

LeKavod Shabbos



Magazine

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This weeks publication has been dedicated by the Fulda family in Honor of Stanley & Ellen Wasserman

The Real Hatzalah Man

It was late at night, and the large room was wrapped in silence. Dozens of men had gathered in the local shul for Maariv after a long day of work. Suddenly, as everyone began Shemoneh Esrei, the screech of tires pierced the stillness. The noise sent a wave of alarm through the shul. Something serious had happened outside. Being that it was a large shul and there were many people coming and going, one man, at least, was sure that his attention was not needed outside. That man standing in prayer was Yoel*. As soon as he'd decided not to join those running out to the action, in an instant, a memory from decades earlier flashed through his mind. When he had entered ninth grade and begun mesivta, his Rabbi

Dedicated In Memory Of
William Stark ע"ה



Dedicated In Memory Of
Horav Yakov Koppel Pasternack זצ"ל



had shared a powerful lesson with the class. “Imagine,” the Rebbi had said, “that you’re learning with a friend when you hear a terrible car accident outside. Your friend immediately runs out, bandages the injured driver, rushes him to the hospital, and helps save his life. “But you don’t. You stay where you are, learning as if nothing had happened. You should know, it is entirely possible that you who remained seated and continued learning Torah were he who truly saved the victim.” The Rebbi explained that Torah learning brings immeasurable blessing and protection into the world. The spiritual assistance generated through Torah accomplishes far more than we can ever see with our eyes. Now, years later, standing in the middle of Shemoneh Esrei, Yoel found himself facing that very test. The sound from outside grew louder. Every instinct urged him to look. Yet, Yoel held himself firmly in place. He reminded himself of his Rebbi’s words and resolved not to break his concentration. Perhaps, he thought, the greatest help he could provide at that moment was to continue davening with complete focus. With tremendous effort, he pushed aside his curiosity and poured himself back into his prayers. He didn’t glance through the window. He simply continued speaking to Hashem. When Maariv ended, Yoel walked outside to see what had happened. The scene was startling. Two vehicles had been involved in what could easily have become a devastating head-on collision. By all accounts, it had come within a hairbreadth of causing serious injury. Yet, baruch Hashem, the damage amounted to little more than a fender bender. Everyone had emerged essentially unharmed.

As Yoel moved closer, he learned the identity of one of the drivers. He stood frozen. The person involved in the accident was none other than the grandson of the very Rebbe who had taught him that lesson so many years earlier. Later, Yoel reflected on the remarkable chain of events: His Rebbe had likely thought he was merely sharing an inspiring thought with a group of teenage boys. He could never have imagined that decades later, one of those students would remember those words at precisely the right moment. After a full day of work, after learning Daf Yomi and while standing in Maariv, that student would draw strength from that lesson and continue davening through a real-life emergency. And perhaps, in ways known only to Hashem, those prayers and that perseverance helped protect the Rebbe's own grandson. We often underestimate the power of learning Torah and davening, especially when it is difficult. The moments when our attention is being pulled elsewhere, when distractions are strongest, and when concentration requires real effort are often the moments of our greatest accomplishment. We may never know what our Torah, tefillos, and perseverance accomplish. They possess the power to help not only ourselves, but our children, our grandchildren, and countless others as well. They bring blessing into the world in ways far beyond our understanding. So don't give up. Keep learning. Keep davening. Keep going. Every word matters, and every effort bears fruit, even if we do not see it until many years later. *Zichru Toras Moshe.*

A Tale of Two “Loyal” Chassidim By Sholom DovBer Avtzon

The Rebbe Maharash once related the following story. The Alter Rebbe [Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Liadi, 1745-1812) once instructed a messenger to go to a certain town and tell two noted chassidim that he needs money for a certain purpose. The messenger arrived and relayed the message to the first one of them that the Rebbe mentioned. He said, The Rebbe sent me here and instructed me to tell you that he needs money. The chossid inquired, do you know how much money the Rebbe needs? No, was the reply. I gave over the entire message, exactly as the Rebbe said it. Please wait here for a few moments, replied the chossid. He got up and went out of the room and began collecting all the money that he had available in the house. He placed them in a bag and handed it to the messenger, adding bezras Hashem I plan to go to the Rebbe tomorrow and we will see if the Rebbe needs more, and if yes, I'll start selling possessions. The messenger then went to the second chossid and he repeated the exact same message. That chossid also asked the exact same question, did the Rebbe specify how much money he needs? Hearing that the Rebbe had not, the chossid replied, bezras Hashem I will travel tomorrow to the Rebbe and will ask him. The shliach returned and placed the money on the table saying this money is from the first chossid the Rebbe instructed me to go to, and he mentioned that he would be coming to see if the Rebbe needs more. And did you meet the other chossid, the Rebbe asked? Yes, he also asked me how much money the Rebbe needs, and when I replied that the Rebbe didn't specify, he said

he will come and ask the Rebbe how much is needed and will give whatever amount the Rebbe mentions. Hearing this the Rebbe said quietly, yes, but will he come before or after the fact? The messenger didn't understand the Rebbe's remark. The next morning the two chassidim woke up early. The first one went immediately to the barn and hitched his horses to the wagons. When he arrived, he was allowed to enter and asked the Rebbe if the Rebbe needs anything else. The Rebbe told him, return home and move to a different place. The chassid didn't ask any questions. He returned home, packed up the necessities that he could take along and sold or gave away the other possessions and began driving. When his children asked him, Tatty, "what is happening, why and where are we going?" He replied, the Rebbe told me this morning to move, so we are moving. Where, I don't know, but somehow, we will see a sign from Hashem and we will know where we should settle. Meanwhile the other chassid also arose early. He went to shul to daven and learn something. He then returned home, ate breakfast, instructed his workers what to do, and had the wagon prepared. As he was about to go to the Rebbe, a storm broke out and lightning hit a house on his street and in a few minutes the fire spread to every house on the street. Miraculously he managed to save his family, but that was it. All of his possessions were destroyed. The Rebbe Maharash continued, both of them were chassidim, but the difference was, one when he heard the Rebbe said something, he acted immediately on it and did whatever he could at that moment. What I don't understand, I will find out later.

The second one was also willing to give the Rebbe everything, but he wanted to first understand it. *Rabbi Avtzon's Weekly Story.*

The Power of Sincere Tefilos

Rav Gamliel Rabinowitz shared that every person, no matter his status, can merit children, & to help his children, with the power of his Tefilos (prayers), since there is no closeness like the closeness of a father to his children. Since this is so, the father very much wants his children to be successful. Therefore, his Tefilos are very beneficial, and when he davens for children, he concentrates deeply from his heart to Shamayim. Every Tefilah that emanates from the heart makes an impression. Rav Gamliel said: I know an incident about someone who lives in the United States, whose son was acting in a way that was against the desires of his parents and Rebbe'im. Not only did they not see Brachah from their hard work in educating this boy, but he was having a negative impact on the other students in general. The father knew that if a day went by and he did not hear from this boy's Rebbe, it was a miracle. One day the father got a call, and when he saw the Rebbe's number on the Caller ID, he knew that he was being called to inform him that the Rebbe was at his limit, and he wanted to expel the boy from the Yeshivah, and the father would not be able to respond to him. He was not in a hurry to answer the phone. Rather, he immediately decided to do what he could, and he bought a ticket to Eretz Yisroel, and went to the Kever of the Sh"lah Ha'kadosh. Once there, he poured out his heart over his son's situation, & only after he felt it in his Neshamah

that he had done what he could, he returned the call to the Rebbe and asked about his son. He was shocked to hear from the Rebbe how the boy had just now turned himself around, and he had literally become a totally different person. The Rebbe continued to say that when he called before, he wanted to expel the boy, but to his amazement, the boy had changed & he was growing in Torah. From the time when the father began to daven & travel, it made an immediate impression on his son, & the boy started to change! *Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.*

Who is the “Wagon Driver”?

A story took place in the time on the Noda B'Yehudah, Rav Yechezkel Landau, zt”l, in Prague, in the 1700s. Two men appeared before him to judge their dispute. One was dressed impeccably, as a wealthy man would, and the other was dressed in worn out and dusty clothing, as a wagon driver would dress. The Noda B'Yehudah asked the one in tattered clothes to speak first, and he managed to explain, as he pointed to the well-dressed man, “I hired this wagon driver to take me to Prague. When we were halfway here, he attacked me, robbed me, and forced me to switch clothes with him!” The well-dressed man simply shook his head, insisting that the other man was lying. He calmly and confidently told the Noda B'Yehudah, “This man is crazy. He’s been chasing after me for two days already with this story, and I can’t get rid of him!” The Noda B'Yehudah told the men that he would think about their case overnight, and they should return in the morning, and he would give them his answer. The next morning, the two men returned and

waited nervously in chairs outside the Noda B'Yehudah's office. Inside, they heard him pacing and learning for hours on end, while they waited and waited. Finally, he opened the door and shouted, "Wagon Driver! Come here!" Instantly, the well-dressed man jumped up without thinking and walked inside. His true identity was now revealed! The Noda B'Yehudah understood that he could change his clothes, but he could not change who he was, and after all that waiting, he had let his guard down. The Noda B'Yehudah had paid no attention to either man's outward appearance, & he simply let the truth speak for itself! *Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.*

What's for Supper? By Rabbi David Sutton With Miriam Zakon

Shabbat had come to an end. R' Ezra Hamway's wife turned to her husband and asked him what he would like for the melaveh malkah meal. R' Ezra thought for a moment. "I would very much like megedre and some leben (a yogurt-like food)." "Megedre? Leben? But you know we cannot afford such a delicacy!" R' Ezra, who was known for his sense of humor, laughed. "I didn't expect you to make it. You asked what I wanted, so I told you!" Their conversation was interrupted by a knock. The Jewish maidservant of a wealthy man walked in. She had a question of halachah for the Hacham. Seeing that the girl was shy and uncomfortable, R' Ezra spoke to her kindly and tried to put her at ease. Finally, the story came out. She had been preparing the melaveh malkah meal and had accidentally put leben onto a meat plate next to the hot megedre. Was the plate now kosher or not? And what about the dish she'd been preparing – did it have to be thrown out or could it be

eaten? R' Ezra questioned her closely. When had the plate last been used and what had been put on it? What material was it made of? What ingredients had gone onto the plate? What pot was used to cook the megedre? Finally, he gave his answer: the food could be eaten. The maid thanked R' Ezra and went back to her master's home. R' Ezra turned back to the question of what his wife should prepare for the meal. Again, though, a knock interrupted their conversation. It was the maidservant at the door once again. She looked anxious and embarrassed as she explained her problem. "My master, you see, thinks that the only reason you said the food could be eaten was because you didn't want me to lose my job. But he's afraid that it really may not be eaten." R' Ezra looked at her sternly. "Of course that's not true. I would never declare something that is unkosher to be kosher!" The girl gathered up all her courage. "My master said...he said he would only accept the Hacham's ruling if the Hacham were to eat of the dish himself, then he would believe that it was absolutely kosher." Instead of being angry at the brazen request, R' Ezra merely nodded. If eating something meant he could help this young Jew, he was certainly prepared to do it. "Yes, my child, you may bring me back a bowl of what you made and tell your master I will have it for my se'udah revi'it." As the relieved maidservant left the house, R' Ezra's wife turned to him. "What, exactly, did she cook that we will now be enjoying?" He smiled. "As a matter of fact, it is something very good. Megedre and leben." *(Stories of Spirit and Faith) Rabbi David Bibi's Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

The Seat Near the Bimah

Dr. Bernstein, a respected dentist, had sat in the same coveted seat near the bimah for years, especially enjoying it on Shabbos and Yomim Nora'im. One Rosh Hashanah he arrived to find another man, R' Shalom, sitting there. Not wanting to create a scene, he said nothing. Yet the same thing happened on Shabbos Shuvah, and then week after week for nearly a year. Sometimes Dr. Bernstein got there first; sometimes R' Shalom did. Neither ever said a word. Eventually, R' Shalom approached the shul gabbai for a loan to cover costly dental work. When the gabbai suggested he see Dr. Bernstein, R' Shalom reluctantly explained the story. The gabbai then discovered what neither man knew: during a seat sale the previous year, R' Shalom had legally purchased the seat, while Dr. Bernstein, who attended only on Shabbos and Yom Tov, was unaware the sale had taken place. "Why didn't you tell him?" the gabbai asked. R' Shalom replied simply, "I didn't want to embarrass him. I just tried to get there earlier." When Dr. Bernstein heard what had happened, he was deeply moved and immediately offered to treat R' Shalom at a reduced cost. As the two became acquainted, a remarkable possibility emerged: Dr. Bernstein had a young daughter waiting for her zivug sheini, and R' Shalom had a son in a similar situation. Though their families came from very different backgrounds, each had witnessed firsthand the exceptional middos of the other. A shidduch was suggested, progressed beautifully, and ended in an engagement. The following year, as Yomim Nora'im approached once again, the

gabbai noticed an announcement celebrating the birth of a grandson to R' Shalom and Dr. Bernstein. A year-long dispute over a seat had become a powerful lesson in humility, sensitivity, and peace—and the means through which Hashem brought two families together. *(Excerpted from the book “Meant To Be.” The Weekly Vort.*

Rabbi Aryeh Levin & the Kitten

Rav Aryeh Levin, zt”l, the Tzadik of Yerushalayim, was once walking on the sidewalk, when he suddenly stopped where he was. There were 2 people a little ahead of him talking with each other, & they thought that they were blocking his way, so they quickly moved off the sidewalk to make room for the Rav. Rav Aryeh told them that he was not waiting for them & they were not blocking his way. He explained that as he was walking, he saw that he was about to pass by a kitten who was drinking some milk, & he didn't want to walk by & startle it. He said that he was going to wait for the kitten to finish & then he would continue on his way. The two people said that they hadn't even noticed the kitten, but Rav Aryeh Levin was always attuned to these things, because he was able to see with his heart! *Torah U'Tefilah*

On son of Peles

The Gemara says that On ben Pelet's wife saved him from machlokas - fights. A Gerrer Chassid once took a son-in-law from a different Chassidus. When the Yom Kippur War broke out, the son-in-law was drafted into the army & sent to the front. His wife didn't allow him to leave before going to the Beis Yisroel of Ger

zt'l to bid farewell & receive a bracha. Having no choice, the husband went into the Beis Yisroel &- received a bracha for protection. During the war, while on a dangerous mission, he was miraculously saved & returned home safely. He went to the Beis Yisroel to thank him for the miracle that occurred in the merit of his bracha. Before entering the Rebbe's chambers & not yet having a chance to open his mouth, the Beis Yisroel said: - "the wife of On ben Peles saved him!" *World of Belz Newsletter*

The Nadvorna Rebbe's "Special" Shtreimel By Yehuda Z Klitnick

On the 19th of Iyar, 5584 "Rabbi Mordechai Leifer", a holy Neshama descended into the world. He was born to Rav Yissachar Bertzi, the founder of the Nadvorna Chassidic dynasty. Rav Yissachar Bertzi was a son of Rav Yitzchak of Kalish, who was the son of Rav Aaron Aryeh Leib of Premishlan. The Nadvorna Rebbe would travel frequently from town to town, dedicated to drawing the hearts of his fellow Jews closer to Hashem. One Thursday, the Rebbe planned to spend the upcoming Shabbat in the town of Tertzal. To ensure everything was ready in time, he sent his Chassidim ahead with the carriage containing all of his food, and personal belongings. The Rebbe himself set out on Friday morning, traveling through "Czenger" a city populated by Oberlander Hungarian Jews. As the Rebbe's carriage rolled into Czenger, a local Jewish man ran out to meet him. "Rebbe!" the man cried. "I am overjoyed that you are here! Tomorrow morning, I am making a Bris for my son. It would be the honor of my lifetime if the Rebbe would serve as the Sandek." To Rav Mordechai, this mitzvah was precious and he

rarely turned it down. He paused, and agreed to accept the honor. He ordered his attendants to halt the carriage, and the grateful father immediately set off to secure a proper lodging place for the Rebbe's unexpected Shabbat stay. However, a heavy heart washed over the Rebbe. He had sent all of his luggage ahead to Tertzal—and inside those bags was his "shtreimel"! While he was perfectly willing to sacrifice his personal comforts, a "shtreimel" was different. He could not compromise on that. He became deeply distressed. Czenger was an Oberland community and there was absolutely nowhere to find a "shtreimel" in the entire town. The Rebbe was staying as a guest in the home of a distinguished Torah scholar, "Rabbi Yonasan Binyamin Katz". His son would become the renowned Rav Asher Anshel Katz, the Rav of Serdahely. Noticing the dark cloud of worry on his holy guest's face, Rabbi Yonasan Binyamin asked what was wrong. When the Rebbe confided in him about the missing "shtreimel", he sprang into action. He ran through the streets of Czenger to a local tailor, carrying 13 bunches of black sheep's wool. He instructed the tailor to sew the pieces together in a circular crown, doing his best to mimic the appearance of a shtriemel. When the hat was completed, Rabbi Yonasan Binyamin proudly presented it to the Nadvorna Rebbe. The Rebbe's face lit up with pure joy. It wasn't a real shtreimel, but it bore the resemblance of one, and that was enough. Throughout that Shabbos, the Rebbe walked through the streets of Czenger wearing the odd, homemade creation. Years later, the Rebbe recalled that Shabbos with a smile, saying: "You can only imagine how I felt with everyone

staring at me. But it never once entered my mind that a Yid could walk on Shabbos without a shtreimel!" In fact, the Rebbe treasured that shtrimel, that he kept it for the rest of his life. Years later, at the wedding of his son, Rav Bertzi of Satmar, the Rebbe proudly wore that shtreimel! On Shabbos morning, after davening, Rabbi Yonasan Binyamin, the host, served as the Mohel at the Bris, while the Nadvorna Rebbe sat regally as the Sandek. Deeply moved by his host's ingenuity and kindness regarding the hat, the Rebbe wished to repay the favor with a spiritual gift. He turned to Rabbi Yonasan Binyamin and said: The world says that Eliyahu Hanavi attends every single Bris. However, the truth is that he only reveals himself if both the mohel and the Sandek are perfectly righteous, G-d-fearing men. But I will tell you a secret: whenever I am the Sandek, Eliyahu never fails to come. The Rebbe smiled warmly at his host. "Because you brought joy to my Shabbos with your resourcefulness, I bless you that you shall merit to see Eliyahu Hanavi standing right here at this Bris!" The Rebbe then explained why he held such a unique bond with Eliyahu Hanavi: "When I was a young, married man, I was desperately poor," the Rebbe shared. "But when Pesach approached, I wanted nothing more than to have the finest possible wine for the Four Cups and for the Cup of Eliyahu. I scraped together every spare penny, penny by penny, denying myself food, until I had saved enough to buy a bottle of expensive Tokay wine. I did it solely to honor Eliyahu with the most beautiful wine for his arrival at my Seder. In the merit of that sacrifice, Eliyahu promised to accompany me whenever

I serve as a Sandek." Rabbi Mordechai of Nadvorna passed away on the first day of Chol HaMoed Sukkos, the 15th of Tishrei, 5655 (1894). He was buried in the town of Bishhtina, leaving behind a legacy of profound love for his fellow Yidden.

Pardes Yehuda.

An Unforgettable Encounter with the Chazon Ish

Yosef was an orphan from Poland who arrived in Eretz Yisrael with the Aliyah of the famous ‘Yaldei Teheran’ – ‘the children of Teheran.’ Yosef was one of the few lucky children that ended up in Bnei Brak in a religious school and therefore had a religious education, similar to how he had grown up back in Iran. Although Yosef was nearly Bar Mitzva, his standard of learning was very poor, far behind the rest of the boys in his grade. However much he tried, Yosef couldn’t keep up with the pace of his classmates. To be honest he couldn’t even understand the basic Gemara, never mind any of the complex explanations and commentaries the Rebbe told over. One day the Rebbe had very exciting news for the boys. They were going to be tested by Rabbi Avraham Yeshaya Karelitz, the Chazon Ish, 1878-1953. The boys were very excited to merit a visit to the Jewish sage’s home and to spend some time in his presence. Behind closed doors in the Principal’s office the problem of Yosef was discussed. There was no way he would be able to answer any questions that the Chazon Ish would ask. It was decided that on arriving at the Chazon Ish’s home, the Rebbe would whisper quietly to the Chazon Ish Yosef’s story and that way avoid Yosef any embarrassment. But when the Rebbe arrived

with the boys by the Chazon Ish he was so emotional and excited he completely forgot about Yosef. The Chazon Ish took his time asking every boy a question, one by one in order. When he got to Yosef the Rebbi gasped, but it was too late. The Chazon Ish had already asked Yosef a question. Yosef had no clue of the answer and was just looking blankly in the air. The Chazon Ish waited a few moments, noticed Yosef's reaction and slowly started giving the answer himself. The Chazon Ish then asked to have someone bring him a Gemara Kiddushin. He opened up the Gemarah to Daf 30: and softly called Yosef over to him. "Yosef," said the Chazon Ish, "let's study this Gemara together." And the Chazon Ish started learning the following Gemara together with Yosef translating and explaining word by word, slowly and softly with the sweet Gemara tune. "Ayyyyyy," sang the Chazon Ish in the Gemara tune, "Our Rabbi learned that Torah is compared to the medicine of life. ... So too Hashem told Klal Yisrael, "I created the Yetzer Hara – the evil inclination, and I created Torah as a medicine against it and if you study Torah you won't fall into the hands of the Yetzer Hara." "Yosef," said the Chazon Ish, "tell me, did you understand the Gemara we just learned?" With such a Rebbi, with such patience and warmth who wouldn't understand? Yosef nodded softly to the Chazon Ish. "If so, let me see. Yosef, can you tell us over the Gemara?" Yosef took the Gemara and started saying over the Gemara. The Chazon Ish sat there listening with full concentration to Yosef's Shiur. When he finished he looked at the Chazon Ish. The Chazon Ish sat there his face beaming with joy. "Look at our Yosef," the

Chazon Ish said looking at the Rebbi and all the boys, “we have here a future great Talmid Chacham. Yosef heard the Gemara just now for the first time and look how well he understood it the first time. Not only that, look how brilliantly he told us over the Gemara.” Then facing the Rebbi the Chazon Ish continued, “You should know that you have a star student, such sharp understanding, such clarity in telling over, make sure to watch over our Yosef one of the future great Talmidei Chachamim.” The Chazon Ish continued showering praises on Yosef till the boys left. A few years later the Rebbi went on Simchas Torah to dance in the famous Ponevez Yeshiva. In many Shuls the honors of saying Ata Hareisa, Chassan Torah and Chassan Bereishis are sold to the highest bidder. In some Shuls the price can reach thousands of dollars and even more. In Ponevez the custom was also to sell these honors, but not for money. They were sold for pages of Gemara to be studied within a couple of months. The Rebbi heard the bidding start, 10 daphim (pages), 20, 50, 100, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500. 500 first time, 500 the second time, 500 the third time. Sold. And then the Rebbi heard a familiar name. 500 pages of Gemara to be studied within two months was bought by.....YOSEF. The foresight and patience of the Chazon Ish!!! *Inspired by a Story by Rabbi Dovid Caro*

The Musician & The Old Rabbi Jack E. Rahmey based on the teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.

Rebetzin Esther Jungreis tells of an amazing story in her book “The Committed Life” about a speaking tour that she was on in Israel. She needed some musicians to accompany her and out of nowhere she was approached by a few boys studying

in yeshivah who offered their services. She asked them how they knew that she needed a band. The leader of the band answered, “Actually, we didn’t know, we just wanted to help”. With that, he began to tell his story. “A few years ago, when I was living in New York, I was totally assimilated. I had no understanding of Judaism. My life was music, and I was on my way to Paris to continue my musical studies. I was walking on Kings Highway in Brooklyn when suddenly I heard a crash and the screech of brakes. “I looked up, and there in the street, covered with blood, was a rabbi who had been run over by a car. I rushed to his side and tried to talk to him, but he didn’t respond, so I stayed with him and held his hand until the police and an ambulance came”. “As he was lifted onto a stretcher, I noticed that his lips were moving. It seemed like he wanted to tell me something. I leaned down and bent my ear close to his lips so that I might hear him. Rebbetzin, you’ll never believe what the rabbi said to me.” For a moment, the young man paused. Then he swallowed hard and continued with his story. “‘Son, are you Jewish?’ the rabbi asked me in broken English. “‘Yes, Pop,’ I answered. ‘I am Jewish.’ “‘Son’” the rabbi whispered again - although it was obvious that it was very painful and difficult for him to talk. He mustered all his strength and said, ‘You must go to Jerusalem and study Torah.’ “Can you imagine? There was this rabbi, suffering from multiple fractures, his body bloody and bruised, and in his pain what does he do? He tells me to go to Jerusalem and study Torah! That experience changed my life. I realized that I had met a saint, a man who was so committed to his faith that

he was able to overcome his suffering to reach out to me. So now you know why I'm here. The rabbi saved my life, and I want to give back." Rebetzin Jungreis listened to his story but had difficulty answering him. She recognized that story -- She knew it well because that rabbi was her father. When he recovered from that accident, he told us of the incident and asked that we try to find the young man to thank him for his kindness in staying with him until the ambulance came. We never did find him, but now, years later, here in Jerusalem, the holy city, he came to thank me and offer his services in gratitude, and I was able to thank him in the name of my father. We see from this story how the rabbi had the wherewithal to reach out to another Jew and bring him back to Judaism. This is the trait of Avraham Avinu that Noach didn't practice in his generation.

Rabbi Meir Orlan'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 four 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 two 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'sof 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: You speak often about serving Hashem with happiness. But is it right to serve Hashem b'simcha when other people are suffering tzaros? **A:** A man must have the

ability to departmentalize his mind. I'll give you an example. Just recently we had Tisha B'Av. We sat on the ground and we wept for the destruction of the Beis Hamikdash. We wept al beis Yisroel v'al am Hashem shenaflu b'charev. Soon after that came Chamisha Asar B'Av and we didn't say tachanun. לא היו ימים טובים לישראל – There were no happier days for the Am Yisroel than the 15th of Av. And they come one after the other; so soon that it seems to us like there is no time in between! The answer is, that's our job in life. We don't have any emotions of our own. We feel with the emotions of the Torah. Eis lakol – There's a time for everything! There's a time to mourn and a time to rejoice. And therefore when we think of other peoples' misfortunes we should sympathize with them, no question. But it doesn't mean that when you have some good fortune in your life that you shouldn't appreciate it. Hakodosh Boruch Hu doesn't want you to overlook the happiness He's giving you. He wants you to appreciate it and enjoy it fully! And as a result you'll serve Him with a full heart. You'll be grateful in thanking Him. And therefore we have to have a mind that's capable of both. Even at the time that you are rejoicing, if you'll remind yourself of your fellow man's misfortunes you'll feel for him. But that won't stop you from dancing at your daughter's wedding. And therefore even the person who is mourning for the Churban Beis Hamikdash and for the multitudes who perished by persecution, nevertheless even then he shouldn't lose sight of the fact that Hakodosh Boruch Hu gave Him garments. He makes the bracha malbish arumim even on Tisha B'Av. He makes a bracha for a belt, ozer Yisroel b'gevura, even on Tisha B'Av. He makes a bracha on the ability to walk even on

Tisha B'Av. All the benefits that we enjoy in life we still enjoy on Tisha B'Av. So you see that even on the same day that you're sitting and mourning, even on that same day you're cognizant of the happiness that Hashem gives you. You can't make a bracha for nothing! It means you are happy with these things. Only that you demonstrate sadness on that day. On another day, on Chamisha Asar B'Av, on Simchas Torah, you demonstrate joy. But always both qualities must be in the mind. And that's how a Jew must be. A Jew cannot be just one thing. If you're just one thing then you're a cripple. If you're one thing, you lost your free will. A man who is alive has free will and he chooses constantly between this attitude and that attitude. And all the attitudes are true. (August 1986)



ISRAEL NEWS SHTIGLITZ

IDF reservist wins the lottery- A young Israeli reservist, recently returned from two months of duty in Gaza, discovered he had won a 15 million shekel (\$4 million) lottery win. He outlined plans to use a large portion of the winnings to establish a non-profit organization to support fellow soldiers and those impacted by the war.



Record donation to Shaare Zedek - WhatsApp founder Jan Koum is donating \$200 million to Shaare Zedek Medical Center in what is being described as the largest philanthropic contribution in the history of Israel's healthcare system. It is expected to triple the size of the hospital, which currently has approximately 1,000 beds.



Free admission - Bank Hapoalim opened 54 museums, parks, heritage sites, and tourist attractions across Israel free of charge over three weekends in May. The project benefits Israeli families while supporting museums, heritage sites, nature parks, and tourism businesses impacted by the war.



Archeological discoveries at ancient Shiloh - Days before the fast of Tisha B'Av, archaeologists uncovered 2nd Temple-era relics at ancient Shiloh, including a lavish ritual bath and a purple-dye snail shell once used for sacred garments. It sheds new light on the original site in Israel of the Tabernacle and its Jewish connection



Economy is booming - Israel's economy is expected to outperform major developed markets in 2026. Capital markets are also outperforming, with the Tel Aviv 35 surging and the shekel rising. The IMF estimates 3.5% growth for Israel this year, compared to 2.3% for the US and 1.3% for the EU, outperforming all G7 countries.



A Maternal Misunderstanding...

Aryeh and Devora, a young religious couple, were expecting their first baby. Devora went into labor on shabbos so they had no choice but to call for a taxi to take them to the hospital. Because Aryeh wanted to minimize the shabbos violation, he told the controller that he cannot have a Jewish driver. The taxi quickly arrived, but when Aryeh and Devora were getting in, they overheard the controller on the two way radio ask the driver, "Have you picked up the anti-Semites yet?"

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