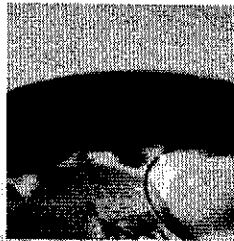
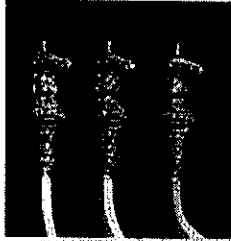




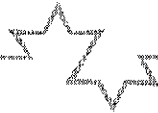
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Ties That Bind and Connect
Meaningful Relationships, Meaningful Lives
Session Three
Myths That Are Roadblocks To Good Relationships

Dr. Aviva Weisbord

April 30, 2013



THIS COURSE IS DEDICATED IN MEMORY OF:

אסתר חנה זיל בת צבי ופרומה עלקא פייגא בת מאיר ופשא לאה זיל נח בן אברהם ופייגא זיל
תהא נשמתם צרורות בצרור החיים MAY THEIR SOULS BE BOUND IN THE EVERLASTING BOND OF LIFE

MYTHS THAT ARE ROADBLOCKS TO GOOD RELATIONSHIPS

1. The Myth of the Mindreader: If he really cared about me, he would.....
2. The Happiness Myth:--Someone else is responsible for my happiness.
3. The Language Myth: Men and women speak the same language.
4. Myth of the Right Way: There is only one right way to communicate and relate.
5. Myth of the Perfect Relationship: There is one type of friendship or marriage that is ideal and anything less or different means we failed.

The Soul of Money, by Lynne Twist:

For me, and for many of us, our first waking thought of the day is "I didn't get enough sleep." The next one is "I don't have enough time." Whether true or not, that thought of NOT ENOUGH occurs to us automatically before we even think to question or examine it. We spend most of the hours and the days of our lives hearing, explaining, complaining or worrying about what we don't have enough of...Before we even sit up in bed, before our feet touch the floor, we're already inadequate, already behind, already losing, already lacking something. And by the time we go to bed at night, our minds are racing with a litany of what we didn't get, or didn't get done, that day. We go to sleep burdened by those thoughts and wake up to that reverie of lack...This internal condition of scarcity, this mindset of scarcity, lives at the very heart of our jealousies, our greed, our prejudice, and our arguments with life....(pages 43-45):.

A Tale of Two Drivers

Sep 1st, 2005 @ 09:46 am › Emanuel Feldman

I always knew that Israeli drivers were deranged, second only in madness to the Italians, so what happened did not shock me. What did shock me was the aftermath.

I was driving along a Jerusalem road when a car appeared on a small side street. The driver saw me, and I fully expected him to wait until I passed. But he was impatient. He darted out in full throttle, made a screeching turn directly in front of me, and sped down the road. Had I not swerved and slammed on my brakes he would have struck my car.

I was furious. I drove behind him, honking my horn repeatedly just to let him know that he was a fool. These demented Israeli drivers, I muttered to myself, always in a hurry, filled with chutzpah, oblivious to the dangers they pose to everyone around them. This country is filled with driving schools and no one knows how to drive.

It did not help alleviate my road rage when I noticed that his car was flying a blue ribbon – supporting the withdrawal – while I am a staunch man of orange. I also noticed that he was not wearing a kippah. Aha! This madman was a reckless secular supporter of the Gaza withdrawal. Wait until he stops at the next light, I'll give him a good tongue lashing.

A moment later he stopped at the light. I pulled in beside him, rolled down my window, and motioned to him. He rolled down his window, ready for the confrontation. His wife sitting beside him cringed, expecting the worst.

I don't know what came over me at that moment, but somehow, like a certain heathen prophet with whom I would rather not be compared, the words that emanated from my throat were not the words I thought I would utter. I said to him: "You have a blue ribbon and I have an orange one, but we are both Jews, right?"

Puzzlement covered his face. "Most definitely," he said.

"And we both love Israel, right?"

"For sure." He was completely bewildered.

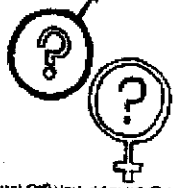
"Wonderful," I said as pleasantly as I could, a smile on my face. "May God bless you with all good things. May you have good fortune in all that you do, and good health and long life."

His jaw dropped, and he looked at me as if I were a lunatic. "Thank you, thank you," he finally blurted out.

Then, after a long pause, he added, "By the way, I apologize for what I did back there. It was stupid and I am truly sorry" – which will enter the Guinness Book of Records as the very first time in the history of mankind that a reckless Israeli driver apologized for anything.

The light turned green. He made a left turn, I a right, and we went our separate ways.

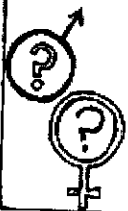
WHY WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER



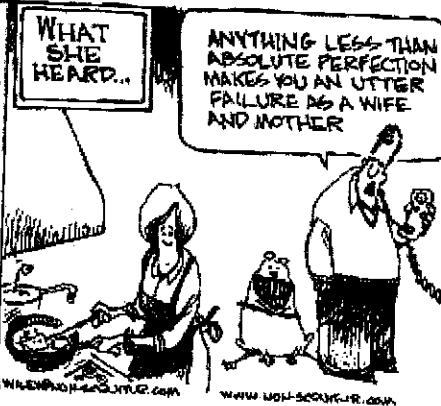
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WHY WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER..

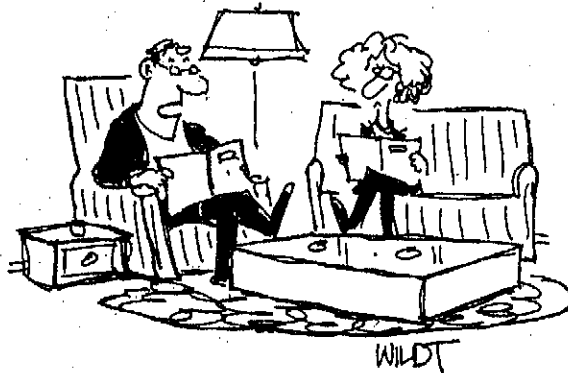


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Pepper . . . and Salt

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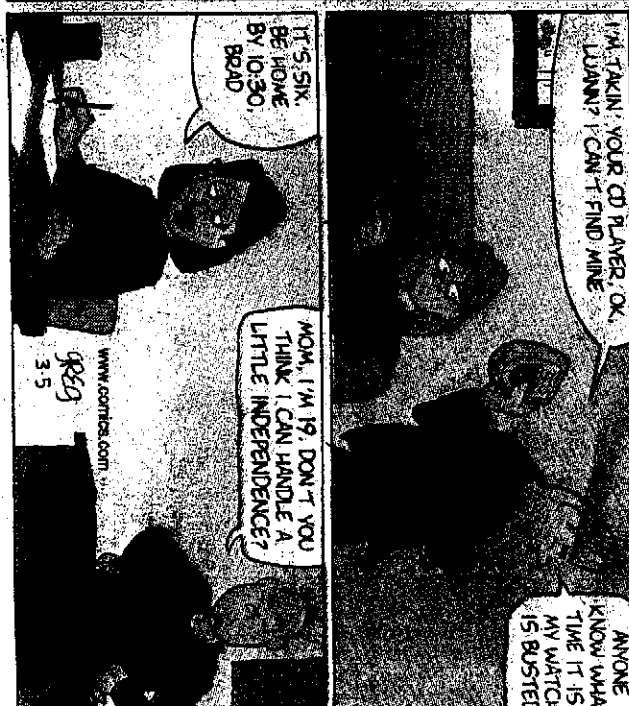
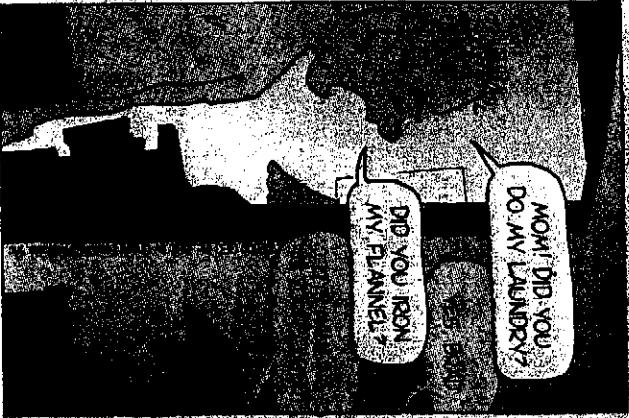
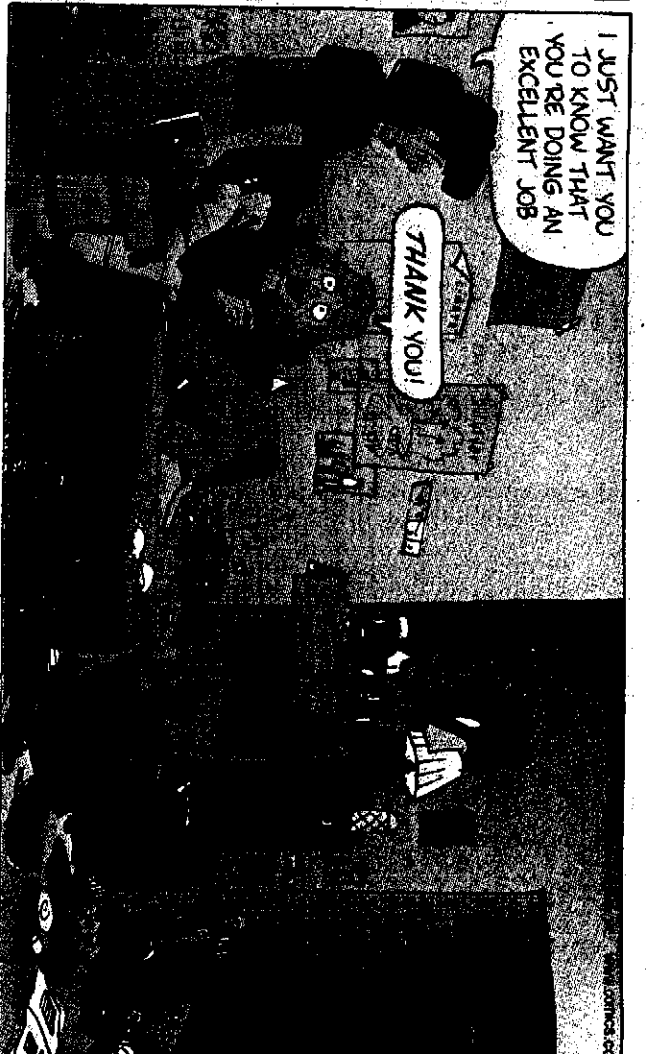
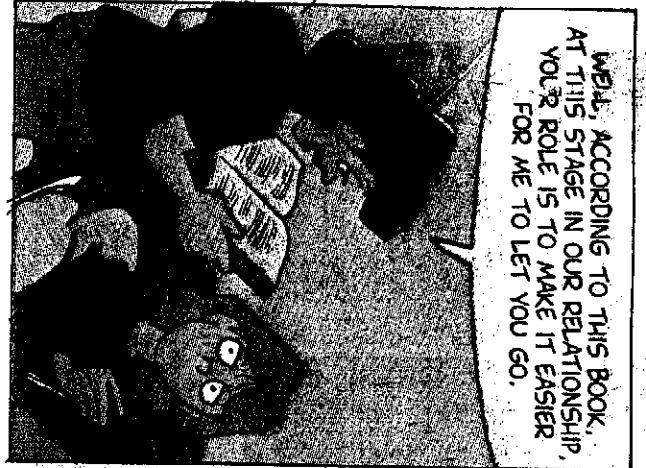


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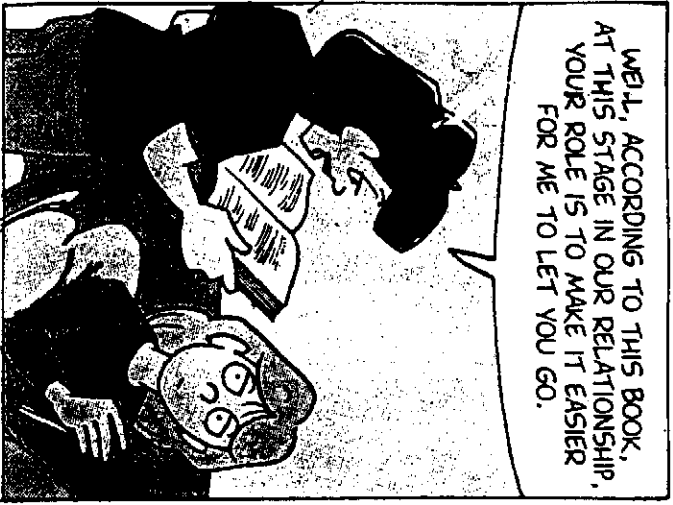
"No, Dear, I don't know what happened to the art of conversation, and I don't want to discuss it."

Luann

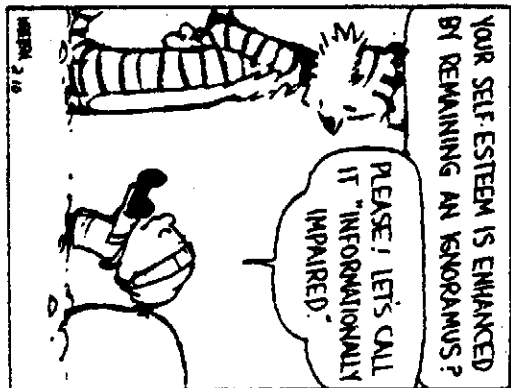
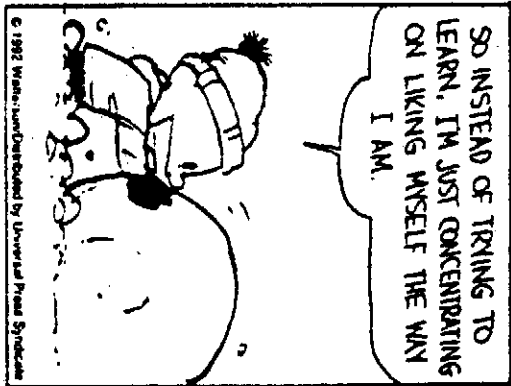
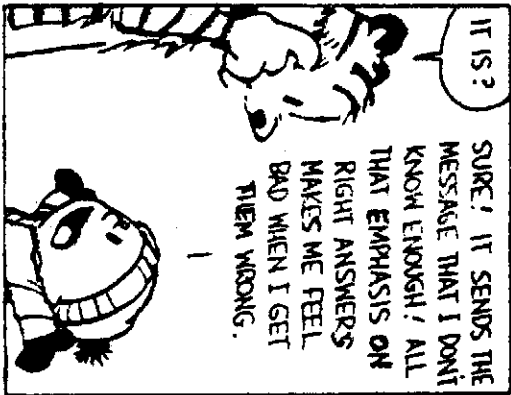
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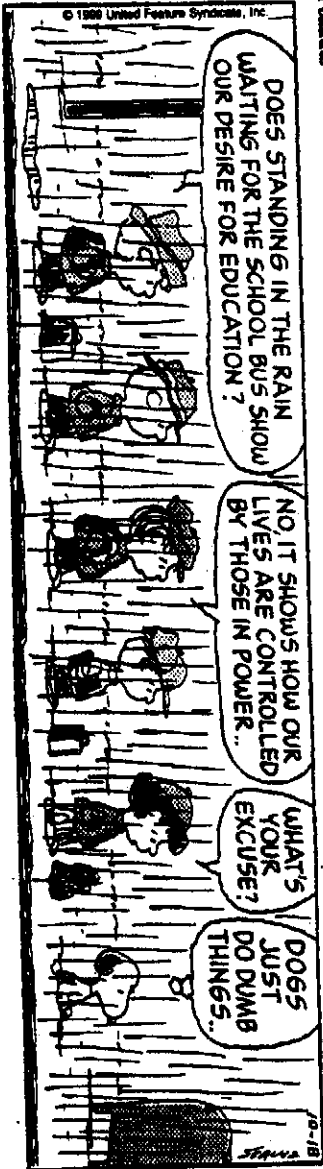
Anne Frank
“ If I talk, everyone thinks I’m showing off; when I’m silent they think I’m ridiculous; rude if I answer, sly if I get a good idea, lazy if I’m tired, selfish if I eat a mouthful more than I should, stupid, cowardly, crafty, etc., etc.”



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Peanuts



By Charles Schulz

