

LeKavod Shabbos



Magazine

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Lech Lecha 5787 – October 23rd 2026

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Dedicated in memory of Ruchel Perl ע"ה

True Hesed By Avrohom Barash

R' Yissachar Dov Rokeach of Belz would distribute sedakah to poor families before the yamim tobim to enable them to purchase what they needed for the holiday. Then, on ereb yom tob, he would send money to these needy people again. His son, R' Mordechai, the Rav of Bilgoray, did not understand the purpose of the second donation, especially since its arrival at such a late hour did not allow the recipients to make use of it for holiday needs. The Belzer Rav explained, "The money I sent these families earlier has enabled them to purchase food for yom tob so that they will enjoy the holiday. But how can a poor man be happy when he knows that immediately after yom tob he will be in the same dire straits again? He will once more find himself destitute, wondering where he will get the funds for his next meal.

Dedicated In Memory Of
Daniel King ע"ה



Dedicated In Memory Of
Sheila & Edwin Shalloway ע"ה



By sending this second sum, I ensure that these unfortunate individuals will be able to enjoy the holiday without worry about how they will manage as soon as the holiday ends. *(Excerpted from the book “A Mazeldig Voch”) The Weekly Vort.*

The Baby Carriage

The story is told of two chassidim who would annually travel to visit their Rebbe for Succos. On the way, they would stop at a certain inn run by an observant Jewish couple. One year, the innkeeper approached them humbly and asked, “You know that I am not a chasid, but nevertheless I have a favor to ask of you: My wife and I have been married for ten years and have not been blessed with a child. Can you ask the Rebbe to intercede on our behalf?” The chassidim agreed to speak to the Rebbe, and, the next morning, the innkeeper’s wife began parading around town with an expensive baby carriage, heralding the future birth of their child. When her friends gathered to wish her mazal tov, she explained that, while she was not yet with child, she soon would be. After all, the chassidim were going to speak to their Rebbe. Seeing this, the two chassidim were slightly embarrassed because they knew that prayers do not always engender the results for which they hope. Hashem decides what is best, and it does not always precisely correspond with our aspirations. The following year, the chassidim returned to the inn, as the innkeeper’s son’s circumcision was in progress. The joy was palpable, as everybody shared in the celebration – everybody but one of the chassidim. He said nothing until he arrived at the Rebbe’s home, and he began to pour out his heart to him: “For thirty years, I

have been your trusted disciple. Every year, I ask for your blessing that my wife and I be blessed with a child. We have yet to be blessed. Yet, Hashem answered the innkeeper, who is not a chasid, on his first request. Why?" The Rebbe took his disciple's hands in his and looked deeply into his tear-stained eyes and asked, "Tell me something: during these thirty years, did you ever buy a baby carriage? How great was your faith compared to that of the innkeeper's wife?" This story tells it all. We must take our emunah to the next level. We must demonstrate our belief by participating actively in our faith. Perhaps we should not go as far as buying a baby carriage, but we must realize that emunah is not a spectator event. *Rabbi L. Scheinbaum's Peninim on the Torah, a publication of the Hebrew Academy of Cleveland.*

The Cherries of the Dark Winter Night By Yehuda Z. Klitnick

In a bitter, icy Chanukka night, several young Yeshiva boys gathered together, and sat down at a wooden table and began to play cards (karton). The boys enveloped in warmth, were entirely consumed by the game. It was midnight when a sudden, sharp knock echoed at the door. The young men wondered: Who could possibly be wandering outside in such a freezing night? One of them rose, and opened the door. Standing there was an old Gentile stranger, his clothing dusted in white, holding in his hands a basket filled with ripe, red cherries (krashin) The old stranger looked at them with a strange glance and asked if they wished to buy his delicious cherries. The young men replied, "Ah, we would love to buy these beautiful cherries from you! But we do not have a single coin left in our pockets. Every coin is tied up in

our card game, and from that pot, not a single cent can be withdrawn." The old man smiled and answered, "Do not let that trouble you at all! I will willingly give you all these cherries right now, and as for the money I will return tomorrow night at this exact same hour to collect my payment." The men agreed, thanking the old man for his generous heart. With a nod, the stranger turned back into the darkness and disappeared into the raging snowstorm. The young men carried the basket over, set it upon the playing table, and immediately returned to their game. As the hours flew by, they played, continuously reaching into the basket, eating the sweet cherries, and spitting the pits onto the wooden floor. So, it continued until exhausted, they finally threw themselves onto their beds. A heavy sleep overtook them, that they overslept the entire morning, missing saying Shema and Shacharis. When they finally awoke late in the afternoon, they stepped out into the outer room where they had spent the night playing cards. There, scattered across the floor, lay hundreds of cherry pits. Suddenly, one of the young men spoke aloud: "My brothers, a great wonder has occurred here. Who was that old Gentile who brought us fresh cherries in the middle of a winter blizzard? Where did he come from, and who sent him to our door in such freezing, terrible weather? But even more terrifying than that—where in the world did he find sweet, ripe cherries in the middle of the winter? Fresh fruit like this does not exist anywhere in our region during the winter months! And why would a total stranger trust us as if we were his lifelong friends? This is no ordinary occurrence!" The realization dawned upon them: A heavy fear fell over them as they remembered that in a few hours, the old man would return to demand his debt. Who knew what

terrible retribution or dark power he might exact upon them? Unanimously, they resolved that their only hope was to run straight to the Holy Rabbi of Kaliv. They would relate their foolishness, confess their sin, and recount the supernatural event, praying that the Rebbe extract Heaven's mercy to save them from the claws of the lurking enemy. When they stood before him & related everything that had transpired, the Rebbe's face burned like a fiery torch. He began to cry out at them in righteous rebuke, his voice like thunderous flames of fire: "Woe unto you!" the Rebbe cried. "Know that this old Gentile was no human being! He was a manifestation of the Kelipah (Satan)! Through your deep immersion in that impure, unholy game, you aroused these dark forces! And when you accepted his fruit and ate from his basket, you walked directly into his net! You are now trapped in his evil web, & mortal danger hangs over your very souls!" Heartbroken & shaken, they wept, regretting their foolish actions with all their hearts. They fell at the Rebbe's feet, weeping and pleading: "Rebbe, have mercy upon our souls! Carve out for us a pathway of Teshuvah!" Seeing their genuine heartbreak, the Rebbe softened. He asked, "Do you accept upon yourselves, with a complete commitment and a whole heart, that from this day never touch those cards again?" With tear-filled eyes, the young men swore with a complete & resolute heart that they would never return to such emptiness. The Rebbe instructed them: "Return to me exactly half an hour before the appointed midnight hour when the old man is scheduled to return. We shall see what Heaven will enable me to do." When the designated hour arrived, they entered the Rebbe's holy chamber. The Tzaddik untied his gartel & handed it to them. "Hold tightly onto

my gartel," the Rebbe commanded. "Every single one of you, grab hold, and do not let go until I tell you to loosen your grip!" The young men reached out, trembling, and held fast to the gartel of their Rebbe. Minutes passed in intense, terrifying silence. After some time had elapsed, the Rebbe turned to them with a smile & said, "It is done. You may let go of my gartel. Go in peace, & fear no more. *Pardes Yehuda.*

Draw Them Closer By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg

Rav Avraham Altman, Rosh Yeshiva of Yeshivas Ateres Tzvi, would travel each year to Argentina, where he grew up after his family fled Europe when he was a child. In the winter of 2016, he traveled there with his son, Rav Eliyahu Meir, on behalf of the yeshiva. During their stay, father & son visited different shuls, delivering derashos & words of chizuk to strengthen the local Jewish community. One Shabbos, after Rav Eliyahu Meir spoke in a local shul, a man approached him & warmly thanked him for his derashah. As they spoke, Rav Eliyahu Meir learned that the man owned a large pants-manufacturing factory. He suggested that he & his father visit the factory, & the owner readily agreed. When they arrived on Monday, the owner listened with interest as they spoke about the yeshiva & wrote them a generous check. Then, with a troubled expression, he confided in them about his business partner. The man was Jewish but very far removed from Torah & mitzvos, & he was considering marrying a non-Jewish woman, Rachmana litzlan. The owner had tried repeatedly to dissuade him, but nothing had helped. Rav Altman asked him to call his partner into the room. Though uncomfortable at having revealed

something so personal, the owner complied. When the partner entered, Rav Altman greeted him warmly & shook his hand. “Your partner just gave us a generous donation for the yeshiva,” he said. “But since you are partners, you have a share in it as well, so I owe you a thank-you, too!” Rav Altman told him briefly about the yeshiva & the zechus of supporting Torah. Then, still holding his hand, he looked directly into the man’s eyes. “You know something?” he said warmly. “You really impress me. I can see that you are a very special person.” The unexpected words touched the man deeply, bringing tears to his eyes. Rav Altman invited both partners to dinner the following evening. As they sat together, Rav Altman continued treating the man with genuine warmth & respect. At one point he casually asked, “Tell me, are you married?” “No,” the man replied. “Then I give you a berachah that this year you should get married,” Rav Altman said. “And I’m coming to dance at your wedding. Don’t forget to invite me. I’ll make every effort to come from Eretz Yisrael especially to dance with you.” Rav Altman later recalled that he could see the turmoil on the man’s face. The man had no idea that the Rav knew of his plans, but one thought must have been racing through his mind: The Rav is going to come from Eretz Yisrael to dance at my wedding, while a priest is officiating? Several months later, in Av, Rav Altman received an emotional phone call from the factory owner. His partner had completely abandoned his plans & was now engaged to a Jewish woman who was stronger in Yiddishkeit than he was. The wedding would take place that winter, precisely when Rav Altman was scheduled to return to Argentina. And Rav Altman kept his promise: He attended the wedding & danced with the man at

his kosher Jewish wedding. Rav Altman had never rebuked the man or told him what was wrong with him. Instead, he showed him what was right with him. He treated him with warmth, dignity, & genuine affection, allowing the man to see himself differently. *Zichru Toras Moshe.*

The Casual But Powerful Joke

There is an amazing story about how a single family embraced Yiddishkeit because of a comment made years earlier. The tale begins when one Yerushalmi Maggid, R' Reuven Karlenstein zt"l, posed a deeply penetrating question to another famous Maggid of Jerusalem, R' Shalom Shwadron zt"l: "R' Shalom, tell me: how does one put a neshama into a person?" R' Shalom chuckled before offering a striking mashal to explain. "At the end of Parshas Bereishis, the Torah tells us how Kayin sought to kill his brother Hevel. Understandably, Kayin did not know how to kill, as no human had ever been killed. In his confusion, Kayin began hitting Hevel, beating him mercilessly and severing his limbs. Yet despite excruciating agony, Hevel remained alive. "Seeing Hevel's suffering, Hakadosh Boruch Hu summoned a bird, which attacked another bird and pecked relentlessly at its companion's neck until it died. Watching this, Kayin struck Hevel across the neck, and Hevel breathed his last. "Since that day," R' Shalom explained, "humanity has known precisely how to take a neshama, a soul out. But putting a soul back in? That remains a mystery. A person can never anticipate the effect their words might have on another human spirit. Sometimes, a single offhand remark or lighthearted joke can unleash

incredible transformation.” To illustrate, R’ Shalom shared a personal experience with R’ Reuven. He told him how many years earlier he had traveled to his daughter in Kiryat Gat for Shabbos. Mid-meal on Friday night, a knock sounded at the door. Standing outside was a local Rav asking if R’ Shalom could possibly grace the community with a shiur after the seudah. What an honor it would be, he told the Maggid. Well, he wasn’t exactly prepared and so R’ Shalom hesitated. But he felt could not refuse. Immediately, after the seudah and with a prayer on his lips, R’ Shalom headed to the Beis Medrash. The shul was packed as word had spread fast. Stepping up to speak, R’ Shalom kept it simple. With so much experience under his belt, he had no trouble weaving together thoughts on the weekly parsha, a few parables, and engaging stories. In the middle of his lecture, R’ Shalom decided to bring the crowd into it. “Tell me, Rabbosai, why is it that in recent years people have begun holding elaborate ‘Bas Mitzvah’ celebrations for young girls, something our ancestors never practiced? Traditionally, only thirteen-year-old boys celebrated reaching the age of mitzvos. Why has this custom spread to girls nowadays?” The audience remained silent. Smiles rippled through the room as R’ Shalom delivered his punchline: “Once upon a time, when a Jewish boy reached thirteen, he began to wear tefillin and dedicate himself to Torah study. This naturally did not apply to a young girl, which is why only boys had a ceremony. “But today, girls look around and see that even boys reaching thirteen aren’t makpid (careful) to put on tefillin or study Torah - yet everyone throws them a grand party! So, the girls say, ‘If the boys get a celebration without doing anything, why shouldn’t we? Why are we any

different?” The congregation laughed, and the evening ended. To R’ Shalom, it was merely an amusing anecdote to keep the audience engaged. Years later, a gentleman approached R’ Shalom in Jerusalem. “The Rav likely does not remember me,” the man said, “but I was in the synagogue that Friday night in Kiryat Gat when you shared that joke about Bas Mitzvah parties. Your words struck me like a lightning bolt. I asked myself: Is it really true that my sons have turned thirteen and reached the age of responsibility, yet they do nothing differently than my daughters? Are they truly living without tefillin?” The thought haunted him all weekend. “First thing Sunday morning, I asked my sons to begin putting on tefillin every day. After all, they had a Bar Mitzvah and received a pair of tefillin. Soon, that small step led us to enroll them in religious schools. That spark spread through our home, inspiring all of us to return to teshuvah. Today, our entire family is fully observant.” Finishing his account, R’ Shalom turned back to R’ Reuven and concluded, “You see, we know how to take a neshama out, but putting a neshama back in is something far greater than our plans. Who could have believed that a casual joke, spoken spontaneously during an unplanned drasha, would inspire an entire family to rebuild their spiritual lives forever?” *Rabbi Dovid Hoffman’s Torah Tavlin.*

The Wondrous Gift By Rabbi David Ashear

The pasuk says in Tehillim perek 19 "השמים מספרים כבוד קל ומעשי ידיו מגיד הרקיע" – David HaMelech is telling us that he looked at the creations in the world in amazement, seeing the greatness of Hashem in them. Studies have shown that the

entire earth in which we live upon is 1.3 million times smaller than the Sun & there are stars in outer space that are big enough to contain 9.3 billion suns inside of them. The vastness is mind boggling. Astronomers estimate that there are two trillion galaxies just in the observable universe & all of the stars, planets & galaxies that we can see make up just 4% of the entire Universe. Which means there's another 96% which we can't see, detect or even comprehend. One of the reasons Hashem made the world like this is for us to realize His greatness. Somebody could become a believer in Hashem just by observing His creations. Rav Elazar Shach once went to visit someone in the hospital. At that time, the Rabbi himself was in his 90's & the hospital staff accorded him great honor. One of the top doctors there escorted the Rabbi out of the hospital when he left & Rav Shach turned to him & asked what kind of car he drove. The doctor answered, "A Mercedes." Rav Shach then asked when he bought the car, to which the doctor replied, 6 months before that. Rav Shach asked further, why he needed a new car & what was wrong with his previous one. The doctor said, "Rabbi, I did have a Mercedes before as well, but they are always updating & making the car better." Rav Shach then said, "We see from here, even the best cars on the market always have more room to improve in." "Yes," replied the doctor. Rav Shach then said, "I know you're an expert cardiologist. What do you think about doing something to the heart to improve it? Can you think of something in the heart that needs improving upon & fix it? Maybe one of the chambers is too small or maybe one of the lobes is too far to the left?"

The doctor said, "No, the heart is perfect & doesn't need any improvements." Rav Shach then said, "Please tell me, who can make something so perfect that never needs improving upon?" The doctor replied, "Only G-d." And they both smiled. The brain is perfect, the eyes are perfect, every body part is perfect because they are the makings of Hashem. After David HaMelech wrote 7 pesukim in that mizmor about the world, he switched gears & started speaking about the Torah saying, "תורת ה' תמימה משיבת נפש", & he continued with more pesukim. Rabbi Zamir Cohen explained as follows: From a person observing the world and the creations of Hashem, we can come to emunah, but we'll still be left with a lot of questions regarding how and why things came into being. For that, Hashem gave us the ultimate gift, the Torah which is תמימה – complete – & has the answers to all of those questions. And that brings a person peace of mind – משיבת נפש. When a person has clarity, he feels at ease. For millennia, philosophers and laymen have been trying to figure out the purpose of the world. How did the world start? How did man start? Is there life after death? All of these questions & more have perplexed the minds of mankind for all of history. But we have all of the answers right in front of us, children in kindergarten know how the world started & know how Adam was created. We know our purpose, we know there is Olam Haba. Having clarity gives us peace of mind. As we begin once again reading the Torah from Bereshit, let us appreciate this wondrous gift that Hashem has shared with us.

Living Emunah.

The Small Hammer

Rav Mottel Slonimer, zt”l, writes (Maamar Mordechai p.342) that sometimes it seems impossible to overcome the Yetzer Hara & to change one’s ways, & indeed it is impossible without Hashem’s help. However, if we only try, then Hashem will help us. He notes the following story: Two Tzaddikim once made a pact with each other that whichever of them passes away first would come to his friend in a dream & tell him what happened in his judgment in Shamayim. A while later when one of the Tzaddikim was Niftar, as promised, he soon afterward came to his friend in a dream to reveal what had happened to him. He said, “When the court reviewed all my deeds, they saw that everything was perfect except for one Aveirah that I had, & that was the sin of taking a bribe.” He explained, “Once, when I was serving as the head of the Bais Din, one of the people involved in the case I was judging placed money into my pocket without me knowing about it. I later found the money but I didn’t know that it was related to the court case from earlier, & I used it assuming it was money that I had placed there & forgotten about. “For this, I was told that I would need to go to Gehinom to be cleansed, but I told the court that I didn’t want to go there, so instead, they brought me to a very large building. They told me that instead of going to Gehinom, I would have to demolish this building, & they handed me a small hammer to use. “They said, ‘Tear down this building with the hammer, & when you finish, you will go straight to Gan Eden.’ I was devastated. It seemed that I would be working on knocking down the building for many years, as it was a very large building & I only had a small hammer to work with. “But then I thought

to myself, ‘Didn’t I wear a Talis & Tefilin every day during my lifetime & learn Torah & keep all the Mitzvos, only because I chose to do Hashem’s will? Well, right now, it is Hashem’s will that I break a large building with this small hammer. If so, what is there to be upset about? This is the will of Hashem, & I will do it with joy—even if it will take me many years to accomplish! “With a heart full of Simchah, I raised the hammer & hit the building with all my might, & to my great astonishment, the entire building collapsed! I was then swiftly brought to my place in Gan Eden.” Rav Mottel Slonimer teaches that this reminds us that at times it can seem like it will take forever to change ourselves, but we only just need to put up a little fight with the Yetzer Hara. Things may only seem impossible, but they aren’t. It is very likely that one strong blow against the Yetzer Hara will topple him, and we can grow into the person we have set out to be! *Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

The Painful Letter of Recommendation By Yoni Schwartz

Rav Baruch Ber had a daughter who struggled for a considerable amount of time to find the right Shidduch. Finally, she got engaged, and not just to any person, but to an outstanding bachur, one of Rav Baruch Ber’s talmidim. He was a genius and had amazing middos (traits). He was a very refined and mature person, and very caring. They both completely realized how amazing this Shidduch could be. At some point after the engagement, however, the young man realized that this was not the right match for him, and he decided to break it off. Rav Baruch Ber’s daughter was absolutely heartbroken; she was crushed to her core. Rav Baruch Ber, as well, was

absolutely broken to pieces. This young man realized that things were just too awkward to continue as a talmid of Rav Baruch Ber's in his yeshiva. He figured the right thing to do would be to switch to another yeshiva. However, back in those days, to switch yeshivas, a person needed a letter from the Rosh Yeshiva. So, he had to get a letter from Rav Baruch Ber - a positive recommendation about him - so he could get accepted into another yeshiva. Writing such a letter was incredibly difficult for Rav Baruch Ber. He was deeply pained and was afraid that some of his negative emotions might come out in the writing. He genuinely struggled and had the courage and humility to honestly admit that. That is why he asked five different people to meticulously analyze the letter, to be certain that there was no hint of any negativity toward this bachur, and that his chances of getting accepted into another yeshiva would not be harmed even the slightest bit. *Torah Sweets.*

Laser Vision by Yerachmiel Tilles

After the Six Day War, in 1967, my wife and I decided to move from the United States to Israel with our young family. Before the move, I went over on a pilot trip and was granted a job interview at the Israeli Ministry of Defense. After they conducted a lengthy investigation I was hired, to my great joy. I went to work for the Ministry of Defense using my skills as a Harvard-educated lawyer to negotiate contracts for the purchase of defense equipment including submarines. After three years of doing this, I got a better offer; I went to my boss, the general counsel of the Ministry of Defense, Joseph Ciechanover, and told him about my

plan. His response to me was, “Did you ask the Rebbe about this?” I almost fell off my chair. Here was a man who was not religious, sitting in front of me without a yarmulke, and he was telling me to ask the Lubavitcher Rebbe! He went on to explain, “There are a number of us who have worked for the Ministry of the Defense for a long time and we also want to leave, but the Rebbe won’t let us.” I didn’t know what to make of his statement at first, and only later did I figure it out. This was in April of 1973, six months before the devastating Yom Kippur War. The Rebbe obviously anticipated that something ominous was on the horizon. A departure of key personnel in the Ministry of Defense at such a time would have been disastrous. They consulted the Rebbe – as apparently was the practice of certain Israeli government officials – and they followed his advice. As for myself, since I was not yet a chasid, I didn’t ask the Rebbe; I simply left and took the better paying job, as general counsel at Etz Lavud, a big Israeli company then selling mostly wood and plywood. While at Etz Lavud, I came across a difficult personal issue, involving Yosef Kremerman. He was the company’s CEO as well as one of the principal shareholders, and my boss. Being a former member of the Irgun (the forerunner of the Israel Defense Forces), he had signed guarantees for monies paid out to the widows of Irgun fighters, and that put a tremendous amount of financial pressure on him. I saw that this situation was affecting the company, and I was actually considering leaving. I really didn’t know what to do, so I consulted my uncle, Rabbi Leibel Kramer, who said, “This kind of question you ask the Rebbe.”

He asked on my behalf and quickly came back with an unbelievable response. The Rebbe had said, “Since this is something which is dependent on the situation in Israel – when you will need to make this decision, you should consult with a friend who understands the matter. I will pray for you at the resting place of my father-in-law, the Previous Rebbe.” The Rebbe’s response influenced me to stay. I understood him to be telling me that quitting was something far in the future and that when I must eventually leave, it should be done with the advice of a friend. As it turned out, a year or so later, in 1977, Menachem Begin became prime minister and took over the obligation of supporting the widows of Irgun fighters; this relieved Kremerman of his financial burden and the pressure on the company. Then there came a time, some years later, when I had to decide if I should stay at Etz Lavud or join Laser Industries, a start-up subsidiary working on developing a medical laser. And that is when I remembered the Rebbe’s advice and consulted “a friend who understands the matter.” The advice I got was that the future was with Laser Industries, and I followed this advice, which proved to be completely correct. The company became highly successful. It is now known as Lumenis Ltd. and is a recognized leader in the hi-tech medical field. From the stock options, I was able to marry off most of my children. After seven years, I changed jobs again. This was in 1987, when I met Professor Herman Branover, the scientist and famed refusnik, who told me that the Rebbe was predicting a huge influx of Russian immigrants into Israel. At the time, Russian Jews were virtual prisoners of the

Soviet Union and nobody could imagine such a thing. But Professor Branover believed the Rebbe, who knew better. The Rebbe also apparently knew that when the exodus of Russian Jews would begin, there would be many highly-educated, scientifically-oriented immigrants who would need a place to incubate their ideas, inventions, and innovations. And so, on the Rebbe's advice, Professor Branover set up SATEC (Shamir Advanced Technology Engineering Company), one of the first science-based incubator companies in Israel, for Russian Jewish scientists who would soon be coming out. People still don't realize how much new technology in Israel and worldwide is the result of the Russian aliyah. But in my opinion, the Rebbe understood that it would happen before it happened. SATEC, which I assisted Professor Branover in founding, was developing products such as heating elements and power meters. I went to see the Rebbe while he was giving out dollars for charity to ask him for a blessing for SATEC to succeed. He responded, "Minoga Hatzlachah! – Great Success!" using the Russian word for "great" and the Hebrew word for "success." And, indeed, SATEC has become a success. In 1978, my wife and I were fortunate to have a personal audience with the Rebbe, which I remember vividly. The audience lasted five minutes but it was life-changing. I recall that his office was a simple, small room, but at the time it seemed to me enormous, and I was keenly aware of the Rebbe's dominating presence. During that audience, the Rebbe said to me, "You are a lawyer and lawyers are used to making compromises. But you should always show the world

that Torah is truth and that Torah is life.” He used the words Torat emmet and Torat chaim. This was a message that I have carried with me ever since. It was clear to me that the Rebbe did his best to infuse people like me who were involved in hi-tech industries with the desire to bring Torah into their workplaces because he understood that hi-tech would be the future of Israel. The country wouldn’t be exporting oranges as much as start-ups. And we have all seen that. Israel is the leading hi-tech innovator in the world (except for the United States). There’s no other country that does anything like it with a population of only 8.5 million people. So it’s obvious to me that Israel has been especially blessed in this regard, and I do believe that the Rebbe has had a hand in that blessing. Israel has no significant natural resources – except for gas, but that is in a relatively early stage of development – and so all it has besides agriculture is Jewish brains. What do Jewish brains do best in the modern world? Hi-tech. There is no question in my mind that the Rebbe anticipated that. While the Rebbe did not live in Israel physically, he lived in Israel spiritually. And he understood everything that was going on and what was best for the country. These are the reasons why I became a chasid of the Lubavitcher Rebbe. And I consider myself such to this day.

Q&A with Rave Avigdor Miller זצ"ל - *Saying All is Good*

Q: The minhag of giving a diamond ring by an engagement stems from what source?

A: The minhag of a diamond ring stems from the jewelers. Now there is a minhag — and not only a minhag; it’s an instinct — when a chosson is proud and happy with his kallah,

he tries to express it in some way. And usually, it's in the form of a gift. But that there should be a stereotype that there must be a diamond ring — and unfortunately, an expensive diamond ring — this is a minhag as I said that is encouraged by those who make profit from it. So a chosson certainly should show his appreciation for the kallah. And if she is from such an environment that anything less than a diamond ring means lack of appreciation, so he's stuck. He can't help it. But if she has the good sense to know that there are other ways of showing appreciation, there are smaller gifts, then there's no reason why a person should go to the expense — his father's expense, that is — his father's expense of buying a diamond ring for his kallah. In general, the world has gone crazy on these luxuries. It's time to call a halt. Every day each one is outdoing the other. I'd like to see a chosson and a kallah who decide to abolish — now, don't be horror-stricken when you hear this — who will abolish taking pictures at the chasunah. The album costs five hundred dollars, or maybe I'm old-fashioned, more. A hundred percent waste of money! “Oh,” you'll say, “that's a necessity. It's the barest necessity!” Well I remember when chasunos didn't have any albums. It wasn't so long ago. I didn't have an album. I'm proud of it! Flowers should be abolished. A waste of money! And I'll say a bigger apikorsus. Why should there be schnapps? Poison. You can't celebrate a wedding without such a tremendous waste of money? And there are other things. And the world is going crazy. And we need heroes who will start a trend to go back to a more sane attitude. You need a smorgasbord? That's a hundred percent waste of money. And the other meshugaim that added, not only at the beginning but at the end, a Viennese table at the end. A five hundred percent waste of money. And so, these are minhagim that somebody once said, a minhag is the osiyos of Gehinnom. The same letters, minhag and Gehinnom. *October 1978*

Rabbi Meir Orlan's Business Halacha Institute – *Missing Towel*

Aryeh had a busy Friday afternoon. After going to the mikveh, he hurried home to prepare for Shabbos, accidentally leaving his towel behind. He remembered the towel just before Shabbos, but by then it was too late to return. "I'll take it next week," he thought. The following week, Aryeh returned to the mikveh. He saw a towel hanging near the place where he left his the previous week. It looked very similar to his—but he couldn't be sure, since it was a standard towel, a brand that many people used. He took it from the hook and examined it carefully. "Is this mine?" he thought. "It looks like it." Someone came out of the mikveh and began getting dressed. "Excuse me," Aryeh said. "Do you know if this towel belongs to anyone here?" "I have no idea," the man replied. "Why?" "I left my towel here last Friday," Aryeh explained. "This one looks like mine, but I can't identify it with certainty." The man shrugged. "If you think it's probably yours, why not take it?" Aryeh hesitated. "Because other people leave towels here, too. Maybe someone else left this one." "But isn't it likely that it's the towel you left?" "It likely is," Aryeh said. "But it might not be, and I don't want to take someone else's towel, even if I'm missing my own." The man thought for a moment. "Why don't you ask Rabbi Dayan?" he suggested. "That's a good idea," replied Aryeh. He took out his phone and called Rabbi Dayan. "I left my towel in the mikveh last week," Aryeh explained. "Now there's a similar towel, but I can't definitively identify it as mine." He asked: "Can I take the towel that is here?" "Minchas Yitzchak (3:17) addresses this question," replied Rabbi Dayan. He first refers to the Noda b'Yehuda (E.H. #46), who discusses whether when something is missing and something similar is found at that place or nearby – do we associate it with the missing item? Minchas Yitzchak adds that when there is no prior contraindicating halachic chazakah, like lost

items that nobody else has monetary possession (chazakah), there is more reason to associate it. However, he recants based on the halachah that although identifying the place where an item was lost can serve as a siman, a riverbank – where many people leave items – is not a siman; just as you left your item there, someone else may also have left his item there (C.M. 262:9). Thus, since many people leave towels in the mikveh, the place cannot serve as a siman, nor can we necessarily associate the existing towel with the one you lost. Nonetheless, he concludes – based on Taz (C.M. 136:2) – that if you took the towel and held it for a long time, you can assume that it is yours if nobody subsequently inquired about it, since then we can presume yei'ush even if it belongs to another. Although Ketzos (136:2) rejects the Taz – since the yei'ush is only after the other person's item came into your hands – here the towel might be yours, so that if nobody seeks it, you can presume that it was yours. Pischei Choshen (Aveidah 3:[53]), though, maintains simply that if you found a lost item like yours that has no siman, you can take for yourself, even though you do not know for sure that it is yours. Even if the true owner was not yet aware of his loss, so that you cannot normally take a lost item even when there is no siman, that is only when you know it is not yours. However, if it might be yours – and even if another person who lost a similar item would come, he would not be able to claim it, since there is no siman – you may take it. Therefore, he maintains that you may take towel, even though the place cannot serve as a siman. Nonetheless, if there are security cameras installed and the item is of substantial value, it is questionable whether you can take the item. Moreover, if you see that the towel is not yours, you cannot take it, only according to the rules of clothing that were exchanged (see Pischei Choshen 4:[44] and Hayashar v'Hatov 21 (5776) pp. 63-65). "Thus," concluded Rabbi Dayan, "if the unidentifiable towel may be yours – you can

take it, and you may use it, certainly after time passes." Verdict: When you lose an item without a siman and later find a similar item in that place, even if the place cannot serve as a siman, such as a towel in the mikveh, you may take it for yourself.

ISRAEL NEWS SHTIGLITZ

New “CPR GO” allows IDF combat medics to tap wounded soldier’s helmet to see their medical history -The IDF’s new “CPR GO” combat-medical interface represents one of the most advanced battlefield medical tools ever fielded by Israeli forces, allowing medics to tap a wounded soldier’s helmet and instantly view that soldier’s medical history. The system was developed after multiple incidents in 2023–2024 in which medics from units such as Nahal, Golani and Paratroopers reported that they often treated wounded fighters without knowing whether they had allergies, chronic conditions, previous injuries or implanted medical devices.



El Al to offer Starlink internet to passengers starting in 2027 - El Al will add Starlink internet services to its aircraft starting in 2027, the company announced in an X/Twitter post on Monday. According to the statement, the new onboard service "will provide a fast, stable and continuous browsing experience throughout the flight, just like at home." "We continue to invest in the most advanced products and services," the post continued, "with the aim of upgrading your flight experience from the ground to the air." The Starlink service is set to be available at the beginning of 2027 and will be offered to customers free of charge, according to Reuters. El Al currently offers wireless internet service on its 787 and 777 fleets, as well as on some 737 aircraft, according to the company's website.



Uber puts Israeli AI startup in driver's seat for Munich robotaxi test run - Ride-hailing app Uber has tapped Israeli autonomous driving startup Autobrains and US chipmaker giant Nvidia for a pilot program set to bring driverless robotaxis to the streets of the German city of Munich. The project marks the first major testing ground for Autobrains, which develops self-learning artificial intelligence tech for assisted and autonomous driving, as Uber looks to enter a rapidly expanding competition for scaling up self-driving operations. For at least a decade, tech titans, including Tesla's Elon Musk, have made grand promises to make self-driving, autonomous cars a reality for the public. While self-driving cars are not yet being offered to consumers, robotaxis have been rolled out in several US cities, led by Google's sister Waymo, with a fleet of 3,000 self-driving vehicles giving some 500,000 rides a week. Its main rival, Tesla, currently only available in a few Texas cities, has plans to expand to several more metro areas around the country. Europe, in contrast, has lagged far behind, due to tight safety rules and regulatory bottlenecks, alongside a culture that relies on public transport. But as the Continent pushes toward allowing AI-powered cabs to roam its streets, ride-sharing app Uber is positioning itself as among the first in line to tap into the market.



Shlomo, Why Are You Reading An Arab Newspaper?

We have to laugh during tough times, because that's what Jews do. Shlomo is on the train reading a newspaper, when his friend Mendel walks in. "Shlomo, why on earth are you reading an Arab paper?" "When I read the Jewish papers, all I find is Jews under attack, synagogues under attack, Israel under attack. But when I read the Arab papers, what do I find? Jews control the media, Jews control the government, Jews rule the world. Mendel, the news is much better!"

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