

BJC Wensa

“WENSA” MEANS “FUN” IN JUDEO-ARABIC!

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SHABBAT ENDS 5:28PM

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WITNESS--THE LAST JEW OF BABYLON....

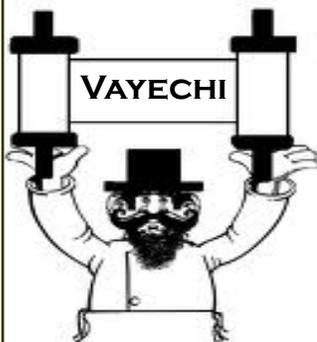
In a very personal video, watch the story of Ezra Levy (2007), one of the last of his kind - a Jew in Iraq. His tale is a quest for lost love, a woman called Daisy whom he last saw more than 50 years ago. Clutching a photo of the young, beautiful Daisy, the 85-year-old sets off for Israel and a family he has not seen for many years. Once there, Ezra challenges the assumption that in an anti-Semitic world, Jews are better off in Israel than elsewhere.

The story and video is an interesting tale. You can watch the two parts (13 minutes part 1 and 10 minutes part 2) on the internet by going to these links. ENJOY the quest for lost love in an Iraqi Jew...

Part 1: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X7kJlKW1r3A>

Part 2: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kFfALczx44o>

PARSHA OF THE WEEK....



Yacov lives the final 17 years of his life in Egypt. Before his passing, he asks Yosef to take an oath that he will bury him in the Holy Land. He blesses Yosef's two sons, Menashe and Efraim, elevating them to the status of his own sons within the nation of Israel.

The patriarch desires to reveal the end of days to his children, but is prevented from doing so. Yacov blesses his sons, assigning to each his role as a tribe: Yehuda will produce leaders, legislators and kings; priests will come from Levi, scholars from Yissachar, seafarers from Zevulun, schoolteachers from Shimon, soldiers from Gad, judges from Dan, olive growers from Asher, and so on. Reuben is rebuked for “confusing his father’s marriage”; Shimon and Levi for the massacre of Shechem and the plot against Yosef. Naphtali is granted the swiftness of a deer, Benyamin the ferociousness of a wolf, and Yosef is blessed with beauty and fertility.

A large funeral procession consisting of Yacov’s descendants, Pharaoh’s ministers, the leading citizens of Egypt and the Egyptian cavalry accompanies Yacov on his final journey to the Holy Land, where he is buried in the Machpeilah Cave in Chevron.

Yosef, too, dies in Egypt, at the age of 110. He, too, instructs that his bones be taken out of Egypt and buried in the Holy Land, but this would come to pass only with the Israelites’ Exodus from Egypt many years later. Before his passing, Yosef conveys to the Children of Israel the testament from which they will draw their hope and faith in the difficult years to come: “G-d will surely remember you, and bring you up out of this land to the land of which he swore to Avraham, Yitzchak and Yacov.”

“ quote ” *“Be thankful for what you have; you’ll end up having more. If you concentrate on what you don’t have, you will never, ever have enough.” (Oprah Winfrey)*

“ quote ” If you would like to contribute short jokes, stories, memories, recipes, etc. please email the publisher: annahakakian@yahoo.com.

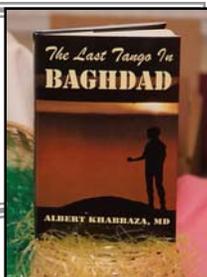
FAMILY SHABBAT DATES:

FEB. 4, 2012

MAR. 3, 2012

MAY 5, 2012

JUNE 2, 2012



The Last Tango in Baghdad

by Dr. Albert Khabbaza is available for sale.

For more info please contact:

annahakakian@yahoo.com

or buy from any online bookseller.

A random act of kindness...

Contributed by Jackie Cohen



The Cab Ride

I arrived at the address and honked the horn. After waiting a few minutes, I walked to the door and knocked. 'Just a minute', answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor.

After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 90's stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940's movie.

By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets.

There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

'Would you carry my bag out to the car?' she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb.

She kept thanking me for my kindness. 'It's nothing', I told her. 'I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother to be treated.'

'Oh, you're such a good boy, she said. When we got in the cab, she gave me an address and then asked, 'Could you drive through downtown?'

'It's not the shortest way,' I answered quickly.

'Oh, I don't mind,' she said. 'I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice.'

I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening. 'I don't have any family left,' she continued in a soft voice.. 'The doctor says I don't have very long.' I quietly reached over and shut off the meter.

'What route would you like me to take?' I asked.

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator.

We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl.

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, 'I'm tired. Let's go now'.

We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico.

Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her. I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

'How much do I owe you?' She asked, reaching into her purse.

'Nothing,' I said.

You have to make a living, 'she answered.'

'There are other passengers,' I responded.

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly.

'You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,' she said 'Thank you.'

I squeezed her hand, and then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life.

I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life.

We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments.

But great moments often catch us unaware-beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one.



PEOPLE MAY NOT REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID, OR WHAT YOU SAID ~BUT~THEY WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HOW YOU MADE THEM FEEL

Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance!

Joketime...



Balloonist

Contributed by Jackie Cohen

A woman in a hot air balloon realized she was lost. She reduced altitude and spotted a man below. She descended a bit more and shouted:

'Excuse me, can you help me? I promised a friend I would meet him an hour ago but I don't know where I am.'

The man below replied, *'You're in a hot air balloon hovering approximately 30 feet above the ground. You're between 40 and 41 degrees north latitude and between 59 and 60 degrees west longitude.'*

'You must be an Engineer or a Technician,' said the balloonist.

'I am,' replied the man, 'how did you know?'

'Well,' answered the balloonist, 'everything you have told me is probably technically correct, but I've no idea what to make of your information and the fact is, I'm still lost. Frankly, you've not been much help at all. If anything, you've delayed my trip by your talk, and made me even more late'

The man below responded, *'You must be in Management or Politics.'*

'I am,' replied the balloonist, 'but how did you know?'

'Well,' said the man, 'you don't know where you are or where you're going. You have risen to where you are, due to a large quantity of hot air. You made a promise, which you've no idea how to keep, and you expect people beneath you to solve your problems. The fact is you are in exactly the same position you were in before we met, but now, - somehow, - it is my fault!!!!'

The Thirteen Character Traits of True Tzaddik

The Torah commands every Jew with the words, "tzedek, tzedek teerdof" which literally means, "righteousness, righteousness pursue". It is therefore an obligation of each an every Jew to strive to become a tzaddik or tzadeket, by pursuing a path of righteousness in their life.

A Rabbi has identified 13 character traits that a Jew must adopt, in order better oneself. According to the teachings of this great Rabbi, the thirteen "midot" or (character traits) of a true tzaddik/tzadeket is as follows:

1. TRUTHFULNESS ["EMET"] - Be truthful in all you say.
2. QUICKNESS ["ZERIZUT"] - All that you have to do, do without wasting time.
3. DILIGENCE ["CHARITZUT"] - Do all that you are supposed to do conscientiously.
4. RESPECT ["KAVOD"] - Be extremely careful with the honor and feelings of others.
5. TRANQUILITY ["MENUCHA"] - Do everything quietly, without confusion or excitement.
6. GENTLENESS ["NACHAT"] - The words of the wise are spoken softly and peacefully.
7. CLEANLINESS & PURITY ["NIKAYON"] - Keep your body and your clothing clean and your mind pure.
8. PATIENCE ["SAVLANUT"] - Whatever happens in life, be patient.
9. ORDER ["SEDER"] - Do everything in an orderly and disciplined way.
10. HUMILITY ["ANAVA"] - Recognize your own faults and weak points, but do not dwell on the faults and weak points of other people.
11. RIGHTEOUSNESS ["TZEDEK"] - What is hateful to you, do not do unto anyone else.
12. THRIFT ["KIMUTZ"] - Do not waste a single penny unnecessarily.
13. SILENCE ["SH'SIKA"] - Judge the value of your words before you speak.

Find the 12 Differences in each of the 2 Drawings



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Where did the term "honeymoon" come from?

Some believe the word originated in Babylon, named for the time when newly married couples (or just the husband) drank a special beverage which included mead, a honey-based drink.

It was the accepted practice in Babylon 4,000 years ago that for a month after the wedding, the bride's father would supply his son-in-law with all the mead he could drink. Mead is a honey beer and because their calendar was lunar based, this period was called the honey month, which we know today as the honeymoon.