**SHABBOS STORIES FOR**

**Rosh Hashana 5771**

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**Story #667**

**Two Parables for Prosperity**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

**(1) Puddles of Wine**

 Rabbi Zvi of Portziva used to lead the Musaf prayer on Rosh Hashana in the synagogue of Rabbi Yosel of Torchin, the son of the Chozeh of Lublin. He was once asked by Rabbi Yitzchak-Meir, the Chidushei HaRim of Gur: “Perhaps you could repeat for me a teaching you heard from Reb Yosele?”

 “I do not recall any words of Torah,” said Rabbi Zvi, “But I do remember a story. “One Rosh Hashana, just before the blowing of the shofar, the Rebbe entered the shul and told his chasidim, some of whom were undoubtedly thinking at that moment about their own requests to the Al-mighty for the coming year, “I am not going to rebuke you, not am I going to teach you Torah. I am only going to tell you a story.

 “In a certain city lived a learned and wealthy wine-merchant who was honored one day by a visit from the local rabbi. The host went out of his way to show the rabbi great respect. The merchant quickly sent his servant down to the cellar, where he was to fill a bottle of wine from the middle barrel of the third row -- for this was the best wine he owned.

 “All the while, he engaged in a scholarly conversation with his distinguished guest. When the merchant had waited quite a while for his servant to return, he excused himself and quickly descended to the cellar to find out what had happened. He was shocked at what he saw there. Some of the barrels were uncovered; others were being drained as their taps had been left open; broken bottles were lying in the puddles of wine on the floor; and the servant was nowhere to be seen.

 “The merchant returned upstairs, very upset at the serious damage which his servant had caused him. He began to look for the servant, calling him by name. The servant finally answered, from a comfortable place over the fireplace, where he was sprawled at leisure.

 “From up there, the servant called out to his master, 'Listen here! I want you to increase my salary by so and so much. It isn't nearly high enough.”

 The Chidushei HaRim thanked Rabbi Zvi warmly.

 Now that is what I call a fine parable! he exclaimed.

 If you should happen to be mystified by this parable, here is another one with a somewhat similar message, which is explained.

**(2) Wagon Grease**

 A chasid approached the Modzitzer Rebbe, Rabbi Shaul Taub, seeking advice on his parnassah (making a living). The Rebbe pushed him away, saying, I dont occupy myself with the frivolities of this world. Immediately after this chasid was rebuffed, another chasid entered the Rebbe’s room and spoke to the Rebbe for a full two hours - about his parnassah!

 The first chasid returned to the Rebbe, and inquired why the Rebbe had refused to discuss his parnassah with him at all, yet subsequently had a lengthy discussion with his friend about the same subject.

 The Rebbe answered, “I’ll tell you a parable. A wagon driver entered a store which sold a variety of expensive merchandise, and requested to buy a little oil to grease the wheels of his wagon. The store owner began screaming, Get out of here, I dont sell wagon oil!

 The wagon driver retorted, “Why did you just give wagon oil to the customer before me?” The store owner explained, “The customer before you bought expensive merchandise and I earned a hefty profit. In appreciation, I also gave him oil for his wagon. You, however, are requesting only oil, and therefore I’m informing you that I’m not an wagon oil merchant.”

 The Modzitzer Rebbe continued, “Your friend has asked my advice many times on the education of his children, organizing his time better to learn more Torah, and other issues of serving G-d. Therefore, when he came now to ask about parnassah issues, I dedicated my time to discuss it with him because it’s impossible to educate your children and to serve G-d properly without parnassah. You, however, came only about parnassah, like wagon oil, and therefore, I told you that I’m not an oil merchant.

 “A person sets aside time to learn Torah, fulfills the mitzvahs and gives pleasure to His Creator, and on Rosh Hashana, he requests his physical needs. G-d gives him what he desires in order that he can continue to serve Him. But someone who requests parnassah, and forgets that the spiritual is the main thing, should take it to heart that the Al-mighty is not a parnassah merchant.”

 (1) Adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from Living Jewish.

 (2) Adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from Revach.net (a.i.d.=2783)

 Biographic notes: Rabbi Yossel of Torchin (1782-1818) was the son of the Chozeh of Lublin, and some say that the Seer viewed him as his successor.

 Rabbi Yitzchak Meir Rothenberg/Alter (1789 - 23 Adar 1866) of Gur was the successor to Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Kotsk and the founder of the Gur dynasty. He was popularly known as the Chidushei HaRim, the title of his classic work of Torah analysis and interpretation. His charisma and concern for the masses resulted in Gerrer chasidus having a very large following.

 Rabbi Shaul Yedidya Elazer Taub [21 Tishrei 1886 - 16 Kislev 1947], the second Modzitzer Rebbe, succeeded his father, Rabbi Yisrael, in 1920. At the outbreak of WWII he left Poland and eventually arrived in New York in 1940. He traveled extensively, bringing Torah and niggunim to many communities, of which he composed close to 1000 compositions!

 On his fourth and last trip to the Land of Israel in 1947 he fully intended to remain and settle, but he passed away that same year. He was the last person buried on the Mount of Olives until after the Six-Day War.

*Reprinted from this week’s email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed*

[www.ascentofsafed.com](http://www.ascentofsafed.com) [ascent@ascentofsafed.com](http://webmailbb.juno.com/webmail/new/5?userinfo=eff1e795994608ed6885dfdeac88e827&count=1283790771)



**Sounding of the Shofar**

**By Rabbi Eli Hecht**

 One of the highlights of the Rosh Hashana service is the sounding of the shofar.

 The shofar's message: remember the Al-mighty Father, the King who created heaven and earth. The shofar's blast is part of the King's coronation.

 Thirty years ago I attended a little yeshiva, a Jewish school, in Brooklyn. The student population had a large group of children who were post-World War II babies.

 Some boys were born in the displaced person camps in Europe, while others were infants during World War II.

 When the week of the Jewish New Year came around, my Jewish schoolteacher, a Holocaust survivor, told our class the following story that happened in the death camp in Auschwitz in 1944:

 It had been decided that there were too many Jewish children between the ages of 12 and 15 still alive in the death camp. A massacre of children was planned for Rosh Hashana. So, on a hot, sunny afternoon the army of timid, trembling, staring children, barefoot, clad in rough, striped prison uniforms, were ordered to march.

 They would walk past two stakes stuck into the ground.

 One was shorter, the other taller. The child whose head reached the top of the taller stake was safe. The smaller children were doomed for the gas chambers.

When Rosh Hashana arrived, the spirit of defeat and death was felt by all. Early in the morning the rabbi kept walking from one group to another giving hope. Somehow he had been able to smuggle into the camp a small shofar. Quitely he recited prayers and blew the shofar.

 The children isolated in the special barracks -- the death-house -- also heard the sound of the shofar.

 They sent word that they, too, wanted to hear the shofar.

 Let the rabbi come to them with the shofar, they pleaded. The adults were divided in their opinions. Entering the death-house involved terrible danger. The execution was planned for the evening hours. The bells would ring when the barracks doors closed for the last time. It was growing late. To go in there was entering the devil's pit.

 But the rabbi who blew the shofar did not hesitate. He stole into the death house.

 Twelve hundred children sat on the floor of the barracks. Their faces burned with the fire of self-sacrifice; they were prepared to hand themselves to their executioners. But not before they would hear the shofar.

 "Rabbi, speak to us before blowing shofar," the children begged.

 The rabbi spoke words that he never would be able to repeat.

 He recalled the greatness of martyrs, the sacrifices of the millions of Jews who had perished in these terrible and tragic times. "The cruel Nazis are the worst of all nightmares," he said.

 Yet, strangely, the children did not feel that their death was as tragic as the rabbi said. They knew that they were going to die, but their death was at a pure and innocent age.

 They had done nothing wrong. Yet they accepted G-d's will. This is something that would never, ever be explained. The oldest of the children said:

 "We children are going to our deaths on our New Year. We are returning our lives to our Creator; our belief is stronger than ever. Our New Year's gift to G-d is accepting his will. We have been chosen for this task because of our purity -- this in spite of our lack of understanding.

 "We thank the rabbi for risking his life in coming here and giving us a last chance to hear the shofar. We pray that you survive this horror. Tell children all over the world to be strong and to love G-d so our deaths won't be in vain."

 As the rabbi blew the shofar the alarm began ringing and wailing, joining the shofar. An eerie sound was heard in heaven that day. The cry of the ram's horn was disturbed by the bells of hell.

 The rabbi ran for his life as the doomed children's barracks were sealed.

 This Rosh Hashana I'll be in the synagogue with my congregation listening to the shofar.

 I will remember the wishes of the tender children who would not hear the shofar and make sure that today's children listen to the shofar carrying its special message.

 My children and I will also visit hospitals and old-age homes to sound the shofar for those who cannot attend the synagogue.

 Let our children learn and practice their time-honored religion. See to it that they attend services.

(Editor’s Note: Rabbi Eli Hecht is director of Chabad of South Bay, a synagogue and school in Lomita, California. The above article originally appeared in Issue #333 (dated 26 Elul 5754/September 2, 1994) of L’Chaim, a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, New York.

**Preparing for Rosh Hashana:**

**The Secret to an Inspiring New Year.**

**By Rabbi Yaakov Salomon**

 I have always felt Rosh Hashana to be somewhat confusing. Solemn, yet celebratory. Stirring, yet scary. Inspiring, but rather intimidating.

 But there is one facet of this holy day that is as clear as the clarion call of the *shofar* itself *-* it is a day of opportunity for closeness to God. Some find it through introspection, others through meditation. For some, prayer is the medium of choice, while for others it is the *shofar* blasts that pierce through the curtains of the mundane. But for many of us, the closeness never really comes and the disappointment is palpable.

 The key to getting the most out of any experience is preparation *before* the event. You cannot expect to leap from the shower to the shul and instantly feel holy. It just doesn’t work that way.

 You can't expect to leap from the shower to the shul and instantly feel holy.

With that in mind, this year I decided to do something practical to get “in the mood.” Mere reflection and contemplation were just not cutting it.

**The Asphalt Jungle Called “Manhattan”**

 Being a native of the asphalt jungle called “Manhattan,” I always felt that I was perhaps too easily impressed by anything that grew and was any shade of green. Show me an impressive patch of artificial turf and you just might catch me extolling some kind of sacred blessing. I needed to raise the bar.

 So I made plans to visit the picturesque Pocono Mountains in Eastern Pennsylvania. I had been there before and always appreciated the incredible scenery and Heavenly wonders. Perhaps that would do the trick. Maybe by witnessing God's wonders of nature, that special closeness would be within reach.

 It was thankfully a glorious Tuesday when my wife and I embarked on our VTBI (Voyage to be Inspired), otherwise known as Bushkill Falls. The Chamber of Commerce of this fine State has seen it fit to describe this attraction as *The Niagara of Pennsylvania.* Hmm…

 We parked, searched for the camera that my wife (not me... never me) forgot, purchased two bottles of water for about $150, and prepared to get “connected.”

**Bushkill Has Eight Different Falls**

 Our first task was choosing which trail to traverse. They ranged from Blue (the shortest walk), to Red (the longest). We chose yellow and began. This not being a travelogue, I'll spare you the unnecessary details. Bushkill actually contains eight different “falls.” Most of them are small, so we concentrated on the main one. It is actually quite pretty. You see the falls from a distance early on the trail, and you walk down a series of winding stairs and bridges, getting closer and closer to the falls.

 Temperature in the area of the gorge is quite cool and the *whooshing* sound of the rushing water adds a soothing element to the serene ambiance.

“Isn't this…er… nice?” I said to Temmy.

“I guess,” she said.

 When we reached the bottom and were at the closest possible distance to the falling water, I thought I detected a faint spray in the air. *Maid of the Mist* it wasn’t.

 “Well...” I commented.

 There was no reply.

 We lingered there about as long as we could and began our ascent toward the eventual exit. I didn't need to be genius to figure out what Temmy was thinking, because I was thinking the same thing. After all, this was a VTBI.

 “This is a very nice place, but THE NIAGARA OF PENNSYLVANIA??”

 I wasn't sure if the ad exec who created that line should be fired or promoted, but I sure did want to meet him. Scenic? Yes. Calming? I guess. But *inspiring?* Not exactly.

**Our Way Back toward the Top**

 We climbed our way back toward the top of the falls and spoke about various topics. Needless to say, the words *Rosh* *Hashana* were not mentioned.

 The trail ends at the top of the Falls. I had already written off the experience as something between disappointing and okay. The exit sign with the customary arrow beckoned to my left. But my eye caught something. It was small. It was subtle. But it was profound.

 We were standing above the Falls. We were able to see where the water originated from. The water was just moving slowly through the woodland. It was, I guess, what you call a creek. The stones caused the water to disperse into scores of different channels, all moving ever so slowly towards the edge of the cliff. Without purpose; without direction. But then, the channels all kind of narrowed at that edge. And when the waters hit the edge they simultaneously came cascading over the natural rock formations in a rushing torrent.

 You want to create a waterfall, but you have to start small.

 We stood there… fixated. Seeing just the Falls, we weren’t particularly impressed. After all, we were expecting a Niagara-like experience. But watching the source and seeing how this Falls came to be was quite another story.

 We sat down on a bench and peered out at our little creek. We said nothing. It was so simple and peaceful and unassuming. And then we spoke about Rosh Hashana… finally.

 People always talk about making big changes – New Year resolutions.

 “I want to lose 50 pounds.”

 “I want to finish the entire Talmud.”

 “I’m going to spend 90 minutes of quality time with my daughter every night.”

 It doesn’t work. It never does. And if it does, it peters out. You have no choice. You must start small. You want to create a waterfall…maybe a Niagara, or even a Bushkill. It doesn’t just happen.

 You need a creek and a few stones. The water has to crawl and meander and slowly reach its destination. And then…when the time is right…it can crash and splash and *whoosh* and become something.

 We almost missed it, but we had our Voyage to be Inspired.

 And I hope you have too.

 Take it slow and have a wonderful, inspiring New Year.

Reprinted from this week’s website of Aish.com

**Is it Happiness or Crying?**

**By Rabbi Reuven Semah**

“*It shall be a day of Shofar sounding for you.*” (Bemidbar 29:1)

 When the Torah describes the blowing of the Shofar, the word teruah is used. The word teruah has two meanings: happiness and crying. We find it means happiness in the pasuk Hashem his G-d is with him and the friendship of the King is on him” (Bemidbar 23:27). In Tehillim: “Call out to Hashem all the earth open your mouths and sing joyous songs and play music” (Tehillim 98:4).

 On the other hand the Torah says “When you sound short blasts” (Bemidbar 10:5). The Targum translates these words, “And you blow wailing sounds,” which means crying.

 Well, which is it? Is the teruah happiness or crying? The answer to this question is precisely our objective. On Rosh Hashanah the Shofar is happiness and crying together. Because the greater the pain and the trembling and fear, the greater the level of teshubah. The greater the level of teshubah, the greater the reason to rejoice.

 Imagine a person who is wounded and lying on the floor unable to move. All who see him will assume he is dead. However, if he still has a little bit of power to cry, others will hear his crying and save him. He knows that the moment he can cry he can be helped. So too on the High Holidays, the crying itself is the happiness. his is the power of the Shofar on Rosh Hashanah. Happy Holiday.

**A Moment with Rabbi Avigdor Miller, Zt”l**

**Why Does Rosh Hashana**

**Come Before Yom Kippur?**

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| **QUESTION:** |

 Why doesn't Yom Kippur come first, Rosh Hashana is Yom Hadin and it's a great Sakona, a great danger, we might be inscribed without doing proper Teshuva?

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| Rosh_Hashanah |

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| **ANSWER:** |

And the answer is as follows. There's a Klal and there are Protim. There's a general principle we have to learn, and there are details in that principle. The number one principle that includes everything else, is Emunah in Hashem. What will it help a person to say Al Chait Shechotosi L'fonecho, if he is lacking in Emunah. And therefore Rosh Hashana is dedicated to one purpose, Hashem Melech, all day long. We have to shout again and again. Melech means, He is the One that owns the world. Why does he own the world? Hayom Haras Olam, this is the birthday of the world, on Rosh Hashana He created the world out of nothing.

 The whole world is nothing but the imagination of Hashem. Wherever you look it's nothing but Hashem on all sides. And this Klal, this general rule, is the fundamental Teshuva. Of all kinds of repentance, this is the most important and that's most urgent. First and foremost to feel the presence of Hashem in the world, He is the owner, Lashem Ha'aretz Umlo'oh, the whole world belongs only to Him. If we concentrate on that one subject, if we utilize Rosh Hashana properly then we start talking about the Protim, the details. Al Chait Shechatanu L'fonecho on this and on this and on this...

 But remember the most important Teshuva, is the Teshuva of not being aware of Hashem Melech.

*Reprinted from this week’s email of “A Moment with Rabbi Avigdor Miller, Zt”l” from a transcription of one of the questions posed to Rabbi Miller by a member of the audience to his classic Thursday night hashkafah lecture that was held in his shul in Flatbush from the early 1970’s until his petirah in 2001. To listen to the above question and answer from Rabbi Miller, please dial (201) 676-3201.*

**Why Do We Specifically Dip an**

**Apple in Honey on Rosh Hashanah?**

**By Rabbi** [**Baruch S. Davidson**](http://www.chabad.org/search/keyword.asp?kid=12148)

 One of the primary reasons why we use an apple is because of its sweetness. Coupled with the added sweetness of the honey, it is symbolic of the ultra-sweet year we hope G‑d will grant us.

 I suppose, however, that you are asking why the apple was specifically chosen from all other fruits that are also sweet—why not, say, a peach or a mango dipped in honey?

 The apple symbolizes Gan Eden (the Garden of Eden), which according to the Midrash has the scent of an apple orchard, and in Kabbalah is called "the holy apple orchard." When Isaac commented regarding his son Jacob (Genesis 27:27): "Behold, the fragrance of my son is like the fragrance of a field, which the L-rd has blessed!", the biblical commentator Rashi explains that this refers to the scent of an apple orchard; the scent of Gan Eden.

 Furthermore, when Solomon depicts the love G‑d harbors for His nation, he writes (Song of Songs 8:5): "Beneath the apple tree I aroused you[r love]." Eating an apple on Rosh Hashanah is an attempt to remind G‑d of our age-old love.

Reprinted from this week’s email of Chabad.org Magazine

**Why Is the Shofar**

**Not Blown on Shabbat?**

**By Rabbi** [**Naftali Silberberg**](http://www.chabad.org/search/keyword.asp?kid=7528)

 Though sounding the *shofar* (ram's horn) on Rosh Hashanah is a biblical precept1 – no matter what day of the week the holiday may fall on2 – the Mishnah3 tells us that we do not sound the shofar when Rosh Hashanah falls on Shabbat:

 If the holiday of Rosh Hashanah falls on Shabbat, the shofar is sounded in the Holy Temple,4 but not in the Land.

 The Talmud5 gives us the explanation for this surprising law:

 Rabbah said: All are under obligated to blow the shofar, but not all are skilled in the blowing of the shofar. Therefore, there is a danger that one will take the shofar and go to an expert to learn [how to properly sound it], and he will carry it four cubits in the public domain [—an act that is forbidden on the Shabbat].6

 Indeed, the Sages are empowered to "overrule" a Torah precept (if their instruction involves restraint from action, not a proactive violation of a biblical command).7 Our obligation to follow such directives is implicit in the verse,8 "And you shall do according to the word they tell you, from the place that G‑d will choose, and you shall observe to do according to all they instruct you."9

 In numerous chassidic discourses10 it is explained that it is inconceivable that the Sages would deprive all of Israel of the benefits afforded by one of the greatest mitzvot we have—simply on account of a few ignorant souls who might otherwise err. We must conclude that the Sages understood that on Shabbat it is actually unnecessary to blow the shofar, for that which we normally accomplish through sounding the shofar is, of its own accord, accomplished on Shabbat.

 The accomplishment of the shofar is to renew G‑d's pleasure in His works, especially this world, so that there will be a desire to continue infusing His works with the life force necessary for their continued existence. If He delights in us, then He has reason to continue creating us, reason to continue His relationship with us. (For more on this, see [The Kabbalistic Spin on Rosh Hashanah](http://www.chabad.org/article.asp?AID=568402).)

 The principal theme of Shabbat is also pleasure, delight and desire. "Call the Shabbat a delight," the prophet enjoins us11—which we accomplish by partaking of sumptuous meals.12 And that which G‑d instructs us to do, He also does Himself.13 If so, on Shabbat the delight and desire to continue with our world and with our relationship is already there—no need to blow the shofar to renew it.

 (Nevertheless, there are many gradations to pleasure. The level of Divine pleasure evoked through blowing the shofar in the Holy Temple – the location where G‑d's essence was manifest – is greater than the pleasure naturally activated on Shabbat. As such, the shofar is sounded in the Temple even when Rosh Hashanah falls on Shabbat.)

 Soon, we hope to merit hearing the "great shofar" that will be sounded on the day of the Redemption: "And it shall come to pass on that day, that a great shofar shall be sounded, and those lost in the land of Assyria and those exiled in the land of Egypt shall come, and they shall prostrate themselves before G‑d on the holy mount in Jerusalem."14

 The "great shofar" symbolizes the ultimate level of pleasure, far greater even than the pleasure evoked in the Holy Temples of yore: the pleasure that G‑d takes in each and every one of His children. It is this pleasure that will be felt and manifest.

 Indeed it is this immense revelation, this grand sounding of the shofar, that will reach the hearts of even the most distant of Jews – those lost in the land of Assyria and exiled in the land of Egypt – and kindle within them the desire to return to where they really belong: the holy mount in Jerusalem.15

 Wishing you and yours a sweet new year,

**FOOTNOTES**

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| [1.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef1a988699#footnoteRef1a988699)  | Numbers 29:1: "And in the seventh month, on the first day . . . it shall be a day of shofar sounding for you." |
| [2.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef2a988699#footnoteRef2a988699)  | And though the sounding of the shofar on Shabbat violates no biblical precept—as it's not included in any of the 39 creative works forbidden on the Day of Rest. (The Sages nevertheless forbade the sounding of the shofar on any Shabbat, because it is a "weekday-like activity." See Alter Rebbe's Shulchan Aruch, Orach Chaim 588:4.) |
| [3.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef3a988699#footnoteRef3a988699)  | Rosh Hashanah 29b. |
| [4.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef4a988699#footnoteRef4a988699)  | Following the destruction of the Temple, the authorization to blow the shofar on Shabbat was transferred to wherever an ordained Sanhedrin (Rabbinical Supreme Court) was convened, for in such a setting there's no fear that an ignorant person will carry the shofar in the public domain. Today, however, there is no such ordained court. |
| [5.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef5a988699#footnoteRef5a988699)  | Ibid. |
| [6.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef6a988699#footnoteRef6a988699)  | The Talmud concludes that for the same reason we don't take the Four Kinds on Shabbat, nor do we read the Scroll of Esther if Purim were to fall on Shabbat. |
| [7.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef7a988699#footnoteRef7a988699)  | See Talmud Yevamot 89b-90b. This authority is subject to many limitations. For example, the Sages can only use this power in order to preserve another Torah statute (as in our case, the Torah prohibition against carrying in the public domain on Shabbat), and they don't have the ability to completely abolish a Torah rule (e.g., to decree that we never fulfill the mitzvah of blowing shofar, no matter on which day the holiday falls). For more on this topic, see Encyclopedia Talmudis vol. 25, entry Yesh Koach B'yad Chachamim La'akor Davar Min HaTorah. |
| [8.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef8a988699#footnoteRef8a988699)  | Deuteronomy 17:10. |
| [9.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef9a988699#footnoteRef9a988699)  | It should be noted that the Jerusalem Talmud (Rosh Hashanah 4:1) maintains that the original biblical command to sound the shofar on Rosh Hashanah only applied to when Rosh Hashanah falls on a weekday. This they extrapolate from two seemingly conflicting verses regarding blowing the shofar on Rosh Hashanah:One verse (Numbers 29:1) tells us: "It shall be a day of shofar sounding." Another verse (Leviticus 23:24) tells us: "In the seventh month, on the first of the month, it shall be a Sabbath for you, a remembrance of the shofar blast." Why here does the Torah tell us that on Rosh Hashanah we merely "memorialize" the shofar blasts? The Talmud explains that this verse refers to when Rosh Hashanah falls on Shabbat, in which instance we only recall the sounds of the shofar, through reciting verses that discuss the shofar, but we do not actually sound it. |
| [10.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef10a988699#footnoteRef10a988699)  | The original source of this concept is in Likutei Torah by Rabbi Schneur Zalman of Liadi, Derushei Rosh Hashanah 56a ff. |
| [11.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef11a988699#footnoteRef11a988699)  | Isaiah 58:13. |
| [12.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef12a988699#footnoteRef12a988699)  | Alter Rebbe's Shulchan Aruch, ibid. 242:1. |
| [13.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef13a988699#footnoteRef13a988699)  | Midrash Rabbah Exodus 30:9. |
| [14.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef14a988699#footnoteRef14a988699)  | Isaiah 27:13. |
| [15.](http://www.chabad.org/holidays/JewishNewYear/template_cdo/print/true/aid/988699/jewish/Why-No-Shofar-on-Shabbat.htm#footnoteRef15a988699#footnoteRef15a988699)  | See Sefer Hamaamarim Melukat vol. 6, d.h. Vehaya Bayom Hahu. |

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**Shabbos stories for**

**Parshas Rosh Hashanah 5770**

**Volume 1, Issue 1, Tishrei 1-2/September 18-20, 2009**

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**Using the Gift of Creativity**

**By Rabbi Reuven Semah**

“*And then grant honor to your people*” (Amidah of Rosh Hashanah)

 On Rosh Hashanah, we will all go before Hashem to be judged. The great sadikim always made an effort to find merits for the Jewish people, especially before Rosh Hashanah. They would go out of their way to creatively find a way to demonstrate to Hashem how wonderful and loyal the Jews are to Hashem and how special the nation of Israel is.

 There are two stories that are especially appropriate before Rosh Hashanah, told by Avi Shulman.

**Trying His Best to Daven Arbit with a Minyan**

 The first true story happened in Yerushalayim, where there was a man who tried his best to pray every Arbit with a minyan. Because he often traveled for business, this required a lot of maneuvering. Nevertheless, he was determined to succeed. One night he found himself late at night not having prayed Arbit yet, so he went to Zichron Moshe where there are usually minyanim at all hours of the night.

 For some reason, on this particular night at 1:30 am, there were no minyanim, and there was just one other man waiting for a minyan. So the two of them waited and waited. Soon it was evident that no minyan was going to happen. So what did he do? This Jew had a brainstorm. He called a Jewish all-night taxi company and ordered eight taxis. When eight taxis were there, he told each driver to start his meter and come in to make his minyan, and he would pay them later. After Arbit, he went over to every taxi driver offering to pay. Not a single driver took his money!

**A Senator Who Enjoyed Alcohol**

 Story number two revolves around a U.S. Senator of an East coast state, who had a reputation as someone who enjoys alcohol. On this particular night, he had a problem because there were no alcoholic beverages in his house, and his city had an 11:00 pm curfew on bars, so they were all closed. So he had a brainstorm. He called an all-night limo service and ordered a stretch limo. He told the driver to drive for an hour

 wherever he wanted to, as he enjoyed the fully stocked bar in the back of the limo.

 So here we have two stories, one of a Jew who used his creativity to do a misvah, and the other of a Senator who used his creativity to fill his craving for alcohol. The great sadikim of old would have been proud to present this modern-day contrast to Hashem in defense of the Jewish people.

*Reprinted from this week’s issue of The Jersey Shore Torah Bulletin. You may subscribe to this bulletin by sending e-mail to jrishty@kewnet.com and putting in the message: subscribe jersey-shore.*

**Blessed Eating**

 The **Tzemach Tzedek**, third **Lubavitcher Rebbe**, made an association with a non-religious Jewish doctor. The doctor attended several public discourses of the Rebbe and these piqued his interest. Subsequently, the Rebbe invited the doctor to spend Shabbat with him. At the afternoon meal, steaming plates of cholent were put on the table (Cholent is a traditional Shabbat stew, served piping hot.). The doctor's expression was one of bewilderment.

 The Rebbe understood that the doctor was wondering how could there be hot food on Shabbat, since cooking was not allowed. The Rebbe explained that the cholent was made prior to the Shabbat and was left to simmer the whole night.

Upon hearing these words, the doctor pushed the plate of food away, demurring that it was not healthy.

**“Cholent Brings Blessing into the World”**

 The Tzemach Tzedek responded, "Please reconsider. A person that eats cholent brings blessing into the world."

 (The custom of eating cholent was begun more than two millennia ago. A splinter cult of Jews, known as the Tzadukim, or Sadducees, believed that rabbinical law was corrupt and that the Bible should be interpreted literally. They interpreted the verse, "You shall have no fire burning in your dwellings," to mean that one should sit in the dark and eat cold food. In reality, the verse means that a fire may not be lit on Shabbat. To demonstrate the falseness of their belief, the Rabbis established lighting Shabbat candles to provide light during Shabbat and eating hot food on Shabbat day from a heat source prepared before Shabbat. Thus, one who eats cholent on Shabbat is considered to have upheld both the Written and Oral Torah.)

 The doctor responded, "Rabbi didn't you tell us that the blessings draw down into the world by our blowing shofar on Rosh Hoshana?"

 The Rebbe nodded to the affirmative.

 "So why then," continued the doctor, "do we need to eat cholent on Shabbat?"

 The Rabbi smiled and said, "It is true. And when Rosh Hoshana falls out on Shabbat (as this year 5770, ed.) we don't blow the shofar; we eat cholent."

 [Adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from the parsha mailing list of **Rabbi Herschel Finman** ( [shliachp@aol.com](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/5?userinfo=eff1e795994608ed6885dfdeac88e827&count=1253223098)), who heard it from Rabbi Dovid-Shalom Pape of Tzivos Hashem Newsletter fame some 30 years ago.]

Connection: Holiday and birth date.

Biographic note:**Rabbi Menachem-Mendel Schneersohn** [29 Elul 1789-13 Nissan 1866], the third Rebbe of Chabad, was known as the ***Tsemach Tzedek***, after his books of Halachic responsa and Talmudic commentary called by that name. He was renowned not only as a Rebbe, but also as a leading scholar in his generation in both the revealed and hidden aspects of Torah.

*The above story was reprinted from this week’s Stories from Ascent, a free email service of the Ascent Institute of Safat. To request your free subscription, send your request to* *ascent@ascentofsafed.com* *or visit their fascinating website: www.ascentofsafed.com*

**Rabbi Mordechai Dov of Hornistopol**

**Visits the Town of Ushamir**

 The Jews of the tiny shtetl near the town of Ushamir suffered terribly under the heavy hands of the dictatorial manager of the lands they leased.

 He worked them to the bone, though nothing they did ever pleased him.

 Things were bad enough in normal times, but when he decided to vent his rage, life became completely unlivable, for the manager would cut their salaries without a second thought.

 This manager was, sad to say, actually a Jew.

 No one knew where he had come from or what his past was, but as far as the present was concerned, it was a known fact that his tie to Jewishness was in his origin only, and even that was a burden to him.

**The Week Before Rosh Hashana**

 It was the week before Rosh Hashana and the tzadik, Rabbi Mordechai Dov of Hornistopol arrived in the town of Ushamir for Shabbat.

 It was his custom during the month of Elul to travel through all the nearby towns and villages to arouse the hearts of the people to the worship of the Creator and urge them to return to Him in full repentance.

 Hundreds of Jews from all the neighboring settlements streamed to Ushamir to spend Shabbat together with the great tzadik.

 Among those who came were many Jews from the nearby shtetl. After Shabbat, the people were given an opportunity to speak to the tzadik to receive his blessings.

**Telling the Tzadik About the Manager**

 The residents of the next village decided amongst themselves that this would be a chance to tell Reb Mordechai Dov about the manager.

 With great sorrow the tzadik listened to their heartbreaking story.

 He was particularly distressed when he heard that the man was a Jew. "Wait till tomorrow, and we'll see what is possible to do," the tzadik told them.

 The next day, right after the morning service, Reb Mordechai Dov told his attendant to get the carriage ready for a trip.

 The tzadik ordered the carriage driver to turn the horses in the direction of the neighboring village. The inhabitants of the village who were at that very time preparing to return home, were very surprised.

**Jumping into Their Wagons and**

**Following the Rebbe’s Carriage**

 In great haste, they, too, jumped into their wagons and followed the tzadik. A veritable caravan of wagons set out, the carriage of Reb Mordechai Dov leading the way . When the caravan reached the shtetl the tzadik inquired where the manager lived, and instructed his driver to proceed there.

 When the villagers saw the caravan with the tzadik in the lead, they emerged from their homes and stood outside in anticipation. All the while, the tzadik was very withdrawn, saying nothing.

 When they saw from afar the large and beautiful mansion which was the residence of the land manager, all the people drew to a halt. "What is the tzadik going to do?" they wondered. "What will he say to that wicked one?" they asked one another. "Perhaps with the gaze of his holy eyes, he will turn the manager into a pile of bones," they thought, hopefully.

**Pipe in Mouth and Reeking of Arrogance**

 Standing on the porch, watching the scene, in all his glory, pipe in mouth, stood the land manager, his entire appearance reeking of arrogance.

 Yet, as the caravan approached his house, one could see the questioning look of wonder cross his face: What was the meaning of this procession?

 Reb Mordechai Dov asked that his carriage halt just in front of the house. Behind him stretched a long line of wagons as far as the eye could see. The tzadik lifted his eyes and beheld the beautiful mansion. He noticed that the manager was studying him intently. The tzadik looked in his direction with a steady and unwavering glare.

**Walking Towards the Mansion**

 Reb Mordechai Dov got down from the carriage and walked toward the mansion. The others, eyes focused on the tzadik, didn't budge. Reb Mordechai Dov reached the door and after a few seconds, the door opened up from inside.

 The tzadik and his attendant entered the house.

 Only a few minutes passed and the tzadik and his attendant left the house, climbed up on the wagon and departed.

 What happened inside, the people heard later from the attendant who reported that from the moment the manager had opened the door and until they departed, not one single word was spoken!

 With a small nod of his head the manager motioned for them to enter and pointed to a chair for the tzadik to sit on.

 He, then sat opposite them.

**Putting Both Hands on the Table**

 The tzadik put both hands on the table, straightened his back and lifted his pure eyes, to look directly into eyes of the evil dictator.

 At first, the manager returned his gaze with a hard, defiant look. But gradually as the seconds turned into minutes, his glance began to soften.

 The gaze of the tzadik, however, which had started off soft and merciful, gradually became deeper and harsher.

 Then, the eyes of the manager grew moist; a large tear rolled down his cheek. At that moment the tzadik rose from his seat, and without a word walked to the door. The manager remained motionless in his seat, as if nailed to his place, unable to even accompany his guest to the door.

**A Final Visitor to the Tzadik at Night**

 That day the tzadik remained in the village.

 Everyone who had not been in Ushamir that Shabbat now was able to receive the tzadik's blessing.

 Towards evening, when the house in which the tzadik was staying had emptied of all the people, a bowed figure was seen approaching the house. It was the manager.

 He entered the house in an agitated state, as if pursued by demons. For the next two hours he was closeted with the tzadik.

 That Rosh Hashana a new and unexpected worshipper appeared in shul. It was of course, the manager.

 For the holiday, he stood practically motionless, wrapped in talit and praying, and weeping copious tears.

 From that day on, the estranged and despotic man who the manager had previously been, changed into a true repentant and a friend of his fellow Jews.

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