

LeKavod Shabbos



Magazine

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The Miracle of the Plastic Factory By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg

A remarkable story was shared by Rabbi Shloime Klein that highlights the extraordinary holiness of Shabbos and the powerful brachah that flows from honoring it. There once was an upright Jewish businessman in Montreal, a member of the Satmar community, who owned a massive plastic manufacturing company. His factory was highly successful, producing plastic goods that were shipped to customers across the United States. His operation presented a serious challenge. The machines used in the factory required extremely high temperatures in order to function. Once they were shut down, it took several hours for them to heat back up again before production could resume. From a purely business perspective, this

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created a significant problem: If the machines were turned off for Shabbos, the company would lose many hours of production time every week, along with thousands of dollars in additional heating costs. Nevertheless, this devoted Jew would not consider operating on Shabbos. Every single week, as Shabbos approached, the machines were shut down, and the factory doors were locked. Friends and business associates tried to persuade him to reconsider. Some suggested various arrangements that might technically allow the factory to continue operating on Shabbos, such as partnerships with non-Jews who could run the operation during that time. But he would not hear of it. For him, the sanctity of Shabbos was absolute. Week after week, year after year, he accepted the financial loss with complete faith. While others saw lost profits, he saw the privilege of honoring Shabbos. Over time, his business flourished. After earning millions, he eventually sold the company to a large non-Jewish corporation for an enormous sum. The new owners were convinced they could increase profits even further. Their strategy seemed obvious, as the factory could now operate continuously — twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The machines would remain running even on Saturdays and holidays, eliminating the costly reheating process. But that was not what happened. Instead of increasing profits, the company began experiencing one failure after another. The machines constantly broke down. Production slowed. Engineers tried to solve the mechanical problems repeatedly but could not understand what was going wrong. Losses mounted rapidly. The

company fell hundreds of millions of dollars behind. The very machines that had functioned reliably for years suddenly refused to cooperate. What the new owners did not understand was something the original owner had known all along: The factory had not been sustained merely by heat, engineering, or business strategy. Shabbos had sustained it. The Torah teaches us that Shabbos is mekor habrachah — the source from which blessing flows. When a Jew protects the holiness of Shabbos, Shabbos protects him in return. But perhaps the most powerful lesson lies in how we look at sacrifice. From the outside, people saw a businessman “losing” thousands of dollars every week by shutting down his machines. In truth, he was not losing anything at all. He was protecting the very source of his success. The reality is that no one ever loses from honoring Shabbos. The opposite is true: The brachah of the entire week comes from those sacred hours. Sometimes we think that if we give up a little for Shabbos — a deal, a convenience, an opportunity — we are sacrificing. But stories like this remind us of the truth: When we give up something for Shabbos, we are not losing. We are investing in the greatest source of brachah a Jew can have. And that investment always pays dividends far beyond what any business could ever produce. *Zichru Toras Moshe.*

Lost & Found By Rabbi Avrohom Barash

The flames of World War II had raged through Europe, leaving death and destruction in their wake. The country lay in ruins, desolate of the thousands of Jews who had once filled the now demolished shuls and batei midrash. There were,

however, a handful of Jews scattered throughout Poland who still remained on that bloody soil, although it was unsafe for them in that unstable time immediately following the war. Despite the danger, R' Mordechai Pogromansky set out, accompanied by a mohel, R' Mechel, and traveled from one village to the next in search of any surviving Jews. One Friday, they found themselves in a remote village with no suitable place to spend the imminent Shabbat. "What shall we do?" asked R' Mechel worriedly. "In three hours, it will be Shabbat and we are lost in some desolate village!" "A Jew never feels lost," replied R' Mordechai calmly. "The Torah tells us about Hagar, Abraham's concubine, 'And she went and strayed in the desert.' Rashi tells us that her 'straying' was not physical, but spiritual; she returned to the idol worship of her upbringing. How does Rashi know this? Perhaps she was actually lost?" R' Pogromansky explained homiletically, "Hagar felt lost in the desert because she was an idolater. But a Jew who believes in Hashem is never lost!" The pair continued their search through the village. When Shabbat was only an hour away, to their joy they discovered a doorpost with a mezuzah. Their knock was answered by a man wearing a kippah, holding an infant in his arms. They related their predicament, and he invited them in. "I am delighted to have you for my guests this Shabbat," he told them. "Perhaps you can help me as well. As you can see, I have my own problem: Tomorrow my son will be eight days old, but it's one hour before Shabbat and I have no one to make his berit milah! Perhaps you know of a mohel nearby?" Truly R' Mordechai and his companion had not

Forgetting to Bring the New Skirt to the Seamstress

Malky had attended a prestigious seminary after high school, one whose name carried a certain cachet in the frum world. When people asked where she had learned, she answered with quiet pride. When she began shidduchim, her family assumed the process would be straightforward. They were a respected family. Her father learned Torah full-time and was known for his yiras Shomayim. Her siblings were thriving in excellent schools and yeshivos, and there were no financial concerns. Yet one shidduch after another fell through. Sometimes a boy declined after a date or two; sometimes after several meetings. Again & again, the shadchan called with disappointing news, & the atmosphere in the home grew increasingly heavy. After one particularly discouraging phone call, Malky's mother refused to allow the family to sink into despair. "We're going shopping," she announced. The two decided to look for something for an upcoming wedding of a distant relative named Penina. In one store they found a skirt they liked, but it was longer than Malky usually wore. Since there wasn't time to keep looking, they bought it & planned to have it shortened later. The shopping trip lifted their spirits, but the skirt was forgotten in the closet. Only shortly before the wedding did they remember it. By then it was too late to have it altered. "You'll just have to wear it as it is," her mother said. At the wedding, Malky & her mother enjoyed themselves & were

preparing to leave when an unfamiliar woman approached. She casually asked Malky's age & inquired about the family. It was obvious that she was gathering information for a shidduch. Neither Malky nor her mother thought much of it. Similar conversations had happened before. Two days later, the woman called. She had a son whom she thought might be suitable. The families made inquiries, the couple met, and after meeting a few times they decided to get engaged. Everything moved quickly. As preparations for the vort got underway, Malky once again found herself wearing the same long skirt she had worn to Penina's wedding. During the vort, Malky's future mother-in-law found herself alone with Malky & her mother. "For so long," she said, "we searched for the right girl for our son. My husband was very particular. He would not consider a family where the daughters wore shorter skirts, even if the family was otherwise outstanding." She smiled. "When I saw Malky at Penina's wedding, I couldn't believe it. She looked exactly like the kind of bas Yisrael we were hoping to find. After checking into the family, we felt she was perfect for our son." Malky & her mother exchanged stunned glances. They could hardly explain that they had actually considered the skirt too long & had intended to shorten it. They certainly weren't going to mention that the only reason she wore it was because they had forgotten to bring it to the seamstress. As the vort continued, they realized that the remarkable shidduch they had dreamed of had begun because of a skirt worn by mistake. A few days later, Malky went shopping again—this time as a kallah. She bought several longer skirts. Her

previous wardrobe was perfectly acceptable according to halachah, but she recognized that the longer style better reflected the home she wanted to build and the type of ben Torah she wanted to marry. *(Meant To Be) The Weekly Vort.*

The Impossible Residency By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg

Rabbi Michael Fuzaylov shared an incredible story that recently happened: I work with EMET Outreach in Queens, New York — an extraordinary kiruv organization that, over the past twenty years, has helped hundreds of Jews reconnect with Torah and become fully observant. Very recently, one of our most remarkable students called me. Over the past six years, he had completely transformed his life. From someone with little connection to Yiddishkeit, he had grown into a committed ben Torah — all the while pursuing the demanding path of medical school. Now he was preparing for the next stage: applying to residency programs in anesthesiology. But he was deeply troubled. “Rabbi,” he told me, “there are no shomer Shabbos residency programs in anesthesiology.” I reassured him that Hashem could take care of his predicament. “Rely on Him to find a job that won’t have you work on Shabbos.” He paused. “Rabbi,” he said honestly, “it doesn’t exist.” I replied gently, “Just trust.” He agreed. A few days later, he called me again. “Rabbi, you won’t believe what just happened.” He had just finished interviewing with a newly established residency program. The interview had started poorly. The program director didn’t seem particularly interested in him, and the conversation felt flat. Toward the end, the director asked the standard question:

“Do you have any questions for us?” My student hesitated. He considered asking whether they make accommodations for Orthodox Jews who observe Shabbos and Yom Tov. But he knew that bringing up such issues could lower his chances of acceptance — not only because of anti-Semitism, but because programs worry about scheduling complications. For a moment, he stayed quiet. Then he decided to ask anyway. The response stunned him. The director looked at him and said, “We will fully accommodate you. We believe faith plays a very important role in medicine. And if you are willing to put faith before your work, then you must be sincere with your beliefs.” And with that, he was hired! My student could hardly believe what he was hearing. What continued becomes even more remarkable. Earlier in medical school, something had happened that had greatly upset him. Right before a crucial exam, an unexpected issue arose that interfered with his preparation. As a result, he lost several points on the test — a significant setback that had frustrated him deeply at the time. Now he suddenly understood. If his scores had been higher, this residency program would never have even offered him an interview. They would have assumed he would be accepted into — and choose — a far more competitive program, and they would not have wasted their time giving him an interview. Instead, Hashem orchestrated that precisely because he lost those few points then, he was able to interview there in the first place. And it was through that interview that he discovered something he had been told did not exist: a residency program fully willing to accommodate a shomer Shabbos doctor.

Sometimes what appears to be a setback is actually the opening move of Hashem's plan. What seemed like a loss on an exam was, in reality, the key that unlocked the impossible. And through a little bitachon — and Hashem's endless chessed — the impossible became reality. *Zichru Toras Moshe.*

Morning & G-d will Know From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles

Chasidim traveling home after spending an inspirational Shabbos with Rebbe Mordechai [“Mottel”] of Chernobyl were repeating the various Torah insights that they heard from him. "We never had such a good Shabbos," they said. An unlearned chasid nodded his head in agreement. "You're right. I never had such an inspirational visit to the Rebbe like this one." The chasidim wondered what he meant because they knew that he couldn't follow the Rebbe's deep Torah thoughts. They enquired, so he told them about the conversation he had with Rebbe Mottel. "The Rebbe asked me to tell him my [daily schedule]. I told the Rebbe that the first thing I do each day is go to the marketplace. When I'm finished with my business, I go to shul to daven [pray]. "Rebbe Mordechai told me that it isn't proper to do so. He insisted that I should begin the day with prayer. I told the Rebbe that I would lose too much business. That's when he told me the following story: "There was a melamed [teacher] who couldn't find any children to teach near his home. The only position he found was to tutor the children of a wealthy man who lived far away. "He went there, and after half a year, he put the money he earned – 300 silver rubles and 80 groshen [‘cents’] —into his pouch and, guarding it very carefully,

set out on the long journey home. "Friday arrived and, he was still on the road, so he stopped at an inn for Shabbos. What should he do with the money to keep it safe? A half-year's wages is not something to take lightly. He was tempted to keep the money on him throughout Shabbos, but he decided that wouldn't be proper, so with a quaking heart he entrusted his money to the hotelier. If the man wasn't honest, a half-year's work far from home would be for naught," he worried to himself. The entire Shabbos he wondered whether he did the right thing, and if he will ever see his money again. "Immediately after Shabbos, he asked the hotelier for his pouch and breathed a sigh of relief when the man gave it to him. "But there was still a possibility that the hotelier stole some coins. So, he sat down at a table in the inn's dining hall and counted out the money. He began with the rubles. He stacked them on a table and counted out exactly 300 silver rubles, the amount that should be there. Thank G-D. Then he began counting the copper groshen. "Someone saw him counting the groshen and shook his head in disapproval. 'If the hotelier is dishonest, he would have stolen silver rubles. If he didn't, you can be certain he didn't steal the 80 copper groshen either.'" The Rebbe concluded, "Every morning, the Creator of All returns your soul when you awaken. Don't you see that He is taking care of you? He is caring for your life, your health, for all your needs. If He cares for these, you can be certain that he will supply you with parnassah [livelihood] as well. "There is nothing to fear. Daven early in the morning, and then go about your business. G-d will support you in this way too." The chasidim

listened to this story in astonishment. A few moments after he finished, they unanimously agreed that he had an even better Shabbos than they!

Are You Jewish?

Rav Yaakov Galinsky, zt”l, related in a public address that once he was on a railroad platform during wartime. He said, “The Germans were advancing upon my town in Lithuania. I was a young Yeshivah student, and many of us had no other plan but to put as much distance between ourselves and the Nazis. Trains were still running, and I purchased a ticket to head eastward, as far as I could get. We all figured that we were better off with the Soviets. I got off the train in a strange location, not knowing anyone, with the winds of war threatening to blow in at any time. Where could I go? I looked for a Jewish face on the railroad platform and found none. I did notice a figure at the other end, shining shoes and wearing a cap. Jews commonly wore such caps, but then again, so did many others. I could hardly go over to him and ask him if he was Jewish, and give away my identity and vulnerability. Without uttering a word, I sat down at the shoeshine stand, and the local fellow began to work, without even establishing eye contact. After a minute or two, I turned my head to the side, and quietly muttered the first line of ‘Shema Yisroel’ under my breath. I thought to myself that if the fellow was not Jewish, he would hardly take notice. The man did not look up, and continued his rubbing and polishing. But the words that escaped his lips in a whisper were unmistakable: ‘Baruch Sheim K’vod Malchuso L’olam Va’ed’, the familiar

response to the first line of the Shema. The fellow took me to his home and hid me for a week before I could find transportation further east. That week enabled me to survive, and to eventually reach Siberia, where I took refuge for the rest of the war.” Rav Galinsky further explained, “Fellow Jews may not know each other, but that Shema immediately established our brotherhood and common faith. It only takes a few words for unrelated Jews to prove themselves as brothers. Jews share a history and a belief system that unites them and makes them one. This unity and belief is a mystery to others, and to some, like our enemies, our instant connection arouses jealousy and hatred. But for us it is our lifeblood. It is what keeps us going and enables us to survive throughout all the generations. We can only exist through our Achdus!” *Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

The Upset Rebbetzin

Rav Elazar Shach, zt”l A certain Rav was having a hard time taking on a particular issue that was affecting many people, and he was trying to get people to change. People did not take well to this, however, and they would degrade and belittle this Rav. Worse than this, though, was that these people began insulting, embarrassing, and cursing this Rav’s wife. It reached a point where the Rebbetzin could not handle the harsh treatment anymore, and she asked her husband to leave his position as a Rav. The Rav responded that before they did anything like that, he wanted them to go ask Rav Elazar Shach, zt”l, what he thought they should do. When they met with Rav Shach, the Rebbetzin tearfully told him all the abuse and

terrible treatment she had been enduring lately. Rav Shach said to her, “You are bothered by mere words?” Rav Shach got up and walked over to his closet. He took out a big pile of letters that were written in protest of him, that he had accumulated over the years. He said to the Rebbetzin, “If I took to heart anything that is written in these letters and listened to them, I would not be a Rosh Yeshivah today, and I certainly wouldn’t be able to help manage the struggles that the Yiden are facing.” The Rebbetzin said to him, “If I may ask, why does the Rav keep all these letters in the closet? Don’t they cause pain to even see them?” Rav Shach replied, “I have requested in my will that after I pass away from this world, that all these letters be placed in my grave, because all of these disgraceful letter that have come to me over matters that I am pursuing L’Sheim Shamayim, for the sake of Hashem, should stand as a Zechus, a merit for me when I stand trial in the Bais Din in Shamayim!” *Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

The Interview of a Lifetime As Told by Rabbi Sholom Ber Levine

6 years after I started working in the [Lubavitcher] Rebbe’s library at Chabad Headquarters where one of my tasks was gathering letters and manuscripts of the past Rebbes and preparing them for publication I developed a connection with Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka. This came about because starting in about 1982 the Rebbe and the Rebbetzin began staying in the library for Shabbat. By then, the Rebbe was in his eighties and he had survived a very serious heart attack. During the week, he could be driven back and forth from his home on President Street to 770 Eastern Parkway, but

on Shabbat this was obviously impossible. To accommodate the needs of the Rebbe and the Rebbetzin, my office in the library was turned into a living room, and other areas into a dining room, kitchen and bedroom. Because the Rebbetzin was now a frequent visitor in my work space, I got to know her and began to feel comfortable speaking with her. In 1983, I was working on the fifth volume of the letters of Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka's father, the Previous Rebbe. These letters had been written at the beginning of World War Two, between 1939 and 1941, and some of them concerned the extraction of the Rebbe and the Rebbetzin from France during the Nazi occupation. As I read the various letters, I was confused about their travels through France — the cities named in the letters were Paris, Vichy, Nice, Marseilles, and Lisbon, Portugal. I felt that it would not be appropriate for me to ask the Rebbe about the details of his personal life, but I needed to know the background in order to make sense of the letters. So, instead, I decided to ask the Rebbetzin. The occasion presented itself one Friday just before the onset of Shabbat, after the Rebbetzin lit Shabbat candles and the Rebbe went off to pray. I requested to speak with her then, and I explained to her that I was editing her father's letters and needed to write an introduction describing the background, but I could not quite grasp what had happened. Could she help me? She heard my question and thought about it for a while in silence. In truth, I expected her to tactfully decline, but to my surprise, she began to recount the whole story. She said that, in those days, before the Nazis occupied Paris, it was quite dangerous for a young man to walk on the streets. The French police could grab him and take him away to fight in the war. So, the Rebbe enlisted in the civilian guard

and received a certificate that he was a registered recruit. With this certificate, he could walk on the streets without being harassed. But when the Nazis occupied Paris (and, indeed, most of France), every Jew was in grave danger, not to mention a Jew who was also a recruit, and so the Rebbe and the Rebbetzin had to flee. The first place they went was Vichy in the Free Zone, which the French still controlled. They left Paris just before Shavuot and arrived in Vichy when twilight had already begun. To reach their hotel, the Rebbe hired a horse and wagon for the Rebbetzin and all their many suitcases. Although one is normally not allowed to ride on a holiday, when one's life is at risk, it is certainly permissible. Nevertheless, the Rebbe walked alongside the carriage all the way to their destination. Now here I must explain why they had so many suitcases. Some years before this, the Previous Rebbe told his secretaries that for every letter of public interest that he wrote, they should make an extra carbon copy and send it to his son-in-law (who would become the future Rebbe). So this is how the Rebbe acquired hundreds of letters written by the Previous Rebbe. In addition, the Rebbe had also made photostat copies of many manuscripts of discourses by the Previous Rebbe's father, the Rebbe Rashab. This was a lot of precious material. But he brought it all with him from place to place, even though it was wartime. The Rebbe and the Rebbetzin remained in Vichy for several months, but with the French cooperating with the Nazis, it was not safe for Jews there, so at the end of the summer of 1940, they moved to Nice, which was under the occupation of the Italian government and somewhat safer. While in Nice, they applied for papers to immigrate to the United States, but these were a long time in coming. Meanwhile, the Previous

Rebbe, who was already in America, was doing all he could to get them permission to immigrate. He was writing letters to various individuals, trying to get them exit visas and entry visas and all the necessary papers. Some of this correspondence went to Nice, but I noticed that at some point — during the winter of that year — it was sent to Marseilles, although they remained in Nice. The Rebbetzin clarified that it was easier to receive travel documents from the American consulate in Marseilles, and these finally came through at the end of Passover of 1941. However, although they now had the correct papers to enter the US, they had no way to get here from France. It turned out that the best option was to board a ship in Portugal. For this, they required a transit visa, which was hard to obtain. The Previous Rebbe contacted Rabbi Nissan Waxman in Lakewood, who had a brother-in-law with connections, and this individual was able to arrange a transit visa for them. And that is how, after thirteen months of effort, they finally managed to get out of Europe, arriving in America on the 28th of Sivan. The Previous Rebbe was overjoyed and that very day he wrote a thank you letter to the people involved in their extraction, notably to Rabbi Dovid Meir Rabinowitz whose son was instrumental in getting them some of the necessary papers. (Incidentally, it is from this letter that we know the exact date of the Rebbe and the Rebbetzin's arrival in the US.) I recounted this entire story in my introduction to the collection of letters of the Previous Rebbe from this period, but I did not state there that all this information came from Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka because I knew that, being such a private person, she probably would not have liked that. But I think now, after so much time has passed, I can testify that it all came from her. *“Here's My Story [with the Lubavitcher Rebbe,] a project of The JEM Foundation.*

The Yeshiva Student's Absolute Respect for His Father

There was once a young boy who went with his father to take an entrance exam at the Philadelphia Yeshiva, an academic school which was difficult to get into. The Rosh Yeshiva R' Elya Svei, the gadol hadar was giving the entrance exam. He asked the boy what chapter of Gemara Mesechet Chulin he was up to. The father mistakenly said that the son had learned the chapter, "Hakol Shochtin" instead of "Hashochet." R' Elya proceeded to give the boy a test on "Hakol Shochtin," & the boy did not know anything, because he never learned it. After the test, R' Elya called over the father & told him that despite the praise that was said about the boy, he did not seem to know anything about this chapter of Gemara. On the drive home the father asked his son what happened. His son explained that he had learned "Hashochet", and his father had said "Hakol Shochtin" instead. The father was shocked. "I made a mistake! Why did you not correct me?" The son answered, "I am going to correct my father in front of the gadol hadar? My father says Hakol Shochtin I will take Hakol Shochtin." Astounded, the father called up the Rosh Yeshiva as soon as he got home to tell him what happened. R' Elya heard & said, "Your son gave up the potential of his whole future for honoring one's parents! That is not a normal thing. He is accepted on the spot." That is the power of going beyond human nature to respect & show concern for others. Philadelphia Yeshiva is one of the hardest schools to get into, & this boy was accepted on the spot. Hashem is looking to reward those who help others. *Jack E. Rahmey based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.*

Saved by Humiliation By Rabbi Yechiel Spero

The Sages tell us that these days, when we cannot bring sacrifices, we can attain atonement by giving tzedaka - charity. The following story illustrates this principle. "Rebbe help please! My wife & baby are in terrible danger!" Pinchos ran into the Nadvorner Rebbe's shul in Tzefas crying bitter tears. His wife had been in labor for many hours, & the doctors had started to suspect that things were not going well. Her blood pressure had risen to a dangerously high level, & they told him that unless there were some drastic changes, both she and the baby were not going to make it. The panic-stricken Pinchos begged the Rebbe to daven for him & his family. He could hardly control his emotions. The Rebbe looked at Pinchos and tried to calm him. Finally, he declared, "Pinchos, everything will be all right. I promise you. Everything will be fine!" Although Pinchos was startled by the Rebbe's optimistic proclamation, he was not about to question it. He thanked the Rebbe & ran back to the hospital to be with his wife. Moments after he arrived, the doctors told him that they could not explain precisely what had happened, but that his wife's blood pressure was once again normal & she and the baby would be fine. Sure enough, an hour later his wife gave birth to a healthy baby boy. The chassidim informed the Rebbe of the wonderful news, & the Rebbe wished them all a "Mazel tov." One of the more curious chassidim wondered aloud how the Rebbe could have possibly known that the mother & baby were going to be all right. While some declared it a miracle, the Rebbe himself brushed this thought off as nonsense. Then, as the chassidim gathered around, the Rebbe began to explain how he knew that all would be well. It was a lesson they would never forget.

"You see, a few days ago I was sitting in the front of the beis midrash when I noticed a poor person come into the room. Pinchos was sitting in the back of the room, preparing for Minchah. We took out our siddurim, put on our gartlech, & began to recite Ashrei. "The beggar walked around the room, collecting. His face was an image of brooding & discontent. He obviously had a very difficult life. One by one, the men placed coins in his hand. As soon as Pinchos placed a coin in the beggar's hand, however, there was a huge clattering of coins as they dropped to the floor, causing a commotion in the beis midrash. Everyone thought that the beggar had dropped the coins, but one quick look revealed otherwise. He had not dropped the coins, but had thrown the entire handful at Pinchos. Besides the fact that the coins had hurt Pinchos, now everyone was staring at him. The man stared at Pinchos; it seemed as if his gaze would bore a hole right through him. None of the others said a word, hoping that the distraught man would just leave them alone, but it was not meant to be. Suddenly, he lashed out at Pinchos with a verbal assault the likes of which they had never heard before. He was obviously channeling his anger at Pinchos only because he had been the last one to give a coin. The tirade lasted for a few minutes, with everyone looking on in horror. As the shul began to fill with more people, each individual who entered was treated to a whole new diatribe aimed at Pinchos. The man would ask them if Pinchos was always so cheap & despicable or if it was just this time. His invective tore through Pinchos' heart. At this point, many tried to stop the beggar's unfair and unwarranted criticism. Everyone knew that Pinchos was one of the nicest and sweetest people in town. However, that day he demonstrated that he was more than

just nice. He was a gibbor — a man of true might — & thus able to control himself in an unbelievable fashion. While everyone else was trying to get the man to stop, Pinchos sat there quietly. The Rebbe continued telling the story to the large crowd. The next detail was the most amazing one. "Then, Pinchos pulled out his checkbook & walked over to the beggar! .. "I am so sorry you felt that I was slighting you ... what would I be able to give you to help?" The beggar himself was shocked. "Pinchos is not a wealthy man by any stretch of the imagination, but he felt the tzaar - pain of another Jew in a real way. He knew that this man lived a pathetic life and was terribly embarrassed after the scene he had created. He also knew that the yelling was not directed at him personally. Rather, the poor man was lamenting his own sad situation. Pinchos wrote him a check for a sizable sum and wished him well, as he escorted him on his way." The Rebbe concluded, "The Gemara in Chullin (89a) tells us that the world is upheld in the merit of those who are 'bolem (seal)' their lips at the time of a quarrel, as the pasuk states, 'Toleh eretz al bli mah — He suspends the earth on nothingness' (Iyov 26:7). I reasoned that if the entire world is upheld in the merit of these great individuals, then most certainly Pinchos' restraint would be able to save his wife & child." *Good Shabbos Everyone. Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – “A Touch of Warmth”.*

Rabbi Meir Orlian's Business Halacha Institute – *Your Employee Damaged!*

Yoni owned a warehouse and rented out storage space to businesses. He allotted a certain amount of space free of charge to charitable organizations. One organization had stored large quantities of medical supplies. It recently procured its own building, and wanted to

move the supplies out. "Thank you for your help during the past few years," the director said to Yoni. "We'd like to arrange for someone to move our supplies out." "It was my privilege," replied Yoni. "Come anytime you want between 9 and 5." "OK," said the director. "We'll send someone with a truck to clear it out." A few days later, a truck pulled up outside the warehouse. The driver introduced himself to Yoni. "I work for Shlomo's Shipping," he said. "We were hired to move the medical supplies from your warehouse." "Sure, I'll show you where they are held," Yoni said. "They're on the second floor." Yoni took the driver to the room where the medical supplies were held. "There's an elevator just down the hall," he said. The driver moved the supplies out of the room and then packed the elevator to the hilt. The elevator creaked under the heavy load as it went down, and then stopped. The driver was able to unload the elevator, but it would not budge afterwards. "I'm going to have to call the service company," Yoni said. The serviceman came. "The elevator was overloaded," he told Yoni. "It put a strain on the brakes and they have to be replaced." Yoni turned to the organization to cover the repair of the elevator. The organization forwarded him to Shlomo, who was hired for the move. Shlomo forwarded Yoni to his driver, who used the elevator. The worker denied responsibility, since he was allowed use of the elevator, and, furthermore, was hired by the organization and an employee of Shlomo. Yoni called Rabbi Dayan and asked: "Who is liable for the damage to the elevator?" "Although you allowed the organization to use the warehouse, and the driver to use the elevator, you did not allow them to damage," replied Rabbi Dayan. "Had the worker used the elevator according to the regulations, he would be exempt, like any other borrower who is exempt if *meisa machamas melachah*, the damage occurred in the course of regular usage" (C.M. 340:1). "However, since the driver overloaded the elevator,

he is liable for the damage to it. Although he did not damage intentionally, he was nonetheless negligent, and a person is liable even for unintentional damage” (C.M. 378:1). “Although the driver is an employee of the shipping company, who was in turn hired by the organization, the rule is *ein shaliach l'dvar aveirah* (one is not considered an agent for prohibited activity), so that the responsibility of the damage is not transferred back to the shipping company or the organization” (Rama, C.M. 348:8). “In truth, there is some discussion if someone was explicitly hired to damage. Some maintain that the hand of a hired employee is like that of the employer even in situations in which an unpaid agent would otherwise not be considered halachically an agent (see *Machaneh Ephraim*, *Shluchin v'Shutfin* #11). However, in this case, the driver was not hired to overload the elevator, but to move the supplies in a proper manner, so that he certainly would not be considered as an agent or extension of the employer for the damage” (*Pischei Choshen*, *Nezikin* 1:[44]); *Geneivah* 4:[67]). “Nonetheless, in many situations the employee is covered by the employer's insurance. This does not relieve the employee completely of his liability, but since the common practice is to collect from the insurance, the worker could relieve himself in this manner. However, if it is not possible to collect from the insurance, the driver who damaged remains liable” (see *Pischei Choshen*, *Pikadon*, 8:18). Verdict: If the driver overloaded the elevator, he is liable for the damage, unless it is covered by his employer's insurance.

Q&A with Rave Avigdor Miller זצ"ל - *Olam Haba in the Torah*

Q: What's the difference between an *עצל*, the lazy man who is criticized by the sages for not working to improve his situation, and the *שמה בהלקו*, the one who is happy with his lot, and who is praised by the sages? **A:** A lazy man, he's not necessarily satisfied with his lot, only he doesn't have the energy to change it. But he could be quite dissatisfied! In the

slums you have a lot of people who are not שמח בחלקם – they're very angry that they have to be poor; they're complaining all the time. Only that they're too lazy, they're too irresponsible or shiftless to do anything about it. A samayach b'chelko on the other hand is a man who has plenty of energy to do things but he feels that his lot is so satisfactory that there's no need to change. He's actually satisfied with his lot! **Q:** But according to this definition, a man would never become richer, because if he's samayach b'chelko he has everything that he needs? **A:** So there are two things to consider however. First of all, what's the misfortune if he wouldn't become richer? If he's samayach b'chelko then he's rich enough. And secondly, there are plenty of fellows who no matter how much they have, they'll never be happy. So they'll be the ones who keep working to make more money – it's almost everyone. **Q:** But then the שמח בחלקו will never work harder, he'll never look for more opportunities to make money, right? So he'll never become rich. **A:** So who says that there's a mitzvah to be rich? It's not so terrible. If he doesn't want to become rich, if he's happy, so let him remain that way. And secondly, sometimes a person becomes rich even without trying. It happens too. **Q:** So you think that there are rich men who aren't samayach b'chelko, right? **A:** I think all of them are not. And all of the poor people are also not samayach b'chelkom. The answer is nobody is samayach b'chelko. Only a very great man will stimulate his mind with the proper thoughts and create a mind that is truly happy with his lot. It takes work! You have to be an exceptional person, and exceptional people are very few and far between.

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