LeKavod Shabbos

LARGE PRINT Magazine

A publication of... בס"ד

THE JEWISH HERITAGE FOR THE BLIND

Rabbi David H. Toiv זצ"ל Chairman
1655 East 24th Street
Brooklyn, NY 11229
718-338-4999
www.JewishHeritage.org

Korach 5786 – June 19th 2026

Printable Shabbos Reading Materials Specially Formatted for Easy Reading
For a free subscription, email Services@JewishHeritage.org
Srulie Toiv - Editor / Stories Compiled by Daniel Keren לעילוי נשמת נחמה בת ר' נח ע"ה

Publication for this week has been dedicated in memory of David Tilevitz ע"ה

Engraved Picture By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg

Rabbi Yechiel Perr, (1935-2024) the longtime Rosh Yeshiva of Yeshiva Derech Ayson of Far Rockaway, once heard that a man living in Far Rockaway had lived in the city of Dvinsk before WWII. Wanting to preserve whatever memories still remained from that world, Rabbi Perr sent a group of bochurim to meet him and absorb whatever they could. The young men arranged a visit & sat around the fellow's dining room table hearing firsthand accounts of life in Dvinsk before the war. Although he was not religiously observant, the impressions of that great Torah world were still deeply rooted. During the conversation, he shared an incident involving one of his Jewish neighbors. This woman had once visited a non-Jewish neighbor in Dvinsk & was startled to see a large framed portrait hanging

Dedicated In Memory Of
Shiya Moskowitz ע"ה

Dedicated In Memory Of
Rabbi Chaim Kushner זצ"ל

prominently on the wall. It was a picture of Rabbi Meir Simcha of Dvinsk, the famed Ohr Sameach (1843–1926). Surprised, she asked, "Why do you have a picture of Reb Meir Simcha hanging in your home?" The woman explained that she had once become entangled in a terrible legal case. False testimony, forged documents, & corrupt accusations had all been brought against her. No matter how much she appealed or defended herself, the case continued moving against her. Desperate, she even turned to the local galach (priest) for a blessing, but nothing changed. Finally, someone advised her to seek a brachah from Reb Meir Simcha. She went to him & received his warm blessing. Then, miraculously, the very next morning the entire case turned around. The accusations collapsed, the charges were dismissed, & she was granted the pension that had been previously denied to her. Out of overwhelming gratitude & admiration, she hung a large framed picture of Reb Meir Simcha on her otherwise bare wall, a constant reminder of the salvation she had experienced. The bochurim, hearing this story from the emotionally animated survivor, became excited. Surely, they thought, this must have stirred something within him. Perhaps this recognition of greatness would awaken him to return to a life of Torah and mitzvos. "What a mofes!" they exclaimed. The man immediately waved them off in his thick Litvish accent. "Meifis-shmeifis!" he said. This is no mofes. "Dus is keiach haTeireh!" This is the power of Torah! Despite how far he himself had drifted, deep inside him there remained an unshakable truth, etched into his very being: that the power of Torah is real,

immeasurable, & capable of changing the world itself. The bochurim walked away deeply moved. They realized that even a Jew who had wandered far could still carry within him an absolute awareness of the infinite strength of Torah, that through koach haTorah, impossible barriers can crumble, harsh decrees can be overturned, & salvations can emerge from places no one could have imagined. *Zichru Toras Moshe*

The Goat and the Grandson **By Rabbi Tuvia Bolton**

Here is a story I just heard about a Jewish wedding 20 years ago in Israel. The young couple getting married were Baali Tshuva; namely Jews from non-religious families who decided to become observant. The atmosphere was a bit tense being that their families didn't exactly agree with the Torah and commandments but it was generally happy especially for the bride's and groom's friends who were dancing singing and rejoicing to the music. (Men and women separately of course). But when the band stopped and everyone sat down to eat the groom's grandfather, who had perhaps taken a few too many Le'Chiams, seized the opportunity between courses, climbed on the stage, and with a full wine glass in one hand and the microphone in the other, announced that he wanted silence. He had a sort of inebriated, maybe even angry look on his face that made everyone a bit apprehensive, hoping he wouldn't make an issue of the non-observant factor. After a few minutes everyone stopped talking, gave him their attention and hoped there wouldn't be a scene as he cleared his throat and began. "First of all, thank you all for coming. Even the religious people. (Nervous laughter from the crowd). Second,

I want to make a Mazal Tov toast to my grandson and his new wife and I hope they appreciate the 50,000 dollars we put out for this wedding." (more nervous laughter). He took a sip from his glass and continued. "And…" He cleared his throat, waited again for complete silence and began, "I want to tell a story about religious Jews."Over seventy years ago, before the holocaust, there was a small town in Poland where there lived a lot of ultra-orthodox, Chassidic Jews. The boys starting from three years old went to Cheder to learn Torah all day till they got married. And then they kept learning as much as possible for the rest of their lives. But it so happened that one of the boys there was a black sheep. From the beginning he didn't fit in, not only did he not sit and learn like the other children. he was what they call a trouble maker." He either came late to class or didn't come at all. And he loved to do crazy things, like what they call 'practical jokes'. Anyway, somehow he made it to the seventh grade, but by the time he was twelve he had done so many practical jokes and crazy things that he was just on the edge of getting expelled from the school but they didn't kick him out because the fools they were, they hoped he would somehow change. Then, one day he crossed the line. "It happened on Shabbos in the Synagogue. Everyone was dressed nice, really quiet and religious. They had been in the services, saying and singing prayers for almost an hour already and you know how it is when they open the ark to take out the Holy Torah, everyone was serious, chanting and looking at the ark when, just as they opened it a big GOAT jumped out!! A big hairy goat! The women began to scream

and waive their arms, the Rabbi stopped breathing and almost had a heart attack, people were yelling, rushing all over the place. It began jumping around the Synagogue making noises and knocking people over. The caretaker was holding his head, others laughed so hard they fell off their seats. The kids loved it!!! Pandemonium! It wasn't hard to figure who did it. The only one not in Synagogue was that crazy kid. He actually had snuck in the Shul early that morning with a goat and somehow put it in the Holy Ark! That's right! A goat! "Needless to say the next day he was brought before the school board and officially informed that for once and for all he was permanently expelled! "This is what I heard. Maybe for the first time in his life this kid got really serious. He said something like. "Expelled for life? I deserve a last request." "'Deserve?' said one of his teachers 'if you deserve anything it's a good spanking!' "'Maybe you're right about that too' he answered." But a man before he is executed gets a last wish." "Executed?! That's ridiculous! Last wish?" one of the Rabbis exclaimed. "I also have a last wish! That we never see you here again!! But the boy continued, "Listen, for sure no other Jewish school will accept me. Right? So I'll have to learn in a regular gentile school which is like killing my Jewish soul. So before I'm executed I deserve a last wish." "Nu" The Rabbis answered nervously, 'So what do you want?' "My last request is; okay, I understand that I deserve no mercy but what about my children? One day I'll get married and have children. What will be with them? Why should they be doomed also? If I'm kicked out who knows who I'll marry and even if my children

are Jewish who THEY will marry? That's my last request; save my children!" The Rabbis were startled by this. They really wanted to be rid of him. But his speech touched them. So against their will and better judgement they gave him another 'last chance' "Like I said I happen to know this person; Somehow he managed to finish the next few years and even got married to a Jewish girl. Immediately after the wedding he shaved off his beard and removed his big black yarmulke (he only wore these things to please his parents) for a little red one he kept in his pocket. But occasionally he did a commandment or two, and he even kept Shabbat, holidays and kosher. "Then, a few years later, I heard that he and his wife moved to America and then to Israel where they had an only son who grew up to be even less religious than they were and when he was eighteen, as soon as he finished high school, he announced he was leaving for America. "His parents were heartbroken but somehow before he left, his father made him promise that no matter what he would marry a Jewish girl. And it worked! In America, although he had nothing to do with Judaism and was completely non-observant, by some miracle he married a Jewish girl and, like his parents, he and his wife had an only son. "But this son was different from his parents and grandparents. He decided to become a Rabbi! A real observant Rabbi! So his grandfather's 'last wish' by the goat episode became a reality his offspring were saved! The old man finished off the wine in the glass he was holding and concluded. "The reason I'm telling this story tonight is because that troublemaker that put the goat in the Ark back then was ME! And the groom

whose wedding we are celebrating tonight!! Is my grandson!! "So, the moral is when you educate a child, remember! You are educating not just him but his children and children's children for all generations!" *Ohr Tmimim Yeshiva in Kfar Chabad, Israel.*

A Request for Just 15 More Minutes

Rav Yechiel Spero told a story in the name of the Ponovezher Rav, Rav Yosef Shlomo Kahaneman, zt"l, which he used to illustrate true Ahavas HaTorah, love for the Torah. Rav Avraham Burstein, zt"l, was the Rav of the city of Tevrig in Lithuania. During World War I, there was a curfew placed on the city. No one was allowed to have any lights in their homes so that the enemy would not be able to spot their homes and come attack. Rav Avraham disregarded this warning & left on a very small light, enough to enable him to see the page of the Sefer he was learning. Despite the light being so small, the soldiers noticed it & barged into his home, & accused him of being a spy. Rav Avraham tried to explain that he was only using the light to study, but the soldiers would not listen to him. They demanded that he admit to his crime, but Rav Avraham Burstein would not say that he did anything wrong. The soldiers then prepared to shoot him. Just before they did, Rav Avraham asked for one last request. He asked them to spare him for just 15 more minutes. He explained that he was learning a difficult Rambam & he didn't fully understand it yet, & he asked for only 15 minutes more to live so he could try to understand what the Rambam was teaching. The soldiers agreed to his dying wish, and Rav Avraham went back to the Rambam he was learning. A few

moments later, a loud siren sounded outside. The soldiers knew that this meant they had to leave everything they were doing & move on quickly to the next village. They immediately left the house, leaving Rav Avraham alive, who proceeded to figure out the Rambam without any disruption! *Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.*

A Series of "Mistakes" that Made a "Positive"

One Shabbos morning, Reuven thought a member of his kollel was making a kiddush in a certain shul and went there after davening with his son—only to discover he had made a mistake. It wasn't the right place. On the way home, Reuven's son mentioned that he had met a bochur there who had a problem: the yeshivah's cholent had burned, and he had nowhere to eat. "Why didn't you invite him?" Reuven asked. "Go back and bring him!" The boy did, and the bochur joined them for the meal, leaving a very strong impression—refined middos, pleasant demeanor, and clear yiras Shomayim. Later that week, a friend called with a shidduch suggestion & it turned out to be that very bochur. As part of the process, Reuven wanted to check him out. Normally, he davened at a later minyan on Fridays, but for some reason that week he went early. Standing next to him was a bochur whose tefillin bag caught his eye it was the chavrusa of the boy he needed to ask about. After davening, they spoke, & the chavrusa gave an outstanding report. Then he added, almost as an aside, that he had never in his life davened at that minyan before it was only because of a one-time scheduling issue. Piece by piece, Reuven saw how Hashem had arranged everything the mistaken kiddush,

the burned cholent, the unexpected guest, the unusual minyan until the shidduch came together, and the engagement was joyfully celebrated. *The Weekly Vort. Excerpted from the book – "Meant to Be."*

A Rare Power of the Baal Shem Tov **From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

The Ba'al Shem Tov's grandson, Rabbi Baruch of Mezhibuz, although known for the manner of authority and royalty with which he conducted his leadership, nevertheless considered himself totally insignificant in comparison to the greatness of his grandfather. One of the disciples of Rabbi Baruch was a young dedicated Torah scholar and a G-d-fearing Jew, who had come to Rabbi Baruch to learn Torah and Divine service according to the Chasidic ways of his holy grandfather, the Ba'al Shem Tov. He would cling to the dust of his Rebbe's feet and travel with him on all his journeys. Once, when traveling back to Mezhibuz with his holy rebbe, a thought arose in his mind: How much greater and more wondrous could the marvels and awesomeness of his grandfather the Ba'al Shem Tov have been, that the whole world praises and extols him? He found it difficult to believe that there could be a man who surpasses his holy rebbe. As they arrived near the city, the young chasid needed to relieve himself. He descended from the wagon and entered the nearby forest temporarily, yet Rabbi Baruch ordered the wagon to continue traveling. When his follower came out of the forest and didn't find the wagon, he walked to the city on foot. Meanwhile, it began to rain and all his clothes were soaked. When the young man arrived at the city, he entered the first house that he saw had a mezuzah, in order to rest a bit and warm up. Once inside, he saw

an old man sitting and learning Talmud so diligently that he did not notice the young chasid's entrance, and the latter did not dare approach him. Eventually, the old man paused his learning and saw the unannounced visitor. "Where are you from?" he asked. "I'm from Mezhibuz and I was traveling with Rebbe Baruch." "Who is this Rabbi Baruch? I don't know him and have never heard of him." "He is the grandson of the holy Ba'al Shem Tov." The old man responded, "Indeed, I knew the holy Ba'al Shem Tov well. But his grandson I never heard about. "Now, allow me to tell you how great was the power of the Ba'al Shem Tov. "When the Ba'al Shem Tov came to live in Mezhibuz and everyone rushed to him, I wasn't eager to do so also because I didn't think it justified interrupting my Torah learning. Even when I heard people greatly praising his wonders, I didn't want to postpone my studies to go to him. " Once, on a Saturday night, the heat was very intense, and after a long learning session, I no longer could bear the heat. I rose and went outside to breathe fresh air. As I walked, lost in my thoughts, my feet brought me near the Ba'al Shem Tov's house. I said to myself, 'Let me go and see this man whose fame is so widespread among the people.' "I entered and saw the Ba'al Shem Tov sitting on his chair, surrounded by a group of women telling him their troubles, and he was answering each one. I said to myself: 'At this time, when a person should be engaged in the midnight prayers and rectifications and Torah study, he's busy with women's talk and vanities?!' "So, I left there. I came across his Beit Midrash-study hall, and entered. Immediately my eyes were drawn to a man

standing before the ark, lamenting the Exile and the Destruction of the Holy Temples, pronouncing the words of the Midnight Rectification Prayer from the depths of his heart, with a spiritual melody in an exceptionally sweet voice. "I wanted to see who this man was so I maneuvered carefully to see his face without disturbing his concentration. To my great shock, it was the Ba'al Shem Tov! How was this possible? "I hurried back to the room where I first saw the Ba'al Shem Tov, and found him sitting and engaging with the women as before! I still couldn't believe my eyes. "I ran full speed back and forth from the Ba'al Shem Tov to the study hall and from the study hall to the Ba'al Shem Tov. Again, I found him in the room still sitting and dealing with the women, and at virtually the same moment standing in the study hall saying the midnight prayers with tears! "Even though it was difficult for me to process my perceptions, I was greatly amazed at this sight. I realized that it is not for naught that they refer to the Ba'al Shem Tov as a miraculous holy person. "Soon after this episode," the elderly man continued, "a bad incident happened to me. One day, while in the midst of saying the Shema Yisrael prayer, an impure image appeared before my eyes. And this continued to occur every time I said the Shma. What great distress this caused me! "I took upon myself fasts and abstinences, but they didn't help at all. Against my will, I realized that I needed to go again to the Ba'al Shem Tov, this time to seek his advice and help. I told him everything that had happened to me. His response was: 'If so, take upon yourself one complete fast from Sabbath to Sabbath.' "I went home and did

as he said. On Saturday night, I didn't eat anything. On the morning of the first day, when I woke up, the desire for food overwhelmed me greatly. I felt very weak. I thought that there was no way I could keep the fast because the hunger grew stronger from moment to moment. I decided in my mind that I was ready to die. But as soon as I agreed to this in my heart, immediately the hunger left me and I felt satiated as if I had eaten a good meal. "And so, it was every day. In the morning, I was very hungry to the point of death. And when I held back and overcame my hunger, the hunger left me after I agreed to die of hunger. "On Friday night I ate the Sabbath meal, and immediately the impure image left me at last, and since then my thoughts have been pure and clean, thank G-d. "I understood that all this was the work of the Ba'al Shem Tov and that indeed he was truly a holy individual, head and shoulders above everyone else. I became very attached to him." When the old man finished speaking, the young man understood that his own holy rebbe had arranged this encounter, so that he would hear from the old man about the greatness of the holiness and wonders of the Ba'al Shem Tov. Rebbe Baruch wanted him to realize that all the wonders he had seen with him did not reach the deeds of the holy Ba'al Shem Tov.

No Din Torah – Because of Torah By Avrohom Barash

Zvi was a staunch chassid of the Sfas Emes of Ger, while his business partner, Dov, was a misnaged (opponent of chassidus). They enjoyed an amicable relationship over the years. However, a dispute once arose over a sum of money,

leading to a bitter argument. The two agreed to have the matter decided via a Din Torah, to be presided over by the Sfas Emes (Rav Yehudah Aryeh Leib Alter, zt"l). When the two partners entered the room of the Sfas Emes on the appointed day, the Sfas Emes closed the Gemara from which he had been studying and prepared to receive them. To everyone's utter surprise, Dov announced, "Rebbe, there is nothing to judge. I waive all my claims!" and he exited. The argument had been so heated – why did Dov retreat from his position so suddenly? Dov explained, "When we came into the room, the Rebbe was learning, and when he had to close the Gemara in order to hear our case, I saw a look of acute pain on his face. His yearning for Torah was so intense, and the loss of time from Torah study caused him such anguish, that I decided that no amount of money in the world is worth causing the Rebbe this pain. Therefore, I withdrew my claim!" *The Weekly Vort. Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – "A Mazeldig Voch._*

The Walk of a Lifetime **Told by Robert Kremnizer**

Sometime in the late 1980s, I was among a group of Chabad donors who were granted a private audience with the [Lubavitcher] Rebbe. He gave us blessings, spoke words of Torah, and urged us to spread this message outward. He said, "It is important that when all of you go back, you share with everybody what you have heard and what you have learned here." I took that to heart. I understood the Rebbe to be telling us that we may think we came to New York for financial reasons, but what we were really there for was to take what we have heard and plant it wherever

we go out in the world. Because his message had such an impact on me, I took pains to apply it. As a result, I set in motion a chain reaction which I could never have anticipated. Shortly after my return to Sydney, Australia, where I live, I had to accompany a business client to court where he was represented by a notable attorney, an extremely right-wing gentile, whom I shall call BR. The case was delayed for an hour, so BR and I took a walk to pass the time. As we were strolling, BR asked me, "I hear that you've just come back from New York — were you there on holiday?" I was about to answer "yes" when I remembered what the Rebbe had said about sharing his message with "everybody." So, even though I anticipated a negative reaction, I closed my eyes and said, "No, I went there to see my Rebbe." There was silence, and then he asked, "What's a Rebbe?" Now I knew that I had a decision to make on how to answer that question. And I resolved to answer it in a way that would make a difference. So, I explained about the power of the Rebbe's blessings, which prompted more questions from him. Indeed, the hour passed with me talking about the Rebbe. After that, we returned to court where BR won the case. When I got back to my office, there was already a message from him that he wanted to talk to me some more. In the conversation that followed, he said, "Listen — would this holy man of yours give one of his blessings to a gentile?" I responded that I didn't know but would inquire. Now why did BR need the Rebbe's blessing? As I learned, after the death of a child, his wife became pregnant again. When she did, she became so clinically depressed that she could

not get out of bed. She reacted in this severe way because she was already 40 and terrified of giving birth to a deformed child; also, she was an actress and feared losing her looks and career. BR wanted a blessing for his wife's recovery. I asked Rabbi Pinchus Feldman, the Rebbe's emissary in Sydney, what I should do. Was it proper for me to give this man the Rebbe's contact information? Rabbi Feldman responded, "Don't try to be the Rebbe's censor. Just give this man the address and let him write. The Rebbe will look after himself." So that's what I did, but I warned BR that the Rebbe doesn't always respond because he gets so much mail and so many requests. When I said that, there was silence on the other end of the phone, and then he said, "Dear boy, I'll write on my Queen's Counsel letterhead, and of course I'll get a reply." I didn't say anything to that, but I thought, "Good luck!" About ten days later, I got another phone call from BR. He said, "Dear boy, just to keep you in the loop, I thought I would tell you — as a matter of courtesy — that of course your Rebbe replied to me, and I want to thank you for the introduction." "Oh, that's fantastic," I said. "I don't want to be intrusive, but would you mind telling me the content of the Rebbe's answer?" He said, "No, no, no, dear boy, I'm very happy to tell you. The Rebbe said that my wife and baby would be alright and there was nothing to worry about. We also got a blessing that the baby would be born at the proper time." Then I made a big mistake — I asked, "How is your wife?" There was silence at the other end of the phone, and then he said, "My wife jumped right out of bed and is fine. But how can you ask such a question? Wasn't

that what was going to happen when the Rebbe gave a blessing?" That was the first part of the chain reaction that I am describing. The second part came when I told this story to my son-in-law, Dovid Bleier, who responded with, "I bet BR is a Jew." I said, "Impossible. He is an Anglo-Saxon Christian!" But Dovid insisted that he would be proven right. I wasn't about to argue with my young son-in-law, who is obviously nowhere near as wise and clever as I am. But a couple of months later I had another case with BR and, afterwards, we stopped to have a couple of drinks. After a second glass of Scotch, he was feeling quite relaxed and he told me, "You know, dear boy, I actually have some Jewish blood." I was very surprised, and so I quizzed him about his lineage. As it turned out his maternal grandmother was Jewish, which of course meant that his mother was Jewish, and which made him a Jew, according to Torah law. I tried to explain this to him, but he wasn't buying it. Nevertheless, he ended up reading some Torah books I gave him, and he came to embrace his Jewish identity to some extent, even if minimally. And that brings me to the third part in this chain reaction. I have a Jewish friend in Sydney whose wife was undergoing IVF treatment because she couldn't get pregnant. She had to be hospitalized for this procedure, and she came to share a room with a gentile woman, who just happened to be Mrs. BR. When Mrs. BR learned what my friend's wife was being treated for, she asked her, "Are you Jewish?" My friend's wife became defensive and answered quite aggressively, "Yes, I'm Jewish! What of it?" "Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you," Mrs. BR said. "It's just that there's a

holy man in New York called the Rebbe. And if you are Jewish, I don't understand why you're having this treatment without first asking him for a blessing." That entire chain reaction came from the Rebbe's advice to spread the Torah message to "everybody." *Mr. Robert Kremnizer is an attorney practicing law in Sydney, Australia. He is also the author of ten books on Chasidut, including a collection of first-hand experiences with the Rebbe entitled Australian Encounters. He was interviewed in August 2017. Here's My Story [with the Lubavitcher Rebbe, zt"l], a project of The JEM Foundation.*

The Chofetz Chaim and the German Doctor

A German doctor had a very busy daily schedule. He had his daily Shiurei Torah and spent many hours seeing patients. He overlooked the payments of his poor patients. He was a very respected member in his community. After he retired, he made a trip to Lithuania to see the Yeshivos he had heard so much about. After seeing a few Yeshivos he became very depressed. He had been sure that he was a good Jew and surely had a good seat in Gan Eden. But now he saw men who spent their whole day immersed in Torah study from morning till night and he was so ignorant. He travelled to Radin and went to see the Chafetz Chaim. After receiving an audience with the Chafetz Chaim he asked him, "Rebbi, will I receive Olam Habba?" The Chafetz Chaim replied, "maybe you will be near me in Gan Eden." The doctor was confused. The Chafetz Chaim explained that it doesn't depend where one reaches in this world. Each person starts out their path somewhere else. You," he said to the doctor, "grew up in Germany, were educated to serve Hashem, have Shiurei Torah, do chessed etc. If you fulfilled your purpose and did your best

you have reached your purpose. “But what Hashem expects from you isn’t what he expects from me. I was born in Lithuainia, I saw Rabbi Yisrael Salanter and grew up in the world of Yeshivos. Hashem expects something else from me. But whether it’s you, me or anybody else, if we fulfill our purpose and maximize our potential then we have ultimately reached our purpose and will be rewarded with Olam Habba.” *Inspired by a Story by Rabbi Dovid Caro.*

The Disrespectful “Young” Jew By Yehuda Z. Klitnick

In a shop in Poland stood an elderly Jew with a white beard, selling goods to customers. Sitting next to him was a young man with a black beard. From time to time, the young man would yell at the older Jew and get angry with him. When one of the customers witnessed the young man's behavior and how he treated the older Jew, he spoke up: "Are you not ashamed? Where is your refinement and respect (derech eretz)? Is this how one speaks to an elderly Jew?" But both Jews—the older one and the younger one—smiled, and the young man replied: "I will tell you a story. When I was a small child, I had the merit to know the holy Baal Shem Tov (Besht), and I was also privileged to pray with him in his study hall (Beis Midrash). “Once, the Baal Shem Tov lost his prayerbook (siddur), which caused him great distress. Everyone searched for it, but it could not be found. I decided to go and help search for the siddur. G-d helped me, and I found it. When I handed the siddur to the Baal Shem Tov, he blessed me that I should merit long days and years, and that I should always look young and healthy. Now do you understand?

I am not a young man at all; I am well over one hundred years old. And the Jew next to me with the long white beard is my son—and that is why I am allowed to behave this way with him in my shop. *Pardes Yehuda*

Q&A with Rave Avigdor Miller זצ"ל - *Law and Order*

Q: What should we learn from the Iranian crisis, where the Shah was overthrown and now there's anarchy? **A:** What should we learn from the Iranian crisis? Many things. I'll just take at random one thing. Maybe it's irrelevant, but it's at least one lesson. And that is, people don't know how lucky they are when they have something. The Shah was a blessing for Persia because there was order. People don't realize that the Persians, the Iranians, are a wild people. There are so many Iranians who are barbarians — even those who live in the cities — and they cannot live in a democracy like we have. And when they had a Shah with an army with police, there was a certain amount of law and order and they lived. It was the biggest error on their part when the Shah had to leave their country. The same error was committed when the Russian Czar was assassinated. The Communists thought that now they're going to start an era of happiness. When the Czar was in power, you couldn't murder anybody in Russia. Sometimes it happened, but there was law and order. When the Czar was killed, the Communists killed millions immediately. And since then they've been killing huge amounts of human beings as a result of the loss of the Czar; because the law and order and the freedom under the Czar was unequaled subsequently. Under the Czar you could leave Russia anytime. Anytime. You could travel around in Russia. Jews had some restrictions, but the Jews had much more liberty in Old Russia under the Czar than the Russian themselves have today under the Communists. And so we have to learn a

lesson; law and order must be appreciated while you have it. And we look back and we see what a great loss there was—now prepare yourself for a surprise—when they threw out Nixon. Nixon was our last president with principles. Since then, we haven't had a president with principles. Nixon was a patriot. And Nixon was thrown out not because of Watergate. That was just an excuse. He was thrown out because the liberals were angry at his principles. He was against permissiveness. He was against immorality. And Nixon's only sin was that he overstepped the bounds of the law in order to stop a traitor from revealing secrets to the enemy in a time when American soldiers were losing their lives. And he authorized the break-in of a certain psychologist who was divulging government secrets. Now there's nothing wrong. In the time of emergency, a president should do that! It's ridiculous for a president to be a stickler for the law when he sees that the country's going under. Only the liberals utilized that to get rid of him because – not because of that. Here's a Kennedy who wants to become president and he is to blame for the death of a girl who was with him. He didn't try to save her life. When she was drowning, Kennedy didn't look for ways and means of saving her life. He ran to see his lawyer to get him out of this fix. And Kennedy wants to run for president. Now where are the liberal newspapers to condemn Kennedy? The answer is they will not condemn anybody who is one of their boys. Nixon was hated because he was for law and order. And all those people who are fighting against the establishment are our enemies because they are ruining the establishment which we need The establishment in the good old days; when the police had power, there was law and order. When the liberals, Lindsay among them, got busy breaking the authority of the police, then the murderers came out and now a human life is nothing. As long as the police had power, as long as there's capital punishment… But the liberals came along and

abolished it. Now we learn from the Shah. The Shah, you have to know, was a liberal monarch. He couldn't be a liberal entirely in a wild country like Iran, but he did a good job. It's a tragedy that he was allowed to leave. Now I don't know what America could have done. Maybe it could have supported him, but that's one thing we have to learn, that when there is no ruler, it's worse than having a bad ruler. *February 1979*

Rabbi Meir Orlian's Business Halacha Institute – *Sub-Standard Work*

Mr. Schwartz worked as a subcontractor. He was in the midst of a home renovation project and hired a young local plumber, Mr. Green, to install the bathtub and sink in the bathroom. Mr. Green came one afternoon and worked for a number of hours installing the bathtub and sink. He left a bill for Mr. Schwartz. The following morning, the project supervisor came by to check the progress of the renovation. "I had the bathtub and sink installed yesterday," Mr. Schwartz said. "I got one of the local plumbers to do it." "Let's have a look," said the supervisor. "I hope he did a good job." The two went to the bathroom. When the supervisor saw the work, he was furious. "What kind of work is this?!" he exclaimed. "The sink is not centered properly, and the bathtub is not sitting straight. The sealant also looks like it was applied by an amateur." "I'll call him back to fix it," said Mr. Schwartz. "No way," said the project manager. "Everything has to be redone completely! Whoever you got; I don't trust him. Tell him that everything has to be redone and get someone else!" Mr. Schwartz called Mr. Green and sadly notified him that the supervisor insisted that the work be redone by someone else. "That's

up to him," said Mr. Green. "I left a bill for my work yesterday." "Why should I pay you?" said Mr. Schwartz. "Your work was shoddy and has to be redone completely. I gained nothing from it!" "Nonetheless," argued Mr. Green, "I invested time and effort installing the tub and sink. Why shouldn't I be paid?" "It's not my problem that you did sub-standard work," replied Mr. Schwartz. The two came before Rabbi Dayan. Mr. Schwartz asked: "Am I required to pay Mr. Green for his work?" "A professional who is hired for a certain task, must do so in an acceptable manner," replied Rabbi Dayan. "Otherwise, the employer is required to pay only if, and what he benefited from the work" (Nesivos 335:3). "For example, the Gemara (Gittin 54b) teaches that a sofer who was hired to write a Sefer Torah but did not write G-d's Name with the required intent, so that the Sefer Torah is unusable, is not entitled to his wages. Nonetheless, if the scroll is usable as a Chumash to learn from, he is entitled to wages as for writing a Chumash" (Y.D. 281:5). Similarly, a paid guardian who did not guard properly and the item was lost, even in situations that he is not liable, loses his wages, since he did not perform his task properly (Ketzos 227:11, 305:2). On the other hand, the Gemara (B.K. 116a) states that someone who was hired to rescue a drowning animal, even if he did not succeed, is entitled to his wages for his efforts. In that case, though, it is known that the outcome is in question, and the payment is for the effort, so long as the rescuer acted properly. Here, however, the expectation is clearly for a job properly done, and the worker was negligent (C.M. 264:4; Sma 264:11; Pischei

Teshuvah 264:1). When the contract does not stipulate a certain standard of work, if depends on whether such work is considered acceptable according to common industry standards. If the work is within standards but the employer decides to redo the work, nonetheless, because he wants a high standard, he cannot refuse to pay. "Thus, if the work was truly substandard, Mr. Schwartz is not required to pay," concluded Rabbi Dayan. "If there is a dispute between the employer and worker whether such work is acceptable or not, it is like any other claim, that hamotzi meichaveiro alav hare'ayah (Nesivos Sachir 30:12). Verdict: If the work is not considered acceptable by industry standards and has to be redone, the employer is not required to pay the professional.

ISRAEL NEWS SHTIGLITZ

Ben Gurion Airport's Terminal 1 to Reopen This Month After Closure at Start of Iran War– The Israeli Airports Authority plans to reopen Ben Gurion Airport's Terminal 1 on June 28 for domestic flights and on July 1 for international arrivals and departures, aiming to accommodate surging passenger traffic during the peak summer travel season. Terminal 1, which primarily serves low-cost and budget airlines, has been closed since Feb. 28, when Israel shut its airspace to foreign carriers at the outset of fighting with Iran. Since then, all domestic and international flights have operated exclusively from Terminal 3. The phased reopening is expected to ease congestion and improve service for travelers as summer demand increases. Terminal 1's return will allow budget carriers to resume operations, offering more options for both domestic and international routes. No further details on specific airlines or flight schedules were immediately available.

El Al Offers Flexible Flight Changes, Cancellations Amid Security Situation – El Al Israel Airlines is providing greater flexibility for passengers to change or cancel flights in response to the current security situation and ongoing uncertainty, the carrier announced Tuesday. The airline said its flight schedule is operating as planned. Customers with tickets for departures through June 13, inclusive, may opt for a credit voucher for future use or change their travel date to the same destination without incurring change fees or fare differences, subject to availability in the same class of service. “Changes to a new flight date through June 13, 2026 will be permitted with no change fees and no fare difference,” the airline stated. El Al cautioned that high demand on its flights may limit availability for customers seeking to rebook or cancel. Passengers who booked through travel agents should contact their agent directly to process any changes or cancellations. The flexibility comes as Israel continues to navigate regional security challenges, including ongoing tensions with Iranian-backed groups. Customers are advised to check El Al’s website or contact the airline for the latest details on their specific bookings.

Thank G-od…

An elderly Jewish man was called to testify in court. "How old are you?" asked the District Attorney. "I am, kayn aynhoreh, 81." "What was that?" "I said I am, kayn aynhoreh, 81 years old." "Just answer the question!" yelled the D.A., "How old are you!?" "Kayn aynhoreh, 81," the old man replied. The judge said, "The witness will answer the question and only the question or be held in contempt of court!"The counsel for the defense rose and asked the judge, "Your Honor, may I ask?" He turned towards the old man and said, "Kayn aynhoreh, how old are you?" The old man replied, "81."