

BJC Wensa

“WENSA” MEANS “FUN” IN JUDEO-ARABIC!

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I Want that One

There was once a farmer who had some puppies for sale. He made a sign advertising the pups and nailed it to a post on the edge of his yard. As he was nailing the sign to the post, he felt a tug on his overalls. He looked down to see a little boy with a big grin and something in his hand.

"Mister," he said, "I want to buy one of your puppies."

"Well," said the farmer, "these puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal."

The boy dropped his head for a moment, then looked back up at the farmer and said, "I've got thirty-nine cents. Is that enough to take a look?"

"Sure," said the farmer, and with that he whistled and called out, "Dolly. Here, Dolly." Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly followed by four little balls of fur.

The little boy's eyes danced with delight. Then out from the doghouse peeked another little ball; this one noticeably smaller. Down the ramp it slid and began hobbling in an unrewarded attempt to catch up with the others. The pup was clearly the runt of the litter.

The little boy pressed his face to the fence and cried out, "I want that one," pointing to the runt. The farmer knelt down and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you the way you would like."

With that the boy reached down and slowly pulled up one leg of his trousers. In doing so he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg attaching itself to a specially made shoe.

Looking up at the farmer, he said, "You see, sir, I don't run too well myself, and he will need someone who understands."

Lesson: We could sympathize with each others problems, only if we make a genuine effort to understand their situation.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK:

WHAT WE DO FOR OURSELVES DIES WITH US.
WHAT WE DO FOR OTHERS AND THE WORLD,
REMAINS AND IS IMMORTAL. (ALBERT PINE)

An Open Letter To Abu Mazen, the President of the Palestinian Authority by Dr. Albert Khabbaza

DIGGING THE GRAVES

Dear Abu Mazen,

Let me first call you by your favorable Arab name, for it might slightly ease the impact of the harsh words with which I intend to address you.

Who is digging the graves? You yourself, Mr. Abu Mazen. For whom? For your people and my people.

A few weeks ago, you refused to continue the direct negotiation with Israel, under the excuse that Israel is continuing to build houses in the West Bank and East Jerusalem. You had forgotten that Yasser Arafat was negotiating with Israel ten years ago while the settlements were being built.

Dear Abu Mazen: You are threatening to go to the U. N. to declare a unilateral independent state of Palestine with its border which are the pre-1967 war borders, and its capital is East Jerusalem. You know well that such a state cannot survive without the cooperation of Israel. You also know that peace cannot be imposed on any country. Is your action a step toward peace or war? The U.N. will recognize your state as well as many other countries. But there will be no peace, only war. Why? You and Hamas will attack Israel because it "occupies" part of your country *legally* according to the U.N. declaration. You and Hamas will use all kinds of "resistance" including suicide bombers to liberate your land. Israel will respond and the war will be savage.

Dear Abu Mazen: If you review the history of wars, you would realize that the outcome of a war, any war, is unpredictable. When Hitler started WWII, he never thought that he would loose. When the Arab countries attacked Israel on its day of independence, they were sure that they would win. The most probable outcome of the coming war is that there would not be a winner and no looser, only corpses, the number of which would be unimaginable. In fact, the number would be so huge that there would not be enough graves for them, even if you continue to dig 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Worse, both sides would prepare for the next round of war after a few years.

Dear Abu Mazen: Although I am not a politician, permit me to give you a little advice: Don't follow Arafat's path. You will never get a Noble Price. Reconsider your policy and...Oh, I almost forgot, stop digging the graves.

Albert Khabbaza, M.D.



AN OLD JEWISH TALE

contributed by Dr. Khabbaza

The numbering of the Jewish Calendar

The year number (5763, 5764 etc.) on the Jewish calendar represents the number of years since creation, as calculated by adding up the ages of people in the Bible back to the time of creation. So when we say that the year is 5763, that means 5763 years from the birth of Adam (you know, the first man in the *Torah*) on the 6th day (which may have been longer than the day as we know now, but that's a different story) of Creation. To give you a bit of perspective of where in time we are, *Avrohom* (Abraham) was born in the year 1948 of the Jewish calendar; *Yetziat Mitzrayim* (the Exodus from Egypt) was 2448, the modern state of Israel was established in 5708 (1948 CE).

The Jewish year is calculated by adding 3760 to the civil year, and conversely, the civil year is obtained by subtracting 3760 from the Jewish year.

RIDDLES & BRAINTEAS



(1) A word I know,
Six letters it contains,
Subtract just one,
And twelve is what remains.

Answer: A Dozen.

(2) If you have two coins which total 35 cents and one of the coins is not a dime, what are the two coins?

Answer: A quarter and a dime. One coin is not a dime, but the other one is.

(3) I know what my job is, The point has been made. You say I have a big head, And you're right, I'm afraid. Put me in my place, And then leave me alone. Is someone to drive me home.

Answer: A Nail.

(4) I am the fountain from which no one can drink. For many I am considered a necessary link. Like gold to all I am sought for, But my continued death brings wealth for all to want more. What am I?

Answer: Oil.

(5) Dark with white markings, And smooth like a rock. Where learning occurs, I help convey thought. What am I?

Answer: A Blackboard or Chalkboard.

(6) What runs around all day then lies under the bed with its tongue hanging out?

Answer: A Shoe.

During the middle ages, Jews had suffered a lot by the Catholic church. During a period of drought and scarcity of food, the church was responsible for giving food coupons to the people. They didn't give any to the Jews. A small Jewish family was starving. The wife told her husband: "Go to the priest and tell him that you and your family had decided to convert to Christianity so we will have some food."

The man went to the priest and so declared. The priest was happy, took some of the holly water beside him and threw it in his face and said: "Now you became a Christian" and gave him his food coupons. But told him: "you should not eat chicken for dinner on Friday nights anymore." The man agreed.

Few weeks later, the priest wasn't sure that this man would not eat chicken on Friday night. He went to his house one Friday night to see if he is obeying the rules. He was stunned to see chicken on the table.

"What is this you are eating?" he asked. "It is not chicken, it is fish" the man replied. "But it has legs! fish do not have legs" the priest replied. "It is fish," the husband insisted. "It also has wings, have you ever heard of a fish with wings?" the priest asked.

Then the wife intervned and said: "Let me explain to you what happened. This afternoon I went to buy chicken for Friday night's meal. But my husband looked at the chicken, took some of that holly water which you had poured on his head some time ago, and sprinkled it on the chicken and said "Now you have become fish", so it is really a fish now and not a chicken.

The priest was shocked, but could not say a word.

WHO CARES?

- No piece of normal-size paper can be folded in half more than 7 times.
- $111,111,111 \times 111,111,111 = 12,345,678,987,654,321$
- Natural pearls melt in vinegar
- Earth is the only planet not named after a pagan God.
- Butterflies taste with their feet.
- A duck's quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.
- An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.
- Ten percent of the Russian government's income comes from the sale of vodka
- The number of possible ways of playing the first four moves per side in a game of chess is 318,979,564,000.
- The only 15 letter word that can be spelled without repeating a letter is "uncopyrightable".
- "I am" is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.
- Bullet proof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers, and laser printers were all invented by women.

Take a look!

Rabbi Isaac Mukamal (*Dr. Khabbaza's Grandfather*) inscribed epitaphs on tombstones as a profession. In 1940 he also completed writing a holy Torah scroll, which was a great achievement. That particular Torah, which was owned by his cousin in Iraq, was saved and many years later made its way to Iran, London, and then to Chicago. It is now housed in the Babylonian Jewish Center, in Great Neck, NY. Who could have ever imagined that Rabbi Isaac Mukamal's great grandson would be reading a verse from that same Torah seventy years later? A week following my son's wedding, as a *Shabbat Khattan*, Charles read from that same Torah, a member of the synagogue reminded the crowd.
(an excerpt taken from *The Last Tango in Baghdad*)

Does this look familiar?



Take a closer look at this 70 year old Torah which is originally made and brought from Iraq. The cover and the inside are BOTH old and it is held at BJC.



Keep Playing

A mother wishing to encourage her son's progress at the piano, bought tickets to a Paderewski performance. When the evening arrived, they found their seats near the front of the concert hall and eyed the majestic Steinway waiting on stage. Soon the mother found a friend to talk to, and the boy slipped away.

At eight o'clock, the lights in the auditorium began to dim. The spotlights came on, and only then did they notice the boy, upon the bench, innocently picking out "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." His mother gasped, but before she could retrieve her son, the master appeared on the stage and quickly moved to the keyboard.

He whispered to the boy. "Don't quit. Keep playing." Leaning over, Paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in the bass part. Soon, his right arm reached around the other side of the boy and he began to improvise eloquently. Together, the old master and the young novice held the crowd mesmerized.

The lesson: Whatever our situation in life and history -- however outrageous, however desperate, whatever dry spell of the spirit, whatever dark night of the soul -- Ha-Shem is whispering deep within our beings, "Don't quit. Keep playing. You are not alone. Together we will transform the broken patterns into a masterwork of My creative art. Together, we will mesmerize the world."

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.

Did you know that there are 206 bones in the adult human body and there are 300 in children (as they grow some of the bones fuse together).

Answer to last issue's puzzle:

An old Arab was very fond of horse racing. He had two sons, each one had a fine horse. Before he died, the father left a secret will saying that his money and assets would go to the son whose horse would loose in a race between two cities. The two brothers problem: How do you loose when the other also wants to loose? In the morning, they started the race, each one of them didn't push his horse very much forward. At midnight they didn't even cover half a mile. They decided yo go to the Sheikh and asked for his advice. The Sheikh told them: "You have no problem at all." He whispered a few words in the ear of one of them, then the same words to the other.

The next day they rode the horses and started the race. One horse won and one horse lost and the conditions of the will were fulfilled. What did that Sheikh whisper in their ears?

Answer: The Sheikh said "Ride your brother's horse" to each of them.

COLORS OF THE WORLD...

Once upon a time the colors of the world started to quarrel. They all claimed that they were the best, the most important, the most useful and the favorite color in the world.

Green said "Clearly I am the most important. I am the sign of life and of hope. I was chosen for grass, trees, leaves - without me, all animals would die. Look over the countryside and you will see that I am in the majority."

Blue interrupted: "You only think about the earth, but consider the sky and the sea. It is the water that is the basis of life and drawn up by the clouds from the deep sea. The sky gives space and peace and serenity. Without my peace, you would all be nothing."

Yellow chuckled: "You are all so serious. I bring laughter, gaiety, and warmth into the world. The sun is yellow, the moon is yellow and the stars are yellow. Every time you look at a sunflower, the whole world starts to smile. Without me there would be no fun."

Orange started next to blow her trumpet: "I am the color of health and strength. I may be scarce, but I am precious for I serve the needs of human life. I carry the most important vitamins. Think of carrots, pumpkins, oranges and mangoes. I don't hang around all the time, but when I fill the sky at sunrise or sunset, my beauty is so striking that no one gives another thought to any of you."

Red could stand it no longer. He shouted out: "I am the ruler of all of you. I am blood - life's blood! I am the color of danger and of bravery. I am willing to fight for a cause. I bring fire into the blood. Without me, the earth would be as empty as the moon. I am the color of passion and of love, the red rose, the poinsettia and the poppy."

Purple stood up and rose up to his full height. He was very tall and spoke with great pomp: "I am the color of royalty and power. Kings, chiefs, and bishops have always chosen me for I am the sign of authority and wisdom. People do not question me - they listen and obey."

Finally, **Indigo** spoke, much more quietly than all the others. "You hardly notice me, but without me you all become superficial. I represent thought and reflection, twilight and deep water. You need me for balance and contrast, for prayer and inner peace."

And so the colors went on boasting, each convinced of his or her own superiority. Their quarreling became louder and louder. Suddenly there was a startling flash of bright lightening - thunder rolled and boomed. Rain started to pour down relentlessly. The colors crouched down in fear, drawing close to one another for comfort.

In the midst of the clamor, rain began to speak: "You foolish colors, fighting amongst yourselves, each trying to dominate the rest. Don't you know that you were each made for a special purpose, unique and different? Join hands with one another and come to me."

Doing as they were told, the colors united and joined hands. The rain continued: "From now on, when it rains, each of you will stretch across the sky in a great bow of color as a reminder that you can all live in peace." The rainbow is a sign of hope for tomorrow."

PARSHA FACTS

In our last episode *Hashem* took the *Bnei Yisroel* out of *Mitzrayim* with great miracles and marvels. He also finished off the Egyptian army once and for all, drowning the soldiers and their horses in the *Yam Suf*. The *Eirev Rav* (remember those troublemakers?), who instigated a protest on the edge of the sea did *teshuva* (repent). But it only took three days for them to lose faith again. First over water, then over food and meat, and finally when Amalek attacked. *Hashem* took care of all these problems by introducing "the well of Miriam," the "*Mann*," the "*Slav*" birds, and "arming" *Bnei Yisroel* against Amalek.



And so, whenever a good rain washes the world, and a rainbow appears in the sky, let us remember to appreciate one another!!

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Limited *signed* copies of the New Book:

The Last Tango in Baghdad

by Dr. Albert Khabbaza is available for sale.

For more info please contact:

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Thanks to Brittany & Ronen Ben-Josef & Joyce & Isaac Reiss for sponsoring this Family Shabbat



FAMILY SHABBAT UPCOMING DATES:

MARCH 5, 2011

APRIL 9, 2011

MAY 28, 2011

