LeKavod Shabbos

LARGE PRINT Magazine

Vayera 5787 – October 30th 2026

Printable Shabbos Reading Materials Specially Formatted for Easy Reading

For a free subscription, email Services@JewishHeritage.org

Srulie Toiv - Editor / Stories Compiled by Daniel Keren לעילוי נשמת נחמה בת ר׳ נח ע״ה

A publication of... בס״ד

THE JEWISH HERITAGE FOR THE BLIND

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

Dedicated by Shoshana Medovarszky in memory of her mother Henya (bat Zev) Silberstein ע״ה

A Time to Reject Honor

Rabbi Dovid Goldwasser (who shares this insight) relates the following story. At the 34th National Dinner of Agudas Israel, Rav Eliezer Silver, ZT”L, a tireless fighter for the rescue of European Jewry, was presented with an award. The plaque was unprecedentedly ornate, with beautiful French artwork, delicate parchment, & was encased in a gold-plated frame. Yet, Rav Silver knew only of his service to the Jewish people, as the performance of the Mitzvah in its purest form. He wanted to do his work entirely for the sake of serving Hashem. Thus, a few months later, the hotel staff found the plaque in the back of the room where the dinner had taken place. Rav Silver chose not to take the plaque home for fear that his service would not be wholehearted. It remains in the Agudas Israel archives to this day. To stop

Dedicated In Memory Of
Aharon Mordechai Ben Chaim Tsvi ע״ה

Dedicated In Memory Of
Sylvia Weiss ע״ה

deceiving ourselves, we need to surround ourselves with proper mentors & true friends, & we can call on them to ask for advice, & they can call us out when we're off base. We also need to pay attention to defensive feelings or emotional reactions. These triggers often signal a point where our mind is protecting an illusion. This starts with even a small window of time devoted daily to thinking about our decisions, & more time for that on Shabbos Kodesh. *The Weekly Vort.*

Cutting the Line **By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg**

At the banquet marking the close of the summer, Rabbi Engel, head counselor of Camp Chevra in Lakewood, shared the following remarkable story. During the winter of 2020–2021, Malka,* the granddaughter of a prominent rosh yeshivah, was attending seminary in Eretz Yisrael. COVID-19 restrictions, including mask mandates, were still in effect. Her parents were coming from America to visit her, but shortly before their arrival, Malka began feeling unwell. Running a high fever, she went to a Kupat Cholim clinic to be examined. The waiting room was crowded, & the line moved slowly. With her fever rising, the mandatory mask made the wait even more uncomfortable. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, she asked the woman behind her to hold her place while she stepped outside for a few minutes of fresh air. Five minutes later, Malka returned to her spot, only to be met with angry protests from several people waiting in line. "What chutzpah!" they shouted. "How dare you cut the line?" Malka was deeply humiliated. She had done nothing wrong & could easily have explained that someone had been holding her place.

Yet rather than defend herself, she chose to remain silent, swallowing the embarrassment without uttering a word. After her examination, as Malka was leaving the clinic, a woman in her mid-forties approached her. Her name was Mrs. Carlsberg.* “I saw what happened,” she began. “You were embarrassed unjustly, yet you didn’t answer back. I know how precious such silence is in Shamayim, & that Hashem listens especially closely to the tefillos of someone who remains silent in the face of humiliation. May I ask you for a very personal favor?” Malka listened attentively as Mrs. Carlsberg continued. “My daughter is facing two terrible tzaros at once. She is expecting a baby, but the doctors have told her that the child is not expected to survive. At the same time, her young baby is about to undergo treatment for a life-threatening illness. We desperately need yeshuos!” Her voice filled with emotion, she pleaded, “Tonight, when you daven Maariv, would you please daven for my daughter & her children?” “Of course,” Malka replied, deeply moved by the woman’s anguish. Several days later, Malka was at the hotel where her parents were staying, helping them pack for their return trip to America, when her phone rang. On the line was the doctor treating Mrs. Carlsberg’s grandchild. He explained that he had been preparing to begin the baby’s treatment, with only one final routine test remaining. But when the results came back, the medical team was astonished. The disease had disappeared. Not a single lesion remained. “The baby’s mother gave me your number & asked me to share the news,” the doctor explained. “She wanted you to hear it directly from me!” Malka was overwhelmed.

The child who had been facing a life-threatening illness no longer needed the treatment that had been planned. Later, Malka accompanied her parents to the airport & bid them farewell. By the time they landed in America, another extraordinary development had taken place. Their phone rang, & an excited Malka was on the line. "After you left, I received another call!" she told them. "This time, it was Mrs. Carlsberg's daughter herself. She told me, 'I just gave birth to a healthy baby girl! I'm calling you even before I call my own parents because I wanted you to be the first to hear the news. Thank you for your tefillos!'" Two desperate situations, two extraordinary yeshuos. And all of it had begun with a young woman who had been wrongly accused of cutting the line. In that crowded clinic, Malka could easily have defended herself. She had every right to explain that she had not cut the line at all. Yet she chose silence over self-defense, accepting the humiliation without responding. And while Malka had never cut the line in the clinic, her tefillos had been granted a very different place in Shamayim. For the tefillah of one who is humiliated & remains silent does not wait its turn. It goes straight to the front of the line. *Zichru Toras Moshe.*

Hypocracy?

In 1998, R' Sholom Schwadron visited London & delivered a speech in a beis medrash in Stamford Hill based on the Ramban in Parshas Bechukosai. He spoke passionately about how people run to doctors when they should first turn to Hashem. Afterward, he asked if anyone could give him a ride. R' Kalman Knopfler

offered, & when he learned that R' Schwadron wanted to go to Golders Green to visit Dr. Adler, he was surprised. After a speech criticizing people for first running to doctors, R' Schwadron himself was going to a doctor! R' Schwadron responded, "Dr. Adler is not a doctor. He is a malach—an angel." *The Weekly Vort.*

The Alter of Navardok's Last Candle

The Alter of Navardok, zt"l, Rav Yosef Yoizel Horowitz (1847-1919), was once sitting in a cabin in the woods learning Torah at night. His only source of light was his last candle which was almost at its end. Rav Yosef Yoizel was worried that he would be forced to stop learning, but he strengthened himself with thoughts of Bitachon, faith in Hashem. He had strong trust that Hashem could provide a solution for him, even in his isolated location. He walked to the front of the cabin, opened the door, and was startled to see someone approaching him from the woods. The stranger handed him a candle and then disappeared into the woods. Rav Yosef Yoizel, never discovered the identity of the stranger. He viewed the miracle as a reminder. *Torah U'Tefilah as compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

The Story Behind the Salvation **By Rabbi David Ashear**

I recently attended a celebration for the birth of a baby girl. Baruch Hashem, the baby was healthy, the mother was healthy, & everyone was coming in smiling & saying, "Mazal Tov!" It was a beautiful, happy occasion. At one point, the grandfather said something that really struck me. He said, "Everyone is walking in

here & seeing the end of the story. You see a beautiful baby. You see happy parents. But nobody knows what happened before we got here." The baby was born on Erev Rosh Hashanah. The labor had gone on for a very long time, & then things became very frightening. The baby was breech & was having tremendous difficulty coming out. The mother was bleeding heavily. Eventually, the baby was delivered, but she had to be taken to the NICU. The young husband had walked into the hospital expecting the happiest day of his life. This was his first child. But suddenly, he was terrified for both his wife & his baby. When his father came to the hospital shortly before Rosh Hashanah, the moment his son saw him, he broke down crying on his shoulder. He was so scared. Would his wife be okay? Was the baby going to be okay? Nobody knew. His parents had to leave the hospital & rush home for Rosh Hashanah. Throughout the holiday, they were on edge. How was their son doing? How was their daughter-in-law doing? How was the baby doing? But after Rosh Hashanah, they found out everything had changed. Their son was smiling & laughing. Their daughter-in-law was doing well. The baby was out of the NICU. Baruch Hashem, everyone was healthy & everything was wonderful. And now, everyone was coming to the celebration saying, "Mazal Tov! What a beautiful baby!" But they were only seeing the end of the story. And sometimes, we don't even know the full extent of the yeshuah when it happens. We recently spoke about the Flydubai flight & the tremendous salvation that took place. At that time, we thanked Hashem for saving the people on the airplane. But now, new

information has come to light that makes the salvation so much greater. According to investigators, the co-pilot had been planning a September 11style suicide attack, intending to crash the plane into the passenger terminal at Ben Gurion Airport & cause mass casualties. What we thought was a salvation of one plane full of people was also the prevention of a potential catastrophe on an enormous scale. We said Baruch Hashem then, but now we can say Baruch Hashem with an entirely new appreciation. Sometimes we see the end, but we don't even know the entire story behind it. In our own lives, there will be so many times when we say Baruch Hashem without even knowing what Hashem saved us from. And if we are living through a difficulty, we have to remember that we're still in the middle of the story. We haven't reached the end yet. These moments can bring us so close to Hashem & build us in ways we can't even realize. We should always merit to see the salvations & be able to give the proper hakarat hatov to Hashem, but we can never underestimate the levels we can reach even before the salvation comes. *Living Emunah.*

The Musician's Story

Rebbetzin Esther Jungreis told an amazing story in her book The Committed Life, about a speaking tour that she was on in Israel. She needed some musicians to accompany her, & out of nowhere, she was approached by a few yeshivah boys who offered their services. She asked them how they knew that she needed a band. The leader of the band answered, "Actually, we didn't know, we just wanted to help." With that, he began to tell his story. "A few years ago, when I was living in

New York, I was totally assimilated. I had no understanding of Judaism. My life was music, & I was on my way to Paris to continue my musical studies. I was walking on Kings Highway in Brooklyn when suddenly I heard a crash & the screech of brakes. I looked up, & there in the street, covered with blood, was a Rabbi who had been run over by a car. "I rushed to his side & tried to talk to him, but he didn't respond, so I stayed with him & held his hand until the police & an ambulance came. As he was lifted onto a stretcher, I noticed that his lips were moving. It seemed like he wanted to tell me something. I leaned down & bent my ear close to his lips so that I might hear him. Rebbetzin, you'll never believe what the Rabbi said to me." For a moment, the young man paused. Then he swallowed hard & continued with his story. "'Son, are you Jewish?' the Rabbi asked me. 'Yes, Pop,' I answered. 'I am Jewish.' 'Son' the Rabbi whispered again – although it was obvious that it was very painful & difficult for him to talk. He mustered all his strength & said, 'You must go to Jerusalem & study Torah.'" "Can you imagine? There was this Rabbi, suffering from multiple fractures, his body bloody & bruised, & in his pain what did he do? He told me to go to Jerusalem & study Torah! That experience changed my life. I realized that I had met a saint, a man who was so committed to his faith that he was able to overcome his suffering to reach out to me. So now you know why I'm here. The Rabbi changed my life, & I want to give back." Rebbetzin Jungreis listened to his story but had difficulty answering him. She recognized that story; she knew it well because that Rabbi was

her father. When he recovered from that accident, he told his children of the incident & asked that they try to find the young man to thank him for his kindness, for staying with him until the ambulance came. They never did find him, but now, years later, here in Jerusalem, he came to offer his services in gratitude to the Rabbi, & the Rebbetzin was able to thank him in the name of her father. We see from this story how the Rabbi reached out to another Jew even in an incredibly difficult time & was able to bring him back to Judaism. *Jack E. Rahmey based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.*

A Chassidic Child's Resurection **From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

It is told of one of the most devoted followers of the holy Rebbe, Rabbi Meir of Premishlan, of blessed memory, about the extraordinary event that took place in connection with one of his lengthy journeys to attend to his extensive business affairs. He traveled from city to city and, thank G-d, enjoyed great success in all his business dealings. After several months, he reached his home town and, without saying a word to anyone or even stopping at his house first, went straight to the home of his holy Rebbe, Rabbi Meirl. He presented the Rebbe with a kvitl—a written petition together with a sum of money as a pidyon nefesh—a redemption offering for the merit & protection of his [or someone else's] soul. The Rebbe studied the note, sank into deep thought, & then said: "The child whose name is written on this note, for whom a prayer for a complete recovery is being requested, does not need my blessing at all. He is the son of the holy Rebbe, Rabbi Yisrael of

Ruzhin,. Surely he is protected from all harmful forces." The Chassid was overcome with emotion. He stood there before the Rebbe in utter astonishment, unable to utter a single word. The others present in the room were equally amazed to hear the Rebbe's words, yet none dared question their holy master. After the Chassid left the Rebbe's room, several of his fellow Chassidim followed him & asked him what the Rebbe had meant by his remarkable statement. "What can I tell you, my dear brothers?" he began, his voice trembling with great emotion. "Our righteous Rebbe would never, G-d forbid, say anything that was not firmly rooted in truth. But I have no idea whatsoever what he intended. I'd better hurry home to speak with my wife." The next morning in shul, after the prayers, he gathered his colleagues from the day before. A number of other chasidim also strolled over to listen. "While I was away on my lengthy business trip, I received an urgent telegram from my dear wife, may she live & be well. She informed me that our little son had fallen gravely ill, & that the doctors who came to treat him declared that his illness was extremely serious. "That day, I was on my way to the city of Sadigura. I decided that, since I would anyway be there, I should visit the heilecheh (holy) Ruzhiner Rebbe, who lives there, & ask for his blessing for my son's complete recovery. "That very evening, the child's condition took a terrible turn for the worse. The doctor despaired of his chances; and from moment to moment he expected the child's imminent death, G-d forbid. "'There is nothing more we can do,' the doctor declared sorrowfully. "My wife burst into bitter tears,

but there was nothing more she could do to help our precious little boy either. “Then, a few moments later, as the doctor waited for the inevitable, he noticed that the child had stopped breathing. He examined him & pronounced him dead. “The child was already covered with a sheet. Candles were lit at his head, as is customary, & my weeping wife was led out of the room. “The doctor remained behind for several more minutes to record the sequence of events in his notebook. When he was finally ready to leave, he cast one last sorrowful glance at the body of my son covered beneath the sheet. “That’s when he noticed the slightest movement under the sheet. “He hurried over & discovered that the child was breathing through his nose beneath the sheet. He quickly removed the covering from the child's face & ordered that the candles be extinguished. “And then, without any clear medical explanation, the child began to come back to life. “Color slowly returned to his face, & he began to cry. From one moment to the next, he grew stronger until he fully recovered & once again was entirely healthy, thank G-d!” The chasid paused briefly before continuing: “The doctor of course, recorded everything in the hospital ledger, even noting the precise times at which each event occurred. Only afterward did we realize that the very moment I entered the room of Rabbi Yisrael of Ruzhin, presented him with the note & the money as a pidyon nefesh for my little son, & received his blessing, was exactly the moment when my beloved child returned to life. “Now do you understand?” exclaimed the Chassid, concluding his moving account. “Our righteous Rebbe, Rabbi Meir of

Premishlan, perceived through his ruach hakodesh—his divinely inspired insight—that the child was the son of the righteous Rebbe of Ruzhin. For it was through the merit of the Ruzhiner's blessing that he remained alive & regained his health!" *KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed in Israel.*

Shmuel the Jew & His Honesty

There was once a Jew named Shmuel who lived in a small European town. A scholar of Torah & upright of character, he was also clever & competent. When the governor of the district heard about his abilities he appointed him his business manager, & grew to trust him implicitly. Along with his other responsibilities Shmuel was entrusted with the keys to the treasury. The governor had no compunctions about this, as he knew he could rely on the honest Jew. Shmuel, for his part, proved to be more than worthy of the governor's trust. He exercised his duties faithfully. The governor's assistant business manager, however, was a vicious anti-Semite. Shmuel's success, & the esteem in which he was held, were almost too much for him to bear. His greatest desire was for the governor to get rid of the Jew & appoint him in his stead. Then one day, it seemed as if his fantasy was about to be fulfilled... The governor had just returned from an extended trip, & was throwing a party for his friends to celebrate his return. Before leaving, the governor had appointed Shmuel in charge of his household. In the middle of the festivities, during which the wine flowed like water, the governor decided to impress his guests by showing off his wealth. One his most priceless possessions

was an extremely large & rare diamond, whose value was beyond estimation. The governor had never displayed it in public, but the party seemed like the perfect opportunity to do so. Shmuel, as manager of the estate, was asked to retrieve the jewel from the treasury. A few minutes later he returned holding a tiny golden box, encrusted with precious gems & diamonds. Everyone gathered around the governor to see this special sight. With an extravagant gesture the governor opened the box, but was stunned to find it was empty! The diamond had evidently been stolen. After the initial shock had worn off, all of the guests began to look at Shmuel with suspicion. Everyone knew him as an honest fellow, but what other explanation could there be? Who else had access to the treasury? The governor turned to Shmuel & said delicately, “For many years you have worked for me faithfully. But sometimes, a person may give in to temptation. If you return the diamond, I give you my word that nothing bad will happen to you.” “G-d forbid!” Shmuel cried as his face paled. Pain & disgrace were visible in his eyes. “In my whole life I’ve never touched anything that didn’t belong to me, & I certainly didn’t take your diamond.” The crowd was silent. The Jewish manager’s words sounded sincere, but unfortunately, all the evidence pointed to his guilt. Then Shmuel had an idea. “If you give me a chance to prove myself,” he said, “I will show you who the real thief is.” After asking the assembled guests to remain in the hall, Shmuel rushed off to his house. He returned, clutching a black rooster under his arm. Everyone’s curiosity was aroused by the odd spectacle. “Esteemed

guests," Shmuel announced in a loud voice, "this rooster is not your ordinary, run of the mill bird. In fact, it has a special ability to detect thieves! When an honest man touches this rooster, it does not react. But if a thief dares to pet it, it immediately ruffles its feathers & crows at the top of its lungs. Pay attention - it will now reveal the person who stole the governor's diamond." Shmuel chose five guests at random & asked them to pet the wonderful bird. The guests did as they were asked, but the rooster remained silent. A wave of laughter rippled through the hall. What an impudent Jew! It wasn't bad enough that he had stolen the diamond; now he was making fun of them as well! Shmuel, however, appeared unconcerned. "Wait! The test is not yet over," he called out. The five men who had petted the bird were then asked to raise the hand that had touched it. Five hands shot up in the air. Four palms were as black as coal, but the fifth - the one that belonged to the assistant manager - was white. "Here's your thief!" Shmuel announced, pointing to the assistant manager. "He is responsible for the robbery." Everyone stared at the man, who was trembling with the fright of discovery. Without a word in self-defense, the assistant manager then admitted to stealing the diamond. When the governor asked Shmuel to reveal the rooster's secret, he burst out laughing. "There really isn't anything special about this rooster," the Jew explained. "The only thing I did was to rub soot into its feathers before I brought it here. I figured that an innocent person wouldn't hesitate to pet it, whereas the guilty party would only make believe he was touching it. And indeed, my assumption was correct..."

After apologizing profusely, the governor gave Shmuel a warm hug, & announced that he was giving him a promotion. And the assistant manager was thrown into jail, where he remained for the rest of his life. *L'Chaim, a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization*

Selling the Importance Of Keeping Shabbos

Once, a Shul in South Africa received a very generous donation from a wealthy man who was not a Shomer Shabbos. Since their Rav had a strict policy not to use money given by such a person, the Gaba'im held back from cashing the check. Meanwhile, the donor visited Eretz Yisroel. One of his acquaintances from South Africa was, also there, & he suggested that they go together to meet with the famous Rosh Yeshivah of the Ponevezh Yeshivah, Rav Elazar Shach, zt"l. When they appeared before Rav Shach, the acquaintance introduced the man from South Africa to the Rosh Yeshivah as a generous supporter of Torah institutions in his home country. The wealthy man lowered his head to receive a Brachah from the Gadol. Rav Shach placed his hands on the wealthy man's head and spoke directly, & lovingly, to his visitor, instead of giving him a Brachah. He said, "My son, if you want a Brachah, you should keep Shabbos, because Shabbos is the source of all Brachah. "Every nation has its flag, & the flag of the nation of Israel is Shabbos! Shabbos is the symbol & the sign that we are Jewish. Shabbos is the guarantee of the continuation of the Jewish nation forever. If we do not identify with our flag, we are in grave danger of losing our Jewish identity. Without Shabbos, we are in serious trouble in so many ways. What guarantee do you have that your children

will remain Jewish? Who will guard them from marrying out of the faith, if not the Holy Shabbos herself?" These warm & heartfelt words penetrated to the heart of the man. They affected him so profoundly, that right after leaving the presence of the Rosh Yeshivah he announced, "From this moment on, I will be a Shomer Shabbos!" The acquaintance who had brought the wealthy man to meet Rav Shach immediately called the Rav in South Africa to tell him the good news, & the Gaba'im were then able to deposit that check, which was so vital to the Shul!

Rabbi Yehuda of Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.

The Burial Dilemma

Rav Chaim Kanievsky, zt"l, writes this story in Sefer Siach Nechamah (page 192). Rav Mordechai Banet, zt"l, was the Rav of Nikolsburg for many years. Though he was old & weak, he agreed to travel to the city of Carlsbad to attend an important meeting of Rabbanim. However, the trip turned out to be too much for him, & he passed away while he was in Carlsbad. The day he passed away was on an Erev Shabbos, & in order that his burial not be delayed, his Levaya & burial took place in the city where he died. The people of Nikolsburg were very upset about this, & wanted their beloved Rav to be buried in the city he had served so faithfully for so long, so that they would be able to regularly visit his Kever. In spite of this, the people of Carlsbad refused to comply. They wrote a letter to the Chasam Sofer, the Gadol HaDor, to rule on the question of where Rav Banet should be buried. There was a delay of a few months in his response, but finally,

the Chasam Sofer sent a Psak, a ruling, that Rav Banet should be transferred to his hometown of Nikolsburg. The Chasam Sofer, who would usually immediately answer all questions that came to him, especially such important ones, was later asked why it took him so long to send a response to this particular question, & he gave the following incredible explanation. As soon as he had received the letter with the question, he sat down & wrote a lengthy answer ruling that Rav Banet's body should be returned to Nikolsburg. However, as soon as he finished writing it, his inkwell tipped over & spilled all over the letter, & ruined everything he had just written. The Chasam Sofer felt strongly that this was a sign from Shamayim that he should not rule to move the Rav's body from its current burial spot, so, he simply didn't respond at all. Three months later the Chasam Sofer had a dream in which Rav Banet appeared to him & related, "Many years ago, I was engaged to a girl from Carlsbad, & we were engaged for three months. However, for certain reasons, I broke off the Shidduch. Since I caused pain to this Bas Yisroel, it was decreed in Shamayim that I be buried near her for three months, & for this reason, I had to pass away far from my home & be buried in that cemetery, near the grave of that girl. Now that three months have passed, my body is allowed to be transferred to Nikolsburg, where my community awaits my return." When the Chasam Sofer woke up, he wrote a new letter permitting the transfer of Rav Banet to his hometown, & he added an apology to his letter & wrote, "My response was delayed until now!" *Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.*

Sweeter than Honey By Chaim Fisch - *Real Self-Growth*

Many years ago, when R' Yom Tov Glaser first became a baal teshuvah, he went to visit his mother for the first time since becoming frum. She wanted to treat him like a very special guest, so she prepared a special meal for him. But when he saw the food, he told her he couldn't eat her food because it needed to be kosher, especially meat and chicken. She said, "Okay," and went to get kosher food. Later, he told her, "My rabbi said I still can't eat the food, since you aren't shomer Shabbos." His mother said, "Okay, so I will keep Shabbos and become shomer Shabbos if that's the only way you will eat the food I make you." And she really kept Shabbos! Many years passed, and she became fully frum. She told her son, R' Yom Tov, "For many years I kept Shabbos for YOU; now I am finally keeping Shabbos for ME. Because I WANT to keep it!" What's The Lesson? Sometimes we start off doing mitzvahs for the wrong reason, to get honor, or for whatever reason. But as we get older, we should focus more on ourselves: serving Hashem not because of peer pressure, but because we want to come close to Hashem. Because I want to do the right thing! This Connects To This Week's Parshah: R' Yom Tov's mother, preparing food, reminds us of Avraham Avinu, and Sarah who prepared food for guests. It is so important to help others, especially guests. Guests don't only mean people who stay overnight or for a long time; in the story of Avraham, they stayed for a few minutes, but one can be very nice and caring to others in just a few moments. Chazal teach us how great the mitzvah of serving and helping guests is: Hashem came to visit Avraham Avinu because he was sick and recovering from his bris, yet, Avraham left Hashem's presence to help some random passing Arab strangers and serve them. As Chazal say: "Welcoming guests is greater than receiving the Shechinah, Hashem's presence!" Think about it! Avraham was having the

greatest spiritual experience, being in Hashem's presence, yet he left to help other people! Sometimes helping others is greater than self-growth; or better said, there is no greater self-growth than helping others!

Q&A with Rav Avigdor Miller זצ"ל - *Israeli Political Parties*

Q: What's the Rav's opinion of the Likud party versus the Labor party in Israel?

A: I must tell you my sincere opinion – I'm not interested in either of them. There's only one party for us & that's the party of those that are sh'lomei emunei Yisroel. That's our party. The frum Jews, that's our party. The truth is that someday there will be a history written; there will be a Tanach written. The gemara says that: אליהו כותב והקב"ה חותם – Eliyahu HaNavi is going to write it & Hakodosh Boruch Hu will sign (Kiddushin 70a). There's going to be something like a great Tanach written & in that Tanach you'll look in the back or in the front for references; you'll want to see who is mentioned in this book. Likud? No; no mention of Likud! Nothing! You won't find Teddy Kollek there either. You won't find Ben Gurion. No, nothing will be mentioned of them. Nothing at all. The history of Am Yisroel is being written by the frum Jews. They are the ones who make history – the frum men & frum women. The ones who are raising families, they're writing history. A mother brings up a family of sons & daughters, sh'lomei emunei Yisroel, she has made history & she'll be in that history book. Yes, women will be in that history book. Tzadikim & tzidkaniyos, frum men & women – not only gedolei Yisroel. ויד כל אדם בו – Everybody's hand will write in that history book something. Every person will someday be in the history book & it will be a very well written history. Eliyahu HaNavi knows how to write. And all the tzadikim will be there, but nobody else! Likud, Labor, all of them will be left out. Now, some people think it's not a real Jewish history unless it mentions also the names of this

Reformer, of that Zionist, of this other fellow. No! These are just accidents of history, tragedies, & they'll be left out. Now, Hakodosh Boruch Hu will 'take care' of them, don't worry about that! He won't leave them out from getting what they deserve. Oh yes, He'll 'take care' of them! He has something in store for them! But they won't be in the history book of the Am Yisroel. In that great Tanach, only the sh'lomei emunei Yisrael will be inscribed. *April 1996*

Rabbi Meir Orlian's Business Halacha Institute – *Spoiled Cholent*

The Berman family was celebrating their son's aufruf. They had hired Mr. Essin to cater the Shabbos. Everything was going smoothly until the cholent was brought out on Shabbos morning. As the waiter was serving the cholent, he noticed that something was wrong. The cholent had spoiled & was inedible! He quickly informed the kitchen staff, & the cholent dishes were removed. There was plenty of other food, but not having cholent to serve was embarrassing! Cholent was expected at the Shabbos morning meal, & the Bermans felt uncomfortable that they could not offer it to their guests. After Shabbos, Mr. Essin contacted the Bermans. "I'm very sorry about what happened," he apologized. "Of course, I'll credit you for the cost of the cholent. I'm also willing to offer a small additional credit as a gesture of goodwill." "A small credit?" Mr. Berman replied indignantly. "You embarrassed us in front of all our guests & the mechutanim! We spent a considerable amount arranging this Shabbos, & not having such a basic part of the meal was embarrassing. You owe us substantial compensation for the shame you caused!" Mr. Essin was taken aback. "I understand your frustration, but I prepared the cholent as I always do," he countered. "I am just as surprised as you that something went wrong. I'm happy to make a goodwill gesture, but I don't accept that I'm liable for your embarrassment." "That's not

good enough," Mr. Berman insisted. "You were hired to provide proper Shabbos meals, & you failed. Surely you must bear responsibility for the shame we suffered!" Unable to reach an agreement, the two came before Rabbi Dayan & presented their positions. Mr. Berman asked: "Is Mr. Essin liable for the shame he caused?" "The Gemara (B.B. 93b) cites the opinion of R. Shimon b. Gamliel that if someone hired a professional to mill grain, bake bread, or slaughter an animal for him, but the professional performed the job improperly so that it failed – he is liable not only for the ruined grain, flour, or animal, but also for the person's embarrassment towards his guests, whom he cannot feed," replied Rabbi Dayan. "R. Shimon b. Gamliel similarly mentions a 'great practice' in Yerushalayim that if someone hired a caterer & he ruined the meal – the caterer is liable for the embarrassment entailed. "However, the Sages disagree & obligate only for the actual damage, not the embarrassment, which is considered grama & does not carry an enforceable liability. "Nonetheless, the Tur (O.C. #170) mentions the practice of Yerushalayim, but Shulchan Aruch & later authorities omit it (Pischei Choshen, Nezikin 11:[50]). "Some explain that the Tur mentioned this practice, even though there is no halachic liability according to the Sages, because the people of Yerushalayim chose to act stringently, nonetheless, & we should learn from them (Mateh Yehuda (Ayash) O.C. 170:1). "However, this is – at most – a voluntary stringency. "Although there exists an obligation of boshes – shame, in halachah, it is one of the five payments associated with physical assault, derived from the verse (Devarim 25:11). Thus, if one shamed another verbally without any physical contact there is no obligation of boshes. The shame incurred is considered grama, for which there is only a heavenly obligation when done intentionally (see Pischei Choshen, Nezikin 3:39, 11:23). Similarly, if a person spat on another & the saliva touched his victim's body, the

person is liable for the embarrassment he caused, but if he spit only on the victim's clothing, he is not liable. Even so, beis din can pressure the assailant to appease the victim as they see fit (C.M. 420:38). "Furthermore, although the other four payments for physical injury (nezek, tza'ar, ripui & sheves) apply even when the damage was unintended or accidental, the Gemara (B.K. 27a) derives that the liability for boshes is only when there was intent to damage, even if without explicit intent to shame (C.M. 421:1-11) "Therefore, in our case, Mr. Essin carries no liability for your embarrassment towards the guests," concluded Rabbi Dayan. "According to the Tur, there may be basis to appease as a stringency, but where the failure was unexpected even this is not necessary, other than as a gesture of goodwill." Verdict: Liability for boshes (shame) applies only when there is physical contact with intent to damage. Otherwise, the shame caused is at most grama, for which there is no enforceable liability. When unintended, there is not even a heavenly obligation, other than as an expression of goodwill.

Famous Jewish Companies - *Samsonite*

Jesse Shwayder is the Jewish founder of Samsonite. After working as a luggage salesman in New York, he returned to Denver, his hometown, and founded the Shwayder Trunk Manufacturing Company in 1910 with his father and brothers. A religious man, he named one of his early cases Samson, after the Biblical strongman Shimshon HaGibor. The company introduced a tapered fiber suitcase in 1939, began using the Samsonite trademark for it in 1941, and changed its name to Samsonite in 1965. Shwayder died in 1970, and the family sold the company to Beatrice Foods in 1973. He was inducted posthumously into the Colorado Business Hall of Fame in 1991

World First, Grown Right Here in Haifa 👁 - World First, Grown Right Here in Haifa 👁 Doctors at Rambam have now given five patients lab grown corneas, built from 3D printed living tissue by the Israeli company Precise Bio. The very first patient, treated last October, had been blind in that eye. He can see out of it again. One donated cornea can now produce between 400 & 500 of these implants. CEO Arie Batt put it simply: "We proved that it's no longer science fiction." The trial is still running, with results expected in 2027. But for the first five people who got their sight back, the future already arrived.

● ●

Magen David Adom Just Got 96 New Ambulances 🚑 - In Ramla this week, Magen David Adom rolled out 96 new ambulances to mark 96 years of saving lives in Israel. Donors from the US, Canada, France, the UK, Switzerland, Belgium & Australia made it happen, bringing MDA's fleet to nearly 2,000 vehicles nationwide. Director-General Eli Bin put it best: "Although 96 is a mature age, Israel's national emergency medical service is young & strong."

● ●

Bar Mitzvah at 30,000 Feet ✈ - On a flight from New York to Toronto, Rabbi Yitzchak Dovid Grossman, Chief Rabbi of Migdal HaEmek, got to talking with the pilot. He found out the pilot was Jewish but had never had a bar mitzvah & had never put on tefillin. The Rabbi & his grandson decided to give him that moment. Right after landing in Canada, they celebrated his bar mitzvah, & the pilot wrapped tefillin for the very first time in his life. A small, beautiful moment that shows how a Jewish connection can find you anywhere in the world.

Israel Dominates Fortune's Top Cyber List 💻👏 Fortune just released its Cyber 60 list for 2026-2027, featuring the 60 most promising cybersecurity companies in the world. 29 of them were founded by Israeli entrepreneurs, almost HALF the list! And among the youngest companies, it's even bigger: 12 of the 20 early-stage companies are Israeli, a full 60% of that category. These companies are building cutting-edge tech that protects organizations, data and computer systems around the world, including against new threats from AI. Even in a challenging time, Israel keeps producing the innovators leading the global future of cyber.

Picture Perfect...

Old Mrs. Katz decided to have her portrait painted.
She told the artist, "Paint me with diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, emerald bracelets, a ruby broach, & gold Rolex." But you're not wearing any of those things," replied the artist. "I know," she said. "It's in case I should die before Mr. Katz. If he remarries, I want his new wife to go crazy looking for the jewelry.

For a free email subscription, sponsor an issue for $180 or co-sponsor for $120. email:Services@JewishHeritage.org