

Shabbat. But in the Bochnia Ghetto, during the height of WWII, even something so small and simple like a cup of flour was illegal for Jews to own, let alone use to bake challahs for their holy day. A large amount of money given to an illegal black marketeer was the only way to go about acquiring such a precious commodity, and *lichvod Shabbat*, the Rebbetzin had done it, to her sublime joy and happiness. But just before Shabbat, that happiness quickly turned to horror, as a Polish officer burst into the tiny apartment and caught her red-handed. Thrilled to snare a prized catch, he demanded, "Where is Halberstam? I want to see the Rabbi Halberstam!"

The Bobover Rav, R' Shloime Halberstam zt"l, was a wanted man by the accursed Germans, and no amount of bribery or promise of further compensation would dissuade the Polish officer from handcuffing the Rav and roughly hauling him away to the dreaded OD Gestapo jail. It was said that hardly anyone emerged from the OD alive and well.

At the jail, the gleeful officer triumphantly showed off his catch to his superiors, charging him with the crime of possessing food reserved for the Wehrmacht. The Gestapo officers were pleased. As part of their responsibilities, they were involved in overseeing the day-to-day activities of the Jews of Bochnia, and nothing gave them more pleasure than seeing a Jew suffer, especially a Jew of this caliber.

Mercilessly, they beat the prisoner, demanding a confession for his "crimes." When none was forthcoming, they pushed R' Shloime into a cell with a number of lowly Polish criminals. After resting for a short while from his severe beating, the Bobover Rav beckoned to one of the guards and after a few whispered negotiations and a handsome bribe, the guard agreed to deliver a letter to the Rav's family.

The guard returned soon after, empty-handed. The Rav sank down onto his hard bench. He understood that his family had exhausted all of their options to have him released, but they were unsuccessful. With a courage and fortitude that was his trademark throughout the war, the Bobover Rav began to prepare himself for the special *misvah* of *Kiddush Hashem*. He recited *Tehillim* with intense concentration in order to bring himself to a state of *simchah*. Then, he decided to compose his will. Writing the date and name of the weekly *parashah*, *Tesaveh*, at the top of the page, he reflected for a moment, trying to choose an appropriate *pasuk* from the *parashah*. Finally, he wrote, "*Venishma kolo bebo'o el hakodesh* – his voice will be heard as he enters the Holy" (28:35).

"Through this will," thought the Rav, "my family will hear my voice one last time before I enter into the holy sphere of Heaven – before I give my life in sanctification of Hashem's holy Name."

He began writing his heartfelt words, imploring his family to remain true to Torah and *Yirat Shamayim*. Midsentence, he suddenly stopped. The end of the *pasuk* – how does it end? With the words "*velo yamut* – and he will not die." The Rav's face lit up, and he tore the paper into shreds, believing that true Providence had guided his thoughts to this specific *pasuk*, and that, indeed, he would not die.

It took a huge amount of bribes to the Nazi criminals in charge, but within a short time, the Bobover Rav was released from the OD and even made it home to celebrate Shabbat with his thankful family. (*Torah Tavlin*)

The Lorraine Gammal A "H Edition

ט"ה תשס"ג, אדר א' תשס"ג, אדר א' תשס"ג, אדר א' תשס"ג

ס"ג

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SHABBAT ZACHOR ✧ ט"ה תשס"ג, אדר א' תשס"ג, אדר א' תשס"ג

SHABBAT ZACHOR

Haftarah: Shemuel I 15:1-34

FEBRUARY 23-24, 2018 9 ADAR 5778

Friday Minhah: 5:23 pm	Shaharit: 5:38, 6:40, 8:30, 9:15 am
Candlelighting: 5:23 pm	Morning Shema by: 8:43 am
Evening Shema after: 6:21 pm	Shabbat Class: 3:50 pm
	Shabbat Minhah: 5:00 pm
	Shabbat Ends: 6:22 pm (R"Y 6:58 pm)
	Sunday Minhah: 5:25 pm

These times are applicable only for the Deal area.

Shabbat Zachor - This Shabbat, we will read an extra portion of Torah which commands us to remember what Amalek did to us and our obligation to wipe him out. All men are required to hear this special reading and even women should try to fulfill this obligation.

Weather permitting, *Bircat Halebanah* will be recited on Saturday night. If not, it may be said until Thursday night, March 1, at 3:00 a.m.

Mabrook to Eddie & Frieda Rishty on the birth of a baby boy.

Mabrook to Albert & Sally Alboucai on the engagement of their son, Jack, to Raquel Tebele.

Condolences to Jimmy & Bobby Rishty on the passing of their father.

A Message from our Rabbi

"וְהָעִיר שִׁשׁוּשָׁן צְהֵלָה וְשִׂמְחָה"

"Then the city of Shushan was cheerful and glad." (*Megillat Esther* 8:15)

The *megillah* says that the city of Shushan was very happy. *Ibn Ezra* explains that it doesn't mean the city was happy; it means the residence of the Jews. A *midrash* says that the joy was so complete that even the stones, so to speak, of Shushan rejoiced.

Rabbi David Kaplan speaks about a fictional conversation taking place at the check-out counter in the supermarket. Gloria and Frieda met in line after doing their pre-Purim shopping, and neither was in a particular festive mood.

"I really don't think the kids should be eating all that junk on Purim," began Gloria in a kvetchy voice. "They can go a whole day without eating real food. That's why I

buy only dried fruit and nuts,” she concluded righteously, while pointing at her shopping cart, which indeed had a generous amount of both of the above-mentioned items.

“Yeah, I agree,” whined back Frieda. “And the drinking. I mean, the men get drunk, which is bad enough. But even the boys too – I just think it’s terrible. Sometimes boys drink so much they start singing loudly. I told my two sons that they may not drink, and if they absolutely must, then one glass of wine each.”

“And something else,” Gloria said – they were both on a roll now. “The boys go out collecting money. Such terrible training. They will learn to become schnorrers.”

“And you know what else I can’t stand?” added Frieda. “All the wasted *mishloach manot* food. All home-baked stuff goes right in the garbage by us, and the other stuff I just give away. More chocolate wafers? Who needs it? And then there are the costumes...”

The two went on like this for a while until they finally checked out. Does any of this sound familiar? If not, you can stop reading right now. If yes, it is highly recommended that you continue.

Imagine a family during the Holocaust, parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters, etc. All were separated in various camps throughout the war years. After the war, as people began regrouping, they started finding each other. All had miraculously survived. The next year, on the anniversary of their reunion, they made a festive meal to thank Hashem for the unreal and unbelievable miracles. At the meal, Uncle Sam had a little too much to drink, and started singing loudly. Little Moshe and Betty kept eating nosh and nothing else. And Fred took advantage of everyone’s good mood to playfully ask for donations for the Fred-fund. Do you think anyone would get upset? No, everyone would be so consumed with glee at the fact of their survival that all imperfect behavior would be easily and totally overlooked.

Well, this is what Purim is about. Not one of us would be here today to do any drinking or schnorring or noshing if Haman’s plan of total annihilation had been carried out.

We are not justifying firecrackers, excessive drinking, or immodest behavior; it must be controlled. However, this doesn’t mean there is something inherent in Purim to complain about. Our Sages are the ones who instituted drinking. They were aware of what happens to people when drinking, yet they made the rule anyway. Do people sometimes get a bit carried away? Yes. So what? As a nation we are pretty good. And with *mishloach manot* it’s not what we send or what happens to the food. The point is to demonstrate friendship towards each other.

We shouldn’t try to be smarter or wiser than our Sages. We should just do as instructed and then enjoy the benefits of following their wisdom.

Shabbat Shalom and Happy holiday.

Rabbi Reuven Semah

Do Me a Favor

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“And you shall command *B’nei Yisrael* that they bring to you pure olive oil beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always.” (*Shemot* 27:20)

The *Midrash* comments on this *pasuk* that Hashem does not really need the light, but you should nonetheless make a light for Him just as He makes light for you. The

Midrash gives the analogy of a blind person and a person who could see who were walking together. The person with sight led the blind person the entire way. When they reached their destination, the sighted person told the blind person to make a light. “I want you to do this,” he said, “so you will not feel a debt of gratitude for all that I have done for you. Now you have done something for me in return.”

Rabbi Yeruchem Levovitz commented that from here we see what total kindness is. There are many ulterior motives a person can have when he does favors for others. But the ultimate in doing kindness is to do it without any expectations for something in return. This *Midrash* should be our guide when we do a favor for another person. Our attitude should be totally to help someone and not to expect even gratitude in return.

Many people feel strong resentment towards people who do not show any gratitude for what was done for them. One who does kindness for its own sake will be free of any negative feelings towards someone who does not reciprocate or express gratitude. Moreover, an elevated person will go out of his way to make the beneficiary of his kindness feel free of any obligations toward him. (Growth through Torah)

Partners

The “If-I-only-knew-then-what-I-know-now” syndrome is a malady of the aged. It is not a form of Alzheimer’s disease or arthritis. It is a frustration which is a by-product of the wisdom that people acquire over the years. Individuals find it difficult to accept that when they were physically vibrant and full of energy they did not understand what they ultimately figured out after years of life’s ups and downs, after absorbing the countless lessons culled from every experience. Young people may think that they know it all, but only time can reveal how mistaken a notion that really is.

We may wonder why a perfect Creator would make it so that both old and young are lacking. The physically fit young don’t have wisdom, and the wise elderly people don’t have enough energy to put their ideas into practice. The plan, however, is to bridge the gap between the generations. Neither the young nor the old can reach maximum efficiency without the cooperation of the other. The counsel of the wise combined with the energy of the young is a true formula for success.

When you want to get something done, look for your “partner.” If you are a young go-getter, check your plan with someone older and wiser. Ask about pitfalls you might have overlooked and seek solutions to overcome the obstacles in your path. If you are elderly, swallow your pride. Face reality and ask for the physical help you need to effectuate your bright idea.

It only takes a minute to ask, but it can compensate for any shortcomings you may have that can sabotage the success of your ideas. (One Minute With Yourself – Rabbi Raymond Beyda)

The Sun

“The sun is far away and yet it cooperates with the oceans and with the soil to produce food. The heat of the sun causes water to evaporate from the oceans and then rise to form clouds. The clouds pass over the continents and release the water in the form of rain. The clouds are driven by the winds. The sun, the oceans, the wind and the force of gravity cooperate to produce rain. Finally, the soil cooperates to produce food.”

Despite the varieties of man’s nature, one should imitate the forces of nature by working together towards a common goal of success. (Norman D. Levy - based on Rabbi Miller, Duties of the Mind)

Survival

A cup of flour. That was all it was. How hard the Bobover Rebbetzin had worked to procure a simple cup of pure white flour in order to bake special challahs in honor of