



AT THE

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יום כיפור
"תשרי תשפ"ז"

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EDITOR

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PROJECT DEDICATED BY THE JAFFA FAMILY

YOM KIPPUR

WHEN THE SOLE AWAKENS THE SOUL

Steps to the Throne with Joy by Rabbi Nosson Muller

The *seudah hamafsekes* has ended, and Yom Kippur is just moments away. We remove our shoes, the first act of the self-affliction that will define the next twenty-five hours.

What is it about shoes? There are so many ways to deny pleasure to the human body. Why is going shoeless so integral to the message of Yom Kippur?

Derishah (*Orach Chaim* 606) suggests two reasons.

Only shoes fashioned from leather are forbidden, he points out. It is because leather is formed from an animal's hide, and on Yom Kippur, we seek to distance ourselves from the animalistic instincts that drive us to sin.

Second, footwear in general signifies movement. A person on his way somewhere puts on his shoes before he ventures out. On Yom Kippur, we stay in one place, standing before Hashem, focused only on Him, His will and His honor.

We have nowhere to go, and nowhere else to be.

Today, we remove our shoes!

The Beis Yisrael offers another explanation in the name of the Kli Yakar.

A barefoot man feels every little twig, rock, and pebble digging into his feet. He notices every depression in the ground, and every crack in the cement.

On Yom Kippur, every Jew has to know that even the slightest *aveirah* does damage. Every crack in his soul needs to be seen and each sinful little pebble's prick of pain needs to be felt.

R' Dovid Baharan, one of the pure *tzaddikim* of Yerushalayim, was seen weeping in shul on Chol HaMoed Succos.

He had made the *berachah* on the Four Species without noticing that the *hadassim* had slipped out of its knot and fallen to the floor.

"I made a *berachah* *levatalah*, uttering Hashem's Name in vain," he explained through his tears.

Several years later, R' Sholom Schwadron happened upon R' Dovid crying on Succos yet again.

"What is the matter, R' Dovid?" asked R' Sholom.

"Four years ago at this time on this day, I made a *berachah* *levatalah*," he said.

Stunned at the level of fear of Heaven in open display, R' Sholom made a note on his calendar to daven in that shul every year on that day.

And without fail, he would encounter a Jew who lived without shoes all year round, crying in pain over a sin he could never forget.

Once a year, we take off our

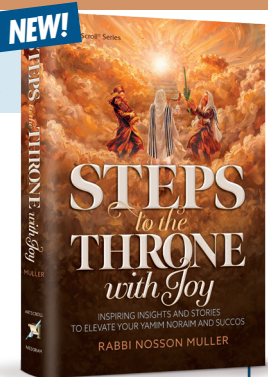
shoes, too.

It reminds us that *aveiros* are real, and they should cause pain and tears.



It was Yom Kippur eve in Yeshivas Chachmei Lublin. As two great men carried *Sifrei Torah* from the *aron kodesh*, one slipped and fell. A gasp swept through the

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The Beis Yisrael

WHY IS GOING SHOELESS SO INTEGRAL TO THE MESSAGE OF YOM KIPPUR



The following fascinating story was related by R' Shlomo Landau, who heard it from a midwife from Ramat HaSharon in central Israel.

This midwife was a woman who was not really connected to religion. In fact, she usually volunteered to work on Yom Kippur, so that those who were more observant could go to the beis knesses and daven. But there were two hours a year that, for her, were kodesh kodashim — the holiest of the holy. And they were during Ne'ilah.

She would go to a shul in Ramat HaSharon where the rav himself leads Ne'ilah. For her, the way he davened was unlike anything else. The singing, the pleading, the raw emotion — it lifted her to a different place. Those two hours gave her strength for the entire year.

But one year, things went differently. A few days before Yom Kippur, her supervisor told her that she had no one else to cover the shift, and she would not be able to attend Ne'ilah as a result.

The midwife begged her to try again, but her supervisor refused.

And so, Yom Kippur came. She spent the day in the hospital, restless and sad. The hours of Ne'ilah — her one time of connection — were slipping away.

As the afternoon turned toward evening, a couple arrived in the delivery room. The midwife looked up

— and froze. The husband was that very rav who davened Ne'ilah every year in her shul in Ramat HaSharon.

He noticed her expression and asked gently, "What's the matter?"

Through her tears, she told him everything: how she looked forward to his Ne'ilah all year, how she couldn't get off work, and how she felt lost without it.

The rav smiled softly, reached into his bag, and asked, "Do we have a lit-

A COUPLE ARRIVED IN THE DELIVERY ROOM. THE MIDWIFE LOOKED UP — AND FROZE.

tle time?" She nodded.

He took out his machzor, and there — in the labor and delivery room — he davened Ne'ilah. For his wife, for himself...and for this midwife whose soul was yearning to reconnect.

Sometimes, we think the gates are closed, that we missed our chance. But the truth is, Hashem opens His gates anywhere a Jewish heart yearns to return.

Because Ne'ilah isn't only a moment on the clock. It's a cry from the heart — and that cry can pierce the heavens at any time, in any place.

The gates are closing. The day

has nearly slipped away. The yetzer hara whispers: Who are you? What are your tefillos worth? You're tired. You've said these words before. What can your small voice accomplish at this late hour?

But Dovid HaMelech teaches: "Tefillah l'ani ki yaatof" (Tehillim 102:1). The tefillah of the poor man — when he dons his tallis and pleads before Hashem — is the highest of all. It does not say tefillah l'Moshe or tefillah l'Dovid, but tefillah l'ani.

When a broken soul turns to Hashem with nothing but faith and yearning, Hashem Himself bends down to listen.

This is our last chance. Let's use it. The world fades away; there is only Hashem and us. All that matters now is the cry that comes from the heart. No titles, no levels, no background — just a baal tefillah, a Jew who refuses to give up.

As the final minutes of Yom Kippur slip away, let's pour out our hearts. Let's cry for our families, our nation, our future.

Let us believe — with complete faith — that our tefillos can still change everything.

Because they can. 📖

COVERED WITH CARE continued from page 1

crowd, but despite hitting the ground, the man held the Sefer Torah securely against his chest.

After Kol Nidrei, R' Meir Shapiro rose to speak.

"Tatte in Himmel," he cried, "that Sefer Torah, held so firmly even as we fall, is the story of our lives. The yetzer hara may sometimes knock us down. But even when sin knocks us down, we never let go of Your Torah. We hold

it tight."

If we only make one pledge tonight, that should be it.

Promise Hashem that no matter what challenges or difficulties we may face, we will always hold on to the Torah.

Tell Him that we are His when we stand, and we remain His when we fall. 📖

A number of years ago, Yeshivas Torah Vodaath had a Sefer Torah written and dedicated in honor of R' Pam. To publicize the hachnasas Sefer Torah, the yeshivah printed posters to be displayed around the neighborhood. Naturally, the advertisements featured a beautiful picture of R' Pam.

One of these posters was placed on East Seventh Street in the Kensington neighborhood of Brooklyn, where R' Pam himself lived. However, Rebbetzin Pam was not happy about it. East Seventh Street was a quiet residential block, not a bustling avenue with stores and businesses. She felt the poster disrupted the serene character of the street and worried that it might annoy the neighbors. Determined to address the issue, the rebbetzin decided to remove the poster herself. But when she went out the next morning, it was already gone.

Soon after, the rebbetzin met her Italian neighbor and took the opportunity to apologize for the "misdeed." She wanted to assure her neighbor that she, too, was uncomfortable with the poster being there.

"In fact," said the rebbetzin, "I went out to take it down myself, but when I got there, it was already gone."



R' Avrohom Pam

The Italian neighbor smiled and replied, "Do you know who took it down? I did!"

Surprised, the rebbetzin listened as her neighbor explained, "We've lived next door to you for so many years, and we've always been inspired by Rabbi Pam's greatness

and pleasantness. We've always wanted to have a picture of him in our home. When we saw the poster, we couldn't resist! We took it down, and now it's hanging in our house."

(Adapted from "A Life's Ladder" by R' Zev Smith)

It's important to recognize that when we exude pleasantness and kindness in our daily interactions, it's not just about being polite, following etiquette, or "being a mensch." It's an expression of G-dliness.

The Yud Gimmel Middos HaRachamim are reflections of our soul; they emanate from our *chelek Eloka mimaal*.

These *middos* ultimately resonate in the deep recesses of every soul, revealing the inherent G-dliness within every human being.

Delving Deeper

Q. In short, how do we make a *kiddush Hashem*? How can our interactions really make a difference? The world follows a totally different "truth"; how can they be drawn to ours?

A. Have you ever wondered why people across all cultures are naturally drawn to honesty, kindness, and compassion? These are universal values. Why is that?

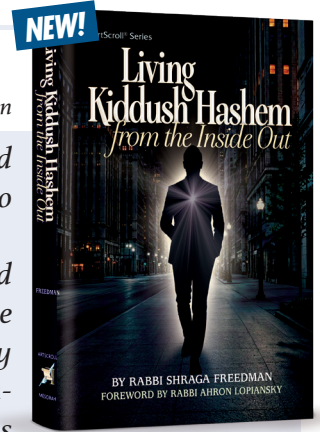
If you think about it, the *Yud Gimmel Middos* of Hashem are the very same qualities that the world instinctively respects. That's not a coincidence. It's

because Hashem's spark is present in every human being. Deep down, we all share a connection to the Divine.

When a Jew acts with pure *middos*, with integrity, compassion, and kindness, it awakens something in others. That's the power of *kiddush Hashem*.

It's no wonder we call them *core* values; they flow from the very essence of our being.

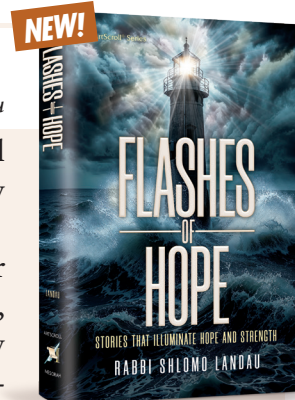
When we live with elevated *middos*, we don't just represent Hashem; we reveal Him in the world. 🌟



YOMI SCHEDULES FOR THIS WEEK:

	SHABBOS SEPTEMBER 19 ח תשרי	SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 20 ט תשרי	MONDAY SEPTEMBER 21 י תשרי	TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 22 יא תשרי	WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 23 יב תשרי	THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 24 יג תשרי	FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 25 יד תשרי
BAVLI	Chullin 142	Bechoros 2	Bechoros 3	Bechoros 4	Bechoros 5	Bechoros 6	Bechoros 7
YERUSHALMI	Yevamos 42	Yevamos 43	Yevamos 44	Yevamos 45	Yevamos 46	Yevamos 47	Yevamos 48
MISHNAH	Oholos 3:1-2	Oholos 3:3-4	Oholos 3:5-6	Oholos 3:7-4:1	Oholos 4:2-3	Oholos 5:1-2	Oholos 5:3-4
KITZUR	135:7-12	135:13-End	136:1-2	136:3-End	137:1-7	137:8-138:1	138:2-End
ORAYSA	Yevamos Chazara 106b-107b	Yevamos 108a Chazara 107b	Yevamos 108b Chazara 108a	Yevamos 109a Chazara 108b	Yevamos 109b Chazara 109a	Yevamos 110a Chazara 109b	Yevamos Chazara 108a-108b

Flashes of Hope by Rabbi Shlomo Landau



In Bnei Brak, there was a Bais Yaakov high school class of forty girls. Midway through the year, a new girl joined the class. She had a facial deformity. Though gentle, kind, and pure, she looked different from the other girls. She carried herself with quiet dignity, but the world was not always kind to her appearance. This brought her immense challenges. Every day was a test of courage. She felt exposed and vulnerable, and her confidence slowly eroded.

At first, the girls welcomed her. They smiled. They included her. For a short time, it seemed as if the new girl had found a place where she belonged. But then, one student began to pick on her. She mocked her appearance. She whispered cruel jokes. The cruelty spread. Slowly, the classroom's warmth turned into tension. The girl with the deformity felt isolated. She came home one afternoon, tears in her eyes, and told her parents, "I'm never going back. I cannot endure this humiliation."

Her parents were stunned. They had done everything to make her feel whole, to teach her to take pride in herself, to give her confidence. How could their daughter, whom they loved so deeply, be treated this way? They were devastated. They reached out to the teacher, explaining exactly what was happening. The teacher was horrified. She had no idea this was unfolding in her classroom. She felt responsible and powerless. That evening, she spoke with her husband, an *ehrllich yungerman*. Together, they realized something was seriously wrong. Her husband suggested they go to R' Aharon Leib Steinman to ask for advice.

R' Steinman, though near the end of his life, received them warmly. The teacher's husband explained what had occurred. R' Aharon Leib listened quietly, and then he said something simple yet profound. "In this Bais Yaakov, the girls begin their day with davening, then have breakfast, and only afterward begin learning. Tomorrow, tell the class we will eat breakfast immediately, at the start of the day. If the girls ask why, explain that Hashem does not desire the *tefillos* of those who cause pain to others. Just as during the Churban, Hashem was repulsed by the *tefillos* of Bnei Yisrael when they displayed *sinas chinam*, so too now,

their *tefillos* carry no weight until they understand the harm they have caused."

The next morning, the teacher entered the classroom. The girls, in their usual routine, were ready for davening. The teacher calmly said, "Girls, today we will eat breakfast immediately." Shock and murmurs rippled through the room. "What about Shacharis? We cannot eat before davening," some whispered, startled. The teacher raised her hand, and in a calm yet firm way said, "Today we are not davening. Understand that

your actions caused a girl in our class to stay home in pain. Hashem does not desire the *tefillos* of those who hurt others. For now, it is pointless to daven, as your *tefillos* will be a *berachah l'vatalah*."

For a moment, silence fell over the class. The words sank in. The students glanced at one another, and a heavy weight seemed to press upon them. The teacher left the room for a short while. When she returned, a small sheet of paper lay on her desk. It was folded neatly. She opened it and read the words slowly. Every single girl in the class had signed it. In the note, they expressed their deep remorse. They asked for forgiveness. They pledged not only to avoid hurting the girl again but to actively honor her,

to support her, and to make her feel treasured and valued. Every signature was there, forty girls as one.

The teacher felt a lump rise in her throat. She said softly, "Now that you have begun the *teshuvah* process, you may daven." What followed was extraordinary. The girls poured themselves into Shacharis with a depth of *kavanah* that could not be taught. It was more powerful than Ne'ilah! Their tears fell freely, their sobs filled the room. Their *tefillos* were transformed into heartfelt cries for mercy, understanding, and transformation. They had learned what it truly meant to care for another person, to be accountable for the pain they had caused.

The girl returned to class the next day. The girls kept their word. They included her, uplifted her, and helped her regain her confidence. She flourished, and her inner beauty shone brightly for all to see. 



R' Aharon Leib Steinman

**THE STUDENTS
GLANCED AT ONE
ANOTHER, AND A
HEAVY WEIGHT
SEEMED TO PRESS
UPON THEM.**

Rabbi Dr. Abraham J. Twerski shared the following insight.

The lobster is a fascinating creature. Unlike many animals, a lobster's body is soft and flexible, but it is encased in a rigid shell that does not expand. So, how does it grow?

As the lobster gets bigger, its shell becomes tighter, pressing against its body, creating discomfort and stress. At a certain point, the lobster simply cannot remain in its current shell; it must shed it. But this is a vulnerable process. To do so, the lobster retreats beneath a rock, hiding from predators while it discards its old shell and forms a new one. Over time, that new shell also becomes too tight, and the process repeats itself frequently.

Now, imagine if lobsters had doctors. The moment the lobsters felt discomfort, they would be given medication to numb the pressure. They would never feel the need to shed their shells.

As a result, they would never grow.

This is a crucial lesson. Challenges and discomfort are signals for growth. When we feel the pressure, when life pushes us into uncomfortable places, we can either retreat in fear or recognize that this is our moment to expand. The adversity itself is what drives the

change.

If we embrace the struggle, if we understand that growth comes only when we push through discomfort, then every difficulty becomes an opportunity. Just like the lobster, we can emerge from life's



R' Yechiel Spero

NOW, IMAGINE IF LOBSTERS HAD DOCTORS

challenges stronger, wiser, and ready for what comes next.

A person becomes comfortable in his ways. His habits, his actions, his way of thinking all become familiar, like a shell that fits just right.

But then, something happens. A feeling of unease. A realization that this isn't who he is meant to be. That shell, once so comfortable, now feels tight, restrictive.

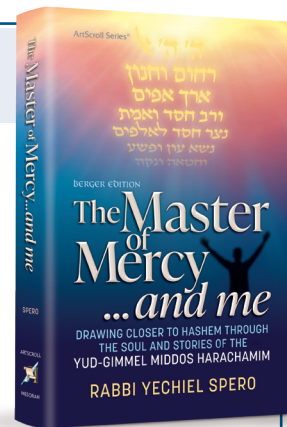
That's the call of *teshuvah*.

Like the lobster that outgrows its shell, a person begins to feel the pressure of his *aveiros*. The habits he once justified, the choices he once ignored, suddenly feel too small, too confining. There's discomfort. There's stress.

The easy path would be to ignore it, to push it away, to numb it. Yet growth happens only when we allow ourselves to feel the squeeze, to recognize that the pressure is telling us something: It's time to shed the old and become something greater.

Teshuvah is that shedding. It's stepping away from the comfort of *aveirah*, acknowledging that we are meant to be bigger than we have allowed ourselves. But it's also a vulnerable process. Just like the lobster hides under a rock while it discards its old shell, a person doing *teshuvah* needs a safe space — a place of introspection, of *tefillah*, of connection to Hashem. A place where he can return to Hashem without interference and

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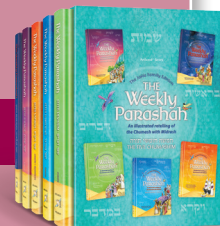
THE WEEKLY QUESTION

What mitzvah requires you to stop doing things that are forbidden before they actually become forbidden?

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.

The winner of the question for Ki Seitzei is: ALBERT BEYDA, Brooklyn, New York

Question for Ki Seitzei was: Does someone who owns a kosher pet bird need to do shiluach haken.
Ki Seitzei Answer: No. The mitzvah is only done with eggs and chicks found in a nest that doesn't belong to anyone.



Right after Sedom was destroyed, the *pasuk* says: וַיִּשְׁכֶם אַבְרָהָם בִּבְקָר אֶל הַמָּקוֹם אֲשֶׁר עָמַד שָׁם אֶת פְּנֵי ה', *Avraham arose early in the morning to the place where he had stood before Hashem (Bereishis 19:27).*

Chazal teach (*Berachos 26b*) that Avraham Avinu instituted Shacharis at this time. He had prayed fervently for Sedom, yet his *tefillos* seemingly went unanswered. Still, after its destruction, he returned to the same place and prayed again. That *tefillah* saved Lot — and the spark of Mashiach within him. Avraham did not surrender to discouragement; he immediately began anew.

The *sefer Sas B'Imrasecha* tells of a family whose mother died of a dreaded illness despite their heartfelt prayers. When their father later became similarly ill, the broken children struggled to pray with the same level of emotion they had when their mother was sick. Seeing their depression, the father proceeded to relate a story that took place during the Holocaust.

Sarah* gave birth to a baby whose bones were severely misaligned. One night, she escaped the ghetto and brought him to Maria,* a non-Jewish woman skilled at correcting the condition.

"You're both going to die anyway. Why bother?" Maria said.

But Sarah's tears awakened her compassion. Maria offered to treat the baby and hide them both. Sarah explained that she could not abandon her eight other children. After a moment's thought, Maria told her to bring them all.

Sarah smuggled her family from the ghetto, and Maria sheltered them in her cellar for years.

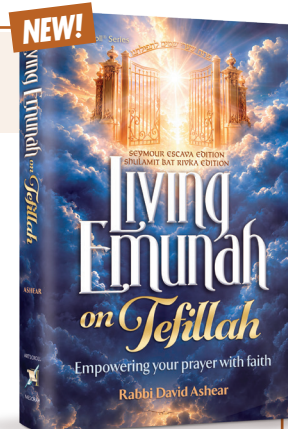
After the war, the family brought Maria to America and honored her publicly. Sarah asked why she had risked her life for ten strangers.

Maria explained that she loved studying the Bible. She had been terrified when offering refuge to Sarah and her baby. But upon learning that eight more children awaited them, she felt calm. She remembered Avraham's plea for Sedom and Hashem's promise to spare the city if ten righteous people could be found.

"I believed that with ten righteous people in my home, G-d would protect me," she said.

This was the story the ailing father told his children. He concluded by saying, "It seemed that Avraham's prayers for Sedom did not work. However, 3,600 years later, we see those *tefillos* saving lives. We have no idea what our *tefillos* accomplish. Just because it appears that you were not answered in the past does not mean you should be discouraged from continuing to pray in the future. Please pray hard for me. *B'ezras Hashem*, Hashem will take your *tefillos* and rip up the decree of this illness."

Tefillah is always wondrous, but it is especially powerful when a person comes back to pray after he was seemingly not answered earlier. 📖



THE JAFFA FAMILY EDITION

FREE! *Velcro Hands-Free Hoshanos Cards For Your Shul*

Holding a lulav and esrog while trying to follow the Hoshanos can be challenging.

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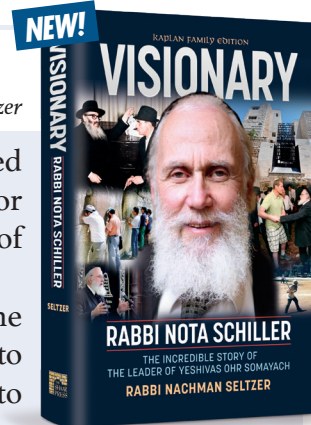


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While Rav Noach Weinberg was struggling to establish a yeshivah for *baalei teshuvah* in Yerushalayim, Rav Nota Schiller was serving as the English principal of Ner Yisroel in Toronto, yearning to return and join him. There, Rav Nota raised funds to enable boys from less-observant, out-of-town homes in Canada to attend Ner Yisroel, leading him to Joe Tanenbaum, a wealthy builder who shared his belief in accomplishing the impossible.

During R' Nota's time in Toronto, Joe donated a significant amount of money toward his endeavor. Then the time came for R' Nota to leave Canada and return to Eretz Yisrael.

In the early 1970s, Yeshivas Shema Yisrael — the newest attempt to start a *kiruv* yeshivah — was already up and running under the hands-on leadership of R' Noach and R' Mendel Weinbach (later to be joined by R' Yaakov Rosenberg, another visionary who saw the need for *kiruv* at the time). R' Nota felt that he couldn't remain in Toronto when their *kiruv* dream was finally starting to come true, and he decided that the time had come for him to return to Yerushalayim so that he could pick up where he had left off with R' Noach.

Decision made, he went to say goodbye to Joe. Joe Tanenbaum looked at R' Nota — the young rabbi whom he had come to like and respect and whom he now considered a good friend — and said, "I want you to stay. Not only that, I want you to come and work for me. You're going to work as a rabbi in Israel, right? I have a better idea. Stay here and join my company!"

R' Nota was touched by the offer but explained that everything was set and the family was leaving very soon.

"I hear you," Joe replied, "but if you join my company,

I'm prepared to pay you a hundred thousand dollars a year." (Just for the record, this is the equivalent of around \$840,000 today.)

R' Nota looked his friend in the eye and said, "Joe, you want me to join your business? I want you to join my business."

"What is your business?"

"My friends and I are in the process of establishing a yeshivah for those who have never studied Torah and are interested in learning about their heritage. This is a dream that we've had for a long time, and I want you to be a partner in what I'm about to do."

It so happened that Joe Tanenbaum had spent his entire career doing things that people claimed were impossible. Now here was R' Nota Schiller telling Mr. Impossible about a dream he had to open a yeshivah for people who weren't religious, and Joe couldn't believe that his very smart friend was about to throw away his life on a dream that couldn't possibly come true, and he protested.

"Nota, that's impossible! Which nonreligious guys are going to want to attend a yeshivah like that? Who exactly is going to come?"

Seconds later, Joe caught himself. Because his friend was selling him a dream that seemed impossible — which, when all was said and done, was the story of his own life. "Nota," he finally said, "if it's impossible, then let's do it!"

And so the two of them became partners in the future of the "impossible" yeshivah that R' Nota Schiller was leaving Toronto to go and lead.

The partnership begun in Toronto transformed Joe religiously, inspired generations of his family, and helped Rav Nota make the impossible...possible. 📖



R' Nota Schiller

THE SHELL OF THE LOBSTER

continued from page 5

without distraction; without naysayers or cynics stopping him and slowing down the process. A place where he can release what is holding him back without fear, knowing that a new self, a stronger self, is al-

ready forming.

Every year, every Elul, we are called to shed another layer, to discard the parts of ourselves that no longer fit. The *aveiros* that once felt normal, the attitudes that once felt natural, become burdens we can no longer carry. And so, we grow.

However, if we ignore the discomfort and avoid the process, then we remain stuck, trapped in a shell that no longer fits. The biggest danger of *aveirah* isn't the *aveirah* itself; it's the comfort we find in it. The longer we sit in it, the harder it becomes to break free. 📖

PART 28: ARTSCROLL READS BETWEEN THE LINES: THE INTERLINEAR SERIES

The popularity of the original ArtScroll Siddur and Machzor notwithstanding, there were two kinds of *misparallelim* who needed — or preferred — something different. The first group could be satisfied rather easily, the second was more difficult; it required a new approach to presenting the translation. Not at all simple, but, as the SeaBees (the US Navy engineers during World War II) put it, “The hard jobs we do right away, the impossible one take a little longer.

The first group were the many people who want to be part of the davening, but who can’t read Hebrew. They may be aspiring *baalei teshuvah* or people who are curious about Yiddishkeit or who are guests of observant families. Obviously, a few hours in shul can be uncomfortable for them. The answer was a transliterated siddur, in which, for example, the words *lo yira libi* appear alongside the Hebrew *לֹא יִירָא לְבִי*, followed by its translation. That, plus the clear ArtScroll instructions, help them feel at home in shul. Our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Heshe Seif, dedicated the transliterated Siddur and Machzor.

Next need? A hard one. The original ArtScroll Siddur and Machzor present a smooth flowing Hebrew, and a smooth flowing English translation on the page facing it. However, this format makes it difficult to follow and understand the English word by word while reciting the Hebrew. The answer would be to make an “interlinear” edition, which means putting the English translation under the Hebrew word. So what’s the problem? It’s a big one. Actually, there are *two* problems:

The sentence structure of Hebrew and English are not the same. For example, let’s go back to *לֹא יִירָא לְבִי*, which we translate accurately as, *my heart would not fear*. A strict interlinear format that would place English under each Hebrew word, would read, *don’t fear*

my heart! Doesn’t make much sense, does it? So the editor of the interlinear version had to be a master of sentence structure and meaning (see illustration). Baruch Hashem, Rabbi Menachem Davis is such a person, as evidenced by our interlinear volumes.

There is another, more basic, problem. Hebrew reads from right to left, while English reads from left to right. The eye trying to read both simultaneously would be going around in circles, literally. It would be like an American stepping off a curb in England and instinctively look to the left while traffic is speeding toward him on the right! Consequently, an interlinear volume could not be published unless there was

a solution to the right-left dilemma. A glance at the ArtScroll Interlinear Machzor will show the solution. After each word or phrase there is a barely obtrusive arrow, which directs the eye in the direction of the Hebrew. We consulted with observant specialists at Johns Hopkins University and found that this innovation solves the problem to an amazing degree. The arrows keep the *davener’s* eyes moving in the direction of the Hebrew. It may sound counter-intuitive, but it works.

The result is a Machzor that many people find enormously helpful. Even people who are familiar with the poetic Hebrew of the *piyutim* encounter many words and allusions that baffle them. Now they can see both the Hebrew and English at the same time, without diverting their eyes to the facing page.

The Siddur and Machzor were so well-received, that an entire Interlinear Series —dedicated by Jay and Jeanie Schottenstien and their children— was created, which include interlinear Chumash, Tehillim, Megillos, Selichos, Kinnus, Haggadah and more.

Wishing a *Gmar Chasimah Tovah* to all!

UP NEXT: Beyond English: ArtScroll Speaks to the World

