**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas vayeitzei 5776**

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**A Pilot and Holocaust Survivors,**

**Bound by War’s Fabric,**

**Are Reunited in Brooklyn**

**By Eve M. Kahnnov**



**Alan Golub, center, at a reunion last month in Brooklyn with some of the Hungarian women he helped as a pilot during World War II  CreditKarsten Moran for The New York Times**

 You never know when a pistol pointed in wartime will lead to hours of emotional blessings in Brooklyn 70 years later.

 Sometime in April 1945, Alan Golub aimed his gun at a shopkeeper in Eschwege, in central Germany. He was serving as a pilot with American forces that had liberated the Buchenwald concentration camp. He had just met three dozen young Hungarian Jewish women, newly escaped from slave labor making Nazi weapons. They were hiding in a school in Eschwege, shivering and dressed in rags. He wanted to buy them fabric to make clothes, but the shopkeeper had refused him, saying there were rationing rules that she had to follow.

 “I have to have it,” he told her. When she saw his gun, “she changed her mind,” Mr. Golub, 91, recalled last month.

 He owns a copy of a 1945 photograph of the Hungarian women, wearing nearly identical dresses stitched from the bolt of dark flowered cloth that he bought at gunpoint. After the war they wondered what happened to the kind American soldier — their nickname for him was Gub Gub — and he wondered what happened to them. Last month, he and three of the women had a tearful reunion, the result of emails flying for months between the outskirts of Boston, where Mr. Golub lives, and Budapest, Germany, Israel, Manhattan and Washington.

 The [Pesach Tikvah](http://www.pesachtikvah.org/) social service agency in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, hosted the reunion on Oct. 26 for the three Eschwege survivors and a hundred relatives and friends, mostly members of the Hasidic community. The women, Sari Gruenzweig, Esther Epstein and Lea Singer, sat beaming beside Mr. Golub for hours, as the crowd called out grateful words in English, Hebrew and Yiddish.

 The families told Mr. Golub about children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and someone in the throng held up a baby, a great-great-grandchild of a survivor who had worn the fabric he had procured. He remembered how he had also brought food and coal to the marooned women in Eschwege. They had been enslaved in a satellite camp of Buchenwald and sent on death marches. They had seen countless children and old people from their Hungarian villages taken away.

 Mr. Golub had been the first person to restore some of their dignity after a year in torment.

 “I sewed 16 dresses; the 17th dress was mine,” Mrs. Gruenzweig told the crowd at Pesach Tikvah, explaining how she had made good use of the flowered print for her friends in that chilly school. She had scrounged up thread from old clothes scraps. Her husband, Martin Gruenzweig, sat beside her as she told the story again, the scar from a Nazi bullet visible on his right hand; the bullet had been meant for his skull when he was shot into a mass grave.

 His three sisters had been holed up in that same school, and when he found them again, they introduced him to their talented seamstress friend as a potential bride.



**A portrait of the women Mr. Golub aided by threatening a shopkeeper at gunpoint for cloth, which was used to make them matching dresses. CreditKarsten Moran for The New York Times**

 Betty Ungar, one of the Gruenzweigs’ daughters, said her mother had not let wartime horrors embitter her. In their tight-knit Brooklyn community, Mrs. Ungar said, when “anybody needed help, they came running to my mother.”

 At Pesach Tikvah, everyone passed around copies of the group portrait that an Army photographer took in 1945. The women, in their dresses made from the cloth bought at gunpoint, posed at the Eschwege school with an Army chaplain, Robert S. Marcus, who had been comforting the frail survivors at Buchenwald, too. Mr. Golub’s original copy of the photo, which he donated in 1999 to [Yad Vashem,](http://collections.yadvashem.org/photosarchive/en-us/43927.html) Israel’s Holocaust memorial, is inscribed on the back with the women’s names and a thank-you note to Mr. Golub.

 The crowd took photos of Mr. Golub and the survivors holding up copies of the group portrait. People admired the varied collars, sleeves, buttons and pockets on the dresses and remembered the names of ancestral Hungarian villages. Mr. Golub, a retired toy and sporting goods distributor from Canton, Mass., briefly summarized his own 70 ensuing years spent raising five children with his wife, Dorothy. In the crowd, taking more pictures and answering and asking questions, was the Golubs’ daughter Abby Sullivan, her husband, Gary Sullivan, and their children.



**Mr. Golub with, from right, Sari Gruenzweig, Esther Epstein and Lea Singer, who were enslaved in a satellite camp of Buchenwald. Yittu Markowitz, a friend in the community, looked on. CreditKarsten Moran for The New York Times**

 There were brief speeches by Pesach Tikvah executives and the head of the board, Rabbi David Niederman. But mostly, impromptu blessings poured forth for Mr. Golub: “There isn’t enough ink to write down all the good deeds that you did!” and “You saved a whole people!” and “May you live to be 120!”

 Mr. Golub did not intend to be fussed over. “I’m a little embarrassed by it all, to tell you the truth,” he said in a side conversation. “I don’t need the honor. I’m just happy that I played a very, very small part in helping unfortunate people. I felt that it was a duty that had to be done.”

 A year ago, [Mr. Sullivan](http://www.garysullivanantiques.com/), a prominent dealer in American antiques, had grown curious about the fates of the women in the matching dresses and tried to research them. In July he was put in touch with a Hungarian museum expert, Anna Czekmany, who contacted various institutions including [Beit Hatfutsot,](http://www.bh.org.il/) the Museum of the Jewish People in Tel Aviv. She was eventually directed to a German historian, Fritz Brinkmann-Frisch, who runs a [memorial museum](http://www.diz-stadtallendorf.de/index.php?menuid=2&PHPSESSID=c5cc1cab794a654309e29f2a7a2624ba) for slave labor victims in Stadtallendorf, where the Hungarian women had performed hazardous, filthy tasks for Dynamit Nobel, a chemical and weapons company.

 Mr. Brinkmann-Frisch had previously seen the 1945 portrait and met with the Eschwege survivors over the years. He sent Mr. Sullivan some contact information from the 1990s. Mr. Sullivan unearthed phone numbers for a few women who had settled in Brooklyn, but he reached older people who could not hear well and preferred to speak Yiddish. Last month, he was put in touch with Pearl Lam and [Rivka Schiller](http://www.rivkasyiddish.com/about.html), researchers who are fluent in Yiddish, who made visits and calls. Ms. Schiller also suggested contacting Pesach Tikvah, in case anyone there recognized any names on the photo.

 It so happened that the volunteer coordinator for the agency’s Holocaust survivor program, Sara Lichtenstadter, is an in-law of the Gruenzweig family. She had heard the story of the dresses many times.

 She promptly set out to tell the women and their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren that Mr. Golub had been found.

 The Sullivans happened to be taking Mr. Golub and his wife to Brooklyn, where Pesach Tikvah is located, for a cousin’s 65th anniversary party on Oct. 25.

With a few days’ notice, Pesach Tikvah sent out invitations. Phones were soon ringing with people wondering how many family members they could bring.

 “We would have had hundreds of people” if there had been a little more time to prepare, Zalman Kotzen, one of the executives, said.

 “I put all my business plans away” to be able to attend Mr. Golub’s party, Mrs. Ungar said. (She has 10 children and runs two bus companies, with [routes](https://www.washny.com/) between New York and the Washington area.) She insisted that family members join her to meet the rescuer. “I didn’t give them a way to say no,” she added.

 After two hours at Pesach Tikvah, there were still stories left to share, but there were children to feed, doctors’ appointments to keep and long trips home.

 Mr. Golub complimented Mrs. Gruenzweig’s dresses one more time. “You did a wonderful job,” he told her.

*Reprinted from the November 9, 2015 edition of The New York Times.*

**The Value of a Stone**

**From Eretz Yisroel**

**The Third Partner and**

**The Hannukah Lamps**

**By David Bibi**

 I would like to tell over one told by Rabbi Haim Sabato. It is long, but it is amazing and you will tell it again and again, so please be patient with me.

 Most of the sages of Aleppo [Syria], following the advice of Maimonides, were typically reluctant to depend on others and worked to make a living although their work was always subsidiary to their study. Despite this there were some sages who derived their livelihood from the community. And how was this done?

 Today we are very proud of the charitable accomplishments of our community. Few groups in the world can match the openhanded giving habitually practiced by the community. We can take tremendous pride in Bikur Cholim, Maoz LaEvyonim, SAFE, The Angel Fund, our Mikvaot, and our endless support for Torah institutions from local day schools to Yeshivot in Israel and throughout the world. But this habit which we pray to hand down to our children and grandchildren did not begin with us.

**19th Century Aleppo Legacy**

 In 19th Century Aleppo, there was an endowment for the sages set up by two partners and it comprised courtyards and houses whose rents were distributed to the noted sages. These two gentlemen also established the charitable society and a sick bay to care for the ill. They inaugurated a food fund and a society to assist brides getting married. They ransomed Jews who had been imprisoned by the authorities and interceded with governments paving the way for the annulment of decrees.

 It was said that the grandfathers of these two gentlemen had been partners, traders in scrap metal and had made their rounds of the street in a cart, buying up scrap and all kinds of utensils that nobody wanted. They would then clean them, repair them and set out for the nearby villages to sell them door to door.

 And who were they? Senor Franco and Senor De Piciotto were extremely close and fiercely loyal partners, negotiating in good faith and setting aside time for their Torah studies. Scrap metal businesses, like most small businesses, sometimes prosper but more often are in decline, spending much and earning little, a wheel turning full circle and turning especially towards poverty.

**A Desire to Enlist Another Partner**

 Their commerce, too, diminished almost to the point of collapse. Needing help, they decided to enlist another partner. He would invest money, and they would contribute their labor and their good name, and perhaps his luck would bring blessing and prosperity to their business, and the A-mighty would look favorably upon them.

 Said Senor Franco to Senor De Piciotto,"Tomorrow, you do the rounds by yourself and I shall go and look for a partner, and in the L-rd's name we shall succeed."

 In the morning Senor Franco decided to make a short pilgrimage to the village of Tedef where there is a synagogue, and a sealed cave where legend says that a Torah scroll written by Ezra the Scribe is kept. He rose early and went directly to the cave, lit candles and recited the opening section of the words of Elijah from the *Zohar*. He prayed that Hashem should assist in helping to find a partner and he read from Psalms when suddenly he rose and the words flew from his mouth: "O L-rd eternal! What need have I of a partner of flesh and blood? You shall be our trusted partner!"

**Joyfully Returning to Aleppo**

 Being a G-d-fearing man he was alarmed at his own words and feared he might somehow have blasphemed against Heaven. Upon reflection he felt more at ease and vowed that of all the profit they made, one-third, the partner's share, would be given as charity to the sages of their city. And at once he arose joyfully and returned to Aleppo.

 He did not go to his home but went directly to the great and ancient synagogue to pray Mincha. In the synagogue there is one cave where according to tradition, a revelation of Eliyahu HaNavi took place. There was also a wide corridor that was called the Midrash, where humble sages sat studying the Torah. As Don Franco was about to leave for his home, he saw a sage sitting there studying. As he gazed at him, he saw the sage's face light up with radiance such as he had never seen before. He was almost alarmed, and drew back from him. Fumbling in his pocket, he found one valuable coin, laid it before the sage and left.

**Perhaps a Gift of Rabeynu Tam**

 The Sage had never put out his hand. Earlier that day his wife told him that the cupboards were empty and he needed to go to the marketplace and earn some money. He tried, but he was drawn to the study hall. With the coin sitting before him he wondered if the coin was placed there by heaven and was reminded of the story in the Talmud feared that perhaps it would diminish his heavenly reward. Then again perhaps it was a gift of Rabeynu Tam whose words he had understood and which brought him intense pleasure and lit up his face.

 Senor Franco saw his friend standing before their cart, empty of merchandise. Senor De Piciotto asked if he was successful, and if he found a partner, and if the partner was trustworthy and if the partner had money. Senor Franco affirmed all of these but when asked his name replied, “I am deeply sorry but that I cannot tell you. He made it a condition that his name not be revealed.”

 Senor De Piciotto found this hard to understand, but accepted his partner’s condition. And in the midst of their conversation a certain middleman came to them with a purse full of coins in his hands. Knowing that their cart was empty of merchandise they were embarrassed and did not know how to answer him. They took care of not to utter a syllable that might betray their sorry state of affairs.

**A European in Search of Old Hannukah Lamps**

 A European had approached the middleman and he was looking for old Hanukkah lamps. He said that he collects Hanukkah lambs from various congregations of Israel. He requested that this middleman find some. “The older they are, the more precious they'll be to me.”

 So he came to the two partners who looked at one another and said nothing. Their hearts told them that that was a good omen. Since the Hanukah lamp commemorates a miracle, it was obvious that the luck of the new partner at surely brought their new miracle.

 They rummage among the utensils and found one old Hanukkah lamp made of brass. The middleman told them to fix the price. For an old piece like this they would charge very little, but for this customer age is an asset rather than a defect and he only wants to have it because it is old. They set a very high price and the middleman paid them. He went to the buyer and immediately returned to them. He told them, go to your suppliers and bring me more lamps like these and I'll pay you four times the price you set.

 Senor Franco said to himself I shall go to that Haham whose face I saw lighting up and I'll do him a favor. He found him on his way from the study hall. He told him about the collector. He then went with the Haham to his home. The sage discussed the matter with his wife and she brought out in ancient lamp, many years old, inherited from his father and his father’s fathers, men of the Spanish exile. It was old and damaged and could not hold oil or be used for any ritual purpose. He saw that engraved on it was the family name and the picture of a ship. They went and showed it to the foreign trader and when he saw that he was overjoyed and offered a generous price for it enough to keep the siege solvent for months with a substantial commission for the partners and the middleman.

**A Tradition Instituted by Exiles from Spain**

 What was so special about this chanukiah? It was made according to a custom of some of Aleppo that rather than light one candle and the Shamash on the first, they light three altogether and continue throughout the holiday with ten lights on the final night. This custom has been vouched for by many and I have been told that still people in the community do this. Some do not even know why. I have heard it said that the tradition was instituted by exiles from Spain who arrived in Aleppo at Hanukkah. They were saved from a shipwreck by a miracle and added an extra candle in memory of the miracle. This Hanukkah lamp was destined to be displayed in the Louvre in Paris.

 Following this episode fortunes changed for the partners. Every deal they touched turned to gold. As they resources increased, they began dealing in more expensive goods. Barely a year passed since that first episode when they bought themselves a shop in the market and stocked it with all kinds of goods. Within a few more years they were appointed local agents for several overseas companies. Eventually they were awarded government warrants and titles of honor including having the kingdom of Spain appoint them honorary consuls.

**Each Month Setting Aside a Third of the Profits**

 And every month they worked out their accounts meticulously, setting aside a third of the profits for their anonymous partner. After some years Senor De Piciotto could restrain himself no longer.

 At first Senor Franco put him off. Why should you care? Don't you see with your own eyes how luck has worked for us? And how the wheel has turned to our advantage? All this wealth of ours is due to Him? But he saw that his partner was not satisfied and nothing he said would convince him. Who ever heard of a partner, who for years had neither taken his money nor checked the accounts?

 Senor Franco told Senor De Piciotto the whole story of what it happened in the village and in the great synagogue. Senor De Piciotto was a G-d-fearing man and not only was he not angry but he loved Senor Franco all the more and was exceedingly glad to be in such a partnership.

 And so they took the third and added to it considerably and created all sorts of funds for the sages, the poor, the sick, the orphans and all who were in need. They told their children and grandchildren the story and they directed them to do the same. And Hashem blessed them. The generations prospered and their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren did the same.

 And the habits of those men and women, of our grandparents, great grandparents all the way back to Jacob, Isaac and Abraham, the qualities of kindness, strength, truth, justice, self-control, humility hard work and serving others, those qualities are within us; within our spiritual DNA.

 Let us strive to bring them forth and to live the lives that they lived so that our children will tell these stories about us. The story of the Jewish people is a story of Toledot, of generations, perhaps separated by time, but bound by holiness.

*Reprinted from last week’s email (Parashat Toldot) of Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

[**Terror Attack in Israel Wound Saves Man’s Life, Reveals Tumor**](http://matzav.com/terror-attack-wound-saves-mans-life-reveals-tumor/)



**Daniel Cohen**

An Israeli man wounded in a stabbing attack in Rishon Lezion last week said the potentially deadly assault actually ended up saving his life: When Daniel Cohen was taken to a hospital with stab wounds to upper body, doctors discovered what could have been a life-threatening tumor in his intestines.

 Cohen, 31, recounted the November 2 attack — in which two other people, including an 80-year-old woman, were also wounded — during an interview with Radio Kol Chai on Wednesday.

 “I was in the middle of a work day,” Cohen, a kashrus supervisor, said. “I was in the central bus station… I waited for the bus and did not see anything suspicious. Then I walked a few steps and suddenly the attacker lunged at me and strangled me.

 “I felt like my neck was going to snap. He took out a knife and tried to behead me. I tried to move him with my hand and then he tried to stab me in the neck. I moved my head so he hit my jaw, near the ear. He pushed me to the floor and stabbed along my left side, in my chest, in my stomach and in my shoulder,” the father of five recounted.

 “When Magen David Adom paramedics arrived I was still conscious but when I got to Assaf Harofeh Hospital they put me under. I went into a four-hour surgery. It went well, they took out my spleen and a bit of my liver. My intestines were damaged. As they were treating these organs, they found a growth on my intestine that I didn’t know I had. They cut it out and sewed what they needed to,” he added.

 “Thank G-d, I am now in good condition a week later,” he said. “They said they found the tumor when they were operating. If they wouldn’t have removed it, it could have gotten worse.”

 Cohen said that he felt pains in his intestines for several weeks prior to the incident but didn’t have time to “deal with it.”

 “The terror attack saved my life,” he maintained.

 The attack last week was noted for its location, in central Israel, and for the wounding of Rachel Eisenkot, 80, whose stabbing was caught on security footage, causing outrage when it emerged that most passersby chased after the Palestinian attacker, jumping over the wounded woman lying on the street.

*Reprinted from last week’s website of Matzav.com*

**A Slice of Life**

**Rebecca's Gift**

**By Tzippy Clapman**

 Rebecca, a hospital administrator who had no children, was an only child herself. I worked in the same hospital as Rebecca, and a friend and I would make monthly luncheons. We would hang posters all over the hospital and many Jewish medical students, nursing students, doctors and even orderlies would come. Guest lecturers came and we often focused on the upcoming Jewish holiday or special date. Rebecca always attended.

 Years passed and I no longer worked in that hospital, so I lost touch with Rebecca. Then one day, I bumped into her just a few blocks from my home. Rebecca, now in her 70s, tearfully told me that her husband had died of sudden heart failure. She had retired from her job, and she was very lonely without her beloved husband who was also her one and only relative. She had moved to just a few blocks away from my home!

 I invited her to come to our home for Shabbat. I told her that I would have one of my children meet her at her apartment door to escort her to our home and that someone would walk her home after the meal. She was very skeptical, "Let me tell you right off the bat that I am not a religious women and I don't even keep kosher or any of your traditional Judaism."

 I told Rebbeca that I am not G-d, and I do not judge her religious actions, but I would truly love to have her presence at our Shabbat table.

 For the next 15 year, Rebecca sat at our Shabbat and holiday table. Rebecca had never had siblings or children. She was very set in her ways. She could not stand children's loud voices and squabbles (common at our table). She could not stand a lot of movement (my children and grandchildren would run around the house). I would notice her look of displeasure during all those meals and I would feel sorry for her. But for 15 years, despite her disapproval at all the ruckus, Rebecca came back to our house every Shabbat and Jewish holiday. We also invited her to all of our birthday parties, and weddings, and other milestones. Rebecca was our official honorary Bubby for all those years.

 Our children were not delighted with Rebecca as our continuous guest. But my husband and I decided that this was the best Jewish education we could give them; to teach them to tolerate her and treat her well despite her disapproval of them.

 Over the years my children grew up and began to enjoy her presence. As they matured they began to understand how someone who had spent most of her life around very few people might feel. Although Rebecca needed us so that she wasn't totally alone in the world, we really needed her to teach us unconditional love for a fellow Jew.

 Eventually Rebecca started to keep kosher. She began lighting candles for Shabbat and Yom Tov, and then she began keeping all the laws that she knew.

 Rebecca was a graduate of Brooklyn College and during our time together, her graduating class celebrated her class's 50th reunion. There would be a weekend of dinners and conferences, and her class was going to walk down the aisle with that year's graduates and then have a graduation banquet. Rebecca was very touched that I attended this gala event which was quite costly. But I knew it was important that I was with her and took pictures and stood by her side.

 Rebecca did have one distant cousin who would call her from Florida once or twice a year to make sure she was still alive. This cousin knew that she was in her will and she would even send her a birthday card. One day Rebecca turned to me and asked me if she should put me in her will. Without a second thought, I answered, "Absolutely not!" I very lovingly told her that if she wanted, she could pick a charitable organization to receive a donation after her death. I explained that this would be very beneficial for her in the afterlife. "But don't give anything to me!"

 My children were shocked by my quick response and I noticed their eyes widen with amazement. After Rebecca left, my children asked me why I did not accept the offer. "Mommy, you are the one who cares for her, and had her all these years, you deserve her inheritance!" I immediately answered the children, "If I would accept her offer, she would feel that I did all this for her money!" My children had to admit I had a point, something they had not thought of.

 Over the next couple of years, Rebecca became older and more frail and we advised her to wear an emergency alert necklace in case she fell or felt ill. I was the first "relative" on her list and she gave me the keys to her apartment. Once or twice I was summoned to her home by the response team, and ran over to see what was wrong and to deal with it. From one episode she was hospitalized for a couple of weeks, and we all took turns visiting daily with her. She had sufficient rehab and by the time she came home we happily had her back at our Shabbat and Yom Tov table.

 We celebrated Passover last year with Rebecca and a few days later a neighbor called us to say that she had not taken in the mail outside her door that day. I immediately called and there was no response. She would always pick up the phone right away, glad to receive a phone call. My husband and I grabbed her keys and ran to her apartment where we found our beloved friend at her kitchen table with a cup of tea in front of her, no longer alive. I called her distant cousins in Florida and asked permission for us to arrange that she have a proper Jewish burial. The relative gave permission to release her funeral directives and to let us handle it all. Rebecca had a very large number of people gather outside her building as well as all my children's classmates and friends to bid her farewell with Psalms and tears. We had a minyan of men who attended her burial and made sure that everything was done properly and with the fullest respect.

 I will forever be grateful to G-d for sending Rebecca into our lives. She helped bring out the best in us, and her presence gave my children a priceless sensitivity to the needs of a fellow Jew.

*Tzippy Clapman, RN, MS, FNP, lives in Crown Heights with her husband, Rabbi Yehuda Clapman, a certified sofer. Tzippy, formerly a NICU nurse and now the director of school-based clinics, Condensed from an article in the N'Shei Chabad Newsletter.*

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chaya Sarah 5776 edition of “L’Chaim Weekly,” a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, NY.*

**Rav Chaim Soleveitchik**

**And the Butcher**



 Rav Chaim Soleveitchik, of blessed memory, was once approached by a wealthy man who owned a slaughterhouse. The man asked Rav Chaim to inspect a recently slaughtered steer that was worth a large sum of money. The steer had a questionable infection on its lung that might have rendered it non-kosher.

 Rav Chaim looked at the animal and shook his head. "Your fears prove true," he said. "I'm sorry but this animal does have a diseased lung and is not kosher."

 The man accepted the ruling with an open mind and heart. "It's all right Rebbe," he replied, "I can afford to make a sacrifice once in a while."

 A month later, the same person appeared before Rav Chaim together with another man. They were arguing about an insignificant sum of money, and the wealthy man insisted that they present their case before the Rav.

 Once again, Rav Chaim issued a ruling against the butcher, but this time, however, his reaction was very different. He ranted and raved that the Rav did not know how to adjudicate even a simple question. He threatened the Rabbi and verbally assaulted him. Rabbi Soleveitchik stood silent through the man's tirade, and eventually his children expelled the man from their home.

 "Wasn't this the man that revered your judgment regarding the cow? Wasn't his loss in that case almost one hundred times the amount of this particular loss? Why was he so amenable then and so incensed now?" his children asked.

 Rav Chaim smiled. "This man is basically a good person. He didn't even mind taking a large loss when I prohibited the sale of the meat. However, today I awarded someone money that he perceived to be his. People are willing to lose for Heaven's sake, but they can not handle the fact that someone is getting what they believe is theirs."

 Comment: Rabbi Mordechai Kaminetzky asks, “Why was Esav suddenly so upset for losing the birthright when he easily gave it up for a bowl of soup?” Esav’s attitude reveals a flaw in human nature. When we lose something, it doesn’t bother us as much as someone else ending up with what we lost. We should train ourselves to be less jealous and happier for others (EVEN when they benefit from our loss).

*Reprinted from last week’s email of Torah’s Sweets Weekly.*

**The Secret to Mr. Ruby Schron’s Success: A Performance of Kiddush Hashem**

 Rabbi Tzvi Price asks, what can we do to bring Hashem’s salvation when we face a problem? Certainly, having faith in Hashem and davening intensely are effective means of earning Hashem’s assistance. Additionally, however, we can earn a salvation from Hashem by making a Kiddush Hashem, glorifying the Name of Hashem in this world through our conduct.

 Chazal comment (Toras Kohanim, Acharei Mos) that if you glorify Hashems’ Name, then Hashem, in turn, will glorify His Name through you. By making a Kiddush Hashem, Hashem will use us as a means of creating yet another Kiddush Hashem. By displaying Middos that reflect the qualities that are expected of the nation chosen by Hashem to represent Him in the world, we earn the privilege of being the means for further Kiddush Hashem to be created.



**Mr. Ruby Schron**

 Rabbi Price writes that there is a well-known philanthropist in Brooklyn New York, named Mr. Ruby Schron. Many years ago, Mr. Schron purchased a home. One day his children were jumping around on a bed, and they heard a crash in the floor underneath them. They looked in the hole and discovered a safe had been hidden under the floor boards!

 They managed to get the safe open and they found that it contained diamonds, jewelry and bonds worth a total of approximately $40,000. The Schron’s wanted to do what was proper with their find and thought to return it to the original owner, so they consulted with Rav Moshe Feinstein, zt”l.

 When they bought the house, the sale contract clearly said that the purchase of the home applied to everything in the home including all of the furniture and any leftover belongings, however, Rav Moshe in fact told them that they were correct and should definitely return everything, as people do not usually sell money.

 Mr. Schron called the previous owner of the house who thanked him and said, “Our parents left us money in the house, but we were never able to find it. We knew that a religious Jew like yourself would return it to us if it was ever found!” This was a remarkable Kiddush Hashem, and Hashem bentched them for the way they acted. At the time, Mr. Schron was just starting out in real estate, and soon after this, Hashem blessed him with great wealth, which allowed him to perform many more Kiddushei Hashem with all of his work for Tzedakah.

 The Pasuk says in Tehilim, ‘Yishlach Ezricha Mikodesh’, Hashem sends us His assistance, Mikodesh— because of the Kiddush Hashem that we create through our honest, proper, and upstanding conduct. Kiddush Hashem, very often, is not planned. Rather, it results naturally from living our lives the way Hashem wants us to!

*Reprinted from last week’s email (Parshas Toldos) of Torah U’Tefilah: A Compilation of Inspiring Insights compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

**Rav Nochum Partzovitz**

**And “Tanu Rabbanan”**



**Rav Nochum Partzovitz**

 Rav Eli Mansour relates a story about Rav Nochum Partzovitz, zt”l, one of the Roshei Yeshivah of the Mirrer Yeshivah in Yerushalayim. One year, the Yeshivah was learning Masechta Nedarim, and one day, a couple of boys that were supposed to be learning B’Chavrusah, were fooling around and joking. They were not learning as they should have been, and they were wasting their time.

 The Rosh Yeshivah, Rav Partzovitz, was walking around the Bais HaMedrash to look over the boys, and he started heading over to this pair that were making jokes. When the boys saw that their Rosh Yeshivah was approaching them, they tried to cover themselves and pretended that they were learning, and one of them yelled out, “Tanu Rabbanan!” like it says countless times all over Shas. However, Rav Nochum was a few steps ahead of them and he told them, “It doesn’t say the words ‘Tanu Rabbanan’ in the entire Masechta Nedarim!” He then advised them to make better use of their time, and to start learning.

 A short while later, these boys went to visit Rav Chaim Kanievsky, shlit”a, and during their visit they decided to ask him if he could verify what their Rosh Yeshivah told them, that the words ‘Tanu Rabbanan’ do not appear in Masechta Nedarim.

 Rav Chaim told them that it was true and the words are not in the Masechta. He added, “In one place in Nedarim, the Gemara is quoting a different Gemara and it says ‘D’Tanu Rabbanan’, but ‘Tanu Rabbanan’ does not appear by itself.”

 The boys could only marvel at how well these Rabbanim knew the Gemara!!!

*Reprinted from last week’s email (Parshas Toldos) of Torah U’Tefilah: A Compilation of Inspiring Insights compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

**The Value of a Stone**

**From Eretz Yisroel**

 He took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head (Gen. 28:11)

 Why didn't Jacob choose something softer to use as a pillow? Said he: "A stone of the Land of Israel is more precious than all the pillows and cushions I will ever use in the Diaspora." *(Otzar Chaim)*

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