

מאת הגאון מ"ר הרב ברוך הייטפלד שליט"א,
ראש טל' עטרת חיים ברוך, קליבלנד הייטס

לע"נ ר' אברהם יוסף שמואל אלתר בן ר' טובי' ז"ל
ורעיתו ריישא רחל בת ר' אברהם שלמה ע"ה קורץ

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מאת הגד"צ רבי גמליאל חסדק רבינוביץ שליט"א, ר"י שער הטמאים ירוסלים עמודק

יִיפְרִיץ הָאִישׁ מֵאֵד מֵאֵד (ל. מנ) - סגולת הענוה לכל ההצלחות

לומדים מאת רוב אבותם וכל אבטטח שליט"א בעמ"ס סדר אבות

וַיֵּדֶר יַעֲקֹב נֶדֶר לֵאמֹר אִם יִהְיֶה אֵלָקִים עִמָּדִי וְשָׁמְרֵנִי בְּדֶרֶךְ

הזה אשר אנכי חולך ... (בח-ב) - בענין עבודת מלחמת היצר

וכתב הַן **יחידע** לבאר הגמ': "כֹּל צָדִיק וְיָשָׁר וְיָחִיד הַצְּדִיק הַלְעֵלָה בְּלִבּוֹ קֶצֶת תַּאֲוָה שֶׁל עַד וְהוּא רוּחָה תַּאֲוָה זוֹ תִּכְפֹּן, וְכִיּוֹן וְכַמְעַלָּה בְּלִבּוֹ תַּאֲוָה רַעָה אֶפְיָלוֹ שֶׁהִיא כְּרֹעַ וְחִשְׁבִּי זֶה שְׁלִטָּה קֶצֶת, אֲבָל הַצְּדִיק כִּבְשׁוֹ הַצְּדִיק וְנִיָּקְדוֹ אוֹתוֹ, שֶׁאֵינוֹ יָכוֹל לְהַעֲבִיד בְּבִלְבָּם תַּאֲוָה שֶׁל עַד אֶפְיָלוֹ דָּרַע, וְכֹאֵלּוֹ אֵין בָּהֶם יִצְהָר", ע"כ. מְבֹאֵר בְּדַרְשֵׁינוּ, שֶׁגִּשְׁמוֹ הָאֲבוֹת וְאֵין לָהֶם יִצְהָר וְכּוֹנֵנֵת הַגִּמְלָה, שֶׁהָאֲבוֹת הִתְנַבְּרָה לִי צִירִם בְּאִפּוֹן שֶׁרָם שֶׁלֹּא יִשְׁלֹטוּ בִּצְרָם, וְלֹא הָיָה הַצְּדִיק דָּרַע שׁוֹם שְׁלִטָּה עֲלֵיהֶם וּלְפִי זֶה מִזֶּמֶן הֵיטֵב תַּפְתִּילוֹ שֶׁל יַעֲקֹב אֲבִינוּ, שֶׁהִתְפַּלֵּל לְחַשְׁתִּית שִׁצְלוֹ מִחֲדָר דָּרַע, שֶׁלֹּא יִכְשׁוּל בְּהֵי תַּבְתִּילוֹ.

מעשה אבות סימן לבנים

והנה אנכי עומד ושומרתיו ככל אשר תלך ... כי לא אעזובך עד אשר אם עשיתי את אשר דברתי לך ... (כח-טו)

The following story is a testament to the power of *Tefillah*, a touch of *ruach hakodesh*, a unique depth of spiritual sensitivity, and the quiet heroism of those who live with *emunah*. Years ago, a young man from *Beis Medrash Govoha* in Lakewood, was in the “*Shidduch Parsha*”. After concluding a date with a young lady in New York City, and seeing her back to her home, he was preparing to head out on his journey to New Jersey. The streets were bustling, the air was thick with the hum of traffic and city life. As he waited at a traffic light, his car idling quietly, two black men suddenly cranked opened the back doors and jumped into his vehicle. Their expressions were tense, their voices sharp. They demanded money.

The young man, startled but composed, explained that he had no cash on him. He had come to New York for a date, not for shopping or errands. But the men were insistent. Even frantic. They demanded cash - or else! One of them reached into his coat, and the young man sensed the situation could turn deadly. Thinking quickly, he said, “Look, I don’t have money on me, but I do have a very valuable jewel back in Lakewood, New Jersey. If you come with me there, I will give it to you.”

The two assailants paused. They whispered to each other, loudly, agitatedly, weighing their options. One suggested they kill him and take the car. The other hesitated. After a tense moment, they agreed that one of them would accompany the young man to Lakewood to retrieve the jewel and steal the car. The other would stay behind. It was decided.

The remaining invader kept his gaze trained on the *bochur’s* neck. As they drove south to Lakewood, the young man’s heart pounded. He didn’t know what would happen next. He prayed silently, hoping for a miracle.

Meanwhile, back in the dormitory building of the *Lakewood Yeshivah*, something extraordinary was unfolding. **R’ Nosson Meir Wachtfogel זצ”ל**, the revered *Mashgiach* of BMG, typically slept in a room in the dormitory throughout the week. That night, however, he awoke suddenly. Known for his deep spiritual sensitivity, he quickly aroused a group of *talmidim*.

“One of our *bochurim* is in danger,” he said urgently. “We must say *Tehillim* right away.” The *bochurim*, still groggy from sleep, didn’t question him. They gathered together and began reciting *Tehillim* with fervor, their voices rising in heartfelt prayer. They didn’t know who was in danger or what was happening, but they trusted their *Mashgiach*.

Back on the road, the young man continued driving, accompanied by one of the assailants who had settled in for the long drive. He tried to remain calm, speaking gently, avoiding any sudden movements.

As they approached Lakewood, he directed the car towards the dormitory building. Inside, the students were still *davening* when the *bochur* entered the dormitory building - with a tall, black stranger beside him. The hall fell silent. Some students recognized the *bochur* and rushed to his side. Another discreetly called the police. The rest surrounded the black man and detained him. Within minutes, law enforcement arrived and apprehended the assailant. The young man was safe. The story spread like wildfire among the students, though the *Mashgiach* himself remained humble and reserved. It was clearly a Divine miracle.

As time went on, the *bochur* continued dating and was soon engaged. (*For all those who will surely ask, I do not know if it was the same girl! Ed. Note*) Of course, he invited the *Mashgiach*, R’ Nosson, to the wedding. On the day of the wedding, he approached R’ Nosson with deep emotion. “*Rebbi*, how can I ever repay you for what you did for me that night?” he asked.

The *Mashgiach* smiled gently and replied, “There is one way. You can repay me by not telling the story to others.”

The young man was taken aback. “Everyone knows the story. But how did *Rebbi* know I was in danger?” R’ Nosson hesitated for a moment. Then he shrugged softly. “Maybe ... I had a dream,” he said.

Those who knew him understood that this was no ordinary dream. It was a moment of *ruach hakodesh*, a divine whisper that reached the heart of a *tzaddik*. His response wasn’t meant to mystify, it was a reflection of his humility. He didn’t seek recognition or praise. He simply acted. Salvation doesn’t always come with thunder and lightning. Sometimes, it arrives in the form of a gentle nudge, a midnight awakening, and a room full of men reciting *Tehillim* with deep emotion. (Ish L’Rayahu)

יחי דגן ויפרחו כנפן זכרו
כיין לבנות ... (הושע ד-ה)

A PENETRATING ANALYSIS OF THE WEEKLY
HAFTORAH BY AN UNEQUALED HISTORIAN

Hoshea Hanavi describes *Hashem’s* infinite kindness to those who adhere to His word, by stating: “*They who sit in His shade shall be revived and bring to life new grain. They shall blossom like the vine and His scent shall be like the wine of Lebanon.*” The *Medrash* tells us that *Hashem* elaborated on this and declared that, “*He loves the names of the converts like wine that is brought on the mizbeach.*” The obvious question is, what does one have to do with the other?

R’ Avraham Bornstein זצ”ל of Sochatchov (Zera Baruch), also known as the **Avnei Nezer**, explains that it is important to establish that the *mitzvah* of ניסוך היין was never performed by the *Avos*. In fact, they only performed ניסוך השמן. In that case, why do we perform the ritual on wine as

opposed to oil? He explains that *Klal Yisroel* are compared to fine wine which comes from grapes that grow on a vine. For just as grapes must have a strong vine to grow from, so too *Klal Yisroel* must always remember their foundation - the *Avos Hakedoshim*. Thus, as a זכר to the *Avos*, we perform the ritual with wine as opposed to oil. So, converts who are considered the children of *Avraham Avinu* are beloved by the almighty as a result of their newfound connection to *Avraham Avinu*, who stands as their new foundation in life.

Taking a lesson from those who chose to join the Jewish Nation despite their previous backgrounds, all Jews must maintain that strong connection to previous generations, and to the *Avos* specifically.

תורת הצבי על הפטרות

ויהי כאשר ילדה רחל את יוסף ואמר יעקב אל
לבן שלחני ואלכה אל מקומי ולא רצו ... (ל-כה)

Rashi explains that specifically at this juncture, immediately after Yosef was born, *Yaakov Avinu* requested a permanent leave of absence from Lavan’s employ. *Chazal* tell us that Yosef is Esav’s nemesis; the antidote to the power of Esav. Yaakov was fortified with this newfound strength and was now ready to face the ultimate adversity. The **Sefas Emes** elaborates as follows: הקב"ה gives a person *kochos*. These traits lie dormant inside, waiting to be brought out when needed. In *Parshas Noach*, Rashi says "עיקר תולדותיהם של צדיקים מעשים טובים". That means that besides the typical inborn strengths one may have, there lies in him a secret “sleeper cell”; an inner reservoir of power waiting to be activated when needed. This is called the *koach* of יוסף, to be מוסיף; pushing yourself just a little more. That is symbolized by a flame which lights up in the distance, as the נביא עובדיה says, "ובית יוסף להבה". The ability to “*shtrengzich un*” - to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps, is what helps us overcome Esav, our physical and spiritual enemy. Once Yaakov had that, he was confident that he would succeed.

Perhaps we can be מוסיף a *machshava*. The realization that our progeny is a *hosafa* on us; a continuity of sorts. Continuing the unbroken chain is one of the greatest weapons in our arsenal to vanquish Esav. The gentiles have a disconnect between their generations, while we maintain a strong link. Thus, *Yaakov Avinu* was בטוח in this realization. And maybe *davka* via Yosef who personified the ultimate *koach* to be *omed b’nisayon* in the hardest of times with the אביו של אביו, was *Yaakov Avinu* ready to embark on the journey to face life’s challenges. This *koach* of Yosef, the power to push just a bit more, should enable us to be *matzliach* in both our personal trials and our communal tribulations, helping us to defeat all evils.

May we soon be *zocheh* to the *Navi’s* closing words in that *posuk*, "ולא יהיה שריד לבית עשו, כי ה' דבר".

משל למה הדבר דומה

ויהמו הצאן אל המקלות ותלדון הצאן עקדים נקדים ומלאים (ל-לט)

משל: It once occurred in a bustling synagogue that a devout *Yid*, fully immersed in the silent *Shemona Esrei* was startled by his friend’s utterly inexplicable behavior. This prayer is considered a deeply personal, solemn conversation with *Hashem*, yet in the midst of this profound stillness, the friend suddenly broke the concentration of everyone nearby. He reached into his coat, pulled out a cigarette and match, lit the tobacco and took a single puff. Then he quickly extinguished the cigarette and tucked the remains back into his pocket.

As soon as he took his three steps back marking the prayer’s conclusion, the bewildered friend rushed over. “My dear friend, what in the world was that spectacle?” he exclaimed, his voice a mixture of shock and suppressed laughter. “We all know that talking is forbidden during *Shemona Esrei*,

ויקה מאבני המקום וישם מראשתו
וישכב במקום ההוא ... (כח-יא)

CONCEPTS IN AVODAS HALEV FROM THE
FAMILY OF R' CHAIM YOSEF KOPMAN זצ"ל

מחשבת הלב

but to light up a cigarette? That’s a new one!”

Embarrassed yet completely transparent, the friend confided the truth. “Tonight, I’m flying to the Holy Land. All through the prayer my mind kept drifting to the mundane details of the trip. I vividly imagined myself standing at the El Al counter. The clerk looked up and asked me the standard question: ‘Sir, do you prefer a smoking or non-smoking seat?’ I was in the middle of *Shemona Esrei* and since I could not utter a word, I was forced to show her by taking a puff that I preferred a smoking seat ...”

נמשל: Just as Yaakov understood that the visual impressions of the “peeled sticks” would determine the nature of his flock, this man’s intense mental image of the airport check-in became his reality, dictating his physical actions even in the midst of prayer. The **Baal Shem Tov זצ”ל** is quoted as saying, “Where a person’s thoughts are, there he is entirely.”

INSIGHTFUL TORAH THOUGHTS ON THE WEEKLY
SEDRA TO LEARN AND TO ENJOY BY R' MOSHE GELB

וינפש

Rashi explains that the *posuk* is telling us that Yaakov only laid down that fateful night, but throughout the fourteen years prior that he spent in *Yeshivas Shem V'Eiver* he did not lay down at night, even once. Such unflagging diligence in learning is the hallmark of our *Gedolim*, down to our very day. For example, it is known that **R’ Yoelish of Satmar זצ”ל**, and even more recently, **R’ Boruch Mordechai Ezrachi זצ”ל**, would not stop their learning to lay down and sleep on a bed, but preferred to doze off as they learned. Their lives were one long unbroken *hemshech of limud haTorah* and *dveikus to Hashem*.

It is told that **R’ Elazar Menachem Mann Shach זצ”ל** once went to discuss a difficult question that came up in his learning with the **Brisker Rov זצ”ל**. A satisfactory resolution eluded them, however, and still burdened by his question, Rav Shach returned home. In the wee hours of the morning, the *Rov* roused one of his sons and instructed him to go to Rav Shach’s home immediately to relay that he had found a *terutz*. The son was hesitant to knock on Rav Shach’s door at such a late hour; perhaps he was sleeping, or had himself found a solution? But the *Brisker Rov* told him, “You obviously don’t know Rav Shach very well! If you did, you would know that neither of those things is within the realm of possibility! If Rav Shach had come up with an answer to the question, he would have immediately come back here to tell it to me, so that I may sleep. If he didn’t come to me, that means he doesn’t yet have an answer - and if he doesn’t have an answer, he is not sleeping either!”

Indeed, the *Brisker Rov’s* son went and found Rav Shach pacing back and forth, immersed in his learning, toiling to find a solution to this very question!

Now, although this level seems beyond many of us, at least let us be *misorer* and learn from their ways so that at the very least, in the time that we set aside for learning, we do not let ourselves be disturbed by anything in the world, come what may.

And as our *Zaida Yaakov* did, we too will be *zocheh* to *bracha v’hatzlachah* as a result.