בית יעקב דגור
ברוקלין ניו יורק

אורות הפרשה

Inspirational Lessons from the
Teachings of our Rebbes

Adapted by R' Avrohom Birnbaum

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ת.נ.צ.ב.ה.
הונצח ע"י יוצ"ח שיחי' לאוי"ט

זמנים לשבת קודש

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אורות הפרשה

Against the Tide

Reb Zanvil, a heimishe Gerer yungerman who sacrifices himself on behalf of the klal was invited to attend a convention in a faraway location.*

His attendance at the convention had the potential to bring very important and much-needed assistance to our community in a specific way. He knew that other chassidishe yungeleit would also be attending the convention and he had a feeling they would tone down their chassidishe levush while there.

For a fleeting moment, he thought about what to do. Should he tweak his garb just a bit? Should he leave his reckel in the car? But almost immediately, he decided that he would dress exactly the same way as he dresses in Brooklyn. Yes! He would proudly wear his hat, his reckel and his hoizen-zoken.

When Reb Zanvil arrived, he saw how right he was. There was quite a handful of chassidim out there on the other side of the country and many of them takke toned down their levush. Almost none of them brought along their hats, and some of them made other compromises as well.

As for himself, he was very thankful that he had put thought into what he would do before the moment arrived, and that he had clarity as to WHY he should retain his levush.

"I did it for three reasons," he later explained. "First of all, I am not a hypocrite. If this is how I dress all year round, why should I change? Secondly, I want to show that I am proud of who I am and have no reason to hide or tone down my identity. Thirdly, and possibly most importantly, I felt that dressing this way functioned as a geder for me, as well as for everyone else. It reminded me who I was and what I stood for, and it helped me not to bend or budge from my standards. For them, it was also a very telling

geder. My very presence – the very fact that I unapologetically walked around with my hat, my reckel and my pants tucked into my socks – told every person there, 'This person will not compromise. He will not play the game of showing that he is "normal." He has standards. Even if we are not emulating him, at least we should set our own boundaries so as not to slip beyond a certain point.'"

This incident came to mind while learning a *shmuess* from the Rebbe *shlita* (תשנ"ט). The Rebbe cites the words of the Medrash brought by Rashi, stating that the camels of Avrohom Avinu were very easily distinguishable. The reason Avrohom's camels were so easily identifiable was that he put muzzles on their mouths to make sure they would not graze in the fields of others, because grazing in other's fields without their permission would be considered *gezel*, stealing.

The Medrash (בראשית רבה ס, ח) tells us that the *tannah* Rabi Pinchos ben Yair was so *heilig* that not only did HE have the special *siyatta d'Shmaya* enabling him to refrain from ever transgressing an *aveira*, but that special *siyatta d'Shmaya* extended to his animals as well. His donkeys refused to eat *tevel* – fruit or vegetables from which *maaser* had not been taken. *Chazal* explain that there are *tzaddikim* who are so great that not only does Hashem protect them from doing *aveiros*, but He even prevents their animals from doing or eating something that is prohibited.

The *Medrash* asks: as great as Rabi Pinchos ben Yair was, he was still not Avrohom Avinu, the person who publicized Hashem's name to the entire world. The *Ramban* explains that the Medrash wonders, if Rabi Pinchos ben Yair was so great that his animals wouldn't sin, we can certainly assume that Avrohom Avinu's animals wouldn't sin either. It is impossible that Rav Pinchos ben Yair's *chassidus* was greater than that of Avrohom Avinu. Why then did Avrohom have to put muzzles on the mouths of his animals? They certainly wouldn't steal! After all, they were Avrohom Avinu's animals!

The Rebbe *shlita* answers that if not for the fact that Rashi says that the purpose of the muzzles was to prevent the animals from stealing, he would say that, in truth, Avrohom's camels did not need muzzles. They would never have eaten anything that didn't belong to Avrohom.

The reason Avrohom Avinu insisted on putting muzzles on his camels was to show the world, "My animals have muzzles on them because it is *assur* to steal." Every person should know that even though "everyone does it," and even though everyone lets their animals graze on fields that don't belong to them, that doesn't make it right.

"I am *davka* going to make sure that my camels have very visible muzzles on their mouths so that everyone will know these camels belong to me, and that I do everything in my power to make sure that even my animals don't steal from others." By doing that, Avrohom was showing the world that he was different and had different standards. He was encouraging others who saw him (and his camels) – even if they didn't initially understand him – to recognize that the only true, correct way to act is to make sure their animals don't steal, and to show that they answer to a Higher Authority.

We must take our cues from Avrohom Avinu. We should not be embarrassed by our standards whether it is with regard to technology, *tzniyus* or how we conduct ourselves at *simchos* or even at family gatherings. We ARE different. We are children of Avrohom, Yitzchok and Yaakov; followers of the exalted *derech* of *chassidus* charted by our *heilige* rebbes, the Chiddushei Harim, the Rebbe Rav Henoch, the Sefas Emes, the Imrei Emes, the Beis Yisroel, the Lev Simcha, the Pnei Menachem and *ybl"ch*, the Rebbe, *shlita*.

There is no "WOW" ending to this story. We don't know if Reb Zanvil made a remarkable roishem on the "important people" at the event such that he gained even more assistance for our community than he would have ever dreamed. We don't even know if he made a big roishem on anyone at all.

*The "WOW" part of this story is Reb Zanvil himself. The fact that Reb Zanvil maintained his standards when so many others did not is "wow"! The fact that Reb Zanvil set himself apart by emulating Avrohom Avinu and being proud of his standards, is what makes the story worth repeating!**

We have standards. We are proud of those standards, and we encourage others to take their cues from us and realize that we ARE different and worthy of emulating.

Don't be embarrassed by who you are. Be PROUD of who you are and what you stand for. You won't lose people's respect; you will gain it. ▪

*Based on a true story, as told by Reb Zanvil

The Momentous Decision

Rav Chaim Avrohom Pincus was a special Yid. Raised in America in the early 1900's, he traveled to pre-war Europe to learn in the Mirrer Yeshiva. He left his comfortable life in America (think running water, plumbing, electricity, and an advanced food industry) for the difficulties and poverty so rampant in the small town of Mir, Europe.

After returning from Europe, he married Chava Weinberg, a girl who had been raised in America and whose father, Rav Yitzchok Mattisyahu Weinberg, a *Slonimer einikel*, sent her from America to Krakow to study under Sarah Schenirer.

The America in which the young Pincus couple got married and began raising a family had not yet heard of a *kollel.* The young Pincus family soon had several children but no *parnassah*. One day, Rav Chaim Avrohom was offered a position as the Rav of an Orthodox shul in a town in New Jersey. Rav Chaim Avrohom took the job. The pay was excellent and the *kehillah* took a liking to him. He was devoted; he gave *shiurim*, and his *drashos* on Shabbos were superb. He finally felt that he was living a normal life with a normal salary while still being able to devote considerable time to learning every week.

As his children grew, they began to socialize.

It so happened that Rav Chaim Avrohom's young daughter went to play with a friend on a Shabbos afternoon. When she returned home, her mother asked her if she had enjoyed playing with her friend.

"It was great!" she answered. "We had so much fun!"

"Did you eat *shalosh seudos* there?"

"Yes."

For some reason, Rav Chaim Avrohom chose to ask her – more out of curiosity than for any other reason – "What did you eat for *shalosh seudos*?"

The girl, who was still very young, answered with complete innocence, "They gave me an omelet."

"An omelet?!" her father gasped in horror. "An omelet on Shabbos?!"

Upon hearing this, a cry escaped her mother's mouth as well.

Then there was silence.

A bit later that day, Rav Chaim Avrohom went to shul for *Mincha.*

Nobody in the shul would have dreamed that this would be the last *Mincha* that Rav Chaim Avrohom would daven there as the Rav of the shul.

But it was.

Rav Chaim Avrohom had made an instant decision. He was leaving.

Immediately!

By Sunday, he was gone. He would not wait another day, or week, or month.

It made no difference that leaving would mean that he would have no *parnassah*. It made no difference that the salary he was walking away from was excellent and had enabled his family to live very comfortably.

He returned to Williamsburg, where there were *frum*, *heimishe* Yidden and where his daughter would be able to play with children from upstanding, *shomer Shabbos* homes.

His son, the famed Rav Shimshon Pincus, recalled how from that time on, for the next twenty years, Rav Chaim Avrohom struggled for *parnassah* and had to accept jobs that were below his dignity.

Years later, when people would ask him how he merited such a wonderful family of *gedolei Torah* – with sons and sons-in-law who were *talmidei chachamim* – he would keep quiet. Only once did he reveal his feeling that the reason he merited such a wonderful family was that he had sacrificed for the *chinuch* of his children.

Indeed, Rav Chaim Avrohom showed by example what his standards were and what was truly important to him, even when it cost him dearly.

(*Ki Ata Imadi*) ■

Alive!

One mitzvah. What could be so hard about doing one mitzvah with complete focus and complete dedication; with one's entire being? What could be so hard about doing one mitzvah in a way that it comes alive and brings chiyus to your day? What could be so hard?!

"Everything! It is utterly impossible!" exclaimed Surala. "Utterly, totally, and completely impossible! I decided to try saying one bracha with proper kavanah – just one bracha! And even that! On the first day, I said Shehakol with every bit of concentration, once, then twice, and even a third time. It felt so accomplishing! That first day, I lived the bracha; the bracha itself spoke to me and felt so alive. But with each passing day, I find it harder and harder to remember and focus. I think I am ready to just give up!"

"Surala," her friend Miri interrupted, "how about we do something together? Something that we can track, and maybe even reward ourselves with for each passing day?"

Surala's face lit up. "You think? You would want to do something with me? I thought you were being matzliach with your mitzvah..."

"Wellllll," Miri paused, "I am also finding it very difficult. But maybe if we do it together? Like, I don't know... How about thanking Hashem for the good things that happen to us?"

"Hey!" Surala's face looked thoughtful. "That sounds like an idea. Let's start right now! Do you have time to come to a store with me to buy ourselves pretty notebooks?"

"Let's double check with our mothers."

That night, Surala called Miri. "Okay! The first thing I am writing is, 'Thank You, Hashem, for sending me the best friend in the world!' How about you?"

"I think I will write," Miri said, clearly thinking, "Thank You, Hashem, for giving me an idea that both Surala and I like, an idea that we can do together! Thank You!"

"You know what?" Surala continued with a smile. "I am going to write, 'Thank You, Hashem, for Mrs. Steinberg's homework!'"

"And I," Miri interjected, "am going to add, 'Thank You, Hashem, for so many things to thank You for!'"

The *passuk* in this week's *parsha* that tells us about the *petirah* of Avrohom Avinu is very interesting.

The *passuk* states, "וְאֵלֶּה יְמֵי שְׁנֵי חַיֵּי אַבְרָהָם אֲשֶׁר חָי מְאַת שָׁנָה וְשִׁבְעִים שָׁנָה וְחָמֵשׁ שָׁנִים – These are the days of the years of Avrohom's life which he lived: a hundred years, seventy years, and five years" (בראשית כה, ז).

The Ohr Hachaim *Hakadosh* points out that there seems to be extra wording in the *passuk*. Why does the *passuk* add the words "אֲשֶׁר חָי"? Many other times where the Torah states the years of a person's life (such as at the beginning of this week's *parsha*, when it speaks about the days of the life of Sarah), the *passuk* does not add the words "אֲשֶׁר חָי." What is this *passuk* telling us?

The Ohr Hachaim answers with the words of the Medrash which says that, in truth, Avrohom Avinu was supposed to live for one hundred and eighty years. Why did he actually live only one hundred and seventy-five years? *Chazal* teach us that five years of his life were taken away from him so that he would not see his grandson Eisav go on a crooked path. Indeed, on the day Avrohom Avinu was *niftar*, Eisav did five very serious *aveiros*.

The Ohr Hachaim explains that the words "אֲשֶׁר חָי" therefore mean, "This is the number of years that he actually lived." They are not the years that he was "supposed" to live, but those he actually did live – "אֲשֶׁר חָי."

The Beis Yisroel, however, offers a different explanation. He says that the words "אֲשֶׁר חָי" are in the present tense. It means that Avrohom Avinu's *koach* is <u>still</u> alive, standing with us and helping us even today!

Avrohom Avinu didn't just pass away and leave this world. He isn't some historical figure from the past who is no longer with us today. He is "אֲשֶׁר חָי," very much alive, empowering us to serve Hashem. That power of Avrohom Avinu – that *pintele Yid* that Avrohom Avinu injected into every Yid – is still accompanying us, helping us serve Hashem better and make correct decisions.

The Beis Yisroel adds another explanation for the words "אֲשֶׁר חָי." He says that the *passuk* is telling us something about Avrohom Avinu from which we can learn. The *passuk* is telling us that Avrohom Avinu was a Yid "אֲשֶׁר חָי," a Yid who LIVED. Everything he did, every *mitzvah* he did, was done with total, complete *chiyus*!

Similarly, in *Parshas Acharei*, the Torah instructs us to follow the *mitzvos* of the Torah, "וָחַי בָּהֶם – By which he shall live" (ויקרא יח, ה). The *chassidishe sefarim* teach us that "וָחַי בָּהֶם" means that a person should do the *mitzvos* with *chiyus* and total enthusiasm! That is what Avrohom Avinu did. He served Hashem with his *ikker chiyus* and ensured that every day of his life was utilized to the utmost.

Adina and Chavi, second cousins and close friends, were exploring the attic in Adina's Bubby's home.

"Hey!" Adina called out excitedly. "Look at all these notebooks! Piles and piles of cutely decorated notebooks with childish handwriting. I wonder what they are..."

"Do you think we can open them and read what's inside?" Chavi wondered.

"Well..." Adina thought, "how about we go downstairs and show one to my Bubby?"

"Bubby!" Adina called out as she and Chavi flew down the stairs. "Can we read these? Please, please! They look so exciting!"

Bubby, who was sitting in her recliner, a notebook on her lap and a smile on her face, looked up and burst out laughing!

She was laughing so hard she couldn't stop.

Adina and Chavi watched helplessly. "Um... Bubby?" Adina asked. "What's so funny?"

By that time, Bubby was laughing so hard that tears were running down her cheeks.

It took another five minutes before Bubby was able to catch her breath.

Finally, she looked at the girls with a twinkle in her eye. Before they could ask anything else, she put her finger to her lips, picked up her phone, dialed a familiar number, and put the phone on speaker.

"Surala!" a vibrant voice came through the line. "How are you on this wonderful Sunday afternoon?!"

"Well, I wanted to tell you about the notebooks–"

"No way!" the person's voice pulsed with pure joy. "Before you tell me, I have to ask you our most important question: what are we thanking Hashem for today?! I, for one, am thanking Him that I STILL have you as my best friend and as my sister-in-law. And hold on a second – did you just say notebooks??!! Did someone find the notebooks from our homework project?! Well, I have to say, thank You Hashem that we kept this project going for so many years! You know, Surala," the enthusiastic voice paused, "I don't know about you, but this project changed my life! Have you ever stopped to think about how no matter what was going on in our lives, we pulled ourselves through because we ALWAYS found reasons to thank Hashem?!"

"Really?!" Adina suddenly blurted out. "Bubby, are you telling me that the reason you are always so ALIVE, so enthusiastic about mitzvos and life in general, is because you and your friend took on a school project to thank Hashem?!"

"Wow!" Chavi's eyes were wide with wonder, when she suddenly called out, "Bubbah!! Is that you on the phone?!"

"Wow! Another reason to thank Hashem! For my favorite granddaughter, Chavi!"

"You know," Adina's Bubby said, her voice thoughtful, "I wonder where Mrs. Steinberg is. I would love to find her and thank her for that homework project. Do you remember how we all complained and kvetched about it?"

"I sure do!" Chavi's Bubbah exclaimed. "But I guess she has the last laugh as she and her project have remained alive within us for all these years!"

Yes, Avrohom Avinu's *koach* is still here, helping us serve Hashem with *chiyus*. All we have to do is think before we do any *mitzvah* and invest our *ikker chiyus* in Torah and *mitzvos*.

(*Sefer Yagdil Torah*) ▪

Rav Itche Alter's Chinuch

*More than two years ago, we featured a fascinating Ohr Tzaddikim about Rav Yitzchok Alter, Rav Itche Rebbens, a son of the Imrei Emes, entitled "Du Ligt a Sod."**

The story explored the somewhat mysterious and hidden tzaddik and gaon who was Rav Itche Alter. There were many stories of how he tried to hide his greatness, his gaonus and his tzidkus – even from his own father – as he preferred to be seen as a simple, unremarkable person who just happened to be the Rebbe's son.

We can gain insight into his exalted greatness from a thought that he shared at a seudas bris milah. The Lev Simcha writes (תשמ"ב) that once, at the seudas bris of one of his sons, his brother Rav Itche said that when Avrohom Avinu lifted his eyes while recovering from his bris milah, he saw three Arabs coming towards him. The reason he thought they were Arabs, when in truth they were malachim, was because Avrohom Avinu reached such a high, exalted madreigah after his bris that even malachim looked to him like Arabs!

It is said that this seudas bris was the only time that Rav Itche, who always hid his own madreigos and knowledge, related divrei Torah with chiddushim in both nigleh and nistar (Kabbalah). Even more wondrous was that after that seudah, everyone forgot everything he said aside from that one vort recounted by the Lev Simcha.

Recently in the "Otzros" magazine published by Machon Otzar Haganuz we found some fascinating information and insights into the way Rav Itche was mechanech his own children.

In honor of Rav Itche's yahrtzeit last week, 17 Cheshvan, we present this fascinating material.

His Three Sons... and His Singular Chinuch

Rav Itche merited three very distinguished sons: Rav Leibel, Rav Menachem Tzion, and Rav Noach, all of whom were married before the war and were murdered by the Nazis, *Hy"d*.

Rav Itche invested tremendous effort into their *chinuch* and would personally learn with them constantly. In addition, he hired an expert *melamed*, Reb Ezriel Bialischover – an exalted *chassid* who was very close to Rav Moshe Betzalel, the brother of the Imrei Emes – to teach them.

Rav Itche's *mesiras nefesh* for his children's *chinuch* became known when the Imrei Emes once publicly praised the effort his son Rav Itche invested into the *chinuch* of his children.

Reb Ezriel, the *melamed*, learned with Rav Itche's children every day in the kitchen of Rav Itche's home. Rav Itche's three brothers – Rav Meir, the Beis Yisrael, and the Lev Simcha – all lived in Warsaw after they married, and whenever they would come to Ger, they would stay at the home of Rav Itche. Rav Itche would give them his own room and he would go learn in the kitchen where Reb Ezriel taught his children. While he learned in the kitchen, he would listen to the *shiurim* and observe how the *melamed* was teaching the children.

As they grew older, Rav Itche's children would spend hours each day learning with their father. Reb Berel Tzishinsky related that he once heard from Rav Noach, Rav Itche's youngest son, that he was accustomed to spending entire nights learning with his father.

"There were nights when we learned for twelve hours

* Oros Haparsha, Re'eh and Shoftim of 5784 (Issues # 190 and # 191)

straight without a break," Rav Noach said, "and even when I went to sleep in the morning after spending the entire night learning, my father would continue learning for a few more hours without showing any signs of fatigue."

Finishing Before Starting

Rav Mottel Meirantz related that Rav Itche had a unique *derech halimud* when it came to what his children learned.

The first thing he learned with them when they were very, very young was the *siddur*. He learned the entire *siddur* with them, teaching them how to daven and translating the words for them so that they would know what they were saying.

By the time he finished teaching them the *siddur*, they knew the entire *siddur* perfectly. This took time, and even though many of their friends were already learning *Chumash*, Rav Itche wouldn't let them start *Chumash* until they had completely mastered the *siddur*.

Their friends would make fun of them, saying, "We already know *Chumash*, and you are still busy learning *siddur*?"

Rav Itche's children did not let them remain with the winning argument. They would begin asking their friends to translate certain words of the *davening* and "test" them on the connection between various parts of the davening. When the other children didn't know the answers, Rav Itche's children would reply, "How can you learn *Chumash* if you don't even understand the simple words of the *siddur*?!"

The Pnei Menachem once recalled from his early youth the days leading up to the *Yamim Noraim*. He remembered Rav Itche teaching all of the children in the extended family the meaning of the *tefillos* of the *Yamim Noraim*.

Someone once rebuked Rav Itche for teaching them the meaning of the davening, asking, "Why don't you learn *Gemara*? Why are you busy with the *siddur*?"

Rav Itche answered, "Don't you know yourself that a person must know the meaning of the words of *tefillah*? During davening, you are standing before Hashem and asking Him to help you. It is therefore of utmost importance to understand what you are davening!"

Only once Rav Itche's children knew the *siddur* upside down and inside out did he begin learning *Tanach* – Torah, *Neviim* and *Kesuvim* – with them.

Then, after they mastered all of *Tanach*, Rav Itche learned *Mishnayos* with them. Finally, after they mastered *Mishnayos*, he began to learn *Gemara* with them.

Rav Hersh Leib Greenstein, an unforgettable *chassid*, once related that Rav Itche would not begin learning *Tosafos* with his children until they had mastered the entire *Shas* (!) with *Rashi*. They began *Gemara* with *Masechta Brachos* and completed the entire *Shas* before starting to learn *Tosafos*.

The Problem of the Two Cigars

Rav Itche would learn *Zohar* with his children from time to time. The *chassid* and *ilui*, Rav Nosson Lubart, related that he merited to learn *b'chavrusah* with one of Rav Itche's children. That son of Rav Itche would go into his grandfather, the Imrei Emes, every day and relate a *dvar Torah* or *chiddush*. The Imrei Emes would always give him a coin as a sort of compensation for sharing the *dvar Torah*, and he would also give him a cigar to give to his father.

Once, that son told the Imrei Emes the *pshat* of a *Zohar* that he had learned with his father. The Imrei Emes took great pleasure in hearing that *pshat* and as a result, gave his grandson two cigars to give to his father, Rav Itche. Rav Nosson recalled how Rav Itche's son was very troubled by this because he knew that if he gave his father two cigars, his father would ask why the Imrei Emes had given him two. He would then have to disclose that he said over a *pshat* in the *Zohar* that he had learned from his father. He knew that Rav Itche was very *makpid* that no one – even his own father – should know about his knowledge of Torah, especially his knowledge of *Zohar* and *Kabbalah*.

The Bendiner Rav, Rav Chanoch Tzvi Levin – a son-in-law of the Sefas Emes and brother-in-law of the Imrei Emes – related that he inherited the *Sefer Zohar* on *Bereishis* from the Sefas Emes. Every Erev Shabbos, (during the *parshiyos* of *Sefer Bereishis*,) he would bring the Sefas Emes's *Zohar* to his brother-in-law, the Imrei Emes, so that he could learn the *Zohar* from his father's *sefer*.

Once, the Bendiner Rav asked the Imrei Emes for an answer to a difficulty he had encountered in the *Zohar*. It so happened that one of Rav Itche's sons was also

there at the time and he offered a beautiful answer to the Bendiner Rav's question. The Imrei Emes, who took great pleasure in what he felt was an excellent and brilliant answer, asked his grandson, "From whom did you learn this *pshat*?"

Rav Itche's son replied, "This is the way my father explained the *Zohar* when I was learning it with him."

The Imrei Emes was very pleased. He told his grandson to give a *yasher koach* to his father and gave him a cigar to give to his father as well. When Rav Itche heard about this, he was upset and berated his son, saying, "Just because you know something, it doesn't mean you have to reveal it."

How He Imbued His Children with Ahavas HaTorah

Rav Itche invested great effort into imbuing his children with *ahavas haTorah*.

A prominent *chassid* named Rav Avrohom Abba Kornfeld once came on a *nesiyah* to Ger. While there, he sat and learned without respite for hours on end in the *beis medrash*.

Noticing this, Rav Itche ran to call his sons so they could see how a true *masmid* conducts himself.

Rav Gad'l Eisner recalled how he was once sitting in the Beis Medrash in Ger near one of Rav Itche's sons very late one night, when Rav Itche entered and sat down next to his son. Rav Itche then gave his son a powerful *shmuess* full of *mussar* on how a *chassidishe Yid* is supposed to conduct himself.

The Steps He Took Before Enjoying Peiros Eretz Yisroel

The Pnei Menachem also related a story from his early youth regarding how his older brother Rav Itche was *mechanech* his children.

It so happened that someone brought *peiros* from Eretz Yisroel to Rav Itche's house. Rav Itche gathered his sons together and explained, "We have just received fruit from Eretz Yisroel and they possess a tremendous amount of *kedushah*." Rav Itche then began expounding on the special qualities of the fruits of Eretz Yisroel as explained by *Chazal*.

After that, he learned all the relevant *halachos* of *terumos* and *maasros* with his children. After finishing the *halachos*, they took *maaser* together. Finally, they were ready to eat the fruit.

His sons were so excited to eat the fruit, but Rav Itche stopped them, saying, "Before we taste the *peiros* of Eretz Yisroel, let's first bring some to the Rebbe (the Imrei Emes). Only after the Rebbe tastes from this fruit, will we eat the *shirayim*."

Rav Itche involved himself in every single aspect of his children's *chinuch*. Before each son became *bar mitzvah*, he personally learned the *halachos* of *tefillin* with them, teaching them how to make the special *kesher* that looks like the letter *daled* on the *tefillin shel rosh* and the *kesher* that looks like a *yud* on the *tefillin shel yad*. In addition, he would teach them how to make *tzitzis*; including how to tie the knots and how many times to wrap the string around between each knot.

The Simplest of Clothing... Crowned by a Shining Face!

When Moreinu Reb Yaakov Rosenheim, the famed Agudah leader from Frankfurt, Germany, came to spend a Shabbos in Ger, he was walking through the *chatzer* with Rav Itche Meir Levin, head of the Agudah in Poland and a son-in-law of the Imrei Emes. When Reb Yaakov Rosenheim saw Rav Itche, whose identity he didn't know and whom he had never seen before, he asked Rav Itche Meir, "Who is that Yid whose face is shining?"

As was his way, Rav Itche was dressed in simple clothing with utmost *pashtus*. There was no way Reb Yaakov Rosenheim could have known that he was a son of the Rebbe. The only outward indication was what he noticed when he said, "You can see on his face that he is permeated by *yiras Shomayim*."

Rav Itche passed away on Erev Shabbos *Parshas Vayeira*, 17 *Cheshvan,* תרצ"ה (1934), after a short illness. He was just forty-seven years old.

His three sons were among the most distinguished of the Imrei Emes's grandsons, but tragically, they and their young families were all murdered by the Nazis in Treblinka. Hashem *yinkom damam*. ▪

What Hashem Loves

Perhaps the *galus* is lasting so long because Hashem deeply values the way Yidden push themselves to learn Torah when the yoke of *parnassah* constantly weighs them down. Torah learned in such circumstances is very beloved by Hashem!

(Likutei Harim)



For dedications, please contact the school office: 718.338.5600 #650

אור ההלכה

Piskei halacha by the Rav, Harav Hershel Rotenberg shlita

As heard on the Hashmieni Inspiration Line • Halacha Panel

Adapted by Rabbi Naftuli Rosenberg

Halachos of Shabbos (Part 42)

#1019:

May one do *melachah* on Motzei Shabbos before hearing *Havdalah*?

One should say ברוך המבדיל בין קודש לחול before doing any *melachos* on Motzei Shabbos.

Even after saying ברוך המבדיל, there is room to be *machmir* and not do major *melachos*, such as writing a letter or sewing a garment, before hearing *Havdalah*. Washing dishes or cleaning the house is certainly permitted, and one may even be *meikel* and do laundry.

#1031:

How should one clear the table after the Shabbos *seuda* in order to avoid the *melachah* of borer?

The definition of *borer* is selecting one type of item from a mixture or sorting a mixture. If each item is clearly distinct, there is no mixture and consequently there is no *borer*. Thus, if the table is not excessively full of items and each item is clearly discernible, there is no concern of *borer*.

However, if over the course of the meal the table becomes cluttered with items to the extent that each item is no longer clearly distinct, there could be an issue of *borer*. The solution is to remove what is not needed after each course so that the table does not become overcrowded, thereby avoiding the creation of a mixture and the concern of *borer*.

If the table is excessively full of items, one may be *meikel* to clear it by randomly taking whatever items come to hand to the kitchen in no special order. Selecting all the forks or all the plates is considered *borer* and is *assur*.

#1039:

What should one do if one finds *shaimos* on the street on Shabbos in a place that does not have an *eiruv*?

Although one may not carry an object four *amos*[1] in a רשות הרבים (public domain) on Shabbos, if one finds *shaimos* (for example, a *sefer*) on the street on Shabbos, one may carry it less than four *amos* in order to put it in a more respectable place within the רשות הרבים.

It is forbidden, however, to pick up *shaimos* from the street and place it on a surface that is 10 *tefachim* (approx. 31 inches) high and four *tefachim* (approx. 12 inches) wide, or more, because that surface is considered a רשות היחיד (private domain). A fence that encloses a private domain is also considered a רשות היחיד; therefore, it is forbidden to pick up *shaimos* from the street and put it on such a fence, even if the fence is narrow.

Therefore, where there is no *eiruv*, it is generally better to just leave the *shaimos* on the street rather than risk accidentally transgressing the *issur* of carrying on Shabbos.

1 Approx. 2 yards - roughly 4 regular steps.