

LeKavod Shabbos



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*This weeks publication has been dedicated in memory of
Evelyn Toiv – Chaya Yehudis Bas Rav Yehoshua ע"ה*

A Childhood Memory

Horav Meir Shapiro, zl, the Lubliner Rav, was a unique gadol, Torah leader, who encompassed the very apex of Torah scholarship. An accomplished Rosh Yeshivah, he was founder of Yeshivas Chachmei Lublin, which was one of the premier yeshivos in pre-World War II Europe. A Rav of a distinguished Torah community, a strong political advocate who championed Torah causes in the Polish Parliament, he carried much influence in both the secular and Torah worlds. Rav Shapiro radiated pride in Torah and served as an exemplar for yeshivah students to emulate. Nevertheless, none of these achievements established his preeminence within the Torah world; rather, it was his innovative plan to have the

Dedicated In Memory Of
Dani King ע"ה



Dedicated In Memory Of
Horav Mordechai Gruenberg זצ"ל



entire Torah-camp study one blatt of Gemorah daily. His Daf Yomi garnered for him the position of Torah mentor for generations to come. As long as Jews study Daf Yomi, his celebrated name lives on. It almost did not happen. Yes, he might have lost this great treasure; the dream of a lifetime was almost shattered by the innocent taunting of children. Now for the story, which is related by Rabbi Yisrael Besser in *Warmed by the Fire*. Rav Meir Shapiro was once traveling by train. As the train pulled into a town for a brief rest stop, the Lubliner Rav alighted. Word spread that the distinguished sage was in town, and, within no time, throngs of people came to the station to greet and pay homage to this great man. Among the people was an upcoming young Rav, son-in-law of the Shotzer Rav, who waited to shake hands with the Lubliner Rav. He introduced himself as the Shotzer Rav's son-in-law, a name which carried much weight with Rav Meir Shapiro, as he had grown up in Shotz. Rav Meir asked the young rav if his rebbetzin was also in attendance. When he replied in the affirmative, Rav Meir asked if he could meet her. The young rebbetzin came over and, after greeting her, Rav Meir asked, "Do you remember, as a young child, I would learn with your father in your home?" The woman replied that, indeed, she remembered. "Do you recall how I would play with your siblings and with yourself?" Once again, the woman replied that she remembered. Then suddenly, Rav Meir's voice changed. It became deeper and slightly louder. "Do you remember how I would share my dream of one day having a limud, program of study, to which all the world would be able to adhere –

together, as one? I was going to connect the entire Torah world through Torah study. Do you also remember how all of the children made fun of me?” The rebbetzin did not reply. “Do you know how close I came to losing confidence in my plan – dropping it altogether – because of all the taunting? This is why I asked to meet you. I just wanted to share a lesson with you: Never laugh at the dreams of a child!” We never know! *Rabbi L. Scheinbaum’s Peninim on the Torah, a project of the Hebrew Academy of Cleveland.*

The Torn Coat

A children's tale that haunts the memory: Living with a wealthy merchant was his aged father & young son. The merchant, concerned with his position & status, had little time or patience for his old father. But his son, his heir, he spoiled & indulged. The old man tried to stay out of the way, but the infirmities of old age made him clumsy. He dropped things, burned pots, tripped and broke furniture. The more he tried not to be a nuisance, the more worried he became he might do something wrong, and like a self-fulfilling prophecy, the more of a burden and a bother he seemed to be. And of course, each incident only added to the merchant's irritation and ire. The merchant's son observed all this. As much as he loved his father, he was devoted to his grandfather. His father was not really a cruel man; but somehow, the merchant had become so involved in his business, his status, his pursuits, that he couldn't see that the old man living in his house was still his father. The tension in the household grew until one day, after the grandfather had shattered yet another glass - it having slipped from his hand - the merchant lost all patience

and threw the old man out of the house, giving him only a torn coat. The son was distraught, but said nothing, hoping that his father would realize what he had done and change his mind. But the next day, his father went to work without a word. The son quickly found where his grandfather was staying, brought him food and spent time with him. How could he make his father see? That night, the merchant came home to find his son with scissors in hand, cutting in shreds one of the merchant's best coats. Astounded, but not angry because his son could do no wrong, the merchant asked what he was doing. The son replied that he was preparing a coat for his father's old age. He saw how shabbily the merchant treated his own father - showing him no respect, not taking into account the frailties of old age, being miserly with the food and giving the old man only rags to wear. This, obviously, was how a son should treat his father. So he was tearing the coat to have it ready when his father, the merchant, got old. The merchant immediately realized what he had done. He brought his father back into the house, begged forgiveness and did his best to make amends. The story contains many lessons and emphasizes several mitzvot (commandments): the importance of honoring one's parents, respecting the elderly, children learn by observation, etc. But the Chasidic perspective may not be as obvious. In Tanya, the basic book of Chabad Chasidic philosophy, written by Rabbi Shneur Zalman, it is explained at length that the soul is clothed in the mitzvot (commandments). The body consists of 248 organs & 365 [major] blood vessels. These each have a spiritual source in the person's soul. The

613 components (248 plus 365 = 613) of the body and soul correspond to the 613 commandments. When a person fulfills the mitzvot actively and according to his ability, then "all of his soul's 613 'limbs' of his soul are clothed in the 613 commandments of the Torah." Knowing this, perhaps we can see a deeper story within the story. Too often it seems we treat Judaism like the merchant treated his father, sending our soul into the world with only a torn coat, i.e., mitzvot half-done or done half-heartedly, without love and fear of G-d. But even so, we have to remember that we always possess an "inner child," one that will show us that the coat, the garments of the soul, has been torn. That knowledge itself leads to teshuva - a reconciliation & a reparation of the "torn coat."

L'Chaim, a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, NY.

Ephraim Leibowitz's Defender

At the outbreak of the First World War, as hostilities erupted between the Russian and German empires, a profound and perilous drama unfolded within the walls of the Radin Yeshivah in Poland. During this period of intense wartime paranoia, a certain Russian interloper grew desperate to manufacture a high-profile espionage case to advance his own career & show off his prowess to the authorities. This operative cynically befriended the yeshivah students, embedding himself in their inner circle until he discovered a young man named Ephraim Leibowitz, a German citizen from birth. Sensing the perfect opportunity to construct a treason charge, the detective waited for a moment of distraction & covertly slipped a

highly confidential, detailed blueprint of the strategic Kaunas Fortress directly into the unsuspecting bochur's pocket. The trap was sprung with devastating speed. That very night, heavily armed Russian military personnel surrounded the yeshivah's dormitory, launched a chaotic raid, and discovered the planted military plans exactly where the operative had hidden them. Ephraim was immediately arrested and placed in heavy chains under the gravest charges of wartime espionage. The fallout was catastrophic, instantly casting a dark cloud of suspicion over the entire yeshivah. The Russian authorities were led to believe that the Rosh Yeshivah, the holy Chofetz Chaim zt"l, & the entire hanhala, were operating a clandestine German spy ring right under their very noses. As for Ephraim Leibowitz, facing a military tribunal during a time of total war, the young bochur stood on the precipice of execution, with the death penalty appearing to be an absolute certainty. In this hour of darkness, R' Yisroel Meir displayed extraordinary bravery, refusing to abandon the boy despite the immense danger. Understanding the difficulty of defending an accused German spy and how it could easily destroy his yeshivah and arouse serious suspicions of treason, the Tzaddik nevertheless devoted his entire heart & soul to saving the young talmid's life. Recognizing the limitations of residing in Radin, the Chofetz Chaim personally traveled through the perilous wartime landscape to the imperial capital of St. Petersburg. His mission was to persuade a highly influential, world-renowned attorney to take up the defense, a monumental task given that practically every

attorney in the empire had already refused to intervene in such a politically toxic and dangerous piece of business. Through sheer persistence and devotion, he managed to secure the necessary legal representation, setting the stage for a historic courtroom showdown. When the high-stakes trial finally took place in 1917, a breathtaking scene unfolded inside the courtroom as the spiritual giants of the generation arrived to stand in the breach. The saintly Chofetz Chaim, alongside his prominent son-in-law R' Tzvi Levinson zt"l, & his brilliant talmid, R' Elchanan Wasserman zt"l, bravely took the witness stand before the military judges. With absolute conviction, these towering rabbinic figures testified under oath that they were undeniably certain of Ephraim's complete innocence. Their awe-inspiring presence and powerful testimony ultimately swayed the court away from the gallows; instead of the death penalty, the judges sentenced the young man to 10 years of grueling hard labor. When the Chofetz Chaim was informed of the verdict, his reaction was profound. He first raised his eyes to heaven & with deep emotion thanked the Ribono shel Olam for delivering the boy from the clutches of the executioner. When asked about the daunting ten-year prison sentence, the Tzaddik surprisingly laughed aloud. With a smile of pure faith, he openly mocked the hubris of the Czarist regime, exclaiming, "Such fools! How do the authorities know that they will last even ten months? Are they sure they will last even ten weeks?" His words seemed radical to those frozen in fear of imperial power, but they were rooted in a deep perception of Divine justice. Indeed, the Chofetz Chaim's spiritual

foresight proved flawless. Barely two months later, on the 22nd of Adar, the historic Russian Revolution erupted, swiftly toppling the centuries-old monarchy & deposing the Czar from his throne. As the old regime crumbled into dust, the prison gates were thrown wide open, & the completely vindicated Ephraim Leibowitz walked out into the sunlight of freedom. *(Ish L'Rayahu) Rabbi Dovid Hoffman's Torah Tavlin.*

An Inspiring Story of the First Tosher Rebbe By Yehuda Z Klitnick

Harav Meshulam Feish Segal Lowy, the founding Rebbe of the Tosh dynasty, was born in the year 5576 (1816) to his father, Harav Mordechai, and his mother, Zelda. Tragically, he was orphaned of both parents at a young age. Yet, he grew remarkably strong in spirit. Near the town of Tosh (Nyirtass) lived a Chassid named Reb Yisrael. He was a hard-working, wealthy man, and above all, a deeply devoted Chosid of the Tosher Rebbe. Reb Yisrael owned a wine and liquor distillery managed by his wife, while he spent months managing vast fields of grain in the Carpathian Mountains. Reb Yisrael would travel to the mountains, hire local peasants to harvest the fields, and bring the grain back to his estate. For years, he was the largest grain merchant in the entire region, and it brought him immense fortune. One year, Reb Yisrael noticed a young Gentile laborer working in his fields with exceptional diligence. When the harvest season ended and they arrived back in town, the young man approached Reb Yisrael with a plea: "I have no family and nowhere to go. Please, let me stay and work for you all year round, so I may have a roof over my head." Seeing his loyalty and work ethic, Reb Yisrael agreed.

The young man worked faithfully for years, traveling back and forth to the Carpathian fields every season. As the young laborer grew older, a spirit of laziness overtook him, and he began to drink. Gradually, he became a chronic drunkard. With the alcohol came a dark insolence; he began speaking impudently to Reb Yisrael and his wife. To curb the behavior, Reb Yisrael banned him from drinking at his own distillery. Undeterred, the laborer found a tavern in a neighboring town to satisfy his addiction. Since he had little money of his own, he began sneaking into Reb Yisrael's chicken coops at night, stealing eggs, and selling them to fund his drinking. One week, Reb Yisrael traveled to the great market fair in Nyíregyháza, remaining there for several days. While he was away, his wife noticed that the eggs were mysteriously vanishing and suspected the laborer. When her husband returned, she told him her suspicions. That night, Reb Yisrael hid in the shadows of the courtyard, waiting. Sure enough, the laborer sneaked in to steal. Catching him red-handed, Reb Yisrael confronted him. Instead of showing remorse, the drunkard began shouting and cursing his master with shocking arrogance. Now, Reb Yisrael was a man of immense physical strength. He warned the laborer to put the eggs back and be quiet, but the man sneered, refusing to comply. Losing his patience, Reb Yisrael stepped forward and delivered a few powerful blows to teach him a lesson. The laborer collapsed instantly to the ground, Reb Yisrael knelt beside him, checking for a pulse, but found none. Reb Yisrael was shattered—he was certain he had accidentally killed him. Panic seized

Reb Yisrael's heart. He knew all too well how easily a blood libel or murder charge could destroy a Jewish life in those days. Terrified of the impending doom, he rushed immediately to Tosh to seek the counsel and blessing of his Rebbe. When he arrived at the Rebbe's court, the Gabbai refused to let him enter. "The Rebbe is in the middle of delivering a deep Torah lecture to the young scholars," the Gabbai whispered. But Reb Yisrael, broken and desperate, began to cry out in the hallway: "It is a matter of Pikuach Nefesh, which supersedes the entire Torah!" Hearing the desperate cries from his study, the Tosher Rebbe stopped the lesson and walked out to see who was crying. Seeing his beloved Chassid, Reb Yisrael, in such deep agony, the Rebbe ushered him into his private room and listened to the harrowing tale. The Rebbe looked at him severely. "How is it permitted for a person to take a life?" "Holy Rebbe!" Reb Yisrael wept. "It was completely accidental! I only meant to frighten him, never to harm him!" The Rebbe looked at him and gave his instructions: "Go immediately and purchase large, beautiful candles. Light them in the Synagogue." While the Chassid went to light the candles, the holy Seraph went to immerse himself in the Mikveh for it was well known that through the lighting of candles and the holiness of the Mikveh, the Rebbe could tear down harsh heavenly decrees and perform great salvations. When the Rebbe returned, his face shone. He turned to Reb Yisrael and said calmly: "Now, travel back to your home, and all will be well." Reb Yisrael hurried back to the spot where the body had lain, but to his shock, the courtyard was empty. The laborer's body was gone. A new

fear gripped the Chassid. If the man didn't die, then he has run to the local police to report that I beat him! Reb Yisrael ran back to Tosh. He burst into the Rebbe's room and cried, "Rebbe, the laborer is not there! I am in even greater danger now!" The Rebbe looked at him with eyes full of ancient wisdom, smiled gently, and quoted the Mishnah: A fence for wisdom is silence." The Rebbe explained, "The wisest thing for you to do is to keep silent. And from that laborer, there will also be a total silence. Reb Yisrael obeyed. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years. The laborer was never seen or heard from again. It was as if he had completely vanished from the face of the earth, leaving not a single trace behind. Reb Yisrael understood the profound miracle that had occurred. The Tosher Rebbe had performed a true revival of the dead, giving the laborer just enough strength to stand up and wander far away from the town, never to return, ensuring that the Tzaddik's words were fulfilled: "From that laborer, there will also be a total silence." Reb Yisrael continued his successful businesses, and distributing immense amounts of charity and supporting the Tosher Rebbe for the rest of his days. *Pardes Yehuda.*

It All Began in Beijing

At an event in Brooklyn, Rabbi Shimon Freundlich, a Chabad shaliach for Beijing told the following story about something that occurred in his shul in China about a man who found his faith in Hashem once again. "A lot of people come to visit our Chabad House for Shabbat. Well, one Shabbat evening a few months ago,

an older man, maybe about eighty years old, who didn't look very religious, appeared in the company of a younger man in his forties. "The old fellow found a seat and just minutes after we began the prayers, he put his face in his hands and began to cry. He kept it up for almost an hour; he would calm down for a few minutes, dry his eyes and blow his nose and then begin again. I quietly approached him and asked him if everything was all right. He told me not to worry. After the prayers, he and his friend joined us all for the Shabbat evening meal. "There were over fifty people there. I sat him next to me and after he calmed down, he asked if he could speak. He wanted to explain the reason for his weeping. "My name is Sam Katz (pseudonym*),' he said. 'The last time I was in a synagogue was over sixty years ago in Poland. I was a young man when the Germans came and took the entire Jewish population of my city to Buchenwald. I was there for four years, and in that time, I lost everyone; my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, my friends, all killed, some of them before my eyes. But I survived, and when the war ended, I spent a few years searching for family or friends with no results. Finally, I moved to Australia. 'I was totally alone and angry at G-d. I managed to succeed in business and make a lot of money and to marry and have children. But my wounds and anger were so deep that I swore to never go into a synagogue or have anything to do with Judaism again. Nothing! 'But then just yesterday I came to China with my friend, and he said we should visit the Chabad House. At first, I didn't want to come, but he said that he'd been here before and the food is good,

and anyway there was no better alternative, so I shrugged and agreed. ‘But as soon as the prayers began, everything suddenly came back to me. I remembered how good it is to be a Jew; how proud and happy my father and mother were. Suddenly it was as if a wall of ice just melted. That’s why I cried. I thought I’d never forgive G-d again, but now I feel like a small child that just wants to be home. All thanks to this Chabad House and the Rabbi here.’ “The crowd clapped, wiped tears from their eyes, and congratulated him for the beautiful story. One woman stood up and asked, ‘Tell me, Mr. Katz. If you were in Buchenwald until the end, maybe you knew my father. His name is Naftali Kogen (pseudonym*); he was also in Buchenwald.’ “Mr. Katz’s jaw dropped, his eyes were wide open, and he held his head in wonder. ‘Naftali Kogen?! What? Naftali is still alive?! We were the only two Kohanim in the camp and we were always together. We risked our lives for each other, and not just once. We were like brothers! Oy! Naftali! We were put in different recovery camps and got separated. I searched for him for a long time after the war but finally, I gave up. I thought he was dead. Now you say he is alive, and you are his daughter? It’s a miracle!!’ Rabbi Freundlich finished his story by saying that after Shabbat a meeting was arranged between the two old friends, and this is only one example of the miracles that happen in Beijing thanks to the Lubavitcher Rebbe. At that point, much to everyone’s surprise, a head of a yeshivah in the Satmar community by the name of Rav Yaakov Kaplan (pseudonym*) who had listened intently to the story, called out. He stood slowly,

his face pale and his eyes staring wildly at the ceiling. Those seated near him rose to help him, but he came to himself. He stood up to his full height and yelled aloud to all those present, "Tell them that Yaakov is still alive!" "There weren't just two Kohanim in Buchenwald, there were three! Sam Katz, Naftali Kogan, and me too!" "We stuck together like brothers.... more than brothers. But just a few days before the end of the war I was moved to another camp. They probably thought I was dead, and I almost was, and I was sure that they were. I never considered it possible that they could still be alive even now!" Soon after this story, there was another joyous reunion. *Jack E. Rahmey based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.*

The Saba Kadisha

Once, when Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer Alfandari, zt"l, was seated at a meal at the home of one of the most prominent members of Istanbul's Jewish community, he heard two Jews discussing the "natural" causes of earthquakes. His face ablaze, Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer rose from his seat and vehemently countered their arguments. "According to your scientific theories," he said, "an earthquake can't occur here at this moment. But if Hashem wants, an earthquake will occur here this moment, in defiance of the laws of nature." At that very moment, an earthquake shook the entire city. It was then Istanbul's Jews came to regard Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer as a miracle worker, and he became even more precious in their eyes. When he was nearly 80 years old, in 1897, he accepted an invitation to be the Chacham Bashi (Chief Rabbi of the city) in Damascus. He held the position for

seven years. In 5664 (1904), Rabbi Shlomo-Eliezer Alfandari resigned his position as Chief Rabbi of Damascus and moved to Eretz Yisrael. He settled in Haifa, where he studied undisturbed for the next several years. When the Rabbanim of Tzefas learned that Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer was living in Eretz Yisrael, they invited him to serve as their city's Chief Rabbinical judge. Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer accepted the position, even though he was already nearly 90 years old. It began a new period in his life. And he served in this position for close to twenty years! The aged sage surprised everyone who saw him by his vigor and sharp mind. All the great scholars of Torah came to him in order to benefit from his knowledge and wisdom and all who came into contact with him sensed that they were dealing with a holy man. He was referred to fondly as Sabba Kadisha, the "holy grandfather," a title he has already acquired even before his decades in Tzefas. In Nissan of 5674 (1914), Rabbi Shlomo-Eliezer, accompanied by many of Tzefas residents, went out to bless the new moon. After completing the prayer, he looked upward, clapped his hands and let out a piercing cry. Then he said: "I see that a large-scale war will soon break out." Four months later, World War I began. During the war, the residents of Tzefas suffered from a lack of food and water. One time, the Turkish pasha (governor) visited the city. He was perched on a white steed, and was accompanied by an entourage of soldiers. He wore a flashy uniform, and a glossy medallion, which indicated his high rank, hung from his neck. When Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer heard of his arrival, he went out to greet him. The pasha was awed by the

Sabba Kadisha's majestic appearance, and asked him for a blessing. Rav Shlomo Eliezer replied, "Only the humble can receive blessings. I will bless you after you come down from your horse." The pasha got off his horse and lowered his head to receive Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer's blessing. "May the Almighty G-d help you in your efforts to see to the needs of the oppressed Jewish Nation," Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer said. The pasha was very impressed by Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer and, as a result of that encounter, he made sure that Tzefas residents had sufficient food and water. In 1925, Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer contracted a serious illness. He was in Teveria at the time, and he refused to undergo treatment in a hospital where tznius, the Jewish laws of modesty, were not meticulously observed. Instead, he was brought to Shaarei Tzedek Hospital in Yerushalaim. When he recovered, the sages of Yerushalaim pleaded with him to settle in the city. The elderly Rabbi acceded to the sages' request, and rented an apartment in the Ruchama neighborhood, near Geula and Mekor Baruch. Rabbi Alfandari spent his last few years in Yerushalaim, surrounded by a multitude of admirers and disciples. He was already more than 100 years old at that time, yet his mind was lucid and his vision clear. He didn't even need glasses! In 1930, the Grand Rebbe of Munkacz, Rabbi Chaim Elazar Shapira, made a special trip from Hungary to meet with Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer face to face. He even tried his best to speak with him using Sephardic Hebrew, in order to facilitate better communication. The Rebbe told him that he had learned from great Tzadikim that the closeness of the Final Redemption depended primarily on

the Tzadik of the generation, and if he would decree by the power of his Torah that Mashiach should arrive. Therefore the Rebbe was imploring him to make such a decree. Rabbi Shlomo Eliezer, in his humility, immediately replied, "I am not a Tzaddik," whereupon the Munkaczer Rebbe burst into tears. This conversation took place about eight days before his death. On Tuesday morning, the 22nd of Iyar 5690 (1930), he asked his disciples to envelope him with his Tallis and to put his two pairs of Tefilin upon him, on his arm and head (according to the custom of the Sephardic Chachamim). He immediately recited Shema, and when he came to the word emes [truth], he signaled his disciples to remove his Tefilin. He then said, "Enough, enough. The main thing is emes (truth). I can no longer continue...." Shortly afterward, at his suggestion, he was served a glass of warm milk. After he recited the Beracha shehakol and had sipped some milk, his pure soul departed at the age of 104. Inspired by a Story by Rabbi Dovid Caro.

The Purpose of the “Second” Hole

“It shall constitute tzitzis for you, that you may see it” The holy tzaddik, Reb Mordechai of Neshchiz zt"l, wished to obtain a woolen tallis katan made from wool originating in Eretz Yisroel. In those days, such wool was extremely difficult to acquire. After much effort and expense, he finally succeeded in obtaining a piece of wool from Eretz Yisroel. The tzaddik entrusted the task of making the tallis katan to one of his chassidim, a true yerei Shamayim. Approaching the task with awe and holiness, the chassid first immersed himself in the mikveh and davened

to Hashem for success before beginning his work. After carefully preparing the garment, only one step remained: cutting the opening through which the head would pass. To create the opening properly, the fabric should be folded once and cut along the fold so that, when opened, the hole appears in the center. However, the chassid mistakenly folded the fabric incorrectly and cut the opening near the side. When he unfolded the garment, he was horrified to discover that he had created two openings instead of one. The chassid was devastated. He knew how much effort and money his Rebbe had invested in obtaining this precious wool, and now, through his mistake, the garment seemed ruined. Embarrassed and afraid, he could not bring himself to face his Rebbe. When Reb Mordechai noticed that the chassid had not come to deliver the tallis katan, he summoned him and asked, "Where is the garment?" The chassid burst into tears and could barely speak. The Rebbe gently calmed him and asked, "What happened?" The chassid explained how he had accidentally cut two openings in the tallis katan. To his surprise, the tzaddik replied, "What is the problem? A tallis katan needs two openings!" The chassid stared at his Rebbe in disbelief, unable to understand what he meant. The Rebbe smiled and explained, "One opening is for the head, as every tallis katan requires. The second opening is there to ensure that Reb Mordechai does not become angry." Years later, the tzaddik would point to that very tallis katan, which he had preserved, and say that he kept it as a constant reminder that one must never embarrass or shame another Yid. *World of Belz Weekly Newsletter.*

The Two Boys on a Kibbutz By Yoni Schwartz

In the early years of Israel's statehood, there lived a great woman in Rechovot: Rebbetzin Yehudit Kook, whose husband was the Rav of the city. Every day, she would look out into their field, and each time the same thing caught her attention. There was a worker who seemed to have an extraordinary relationship with Hashem. Throughout the day, he would take out a small Tehillim and passionately recite a few chapters. Before every drink of water, he made a Bracha with great focus and enthusiasm. Whenever he ate a meal, he bentched with heartfelt joy. One day, she gathered her family and invited him over so they could meet him. When he entered the house, she complimented him on his passion for Torah and Mitzvos. Then she asked whether he had children. He paused briefly, looked down, and sighed. "I have two children," he said, "and I try my best to raise them in the way of the Torah. But a few weeks ago, they were taken to a kibbutz to 'learn a trade,' and I fear for their Yiddishkeit." The Rebbetzin was deeply shaken. Later that day, she went to the kibbutz herself. Knowing she had to act, she found the children and, with remarkable warmth, wisdom, and determination, convinced them to join a yeshiva. Somehow, she even managed to get them out without causing trouble. Those two boys eventually became talmidei chachamim. One of them grew up to become one of the great Roshei Yeshiva in Israel - the Rosh Yeshiva of Or HaChaim, Rav Reuven Elbaz. *Torah Sweets.*

Rabbi Meir Orlian's Business Halacha Institute – *Falling Asleep at the Wheel*

"We got permission to go to David's wedding!" Ari exclaimed to his fellow counselors. "We just have to be back in camp by 1:30 AM. I have room for 4 more in my car." After lunch, Ari and his friends started out to the city. He managed an hour's nap at home before arriving at the wedding. At 11:00 PM sharp, Ari and his friends wished David "Mazal Tov!" and began the two-and-a-half-hour trip back to camp. "Everybody buckled?" Ari asked. A chorus of clicks answered him. For 2 hours, the trip was uneventful. Ari chatted with his friends about the wedding, but one by one the friends dozed off. By 1 AM, only Ari remained awake, grinding on mile after mile in the dark. He turned on the music and shifted in his seat, struggling to ward off his tiredness. "Only 20 minutes left," Ari said to himself. Then, his eyes closed shut. The car drifted onto the shoulder, veered off the road, and slid down an embankment to a jolting stop! "Is everyone okay?" Ari shouted, shaken. Baruch Hashem, everyone was buckled and no lives were lost. Still, two counselors suffered broken bones and other injuries that required hospitalization for several days and further recuperation for the remainder of the summer. Insurance covered most of the medical expenses, but not everything. The injured counselors also were unable to return to camp. Ari visited them after camp. "Thank G-d we're all alive," one of his friends said. "I had to pay a co-pay for my medical follow ups, though, and lost a month's salary. I think you should compensate us." "I feel awful about what happened," Ari apologized, "but I was doing everyone a favor by driving." "But you were the driver," replied his friend. "You were responsible to get us back safely!" "I didn't directly injure anyone; at most it was indirect grama," Ari replied. "Furthermore, I rested beforehand; sleep simply overtook me. It was an oness." Yet, Ari was unsettled. He came before Rabbi Dayan and asked: "Is a

driver who is overcome by sleep halachically liable?" "Rabbi C.Y.D. Weiss shlita addressed this issue in detail (Vaya'an David 2:256-260)," replied Rabbi Dayan. "Yabia Omer (9:5) also addresses it in short." "The consensus of poskim is that a person who damages or injures through driving is considered as directly inflicting the damage (adam hamazik), since he controls the movements of the car. A person who injures another willfully or through carelessness is liable in five payments: nezek (disability, permanent injury), tza'ar (pain), ripui (medical expenses), sheves (lost wages) and boshes (embarrassment). If there was some degree of oness he is liable only for nezek (C.M. 421:1-3; Aruch Hashulchan 421:1). Nowadays, though, the ability of beis din to enforce these payments is limited. Shulchan Aruch rules that Beis Din can adjudicate nowadays only ripui and sheves, but not the other payments. Rema curtails even adjudication of ripui and sheves, yet the inherent obligation exists on the perpetrator, and he is obligated to compensate the victim (C.M. 1:2,5). Moreover, when signing an arbitration agreement, beis din can usually address all five payments within the authorization it is granted (C.M. 22:1; Pischei Teshuvah 1:3; Mishpat K'halachah 420:44, p. 482). Halacha discusses in several places whether being overcome with sleep is considered oness (see Ketzos 303:1). Although some poskim apply this discussion also here, a driver is absolutely required to remain awake! Furthermore, almost always a person has preceding symptoms of drowsiness. If the driver feels tired, he should pull over to rest, stretch his feet, or switch with someone else; he should not continue to the point that he finally succumbs to sleep. If he does, this constitutes at least techilaso b'pshia v'sofa b'oness (C.M. 291:20), if not full negligence. Instances in which sleep suddenly overcomes the driver without warning are extremely rare, usually due to some illness (Vaya'an David 2:257). Although sometimes

people risk their own lives and drive even when they are tired, this is not reason to exempt them vis-à-vis others whom they injure. "Thus," concluded Rabbi Dayan, "you are liable for the injuries to the passengers, and cannot exempt yourself on the basis of indirect damage or oness. A person must drive responsibly, and not endanger himself or others!" תחית הטופס Verdict: A person who falls asleep at the wheel and injures others is considered adam hamazik, and liable to the extent that beis din can adjudicate. A person must drive safely and responsibly!

Q&A with Rave Avigdor Miller זצ"ל - *Getting Enough Sleep*

Q: Is it possible that a person can train themselves to need less sleep so he should have more hours to accomplish? **A:** Now on this subject, I must say a word of caution. There was once a man who had a horse and he wanted to accustom the horse to eat less. So every day he made his provisions less and less; he gave the horse less and less. He almost had him down to nothing, but the horse died before he succeeded. I know cases of yeshiva men who succeeded in entering the insane asylum because they tried to get along with less sleep. Sleep is extremely important. Anybody who doesn't feel well must sleep more. But even if you feel healthy, you must be careful to get enough sleep. Lack of sleep upsets people so, that their minds become unsettled. And sometimes they're so unsettled that it won't help; no matter how much sleep they'll sleep afterwards. And therefore, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. You must get enough sleep. The Chofetz Chaim zichrono livracha used to walk in the yeshiva at night, late at night, he saw a boy sitting and learning, so he said, "Morgen iz oich a tohg – You can learn tomorrow." And he told him to go to sleep. Now silly roshei yeshivas will be happy when they see such a sight; they'll encourage the boys, learn later and later at night. But it endangers their health, their

mental health. It's a very great peril. And I'm sure most decent people don't want that. And that's why although too much sleep certainly is not good – עצלה תפיל תרדמה, laziness casts a sleep on people (Mishlei 19:15); he thinks he needs sleep, but he's really lazy; he's not really sleepy because the same person when he takes a novel, he'll sit until 2:00 at night and read it. Before he thought he was sleepy. At 9:00, he was sleepy; he's falling asleep over the Gemara. So he took a book, a novel, and 2:00 he was still reading it. So you see he wasn't sleepy at all; he was just lazy. But the person who needs sleep, he shouldn't begrudge himself what he needs. (May 1989)

ISRAEL NEWS SHTIGLITZ

1,000 doctors made Aliyah in last 2 years. - 541 physicians made Aliyah in 2025 through the International Medical Aliyah Program – over 1,000 in the past two years, during a time of war. The National Conference for Immigrant Physicians in Israel aims to accelerate their integration into Israel's healthcare system.

Seven power stations under construction - New Israeli power stations are being built – They include Mivtach Shamir's Kesem power plant, the Ari Real Estate's power station in Givat Haviva, the Shimshon plant near Beit Shemesh, Eshkol 2 and Sorek 2, and now the Atarot power plant north of Jerusalem.

Israeli AI technology brings real-time hotel room planning to hospitality industry - An Israeli-developed AI platform is seeking to change how hotels plan guest rooms, allowing developers, hoteliers and architects to visualize, alter, price and make design decisions in real time before rooms are physically built. The technology, developed for TG Studio has recently

entered its pilot phase and is being used in the planning of model rooms for several new luxury hotel projects. The system is designed to address one of the most time-consuming stages in hotel development: the creation of a mock-up guest room. The process often takes months and includes repeated revisions, changes in materials, design modifications and unexpected costs. “Building a mock-up room is an integral part of the hotel development process,” said Yael Danieli, CEO of the venture and former CEO of the Israel Hotel Association. Users can select and replace nearly every element of the room in real time, including flooring, carpets, beds, lighting fixtures, wall coverings, custom millwork, coffee machines, bathroom accessories, artwork and full furniture packages. The platform also allows users to view the room under different lighting conditions throughout the day while immediately seeing the budgetary effect of each design decision.

SafeWax on the way - Since 2022 Israel's Technion Institute has been developing SafeWax coating to protect crops from fungal infection (see here previously). The research has now been published in "SafeWax: A Bio-Inspired Multifunctional Coating for Sustainable Crop Protection." Implementation is likely within 2 years.

Finally, a good Trump joke...

The President is walking out of the White House and heading toward his limo, when a possible assassin steps forward and aims a gun. A secret service agent, new on the job, shouts “Mickey Mouse!” This startles the would be assassin and he is captured. Later, the secret service agent’s supervisor takes him aside and asks, “What in the heck made you shout 'Mickey Mouse'?” Blushing, the agent replies, “I got nervous. I meant to shout..... “Donald , duck!