

AT THE ARTSCROLL SHABBOS TABLE

A PROJECT
OF THE
Mesorah
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פרשת שמין-
החודש
כ"ז אדר ב' תשפ"ד

5784

APRIL 6, 2024

ISSUE #184

RABBI YITZCHOK

HISIGER, EDITOR

DESIGN & LAYOUT:
MRS. AVIVA KOHN

WEEKLY INSPIRATION AND INSIGHT ADAPTED FROM CLASSIC ARTSCROLL TITLES

PROJECT DEDICATED BY MENACHEM AND BINAH BRAUNSTEIN AND FAMILY
L'ILLUI NISHMAS RAV MOSHE BEN RAV YISSOCHOR BERISH AND MARAS YENTA BAS YISROEL CHAIM

PARASHAH

RIGHT ON TIME

Aleinu L'Shabei'ach by Rav Yitzchok Zilberstein

כל מִפְרֶסֶת פְּרָסָה וְשִׁסְעַת נֶשֶׁע פְּרֶסֶת מְעֻלַת גֶּרָה בְּבִהֶמָה אֲתָה תֹאכְלוּ.
Everything among the animals that has a split hoof, which is completely separated into double hooves, and that brings up its cud — that one you may eat (II:3).

The Biala Rebbe sees in this verse an allusion to the way a Jew should conduct himself. The words *that brings up its cud* suggest that a person should “chew over” his every action in his mind. The words *that has a split hoof* suggest that he should proceed cautiously, with half steps, being exceedingly careful in how he behaves.

Rav Yosef Shlomo Kahaneman, the Ponovezher Rav, once went to London on a fundraising tour for his *yeshivah*, whose financial situation was critical at the time. During that visit, Rav Yaakov

Rosenheim arranged a meeting for him with one of the wealthiest individuals in the London Jewish community. This man had a very tight schedule, and he was scheduled to travel to a different city, but he agreed to meet with the Rav at the train station prior to his departure. The train was set to leave at 8 a.m., and the meeting was scheduled for 7:45.

The Ponovezher Rav planned to *daven* early, in a *shul* that was located near the train station, and go directly from there to the meeting. But that night, he became deeply engrossed in a *sugya* that he was learning, and he stayed up until the wee hours of the night learning. When he went to sleep, it was already almost morning.

When he woke up, it was already late. If he would go to *shul* now, he realized, he would be late for the meeting.

The Ponovezher Rav considered his options. On one hand, he wanted to *daven* with a *minyan*. On the other

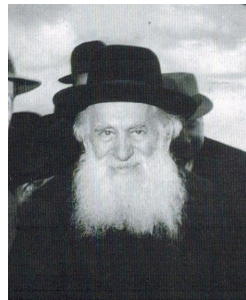
hand, he had to do what was best for the *yeshivah*.

It did not take him long to decide that although he was trying to help the *yeshivah*, he could only make the type of efforts that were within the parameters of *halachah*. If meeting with a potential donor had to come at the expense of his prayer with a *minyan*, that was not the type of effort that was expected of him.

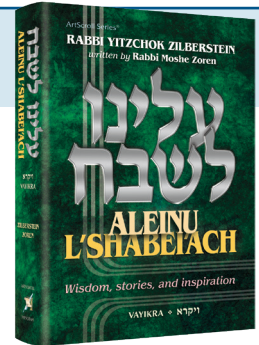
Having made his decision, he went to *shul* to *daven*. When *davening* was over, he looked at his watch and saw that it was already 9 o'clock. There did not seem to be any chance that the meeting could still take place, but he went to the train station anyway.

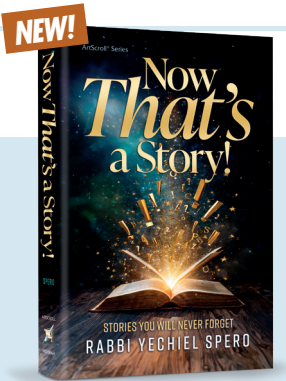
When he arrived at the train station, an hour and a quarter after the scheduled time of the meeting, lo and behold, the man he was supposed to meet was arriving at exactly the same time! After the two shook hands, the man apologized for his lateness and explained that he had been delayed. He then presented the Ponovezher Rav with a generous check that adequately provided for the *yeshivah* for a long time afterward.

When the Ponovezher Rav returned to the *yeshivah*, he described the above incident in a speech he gave to the *bachurim*. “Had I given up on *davening* with a *minyan*,” he said, “I would have been at the train station before 8 o'clock. Not only would I have lost the chance to *daven* with a *minyan*, but I would have also missed the meeting, for I would never have thought to wait until 9 o'clock for the person to arrive.”



The Ponovezher Rav





The pain came without warning, out of nowhere. Rav Yechiel Michel Stern, *rav* of the Ezras Torah neighborhood in Yerushalayim and prolific *mechaber sefarim*, had never felt anything like it before.

At first, he tried to ignore it. But when the pain persisted, he realized that it was time to go see a doctor.

After taking numerous tests, the doctor sat down with him.

The tests were conclusive. Rav Yechiel Michel had a large growth and it had to be removed immediately. Even after receiving other doctors' opinions, the prognosis remained bleak. He was told to brace for the long haul. The surgery would be complex, and his quality of life would not be the same afterward.

Just yesterday, it had seemed to him that life would last forever, and now everything had changed.

As a prominent *marbitz Torah*, it pained Rav Yechiel Michel that he would no longer be able to fulfill his life's purpose, and he grew increasingly nervous as the date of the surgery approached.



Rav Yechiel Michel Stern

However, the *Shabbos* before the operation, his entire attitude underwent a drastic change, as he sat down with his family and told them, "I'm confident that everything is going to be okay, that I'll recover completely and I'll be able to resume my usual activities. You'll see. The doctors' disheartening prognosis will be proven incorrect."

His children asked their father what had changed and why he was suddenly so convinced that it would all blow over. At first, he wouldn't say anything. But after his children begged him to fill them in, he finally relented and told them his story.

As you know, I am a *talmid* of Rav Aryeh Levin, the *tzaddik* of Yerushalayim, who used to visit prisons and leper hospitals on *Shabbos* and also during the week. No *Yid* in need was off-limits. He would go anywhere and

speaking to anyone who needed to be uplifted. He improved thousands of lives, as he infused life into the lifeless. When Rav Aryeh visited hospitals, doctors often warned him that the patients with whom he interacted were highly contagious and the diseases they carried were dangerous. That didn't stop him from hugging them, holding their hands, and getting close to them.

After Rav Aryeh passed away, I accepted upon myself to try to follow his routine. Obviously, it's impossible to fill such a giant's shoes. But I would do the best I could.

One day, I went to visit an old-age home. When I walked in, I heard moaning and groaning. I went over to the source of the moans and I asked the elderly individual what was wrong.

The man declined to answer. "There's no way you can help me."

But I refused to accept his answer and kept inquiring what I could do.

Finally, he told me, "I am suffering from terrible pain as a result of stomach

ailments."

I approached the nurse and asked the obvious question. "Why don't you take this man to the hospital?"

"The treatment for his condition is prohibitively expensive and not covered by insurance," she said. "Though it is the responsibility of the children to pay for such treatment, they refuse, claiming that it is the responsibility of the old-age home. In the meantime, this man, who is in obvious agony, has become the volleyball, while nobody is willing to pay."

I ran over to the administrator and pleaded with him. How could he allow an old man to suffer like this? He gave me the same runaround. I called the children and pleaded on their father's behalf. Coldheartedly, they refused to do anything.

continued on page 3

THIS WEEK'S DAF YOMI SCHEDULE:

APRIL / אדר ב'-ניסן

SHABBOS	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
6 כז	7 ח	8 ט	9 י	10 יא	11 יב	12 יג
Bava Metzia 38	Bava Metzia 39	Bava Metzia 40	Bava Metzia 41	Bava Metzia 42	Bava Metzia 43	Bava Metzia 44

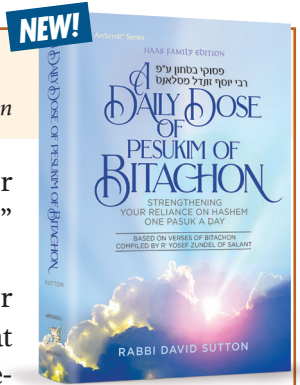
THIS WEEK'S MISHNAH YOMI SCHEDULE:

APRIL / אדר ב'-ניסן

SHABBOS	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
6 כז	7 ח	8 ט	9 י	10 יא	11 יב	12 יג
Nazir 1:2-3	Nazir 1:4-5	Nazir 1:6-7	Nazir 2:1-2	Nazir 2:3-4	Nazir 2:5-6	Nazir 2:7-8

THE GREATEST REWARD

A Daily Dose of Pesukim of Bitachon by Rabbi David Sutton



“Kavei el Hashem chazak veyameitz libecha v’kavei el Hashem - Hope to Hashem; strengthen yourself and He will give you courage, and hope to Hashem” (Tehillim 27:14).

The Brisker Rav says that the greatest reward that Hashem can give a *baal bitachon* is more *bitachon*. He explains with the following *mashal*:

There were two brothers, one wealthy and one poor. The wealthy brother had a good heart and supported his poor brother with an open hand, supplying him with food, drink, clothing, housing, and everything else he needed. So fully did the wealthy brother share his resources that the

two brothers seemed to be living an identical lifestyle.

One day, the wealthy man told his brother, “The truth is that you have everything that you need, but it’s not good, because you are dependent on me. Therefore, I want to give you a business. That business will produce a salary for you so that you will no longer be dependent on me.”

Bitachon is like that business. It’s a wonderful tool through which we can acquire everything we need. However, the prayers bring us blessings on an item-by-item basis. “Good! Hashem got me that job.” “Great! Hashem cured my pneumonia.” “Fantastic! Hashem found

my daughter a *shidduch*.” And so on.

The Brisker Rav says that the greatest reward Hashem can give a person for his *bitachon* is more *bitachon*. That is the meaning of the repetition of “hope to Hashem.” *Bitachon* is not just a way to have our requests answered. It is an end in itself because it is a connection to Hashem that confers on us the greatest blessing of all — a calmer, more relaxed, and optimistic state of mind in any situation life brings us. 📖

IN OUR OWN HANDS continued from page 2

But I could not just sit there and allow this to continue. So, even though I was receiving a salary of only 500 lirot a month, I decided to take matters into my own hands. I paid for an ambulance and arranged for the elderly man to be transported to the hospital, where he was successfully treated for his condition. The entire bill came to 300 lirot, leaving me with 200 lirot for my family for that month! A few weeks after the treatment, the problem recurred. Again, no one did anything. And again, I paid for the treatment myself. Believe it or not, this happened five or six times. Each time, the nursing home and the children refused to cover the expenses. And every time, even though it was more than half my monthly salary, I paid out of my own pocket.

Because I couldn’t bear to see a Yid in pain.

Finally, after about half a year or so, the children came to their senses, and they began to pay for the treatment themselves.

After telling this all-but-forgotten story from a bit over four decades back, Rav Yechiel Michel contin-

ued, “Last night, on *Leil Shabbos*, that *Yid* appeared to me in a dream. He was smiling and he told me, ‘Since you saved my life, when the *gezeirah* of your illness was decreed in *Shamayim*, I went to plead to the *Borei Olam*, to wage war on your behalf. I claimed that here was a *yungerman* who didn’t even know who I was, who gave up more than half of his salary to help me

— because he couldn’t bear to see me suffer. How could we allow him to suffer from the same ailment?

“My claim was accepted,’ the man informed me happily. ‘Therefore, despite the original predictions, the surgery will not be complicated and you will recover completely.’”

During surgery, the doctors were pleasantly surprised to see that the situation was not as severe as they had originally thought. The complex operation and lost quality of life never came to be.

Rav Yechiel Michel had made sure of that decades earlier. 📖

"BECAUSE I COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE A YID IN PAIN."

This week's Yerushalmi Yomi schedule:

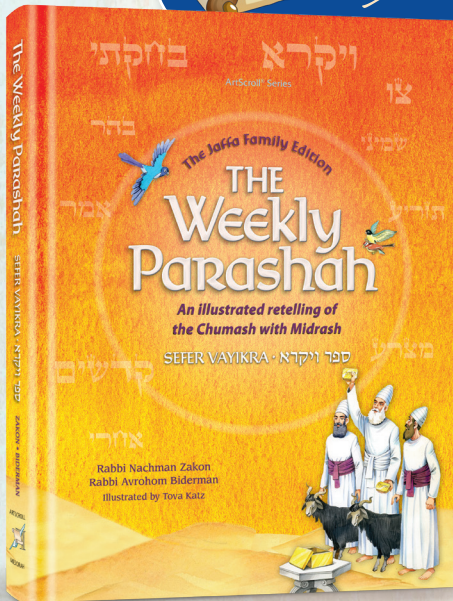
APRIL / אדר ב' תש"פ

SHABBOS	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
6 כז Terumos 95	7 כח Terumos 96	8 כט Terumos 97	9 א Terumos 98	10 ב Terumos 99	11 ג Terumos 100	12 ד Terumos 101



Parashah for Children

פרשת שמִיני



Man-made Fire

Aharon's sons, Nadav and Avihu, were tzaddikim. They thought it would be good to add their own fire to the fire from Heaven. They put hot coals onto shovels, planning to add to Hashem's fire on the Mizbei'ach.



They did not discuss this decision with their rebbi, Moshe, or their father, Aharon. That was wrong. No matter how great they were, they were not allowed to decide a Torah law when their rebbis — Moshe and Aharon — were there to decide if it was the right thing to do. This showed disrespect for Moshe and Aharon.

The consequences of their sin were tragic!

A stream of fire shot out from the Mishkan's Kodosh HaKodashim. It split into two, and then into four streams of fire. Two streams of fire entered Nadav's nostrils and two went into Avihu's.

The Heavenly fire entered their bodies and miraculously burned out their souls. Their bodies and clothes were untouched and undamaged. Their bodies dropped to the ground, but their souls were gone.

SORROW

What a terrible tragedy to happen on such a joyous day! Nadav and Avihu were awesome tzaddikim, even greater than Moshe and Aharon! Imagine Aharon's sorrow and grief at losing two sons at once!

Aharon began to cry, bitter tears streaming down his face.

Moshe immediately comforted his brother, telling him that his sons had died Al Kiddush Hashem —

for the sake of Hashem's Name — and that they had been chosen for this great honor.

What was Aharon's reaction to this?

SILENCE! Despite his great sorrow, Aharon stopped crying. He didn't complain to Hashem and say, "How could You do this?" He wasn't angry at Hashem. Even though he was deeply hurt over the loss of his sons, Aharon didn't say a word. He was silent and accepted Hashem's will. He realized that whatever Hashem does is correct.

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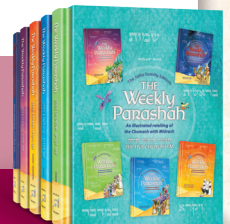
THE WEEKLY QUESTION

Question for Shemini:

In the entire world, there are only four animals that have one kosher sign. What are they?

Kids, please ask your parents to email the answer to shabbosquestion@artscroll.com by this Wednesday to be entered into a weekly raffle to win a \$36 ARTSCROLL GIFT CARD! Be sure to include your full name, city, and contact info. Names of winners will appear in a future edition. HINT: The answer can be found in *The Jaffa Family Edition Weekly Parashah*.

The winner of the Parashas Pekudei question is: ZECHARIA KUYUNOV, Rochester, NY



The question was: How long did it take to make all the parts of the Mishkan? The answer is: Approximately two and a half months.

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