



As this goes to print, we join our brothers and sisters of the NYPD who are mourning the loss of two brothers who were murdered in cold blood in the line of duty. Please keep these officers and their families in your prayers. Please be careful out there, always have each others back and always be vigilant. May G-d always keep you safe. Amen!

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL. MAY 2015 BRING WITH IT BLESSINGS OF PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD HEALTH JOY AND HAPPINESS TO YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES.

The following parable story is a bit of 'food for thought' to start your new year:

One of our members called recently to tell me the following story. "Not long ago I had "one of those days." I was feeling pressure from a writing deadline for a school assignment, had company arriving in a couple days and the toilet was clogged. I went to the bank, and the trainee teller processing my deposit had to start over three times. I swung by the supermarket to pick up a few things and the lines were serpentine. By the time I got home, I was frazzled, sweaty and in a hurry to get something on the table for dinner. Deciding on Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, I grabbed a can opener, cranked open the can, then remembered I had forgotten to buy milk at the store. Nix the soup idea. Setting the can aside, I went to plan B, which was leftover baked beans. I grabbed a Tupperware from the fridge, popped the seal, took a look and groaned. My husband isn't a picky eater, but even *he* won't eat baked beans that look like caterpillars. Really frustrated, now, I decided on a menu that promised to be as foolproof as it is nutrition-free: hot dogs and potato chips.

Retrieving a brand new bag of chips from the cupboard, I grabbed the cellophane and gave a hearty pull. The bag didn't open. I tried again. Nothing happened. I took a breath, doubled my muscle, and gave the bag a hearty wrestle. With a loud pop, the cellophane suddenly gave way, ripping wide from top to bottom. Chips flew sky high. I was left holding the bag, and it was empty. It was the final straw. I let out a blood curdling scream. *"I can't take it anymore!!!"*

My husband heard my unorthodox cry for help. Within minutes he was standing at the doorway to the kitchen, where he surveyed the damage: an opened can of soup, melting groceries, moldy baked beans, and one quivering wife standing ankle deep in potato chips. My husband did the most helpful thing he could think of at the moment. He took a flying leap, landing flat-footed in the pile of chips. And then he began to stomp and dance and twirl, grinding those chips into my linoleum in the process! I stared. I fumed. Pretty soon I was working to stifle a smile. Eventually I had to laugh.

And finally I decided to join him. I, too, took a leap onto the chips, and then I danced. Now I'll be the first to admit that my husband's response wasn't the one I was looking for. But the truth is, it was exactly what I needed. I didn't need a cleanup crew as much as I needed an attitude adjustment, and the laughter from that rather funky moment provided just that." End of story.

Now I have a question for you, and it's simply this: Has G-d ever stomped on your chips? We know that, in our lives, there have been plenty of times when we've gotten ourselves into frustrating situations and we've cried out for help, all the while hoping G-d would show up with a celestial broom and clean up the mess we've made of things.

What often happens instead is that G-d dances on our chips, answering our prayers in a completely different manner than we had expected, but in the manner that is best for us after all. Sometimes we can see right away that G-d's response was the best one after all. Sometimes we have to wait weeks or months before we begin to understand how and why G-d answered a particular prayer the way He did. There are even some situations that, years later, we are still trying to understand. We figure G-d will fill us in sooner or later, either this side of Heaven or beyond.

Sometimes we sulk, sometimes we dance, sometimes we complain and sometimes we are accepting. I guess the older we get the more we realize that He really does know what He's doing. He loves us and we can trust Him, even when the chips are down, **SO DON'T STOP DANCING.....**

Some points to ponder....**Faith is the ability to not panic. If you worry, you didn't pray, if you prayed, don't worry.**

As a child of G-d, prayer is kinda like calling home every day. Blessed are the flexible, for they shall not be bent out of shape.

Do the math, count your blessings. Dear God, please help me realize, that I may be part of the problem.

Laugh every day -- it's like inner jogging. Growing old is inevitable, growing up is optional.

I was looking for the city of happiness, and found it in the state of mind. A grudge is a heavy thing to carry.

We do not remember days but moments, life moves fast, enjoy your precious moments. (Its all right to sit on your pity pot every now and again, just be sure to flush when you are done.)

Surviving and living your life successfully requires courage. The goals and dreams you're seeking require courage and risk-taking. Learn from the turtle, it only makes progress when it sticks out it's neck.

Last but not least, remember what Forest Gump said "life is like a box of chocolates", you never know what the inside has in store for you, **EAT CHOCOLATE ANYWAY!!**

On behalf of ALL the Chaplains, may G-d bless you, keep you safe and always keep you in His loving care.

Compliments of your Police Chaplain
Rabbi Moshe Wolf, 773-463-4780 or e-mail:moshewolf@hotmail.com.