

FYI: BEANS

# Helping the Klal, One Kosher Click at a Time



## א גוט שבת!

### SWEET SOUNDS SOARING UPWARD

Little children making a big impact

### A SIMMERING MINHAG

The history and traditions of cholent

### SHABBOS ON OUR STREETS

The monumental task of maintaining Monsey's eruv



# Riding the Waves

Streamlining the Shidduch Process

ClickShadchan — a concept whose time has come

Gitty's eyes darted around the hall, In the center, the energetic nineteen-year-olds danced with gusto around the kallah. Further out, there were the subdued *mechuteneste* circles. Sprinkled in between sat the *elter-bubbas* drinking in the *nachas* on their chairs of honor. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed her mother approaching Mrs. Dreiman.

Quickly, she turned back to face Miriam.

“Are you teaching third grade in Bnos Liba?”  
 “Yup! I enjoy it but I must admit that it's getting a bit boring. I do some subbing in the afternoon but still...”

“Yeah. After two years, you're more than ready for something bigger and better...”  
 “Jobwise? Totally not.”  
 “C'mon, you know I wasn't talking about that. I meant

*shidduchim.*”

“Exactly. C'mon, I'm only 20! Don't know about you, but the phone hardly rings with suggestions.”

“Actually, I get plenty of calls, thanks to my last name. But many of the *shidduchim* that are mentioned are so —”

“Off the mark?”

“Yeah. And often they're supposedly so on the mark that people keep mentioning the same name over and over again —”

“And each time, the *shadchan* thinks he struck gold. You hold your breath until he says the name and then you're like, ‘Oh no, not again!’”

A waitress passed by and took their empty plates.

“Psst...Miriam, see Mrs. Dreiman there?” Gitty whispered, gesturing toward a petite middle-aged woman who was surrounded by several other women, engaged in a rousing conversation.

“You mean the famous *shadchante*?”

“Right. Did she ever call you?”

“Ummm, actually she did — only once. Her suggestion was quite on target but we could not get through to her after doing our research. It was a boy from a different neighborhood and it was really hard to find out about him and the family. When we finally figured out that it had potential, we called her back and she never responded.”

“I hear she needs at least another two phone lines. Her sister-in-law teaches with me, and even she can hardly reach her!”

“They say Mrs. Dreiman really knows her stuff. I'm going to ask my mother to — hey, there she is coming right over to me.”

“Miriam, come and meet Mrs. Dreiman, a famous *shadchante*. She wants to have a few words with you.”

Miriam winked at Gitty as she approached the potential *shaliach* for her *yeshuah*.

Meeting a *shadchan* once in six months was something, but couldn't more be done?

*I wish there was another way to get my name out there. More shadchanim should get involved.*

The music stopped as a *minyana* Maariv was announced. Gitty stretched her tired legs and went over to the glowing *kallah* to wish her a happy life.

Her mother joined her, stopping on the way to tell Mrs. Dreiman good night.

\* \* \* \* \*

1:30 a.m.

The stillness of the night was shattered by the sound of the door swinging on its hinges.

Dina Dreiman loved attending *simchas*, especially when it was a close friend marrying off her child. But ever since immersing herself in the world of *shidduchim*, she could no longer indulge in a calm night out.

And now, it was time for a brain

dump.

Grabbing her dog-eared spiral, she started scribbling.

Perel Gold: 21-year-old son, Dovid, working boy, very *erlich*

Shaindy Pitterman: 19-year-old daughter, name maybe Miriam, tall and broad, teaching third grade

Baila Blumenthal: 24-year-old daughter Gitty, average height, dresses well, works in a real estate office

*Should I get a coffee now? Dina wondered. I must remember all the information. And maybe I can even call Eretz Yisroel to find out about Jacobs, the five-star bachur. Is he really the masmid they make him to be? I saw him recently during bein hazmanim and he didn't give that impression.*

If coffee would do the trick, then coffee it would be.

And there she sat, until the wee hours of the morning, scribbling, ruminating, and scribbling some more. At 4 a.m., Dina snuck into bed, hoping her husband would make sure she got up on time for work.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Quick communication? Automatic reminders? Detailed resumes? Organized files?”

Dina savored the thought, as she heard the details from her co-*shadchan*, Malka.

“Yes, ClickShadchan is a custom-made tool to make life easier for *shadchanim* and those looking for *shidduchim*. First of all, there's a large database with names of hundreds of eligible boys and girls.”

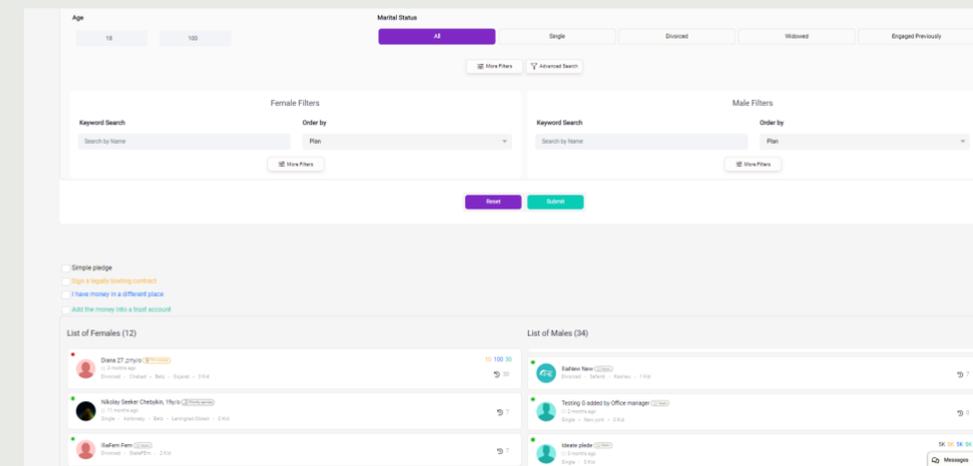
“Ach, you mean a dating site? Where each single is laid out for public display?”

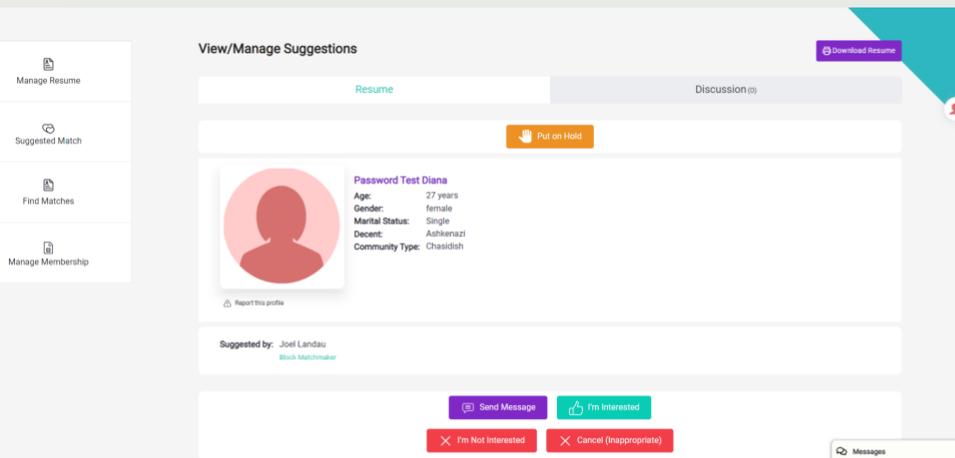
“No! This for our *heimish* crowd. Only approved *shadchanim* can sign up to view the listings and try to make matches based on the information written on the resumes”

“How much detail do these resumes have?”

“Obviously the name and age, education, whether the boy is working or learning, a general personality description, *kehillah* and also details about their physical appearance and family. Could be more — I don't remember everything off the top of my head.”

“You mean every *shadchan* can see a picture? And all the





information?”

“As much as the seeker allows. And the single can even choose to whitelist *shadchanim* — and only allow *shadchanim* they are comfortable with to see their info.”

“What if a *shadchan* doesn’t want to see pictures?”

“That’s also blockable.”

“This sounds like a groundbreaking idea. But there are so many *shadchanim* out there who don’t have computers or devices at home.”

“Like me! I called the office after hearing about this software from my friend and the manager said he’ll pay for a monthly kiosk membership as long as I use the system often enough. I also have the option of borrowing a tablet from the office.”

“I have to check this out. What’s the web address again?”

\* \* \* \* \*

“So I put my daughter’s resume on file. It’s really not a big deal. Why not save my *shadchan* — and myself — so many phone calls? Believe it or not, one *shadchan* called me up already to get a better idea of who my daughter really is. And wait — here’s an email that just came in,” Mrs. Rosen shared with her sister.

A suggestion has just been made for you. Please click on this link to access your portal.

“Does it seem like it’s the right type of boy for Miriam?”

“I know this boy. He’s a great boy but it’s not for her. He’s too *leibedig*. Let me press reject. Hey — there’s an option for notes. I’ll explain why it’s not for her. A *mechaya!* The next *shadchan* who looks at her file will get what type of boy not to even try *redting*.”

“This sounds like a platform whose time has come. But is it really okay to use — I mean, according to *daas Torah?*”

“There’s a *haskama* on the website from a big *dayan* in Williamsburg, HaRav Mann, *shlit”a*. And Rav Avrum Hersh Wosner, *shlit”a*, of Monsey, my husband told me, calls this website “his website.” I wouldn’t hesitate to make use of it!”

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The nagging thought that kept repeating itself over and

over in Mrs. Dreiman’s head like a pesky fly was, “Why wasn’t this created earlier?”

Doctors have electronic medical files. Schools have programs to organize the tuition payments. Every self-respecting business has a website. Finally, here’s a system to help us help the *klal!*

The Gold boy wants a girl with a covered *sheitel*. Let me put that into the search.

Wow. There are 219 names that fit this description. Let me narrow it down by age.

132 names left.

No smartphone.

79 names.

So, the first one looks interesting. She’s 20, works as a secretary in an insurance office and is from his *kehillah*. Oh — I know her mother; she’s a Greenwald! Let me check the *shadchan’s* notes.

“Girl is very idealistic. She wants a boy who learns part time and only went out to work once he got older. Must be careful with technology.”

What *shidduchim* were already mentioned? I see... They seem pretty similar to the Gold boy but didn’t get too far. One was because he said no, another because of Dor Yeshorim, and a third because of an issue with names. Let me give this a try.

Wait a minute - I think the Golds are out of town now for a wedding. I’ll put this in the “shortlist” file.

What’s that? A new signup on the system! It’s Gitty Klein — that must be the girl I noticed at that *chasunah* a few days ago. I don’t get what she’s looking for but I hope I can help her.

I’m gonna post a question on the *shadchan’s* group — maybe someone can clue me in.

\* \* \* \* \*

What are the other *shadchanim* saying?

“I was about to take a break from *shadchanus*. It’s in your *zechus* that I’m going into it even more now.”

“Well, what can I tell you? After I heard about it, I checked out ClickShadchan and it all clicked.”

“I’m going to tell all my friends to get their children to sign up. And I won’t be surprised if the parents will decide to become *shadchanim* too...” ■

For more information, check out our website today! [www.clickshadchan.com](http://www.clickshadchan.com)

# Watch the sea split without a splitting headache.

You don't have to drown in a sea of paperwork, a flood of phone calls or tears of frustration.

ClickShadchan, Streamlining the traditional shidduch system with sophisticated software

## For the overwhelmed Shadchan:

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### Efficiency.

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## For the concerned Parent:

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### Confidentiality.

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### Control.

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