



## From the Editors

venue did Sarah have to air her grievances and obtain some closure?

Not only didn't Sarah say anything negative to her children about her mother-in-law, she put on a good-enough act to fool her older daughter. Even when pressed by her younger daughter for explanations, she refrained from the urge to speak negatively.

Additionally, she did her best to maintain the relationship with her mother-in-law, wearing the jewelry Magda gave her, inviting her for Shabbos repeatedly (albeit coolly), and being Magda's guest.

According to one letter writer, Sarah "should have grown up and gotten over" her initial feelings of rejection. I was not aware that Magda expressed remorse at any point, enabling Sarah to achieve a measure of closure. It seems to me that Sarah did her best, and succeeded fairly well.

(Perhaps it is time to put into practice some of Mrs. Radcliffe's advice about refraining from judgmental armchair analysis without a professional license.)

*Mrs. Ilana Orange, LMSW*

### Appreciation in Hindsight

[Mosaic of the Jewish World / Mishpacha Special Supplement]

It's not a year, yet I feel compelled to express my feelings of *hakaras hatov* to the staff of *Mishpacha* and Shalvat Chayim, an adult residence in Yerushalayim. The real journey we took together started Erev Purim more than five years ago.

Approximately two weeks before Purim of that year, I read an interesting article in a special supplement magazine that *Mishpacha* published describing the many community *chesed* organizations that exist in the US and in Eretz Yisrael. The article was about a wonderful group home called Chein V'Chesed V'Rachamim (now known as Shalvat Chayim). The article described a unit that is run by Rabbi Edery for the benefit of the most needy, neglected, and "hidden" population

Unlike media in which readers can comment immediately upon concluding an article, print journalism is often like throwing a pebble in the water. You can sometimes see some small ripples, but you never know just how far they will reach or if they will ever cascade into a giant wave.

"A Mother in Klal Yisrael" writes one of the most heartrending letters we've received. Yet in her loss, she finds it within herself to thank us for being the improbable "shadchanim" who enabled her son to live out his last years in a safe, dignified environment.

Dear "Mother," your letter is both encouraging and humbling. Encouraging because it reminds us just how powerful these pages can be, but humbling because that power comes with a tremendous responsibility. And while we always take that responsibility seriously, a reminder every now and again doesn't hurt.

May you merit a true *nechamah* on your loss, and may we merit to be *shadchanim* for more joyous occasions.

in our community here and abroad, housing and working with victims of the most difficult of mental illnesses.

At that point, my adult son had been living on the streets of Brooklyn for close to six months as his mental illness continued to progress and his refusal to seek proper treatment deepened. He barely lived through the winter, sleeping on park benches, running out of city shelters, and seeking temporary shelter from the "outside" in hospital emergency rooms, because in his words, "I am a *frum* man who needs a *frum* place to be without being afraid that I will be hurt while I sleep."

The Jewish agencies that work with the mentally ill in Brooklyn could not legally handle my son because he was also an addict in addition to his severe schizophrenia and deep anxiety disorder. These organizations unfortunately (but caringly) rejected my son, but could not provide me with any suggestions for "safe harbor."

After reading the article, I called my mother (who lives in Yerushalayim) immediately after Shabbos. She sighed and said that she, too, had also read the same article and was waiting to call the organization's number. She placed the call the following morning, and the rest is history.

I want to express my sincere thanks to Rabbi Edery and his wife for providing not

only a "safe harbor" for my son, but for also providing him with an atmosphere that was as close to "home" as possible. I also want to express my *hakaras hatov* to Tamir Shefer, who went out on a limb to accept my son into the program and went above and beyond the call of duty to make him feel like a special person, all the while detoxing him from dangerous and addictive substances. Yaakov, my son's direct caregiver, was like an older brother as he dealt with his serious needs. Most of all, I want to express my ultimate appreciation to the staff of *Mishpacha* for having had the prophetic foresight to publish these articles *l'tovas haklal*.

May you all be blessed!

It's not a year yet since my son was *niftar* unexpectedly in his sleep while he was in the hospital in Yerushalayim for medical treatment. Tamir Shefer, Rabbi Ettinger, Rabbi Edery, and Yaakov made his tortured life in the hospital bearable. They helped as my brother dealt with all of the funeral arrangements as I "watched" from America. No, I was not at my son's *levayah*, because I couldn't make it without withholding his *kvurah* for more than 24 hours. I will be eternally grateful for the kindness of my brother, nephews, and staff of Shalvat Chayim. May they all reap the rewards that accompany the mitzvah of *levayas hameis*.

*An Appreciative Mother in Klal Yisrael*