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Thursday Night Class: 3/1/15

"Beyond Words? We Wanna Know" p:8/7 AyinBase / Ayin Beis with R' Paltiel, Shvat 5775

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Page 8 of pamphlet – (at third to last line of the page. Line begins: 'ha-or...') , Page 7 in the book. For text see below.

The faculties come forward in a defined and separate manner.

In sechel/mind, light is limited, and even if it is mind/sechel devoid of form, yet still it is defined.

Chassidus speaks from a soul perspective. Not from a body perspective. The body is real to us. The soul is something 'we are told about'. All Torah is from the soul, but chassidus especially is based on sechel/mind coming from the soul/neshamah...

You have a G-dly gift of sechel/mind. This is us. There is not an animal in the world that can relate to this!

We want to think and learn at the sechel/mind level – we want to live at the soul level. We want to be on the Godly level and fulfill His will. Only the soul can relate to this. The body has no clue.

Okay so we have this – we have sechel/mind – and when we realize the depth and sensitivity of our insight we are shocked! Wow! Where does it come from?! It comes from our soul, which is infinitely above that.

The soul is above our grasp, but we see that as it manifests itself in body there is an imprint of soul all the way down to the level of faculties.

And our sechel/mind, as fine as it is, does not compare to ratzon/will!

Sechel/mind that is above experience – what is it? Anything I acquire by a process cannot be beyond letters/components...

Sechel/mind is not the result of your experience. It is not acquired. Sechel is not developed. It is revealed.

By working, your brain becomes more refined, till it is able to reveal more sechel/mind. Although experienced in the brain, the mind/sechel is not physical. There is nothing tangible in mind that forces the physical mind to understand... the brain is suitable for the mind. Mind is not superimposed on the brain.

And due to this you may think sechel/mind is similar to ratzon/will.

Sunday morning:

who has anything from the sicha or fabregn?

The sicha had to do with the woman weaving on the goats' backs....

Sunday 24 adar I - 3/15/15

Quote of the day, "but real quick. could we just go around the table and each say our favourite foods?!' - Noah Merenfeld. Chicken catch-a-tory (spelled out phonetically) or else moo-goo-gy-pang, if you will. (Y.Y. B.)

An expansion of an idea heard in today's class, "
You can move from place to place because you have a soul. You are not fixed in place by your environment. You are not fixed to your physical place. You are not fixed to your psychological place."

As the dove preferred the bitter olive branch to provender from the hand of man, the human soul prefers liberty to tyranny.

Domesticated Livestock Need

Domesticated livestock need Little to keep them satisfied; Given a shelter and some feed The bare necessities provide.

It will not work for humankind, No matter how you try to keep A person satisfied — confined — He isn't like the cow or sheep.

Longing for more than he has got A person is not bounded by Four walls because he senses what Off in the distance has to lie.

It is this sense of what's beyond That renders anybody free, So that he breaks whatever bond Which tries to fetter liberty.

Wow. is this (above) a poem from yitzchak b? Great! Seems to relate directly to today's shiur -

(http://dailychassidus.blogspot.com/2015/03/eat-to-live-p97.html)

especially the part about the Communist and Nazi regimes.... about how they 'steal the sky' - remove the infinite element from man. And reduce man to a defined, limited, physical, functional entity... But they cannot do it. Since man always "he senses what off in the distance has to lie"!

also regarding the dove and the olive branch see today's Likkutei torah - הַ יַּיִת הַמֵּר

https://dachyomi.files.wordpress.com/2013/12/dach-yomi-issue-64-vayikra.pdf

Dandelion

Crystalline
Sphere of filaments shooting
Out a fragile film of still wheels, stars
Spun radial round
Out the pith from the core of a skeletal dream;
Given wind
And days burst in sulfur in suns at a distance
Across green fields astral arrayed
Myriads arisen bright
Fall dimmed and spectral—
Turn light, light, light as on the wind, up risen.

Nice poem Yitzchak!

Thanks to whomever it concerns.

Below, a poem on a you a common theme concerning the infinite quality of matter:

There Is No Particle So Small

There is no particle so small That any other won't appear Revealing that the least of all Is never absolutely there;

For anything one has to find Apparently appears to show That whatsoever is designed Reveals a little more is so;

That matter's indestructible & has within it always more As there is no "God particle" That everyone is looking for,

& there will always be the stuff Of something to be looked into For, more will never be enough Of what is coming into view.