find similarities between me and the Rambam's portrait if you wanted to."

I smiled sheepishly. "Oh, well, it was worth a try."

"You know what?" my mother said. "It's about time I meet your 'Adopted Bubby' anyway. Next Shabbos, I'll come with you, OK?"

The next Shabbos, my mother and I sat in Mrs. Feldenbaum's living room. Conversation flowed easily, and my mother and Mrs. Feldenbaum were getting on really well. I decided to give my far-fetched idea one last try.

"Mrs. Feldenbaum, my mother loved the song you taught me last week. Could you sing it for us?"

My mother glanced at me sharply. Mrs. Feldenbaum looked at me quizzically, but started singing. My mother transferred her gaze to Mrs. Feldenbaum's face. She stared at her for a minute, and then joined in the tune. Mrs. Feldenbaum stopped.

"My mother used to sing that song to me every night," my mother said.

Mrs. Feldenbaum stared at her incredulously. She went to the shelves and took out the photo albums I'd seen many times. She turned to the very beginning - right after the war.

"Here," she said, fumbling with a picture. "That's me about your age. Cook - it's you!" My mother's hands were trembling as she took the photo.

I slipped out of the room and closed the door, humming quietly.



MUSICAL NOTES

WHAT IS MUSIC?

- ☆ *Music is an organized sequence of notes that, when played or sung, produce a melody.*
- ☆ *Music is a noise that is pleasant to the ear and does not jar the senses as other sounds do.*
- ☆ *Music is an intangible something that transcends ordinary speech. It is a gift and a tool to mankind which can be used to elevate the spiritual or lower it.*

WHERE IS MUSIC?

- ☆ *Conventional music is in the sound of singing and in the playing of instruments.*
- ☆ *Music is also found in rhythmic tapping, drumming on tabletops, whistling and humming.*
- ☆ *The concept of music: its give and take, its perfect balance and equilibrium is found all through the parts of creation.*
- ☆ *The universe is a vast celestial dance of stars and planets. Together they have a music of their own - each corresponding to and affecting the others.*
- ☆ *Nature has its own music: the whistling of the wind, the crashing of ocean breakers against the rocks, the swishing of many leaves on the trees and the silence of mountains. All these sounds are trying to be heard in a unique performance.*
- ☆ *Animals have their own music: the humming of deep sea whales, the chirping of birds, the deep roar of lions and the squeak of mice.*
- ☆ *And people too, make music when they dwell in harmony and do Hashem's will. This is the sweetest music in the concert of creation.*

By: Chaya Sara Gross

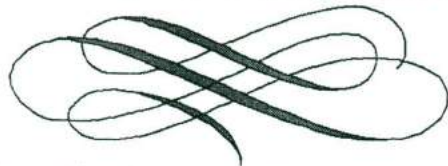
DO NOT READ THIS!!

Nothing here contains any value, so just read some other story. Say, what blurred your vision that you couldn't read the headline? Didn't you see that you were supposed to skip this? Then why on earth did you go on? You will get less than nothing out of this so read another article. If you haven't stopped yet, you're only wasting your time. This is the moment to show that you've got enough character and willpower to stop. Didn't you understand? STOP!!! Boy, there's something wrong with you. Perhaps I should try explaining it to you in a different language. Why do you persist plowing through this piece of nothing?

Now we are halfway through and you're still going on. I don't know what's so attractive about this next line, but I bet you can't help reading it. Or can you? No, indeed I was right. What could you be getting out of this? Nothing, but you're acting as if you're bewitched. If you've lost something, I can't tell you where it is; this isn't the Lost and Found.

Not many lines left, so show that you've got some backbone and stop!!! You're still curious enough to keep right on wasting time reading these two very last words.

Aren't you?



Although the above article explicitly stated "Do not read this," most of you probably gave way to your temptation, and did read it. You may have started off thinking that you would start reading, see what it was all about, and based on that, judge as to whether or not you should continue. After all, there's probably nothing wrong with it as it came from a reliable source. And again, most of you found out that although your intentions were good, before you knew it, you were at the bottom of the article. This may only be one trivial, isolated incident, but now take this incident and magnify it to a real life situation. Did anyone ever recommend a book to you, that you knew may be inappropriate? Did you read the book? Have you ever been tempted to buy an article of food that you were only 99% sure it was kosher? Did you give in to your temptations? Daily, we are faced with situations where the results of our decision may not be so apparent, and the dangers therefore, seem a lot less pressing. How many of us listen to that little voice within us that tells us, "BE CAREFUL - DON'T EVEN TRY IT, BECAUSE THEN IT WILL BE TOO LATE!"? Listen now before it really is too late.



- ✓ GUARANTEED TO SAFELY REMOVE TOUGH STAINS!
- ✓ BRIGHTENS CLOTHES TO LOOK LIKE NEW AGAIN!
- ✓ HAS AN EXTRAORDINARY PLEASANT SCENT!

WARNING: HAS BEEN PROVEN TO BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

WOULD YOU EVER THINK OF PURCHASING SUCH AN ITEM? WHY WOULD YOU EVEN CONSIDER READING SOMETHING THAT SEEMS OKAY BUT IS REALLY HAZARDOUS TO YOUR NESHAMAH?!?!?

Finals

As I walked to school one summer day
I thought of the coming test with much dismay.
Today was the first final, the final of the year
And boy were those butterflies churning down there!
Would I get a hundred, 98, 97?
I better, after studying till half past eleven!
The time flew by; I had reached my destination,
I walked up the steps with great anticipation.
There goes time again the tests were handed out,
You wouldn't believe how I wanted to shout.
Three long pages with questions galore,
For the answers, my brain I did explore.
Finally after an agonizing hour and a half,
I gave in my test and boy did I laugh!
Yes, I actually let out a big sigh.
Nothing is hard after you really try.
All those hours and hours I spent,
Really did pay off in the end.
So when finals come 'round this year at their usual time,
Don't worry, it will all work out fine!!

A Freshie



בית יעקב לבנו



B.Y. Updates



FRESHIE FANZINE

Welcome back, Freshies. Pesach has come and gone. And now (drum roll, please) introducing . . . the very best Freshie Brunch! With the very best heads - Suri, Leah, Shaindy, Shevi, Tzippy, Chayala, Ahuva and Chana. As we walked through the doors, the heads greeted us with construction colored ribbons and bricks to continue building up excitement towards the 26th day of Sefirah. After much hard work and anticipation, Freshie Brunch began. Thank you, Reb. Kasten for “constructing” and interesting and inspirational speech (without the mike!). A special thanx to Reb. Indig for leading the singing. Pop, pop, pop went the balloons during the game of “Destruct the balloons.” Reminders of the Freshie Brunch “Construction Site” are hanging on the boards of every “puzzled” class. And to the very best “architect” Rochel Pinkowitz, it would have never been the same without you! Thanx a ton. And now for the next upcoming event - “Yes, you must come to the School Shabbos!” Congratulations Malky, Gela, Freidy, and Perella! To all the choir and dance groups - we’re so proud of you! Can’t wait to see the presentation!

A Freshie



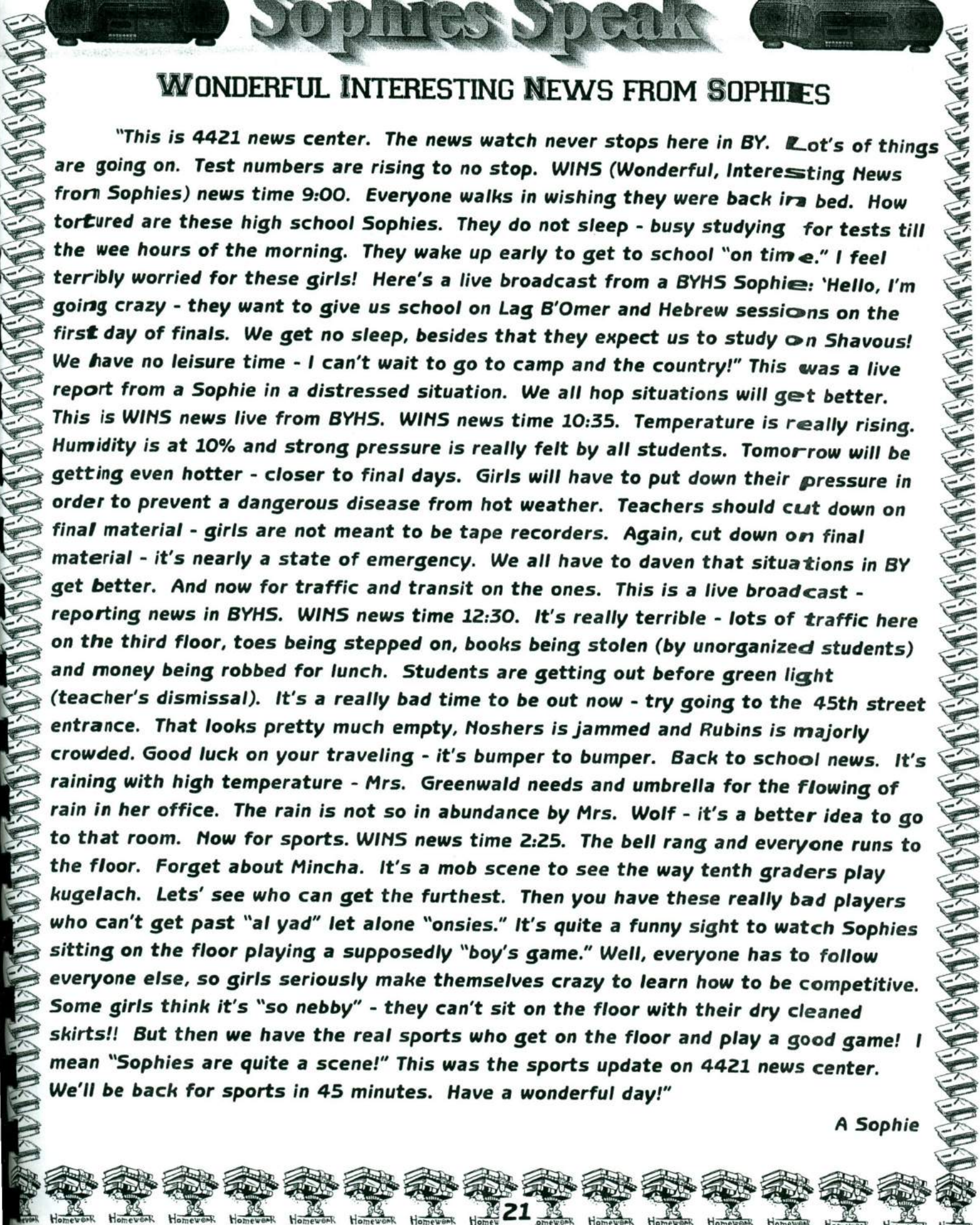
Sophies Speak



WONDERFUL INTERESTING NEWS FROM SOPHIES

"This is 4421 news center. The news watch never stops here in BY. Lot's of things are going on. Test numbers are rising to no stop. WINS (Wonderful, Interesting News from Sophies) news time 9:00. Everyone walks in wishing they were back in a bed. How tortured are these high school Sophies. They do not sleep - busy studying for tests till the wee hours of the morning. They wake up early to get to school "on time." I feel terribly worried for these girls! Here's a live broadcast from a BYHS Sophie: 'Hello, I'm going crazy - they want to give us school on Lag B'Omer and Hebrew sessions on the first day of finals. We get no sleep, besides that they expect us to study on Shavous! We have no leisure time - I can't wait to go to camp and the country!' This was a live report from a Sophie in a distressed situation. We all hop situations will get better. This is WINS news live from BYHS. WINS news time 10:35. Temperature is really rising. Humidity is at 10% and strong pressure is really felt by all students. Tomorrow will be getting even hotter - closer to final days. Girls will have to put down their pressure in order to prevent a dangerous disease from hot weather. Teachers should cut down on final material - girls are not meant to be tape recorders. Again, cut down on final material - it's nearly a state of emergency. We all have to daven that situations in BY get better. And now for traffic and transit on the ones. This is a live broadcast - reporting news in BYHS. WINS news time 12:30. It's really terrible - lots of traffic here on the third floor, toes being stepped on, books being stolen (by unorganized students) and money being robbed for lunch. Students are getting out before green light (teacher's dismissal). It's a really bad time to be out now - try going to the 45th street entrance. That looks pretty much empty, Noshers is jammed and Rubins is majorly crowded. Good luck on your traveling - it's bumper to bumper. Back to school news. It's raining with high temperature - Mrs. Greenwald needs and umbrella for the flowing of rain in her office. The rain is not so in abundance by Mrs. Wolf - it's a better idea to go to that room. Now for sports. WINS news time 2:25. The bell rang and everyone runs to the floor. Forget about Mincha. It's a mob scene to see the way tenth graders play kugelach. Lets' see who can get the furthest. Then you have these really bad players who can't get past "al yad" let alone "onsies." It's quite a funny sight to watch Sophies sitting on the floor playing a supposedly "boy's game." Well, everyone has to follow everyone else, so girls seriously make themselves crazy to learn how to be competitive. Some girls think it's "so nebbly" - they can't sit on the floor with their dry cleaned skirts!! But then we have the real sports who get on the floor and play a good game! I mean "Sophies are quite a scene!" This was the sports update on 4421 news center. We'll be back for sports in 45 minutes. Have a wonderful day!"

A Sophie



Generally Speaking . . . Juniors

"Generally," Juniors have just about had enough of 11th grade (except for play of course - we are opened for another one at any time!) and we are more than ready for a long summer vacation.

Some "jolly" news "just" to those Juniors who are under such despair - 3 more weeks to school - then you are out! So the year is really flying by.

As mentioned before, since the play was a smashing success, the "general" opinion of most Juniors (which is not Toras Moshe because "opinions are just personal opinions"!) is another play. But we are aware that that's not a possibility, so we will just wait for next year's opportunity - which won't be long in coming! We also await the play slide which was supposedly supposed to be shown . . .

Besides for "juggling" their weekly (daily?) Chemistry, Math B, Chumash, Navi and Muktza quizzes by staying up a whole night, Juniors also stay late each night after school if they are involved in School Shabbos preparation. But of course . . . just check out the calendars of the Juniors and you will see that they are booked for the next month and a half with no free days available - except maybe two or three Tuesdays.

"Just" a reminder to all Juniors who have Reb. Yudkowsky: postpone any plans of getting engaged in the near future until after the Navi test on 5 perakim - mem thru nun beis (don't worry - we skipped out some). You need all the time you can get to study. Any answers you may possibly have in Navi, see Reb. Yudkowsky on your own time - because if Moshiach comes (may it be speedily in our days) Reb. Yudkowsky will just dash out, and may knock you over - so be prepared, even in the middle of a word! But of course, for any day after the Navi test, you can schedule the simcha because Juniors eagerly await more excitement . . . We can't wait for the long anticipated School Shabbos. Congrats to all the heads - sorry, we can't name each of you individually because we aren't exactly sure of who you are and how many you are! But nevertheless, we are "just" positive you will do a great job! To all the Juniors who are heading production (or are part of it) just enjoy every minute of it - even thru all your tests . . . School Shabbos is just around the corner.

"Just" for the information of any BY student: Class 211 has become quite knowledgeable with the general Halachos regarding infested vegetables or fruits. For any "general" questions . . . just report them to room 211 (and of course - strict rabbinical guidance - Reb. Kops!)

"Justifying" the fact that some Juniors had reports to write last year for Chumash (Reb. Weisler) it shouldn't be too difficult now to "just" write one for Reb. Wolf's Navi class. You should all be real pros by now! (We're sure the Sophies know all about it by now - need help, Sophies? "Just ask the Juniors!") "Generally" this "just" prepares you for next year - if you think this is too much! Reports and speeches galore - start thinking up ideas now already. Good news or bad news - speaking of Senior year? Of course we can hardly wait to be on top of the school and reflect on all the wonderful years gone by -so quickly! Even when we were just "nebbie Freshies"! (Oops! Ego deflator!) Unaware of all the unexpected surprises daily (Freshies aren't as naive as we were then. We're sure they got the hang of it by now!)

Just in General: Juniors can definitely manage it all with smiles and achdus and spirit. Oh! And of course the amazing kavod habrios they display . . . see Reb. Hirshberg for more facts on that!

Just keep on smiling Juniors!

A Junior

STARRING... SENIORS

There's never a dull moment on the mezzanine - ask Mrs. Schwartz! School Shabbos prep. is in full swing and attendance dwindles once again. So when is your meeting? How many times was it rescheduled? ... Since we were sure to have "free time" over vacation, the school was nice enough to distribute comic books! (Remember those?) Could you believe it? And not only one but three for each girl! They must have been gotten for a very "economic" price! ... We came back after Pesach to hear about the many engagements that took place over vacation, but nothing could compare to the excitement over our second Senior Kallah - Mazel Tov, Faigy!! Class Prez. - thanx for the reminder about the vort and we are really excited and delighted for the wedding! Im yirtzeh Hashem by everyone! ... We definitely count Sefirah with more kavanah this year than ever before with the constant reminders of what day it is, how many weeks already went by and the midah of the day from Reb. Piekarski. And speaking of Halacha, if anyone has spare burners, pots, bottles, crockpots (all types) or towels floating around their classroom, please bring them to the mezzanine. We're considering opening up a gemach of Halacha props. Until one is established, we'll just continue being creative and using the Yoman, water bottles, scarves, glitter and anything else lying around to aid in the understanding of hilchos bishul. Hashem will provide for us! ... As always, we are very behind in History, necessitating the commencement of "lunch class" with mandatory (?) attendance until we finish what we have to - nowhere in the near future. But of course, "behind" is relative, with some classes up to LBJ and others the second World War. What would we do without PAD to learn all of this - not to mention relearn everything we already know and is coming out of our ears (Brown vs. BOE, anyone?) ... English is another worry because our teachers have a tendency to mark strictly - but most girls pass anyway - some comfort! Just don't mention the word "outline" to anyone. In English and PAD that's all we hear about. But we know the truth - seemingly innocent outlines manage to become full blown essays in point form! And don't forget to develop, develop, develop!!! ... Now that staying in school past 7 p.m. is illegal, English attendance reached an all time low - even worse than play! Mrs. Hold didn't have a minyan while Mrs. Halpert barely had a mezuman - five girls! One teacher suggested that the attendance sheets be made longer to accommodate the long list of absentees. Just don't forget to sign up for your frees before 1:15 and of course you must have permission for it! ... Did you ever think that the whole Shabbos would actually be put together in 3 1/2 weeks? B"H, with lots of si'attah dishmaya and tefillah. ... And don't get nervous from the countdown - sorry "count up to an uplifting experience"! Heads - your hard work and effort really shows - there's just too many of you to list by name so you could fill yourselves in here _____. It will all be wonderful! So - what are you doing this summer? Camp Simcha, Eretz Yisroel or Europe? Or you're part of the masses who "don't know" and "aren't sure yet"? Whatever you do - enjoy it now before you start working next year! ... Can you imagine this is the last time we'll fight over a midterm / final schedule! Mrs. Silverman seemed very excited to tell us this news! ... Applications for every school in the vicinity can be found around school and interviews are being set up. This coming September we can teach! Congrats to all those girls who already got jobs and Hatzlacha Rabba!!! ... Can you believe that the next most anticipated date is graduation? Doesn't it feel like yesterday that we were the Freshies? Believe it or not - we survived - and here we are! See you at graduation!

A Senior

BEHIND THE SC

THE COU

This is one thing we like to get over with ASAP, so we sit down to write. Finally, it's done. Then it gets rewritten a few times, until finally it passes inspection. We did it! It's over!

Looking for features that will make people laugh is not so easy. Neither is getting good puzzles for the Fun Page or trying to get everyone to contribute to the message board - not only Seniors!!

Start getting nervous... Will we be ready on time... Time to speed things up and get moving - aka. come to school on Sunday, work the whole Mazer/Shabbos...

TO DO:
Theme

7 weeks

TO DO:
Articles

5 weeks

TO DO:
Interview

3 weeks

2 months

TO DO:
Editorial

6 weeks

TO DO:
Features

4 weeks

TO DO:
Arranging

How we find a theme:

- ◇ Think and think and come up with nothing
- ◇ Decide to make a "goal"
- ◇ Take a Tehillim and flip thru the pages 7 times
- ◇ Choose any posuk on the page and think of something remotely connected
- ◇ A theme is born!

Who's going to write the articles?

First we attack our friends. Then our grademates. Then, lists of writers in hand, we go from class to class attempting to find some nice girls who will agree to write for us. (You've seen us around!) The problem is - we have a different recess schedule so we are always racing the clock!

WHO?
WHAT?
WHEN?
WILL IT BE INTERESTING?
WRITE UP QUESTIONS
CONDUCT INTERVIEW
WRITE UP ANSWERS

Now do you understand why 'L'chu doesn't come out once a week!?!

ENES AT L'CHU

NTDOWN

Continue running and collecting articles not ready on time. Now comes the computer work - typing, designing pages, proofreading, approving every article all night, every night! Not to mention all of our real homework!

Chana Esther starts copying for us but everything is more important than L'chu like copies for Freshie and Junior Shabbos, midterms and finals. Every once in a while, there's time for us. Then the machine breaks!! Help! We start davening and then - despite all odds - Chana Esther manages to finish the copying on time!

Finally ...

D
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!

TO DO:
Cover

↑ 1.5 weeks

TO DO:
Finishing

↑ 2 days

TO DO:
Colating

↓ 2 weeks

TO DO:
Typing

↓ 1 week

TO DO:
Copying

↓ 1 night

Start collecting articles that are ready ... We need a cover! We outline our ideas and then our 'graphic artist' does the job - getting an idea takes some time though ...

Frantic race to finish or the copies won't be made on time! All the finishing touches need to be added on - table of contents, thank you's. Page numbers are put on during class in case of emergency - and then - it's actually done! We have an original!

Colating and binding in the lobby - the best part cuz we get taffies and peanut chews! And of course we always have so much help - nothing to do with the taffies - right? The lucky girl with the binding machine doesn't have to bind by hand but she first has to punch the holes! It takes a few days for the soreness on your palm to dissapear!!

Att: L'chu 2007

It can become overwhelming! Feel free to call us!

Sara: 253-1853

Chana Malah: 435-8902

Hatzlacha Rabbah and enjoy!!

25

We hope you enjoyed them!



L'chu 2006



CHESSSED

From early morn till late at night,
By gizls - you do it right.
In the freezing cold or when it's hot,
Whether you feel up to it or not.
During School Shabbosos and before a test,
Thanks so much - you're truly the best!

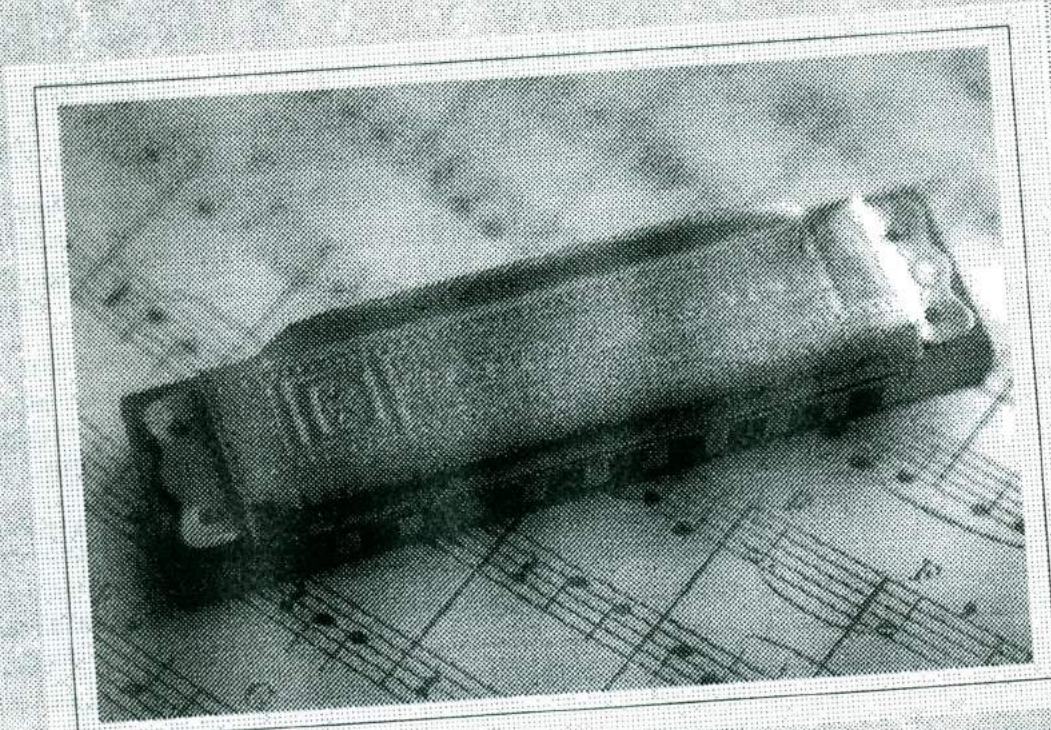
You helped mothers who are in need,
And in Metropolitan, you go to feed.
In Mishkon you bring smiles to their faces,
You help, you do, you're getting places.
Keep up your great work with all that you do,
For your chessed connects you to another Jew!

Tizku L'mitzvos!

Chani and Ruchy



בית דעקב לבני



Features

You are what you drink

Water or Coke? What should you drink?

Water

We all know that water is important but I've never seen it written down like this before.

75% of Americans are chronically dehydrated. This likely applies to half the world's population.

In 37% of Americans, the thirst mechanism is so weak, that it is often mistaken for hunger.

Even MILD dehydration will slow down one's metabolism as much as 3%.

One glass of water shut down midnight hunger pangs for almost 100% of the dieters studied in a University of Washington study.

Lack of water is the #1 trigger of daytime fatigue.

Preliminary research indicates that 8-10 glasses of water a day could significantly ease back and joint pain for up to 80% of sufferers.

A mere 2% drop in body water can trigger fuzzy short term memory, trouble with basic math, and difficulty focusing on the computer screen or on a printed page.

Drinking 5 glasses of water daily decreases the risk of certain cancers by 45%-50%.

Are you drinking the amount of water you should every day?

Coke

In many states the highway patrol carries two gallons of Coke in the truck to remove blood from the highway after a car accident.

You can put a T-bone steak in a bowl of Coke and it will be gone in two days.

To remove rust spots from chrome car bumpers: Rub the bumper with a crumpled-up piece of Reynolds Wrap aluminum foil dipped in Coca-Cola.

To clean corrosion from car battery terminals: Pour a can of Coca-Cola over the terminals to bubble away the corrosion.

To loosen a rusted bolt: Apply a cloth soaked in Coca-Cola to the rusted bolt for several minutes.

To bake a moist roast: Empty a can of Coca-Cola into the baking pan, wrap the roast in aluminum foil and bake. Thirty minutes before the roast is finished, remove the foil, allowing the drippings to mix with the Coke for sumptuous brown gravy.

To remove grease from clothes: Empty a can of Coke into a load of greasy clothes, add detergent, and run through a regular cycle. The Coke will help loosen grease stains. It will also clean road haze from your windshield.

For your Info:

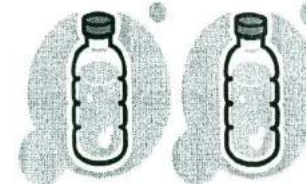
The active ingredient in Coke is phosphoric acid. Its pH is 2.8. It will dissolve a nail in about 4 days. Phosphoric acid also bleaches calcium from bones and is a major contributor to the rising increase in osteoporosis.

To carry Coca-Cola syrup (the concentrate) the commercial truck must use the hazardous material place cards reserved for highly corrosive materials.






The distributors of Coke have been using it to clean the engines of their trucks for about 20 years!

Now the question is; would you like a glass of WATER or COKE?

Kind of scary, isn't it?



איסורי תופה וקורא בשבת

- x It is איסור to remove the sticker from fruit. The sticker must be taken off by cutting it off along with some of the fruit.   
- x It is איסור to open milk or juice cartons by the spout.
- x It is איסור to tape two things together. However it is אותר to tape something temporarily (less than 24 hours). Therefore you could put on a band-aid on the condition that it is removed within 24 hours. 
- x When you remove a band-aid, you should make sure that no part of it is sticking to itself. Since the band-aid will now be thrown out, it will be stuck together permanently and this is איסור. 
- x It is איסור to open the tape on a new pair of tights that was never opened before.

Taken with permission from Practical Halachos of Shabbos by Rabbi Mayer Birnbaum

A BABY'S POINT OF VIEW

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaa! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!" I just love screaming, but this isn't funny. No one seems to understand why I'm screaming.

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaa! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

Why is that baby crying?" Mommy asks.

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaa! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!" That baby! My name is Rikki! Doesn't Mommy know my name?

"Are you dirty?"

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaa! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!" Of course I'm not dirty! What am I, a baby? I'm already two years old!

"Are you hungry?"

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaa! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!" And why would I be hungry if I just had a snack?

Here's your pacifier!"

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaa! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!" Get that piece of rubber out of my mouth!

"You want a toy?"

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaa! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!" I'm bigger than that dumb dolly! Besides, the world revolves around me, not her!

"Do you want . . ."

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaa! Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!" Hey! Isn't that my big, big, big brother Moishy talking? I am listening very intently while drooling (a sign of concentration).

*Mommy, can I turn the volume up? It's my favorite song!
He's the only smart one around here.*

Of course you can, Moishy. But please, I'm trying to calm Rikki down and you're making noise!"

I love you Moishy! All I wanted the whole time was to hear my favorite song on my favorite Yaakov Shwekey C.D. I love that tune, and when I listen to it, I can relax and take my nap like I want to.

Music is very, very comforting, so why don't they play it more often? Don't they know how much I love music?

That's the power of music!

It can have an effect on anyone,

From two year old Rikki

To big, big, big Moishy,

And probably even Mommy and Totty, too!

Thank you for listening to me
And trying to figure out why I was crying.

I really appreciate it, but next time,
Don't even try offering me the dolly!

Love,

Rikki

(with the help of Shaindel Langer)



MESSAG

Dearest Rochel Leah,
My nose may keep growing but you're still the greatest!
Love, Sun

DEAREST CO,
L'CHU COMES FIRST! THEN EVERYTHING ELSE!
LOVE, YOUR CO.

Dearest M1,
For the last time:
Good Morning!
Enjoy your / Have a great day!
Love, SR
P.S. Today's day in Sefirah is ...

Dear Suriya'lla
Congrats on your attempt to - Sorry it was not successful!
Love, I

HAPPY RIVKI LEAH WERNER LOVE,

Dear Nechama Leah Weiss,
How'd your speech go?
Love, "Nechama"

Dear SSWS feelings,
I'm so show-off-y. I really should see a psychologist to connect and experience thoughts.
Love, SSWS-emotions

Happy birthday Rivka G., Zeldy S., Chavi J. and Suri W
18 - wow!
Love, M1
P.S. Where's the party this year? Whose room?

Mazel Tov Rivky Rosenblum on your engagement!
Love, Chana Malah and Sara
P.S. Can you please still do L'chu?!?!

Dear ES,
Great minds think alike ... don't finish it!
Love, forgetting in camp/you

TO MY TZADEIKES LEAH GITY,
THANK FOR ALL YOUR HELP IN EVERYTHING - ESPECIALLY THE "HEADBAND"!

DEAR CHANA MALAH AND SARA,
JUST A LITTLE "NOTE" TO THANK YOU FOR "CONDUCTING" SUCH MASTERPIECES! ...
LOVE, FRUMIE AND ESTY UNGAR

Dear S and CM,
Congratulations! On a year full of fun, smiles and protests!
Love, me

Dear Seniors,
It's been a gr-8 4 years together!
We'll miss you!
Love, Seniors

Dear you,
Up right on it! No? You're always on the ball! "Proud to be "you's" friend."
Love, me

DEAR L'CHU,
MAZEL TOV! IT WAS A JOB WELL DONE STRAIGHT THRU!!
LOVE, YOUR DEVOTED FAN AND "A SENIOR" AND "2 WRITINGS AGAIN!!!"

MAZEL TOV RUTI JANKLOWITZ ON THE ENGAGEMENT OF YOUR BROTHER TO MINDY KIRZER.
LOVE, M7

Dearest Laya, XXYA128... You know the rest!
Don't call me!
Love, me/you

To: clownfamilylastfoto finally
From: me
Re: scanner
Always happy to help!
The scanner works!

PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE

THE PAST IS BEHIND US,
NEVER TO BE RECLAIMED,
BY BROODING OVER ITS MISHAPS,
THERE IS NOTHING TO BE GAINED,
IT IS USELESS TO REVISIT THOSE,
FOR NO BENEFIT WILL BE OBTAINED,
THE LESS WE THINK ABOUT IT,
THE LESS WE WILL BE PAINED.

WE MAY REFLECT HOWEVER,
ON THE PAST IN ANOTHER WAY,
TO GUIDE US IN THE PRESENT,
AND APPLY IT TO THIS VERY DAY,
TO STEER AWAY FROM TROUBLE,
FOR WE KNOW IT DOESN'T PAY,
LEARNING FROM OUR EXPERIENCE,
NEVER AGAIN TO STRAY.

THE SAME HOLDS TRUE FOR THE FUTURE,
IN ITSELF NOT YET RIGHT HERE,
WORRYING AND WONDERING,
WILL BRING ONLY ANXIETY AND FEAR.
WE MUST HOWEVER REMEMBER,
THAT WE CAN AND MUST PREPARE,
AND UTILIZE THE PRESENT,
TO BE READY WHEN WE GET THERE!

FASCINATING FACTS



Taking overly long strides while walking or running harms one's sight.



Wine is harmful in large amounts and beneficial in small quantities.



Telepathy between close friends or twins is highly possible.



Sharks are repelled by vinegar. (Next time you go deep sea diving, take some along!)

PLANTS GROW BETTER WHEN SPOKEN AND SUNG TO. THEY SENSE LOVE AND CARING IN HUMANS WHICH HELPS THEM GROW!



EVERY TERRESTRIAL ANIMAL HAS AN AQUATIC COUNTERPART EXCEPT THE RAT.



The effort to carry a burden on one's shoulders is 1/3 the effort necessary to lift it there.

13 benefits are gained from eating a nutritious breakfast in its proper time (including being able to concentrate in school and do better on tests!).



8	4	5	1	2	9	3	7	6
6	1	9	3	7	5	4	8	2
3	7	2	6	8	4	1	5	9
1	5	6	2	9	3	8	4	7
4	3	7	8	1	6	2	9	5
9	2	8	4	5	7	6	1	3
2	9	4	5	3	1	7	6	8
7	8	1	9	6	2	5	3	4
5	6	3	7	4	8	9	2	1

A LIFE WORTH SAVING

A man risked his life by swimming through the treacherous tide to save a youngster being swept out to sea. After the child recovered from the harrowing experience he said to the man, "Thank you for saving my life!"

The man looked into the boy's eyes and replied, "That's okay. Just make sure your life was worth saving."

Horace Mann, the great American educator, once put this announcement in a newspaper lost and found column:

Lost - somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are lost forever.

THANK YOU!!

REB. HIRSHBERG

RABBI KAPLAN

REB. PIEKARSKI

RIVKY ROSENBLUM

CHANA ESTHER MILWORM

CHESED HEADS

LAYA SCHARHON

ESTHER SHAINDEL BERNSTEIN

CHAYA FINESTONE

GITTY ACKERMAN

HENNY FISHMAN

A "FRESHIE" "SOPHIE" "JUNIOR" OR "SENIOR"

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EVERYONE ELSE WHO HELPED US IN ANY WAY

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There are three places
people always want to be:
1 in the front of the line, in
2 the back of the
classroom, and in the
3 center of attention.

**WHEN SOMETHING CAN BE READ WITHOUT
GREAT EFFORT, GREAT EFFORT HAS GONE INTO
ITS WRITING!**



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is here!*

*Where can you go for slinky
skirts, shells, bodysuits, collared
shirts, denims, bathing suits,
etc.?*

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