

LeKavod Shabbos



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Dedicated in memory of Aviva Shoshana Bas Avraham Avinu ע"ה

A Lesson in Kindness Before Kol Nidrei By Naama Green

Discover a timeless lesson in patience, humility, and the true joy of Yom Kippur through two inspiring stories from Torah giants Rabbi Gamliel Rabinowitz relates the following story: It was Erev Yom Kippur, and the Hasidic master Rabbi Raphael of Bershad was making his way from his home to the synagogue for the Kol Nidrei service. Dressed in elegant white garments, his face radiated holiness, and he appeared, in the words of those who saw him, like "an angel of G-d." Immersed in thoughts of the sanctity of the day, he walked quietly toward the synagogue. Along the way, he was greeted by a simple Jewish farmer who was delighted to see the revered rabbi. "Rabbi, Shanah Tovah!" the farmer exclaimed. "I'm so happy to meet you because I've been needing your advice but haven't had

Dedicated In Memory Of
Mindel Bas Avraham Yaakov ע"ה



Dedicated In Memory Of
Rav Nachman Ben Faiga זצ"ל



the chance to come see you. Here's my problem: lately, the goats in my pen have refused to eat their hay. Since they aren't eating properly, they're becoming thinner every day." Rabbi Raphael listened attentively and patiently, giving the man his full attention despite the sacred moments leading up to Kol Nidrei. When the farmer had finished explaining his concern, the rabbi thoughtfully replied, "I think you should try mixing more water into the hay and straw. Perhaps you could also mix in a little porridge. The goats will surely enjoy the porridge, and once they come to eat it, they'll naturally eat the hay as well." The farmer was overjoyed with the practical advice. Thanking the rabbi warmly, he left feeling that his beloved goats had been saved. The rabbi's students, who had accompanied him on the walk to the synagogue, were deeply impressed. They could hardly believe that, on the eve of the holiest day of the year, while on his way to Kol Nidrei, their teacher had patiently discussed the eating habits of goats with a village farmer. As they continued walking, Rabbi Raphael turned to them and said: "In the famous Iggeret HaRamban, which should serve as a guiding light for every Jew, it is written: 'Always speak gently, to every person and at all times.' The words 'to every person' include even a simple farmer, and 'at all times' includes even Yom Kippur, just before Kol Nidrei." His message was clear: genuine kindness and patience know no boundaries — not of person, place, or even the holiest moment of the year. The Joy of Yom Kippur In connection with Yom Kippur, Rabbi Moshe Aharon Stern, the longtime spiritual mentor of the Kaminetz Yeshiva, would often say that if he

were not embarrassed, he would begin dancing in the synagogue as soon as the blessing of Shehecheyanu was recited on Yom Kippur night. He explained: "If a person knew that even one of their sins had been erased, how overjoyed they would be! They would rejoice that the Creator, in His infinite mercy, had forgiven them. How much greater should our joy be on Yom Kippur, when the sins of the Jewish people are forgiven! As the Mishnah teaches, 'There were no happier days for Israel than Yom Kippur and the Fifteenth of Av.'" (Ta'anit 26b) Rabbi Stern would add that if people truly sensed the extraordinary spiritual purity that Yom Kippur brings, they would find it almost impossible to sin afterward. Once a person appreciates that their soul has been completely cleansed, they naturally desire to preserve that precious purity. *Hidabroot.com (Adapted with courtesy of the Dirshu website.)*

Paid in Full! By Rabbi Go'el Elkarif

The value of love. A touching story to share before Yom Kippur. There is a fellow who owns a jewelry store in Israel. One day a nine-year-old girl walked into the store and said, "I am here to buy a bracelet." She looked through the glass cases and pointed to a bracelet that was \$3,000. The man behind the counter asked her, "You want to buy that bracelet?" "Yes," she replied. "Wow, you have very good taste. Who do you want to buy it for?" "For my older sister." "Oh, that is so nice!" the storekeeper replied. "Why do you want to buy your older sister this bracelet?" "Because I don't have a mother or father," the little girl said, "and my older sister takes care of us. So, we want to buy her a present, and I'm willing to pay for it."

She pulled out of her pocket a whole bunch of coins that totaled just under eight shekels, a little less than two dollars. The fellow says, “Wow! That’s exactly what the bracelet costs!” While wrapping up the bracelet he said to the girl, “You write a card to your sister while I wrap the bracelet.” He finished wrapping the bracelet, wiped away his tears, and handed the little girl the bracelet. A few hours later the older sister entered the store. “I’m terribly embarrassed,” she said. “My sister should not have come here. She shouldn’t have taken it without paying.” “What are you talking about?” the storekeeper asked. What do you mean? This bracelet costs thousands of dollars. My little sister doesn’t have thousands of dollars – she doesn’t even have ten dollars! Obviously she didn’t pay for it.” “You couldn’t be more wrong,” the storekeeper replied. “She paid me in full. She paid seven shekel, eighty agurot, and a broken heart. I want to tell you something. I am a widower. I lost my wife a number of years ago. People come into my store every single day. They come in and buy expensive pieces of jewelry, and all these people can afford it. When your sister walked in, for the first time in so very long since my wife had died, I once again felt what love means.” He gave her the bracelet and wished her well. During the High Holy Days, we come to the Almighty and we want to buy something very expensive. We want to buy life. But we cannot afford it. We don’t have enough money to pay for it. We don’t have the merits. So, we come to the Almighty and we empty out our pockets, giving him whatever merits we have plus promises for the future. I’ll pick up the phone and call someone who is lonely, I

will learn an extra five minutes of Torah, I will be kind and I will be scrupulous about not speaking lashon hara (gossip) for one hour a day. The Almighty says, “You don’t know how long it’s been since I’ve felt what love means.” He sees how much we love Him and how much we yearn to improve, and He says, “You know what? You have touched my heart. Here it is, paid in full.” *Reprinted from the archives of aish.com*

The Secret Jews Celebrate Yom Kippur in Amsterdam By Nissan Mindel

Two ships were drifting helplessly in the North Sea. High winds and stormy seas damaged the rudders, and the ships were at the mercy of the storm. Fortunately, the ships were driven towards the shores of the Netherlands, and finally found shelter in a Dutch harbor. Among the passengers on the ships were ten refugee families from Spain. They appeared to be Spanish noblemen, but actually they were "Marranos"--secret Jews—who remained loyal to their faith despite the persecutions of the Inquisition. To all appearances they were Christians, but in secret they observed their Jewish faith and festivals. Life in Spain, however, was made impossible for them, for the agents of the dreaded Inquisition watched them constantly, & anyone suspected of practicing any Jewish precept was burnt alive at the stake, and his wealth was forfeited to the Church. And so, these 10 families had hired ships & fled from Spain in search of a friendly country, where they would be able to throw off their hateful disguise and become Jews openly and freely. Divine Providence brought them to the shores of Holland, which, not long before,

had freed herself from Spanish domination. These Jewish families were among the noblest and richest in Castilia (Spain). They were fortunate to be able to take with them a great deal of their possessions, gold, silver, household goods and merchandise. While the ships were undergoing repairs, the secret Jews took their possessions off the ships, and rented rooms in the harbor. After a good night's rest, one of the passengers with his son, took a walk in the street. They passed a butcher store, where a fine duck was hanging in the window, with a label on which there were two Hebrew words *bassar kosher*—kosher meat. The boy had never seen such writing before. "What strange language is this?" He asked his father. "Hush!" his father replied, and the boy wondered why his father's face suddenly grew pale. They went right back, and the father asked the innkeeper, "Are there any Jews in this place, and are they allowed to live in peace?" "Yes, señor," replied the innkeeper. "Since our country threw off the yoke of your country 12 years ago, in 1581, this has become a free country, where any one can live in peace and worship his G d according to his faith." This was wonderful news, and the señor continued to ask the innkeeper if there was a Rabbi in that community, and could he perhaps introduce him to the Rabbi? "Certainly, señor I will be glad to take you to the Rabbi. He is a fine gentleman, beloved by all. His name is Rabbi Moshe Uri," the innkeeper said. Two elders of the new arrivals lost no time and went to see the Rabbi. Rabbi Moshe Uri Ashkenazi had come from Germany ("Ashkenazi" means "The German"), and the little Jewish community in the Dutch harbor town

welcomed him and honored him for his learning and kindness to all. When the two Spanish noblemen came to him, he received them in a very friendly way, but he could not understand their language. His son Aaron served as interpreter. "We have confidential business to discuss with you," the Spanish gentlemen said, throwing a suspicious glance at the young man. "You may speak freely, gentlemen," the Rabbi replied, "for this is my son Aaron." The two secret Jews told the Rabbi who they were, and how they chanced to come to this town. "We want to return to our faith and be reunited with our people. For many years we have risked our lives to remain loyal to our G d and our Torah, but we were not able to do very much under the watchful eyes of the Inquisition. Most of us are ignorant of the Torah; we are uncircumcised; our children do not even know the Aleph-Beit. But the fire of devotion to G d still burns in our hearts. Help us, Rabbi, to return to our people." Rabbi Moshe Uri listened to their story, which had moved him to tears. When they finished their tale of horror of what they had been through under the shadow of the Inquisition, the Rabbi replied, "My dear brethren, in this place it would not be advisable for you to stay. There are very few Jews here, & your arrival has already created a stir in town. The country people are suspicious of Spaniards and we might all get into trouble. "However, the city of Amsterdam is not far away. There is a larger Jewish community there. Go to Amsterdam, & rent rooms in Junkerstraat, and hang out a red ribbon from the window. In a few days from now, we will come and circumcise all your men & boys to bring you into the Covenant of our father

Abraham. Then we will teach you all you have to know about our faith, and you will live with us like brothers." The secret Jews followed the Rabbi's advice. In due course, Rabbi Moshe Uri and his son Aaron arrived in Amsterdam and went to Junkerstraat. Soon they were embraced affectionately by the new arrivals. The brit (circumcision) took place quietly. The first to enter the Covenant of our father Abraham was Don Jacob Tirado, the oldest and noblest of them all. Then one by one they were all circumcised. After they recuperated, Rabbi Moshe Uri and his son began to teach them all that Jews have to know about their faith, how to pray from the siddur, say the blessings, put on tefillin, and so on, and the Spanish Jews learnt with diligence and devotion, until they needed the services of Rabbi Moshe Uri no longer. They sent word to their Spanish brethren, relatives and friends, secretly informing them how fortunate they were to be in Holland, and urging them to join them. Thus, the little Spanish Jewish community grew, under the leadership of Don Jacob Tirado. They lived quietly, trying not to attract too much attention, as the fear of the Inquisition was still very strong in their hearts. Then came the Solemn Days of Rosh Hashanah, and Yom Kippur. The secret Jews in Spain always observed the Day of Atonement. They used to gather in the cellars of their homes to pray to G d on this most solemn day of the year. Now, being in free Holland, it was not necessary for them to do so in secret, but they were still frightened in case the long arms of the Inquisition might reach even here. So, they locked the doors of their synagogue and prayed to G d as never before. Now the

neighbors who had noticed many Spaniards gather in one place behind locked doors, with strange sounds coming from inside, grew suspicious. They notified the Governor of the city of the secret meeting, where they were sure a plot was being made against the free country of Holland, in order to recapture it for the king of Spain. The Governor himself led a platoon of soldiers to Junkerstraat. He knocked at the locked doors: "Open in the name of the Law!" The worshippers nearly died of fright. Somebody shouted, "The Inquisition is here!" and a terrible panic broke out among the frightened worshippers, who began to jump out of the windows to escape, but most of them were rounded up and captured. Only the venerable Jacob Tirado remained fearless to face the intruders. The soldiers searched the place for weapons, but found nothing but prayer books & talleitim. "Who are you? And what are you doing in this place so secretly?" the Governor demanded to know. Still unable to speak Dutch, Don Jacob Tirado addressed the Governor in Latin. He told him who they were, how they had escaped from the terrible Inquisition, and would never wish to see it spread its ugly wings over this peaceful and free state. He told him further that it was the holiest day for the Jews, the Day of Atonement, and they had gathered to pray to G d. But the fear of the Inquisition was so strong in their hearts that they still gathered to pray in secret. Don Jacob Tirado further told the Governor that they were useful and peaceful citizens, that they would not be a public charge, but rather the contrary, for they had brought their wealth with them and were already developing trade and commerce for the good of the country. The

Governor was greatly impressed by the words of Jacob Tirado. He shook his hand, assured him that they were welcome, and more like them would be welcome in free Holland. "You may worship your G d here in freedom, and without fear. Pray also for us," he said as he took his leave with a friendly smile. It was a great day for the young community of the Spanish Jews in Amsterdam. At last, they were rid of their fear. Soon they built a real synagogue, which bore the name "Beit Jacob" after their beloved leader, Jacob Tirado. One of the first Rabbis of the growing community of Spanish and Portuguese Jews in Amsterdam was the famous Rabbi Manasseh ben Israel. *Published by Kehot Publication Society Chabad.Org website.*

A Letter to the World's Greatest Matchmaker

In the town of Mir lived a young orphaned girl who, as the years passed, watched all her friends marry while she remained single. Perhaps her small stature or her poverty made shidduchim more difficult, but the main reason was that she was determined to marry a bochur who would dedicate his life to Torah. For a girl to marry such a bochur, however, her family needed to be able to support the couple, & without a father, she had no one to help her realize her dream. She worked as a librarian & tried to save most of her earnings toward that goal, but the years passed, her friends were already raising families, and she remained single. Still, she refused to give up. She turned down many seemingly attractive suggestions because they did not fit her aspiration of marrying a ben Torah. One day, as she sat in the library reflecting on her situation, she decided to write a letter

to the only One who could truly help her—her Father in Heaven. She took out a sheet of paper and poured onto it the thoughts & prayers that had been on her lips for years. She described the husband she was seeking: a young man immersed in Torah, possessed of exceptional middos, who would not view her poverty as a shortcoming. She concluded, “You, Hashem, sustain the poor and raise the lowly & the orphans. You can certainly answer my tefillos. I place my trust in You at all times.” She signed the letter, “Shana Miriam,” slipped it into an envelope, and wrote on the outside, “To My Father in Heaven.” She then went out into the garden behind the library, held the envelope aloft, & when she felt the breeze, opened her hand & let it go. She watched as the wind carried the letter away, & then returned home. A few days later, a talmid of the Mir Yeshivah went out to a field to daven alone. Afterward, as he walked back, reviewing the sugya he was learning in his mind, he noticed an envelope nestled among the leaves of a bush. He pulled it from the branches, intending to return it to its owner, but was startled to see that it was addressed, “To My Father in Heaven.” Curiosity overcame him, & he opened the letter. He read it with amazement, then read it a second & a 3rd time, deeply moved by the pain, sincerity, & faith that filled its words. When he returned to the beis medrash, he went to consult with the Rosh Yeshivah, Rav Eliyahu Baruch Kamai, who encouraged him to listen to his conscience. After a brief discussion, the bachur decided that he was prepared to marry the girl who had written the letter. Inquiries were made, her identity was discovered, and he married her, despite the fact that

she was 6 years older than he was. Rav Yitzchak Yechiel Rabinowitz went on to attain great heights in Torah and in Yerushalayim, exactly as his wife had hoped. He eventually became the Mashgiach of the Yeshivah of Minsk and merited to have such illustrious talmidim as Rav Yaakov Kamenetzky, Rav Yaakov Yitzchak Ruderman, & Rav Avraham Kamenetzky. *(Meant To Be) The Weekly Vort.*

The Mesiras Nefesh of a Legendary Mashgiach By Yoni Schwartz

Rav Matisyahu Salomon, ZT”L, the mashgiach of Beis Medrash Govoha in Lakewood, was an incredibly busy person, always involved in communal affairs. Some even say that he would spend twenty hours on most days between his learning and helping the community. Sometimes, things were very stressful, and he and his family just needed to take a break. There was a wealthy man who owned a nice bungalow house about three hours from Lakewood and offered it to Rav Matisyahu any time he wanted. On one of his trips up there with his family, he got an unnerving phone call. He had just spent three hours in the car, and he was about to arrive when the person on the other end told him that there was a certain widow who was planning on getting married that night but was getting cold feet. He was nervous. "I can't just risk speaking to her on the phone. The stakes are too high," he thought. Immediately, before even stepping out, he turned around and headed back. Due to his involvement, the couple got married that night. One time, there was a certain person who spent many years learning in kollel, and it was his dream to one day become a rebbe in a yeshiva. This was about twenty years ago, when

getting such a position was much more difficult than it is today. Finally, this person got a job, and they hired him for Elul Zman. After the Zman was over, they told him that they didn't think he was a good fit for the yeshiva and informed him that he wasn't invited to return for the winter Zman. Somebody called Rav Matisyahu and explained that this person had worked so hard to get a job, and now that he had finally gotten one, the yeshiva administration wasn't even giving him a chance. Rav Matisyahu didn't know this person. Nevertheless, he felt that he should at least be given a fair chance, so he called the administration and said that if they gave this person a proper chance, he would come down every week to give a class to the boys (something that would help increase their student enrollment). Despite a very busy schedule, he made the time to help another person because he felt that everyone should be given a fair chance. *Torah Sweets*

Over & Above!

A student of Rabbi Chaim Zaid called him, sobbing uncontrollably. She explained that she had been searching for her mate for several years and was already 27 while all her friends were married with children. The previous Shabbos she had learned of a well-known segulah: during the ninth month, on the ninth day, in the ninth hour, there is a unique nine-minute opportune time when tefillot are especially accepted. She had eagerly awaited those precious moments, pouring out her heart to Hashem, hoping this would finally be the year she would become a kallah. Later she discovered that her watch had been an hour fast and she had

missed the designated time altogether. Rabbi Zaid comforted her, assuring her that Hashem looks at the heart and that the heartfelt tefillah of a sincere bat Yisrael is precious at any hour. "That's not what I'm crying about," she replied. "Because my watch was wrong, I ended Shabbat an hour early. I washed dishes, listened to music, and did melachah while it was still Shabbat. I live alone, so no one realized my mistake." She burst into tears once again. Rabbi Zaid later remarked that in all his years as a Rav, he had never witnessed someone cry with such anguish over an unintentional averah. When she begged him to give her a tikkun, Rabbi Zaid suggested that since she had ended Shabbat early by mistake, she should accept Shabbat ten minutes early each week. Before he could finish speaking, she replied, "I gladly accept. And because I love Hashem with all my heart, I will also begin keeping Rabenu Tam every Motzaei Shabbat." Deeply moved by her sincerity, Rabbi Zaid told her, "Hashem loves you very much. What you are doing is beyond the ordinary, and I am certain you will merit a yeshuah beyond the ordinary as well." Just one month later she called again, this time overflowing with joy. Only weeks after beginning her new kabbalot, she had been offered an outstanding shidduch—a bochur renowned for his exceptional middot. When she investigated the shidduch, his Mashgiach told her that everyone in the yeshivah called him "Rabenu Tam" because he consistently went beyond the letter of the law in everything he did. Hearing this, Rabbi Zaid was visibly moved. "Look how Hashem repays measure for measure," he told her. "You accepted upon yourself to

keep Shabbat according to Rabenu Tam, even though your mistake had been entirely unintentional. In return, Hashem sent you a ben Torah whom everyone knows as Rabenu Tam." (The Weekly Vort) An elderly Jew once approached Rav Yissachar Ber of Belz, zt"l, and said that he wished to do Teshuvah for all the Aveiros he had committed when he was young. Rav Yissachar Ber told him, "You can indeed do that, if you are truly sorry about your sins." "But Rebbe," the man asked, "How can I tell what 'truly sorry' means?" Rav Yissachar Ber answered him with the following story. "There was a merchant who would always come every year to the fair with many wagonloads of goods to sell. One year, he decided to arrive a little earlier than usual, and he was among the first to arrive at the fair. Soon after he had set up his booth, it began raining fiercely. "It rained so hard that no other merchant was able to get to the fair, and since he was one of the only ones there with goods to sell, all the buyers came to him, each trying to outbid the other. "However, instead of selling anything, the merchant decided to wait. That afternoon, the bids for his merchandise were even higher, but again he decided to wait and refused to sell anything. It continued like this for the next two days and the bids kept getting higher and higher, and finally, the merchant felt that the bids were high enough, and the next day he would sell his wares to the highest bidder. "That night, as he slept well and dreamt of the wonderful profit he was going to make, the rains died away, and by morning, all the other merchants had arrived at the fair. With so much more competition, all the prices fell, and the merchant was

forced to sell his goods at very low prices.” Rav Yissachar Ber continued, “Now, if you are as sorry about your previous sins as that merchant was for not having sold his goods sooner at the higher prices, you will know that you have truly repented! *Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U Tefilah.*

Following the Old Men By Rabbi Reuven Semah

“On the 8th day shall be Aseret.” (Bemidbar 29:35) I know it’s not Shemini Aseret (Simhat Torah), but I would love to share this story with you as told by Rabbi Dovid Kaplan. There was no sign of religion on Kibbutz Ein Chaim (name changed). Quite the contrary, they were virulently opposed to anything even remotely Jewish. Pork on Yom Kippur, barbecue on Tish’ah B’Ab, soft rolls on Passover, it was all fine. It was a mystery to the younger members why a handful of the old-timers would sneak off to some unknown location for some unknown reason one day a year. Maybe it was some sort of gambling night that they didn’t want anyone else to know about, or perhaps they got together to reminisce about something or other. Any time one of the participants was asked about it, he’d say, “It’s nothing too important and it’s clearly nothing that would interest you. It’s just something for a bunch of old guys.” For some reason, no one ever made any further attempts to find out what it was all about. Well, one year, Yigal ben Efess (name changed) could contain his curiosity no longer, so he decided to follow the group & see what they were up to. He watched from a distance as they headed all the way out to the

farthest corner of the kibbutz, where all the old, rusty equipment lay in disuse, & then entered an old abandoned shed. He waited a few minutes & then followed them in. There was a decrepit, stone staircase that led downstairs & ended in front of a heavily reinforced metal door. He pushed the door open a crack...& saw something that froze him in place & sent shivers up his spine. It was a sight he knew he'd never ever forget. The men were in a well-lit cellar which they'd equipped with bright lights. But it wasn't the light that he was focused on. The men were holding a Sefer Torah & dancing round & round with undisguised emotion, most of them with tears rolling down their cheeks. You see, it was Shemini Aseret night. These men had all been in Europe before the war, & had all learned in cheder. The simhah (joy) they had experienced as small children on that special day had never left them, & they relived it once a year in a clandestine cellar on an anti-religious kibbutz. You can run but you can't hide. The flame will always find you.

Q&A with Rave Avigdor Miller זצ"ל - *The Benefits of the Yeshiva System*

Q: Are the yeshivas today functioning as they should or are they dealing with problems unique to American bachurim? **A:** Let me tell you something about the yeshivas. There certainly is room for improvement in the yeshivas, but I want to tell you something. I've been in the yeshivas for many years. Over fifty years ago, I came to Chaim Berlin; over fifty years ago. And I saw bachurim who were worthless; they didn't learn anything. Today they're all zeidas, frum zeidas with frum children and frum grandchildren. They have children in Brisk and all the

yeshivas. Even though they did not learn in the yeshivas, they became frum Jews. The yeshivas accomplished tremendously even with boys who weren't learning seriously. Tremendously! I cannot tell you how grateful I am to the yeshivas. Here is a boy, a chatzuf. I once spoke to him in the yeshiva. A gadol was niftar and I asked him, "Why don't you go to the levayah of this gadol?" He said, "Who cares for a gadol?" A 15-year-old boy. Today he has a big beard. He's a lamdan. He's a tzaddik. The yeshivas did a wonderful job, no question about it. So even though yeshivas could be improved — I have my own ideas how to improve the yeshivas — nevertheless, the yeshivas, you should know, are mamash a bracha for the Am Yisroel. You do not realize. They have saved hundreds and hundreds of families. They have beautiful families today all because they sat and they were batlanim in the yeshivas. To loaf in the yeshiva is a hatzlachah gedolah! I'm not joking. The avirah of the yeshiva transforms them. They're devoted to the yeshiva, devoted to learning. He doesn't learn, but he understands learning is a very important thing. And he makes his children learn and his eineklach learn. Baruch Hashem for the yeshivas! Today there are six hundred mosdos in America, ken yirbu. Six hundred mosdos in America. High schools and yeshivos ketanah and kollelim. Baruch Hashem! It's turning out a tremendous crop of bnei Torah. And the girls' schools today, same thing. The girls' schools are making a mahapeichah. Rav Aharon Kotler, zichrono livracha, said that if not for Beis Yaakov they couldn't have any kollelim in America. Beis Yaakov taught the girls to want to have bnei Torah for

a husband. And they're willing to work to support them. Idealistic girls. Today so many people are learning Torah because of frum wives, frum girls. It's a wonderful thing. So the institutions have made a mahapeichah. I remember sixty years ago you couldn't find a frum girl. A frum girl was a rarity in America sixty years ago. I once met a man whom I knew seventy years ago — more than that. "Shalom aleichem," I said to him. "How are you?" So he introduces me to his wife standing near him. Her hair was uncovered. He's proud of his wife with her uncovered hair. And they have three grandchildren. Sixty years ago, he married an American girl and they have two children and three grandchildren. And he's so full of simchah and nachas. A churban. A wife with her hair uncovered and they have three grandchildren. But he didn't go to the yeshiva so he's happy with it. But the yeshivas created a frum nation. And so there's been a mahapeichah because of the yeshivas and we owe them a tremendous amount of gratitude. So I have ideas how to improve the yeshivas. Yes, I know how to improve the yeshivas. They won't listen to me, however, and anyhow they're doing a good job. So I say anybody who supports the yeshivas today is doing a very big mitzvah. It's a mitzvah to support yeshivas. A very big mitzvah. A tremendous thing they're doing. I cannot tell you how much we owe our gratitude to them. *March 16, 2000*

Rabbi Meir Orlan's Business Halacha Institute – *Widgets Contract*

Weiss' Widgets were capturing the market as the most highly acclaimed widgets. When they announced a sealed bidding for retail rights of their newest

widget, the offers were highly competitive. Reiss Retail was ultimately awarded the rights. A contract was drawn up: “Weiss’ Widgets agrees to sell Reiss Retail Distributors 100,000 widgets at \$23@ with a 20% down payment.” The 100,000 widgets were unpacked from the warehouse and sent on rail. While in transit, the eccentric Mr. Weiss suddenly decided that he wanted to retail the widgets directly. “Weiss’ Widgets belong with Weisses, not Reisses!” he insisted. Weiss’ lawyer immediately sent a notice to Reiss Retail that they were retracting the sale and would return the down payment. Reuven Reiss was dumbfounded when he received the message. “I’ve already begun a whole ad campaign,” he exclaimed: “Ride the Widget Wave! Reiss retails Weiss!” Reiss immediately responded to Weiss: “You already signed a binding contract to sell us the widgets. You can’t back out.” “Check out the halacha,” Weiss wrote back. “I’m not a halacha expert,” answered Reiss. “But I know without question that it is morally reprehensible to retract from such an agreement, even if legally possible. Such an action indicates a lack of trustworthiness and is unethical, wicked, and deserving of a curse (C.M. 204:1, 7).” However, Weiss remained adamant. “We are not interested in ethics and moral considerations. Unless the agreement is legally binding in halacha, we intend to retract the sale and retail the widgets ourselves!” Reiss’s lawyer sent a formal legal notification: “Widgets were sold under contract and a cash deposit was paid by my client. If the legally binding arrangement is not honored, we intend to take legal action.” Weiss’ lawyer responded: “For a transaction to be binding in

halacha, it must be accompanied by an appropriate kinyan, a formal act of acquisition. Neither a contract nor a cash payment serves as a kinyan to finalize a sale for moveable items such as widgets. As such, we are able to retract the sale according to halacha.” Reiss was infuriated, but intrigued, by this response. He had learned in Maseches Kiddushin about the need for an appropriate kinyan for each item. “I know that a contract and cash serve as kinyan for real estate, not for moveable items,” he mused. “Could it be that the sale is not halachically binding?” Reiss asked Rabbi Tzedek to summon Weiss to a din Torah. The two appeared before the Beis Din. “What do you claim?” asked Rabbi Tzedek of Reuven Reiss. “We demand that Weiss’ Widgets honor its contract and sell us the widgets!” Reuven stated. “And what do you say?” Rabbi Tzedek turned to Mr. Weiss. “We explained to Reiss,” responded Mr. Weiss, “that neither a document nor a cash payment serves as a binding kinyan for moveable items.” Rabbi Tzedek and his Beis Din conferred and ruled: “The contract is binding on the basis of situmta and hischayvus.” “What’s that?!” asked Weiss. Rabbi Tzedek explained, “Each transaction must indeed be accompanied by a kinyan. However, the Gemara in Maseches Bava Metzia (74a) introduces a form of kinyan called situmta. “Situmta was a practice of wine merchants to mark the barrels in their warehouse that were already ordered. If the practice of the merchants is to consider this mark as finalizing the sale, it is validated by halacha, as well. The Shulchan Aruch expands this concept to any common commercial practice. Thus, any act that merchants do

to express completion of the transaction, even if not enumerated in halacha, is binding (C.M. 201:1-2). “A common example of situmta is a contract, since merchants consider this agreement binding. Other possible examples are handshakes, down payments, and ‘mazal u’bracha’ in the diamond trade. If the local law considers the contracts legally binding, it could also be granted halachic validity on the basis of dina d’malchusa (Pischei Teshuva 201:2). “Furthermore, the Nesivos (203:7) writes that a person can obligate himself to sell something, the same way he can obligate and accept upon himself a debt (hischayvus). The language, ‘agree to sell,’ can be understood nowadays as accepting an obligation to do so. “Therefore, the widgets contract is absolutely binding also in halacha, and you have no legal ability to retract.”

ISRAEL NEWS SHTIGLITZ

Israel And Morocco Agree To Open Full Embassies And Appoint Ambassadors — Israel and Morocco agreed Wednesday to elevate their diplomatic missions to full embassies and exchange ambassadors, a long-delayed step under the Abraham Accords that was announced after U.S.-hosted talks on the sidelines of the United Nations gathering. Israeli Foreign Minister Gideon Sa’ar and Moroccan Foreign Minister Nasser Bourita reached the understanding at a trilateral meeting hosted by U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Mike Waltz. The joint statement said the United States and Israel “recognize the special ties between Moroccan Monarchs and the Moroccan Jewish community living in Morocco and throughout the world including in the United States and Israel.” Hundreds of thousands of Israelis are of Moroccan descent, and a small Jewish community remains in the kingdom

under royal protection. Beyond the embassy upgrade, the sides agreed to several practical steps: Restore and expand direct flights by Israeli and Moroccan airlines before the end of the year. Complete investment-protection and double-taxation agreements by the end of 2026. Arrange high-level visits in the coming months. Broaden work on trade, tourism, technology, water, agriculture, energy, telecommunications and regional security.



Eiruv saves Israeli soldiers from drone - A soldier in the IDF Military Rabbinate, erected an eiruv of poles and strings near the Lebanese border to allow soldiers to carry items on Shabbat. An explosive FPV drone launched by Hezbollah got entangled in the strings and self-detonated, miraculously injuring no-one.



Tel Aviv is world's 4th most valuable city - The international rating firm Start-up Genome has ranked Tel Aviv fourth among global cities in the worldwide start-up ecosystem list, with a valuation of \$250 billion. Only Silicon Valley, New York and London were valued higher. It analyzed 5.5 million companies in 71 countries.



Blood tests using eye scanning - This work began some years ago (see here previously). Researchers from Tel Aviv University and Sheba Medical Center have developed an artificial intelligence-based system that can detect anemia and estimate key blood markers using a brief video scan of blood vessels in the eye.



Green line opens in Jerusalem - In Jerusalem, implementation of the Light Rail system is proceeding apace with the opening of the 7km Green Line from Mahane Yehuda to

Malka in the south. It is intended that Jerusalem will become an accessible and advanced city, similar to capitals and major cities around the world.



Judging Favorably ...

Mrs. Goldenberg got a ticket for running a red light and came to court to fight it. When asked for her occupation, she said that she was a schoolteacher. Judge Rosenbaum recognized the old teacher and said, "Mrs. Goldenberg, do you remember me?" Mrs. Goldenberg thought about it for a moment, squinted and said, "Little Heshy Rosenbaum is that you?" "It's Harry, Mrs. Goldenberg," the judge said. "Your Honor actually." "Look at you, all grown up," Mrs. Goldenberg smiled sweetly, hoping that her former student would help her with her ticket. "I've been waiting so many years to see you in court," Judge Rosenbaum said. "I am so glad to hear it," said Mrs. Goldenberg. "So the good news is that I am going to waive the fee on your ticket." "Thank you so much Heshy, I mean, Your Honor, that's very nice of you." "The bad news is that I want you to sit down at that table right now and write: 'I will not run through a red light' five hundred times!!!"

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