

LeKavod Shabbos



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ברכת כתיבה וחתימה טובה ושנה מבורכת מאושרת ומוצלחת לכל ישראל

The Power of Letting Go: A Rosh Hashanah Miracle By Rabbi Asher Kowalsky

For over 17 years, R' Yitzchak and his wife waited—hoping, praying, and trying every spiritual path they could—to be blessed with a child. Seventeen long years of tears, heartache, countless prayers, and every segulah (spiritual remedy or practice) they heard about. But still—no children. Then came Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, in 2003. The day before the holiday, R' Yitzchak got a phone call from a friend. “I just read something I think you’ll want to hear,” the friend said. “There’s a segulah that many say is very powerful. If someone buys the Maftir aliyah—the final Torah reading on the first day of Rosh Hashanah—and prays with

In memory of

Shimshon Ben Aryeh Leib & Etel Bas Yitzchok ע"ה



In memory of

Reb Yehoshua Mutta ben Reb Binyamin ע"ה



deep focus during the Haftarah reading of Chana (Hannah), who was also childless and remembered by Hashem on this day, they are promised a child the following year.” R' Yitzchak felt a chill. Every year, he cried during that Haftarah. Chana’s pain, her prayers, the miracle she experienced—it mirrored his own longing. He had never heard of this segulah before. Maybe this was the moment. He thanked his friend warmly and hung up, filled with a new sense of hope. The next day at synagogue, the gabbai (synagogue attendant) announced the auction for aliyahs (An aliyah auction is a common tradition in many synagogues where men are called up to recite blessings before and after each section of the Torah reading). “200 shekels for Maftir,” he called out. Without hesitation, R' Yitzchak stood up. “400,” he said. Another man tried to outbid him—“450!”—but R' Yitzchak responded instantly, “600.” The gabbai nodded. “Sold.” R' Yitzchak had secured the Maftir. As the Torah reading began, he peeked at the Haftarah text, refreshing his memory. He was already holding back tears. The words of Chana pierced his heart. He prayed that this act, this segulah, would finally open the gates of heaven. But then—a tap on the shoulder. A fellow congregant asked to speak with him. “R' Yitzchak,” the man said, “my brother and I both bought aliyahs, but since we’re brothers, we can’t be called up one after the other. The gabbai says it’ll only work if you switch with me—take the fifth aliyah, and let me have the Maftir. Is that okay?” R' Yitzchak was speechless. The struggle in his heart was fierce. He had paid so much, hoped so deeply. The Maftir was everything to him this year. How

could he give it up? One voice inside him whispered, “Don’t do it! The whole segulah is the Maftir!” But another voice gently said, “Maybe giving in is also a segulah...” He took a deep breath. “Okay,” he said, barely above a whisper. “I’ll take the fifth aliyah. You take Maftir.” The man thanked him and rushed off. The gabbai called, “May R’ Yitzchak ben R’ Kalman rise for the fifth aliyah,” and R’ Yitzchak went up, his heart heavy but calm. He had let go—with a whole heart. After the reading, during the break before the shofar blowing, R’ Yitzchak stepped outside. There he saw the man who had taken the Maftir, standing beside his brother, both looking uncomfortable and pale. “R’ Yitzchak,” the man began, “I didn’t realize... When I read the Haftarah, I saw how meaningful it was. I understand now why you wanted it. I’m so sorry...” His brother nodded, too embarrassed to speak. “We thought it was just an aliyah,” he said softly. “I didn’t know. Please forgive us.” R’ Yitzchak smiled warmly. “It’s okay,” he said. “Who says the Maftir is the only way? Maybe giving in—maybe that’s the real segulah. I gave it up with a whole heart.” The tension eased. They all returned to daven (pray) for the blowing of the shofar and the long Musaf service. The dramatic moment passed, and life moved on. But Heaven hadn’t forgotten. That very year, in the winter of 2004, R’ Yitzchak and his wife were blessed—with twins. the Shalom Zachor (celebration on the Friday night after a baby boy is born), R’ Yitzchak made sure to invite the man who had asked him for the Maftir. “They were born because of you,” he told him. “If you hadn’t asked, I wouldn’t have had

the chance to give in.” This story was told firsthand by R' Yitzchak himself—his real name changed for privacy—but every word is true. And the message is powerful. When we give up—even when something is rightfully ours—we open gates in heaven. We can never know how Hashem measures things. Sometimes, it’s not the effort or the cost that brings a blessing, but the quiet moment when we let go of our pride, our rights, and our plans—for the sake of peace, kindness, or someone else’s needs. Yes, it’s hard. “It’s mine.” “I deserve it.” “Why should I lose out?” Those are all fair thoughts. But here’s a truth that R' Yitzchak discovered: letting go can do more for us than we’ll ever imagine. So next time someone cuts in line, takes your seat in shul, or builds a fence that blocks your sunlight—remember this story. It’s okay to stand your ground. But sometimes, when we choose to give in, we invite blessings we never dreamed possible. Because sometimes, giving up... is the greatest segulah of all. *Hidabroot website*

Dr. Mitzvah - Rosh Hashana By Yaffa Ganz

Dr. Mitzva looked out the window of his office. "Oh my," he said, "it's raining again. I'm so glad I can stay home today. Especially since I lent my rubber boots to Mr. Goldstein and Trudy Silverstone borrowed my umbrella. It's the perfect time to catch up on my mail." Dr. Mitzva sat back in his chair and began to open the tall pile of letters on his desk. Dr. Emanuel J. Mitzva was a little man with a little mustache and a neat, pointy beard. You could always recognize him by his grey bowler hat and the red dotted bow tie on his shirt. If you turned left at the first

corner of Cobblestone Lane in the little town of Cedarville, you saw his neatly lettered sign: And he was. He set broken fingers; cured sore throats; put an end to coughs and colds and earaches. He took care of plants and animals; babysat for cranky babies; sang songs to sick children and ran errands for elderly folks who couldn't go out. He also repaired broken dolls and fixed old clocks and showed people how to smile and be happy. If you needed help, you came to Dr. Mitzva. "After all," he would say, "if we don't help each other, then who shall we help?" Everything Dr. Mitzva did was a mitzva - a kind deed to help people and make them happier. Even when it was a hard deed to do. But now he was sitting quietly at home reading his mail. Dr. Mitzva picked up a large envelope with a colorful stamp. "Well, well! Here's a letter from my old friend Mr. Haddad in Afghanistan. I haven't seen him since he broke his glasses. He couldn't see the letters in the Torah Scroll without them. I got him a new pair and they solved the problem. I wonder if he broke his new pair now?" Dr. Mitzva put on his own glasses, cleared his throat and read: To my dearest friend Dr. Mitzva, Shalom! I hope you are in the best of health. Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, will soon be here and Jews all over the world are getting ready to blow the shofar. But our very old and precious shofar will not blow. The only sound it makes is a whoofy-poofy sort of sound, not at all the kind of sound a proper shofar is supposed to make. No one here has been able to fix it. I know you are very busy and that Afghanistan is far away from Cedarville, but what will we do on Rosh Hashana without a shofar?

You are the only one who can help us. Hoping to see you soon. With best wishes,
Your faithful friend, Chaim ben Nachum Haddad "Oh dear," he thought, "I really am busy. And tired too. And Afghanistan is so far away." He looked out at the rain. "I don't even have my rubbers or my umbrella." But then he remembered his friend Mr. Haddad and the shofar. "What could be wrong with it?" thought Dr. Mitzva. "I suppose I shall have to go out into the rain After all. I would hate to disappoint Mr. Haddad. Especially before Rosh Hashana." Not one to waste time, he put on his grey bowler hat, straightened up his red bow tie, took his bag, and hurried to the airport. Before you could say "Rosh Hashana", he was in the sky and on his way. What a welcome he received in Afghanistan! The entire village came out to meet him. "How kind of you to come so far," said Mr. Haddad. "We have prepared a small feast in your honor." Dr. Mitzva smiled. "A small feast in Afghanistan takes at least three days," he said, "and I must be home by tomorrow evening. A glass of cold seltzer and a plateful of your wife's cookies is feast enough for me." Dr. Mitzva drank the seltzer, ate the cookies and went straight to the synagogue. "Here is the shofar," said Mr. Haddad sadly. "We've been blowing away but not a sound comes out except a whoof and a poof." "My my, what a beauty!" said Dr. Mitzva. He shone a light inside the shofar. He peered into the narrow end you blow and he examined the wide end where the sound comes out. He tapped both ends and listened to the sounds with his stethoscope. Finally, he announced: "I shall have to operate!" "To operate?" everyone asked. "On a shofar?" "Yes. Something

seems to be blocking the sound. I think that a little corrective surgery will fix it up." Dr. Mitzva took his tools out of his bag. Two helpers held the shofar while he inserted a pair of long tongs inside the wide end. Slowly, carefully, he pulled out one small round bird's egg! "Here is your shofar problem!" he said. "An egg!" "An egg?? That's what comes of leaving the shofar uncovered on top of the Holy Ark!" said Mr. Haddad. "The synagogue is always full of birds. They sing while we pray. We keep the shofar inside the ark but this year we thought it would be a good idea to air it out. I suppose the birds saw it and decided it would be a safe place to lay an egg!" Mr. Haddad put the shofar to his lips and blew. A long, deep, mellow sound came out - the very same sound which reminds the Jewish people all over the world that Rosh Hashana, the Day of Judgement, is here. "I knew you could help," cried Mr. Haddad. "The shofar sounds perfect! How can we ever thank you?" "You have thanked me enough," said Dr. Mitzva. "You gave me the chance to help. Helping people is a big mitzva! It makes the world a better, nicer place. And as I always say, if we don't help each other, then who shall we help? " "Nonetheless, we must thank you," said Mr. Haddad. "A favor or a good deed must never be forgotten. Especially if someone comes all the way from Cedarville to Afghanistan to do it! Please do us the honor of taking a small gift as a token of our appreciation." He handed Dr. Mitzva a miniature shofar, much smaller than the big one he had fixed, but just the right size for a little man like himself. "And now you must hurry home or you shall miss your plane," he said. After more thank-you's

and good wishes, Dr. Mitzva packed his shofar and his tongs together with some of Mrs. Haddad's cookies and climbed onto the donkey which was waiting to take him to the airport. "Shalom & Leshana Tovah - have a good, blessed year!" everyone cried. You and us and all the Jewish people everywhere!" "With G-d's help, I am sure we will!" answered Dr. Mitzva. "I just hope it stopped raining in Cedarville. And off he rode, holding his bag, on his bumpy donkey-ride to the airport. *Excerpted from the Feldheim Publishers book – "The Travels & Tales of Dr. Emanuel Mitzva" by Yaffa Ganz*

A Young Man, a Sick Wife & a Wise Rabbi By Batya Schochet Lisker

"I need a rabbi! Help me! I need a rabbi right now!" The shocking, ear-splitting cry shattered the stillness in the synagogue. The first 30 blasts of the shofar had been sounded, and the community was in the middle of silent contemplation, praying the ancestral words in the centerpiece of the Rosh Hashanah prayers, Musaf—the additional service that commemorates the extra sacrifice offered on Shabbat and holidays during the time when the Holy Temple stood in Jerusalem. It was Sept. 15, 1958, the first day of the two-day Rosh Hashanah holiday. The ear-splitting cry shattered the stillness. A wild-eyed man, broken, cowed, his body trembling with deep wracking sobs, hid his face in his hands and whimpered the words, over and over, completely oblivious to the shocked onlookers. Despite being deeply immersed in the holy prayers, my father, Rabbi Dovid Schochet, closed his Machzor prayer book and left the pulpit to soothe the pain of a fellow Jew in crisis. At the time, my father was a young 26-year-old rabbi who had been

sent immediately after he had married as an emissary of the Lubavitcher Rebbe to bolster Jewish life in Toronto. With tender compassion, my father guided the man to a chair and urged him to sit down before pouring him a glass of water. Tears gushed from the man's eyes as he divulged his saga. His beloved wife had taken ill unexpectedly and deteriorated quickly to the point that the doctors determined that there was nothing that they could do to save her. She would be dead within 48 hours. "Rabbi, please help me. What do I do now?" The man explained that though completely unaffiliated, he had passed the Chabad center often, as he lived on the next block, and had come there straight from his wife's hospital bed for guidance. In their conversation, my father explained to the heartbroken man that a most significant and meaningful way to memorialize the dead was to recite the Mourner's Kaddish. The 2,000-year-old prayer is dedicated to praising G d and is recited at the daily morning, afternoon and evening prayers with a minyan for 11 months. "Traditionally, the Kaddish is said by children for their parents. Do you perhaps have a son who can honor your wife in this way?" My father asked, although the man did not look old enough to have a child who would be able to fulfil this duty. "My only child is an 18-month-old baby girl," said the man. "But I will do it. I will honor my wife, the love of my life! Although I have never frequented a synagogue before, even on the High Holidays, I commit to doing what I need to do!" My father explained that this would involve putting on tefillin each morning and praying three times a day with the congregation in the synagogue. "I

understand completely. Right here, right now, I pledge to fulfill my obligation.” The strength of the man’s resolve was evident in his red-rimmed eyes as he turned to meet my father’s gaze. “Clearly, G d wants a relationship with you in which you connect to Him and invite Him into your life. G d knew that you would step up and take responsibility to honor your wife by showing up in synagogue and praying every day,” my father said. “This is what G d wants of you.” The man contemplated my father’s words. “So, tell G d, ‘I understand what You want, and I want to do what You want me to do.’ Accept upon yourself to have this relationship with G d, and then there is no reason for your wife to die.” In the midst of his pain, the man ratified his deal with G d. At the conclusion of the Rosh Hashanah holiday, my father called the Lubavitcher Rebbe’s office in Brooklyn, N.Y., to recount the details of the events that had taken place and to give the Rebbe the woman’s name for a blessing. When he later visited the hospital, he found that the woman was recuperating and was expected to be discharged in the next few days. The next morning—and at the three daily prayers for the following 11 months—my father and the community greeted the grateful husband. “This is the essence of Judaism” my father explained to me. “We must always ask ourselves: ‘What does G d want from me?’ ” “Sometimes,” continued my father, “G d sends us difficult challenges. But like a loving parent, these predicaments are to help us grow personally and develop an even stronger relationship with Him. And often, we can avoid the situation by learning the lesson and connecting more deeply even without having

to undergo the hardship or difficulty. At any given time and place, our connection with G d is able to grow, even if we have to dig deep and be creative because it's not the way we have connected with Him before." A recent severe injury rendered me immobile and left me questioning my purpose. My father had intuited my pain and frustration, and so told me this story precisely when I needed to hear it most. "Wow, G d," I thought, "I felt like You were so far away while I was here at my lowest point. I am not alone in this. You are here, and I want You present in my life. I want to be an active partner in our relationship. I want to do exactly what You want me to do." *Chabad.Org.*

Access for All By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg

Reb Naftali Githartz* and his wife are deeply devoted to his elderly mother-in-law. They oversee every aspect of her well-being, from coordinating her aides to managing doctors' appointments & prescription refills, ensuring that she receives the best possible care. She has one aide during the day & another at night, providing around-the-clock assistance. Over time, the aides have become familiar with her routine. One day, Mrs. Githartz received a heartbreaking phone call from the daytime aide. Through uncontrollable tears, the woman explained that things at home had been falling apart for quite some time. The previous night, her husband had told her their marriage was over & that she needed to find somewhere else to live. She had nowhere to go. After gathering herself, she hesitantly asked whether she might be able to sleep in an extra room at Mrs. Githartz's mother's home.

Although she only worked there during the day, and another aide cared for her mother at night, simply having a safe place to sleep would mean everything. Without hesitation, Mrs. Githartz agreed. She prepared another room, & for the next two nights the aide had a roof over her head. As Shabbos approached, another question arose. Mrs. Githartz's mother regularly spent Shabbos with her daughter & son-in-law. The aide asked if she would be welcome as well? "Of course," Mrs. Githartz told her. "We're a little tight on space, but we'll make it work." When Mrs. Githartz arrived on Friday to pick up her mother, she expected the aide to come along as well. Instead, the aide greeted her with a broad smile. "I'm heading home now," she said. "The night aide will be taking over." Mrs. Githartz stared at her in surprise. "Home?" The aide pointed toward a white car parked outside. "My husband is waiting for me." Mrs. Githartz was stunned. Only a few days earlier, this woman had been inconsolable, convinced her marriage was over and that she had nowhere left to turn. "What happened?" she asked. The aide smiled. In all simplicity, the aide responded, "I prayed to G-d." Mrs. Githartz looked at her, surprised. The aide continued. "Over the years I've cared for your mother, I've watched her. Every morning, she talks to G-d. Every time something happens, she talks to G-d. She's always so calm because she truly believes He's listening."

Doctor!, Where is Your Diploma in Prophecy? By Rabbi David Bibi

Rabbi Yisroel Brog tells a personal story that brings this distinction to life. It struck me deeply and I wanted to share it. Shortly before Pesah, a student came to

visit him and noticed something concerning. “Rabbi, you need to see a doctor immediately.” Rabbi Brog wanted to wait until after Yom Tov, but the student insisted and somehow obtained an immediate appointment. The first physician examined him and said that the case was beyond his level and that he needed a specialist. Another appointment was arranged almost immediately. The specialist conducted further examinations and delivered the diagnosis: cancer. Surgery was scheduled for Hol HaMoed. Afterward, the physician explained that he had not been able to remove everything and that Rabbi Brog would need an intensive course of radiation. The head of the treatment program invited Rabbi Brog and his wife into his office and explained that he had treated thousands of similar cases. He warned them that Rabbi Brog would likely lose his voice, might lose his voice box, might have to speak through a machine, would have difficulty swallowing and sleeping, would no longer be able to deliver his lectures, and would lose his beard. Rabbi Brog’s wife began to cry. But Rabbi Brog was not looking at the doctor. He was studying the wall. “Rabbi, are you listening to me?” “Yes.” “Then why are you staring at my wall?” “I am looking for one particular diploma, and I cannot find it.” “What diploma?” “You have attended many universities. You have accumulated many degrees. You are clearly a very educated man. But did you ever complete a course in prophecy?” The physician was startled. Rabbi Brog continued, “You may tell me what ordinarily happens. You may tell me what you have observed in thousands of patients. You may tell me what the statistics

indicate. But how can you declare with certainty what will happen to me? That would require prophecy.” That is the heart of the story. Rabbi Brog was not denying the diagnosis. He had undergone surgery and was preparing to begin treatment. He was not denying the physician’s expertise. He was challenging the transformation of probability into certainty. There is a tremendous difference between saying, “This treatment commonly affects the voice,” and saying, “You will not speak.” There is a difference between saying, “This is a very serious illness,” and saying, “There is no hope.” A physician may know the disease, the treatment and the statistics. But he does not know the decree of Hashem. A physician may know medicine. A prophet knows the future. Those are not the same thing. At this point, however, we must be very careful. A discussion about bitachon can become dangerous if someone walks away believing that faith means refusing medicine. That is not Judaism. That is not emunah. And that is not bitachon. The Torah states, “Verapo yerape”—“He shall surely provide for his healing” (Shemot 21:19). The Gemara in Bava Kamma 85a derives from these words, “Mikan shenitnah reshut larofe lerapot”—“From here we learn that permission was granted to the physician to heal.” The Ramban explains in Torat HaAdam that the physician cannot say, “If Hashem made this person ill, who am I to interfere?” Healing is not interference with the will of Hashem. Healing is one of the ways in which we fulfill the will of Hashem. The Shulchan Arukh, Yoreh De’ah 336:1, rules that healing is a mitzvah and that a qualified physician who is able to save a patient

and refuses to do so may bear responsibility for the patient's blood. Medicine is not the enemy of emunah. Medicine is one of the instruments Hashem placed within creation. Parashat Ekev gives us the model. Hashem fed the Jewish people with manna: "Hama'akhilkha man bamidbar asher lo yede'un avotekha, lema'an anotkha ulema'an nasotekha, leheitivkha be'aharitekha"—"He fed you manna in the wilderness, which your fathers did not know, in order to afflict you and test you, ultimately to benefit you" (Devarim 8:16). Why was the manna a test? Because each morning the Jewish people had to leave their tents and gather it. They could not remain in bed and say, "Hashem will provide." They had to walk, bend down and gather. But gathering did not create the manna. Their hands collected the blessing; their hands did not produce the blessing. That is the balance of medicine. We make the appointment. We obtain another opinion when necessary. We undergo the procedure. We take the medication. We ask questions. We follow responsible medical and halachic guidance. But we do not say, "Ko'hi ve'otzem yadi"—"My power and the strength of my hand accomplished this." That distinction does not diminish the physician. It places the physician in the honorable position the Torah gives him: a skilled messenger performing sacred work. We do not pray instead of seeking treatment; we pray while seeking treatment. We do not choose between medicine and emunah; we bring emunah into the doctor's office, into the hospital room and into every decision we make. Rabbi Brog began the radiation treatments. Each day, the technicians fastened his head to the treatment

table while the machine delivered radiation to his throat. As the treatment began, he repeated, “Yishlah devaro veyirpa’em, vimalet mishhitotam”—“He sends His word and heals them, and rescues them from destruction” (Tehillim 107:20). He also repeated, “Lishuatekha kiviti Hashem”—“For Your salvation I hope, Hashem” (Bereishit 49:18). The physician had told him to find replacements for his daily lectures because he would not be able to speak once treatment began. Rabbi Brog responded with the verse, “Le’adam ma’arkhei lev, u’meHashem ma’aneh lashon”—“A person may arrange the thoughts of his heart, but from Hashem comes the answer of the tongue” (Mishlei 16:1). After the first treatment, Rabbi Brog returned home and delivered a shiur. When he came back, the physician heard him speaking and asked in surprise, “You are still talking?” Rabbi Brog answered, “You told me what generally happens. You did not issue a decree.” Week after week, his beard remained, his voice remained, and he continued swallowing and teaching. Eventually, the doctor suspected that he must be taking some secret medication. Rabbi Brog answered that there was no secret medicine; there was simply a reality beyond the doctor’s calculations. After twenty-three treatments, Rabbi Brog made a decision that shocked the medical team. He announced that he would not return. The technicians protested, and the physicians warned him that he was in the middle of the prescribed protocol and that stopping treatment could be extremely dangerous. Rabbi Brog felt that his condition had improved and believed that continuing treatment might weaken him, so he refused

to return. Here we must pause. Rabbi Brog's decision was intensely personal, medically unconventional and contrary to the recommendation of his treating physicians. It cannot become the practical lesson of this story. No one should hear this account and conclude that bitachon permits us to discontinue treatment or disregard medical advice. Decisions involving serious illness must be made with qualified physicians and competent halachic guidance. The lesson is not that we should imitate every action Rabbi Brog took. The lesson is the inner position from which he faced his illness. He would undergo treatment and perform his hishtadlut, but he would not allow the treatment—or those administering it—to become the final authority over his future. Three months later, according to his account, he returned for testing. The doctor greeted him and said, “Rabbi, you beat it.” Rabbi Brog corrected him. “No. I did not beat it. HE beat it.” That sentence is the proper conclusion of the story. Not, “My faith forced Hashem to perform a miracle.” Not, “Anyone with sufficient bitachon will receive the same result.” That would be cruel, untrue and deeply unfair. Many extraordinary people possess profound emunah and still endure terrible illness. We do not measure a person's faith by the medical outcome he receives. Rabbi Brog's message was personal: In his illness, Hashem showed him that the doctor's prediction was not the final word. His miracle does not guarantee our miracle. But his refusal to surrender hope can awaken hope within us. *Rabbi David Bibi's Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

Davening For Mitzvos

By Rabbi Berach Steinfeld Have a topic you want to read about? Email berachsteinfeldscorner@gmail.com

In Shulchan Aruch Orach Chaim 583 we learn that one should eat various simanim on the night of Rosh Hashana. Upon eating black-eyed peas we say, “Yehi ratzon sheyirbu zechuyoseinu.” How is this tefillah going to help us get zechuyos? If the person earned the zechuyos, he should not have to daven for them; and if he did not do these mitzvos, then how is davening going to help? There are a couple of tirutzim to explain this. The 1st tirutz is based on the Gemara in Yuma 86b that says that if a person does teshuva out of love of Hashem then his sins turn to zechuyos. We daven to Hashem to help us reach the level of teshuva me’ahava so that we should be zocheh to get more zechuyos. The Chida explains the Gemara in Brachos 34b that says the place where baalei teshuva stand even the greatest and most complete tzaddikim are unable to stand. The reason for this is because a tzaddik can only do 248 positive commandments. Of these commandments there are many mitzvos he is unable to do since it is talui in others or in a time that is not applicable to him. On the other hand, a baal teshuva not only has the same mitzvos that a tzaddik has, he also has the 365 negative commandments that he could do teshuva for and they result in becoming zechuyos, so he has a much greater ceiling of greatness. The Makna explains that this is the reason the Gemara in Yevamos 121b says that Hashem is medakdek with tzaddikim on every hair. It would seem very unfair that Hashem should not reward the tzaddik by looking away when he makes a mistake. But with the sevara we said before, that when a person does teshuva me’ahava his sins turn to zechuyos, it is to the tzaddik’s benefit that Hashem gets angry for every little thing he does wrong so he is able to do teshuva me’ahava and thereby result in gaining more zechuyos. As a result of this, tzaddikim used to translate the

Gemara regarding doing a mitzvah -taaseh velo min ha'asui. Pashut pshat means that a person must do the mitzvah from scratch & not use something that was previously made. The tzaddikim would say taaseh, I should do the Mitzvah myself and not min ha'asui that I will do teshuva and then it will automatically become a mitzvah. That is the reason we are able to daven for more zechuyos The 2nd tirutz is based on the Chovos Halevavos that speaks about one of the Chassidim who was told that someone spoke badly of him. The Chassid sent a beautiful gift to the person who spoke badly of him. He explained that since you spoke badly of me I got all your zechuyos so I am showing you appreciation by giving you a gift. The Chofetz Chaim says that when many people come up to shomayim they won't recognize the activities attributed to them since they may have spoke badly of someone else and therefore received that person's aveiros and someone may have spoken badly of them thereby resulting in their receiving zechuyos they never earned. The Chasam Sofer, in his Drashos for zayin Adar, says that if a person does teshuva for the sin of loshon hora, he gets back all his mitzvos without the other person losing out. Therefore, during the times of the Yamim Noraim, when we all ask for forgiveness from our friends, & people forgive each other, we get back many zechuyos we may have lost. That is why we ask Hashem to write us in the sefer of zechuyos. We may not have these zechuyos a whole year, having lost them as a result of speaking loshon hora, so we daven that we get them back and that our friends are mochel us. We daven, "Sheyirbu zechuyoseinu," so that Hashem should help all these people naturally forgive us so that we may receive more zechuyos. Acknowledging that everything is from Hashem and davening to Hashem to help people be mochel us will bring us closer to the proper ahava necessary for analyzing our sins in the process of doing teshuva. May we all be zocheh to do proper teshuva.

Q&A with Rave Avigdor Miller זצ"ל - *Sacrificing the Shofar for Shabbos*

Q: Why is it a bigger sin to carry the shofar on Shabbos than to not blow it? **A:** I'll explain to you. Because to blow the shofar on Rosh Hashana is what's called a mitzvas aseh; it's a command of doing. If you don't do it, so you transgressed a command, but there's no punishment; there's no severe punishment if you repent and it's immediately forgiven. But Shabbos is very important. Shabbos is the soul of the Jewish nation. And how fortunate is the Jew who is able to erect that Sanctuary of the Shabbos in his home. It's worth every sacrifice. And therefore, that's the first thing. Shabbos is first. I had a man who had a big business. And he kept it open on Shabbos. He used to come to my synagogue every Yom Kippur and I made it my business to speak about Shabbos again and again. And once I spoke and I said, "My friends," I didn't say it to him directly; I said, "My friends, it's all imagination. You're not going to lose out. You'll get everything that you have now if you'll close up." A retail business, a big retail liquor business, he had. And I told him he'll get everything and in addition he'll get Shabbos too. Well he closed up finally. He closed up. He was arrested for his tax evasion afterwards. He had put away so much money that he hadn't put in the taxes; he was overflowing with money. Anyhow, he got out of it. He got out of it. He got out of it and he keeps Shabbos and he has nice children now. His children are going to yeshivas and his daughter to Bais Yaakov. Baruch Hashem his children are not hippies. He has four children. None of them are hippies. They're all nice girls and boys. And he's going to have a lot of nachas from them. I see the way they're growing up. **Q:** Thanks to you. That happened thanks to you. **A:** Not to me; it was thanks to a number of factors. But I didn't spoil him; that's one thing. He was a wealthy man and he gave us a lot of money, but I didn't spoil him. I made sure he always left with his tail between his legs.

Every Yom Kippur he left the shul feeling very miserable. And that's what I wanted. And finally he closed up and today we are very satisfied with him. And therefore, Shabbos is too important for us to risk. Even one part of it. And all those people who will invest in Shabbos, they'll come around years later and say, they'll admit they didn't regret it. You won't lose a thing. And therefore it's too precious for us to risk. So we give up blowing shofar on Shabbos. September 1972

Rabbi Meir Orlian's Business Halacha Institute – *Ambulance Call*

Naftali, a 25-year-old kollel yungerman, was riding his bicycle to kollel one morning along the quiet streets near his home. As he approached a curb, his wheel suddenly skidded. In an instant, he lost his balance and went flying. Naftali landed hard on the pavement. His leg hurt, but thankfully, he had been wearing his helmet, as he always did. The helmet had protected his head from what could have been a serious injury! A neighbor, Mr. Neiss, helped him slowly to his feet. "I think I'm okay," Naftali said, examining his leg. "It's probably just some bruises." Mr. Neiss wasn't so sure. "You should get checked out," he said, taking out his phone. "You could have a fracture, and you don't want to take chances with your head, either." Within minutes, Hatzalah and an ambulance arrived. Mr. Neiss encouraged Naftali to go to the hospital. "You may feel fine now, but sometimes you don't realize that you've suffered a concussion," he said. "Better to make sure!" Naftali went with the ambulance. At the hospital, the doctors examined him and quickly discharged him, confirming that there were just some bruises. Several weeks later, though, Naftali received a large bill for the ambulance. Naftali appreciated Mr. Neiss's effort, but was frustrated about the bill he incurred. "Why should

I have to pay?" he asked his chavrusa. "If Mr. Neiss chose to call an ambulance, maybe he should be responsible for the cost?" "The ambulance was for you, though," his chavrusa replied. "But I told Mr. Neiss that I was okay," Naftali countered. "He insisted that I need to be checked." "Yet, in the end, you agreed to go," his chavrusa pointed out. Not convinced fully, Naftali decided to ask Rabbi Dayan: "Who is liable for the cost of the ambulance?" "In almost all countries, the person who alerted the emergency medical system and summoned the ambulance is not responsible for its cost," replied Rabbi Dayan. "Rather, the responsibility is on the injured person." "If the injured person declined to be taken to the hospital by ambulance, the ambulance company usually cannot bill him for the call. Nonetheless, if the medics performed physical tests or provided medical care at the site, the company may bill partially for these services rendered. However, if the patient agreed to go in the ambulance to the hospital, his decision to go and avail himself of the service obligates him in the payment. He cannot shift the responsibility to those around him who summoned the ambulance and/or suggested that he go to the hospital. It is true, in certain cases, that when someone relies on the professional opinion of another and thereby suffers a loss, the professional carries liability for the loss. For example, if a vendor accepted a questionable coin based on a moneychanger who erroneously vouched that it was acceptable, the moneychanger is sometimes liable (C.M. 306:6) However, there are several limitations that are relevant to our case. First, the person must state to the professional that he is relying on him, or circumstances must indicate that he is relying on him alone, in undertaking the potential financial risk (ibid; Shach 306:12). Second, it must be clear the advisor erred in his advice. In this case, the fact that Naftali was not admitted to the hospital does not mean

that the trip was in vain. Often it is necessary to go to the hospital and be checked, even when there is no apparent injury. It is hard to ascertain that the trip was frivolous. Thus, if the injured person agreed to go in the ambulance, he implicitly accepts responsibility for the payment. In some situations, when time is not urgent and medical care during transport is not necessary, it might be cheaper to take a taxi than travel in an ambulance, but one must be cautious in choosing so. "In many cases, especially those involving traffic accidents, the car or health insurance will cover much of the cost," concluded Rabbi Dayan. "Regardless, if the injured person consented to go, he cannot transfer the financial responsibility to the one who summoned the ambulance or advised him to go, unless he specifically made this clear and the advice proved baseless." Verdict: If someone was sick or injured and another person summoned an ambulance, if the patient consented to go in the ambulance, he (or the relevant insurance company) is liable for the cost, not the person who summoned the ambulance or advised him to go.

ISRAEL NEWS SHTIGLITZ

Israeli Blood Test Can Detect Lung Cancer - Israeli researchers have developed a simple, fast, \$60 blood test for diagnosing lung cancer. In peer-reviewed research of 103 participants, the test accurately identified 93% of stage 2-4 lung cancers while ruling out cancer in 90% of the healthy control group



Israeli Firm Unveils Very-Very-High-Resolution Satellite - Israeli satellite company ImageSat International unveiled the new EROS NOVA Earth observation satellite on Sep. 8, designed to capture imagery at a resolution of 25 cm., meaning objects roughly that size

become distinguishable. The company describes the resolution tier as Very-Very-High-Resolution, sitting above the high-resolution imagery typical of most commercial Earth observation satellites. The satellite will also carry onboard artificial intelligence and processing hardware to analyze selected data while the satellite is still in orbit, rather than waiting for all of it to be downlinked to ground stations first. ISI CEO Noam Segal said EROS NOVA "is designed to help intelligence organizations extract greater value from every collection and respond more rapidly to evolving operational needs, providing greater flexibility and a faster path from satellite collection to operational insight.



Israeli Agents Posed as Aid Distributors in Capture of Hamas Security Head -

Undercover operatives from the Israel Security Agency were embedded in Gaza as aid workers distributing food and drink to market stall-owners prior to the recent capture of Hamas's head of internal security, Mu'in al-Arabid, Israel's Channel 11 reported. After establishing a relationship with the locals, Israeli operatives were able to get Gazans to help monitor the movements of various people, including al-Arabid.



Rabbi Try The Ham?

A Jewish Rabbi & a Catholic Priest met at the town’s 4th of July picnic. Old friends, they began their usual banter. “This baked ham is really delicious,” the priest teased the rabbi. “You really ought to try it. I know it’s against your religion, but I can’t understand why such a wonderful food should be forbidden! You don’t know what you’re missing. You just haven’t lived until you’ve tried Mrs. Hall’s prized Virginia Baked Ham. Tell me, Rabbi, when are you going to break down & try it?” The rabbi looked at the priest with a big grin, & said, “At your wedding!”