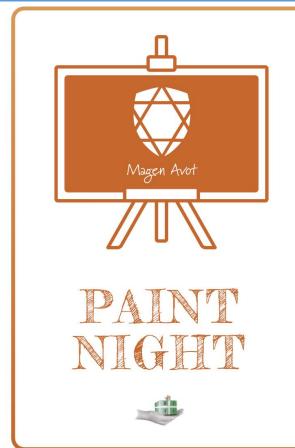


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rabbi@magenavot.com Rabbi: 07891 988 201



## Join us for evening of painting in aid of GIFT Tuesday 7th July | 8.00pm

Join Marian from Just Paint to create a beautiful painting. Marian runs paint nights, parties, clubs, one-to-one sessions, and much more.

The picture we will paint:





Recent painting by Marian

Attendees will receive a<br/>package to their home,<br/>containing the following:CanvasBrushes<br/>Acrylic paintsCanvasSnacks

Cost: **£30 per person** (all proceeds go to GIFT) Sign up at: jgift.org/magenavotpaintnight

## Virtual Magen Maxis (Ruth Ehreich)

שבת שלום Magen Maxis! Let us start with our davening:-

- מודה אני
- על מצוות ציצית
- Set of ברכות up to and including שעשני כרצונו.
- We then move to נשמת.
- We daven from the beginning up to גואל ומושיע.
- We jump to על כן עברים and daven right up to the end of ישתבח.
- Then we sing קל אדון.
- We then move to the 3 paragraphs of שמע and then from עמידה until the end of the אמידה.

Now it's time for your snack and story.

## A Thorn in the Desert

Rabbi Ostreicher was a Rosh Yeshiva in Israel. He lived in a small town near to the open desert, a place that was uninhabited and stretched for miles. Mostly boring sand and a hot wind blowing making it into a place where nothing much happened. Rabbi Ostreicher's house was right by the desert.

Rabbi Ostreicher had had a busy morning at the Yeshiva. It was a very hot day and when he finished, he walked back to his house for a quick lunch and a rest before heading back to the Yeshiva once again. So, there he was, relaxing on his couch when something he saw made him sit up suddenly. The whirr of helicopter blades getting louder and louder. He couldn't see much because it was far away but as he watched he saw the helicopter descending till it landed on the desert sand! In the middle of absolutely nowhere! He watched as someone climbed down off the helicopter and walked around it to the other side. Of course, that meant that Rabbi Ostreicher couldn't see the man anymore! But he carried on watching and after about 30 minutes he saw the man climb back up into the helicopter, heard the sound of the engine being turned on and observed the helicopter lifting off from the desert sand back into the sky till he couldn't see it anymore.

What on earth just happened?

And then, he noticed another figure, dressed in a black coat, black trousers, and a white shirt – the uniform of the Charedi community and also of his Yeshiva! As he watched as the figure dusted himself off, turned and started to walk in his direction. What on earth.....?

By now it was time for Rabbi Ostreicher to head back to his Yeshiva, not knowing what to make of what he had seen!

His afternoon began as usual with the Rabbi giving a Shiur to his group of boys. He noticed that one of them – a boy called Yehuda – had a bandage around his wrist and hand. After the Shiur, Yehuda came up to him. "Rabbi, can you spare a moment for me to tell you something? This is what he told him:

"I live with a few other boys and it's always noisy! And I was desperate for a bit of quiet. So, I made up my mind that during lunch break, I would take a sandwich and lots of water and walk into the desert, just to clear my head. I let my mind wander where it wanted and hardly noticed that I was getting deeper into the desert! I passed by a rock and saw a beautiful flower that was growing in a crack in the rock and I bent down to smell it. It smelled wonderful! So, I put out my hand to pluck it and take it back to my flat when – WOW – something pricked me! But what pain! As I pulled my hand away, I felt a thorn pricking even deeper into my wrist! And the blood...... so much blood, it was pouring out of my wrist. I tore off my shirt to try and stem the bleeding, but to no avail. Blood everywhere and no-one around to help me. I felt myself getting weaker and weaker and I had to lie down. "This is it!" I thought, "I'm going to die". Of course, there is no mobile connection in the desert. With the last of my strength I shouted to Hashem! "Help me! Help me! I'm only 17 years old! I have so much more Torah to learn and Mitzvos to keep. I don't want to die!

## Continues next week...