

A heartrending letter that we received this past week, in our office at smart voice.

Dear smart voice,
Please print my letter in your upcoming issue.

I am writing with blood from my heart, as tears are pouring from my eyes.

I just had workers fix something in my home. From the first moment that I laid eyes on them, I had a suspicioun that one of them is a yid, despite his outward goyishe appearance and attire. He did not wear a yarmulka, no tzitzis, but his eyes, the windows to his neshama – they were so very Jewish, and so very, terribly sad and pitiful. They are lost and mournful eyes. Later on I heard him speaking to his boss in a fluent yiddish, and my suspicions were confirmed.

Today he came for just a minute, and his smartphone was facing me. I don't look at smartphones due to my kabalah, and also due to the tremendous pain that it aroused within me. It tore my heart to shreds.

It was a picture of two adorable yingerlach with curly peyos and tzitzis.

As soon as he left, I burst into uncontrollable tears.

Ribono shel Olam! These precious children have no father! Who says they have a mother at all?! Who says they still have peyos and tzitzis?!

For this reason one is not allowed to look at smartphones, because you will see pictures that will tear your heart apart.

I can't stop thinking about all these other yidden that don't look like yidden anymore, thanks to this very dumb, and attractive, phone.

I realized that these people are a lot more to be pitied than cholei yisroel, or people waiting for shidduchim or parnasa. The aforementioned have a purpose in life, they have hope. But someone that is caught in

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the web, is the biggest pity of all. He doesn't own a thing (except his smartphone). He feels finished. Lost.

My heart cries. I cry for him. His neshama cries. His neshama wants him to listen, but it is covered in so many layers. He himself wants to cry. But if he will cry, he will have to face reality, and then he will be forced to give up his smartphone. He will see how far he has reached. That is why I am crying. Because he can't cry. He has to live a double life. A false life. He has to hide his yiddishkeit. He speaks English as if he

doesn't know yiddish. But you are a yid! Come back!

And to all those that are like him: come back! Return to your Father. Don't ever forget that he is with you. Take back your yarmulka, your peyos, your tzitzis and tefillin. You will feel like a new person. Like a real person. Go back to your wife. Your kids! They will be so happy to sit with you around a shabbos table. Your friends are waiting for you with open arms. You will have a reason to live. You will have sunshine. You will have menuchas hanefesh. I beg you! Do it for me. I cry and cry without letup. I want to see you back. And if it's too hard, then do it for yourself. Do it for your kids. Do it for your nitzchiyus! It is never too late. True, it is hard, very

hard. But you will have to give up only one thing – a very big one, but you will gain so much. Here, on this world, from the moment that you will give it up. You are a yid forever. You have a tzelem alokim.

Go to the bais hachayim. Take your hammer (that you use for parnasa) and break it. Smash it to smithereens!

Place one piece at the Ribnitzer zt"l.

Place one piece at the the Noam Eliezer zt"l.

Place one piece at the Viznitzer zt"l.

And the biggest piece place at the Skulener Rebbe zt"l that recently left us.

They will take care of you.

May it be His Will that all lost yiddisha neshamos should return to Him, wholeheartedly.

Sincerely,

Someone that is crying for tzar hashchina.