**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas vayikra 5782**

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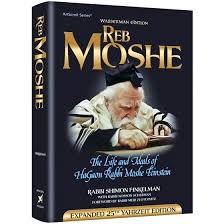
**Printed L’illuy nishmas Nechama bas R’ Noach, a”h**

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**The Importance of**

**The Love of Shabbos**



Someone once asked R’ Moshe Feinstein z”l why so many people in America became secular and did not keep Shabbos, when their parents expressed such mesiras nefesh, self-sacrifice, for Shabbos, even losing their jobs and suffering in order not to desecrate it.

R’ Moshe sighed and said, “It is precisely because they had mesiras nefesh.”

When questioned, R’ Moshe explained: “Self-sacrifice is fine for one’s self, but it cannot be transmitted to the next generation.

“In order for the next generation to develop its own self-sacrifice, the love of Shabbos must be conveyed with joy and happiness; realizing its tranquility, beauty, and pleasure. Then the Shabbos will become a part of them. But, if one looks at Shabbos merely as a day when one cannot do things, why would the next generation want anything to do with it?”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Ki Sisa 5782 email of R’ Jonathon Gewirtz’s Migdal Ohr.*

**Shabbos Vignettes**

**By Rabbi Moshe Meir Weiss**



IN A NEIGHBORHOOD IN Carmiel where the neighbors noticed that a certain elderly man when he would walk up the stairs to his house, he would not turn on the light.

They couldn't figure out why a man over eighty years old would try to navigate the stairwell with no light. So they asked him and he always evaded the question.

Finally, he told them that the reason was because one time as he was walking up the stairwell on Shabbos he forgot and turned on the light. He was so concerned that it shouldn't happen again that he made up that he would never turn on the light, even during the week, so he won't accidently turn in on on Shabbos.

HARAV MOSHE FEINSTEIN ל''זצוק had the custom to carry his handkerchief in hand because Rav Moshe was makpid like the א"גר not to put anything in his pocket even in the house lest he would come to carry by accident outside on שבת.

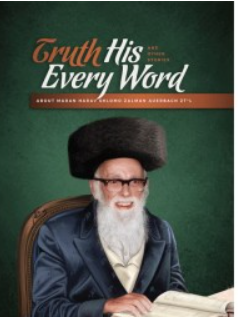
The Sefer נשמע דממה קול brings a STORY of מסירת נפש for שבת that happened during the wicked Russian regime. This incident happened with a 9-year-old girl named Basya Berg and she was forced to go to school on שבת because if her father did not send her to school, he would be arrested and she would be sent to a governor's orphanage and then she would be completely disconnected from Yiddishkeit.

The problem is that in school they had to write, and to write is an איסור דאורייתא so by the first Shabbos they had to sharpen their pencil and they did not have fancy sharpeners, so she "accidently" cut her finder so she shouldn't have to write.

Her finger healed, but in anticipation of the next Shabbos, she walked to school during the week in the Russian snot without boots or socks, so she got sick and was unable to go to school that Shabbos. A 9-year-old girl!! This unbelievable gift from Hashem called שבת שמירת is in the blood stream of even young children, all the more so in us.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Ki Sisa 5782 email of Eitz HaChaim.*

**Rav Shlomo Zalman – Part 2**



R’ Shlomo Zalman Auerbach remained even-tempered even in the worst crises, guiding himself according to halacha. When his father, R’ Chaim Yehudah Leib, was in the throes of death, R’ Shlomo Zalman calmly held his hand.

When he felt his father’s hand slipping away, he realized that the end was near. Quickly he signaled his brother-in-law, R’ Sholom Schwadron, and conveyed to him in sign language that since he was a kohein, he should leave the room before death sets in.

Right before every taanis, R’ Shlomo Zalman would draw up a mental list of people whom he knew should not fast because of their health. He would personally call them to tell them not to fast. If he doubted that a call was sufficient, he would pay the person a visit. At age 80 he could be seen on Erev Yom Kippur dragging his tired feet up the stairway of a resident of Shaarei Chesed to beg him not to fast.

On Chol HaMoed his house was always buzzing with visitors who had come to fulfill the mitzvah of visiting one’s rebbi on Yom Tov. Once, when R’ Shlomo Zalman heard that the Gerrer Rebbe, the Beis Yisroel, was paying him a visit, he donned his Yom Tov coat and streimel.

The Gerer Rebbe came and said, “Chazal say, ‘A person is required to greet his rebbi on yom tov.’ A gutten yom tov!” The Rebbe then took a step backward, turned around, and left.

**Letter from a 9-Year-Old Boy**

Among the large piles of letters on his desk, with stamps from countries all over the world, R’ Shlomo Zalman noticed a small letter from a 9-year-old boy, asking about a certain Tosafos he did not fully understand.

R’ Shlomo Zalman took pen in hand and explained the basic meaning of the Tosafos, using simple language. He spent precious time to expound a Tosafos to a boy who surely could have found someone else to explain it to him, saying, “It is Torah that I am dutybound to teach. What difference does it make whether I teach a grown-up or a young boy?”

R’ Shlomo Zalman had a very close relationship with the Tchebiner Rav, the Gaon and Poseik of the previous generation, who lived in the same neighborhood. The Tchebiner Rav would spend many hours in halachic discussion with R’ Shlomo Zalman. The Tchebiner Rav said that he relied implicitly on R’ Shlomo Zalman’s halachic rulings and guided himself by them.

**Concern for a Distraught Young Lady Whose Engagement was Broken**

A father once brought his daughter, who had just suffered a broken engagement, for some words of encouragement and a brocha from Rav Shlomo Zalman. When they arrived, R’ Shlomo Zalman was sitting down to a se’udah with family and guests. Not wanting to inconvenience

R’ Shlomo Zalman to get up, the father went over to his place at the table, just asking for a few brief words for his heartbroken daughter. R’ Shlomo Zalman, over the protests of the father, insisted on getting up and talking to them privately in the hallway.

Once he started giving chizuk to the young woman, she started to cry uncontrollably. Afterwards, R’ Shlomo Zalman said knowingly to the father, “You see, I felt your daughter’s pain, and knew she might react like this. I did not want her to be embarrassed in front of others.”

Once when R’ Shlomo was to be messader kiddushin at a wedding of a talmid, a question arose whether one of the witnesses, a distinguished personality, was valid as he might be a distant relative of either the chosson or kallah. Perceptively, R’ Shlomo Zalman managed to uphold the halacha without offending the witness. “You’ll be the messader kiddushin and I’ll be the witness,” he said.

The first time Rabbi Kulitz, Chief Rabbi of Yerushalayim, was to deliver a drasha on Shabbos HaGadol in Shaarei Chesed, R’ Shlomo Zalman arrived at the appointed hour to find the shul packed with an overflow crowd. When he entered, a hush fell over the assemblage and everyone rose and remained standing until R’ Shlomo Zalman was seated.

The next year, R’ Shlomo Zalman made sure to arrive fifteen minutes early in order to avoid inconveniencing people by causing them to get up out of their seats.

**How to Say No**

Once a journalist came to see R’ Shlomo Zalman to ask for an interview for his newspaper. R’ Shlomo Zalman was most cordial, asking him to have a seat and to make himself comfortable. He then proceeded to explain that he never gave interviews, explaining the reasons.

For ten precious minutes he sat there clarifying the matter, all to avoid shaming the journalist. When later asked whether he got the interview, the

journalist answered, “No. But it was worth the effort for me to learn how to say no with a smile.” (“Torah Lives” and “Reb Shlomo Zalman”)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayakhel 5782 email of The Weekly Vort.*

**Is Unfounded Fear**

**Holding Me Back?”**

**By Rabbi Sholom DovBer Avtzon**

*I heard the following story at a recent Shabbos kiddush that was said by Reb Yaakov Yisroel lilui nishmas his mother, Esther bas Reb Yaakov*

It was the late 50’s and my two brothers-in-law, Reb Avrohom Kuperman and Reb Moshe Levertov came to our house in the Bronx for the first days of Sukkos. They were walking home from Shul and heard a honk. Turning to the street they saw a van and the driver called out to them gut Yom Tov!

**Why Are You Working on Yom Tov?**

Looking more intently they recognized him, he was an officer in the Shul and they were horrified that he was being mechallel Yom Tov. “William!” they said, “Today is Yom Tov, why are you working?”

“I have no choice he replied, if I don’t take the truck, they will give it to someone else and how will I support my family. I am grateful that they made an exception and don’t make me work on Shabbos.”

Coming to their in-laws' house they mentioned this incident to their mother-in-law. The following week when William came to pick up the laundry, Esther said, “Reb Zev (William), it isn’t appropriate for a Jew especially a Jew like you to work on Yom Tov. Hashem helped you until now, He will definitely continue to help you.”

A half-year passed and a few days before Pesach, William stopped by to pick up the laundry, “Esther,” he said with a broad smile, “This Yom Tov I am going to be able to enjoy, the way a Jew is supposed to. I will be in Shul and enjoy a meal with my family.

“Yesterday I went into the office and requested that I don’t have to work and take out the truck on Yom Tov. I don’t have to tell you how nervous I was, [that they will say, it is your choice, but if you don’t take the truck, we will give it to someone else. But to my pleasant surprise the boss said, ‘William, even if you don’t work on Yom Tov, you bring in more business than they do. Enjoy your holiday!’

“Esther, thank you for encouraging me.”

Hearing this story, I asked Reb Yaakov Yisroel if I can post it, as I immediately thought of two lessons.

A. Esther didn’t just think about it on the day it happened, it bothered her an entire week. Furthermore, when she spoke to him about it, she did it in an uplifting manner, showing she has confidence in him and that is what caused him to have the thought and then to have the courage to request a day off.

B. Quite often a person might truly want to do something but is afraid to, fearing that there will be repercussions. In this case, for years this man wished he could keep Yom Tov just as he kept Shabbos, but was afraid to ask, fearing that it may cost him his livelihood. So, with a sad and heavy heart, he went to work.

But then when he had the encouragement and made the request, he saw that his fear was unfounded.

That brings us to the title of this post “Is Unfounded Fear Holding Me Back” or as others would say, “Nothing to Fear, But Fear Itself.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Mishpatim email of Rabbi Avtzon’s Weekly Story.*

**“Here’s My Credit Card”**



Charlie Harary told a story about a friend of his who was in a supermarket an hour before Shabbat. There was a woman who was ready to check out, and she had a full shopping cart. She handed the cashier her credit card, and the cashier said, “I’m sorry, your card is declined.”

The woman looked around, embarrassed, and said, “Okay, just put it on my account, please.”

The cashier pulled it up on the computer and said, “I can’t put it on the account, it’s maxed out at $4,000.”

The woman was so ashamed, she looked like she wanted to crawl into a hole. “Okay… I’m going to go put the stuff back.”

Immediately, and very nonchalantly, Charlie Harary’s friend handed his credit card to the cashier and said, “No problem, please put it on my card.” This man quickly responded to a need, and without causing a scene or any further embarrassment, he took care of his fellow Jew, no questions asked! The woman looked at him with tears in her eyes and a heart full of appreciation. And she wheeled her full cart out of the store.

**More to the Story**

But the story doesn’t end there.

When the man standing behind the person who paid for the groceries witnessed that quick interaction, he was so inspired himself. As Charlie Harary’s friend was walking out, he overheard the gentleman that was behind him in line say, “How much was on that woman’s account?”

When the cashier said, “$4,000,” this man answered, “Do me a favor, add up my groceries and just put her account on there and wipe it clean.” And when he was done, he just pushed his cart out of the store. No fanfare, no smiling, no patting on the back, he just quietly performed this act of kindness and generosity for a complete stranger totally anonymously.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Mishpatim 5782 email of Jack E. Rahmey based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.*

**Burial in Jerusalem**

The Jews of Jerusalem, 1840, were beset with troubles. They constituted only a tiny percentage of the population, which was comprised mostly of Arabs. The Jews did not live in perfect harmony with their neighbors; on the contrary, the Arabs did all they could to make life for the Jews living in their midst as difficult as possible.

They particularly enjoyed Jewish funerals, for when the Hebra Kadisha left the protective gates of the ancient city, the Arabs unleashed their full fury at them, throwing stones and shouting, until all of Jerusalem’s fine citizens trembled at the very thought of attending a burial.

But as life and death go on, Jerusalem Jewry found itself all too often in confrontation with their neighbors. At each funeral, both the honor of the deceased and the fortitude of the living were severely compromised.

Until R’ Hershel, a long-standing member of the community, came up with an idea. In a hurried meeting it was discussed, and decided. Tomorrow, R’ Hershel would feign to be dead, and the Hebra Kadisha would carry him out for burial. When the gangs attacked, the burial society would flee, and leave the rest to him.

And so, on the morrow, the Hebra Kadisha once again wended its way down the narrow winding Jerusalem streets, to Zion Gate, and out the ancient protective walls, carrying R’ Hershel in a casket. As expected, mobs of Arabs appeared, pelting them with jeers and rocks.

Apparently terrified, the Hebra Kadisha dropped the coffin and fled. The gang howled in victory. They rushed over to the coffin. Just as one Arab leaned over to pry the lid open, out jumped the corpse, fully outfitted in a white linen shroud, and looking for all the world as though he had just been aroused from his deathly rest.

At the sight of the ‘corpse,’ the superstitious Arabs ululated in terror. Two fainted on the spot. R’ Hershel let out an inhuman roar, picked up a stick from the ground and began to beat the attackers. The Arabs had seen enough. Certain that their vile actions had aroused the vengeance of the spirits and awakened the dead, they dropped their stones, threw their hands up in the air, and fled, praying to Heaven to spare them.

The following morning, a delegation of Arabs visited the Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem. Pleading for mercy and forgiveness, they begged the Rabbi to pray and revoke the vengeance of the souls they had aroused, and promised absolute peace and reverence to Jews both living and deceased. (Brilliant Gems)

*Reprinted from the Parshat Mishpatim 5782 email of Rabbi David Bibi’s Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

**Why Were the Innkeeper's Blessings Fulfilled?**

**By**[**Hillel Baron**](https://www.chabad.org/search/keyword_cdo/kid/24128/jewish/Baron-Hillel.htm)

There was once a simple innkeeper who lived in a village not far from Mezhibuzh, where the holy Rabbi Avraham Yehoshua of Apt lived. Word got out that all the innkeeper’s blessings were fulfilled, and many flocked to him to receive his blessings. The students of the Apter Rebbe relayed this to their teacher and questioned the source of the innkeeper’s powers. The Apter Rebbe decided to go and observe the innkeeper to find out.

He traveled there unobtrusively and stayed at the inn for three days, but could not determine anything remarkable about the innkeeper. He was a simple fellow—he put on *tefillin*, prayed, and observed all the commandments like any other Jew.

The only unusual thing he observed was that the innkeeper always manned the bar where the liquor was sold, never allowing his family to take over.

The Apter Rebbe even observed him at night, thinking perhaps he would secretly get up to pray like the hidden *tzadikim*, but all he saw was that the innkeeper got a full night’s sleep!

Finally, he resolved to confront the innkeeper directly. At first the innkeeper denied any knowledge of spiritual powers, but the Apter Rebbe told him who he was and commanded him to reveal whatever he knew.

The innkeeper began to share some of his life story, with the introduction that he always had great trust in G‑d and that he had been saved from many predicaments because of his faith.

Once he was at his wits’ end, he explained. He had completely run out of liquor to sell, customers had stopped coming to his inn, and he had not a penny in his pocket. His family was pressuring him to go to the big city and find a partner to provide the capital to continue his business. He refused, saying that [G‑d](https://www.chabad.org/library/article_cdo/aid/433240/jewish/God.htm) is able to help him, partner or no partner.

But business continued to deteriorate, and finally, with no recourse, he began to walk to the city. On the way he stopped to say a heartfelt prayer, asking G‑d to become his partner. He promised to immediately divide the proceeds: half for himself, to support his family, and half for G‑d, to support the poor and Torah scholars.



**Illustration by Sefira Lightstone**

When he finished his prayer, he suddenly discovered a valuable coin in his pocket.

He returned home and announced to his family that he had found a wealthy partner. He then showed them the valuable coin he had received from his “partner” and proceeded to buy new merchandise.

From then on, he resolved to get a good night's sleep so he could be the only one to handle the money from the sales, because he was afraid that others might not divide the proceeds equally!

The Apter Rebbe returned home and shared the innkeeper’s story with his students.

“Do not wonder about his spiritual powers,” he said, “It is clearly written in the Code of Jewish Law that when one partner acts, whatever he does is binding upon the other partner, and because this man is a faithful partner of G‑d, whatever blessing he gives is fulfilled by G‑d.”

*“When the person who relies on G‑d has more money than he needs for his livelihood, he spends it on matters that please the Creator, may He be blessed, such as charity and the like.”**[1](javascript:doFootnote('1a3692093');)*

**FOOTNOTES**

[1.](https://www.chabad.org/library/article_cdo/aid/3692093/jewish/Why-Were-the-Innkeepers-Blessings-Fulfilled.htm" \l "footnoteRef1a3692093) *Shaar Habitachon (Kehot Edition) Chapter 5, p. 211.*

*Reprinted from the Parshat Vayakhel 5782 email of Chabad.Org Magazine.*

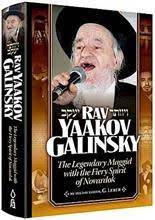
**Blowing a Precious Opportunity to Enjoy the King’s Oneg Shabbos Goodies**

Horav Yaakov Galinsky, zl, relates that one Erev Shabbos, he noticed his neighbour walking into the apartment building carrying two heavily-laden shopping bags. He was certain that he was transporting delicacies for his Shabbos meal.

This was confirmed (he thought) when the man smiled to him, and said, “My Oneg Shabbos, Shabbos delights.” Since the man practically invited him to look in the bag, Rav Galinsky peeked to see what types of goodies his friend had bought.

He was shocked to see that this man’s idea of Oneg Shabbos was newspapers and magazines. While it is not halachically inappropriate (Shabbos should be a day for Torah and tefillah), it is a sad commentary concerning this man’s perception of Oneg Shabbos.

In his inimitable manner, the Maggid presents an analogy to describe the man’s obtuseness. On the day of a king’s coronation, the future monarch sought to do something for the benefit of his kingdom.



He met with his advisors and suggested that every citizen be allowed one wish/one request which he would fulfil. His advisors countered that would break the royal treasury. Instead, they suggested that for one hour each week on a specific day, whoever presented his wish, would see it fulfilled.

Two days prior to the designated day, the lines were forming. People slept on the street. They would do anything to get in during that hour – which would allow for only so many people.

Once the hour passed, regardless of the length of the line, the king’s benevolence would halt. The awaited moment had arrived, and the gates to the palace were opened as the people edged forward. Suddenly, out of nowhere, someone pushed through and went to the head of the line. How did he do it?

He was the town leper, afflicted with the contagious, dread disease, covered from head to toe with pus-filled boils emitting a noxious odor. Everyone was careful to give the intruder a wide berth.

**The Guards Scrubbed the Leper**

The guards were not prepared to permit this man, with his decrepit soiled clothes and foul-smelling body, to enter the palace. They scrubbed him from head to toe, gave him clean clothes and sprayed him with a powerful deodorizer. He was now as ready as he would ever be to greet the king.

“How can I help you?” the king asked.

“My master, the king, I have a miserable life,” the man began. “My wounds are painful; their odor drives people away from me. The only food that I eat is derived from the scraps that I find in the rubbish. I do not enjoy anything in life, except for one thing: “When I scratch my skin, I have some pleasure. I wait for that moment. There is, however, a problem. I am

unable to reach my back. I ask that the king arrange for me to obtain two long brushes with which I will be able to scratch my back.”

The king agreed and had the royal scribe enter the leper’s order for two brushes. When the king saw the smiles on his advisors’ faces, he asked them why they were laughing at this wretched man.

They replied, “This man had a one-time opportunity, a chance of a lifetime, to ask the king to provide him with a specialist that would heal his pain and restore his body to its original healthy self. Instead, he asked for brushes. How pathetic!”

The leper looked at them and raised his voice, “No one tells me what to do. I want brushes! You will not deprive me of my two brushes.” Shabbos is Hashem’s gift to His People, a gift which provides us with the opportunity to be with Hashem through prayer and study. Instead, this man’s notion of Oneg Shabbos was reading a newspaper. He would rather have the brushes than the cure.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayakhel 5782 email of Rabbi A.L. Scheinbaum’s Peninim on the Torah.*

**The Kallah of the**

**Maharal of Prague**

**By Rabbi Mordechai Levin**

Rav Aharon Leib Shteinman, ZT”L, related a story that explains how the Maharal of Prague ascended to greatness. When the young Maharal became engaged to his wife, his future father-in-law promised a large dowry that would allow the budding Talmid Chacham to learn for many years.

Unfortunately, he suddenly lost all his money. The Maharal’s bride wrote him a letter, explaining that as her father could no longer afford to give what he had offered, the Maharal could end the engagement.

He answered that he would never embarrass a Jewish girl by backing out of the shidduch (match). He agreed to wait until she could save up a little money to support them, and that would allow him to continue his learning.

The kallah understood very well how fortunate she was to be engaged to such a Talmid Chochom! She began selling homemade baked goods in the marketplace, thus providing for her family and saving up money for her marriage.

One day, a decorated soldier walked by and grabbed some bread from her basket. She chased him down and asked him why he had taken the bread without paying, as she needed the monies to support her family.

The soldier explained that he had not eaten in three days! He took off his coat, handed it to her, and told her that if he did not return in three days, the coat would be hers. Three days later, when the soldier had not returned, she examined the coat and found a pouch of precious stones in one of the pockets! She was able to get married with this money, and the Maharal was able to devote his entire days to complete Torah study, subsequently becoming the great Maharal MiPrague.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayakhel 5782 email of R’ Mendel Berlin’s Torah Sweets Weekly.*

**The Kollel Student’s Excuse**

A Kollel fellow in Lakewood did not daven in the Yeshiva minyan as was the accepted practice at that time. He davened at a different minyan, and arrived at the study hall when he was supposed to, but was asked to explain why he broke from the norm.

He said, “There’s a woman in town with five children and she can’t get them off to school alone. This one needs breakfast; that one needs help getting dressed, and so on. That is where I am at that time and why I need to daven at a different minyan.”

Impressed, the Rabbonim asked, “Who is this woman? We’ll help too!”

He replied, “The woman is my wife,” he smiled, “and thank you, but we’ll manage on our own.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayakhel 5782 email of Jonathon Gewirtz’s Migdal Ohr.*

**Singing for Hashem**

The Midrash (Yalkut Shimoni Mishlei 932) writes that Reb Elazer would tell his nephew, Reb Chiya, who was a talented singer: "Chiya, my son, stand up and honor Hashem with the talent Hashem gave you.

Navos (mentioned in Sefer Melachim) had a beautiful voice, and when he came to Yerushalayim for the yomim tovim, all the Yidden would gather around to hear him sing. They would say that it was worth coming to the Beis HaMikdash, even if just to hear Navos sing. One year he didn’t go up to the Beis HaMikdash for yom tov. He was punished for this sin because he didn’t serve Hashem with his talent that year."

*Reprinted for the Parshas Vayakhel 5782 email of Torah Wellsprings: Collected Thoughts from Rabbi Elimelech Biderman.*

**How to Solve Another**

**Yid’s Problem**

Rav Shalom Shwadron, zt”l, would relate the following story. Rav Zelig Braverman, zt”l, used to learn together with a certain man who had very bad eyesight. One day, this man opened up his heart and told his sad tale to Rav Braverman.

“I have a very difficult time at home. My wife insists that I help her with the housework, but because of my poor eyesight, this is impossible. However, she really needs the help, and she won’t take no for an answer. When she sees that I have not done what she requested of me, she insults me terribly, and it literally breaks my heart. I don’t know how to change the situation. Please help me!”

A few days later, the man arrived in a much happier state of mind. He said, “Rav Zelig, you must be davening really well to help me. Today, my wife did not insult me at all. On the contrary, it appears as though she no longer has any complaints, and Baruch Hashem, my Shalom Bayis has returned!”

However, the truth was that this man did not know just how hard Rav Zelig had worked to restore their happiness. Rav Zelig had been observing this couple’s comings and goings, and had learned that when the husband went to shul to daven, the wife went out to shop. The moment he realized this, he let himself into their home and got to work.

Rav Zelig washed the dishes and cleaned the floors, and did all the jobs that the wife had asked her husband do. When the wife later came home, she saw that her husband had done his chores after all. Meanwhile, the husband thought that his wife had finally seen how hard it was for him to do those jobs, and she had taken care of the tasks herself.

Naturally, each admired the other for this sacrifice, and there was peace once again between them. When Rav Shalom Shwadron told over this story, he remarked, “It is astounding to what lengths the gedolim would go to, to ensure that there would be peace in Jewish households. They were truly students of Aharon HaKohein, who not only loved peace, but they pursued it!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayakhel 5782 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.p*