

LeKavod Shabbos



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This weeks publication has been dedicated in memory of Yankel Shternzer ע"ה

The Wellspring of Divine Sustenance By Yehuda Z Klitnick

The heilige Tzaddik, Rabbi Tzvi Hirsch of Ziditchov author of the Sefer Ateres Tzvi and more, taught that true faith, Emunah requires us to pursue our livelihood with complete integrity and kindness—never stepping on another person's toes to gain an extra dollar. The following miracle story illustrates how Hashem protects those who place their trust in Him, while reminding us that a livelihood taken unfairly will never hold water. A humble Chosid once came to his Rebbe, the heilige Ateres Tzvi of Ziditchov, seeking advice. The local nobleman, poritz, is offering to lease me an inn at a very cheap price. The problem is that there is no water source anywhere near the property, so travelers never stop there, and it brings in no business." The Rebbe advised him: "Go and lease the inn from the nobleman.

Dedicated In Memory Of
Irving & Lily Moskowitz ע"ה



Dedicated In Memory Of
Horav Shloime Tzvi Koenig זצ"ל



Dig a deep hole in the courtyard, and then come spend the heilige Shabbos here with me in Ziditchov." The Chosid followed the Rebbe's instructions to the letter. He leased the property, dug the hole, & traveled to Ziditchov for Shabbos. When he went in to the Rebbe to receive a bracha, the Rebbe took a small note and wrote upon it the Posuk: "And Yitzchok's servants dug in the valley and found there a well of living water." (Bereishis 26:19)* "Take this note," instructed the Rebbe, "and toss it into the hole you dug." The Chosid traveled home and threw the holy note into the dry pit. Instantly, fresh, living spring water began to gush from the earth! Travelers began stopping by the inn to drink and rest, and the Chosid's business flourished. Not far away, a rival Jewish innkeeper saw his own business slowing down as travelers flocked to the new inn. Driven by jealousy, he devised a scheme. He went to the nobleman and offered to pay a significantly higher price for the lease if the nobleman would evict the first Chosid and hand both inns over to him. Greedy for profit, the nobleman called the Chosid and ordered him to vacate the premises immediately. The Chosid begged for mercy, explaining that this was his sole source of livelihood, but the heartless nobleman refused to listen. Forced out, the Chosid left, while the envious innkeeper celebrated his victory, eager to double his profits. Dismayed, the Chosid rushed back to Ziditchov and recounted the entire painful story to his Rebbe. The Rebbe calmed him: "Do not worry; the Almighty will help you." The Ateres Tzvi took another piece of paper and wrote a second Posuk upon it: "And all the wells that

his father's servants had dug in the days of Abraham his father, the Philistines stopped them up and filled them with earth." (ibid 26:15) "Take this note," said the Rebbe, "and toss it into the water pit." The Chosid thanked the Rebbe, returned to the inn, and threw the note into the well. Almost overnight, the spring vanished, and the well completely dried up! Seeing that the well had run dry and travelers were no longer stopping, the envious innkeeper realized the second inn was worthless. He returned to the nobleman and canceled the lease. Panicked that he was losing money, the nobleman sent for the first Chosid and begged him to take the inn back. The Chosid replied: "I must first consult my Rebbe." When he asked the Ateres Tzvi, the Rebbe said: "You may accept it—but only on two conditions. First, the nobleman must give it back to you at your original low price. Second, he must sign an agreement that if the water returns, he can never evict you again." The nobleman eagerly agreed to the terms. The Chosid returned to his Rebbe, who now wrote a third and final note containing the Posuk: "And he moved from there and dug another well, and they did not quarrel over it. So, he called its name Rechovos, saying, 'For now Hashem has made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.'" (ibid 26:22) The Rebbe told him: "Now, dig a new hole in the courtyard, drop this note inside, and Hashem will send His salvation." The Chosid dug a new pit and threw the note inside. Once again, pure water burst forth in abundance, bringing a divine blessing to his business. When the rival Jewish innkeeper offered to pay a significantly higher price for the lease if the nobleman would evict the

first Chosid, the poritz showed him the door! The Chosid lived there in peace and prosperity for many years, sustained by Hashem's righteous hand. *Pardes Yehuda.*

Rabbi Pinchas of Koritz By Rabbi Dovid Caro

Rabbi Pinchas of Koritz was a spiritual giant in his generation. At first, his greatness was mostly unknown to anyone, but he had no regrets; indeed, it suited him just fine. He spent his days and nights in Torah-study & prayer. He was rarely interrupted. But then, the word began to spread, perhaps from fellow disciples of the Baal Shem Tov, that Rabbi Pinchas was a very great Tzaddik. People began to visit him on a regular basis, seeking his guidance, requesting his support, asking for his prayers and beseeching his blessing. The more he helped them, the more they came. The trickle to his door became a stream and the stream became a daily flood of personal stories and requests for help. Rabbi Pinchas was overwhelmed. He felt he was no longer serving Hashem properly, because he no longer had sufficient time to study, pray and meditate as he should. He didn't know what to do. He needed more privacy and less distraction, but how could he turn away dozens and even hundreds of people who genuinely felt that he could help them? How could he convince them to go elsewhere, to others more willing and qualified than he? Then he had an idea. He would pray for Heavenly help in the matter. Let Hashem arrange it that people not be attracted to seek him out! Let Hashem make him be despicable in the eyes of his fellows! "A Tzaddik decrees and Heaven agrees," they say. Rabbi Pinchas prayed and so it became. No longer did people

visit him. Not only that, on those occasions when he went to town, he was met with averted heads and a chilly atmosphere. Rabbi Pinchas didn't mind at all. Indeed, he was delighted. The old pattern was restored; rarely was he interrupted. Then the "Days of Awe" of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur passed, and there remained only four brief busy days to prepare for Succos. In previous years, there had always been some Yeshiva students or local townspeople who were only too glad to help the pious Rabbi construct his sukkah. But this time, not a single soul arrived. No one liked him, and no one even thought to help him. Not being handy in these matters, the Rabbi didn't know what to do. Finally, having no choice, he was forced to hire a non-Jew to build his sukkah for him. But the hired man did not possess the tools that were needed, & Rabbi Pinchas could not get a single Jew in the neighborhood to lend him tools because they disliked him so much. In the end, his wife had to go to borrow them, and even that was difficult to accomplish due to the prevailing attitude towards her husband. With just a few hours remaining till the onset of Yom Tov, they finally managed to complete a flimsy minimal structure. As the sun slid between the forest branches and the Rebbetzin lit the festive candles, Rabbi Pinchas hurried off to Shul. Despite his solitary ways, he always made a point to attend the congregational prayers on Yom Tov; besides he didn't want to miss the opportunity to acquire a guest for the festival meal, something so integral to the essence of the Yom Tov. In those days in Europe, people desiring an invitation to a meal would stand in the back of the Shul upon

the completion of the prayers. The householders would then invite them upon their way out, happy to so easily accomplish the mitzvah of hospitality. In those days in Europe, people desiring an invitation to a meal would stand in the back of the Shul upon the completion of the prayers. The householders would then invite them upon their way out, happy to so easily accomplish the mitzvah of hospitality. Rabbi Pinchas, unfortunately, did not find it so simple. Even those without a place to eat and desperate for an invitation to a sukkah in which to enjoy the festival meal, turned him down without a second thought. Eventually, everyone who needed a place & everyone who wanted a guest were satisfied, except for the Tzaddik, Rabbi Pinchas. He trudged home alone, saddened & a bit shaken up at the realization that he might never have another guest, not even for the special festive meal of the first night of Succos. But that too was part of the price of his freedom. It was worth it, wasn't it? Pausing just inside the entrance to his sukkah, Rabbi Pinchas began to chant the traditional invitation to the Ushpizin, the seven Heavenly guests who visit every Jewish sukkah. Although not many are privileged to actually see these exalted visitors, Rabbi Pinchas was definitely one of the select few who had this experience on an annual basis. This year, he raised his eyes and saw the Avraham Avinu, the first of the Ushpizin, the honored guest for the 1st night of the festival, standing outside the door of the sukkah, keeping his distance. Rabbi Pinchas cried out to him in anguish: "Avraham Avinu! Why do you not enter my sukkah? What is my sin?" Replied the patriarch: "I am the embodiment of Chessed, serving

Hashem through deeds of loving-kindness. Hospitality was my specialty. I will not join a table where there are no guests." The crestfallen Rabbi Pinchas quickly re-ordered his priorities. He prayed that everything be restored to as it had been, and that he should find favor in the eyes of his fellows exactly as before. Again, his prayer was answered. Within a short time, throngs of people were again finding their way to his door; seeking his guidance, asking his support, requesting his prayers, and beseeching his blessing. No longer could he devote all or even most of his time to his Torah-study, his prayer, & to his meditation. But thanks to his holy Succos guest, this was no longer seen as a problem. *Rabbi Dovid Caro's Inspired by a Story.*

The Ability to Say "I Don't Know!"

A true Rav recognizes that giving a Halachic ruling isn't about saving face or appearing knowledgeable, it's about rendering the absolute truth of the Torah. Unlike secular professions where people might feel compelled to project certainty to maintain professional credibility, a Rav knows that an incorrect ruling carries spiritual consequences. One year, a few days before Pesach, R' Yaakov Kamenetsky zt"l, needed to take a specific medicine and wanted to be entirely certain about the precise nature of its ingredients. Looking closely at the label, he spotted a complex chemical term and based on a logical deduction about the substance's Latin root, he reasoned that he understood what the compound was. Still, when it came to making a decision that required absolute certainty, R' Yaakov refused to rely solely on his own assumptions. He decided to walk down

to the local pharmacy to double-check with a professional. At the store, R' Yaakov presented his question to the practitioner behind the counter. The pharmacist took the query seriously and began pulling heavy reference manuals and trade books from the shelves. For a long stretch of time, the man flipped through index after index, searching for the exact compound. Yet, as the minutes ticked by, it became increasingly obvious from the pharmacist's hesitant body language that he wasn't finding the information. Eventually, the pharmacist closed the final volume, turned to R' Yaakov, and confidently declared that the medicine was completely fine to use. R' Yaakov thanked the man politely and left, but he saw right through the interaction. It was clear that the pharmacist had simply been too embarrassed to admit he didn't know the answer. In his line of work, confessing ignorance felt like a blow to his professional standing, so he offered a reassuring answer instead of an honest one. Reflecting on the moment afterward, R' Yaakov pointed out to his talmidim that this encounter highlighted the profound difference between a secular professional and a true Torah authority. A professional often feels pressured to produce a quick, authoritative answer at all costs to protect their reputation, even if they have to invent something. A true Rav, however, carries a sacred responsibility where guessing is simply never an option. To illustrate his point, R' Yaakov shared a story about the Beis Halevi, R' Yosef Dov Halevi Soloveitchik zt"l, from the time he was first appointed as the chief rabbi of the city of Brisk. The Beis Halevi was renowned across Europe as a towering genius whose depth

of learning was practically unmatched, and the community was thrilled to have such a brilliant leader. Shortly after his arrival, a member of the town came to him with a particularly difficult question. The new Rav listened intently, paused, and then simply said, “I don’t know.” The questioner was stunned, but assumed it was just a rare oversight. Soon after, another resident brought a second issue to the rabbinical court, and to everyone’s utter shock, the Beis Halevi gave the exact same response: “I don’t know.” When it happened a third time, panic began to spread among the city leaders. The town notables quickly gathered for an emergency meeting to figure out what to do. They argued that while he might be a brilliant scholar capable of giving deep lomdish shiurim, a community needed a practical authority who could actually answer everyday questions and provide clear rulings. Regretfully, they decided they had no choice but to ask their newly hired rabbi to step down. A delegation of prominent leaders walked to the Beis Halevi’s home to gently break the news and express their deep disappointment. Hearing their concerns, the Beis Halevi didn’t get defensive; instead, he smiled warmly and reassured them. He explained that there was no need to worry and that, moving forward, he would readily address all of their future questions. He then revealed his true intention: he had intentionally held back his answers to establish a vital principle right at the start of his tenure. He wanted both the community and himself to know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that if a moment ever came where he truly did not know an answer, he would never let pride or embarrassment push him into

guessing. For a true authority, admitting “I don’t know” isn’t a sign of weakness but the ultimate proof of integrity and responsibility. *Rabbi Dovid Hoffman’s Torah Tavlin.*

The Power of the Shofar Blasts

A young man got married, drawing family from far and wide. Among the guests was a distant uncle who was completely disconnected from his Jewish heritage. Set in his secular ways, he had long rebuffed any attempts to bring him closer to Judaism. During the wedding, a warm and perceptive Rosh Kollel noticed the uncle. Determined to awaken the man’s dormant soul, the rabbi purposefully drew him into the center of the dancing. The uncle felt genuinely embraced, forming an instant bond with the rabbi. Hoping to nurture this unexpected connection, the family later asked the Rosh Kollel to call him. The rabbi obliged, but the conversation quickly stalled. It was the month of Elul, and noticing a shofar on his desk, the rabbi had an idea. Over the phone, he blew the traditional blasts and asked if the sounds were familiar. The uncle quietly said yes, and then hung up. Years later, at the bar mitzvah of the original chosson’s son, an unfamiliar, fully observant man approached the Rosh Kollel. It was the distant uncle. Astonished, the rabbi asked him what had ignited his transformation. “It was the shofar,” the uncle revealed. “Those sounds shook me to my core. I couldn’t continue my old life. I grabbed onto that moment and never let go.” Today, thanks to a few simple blasts, he and his entire family live beautiful, committed Jewish lives. *Rabbi Dovid Hoffman’s Torah Tavlin.*

An Unexpected Desire for a Smoothie By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg

Mr. and Mrs. Stein* were vacationing in Florida when one evening, Mr. Stein developed an unusual craving for a smoothie from a particular restaurant that was quite a distance from where they were staying. It seemed like a strange request, especially given the long drive, but he insisted. They got into the car and made the trip. As Mrs. Stein stepped out of the car, something caught her eye. Lying on the pavement just outside the restaurant was a sparkling piece of jewelry. She bent down to pick it up and was astonished to discover an exquisite, custom-made piece that was clearly worth a substantial amount of money. Her first thought was not its value but its owner. She could only imagine the anguish that whoever had lost such a treasured possession was feeling. Mrs. Stein left her phone number with the restaurant owner, asking him to pass it along if anyone inquired about a missing piece of jewelry. The following week, the Steins returned to their home in New York. Curious about what they had found, Mrs. Stein showed the jewelry to a jeweler, who estimated that it was worth over ten thousand dollars. Not long afterward, they received an international phone call from England. The caller introduced himself as Mr. Lieber.* He explained that after his wife realized her cherished piece of jewelry was missing, they desperately retraced their steps until they arrived back at the restaurant in Florida. The owner gave them the Steins' phone number. Mr. Lieber described every detail of the missing jewelry accurately, confirming beyond any doubt that it belonged to his wife. The Steins were delighted

to reunite the family with their treasured possession. As it happened, they had a relative traveling to England, and arrangements were made for the jewelry to be hand-delivered to its grateful owners. Before ending the call, Mr. Lieber said he wanted to express his appreciation. Deeply moved by the Steins' honesty and the tremendous kiddush Hashem they had created, he asked whether there was a tzedakah he could support in their merit. Mrs. Stein immediately thought of someone she knew who was struggling to marry off his daughter and needed help with hachnasas kallah. Mr. Lieber gladly made a generous donation. The story did not end there. Inspired by what had happened, Mr. Lieber shared the story with several friends. They too were moved by the Steins' integrity and eagerly contributed to the same kallah's wedding expenses, helping ensure that she could enter her marriage with dignity. A seemingly random craving for a smoothie led a couple to a restaurant miles away, where they became the guardians of a priceless piece of jewelry belonging to someone from another country. That single act of honesty sparked a chain of generosity that ultimately brought joy to a kallah she had never met. Hashem had arranged every step long before anyone realized where the journey would lead. *Zichru Toras Moshe.*

Greece's Minister of Health is Baffled by the Jews By Sara Yoheved Rigler

He can't explain Israel's success and happiness. Can you? On a popular daily Greek news show cum political talk program, Greece's Minister of Health Adonis Georgiadis expressed his frustration at trying to figure out how the Jewish state is

not only financially successful, but also, against all odds, happy. “Is there a people like the Jews,” he wondered with a mix of annoyance and awe, “who has taken a strip of desert land smaller than the Peloponnese & has a GNP of 500 billion?” Not only that, Mr. Georgiadis continues, this is a country at war and suffering terrorist attacks within, and yet it is rated as the 5th happiest country in the world. He then contrasts this maddening reality with his own country, Greece, where “the weather is sweet, everything is nice,” yet the people are miserable & sad. “Do you have an explanation?” he concludes, sitting down at the table with his fellow commentators. He throws up his hands. “There is no explanation!” Perhaps the difference is that Jews are never satisfied with, “No explanation.” We fill library shelves with explanations—from sociological analyses to theological treatises explaining why the Jews have survived or win so many Nobel prizes or defy the laws of history (which drove Arnold Toynbee crazy). So, Aish.com readers, what’s your explanation? How did the Jews take a tiny strip of desert land (I don’t know where the Peloponnese is, but Israel is the size of New Jersey), always at war & subject to terrorism, & turned it into a booming economy, a high-tech powerhouse, fourth in the world for the longevity of its citizens, and 5th in the world for their happiness? Please answer in the comments section below. As for my personal opinion, I think our success comes from G-d. I’ll have to write a theological treatise to explain what I mean. In the meantime, here’s a ditty that will have to do: How odd of G-d to choose the Jews. It’s not odd. The Jews chose G-d. *aish.com*

Their 1 Year-Old Was Left in a Hot Car: The Miracle That Saved His Life By Avner Shakia

Late afternoon, as dusk begins to settle, the view from the Sharabi family's home stretches across an extraordinary panorama. "If you look to the left," says Oren, the father, "you can see the beaches of Ashdod. Look to the right and you can see Hadera. And you came on a day when the visibility isn't even at its best." Just a few feet away, Tohar Yosef, the couple's fourth child, plays happily with his siblings and friends. It is an ordinary family scene, but for Oren and Efrat Sharabi, it is something they will never take for granted. When Tohar was just one year old, he was accidentally left alone inside a hot car. What followed were terrifying moments, a desperate prayer, and what his parents describe as a series of extraordinary miracles that saved their son's life. The couple decided to share their story publicly for one important reason: to warn other parents never to assume, "It could never happen to me." "We hadn't managed to take a vacation the previous summer, so the following year we booked a special getaway," Oren recalls. "We rented an amazing cabin in the north from Monday through Thursday. A few hours before we were supposed to head home, we heard that my wife's Efrat's family was visiting friends in Yesod HaMaala, so we decided to rent an apartment nearby and spend time with them." On Friday morning, the family visited Safed before continuing to Yesod HaMaala. Along the way, they stopped at a farmer's market and bought fruit. When they arrived, one of Efrat's sisters took one year old Tohar to play with him. "We needed to organize a few things in the apartment we had

rented, so we left him with my parents and went back to the apartment," Efrat recalls. About an hour later, they returned to the parking lot near her parents. Efrat's brother unexpectedly arrived for a visit, creating excitement and distraction. In the middle of all the activity, Efrat's sister placed Tohar in the back seat of Oren and Efrat's car. Neither parent realized he was there. Before the trip, they had covered the back window with a piece of cloth to protect Tohar from the sun. As a result, they could not see him sitting in the back. "We returned to our apartment, and while we were preparing for Shabbat, I said to Oren, 'It's so nice that Tohar is at my parents' and we can get everything organized,'" Efrat remembers. "If only I had known that he was trapped alone in the car. It's terrifying even to think about." Several times, Efrat asked Oren to bring a kettle in from the car. He kept putting it off. Finally, as Shabbat approached, she urged him to go get it. That delay could have ended in tragedy. But the fact that he eventually went to the car saved their son's life. "I walked out toward the car. The kettle was in the trunk," Oren says. "For some reason, I looked toward the driver's seat. Hashem simply turned my head in that direction, and suddenly I saw Tohar lying there unconscious." From that moment, everything happened within seconds. "I couldn't understand what I was seeing. Tohar was supposed to be with Efrat's parents." Then another thought struck him. In the past, Oren had heard stories about children accidentally being left in cars, and he admits that he had judged the parents involved. "I used to think, 'How can something like that happen? How can someone forget a child?"

You don't forget your phone, but you forget your child?' I had told myself for years, 'It won't happen to me.' And then it did." When Oren looked through the window, he saw his little boy in the driver's seat. Tohar's cheeks were bright red from the heat, and he appeared lifeless. The fact that he was in the driver's seat was itself remarkable. Tohar had originally been placed in the back. His parents believe that, at some point, he tried to escape and managed to move toward the front of the vehicle. Had he remained in the back seat, the cloth covering the window might have prevented Oren from seeing him. "I opened the door and lifted him," Oren recalls. "He was completely limp and unconscious. The moment I picked him up, he opened his eyes slightly, probably because he was finally getting some air. Then I saw his eyes rolling, and I was terrified that he had suffered brain damage." Oren began screaming, and Efrat ran outside. "I saw her face frozen in shock, as though she were paralyzed," he says. Oren immediately carried Tohar inside and began trying to cool him down. A few months earlier, Oren had attended a seudat hoda'ah, a thanksgiving meal held by the family of a girl who had survived a dangerous incident. Her father had described how, during the emergency, he forced himself to act rationally rather than emotionally. That memory returned to Oren at exactly the moment he needed it. "I knew the most important thing was to cool him down," he says. "I ran with him to the bathtub and poured cold water over him. I held him and tried to wake him, but his head kept falling back. I realized how serious the situation was." As he ran from the car, Oren cried out repeatedly: "Hashem,

Hashem, save him."" I have never prayed like that from the depths of my heart, either before or since."" Those were the hardest moments of our lives," Efrat says. The other children were watching what was happening. "They asked me if he was alive, and I told them I didn't know." Efrat tried to call an ambulance, but in her panic, she could not remember the emergency number. She called her father, who rushed over while contacting emergency responders. Within a short time, rescue personnel and police were on their way, and a helicopter was initially dispatched because of the severity of the situation. Then, after approximately two terrifying minutes, Tohar regained consciousness." It was unbelievable joy to see him coming back to himself," Oren recalls. An emergency medical volunteer arrived within minutes, examined Tohar, and the helicopter was canceled. "When I realized that, thank Hashem, he was going to live, I suddenly burst into uncontrollable tears," Oren says. "It was a flood of emotion that, in some ways, has never completely ended."The experience continued to affect him long afterward. "Even today, when I take him to kindergarten in the morning, I hug him and say goodbye, then go to work. When I return to the hot car at the end of the day, my entire body becomes tense. The memories of that Friday come flooding back. It was a day that changed our lives forever." About half an hour before Shabbat, Oren and Tohar were taken by ambulance to the hospital in Safed. Doctors performed tests and gave Tohar fluids, and his condition continued to improve. According to Oren, the doctors told the family that the timing had been

critical. Had the incident happened during hotter hours of the day, or had Tohar remained in the vehicle for several more minutes, the outcome could have been very different. On the way to the hospital, Oren asked his rabbi whether he would be permitted to return on Shabbat morning with a non-Jewish driver who was transporting nurses. His rabbi permitted it. Oren knew that Tohar needed his mother and that Efrat needed her son. The driver was exceptionally sensitive to what the family had been through, and after Shabbat, Oren called him to express his gratitude. Eventually, Tohar returned to his family. "It is something we will never forget," Oren says. Looking back, Efrat recalls another detail from earlier that same day. While the family was in Safed, she went to buy a dress for Shabbat. Outside the store stood a man distributing pamphlets and collecting charity."Oren usually doesn't give charity to people he doesn't know, but that day I asked him to give," she recalls. Oren opened his wallet and gave each of their three older children a coin to donate. Tohar, who was only one, did not receive a coin. The man handed Oren a pamphlet, which he placed in his pocket and later left in the apartment. The next morning, Efrat picked it up. The title was "Complete Healing." "I simply couldn't believe it," she recalls. The pamphlet discussed people facing hospitalization and offered words of faith & encouragement for difficult moments. Among its messages was the teaching that "charity saves from death."" We were simply in shock." Two weeks after Tohar's rescue, the family held a large seudat hoda'ah to thank Hashem. At the time, the family was watching every expense

carefully, but they decided not to hold back when it came to expressing their gratitude. More than 150 people attended, and the family spent over 7,000 shekels on the celebration. "We felt such a strong need to thank the Master of the Universe," Efrat says. The Warning Every Parent Should Hear For Oren and Efrat, sharing such a frightening and deeply personal experience has a purpose. They want other parents and caregivers to understand that accidentally leaving a child in a vehicle is not something that happens only to careless or irresponsible people. "Since this happened to us, there is something I want to say to everyone who drives children," Efrat says. "Don't say, 'It won't happen to me.' It can happen to the most responsible people in the world. Do everything you can to make sure you haven't left a child in the car." Oren once believed the same thing. He could not understand how a parent could possibly forget a child, until it happened to his own family. Today, the sight of Tohar running, playing, and growing up alongside his siblings is a daily reminder of how differently that Friday could have ended. "I wouldn't wish what we went through on anyone," Efrat says. "This is about human life, sometimes the lives of those we love most in the world." *Hidabroot.com*

Rabbi Meir Orlian's Business Halacha Institute – *Whose Beis Din*

For 3 years, the Sorschers had enjoyed their furnished attic apartment, rented from Mr. Rubin. The cozy apartment had become home, & the rental arrangement had proceeded smoothly, other than a one-time incident of water damage from an open window. They paid on time and had a good relationship with Mr. Rubin.

Eventually, however, the Sorschers decided to move to another city. Shortly after they vacated the apartment, Mr. Rubin entered to prepare it for the next tenants. He was disappointed to discover that some small appliances no longer worked properly and several pieces of furniture had sustained damage. "The apartment was in good condition when they moved in," he said, inspecting the damage. "How did all this happen?" Mr. Rubin contacted Mr. Sorscher and requested that they compensate him for the repairs and replacements. "The faulty appliances you mentioned stopped working during normal use," Mr. Sorscher replied. "We simply bought new ones that we took with us. Any damage to the furniture is through normal wear-and-tear." "It doesn't look that way to me," insisted Mr. Rubin. "I'd like the local beis din to hear the case and settle the matter." "I'm certainly willing to have the case adjudicated in beis din," Mr. Sorscher said, "but I now live in another city. I shouldn't have to travel back just to explain to you why I don't have to pay. We can adjudicate in my local beis din." Mr. Rubin was taken aback. "But the apartment is here," he replied. "The rental agreement was made here, and the damage you're disputing occurred here. Why should I have to travel to your new city?" Mr. Sorscher had an answer ready. "There's a well-known rule in Choshen Mishpat," he argued. "The plaintiff follows the defendant! You're bringing the claim against me & want me to pay, so you should come to my city!" "That may be the general rule," countered Mr. Rubin, "but we both lived here. Why should I have to travel? You chose to move!" "So what?" replied Mr. Sorscher. "I live here

now, & I'm the defendant.” Unable to resolve the question, the 2 approached Rabbi Dayan & asked: “Where should the case be adjudicated?” “Indeed, Rema rules that if the plaintiff and defendant live in different cities, generally the plaintiff must follow the defendant,” replied Rabbi Dayan (C.M. 14:1). “GR”A (14:18) explains simply that since the plaintiff is interested in pursuing the case, he must make the effort to go. “Many explain, though, that – in principle – the borrower should follow the lender (based on Sanhedrin 31b), but later generations instituted that the plaintiff follow the defendant. This was to prevent people from frivolously suing a wealthy person from another town in the hope that he would settle to avoid having to travel. Furthermore, this would avoid arguments over whose beis din is greater, & the defendant's local beis din is likely more effective in forcing him to pay if found liable (Knesses Hagedolah, Hagahos Hatur 14:21). Nonetheless, Acharonim rule that when both parties initially lived in the same city & conducted business there, & afterwards the defendant moved to a distant location, the dispute should be adjudicated in the city where they lived & conducted the business. In this case, the clear understanding between the parties is that any dispute will be settled there (Maharashdam C.M. #103). Moreover, some maintain that when a business is based in a certain city, disputes regarding the business should be adjudicated there, even if the defendant did not initially live there. Here, also, the presumed intent is that disputes should be settled in the place of business. Furthermore, the necessary factual investigation & witnesses are likely located there (Divrei Malkiel 3:167).

Accordingly, when someone rented an apartment, and the tenant moved elsewhere, should a dispute arise, the tenant is required to return to the landlord's locale. In the case of a short-term rental, though, such as a summer home or weekend rental, where it is initially known that the renter will return to his hometown, it is questionable where the dispute should be adjudicated (Seder Hadin, Derbermedikar 2:24[56]). "Thus," concluded Rabbi Dayan, "your case should be adjudicated in Mr. Rubin's locale." Verdict: The general practice is that plaintiff follows the defendant. However, when the parties lived in the same city & conducted business there and the defendant moved, he must return to the plaintiff's locale.

Q&A with Rave Avigdor Miller זצ"ל - *Talmid Chacham or Baal Tzedaka*

Q: If one has the opportunity to choose two careers, one of making money and being a baal tzedaka, or remaining in the Torah world and acquiring shleimus in Torah, which should he choose? **A:** There's no question, תלמוד תורה כנגד כולם. You choose Torah because the person who has shleimus in tzedaka, if he lacks the shleimus of Torah, he's lacking a bigger shleimus. There's no question that the shleimus of Torah is much greater. I'll give one little example. This doesn't even begin to treat the subject. There are people who give tzedaka and don't even have the shleimus of tzedaka, because they didn't study what the Torah says about tzedaka. So sometimes they give tzedaka just like a rich gentile gives. Whereas a ben Torah knows what it means to give to Torah and to tzedaka, and even though he doesn't have, still he has the opportunity to get at least the desire to do it; whereas there are some rich people

who don't even have any interest in the subject. To them, it's just an opportunity to get rid of people who bother them. It's only when a man has both, Torah and he gives tzedaka, then he can do it in a perfect way. But there are many other reasons. תלמוד כולם תורה כנגד כולם! There's no question! Nowhere do we find recommended that people should go into business in order to give tzedaka. If you're in business, then see to it that you're a baal tzedaka. But the best business of life is the business of becoming great in knowing Torah. (December 1973)

ISRAEL NEWS SHTIGLITZ

Israeli Police Recruits Religious Men For Temple Mount Security Duty With Broad Rabbinic Support - The initiative has received support from a broad group of rabbis, including rabbis who themselves oppose Jews ascending the Temple Mount. The police unit says it is seeking additional personnel to serve on the Temple Mount on a daily basis, helping maintain public order, strengthen security & reinforce law enforcement at the sensitive holy site. The recruitment appeal specifically targets Torah-observant & G-d-fearing Jewish men, whom police say could bring a unique perspective to service at the site while ensuring that religious considerations and the sanctity of the location are respected. For religious Jews who choose to serve, the position is being presented as an opportunity to take part in protecting the Temple Mount & strengthening Jewish presence & governance at the site. A notable aspect of the initiative is the breadth of rabbinic support it has received. A number of prominent rabbis have joined the call for observant Jews to consider serving with the Temple Mount police unit, emphasizing the importance of maintaining Jewish law & preserving the sanctity of the site. Among those supporting the initiative are also rabbis who do not permit or encourage Jews to ascend the Temple Mount themselves. Their support does not

