



קול קאנטרי - קול חתנים מחופתם - קול הנערה

ע"ש הפסוק "וצעקה הנערה ואין מושיע לה" (דברים כב, כז)

ב"ה, קול קאנטרי - טהרת ישראל גליון # 4

KOL COUNTRY - TAHARAS YISROEL [NO. 4]

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יום ו' מטות - תמוז תשס"ח לפ"ק

יחי אדונינו מורינו ורבינו צדיק דורינו קודש הקדשים - יחי !!! לוחם מלחמות ה' ברמה מקנא קנאת ה' צבקות. משרידי דור הישן. מהיחידים אשר לא כרעו לבעל. רבן של כל בני הגולה. הרב הראשי על כל היהדות החרדית בא"י ובחו"ל. הגאון הקדוש כ"ק אדמו"ר שליט"א מורינו הרב קדוש מרבן שמו רבי נחום שליט"א

אי-מעילס וואס צובראכענע מענטשען שיקן אריין

צו כ"ק מרן אדמו"ר מבארדיטשוב שליט"א

(הלא הוא הגה"ק רבינו נחום שליט"א בעל מחבר ספרי "מקוה ישראל" ה' כרכים)

Shalom Aleichem

יום שני יוני 23 2008 07:07 PM

בס"ד

א גוט'ן רבי נחום הי"ו !

ב"ה, קול קאנטרי - טהרת ישראל, ערשטע-יארגאנג, ברוקלין נ.י. עש"ק מטות, תמוז תשס"ח

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איך וויל נעמען די געלעגענהייט און אייך ארויס געבען מיינע געפילען. איך בין א יונגערמאן און ב"ה א טאטע פאר א שטוב מיט 5 לעכטיגע קינדער. איך פארשטיי זייער זייער גוט וואס איהר זאגט אויף דעם האט-ליין. גלייבט מיר אז איך האב געהאט זייער א גרויסע טשענס אויס-צו קוקען אזוי-ווי די אלע אנדערע דראפ-אויטס. ווען איך בין געווען א בחור און אן אנדערע בחור וואס עס זעהט אויס איז געווארען אויף-געקלערט. האט זיך צי-געטשעפעט צו מיר און עס האט ליידער זייער נישט געטויגט. ב"ה ממש בחסדי השם. איך בין געפארען קיין אירופה לערנען אין א ישיבה און פון דארט בין איך געפארען קיין ארץ-ישראל. די קענסט זיך פאר-שטעלען ווי מען האט געשפילט פינק-פאנק באל מיט מיר. פארשטייט זיך מיט מיינע עלטערען האב איך מיך אויך נישט פארטראגען. ביז איך בין אמאל אנגעקומען צום בעלזער רב פון י-ם. (מיין קאזען האט מיך געשלעפט.) און ער געט מיר א פרעג מיט זיינע שארפע אויגן ווי לערענסטו? האב איך איהם פארציילט וואס עס גייט פאהר. און איך האב געפילט זייער א גוטע מאומענט ארויס צו רעדען מיין הארץ. איך האב אנגעהויבן ביטערלעך צו וויינען. ביז ער האט מיר זייער בארואיגט און ער זאגט מיר. קום נאר בחור'ל די האסט נאך א עתיד פאר דיר. די קענסט נאך אויס-שטעלען ווי אזוי די ווילסט דיין וועג. נעם זיך אונטער היינט ויערב לך מכאן ולהבא. די זאלסט אייביג געדענקען אז ווען די טוסט א מצוה ווערט פון דעם באשאפען גרויסע עולמות אויבען אויף יענע וועלט. און ווען חלילה מען טוט אן עבירה קען מען חרוב מאכן אן ארבייט וואס געדוירט יארען אויף צו-בויען. ער האט מיר געגעבען די האנט. און מיר געווינטשען, און איך בין געגאנגען. נו! פארשטייט זיך אז די ערשטע טאג בין איך געווען זייער אויף, אבער וועלט איז וועלט. עס איז אריבער א שטיק צייט און איך האב מיך צוריק דערמאנט זיינע ווערטער. און איך האב מיך אליין גענומען אזוי, אז היינט צו טאג האב איך שוין מסיים געווען ש"ס און איך דריי מיך איבעראל און איך קוק מיך צי צו דער בעלזער סיסטעם. איך האלט אז מיט אזא רבי וועלען זיי נישט שלעכט פארען. ער ווארפט נישט ארויס פון קיין ישיבות און ער באהאנדעלט מוראדיג זיינע חברה. נאר א שאד איך האב נישט געלערענט אלץ קינד און אלץ בחור דארט. [דע זעלבע בעלזער רבי שליט"א איז געווען דא אין אמעריקא תשנ"ו ממש פאר איך האב חתונה געהאט אין ער האט דעמאלס געשריגען אז עס טויג נישט די קאנטריס און אז מען לאזסט איבער די ווייבער מיט קינדער אליין, וואס פאר א חינוך קען שוין ארויס קומען פון דעם. און ב"ה אזוי ווי אייביג 10 יאהר שפעטער זעהט מען וואס ער האב דעמאלטס געזאגט. און דערפאר איז א בעלזער קאלאני

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קיינמאל נישט מצליח. ווייל ער האלט נישט פון דעם. און וויפל מען פראבירט פאלט עס אדארך. [אבער וואס איך וויל ארויס ברענגען דא איז אז די גאס זיכט שוין לאנג איינער וואס זאל דאס שטעלען אויף די פוס.

ר' נחום שליט"א איך בין זיכער אז די אלע עלטערען און זיידעס און עלטער זיידעס ביז אברהם אבינו וועלען אייך שענקען מיט אלעס בעסטען. לאז דיך נישט פון די פאהר נערנים וואס ווילען דיך אינטער ברענגען. (ח"ו אויב זייערע קינדער וואלטען געשלאגען געווארען וואלטען זיי גערעדט אנדערש) איך בעט השי"ת אז זאלסט מצליח זיין ווייל די טוסט זייער זייער גוט. די אייבעשטער איז אויף דיין רעכטער האנט

פליס נישט פאבטען אין פאבליק. דאס איז פריוואט פאר דיר. איך זיך און איך הער אויס דיין האט-ליין יעדער וואך צוזאמען מיט מיין ווייב. איך וואלט געוואלט פרעגען צו מען קען אפשר צוריק הערען אפאר שיעורים צוריק.

יישר כח

תושב בארא-פארק

* * *

PM יום ראשון יוני 22 2008 06:49

kosherklaf@gmail.com

R' Nuchem,
Y'yasher kochacho v'cheilech l'oirayso...

You are providing a great service for our community.

Please relay to the people though, that there are yet a few sincere "ehrliche yidden" where one can tuen to in time of need. Since you fail to mention that, there is a notion out there that ALL rabbanim are F.F.F. You as well as I know that that is NOT the case.

I do agree that a spade should be called a spade. Anyone masquerading as a pious jew while in truth is a fake should be unveiled and put to shame for what he really is.

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Also, sex offenders are in most cases treatable by psychiatrists. It is therefore recommended to send the "sick" to a "psych"...

As for men and women being alone during the summer months or at other longer periods of time? KUDOS! You hit the nail on the head.

Bruche v'hatzluche.

* * *

יום שני יוני 23 2008 01:34 AM

kosherklaf@gmail.com

לכבוד עמוד התווך של כל קהל עדת ישראל מוה"ר נחום ראזענבערג שליט"א

יעצט הערנדיג דעם שיעור ווי איר גיט א געלגנהייט אייך צו שרייבן, נאך בערך 137 מינוט הערענדיג דעם הייליגען טלפון ליין, פריי איך מיך מיט א גרויסע שמחה אויף יעדע ווארט וואס איר זאגט.

קודם זאלט איר וויסן אז איך הער אייך יעדע וואך, און איך זיך שוין אזוי לאנג ווי אזוי צו ריספאנדן צו אייערע חשובע רייד.

יעדעס ווארט איז תורת משה, איר זאלסט א ווארט נישט ארויס לאזן! אדער קיין האר זיך נישט מונע זיין וועגן די באוויסטע טעראריסטען וואס ווילן מיט טעראר שטערן דעם ביאת המשיח און ס'זאל זיי ח"ו נישט געלונגען.

און יעצט וויל איך גיין סעיף ביי סעיף

א) ביטע זייט אזוי גיט און לייגט צוריק די דרשה פון פרשת בהעלותך, עס איז זייער א ויכטיגע דרשה.

עס וואלט געווען זייער וויכטיג (פיקוח נפש ממש, עס איז נישטא קיין גרעסער הצלת נפשות ישראל), אז איר זאלט האבן מער נומערן מען זאל קענן צוריק הערן, (די אלע וואס איז זיי נוגע לענין, ווייל חברא אית ליה, איינער פארציילט פארן חבר, אבער אין קול ואין עונה, מען הערט שוין נישט, און יעדער מענטש וואס וויל הערען די דרשה איז א גאנצע משפחה, וואס קען ל"ע גיין לטמיון ח"ו [דער אמת איז נישט וואס קען

גײן לטמיון, נאר וואס וועט גײן לטמיון, על כן איז דאס ממש פיקוח הרבה נפשות, נישט נאר איין נפש, אין בלויז איין נפש איז דאך כאילו קיים עולם מלא, זעה ווייטער דעם חשבון פון עולם מלא, אויב אזוי לויט דעם חשבון, האבען אונזערע התאחדות הרבנים א חלק אין אויסשמד'ן ח"ו א גאנצען כלל ישראל, איך מײן נישט ח"ו יעדען רב, נאר כל מי שיש בידו למחות ואינו מוחה כל דמים השפחין אינם אלא על ידו, שבת נ"ה. - אבער אזוי ווייט אז זיי זאלען נאך שטרען פון מוחה זיין, זיי זענען נאך ערגער ווי די ציונים, אין ארץ ישראל קענט איר שרייען וויפיל איר ווילט, קיינער וועט איך נישט שטערען].

דער טעיפ פון בהעלותך, איז זייער וויכטיג, סיי פאר אינגעלייט, און סיי פאר יונגע פרויען, זיי מוזען דאס הערן נאכאמאל און נאכאמאל חזר'ן, ווייל עס ברענט די הויט.

איך גלייב נישט, אבער איך האב מורא, אז איר ווייסט נישט קיין סכום, וויפיל דער ביטערער מצב האט ליידער באטראפען כלל ישראל, פרויען דארפן האבען שמירה אויף זייערע מענער, און די זעלבע מענער אויף זייערע פרויען 24/7/365

7 טעג א וואך,
24 שעה א טאג,
365 טעג א יאר,

דער מצב אויף די גאס איז ליידער איום ונורא, יעדעס ווארט איז וויכטיג, ביטע לייגט עס צוריק, און טאמער איז די נושא אז איר דארפט א ספאנסר בין איך גרייט צו צישטעלן ספאנסרשיפ, א סך באטראפנע עלטערן וועם איך קען, וויינען יעדע וואך הערענדיג אייער שיעורים, זיי וויינען אין קלאגען, ווי זענען די אלע דרשות געווען מיט א פאר יאר צוריק, דער מצב ברענט, איר לייגט עס גאר איידל אראפ, אויך די דרשה פין פאר שבועות האט איר זייער שנעל גטושט.

צווייטענ'ס, איך האב משפחה סיי אין שיכון סקווער, און סיי און קרית וויז'ניטץ, איך זעה אז איר טוט פאר שוינען די נעמען פאר וואט עווער ריזען, דעריבער וויל איך אייך זאגען, אז אויב איר דארפט און ווילט ארויס העלפען די אידן מחוץ לגבולת וויליאמסבורג - בורו-פארק איז דאס חומר הענין זייער שטארק,

און דארט ברענט א קלענערע פייער ווייל קיינער ווייסט
נישט, און נישט ווייל עס איז נישט דא דארט קיין פייער
עס איז דא דארט אזעלכע געבראטענע צרות און
מעווייסט זיך נישט צו וועם צו מעלדן!

מענטשען האבען מורא זיך צו באקלאגען, און אויך מען האט נישט צו
וועם, עס איז דא וועלדער א גאנץ יאר אזוי ווי זימער אין קאנטרי, די
סכנה איז די גאנצע 12 חדשים א יאר, און איר לאזט עס אזוי ארויס פון
כלל ישראל. איר ווייסט אז יוגע לייט פארן א גאנץ יאר אין די קאנטריס,
טוען אפ כל דבר אסור, ואין פוצה פה ומצפצף!

מיר זענען נישט ווייניגער פון אידן אין שטאט, און מיר דארפן אויך הילף!

ראטעווע אונז מיט אונזערע קינדער ווי לאנג עס איז נאך דא וועם צו
ראטעווען!

אויב דארפט איר קלארערע און מער ברענעדיגע אינפארמאציע, ביטע,
שרייבט מיר צוריק אין גימעיל און איך וועל אייך פרווויידן מיט זייער אסאך
און ביטערע חומר, וואס איר וועט גארנישט גלייבען ווי אזוי מען לעבט דא
אין מאנסי!!!

הכותב בדמעות

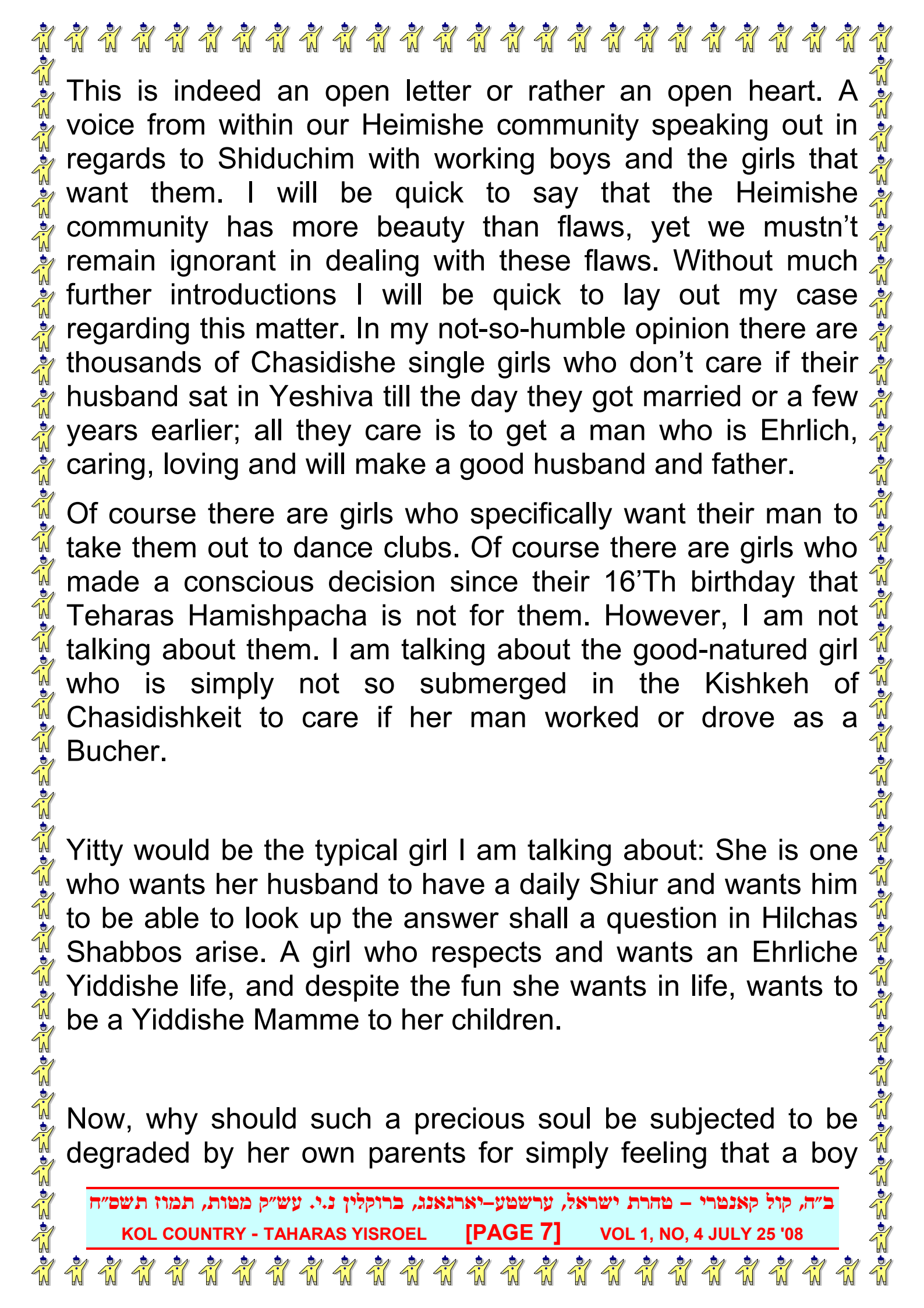
* * *

Reb Nuchem, the following is an Open Letter I publicized 4
years ago on a website and I'm glad to hear you echoing my
words. Unfortunately all I had was a little website and did not
have the power you have. Keep up the good work.

This letter came with an onslaught of letters from Rabunim,
fathers, mother, boys and girls. I would love to forward you
all those letters as well, per your request.

Just as a background before you start reading the letter, I
was born Chasidish and still am.....

ב"ה, קול קאנטרי - טהרת ישראל, ערשטע-יארגאנג, ברוקלין נ.י. עש"ק מנחות, תמוז תשס"ח



This is indeed an open letter or rather an open heart. A voice from within our Heimishe community speaking out in regards to Shiduchim with working boys and the girls that want them. I will be quick to say that the Heimishe community has more beauty than flaws, yet we mustn't remain ignorant in dealing with these flaws. Without much further introductions I will be quick to lay out my case regarding this matter. In my not-so-humble opinion there are thousands of Chasidische single girls who don't care if their husband sat in Yeshiva till the day they got married or a few years earlier; all they care is to get a man who is Ehrlich, caring, loving and will make a good husband and father.

Of course there are girls who specifically want their man to take them out to dance clubs. Of course there are girls who made a conscious decision since their 16'Th birthday that Teharas Hamishpacha is not for them. However, I am not talking about them. I am talking about the good-natured girl who is simply not so submerged in the Kishkeh of Chasidishkeit to care if her man worked or drove as a Bucher.

Yitty would be the typical girl I am talking about: She is one who wants her husband to have a daily Shiur and wants him to be able to look up the answer shall a question in Hilchas Shabbos arise. A girl who respects and wants an Ehrliche Yiddishe life, and despite the fun she wants in life, wants to be a Yiddishe Mamme to her children.

Now, why should such a precious soul be subjected to be degraded by her own parents for simply feeling that a boy

taken straight from the Rebbe's Tish does not exactly fit her description?

Why should a lovely, intelligent, young boy, such as Yitzy—who gets up early in the morning, attends a Shiur, Davens with Minyon and then goes off to a hard day of work—be subjected to meet his parents' bitter eyes when he comes home? Why should they rant at him that because he is working, or wears a jacket, another six Shadchans knocked down the phone on them?

And then these parents wonder why Yitty and Yitzy decide to take it to the streets? Or the wonderful Rabunim in town wonder why Yitty and Yitzy decide to take it to the web?

Do you want to know why? Because as a parent you chose ignorance rather than intelligence. Because when your daughter asked you at age 17 to look for a working boy for her, you told her that she is young and stupid. Now she is back home with you and along with her two kids after making miserable the life of an innocent Ultra-Frum boy who should have married an Ultra-Frum girl in the first place, not your daughter.

But the main thing is that the Mechiten was Tzigepasst to you! Ah, you were able to walk the streets proudly taking Mazel Tov wishes and enthusiastically responding, "Yes, Reb Usher is my Mechiten! What do you say to that?"

That's why! That's why Yitzy and Yitty despise you! That's why Yitzy and Yitty don't trust you. And that's why they are taking matters into their own hands.

Don't get me wrong, I personally have wonderful and smart parents. I live a very happy life, thank G-d. My life is another story. But I have seen enough, enough to comment. I have been involved in plenty situations and came to know plenty boys, girls and parents who contributed to this letter. I don't know if I'm talking now to a parent or to a Yitzy or a Yitty, but let me share with you some anecdotes I have personally experienced, which may shed some light to the ignorant side of some people's brain.

Malky is a wonderful Brooklyn girl who couldn't care less about the fact that her father has a lot of money or that her father is one of Satmer's Frumest people. All she wants is to live a quiet life with her future husband. She wants to stay out of the spotlight. She does not want a Tzeflutchkete Peyes guy for a husband and she doesn't need her father to pay her expenses for life. She wants live quietly with her working husband and live off his paycheck regardless if it's \$1,000 a week or \$75 a week.

She made that conscious decision ever since she grew up; ever since she saw no beauty in the way she lived at home.

Don't get me wrong, Malky is an Ehrliche Satmer kid with the best reputation in town. But in her heart she is bleeding. In her heart she knows that she can't even approach her father about this issue.

When Malky came home one day saying that her friend who just got married flew off to enjoy her honeymoon in Miami, her parents freaked out: "And you admire that, Malky?" -

“Why, yes I do; and in fact, my husband and I will do the same,” she replied. After her parents exchanged stares, her father said, “No, your husband will sit and learn. You are too young to know what you want.” - “No, he will not sit and learn,” replied Malky. That’s when her mother snapped, “Is that the way you admire Torah?”

A while later Malky’s father approached her with a huge smile from ear to ear, beaming, “I sold one of my buildings so I can have cash on hand to support your husband’s sitting and learning.

When I bumped into Malky coincidentally and learned of her situation, I took her to see a well respected Rav who deals with such cases. She did find comfort in his words, but after being advised that she will need to muster up the courage to finally get the message across to her parents, she freaked out. She couldn’t do it.

The sad part is that at that point when I said good bye to her, she could not understand why I would have a problem sticking with her. “I mean even if I get married and you get married, an occasional email or phone chat wouldn’t hurt.”

“Malky,” I said to her, “do you realize how messed up you are? You fear to put up a fight with your parents even if it would mean later living a peaceful life, but you see no problem to chat with a man you once had feelings for even after you already found your love?”

Ladies and gentleman, would you want me to make sense of what just happened? I will.

This girl knew in the bottom of her heart that at the end of the day she is going to marry the wrong man! She already

knew that it will be forced upon her and that will be the end of the story. Rather than facing being fingered as the town's Shiksa, she felt more comfortable to simply go with the flow. Get married to some Ultra-Frum boy. "And if I'll be bored once in a while I'll phone up my old man!"

Do you realize what in the world is going on with our system? Do you wonder why last time I heard about Malky she was seeing a married man?

Am I defending her? No way! But do you get my point? I don't know about you, but my heart is aching. I am crying from within and am desperately trying to find answers to the question why it has to be this way? Because it doesn't have to be like this. It really doesn't.

In today's world we have Leider so many catastrophes within the Heimishe community. So many ill children, so many mothers dying. Yet amidst all of that, we have people who see it for important to add own-made pain. Self-inflicting Tzuros.

I honestly believe that a little intelligence or rather not being so ignorant would eliminate the majority of the Tzuros of our generation.

A Shiduch was recently read to a girl and her mother heard that the boy had been "skipped!" What a terrible thing! The one who called the mother alerting her, felt that she just saved a tragedy from occurring. A girl marrying a boy who was "Nebach" skipped.

The girl's mother, however, being a smart woman and realizing the story behind the "skipping," dismissed the whole issue and went on with the Shiduch.

The “skipped” 18 year old boy had a 17 year old hanky-panky sister, instead of grinding her, her parents got her married to a nice 22 year old working boy.

And they lived happily ever after.

A beautiful tale. But why is it happening so seldom? Where are these wise parents? Lets even say that 90% of parents share the above attitude, we are still left with thousands of parents who still don't get it.

People think that once a rebel, always a rebel. If she rebelled against her parents she will rebel against her husband. That is so utterly not true. Who is the one to label one as a rebel anyway? Some Rebbetzin with a big black box filled with red rebel labels? Does she actually roam the Heimishe streets and when she hears a girl singing, “But I don't want to wear beige!” she slaps a rebel label across her forehead? Is that the way it works? Because I would love to know who is behind this rebel name calling.

You see, when a girl is a so called rebel, she is trying to tell you something. She is trying to tell you that she is not exactly happy with her life. Now I'm not going to play shrink here and delve into the psychology of traumatism of one's youth. All I'm saying is that these kids yearn for acceptance. And the second they feel loved, you just saved them! At that moment you could get them married to a nice working or even learning boy.

However, by labeling her a rebel and believing her to be some sort of Shiksa, she will live up to it. Your son will prove himself to be a Sheigetz if you accept him as one. That is not my promise. That's what the statistics are showing.

Let me introduce you to Goldy. Goldy is an intelligent Chasidische girl. A girl who possesses great worldly knowledge and enjoys an intellectual conversation. She grew up as one of cheaper-by-the-dozen children. Between an emotional mother and an ignorant father (or the other way around) she didn't quite consider herself as someone's daughter, just a number among others.

Then Ben bumped into her and it did not take him too long to take her up on her vulnerability. Ben, a total street kid, a dude who maybe knows how to read a phone bill, a dude who keeps Shabbos only when convenient, somehow persuaded Goldy. A boy with whom Goldy could never have even close to an intellectual conversation with.

I once asked Goldy, "Tell me something, when you were 16 I'm sure you had in your mind a description of the man who would fit to be your ideal Basherte, right? Why don't you tell me what were the things on your list of qualifications this young man had to possess?"

She went on to give me a list, "Good hearted, sweet, have a daily Shiur, be able to learn with the kids, should not have a temper, be very intelligent," and so on.

I then proceeded and dared to ask her, "Tell me, how many things on your list does Ben qualify for?" After thoroughly going through each and every one of them, she basically admitted that he matches close to none!

That's when I said the following:

"Understand that you look just like a kid that went shopping with his mother's shopping list and had messed up on each and every item, yet had 20 excuses. Ironically none of the

excuses were that the store didn't have that item. It doesn't matter what your excuses are. You know why? Because you might be right about some of them. But does it change the fact that the kid sounds silly when he has an excuse for each and every item? Especially when the store had it?

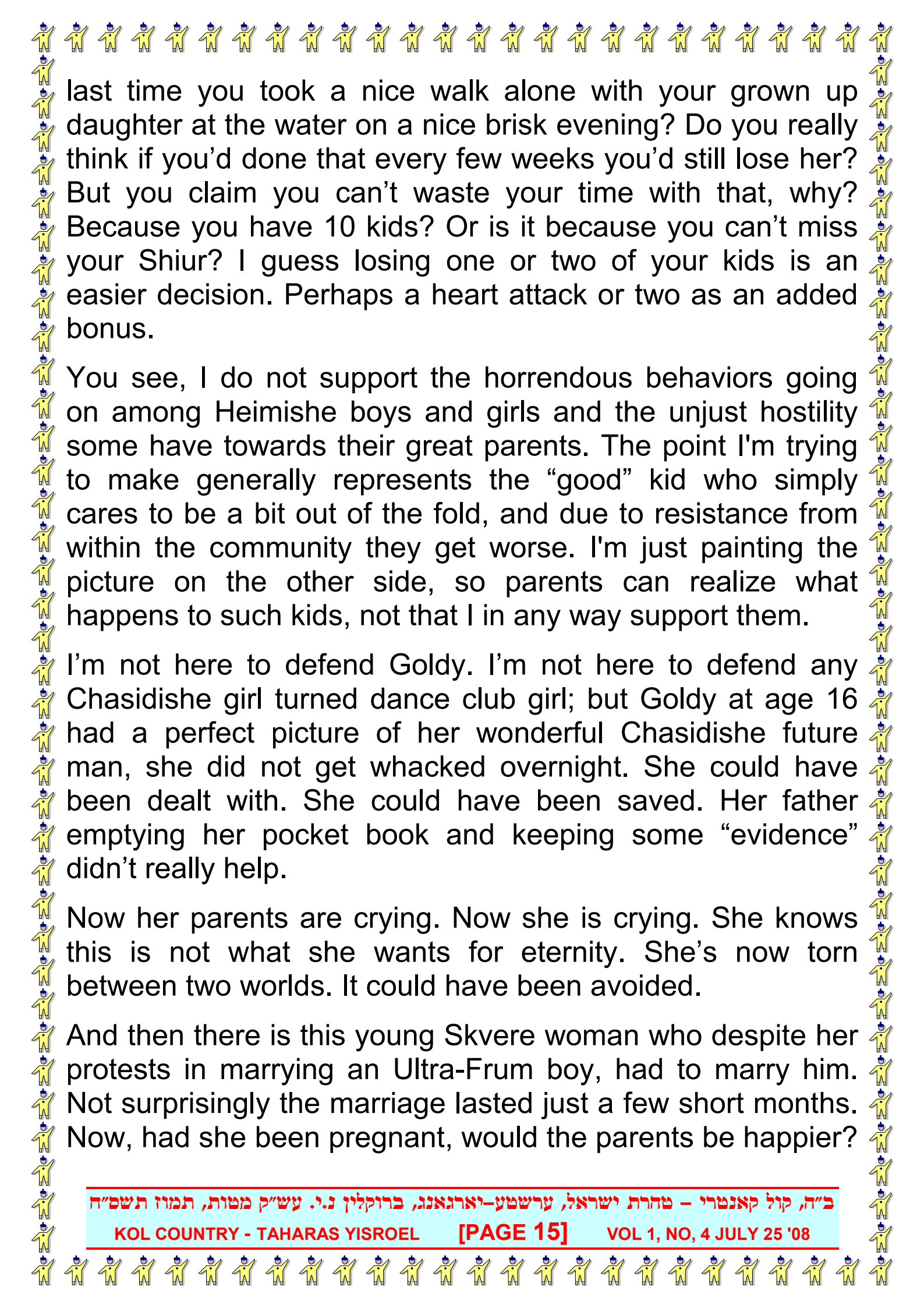
“Now let me ask you this, how silly would it be when the mother herself is the one shopping with her own list and messes up on every item and then gives herself 20 excuses for each item? Don't you think she'd be considered a pretty confused individual that has a hard time making decisions and making up her mind? Wouldn't it be your advice to her that she should have faith in other people she trusts to make her real important decisions?”

“Goldy, you messed up on your own shopping list.”

Yet her response was brief and simple, “He cares for me. He makes me feel good.”

Parents beware, if you think your kid is crazy, keep on fighting with them, keep on stalking them, you'll find out they can become a lot crazier! When you think of your daughter who got herself a cell phone or your son who goes to movies and wears a jacket, as the worst that could ever happen, think again. Boys and girls could become so retarded when it comes to meeting the outside world that unless you decide to use your wisdom instead of anger, you will likely see them going from crazy to brain dead.

Why the aggravation? Why the pain? You could save your kid by listening to them, by not playing g-d, by appreciating that they may want to be different. And learning to accept them. By respecting them, they won't be able to spit in your face. Talk and listen. Talk and listen. I mean, when was the



last time you took a nice walk alone with your grown up daughter at the water on a nice brisk evening? Do you really think if you'd done that every few weeks you'd still lose her? But you claim you can't waste your time with that, why? Because you have 10 kids? Or is it because you can't miss your Shiur? I guess losing one or two of your kids is an easier decision. Perhaps a heart attack or two as an added bonus.

You see, I do not support the horrendous behaviors going on among Heimishe boys and girls and the unjust hostility some have towards their great parents. The point I'm trying to make generally represents the "good" kid who simply cares to be a bit out of the fold, and due to resistance from within the community they get worse. I'm just painting the picture on the other side, so parents can realize what happens to such kids, not that I in any way support them.

I'm not here to defend Goldy. I'm not here to defend any Chasidishe girl turned dance club girl; but Goldy at age 16 had a perfect picture of her wonderful Chasidishe future man, she did not get whacked overnight. She could have been dealt with. She could have been saved. Her father emptying her pocket book and keeping some "evidence" didn't really help.

Now her parents are crying. Now she is crying. She knows this is not what she wants for eternity. She's now torn between two worlds. It could have been avoided.

And then there is this young Skvere woman who despite her protests in marrying an Ultra-Frum boy, had to marry him. Not surprisingly the marriage lasted just a few short months. Now, had she been pregnant, would the parents be happier?

Couldn't they appreciate that their daughter did not care for a boy who came straight off the Rebbe's Porentche? I guess now everyone is happy? Let the father triumph and sing Kumbaya!

And don't think that with the above story I just exposed some woman's identity. In Skvere they have a dozen such cases at any given moment. And this is the good part. Imagine what would happen if she'd not have the courage to make the move and she'd stay married to him? When her husband would be coming home from Koilel she'd quickly type, "hearing foot-steps, gtg" and shut her computer. Then she would greet her husband with a big smile, "Oh Shloime, how was Koilel today? – Oy, I forgot to shut the flame!"

I'm not picking on one particular community. Monroe and Williamsburg are worse by far. I'm not even going to repeat to you how shallow some mothers of kids could become. How low these women turn when they're not getting something at home.

I once asked such a woman, "Forget about your husband, I know you don't care about him, but what about your kids? You are a mother of three Neshumelech, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Her response was cold, "Na, who cares? If I have no Sipuk in life, kids will only add to the misery and desperation."

Wake up people! We have an epidemic in our Heimishe communities! And it all can be avoided. You want to know how? Read on.

A Shadchante approached me recently about a particular wonderful Pupa girl who prefers a working boy. After I explained her that this Shiduch was already read and apparently the girl's parents don't want a working boy, she insisted on giving it another shot.

When calling the parents, they not only told her that they are not looking for a working boy, but the mother raised a Gevald, "My daughter? My daughter? Why would you even think of such a thing for my daughter? Who told you she needs Chas Veshulem a working boy?"

At that point I thought that maybe I was indeed dropped on my head as a child. This woman was so convincing that her daughter was a Rebbetzin that I said I really have to do my homework. That's when I called my cousin who is herself a Pupa girl and I listened to her explaining me how this girl so does not need a learning boy. She could not get over the fact that the parents were so foolishly stubborn. Then the Shadchante spoke to the girl's cousin who laughed at her aunt's foolishness. "Whom is she trying to fool? And her daughter is only getting older!"

Do you now see how it could be avoided?

But what I love most about such parents is the way a real Shadchan can get to them. A couple of years ago I had the same story of a girl whose parents were horrified of even thinking about a working boy for her. Two weeks after the Shiduch collapsed she became engaged to an internationally known street bum! I later found out that the boy's side promised to pay for the whole wedding! Hahhahaaa!

You hear this? The daughter is the father's sweet gem and he can't even think of ruining her with a working boy, but if he can cash out on her, that's another story! All of a sudden her soul is up for adoption! These parents beat up their grown up daughters because they're afraid that they are selling out their souls, the next thing you know the father himself sells his daughter's soul. And they have no shame.

I have people advising me to do the same. "What's the big deal, promise the girl's father a few bucks next time around, you'll see how your money will sing." Well, guess what? I'm not going to buy a soul-mate as if she's a beads-necklace being bargained over in some Mexican flea market. I don't like to think of my potential wife as a hand-made chess set being sold by some Arab boy. "Mechiten," do you get that? Could you comprehend that? You are not going to cash out on my wife! If you take me as a son-in-law then you better believe that I am the right boy for your daughter, not just the right wallet for your torn pants.

Next on line would be these Shadchans who will tell you to your face, "Hmmm.... You do understand that you are kind of a problem case, that would be \$15,000 to find the right girl. Just fill out that form, and don't forget to tell me what your father's mother's sister's uncle's nephew's name is?"

Mr. Shadchan, have a nice day! I'll find her myself. And if she's like me, she doesn't care to know what my father's mother's sister's uncle's nephew's name is. Nor do I care if her parents are divorced or if her brother is an Aroini or a Zolli. All I care is to find a Neshumele to be my soul-mate. A girl whom I will turn into the happiest woman alive. Someone who will stand by my side and whose side I will be privileged

to stand by. Could you digest that Mr. Shadchan? Or am I incompetent because I am a working boy?

I know a man who was approached by a Shadchan who had a Shiduch for his daughter, "I'm telling you, this will be the perfect Shiduch, he's a nice working boy. All I need is \$12,000! I know it's a lot of money but understand that I'm a Shadchan with heart, not just a Shadchan."

The man coldly replied, "I'm looking for a Shadchan to supply my daughter with a boy, not a heart!"

Amen brother! I would refer this Shadchan to my neighbor who's undergoing open heart surgery. Or to this other guy I know who needs desperately a kidney. A Shadchan with heart! Boy, that is funny!

You see, when it comes to Shiduchim, at least in the Heimishe community, the "best" bucher in town is definitely tzigepast to the "best" girl in town, right? Now, how would you define a boy as being the best, one that learns the best in yeshivah, right? And the best girl in school would be defined as the one that throws balls the highest when playing ball and the one that comes up with the best ideas at major play, right? Now how on earth do these two mingle? How is this a match, other than both of them bearing the "best" label?

When it comes to matching up two souls, all the little things don't matter. A girl that is not the best and does not dance and sing beautiful in camp and did not do great in Nuvie and in Parsha, perhaps because she spent a lot more time with herself, as opposed to with the public, maybe she is more passionate, compassionate, caring, loving and maybe even more Ehrlich?

Wow, what a scary thought! I know you may think I'm crazy but look around you, how many fine eidel boys are stuck with talented but real tough girls? How many fine girls are stuck with boys who maybe learn fine but don't care much about being frum otherwise? All too many! Maybe, just maybe, this should prompt us to explore other ideas and interests when it comes to Shiduchim? Don't you think?

A while ago a friend of mine, who is already marrying off his youngest, said to me that his niece got engaged and he asked his brother-in-law what kind of boy he took. His brother-in-law replied, "The boy's father is a Rosh Yeshiva there and there." So he asked him again, "I understand, but could you tell me more about the boy himself?" But his brother-in-law didn't get the question, "Well, I'm telling you, the boy's father is such a Chushiveh man!"

Do you get that? Do you see what I am seeing? When it comes to Shiduchim the first thing on people's list is that the Mechitunim must match. If the kids match too that's an added bonus.

Some people use their daughter to swell their wallets while others are using them to go Mechiten shopping!

If I may add one more thing about Malky. Her father would every evening during supper take out a list of names of about 15-20 boys and he would start singing, "This boy? Nah, not for my daughter! How could the Shadchan even consider that? Next boy. Him? Hmmm... he's a pretty fine boy but the family "paast nisht." I swear to you I'm not making this up. And she'd be sitting there biting her nails.

At one point there was a particular boy whom she felt she could compromise for, a learning boy, yet very down to earth and caring, but her father dismissed that Shiduch too despite her pleas that this might work. "You could do better than that, Malky!"

I guess a married man is better, in his estimation.

Now I know some of you may be saying, "Yes, bring'em on! Tell me more such stories. I get a kick out of them." Well, I'm not talking to sick perverts like you! We find people like you everywhere. We find you on our streets, on our busses, our stores and in our Shulls. I'm not talking to you, you bum! Don't go around boasting to your clique of pervs that I am one of you, because I am not.

Don't think for one minute that I'm siding here with messed up girls, drugged up boys or with pervs like you and your friends. Don't think for one minute that I do in some way represent boys or girls who ultimately decided to go bananas. No way.

I myself am a proud Chasidische boy fighting bitterly against my own Nisyonos and I have no respect to those who falter. I may not despise them, I would rather pity them, yet I do not cherish them. One way or the other, this is not my intention with this letter.

Rather, this letter is a plea to parents, a plea to Rabunim, to open their eyes and realize that a little intelligence, a bit of humbleness, just a little sense of awareness, a tiny dose of wisdom, and giving up some ignorance could save a Yiddishe soul, a Yiddishe family, and an entire Yiddishe generation.

Open your hearts. Don't be stubborn. Choose empathy over force. Erase the word "passt" from your vocabulary. Don't care if a Mechiten "passt nisht." Look away if dealing with your son or daughter, as opposed to dictating them, is something that "passt nisht." You can be a happier person.

I know of a man who swore to commit suicide if his daughter will marry that "horrible" boy. It's not that her father gave her a life to begin with. She was like, "Tatty, where were you the last 20 years? I was never sure I had a father!" And she did marry that boy. And the father did not commit suicide. In the contrary, he thinks pretty highly of his son-in-law. In fact, if not of his son-in-law he'd never see his daughter again.

This father could have easily married off his daughter at age 18 if only he'd listened to her. Actually, if only she would not be petrified to talk to her father. If only she'd feel her father would not call her Shiksa or beat her up.

Friends, I am not just being sweet when I'm saying that I'm heartbroken. I am stricken with anger. Not because of my personal life, I'm b"h a happy man. But I walk the streets of Boro Park, Williamsburg, Flatbush, Crown Heights, Monsey, New Square, Lakewood, Monroe and beyond, and I see people hurting. I see husbands who lose their wives to chat rooms. I see wives losing their husbands to their neighbor's teenage daughter. I see mother's crying over their son's disappearance. I see Rabunim crying along with fathers of broken families.

You walk out of Chasineh halls and see teenage girls (wearing Seams) being picked up by their boyfriends. You walk at the mall on Motzei Shabbos and see 16 year old boys running out of the movie theater wearing their

Bekitches, approaching you if you could give them a ride back to their Yeshiva.

That is what you see. I see something else. I walk the streets of our Heimishe communities and see broken kids who want a little satisfaction. All they want is a change from a life they feel they will not live anyway after their marriage. Yet, finding resistance they turn to the streets.

In summary:

Boys & Girls: Whether you're from the Frumest Chasidishe circles or in a similar circle, whether you were mastering your challenges in Yiddishkeit till now or fell through, just hang in there, your current stage is temporary and the love you will soon find will be permanent. So start smiling now and be yourself Mechazek to do the right thing now. We're in it together, let's work together, we can all learn and grow from each other.

Society: Next time you see such a boy don't call him a bum yet don't take him to a karaoke bar. Next time you bump into such a girl don't take advantage of her fragile moment in life. Throw in a few Chizuk words and encourage them to speak to a community leader who has a heart and an ear for them. And encourage parents to do the right thing.

Parents & Community Leaders: I don't think I need to say much more. I think I've successfully laid out my case; unless you could dispute the facts, of course. And remember that simply saying that the Rebbe Z'chisoi Yugen Uleini would oppose my every word, will not prevent half of the town in having shares in your daughter. But a little common sense, Syata Dishmaya, wisdom and a parent's love, might!

Reb Nuchem, I would love to sit down with you one of these days, in the interim keep up the good work. Chazak V'ematz!

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