



EIKEV EDITED AND DESIGNED BY SHLOMO TANNY

CHABAD TESAMACH TIMES

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PERKEI AVOT 4/SHABBOS MEVARCHIM

Eikev in a Nutshell

From Chabad.org

Deuteronomy 7:12–11:25

In the Parshah of Eikev (“Because”), Moses continues his closing address to the children of Israel, promising them that if they will fulfill the commandments (mitzvot) of the Torah, they will prosper in the Land they are about to conquer and settle in keeping with G-d’s promise to their forefathers.

Moses also rebukes them for their failings in their first generation as a people, recalling their worship of the Golden Calf, the rebellion of Korach, the sin of the spies, their angering of G-d at Taveirah, Massah and Kivrot Hataavah (“The Graves of Lust”). “You have been rebellious against G-d,” he says to them, “since the day I knew you.” But he also speaks of G-d’s forgiveness of their sins, and the Second Tablets which G-d inscribed and gave to them following their repentance.

Their forty years in the desert, says Moses to the people, during which G-d sustained them with daily manna from heaven, was to teach them “that man does not live on bread alone, but by

the utterance of G-d’s mouth does man live.”

Moses describes the land they are about to enter as “flowing with milk and honey,” blessed with the “seven kinds” (wheat, barley, grapevines, figs, pomegranates, olive oil and dates), and as the place that is the focus of G-d’s providence of His world. He commands them to destroy the idols of the land’s former masters, and to beware lest they become haughty and begin to believe that “my power and the might of my hand have gotten me this wealth.”

A key passage in our Parshah is the second chapter of the Shema, which repeats the fundamental mitzvot enumerated in the Shema’s first chapter, and describes the rewards of fulfilling G-d’s commandments and the adverse results (famine and exile) of their neglect. It is also the source of the precept of prayer, and includes a reference to the resurrection of the dead in the messianic age.

ZMANIM

Friday Night

Candle-lighting and Mincha: 7:34

Shkiya: 7:52

Tzeis: 8:23

Shabbos Day

Shachris Bochorim 8:30

Krias Shema: 9:33

Shachris: 10:30 (verify in Shul)

Zman Tefila: 10:41

Mincha Gedola: 1:33

Mincha: 7:20 (verify in shul)

Shkiya: 7:50

Marriv + Shabbos Ends: 8:38 (R”T 9:03)

Weekday Shachris: 8:30 (verify in Shul)

Weekday Mincha: 1:40

Next week Candle-lighting and Mincha: 7:21

Eikev: Who May Make a Vow?

From(<http://parsha-story.blogspot.com/2011/08/eikev-who-may-make-vow.html>)

Two neighbors lived in a small town; neither of whom was very well-off. One eked out a living as a wood-chopper.

The second was a thief.

Both men had daughters, but the thief was unable to finance marrying off his daughters.

"I don't understand," complained the thief. "You are a poor man like me. How is it that you were able to save enough money so that you had a respectable dowry to marry off your daughters?"



The wood-chopper explained that when each child was born, he built a small wooden box and placed a lock on the cover. At the end of each day, he would place a coin in the box. By the time the child was ready to be married, there was enough money in the box to cover wedding expenses and help the young couple start their new home.

"You should have done like I did," the wood-chopper noted.

The thief broke out in laughter. "This method is fine for you. You will never open up the locked box, even if times are tough and you need the money.

"But for me? I am a thief by profession. I open up locks that *other* people have used. Certainly a lock that I myself set will not stay locked for very long - if I need the money!"

Who May Make a Vow?

Moses told the Jewish people:

אֵת ה' אֱ-לֹהֶיךָ תִירָא, אֹתוֹ תַעֲבֹד; וְבו תִדְבֹק, וּבְשָׁמוֹ תִשָּׁבַע.

"Remain in awe of God, serve Him, cling to Him, and swear by His name." (Deut. 10:20)

The Midrash explains that Moses told the people: Don't think that I permitted you to make a vow in God's name, even a truthful vow. If you have all of these traits - you are God-fearing, you serve God sincerely and cling to him - *then* you make make a vow. But if not, you should not take an oath, even in truth.

Why this restriction on who may make a vow?

Those individuals who take great care to avoid all that the Torah has prohibited - that which is "locked away" from us - they may trusted to make a vow and add their own "locks" - set down for themselves additional prohibitions.

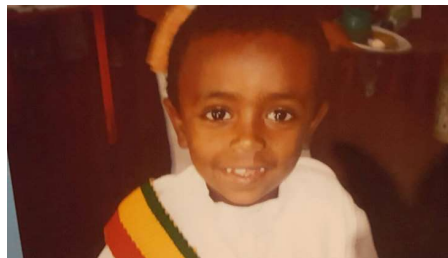
But someone who transgresses that which the Torah has locked away - will he not also break his own vows? Such a person is like the thief who could not be trusted not to break into his own locked savings.

Therefore the Sages taught that only the truly God-fearing should make vows; they may be trusted to keep what they have promised.

(Adapted from *Mishlei Yaakov*, pp. 318-319)[TT]

Adopting Abi, A 6-Year-Old Ethiopian Boy

Aug 17, 2019 | by [Marni Linden](#)(from Aish.com)



Although we had been blessed with four children, my husband Jay and I always felt as though our family was not quite finished. After several disappointing

miscarriages, we seriously considered fostering or adopting a child, but nothing ever worked out. All too soon it seemed our kids had grown and flown away, to school or jobs, throughout the country. But Jay and I didn't feel ready for an empty nest yet. We found the sudden silence of our empty home oppressive, missing the vibrancy, noise, laughter and chaos that children only can provide.

Looking and feeling far younger than our years, we believed we still had the ability to parent one more child. We began to seriously consider adopting, spending two years researching the entire process. We discovered an online support group for people like us called GAARP - Gracefully Aging Adoptive Refined Parents, described as "a forum for adoptive or would-be adoptive parents over the age of 40, who plan to be adoptive parenting into their silver and golden years." With over 2000 members, we felt reassured we weren't alone in this unconventional venture, despite the skeptical reaction of some family members and friends.

After the intensive research process, we finally found an ethical adoption agency whose main goal was to find families for older children, not only the healthy baby girls most people wanted. They sent their social worker to meet us and conduct our home study. We were approved and decided to adopt a six-year-old Ethiopian boy named Abi. The minute we saw a photo of his cute little face, with two missing front teeth, we felt he was meant to be our new son.

Our adoption journey was lengthy, involving complicated paperwork and one frustrating delay after another. Did we have any doubts along the way? Yes, definitely. Jay and I talked for hours. Were we truly making the right decision at this point in our lives? One friend tried to persuade us to shelve the whole idea, suggesting that at our age we should consider a relaxing ocean cruise instead. Yet, despite our doubts and fears, we felt compelled to continue the process. I knew, come what may, if we did not adopt Abi, we would always regret it.

My lifeline/support group consisted of other families who had adopted older children. These families were from different backgrounds but they all believed their adopted children were

destined by God to be theirs. Our emails flew back and forth late into the night, my anxious questions receiving reassuring answers that only those who had been there, done that, could possibly provide. At last our long roller-coaster journey came to an end. The adoption was finalized and one bright afternoon, we met Abi, hugged him and knew he was ours. Our doubts and fears began to melt away in the warm sunshine.

A Different Life

Life was very different from then on, both for him and us. Older adopted children come with baggage from their pasts and Abi was no exception. Adopting him was certainly the most challenging, emotionally stressful thing we have ever done but at the same time the most significant, life-enhancing and rewarding. There was so much for Abi to learn but he was bright and curious and we learned along with him as we bonded into a family.

People would often tell us what a great mitzvah we did by providing Abi with a loving home. We feel that he gave us a rare gift too, the opportunity to turn back the clock. Suddenly we felt like young parents again, attending PTA meetings and soccer games, helping with homework, reading bedtime stories, singing “*Hamalach HaGoel*” and “*Shema Yisrael*” together.

We weren’t sure if Abi was Jewish from birth but were informed he’d been circumcised at one week old. Since we wanted him to be fully accepted by our Orthodox community without question, we decided to have him undergo a halachic conversion. The first step of the process was the *hatafat dam brit* in the office of a doctor/mohel. The second step of the process – immersion in a *mikvah* – was far more enjoyable. Abi loved the *mikvah* – (hey, a small swimming

“The minute we saw a photo of Abi’s cute little face, with two missing front teeth, we felt he was meant to be our new son.”

pool!) – and felt disappointed he couldn’t splash around in it longer.

He soon grew accustomed to going to shul with us on Shabbat, participating in the kiddush afterward, even eating the traditional pickled herring with crackers. We enrolled him in the local Jewish school and soon he became more fluent in Hebrew than we were.

However, there were problems too. With so many changes to adjust to in a short space of time, Abi grew easily frustrated when he couldn’t get his way. He did make some friends but dealt aggressively with a few other boys he didn’t get along with. The school had a strict no-fighting policy so Abi had frequent ‘punishment’ days at home. After he picked up and threw a chair at a classmate, we were called into the principal’s office to see what could be done to help Abi. The principal herself was convinced he had ADHD and insisted that Ritalin was the answer. One of his teachers suggested taking him to a psychologist dealing with traumatized children. He gave Abi a battery of tests and recommended a medication to help him calm down and become less aggressive. He also started seeing a child therapist to cope with his past issues. She utilized both play and art therapy with him and it broke our hearts when she showed us a drawing Abi had made of his dimly-remembered birth mother, a woman with tears pouring down her face.

“People stared at us, a young, brown-skinned boy with a white couple old enough to be his grandparents. But Abi, a good-looking, captivating child, gradually became an accepted part of our community.”

Thankfully, by the end of the school year, Abi’s aggressive behavior had greatly diminished and over the summer we weaned him off the medication, though he continued to see the therapist for another year.

We soon realized that people tended to stare at us, a young, brown-skinned boy with a white couple old enough to be his

grandparents. But Abi, a good-looking, captivating child, gradually became an accepted part of our community. Jay and I learned to march to a different drummer as a conspicuous, interracial family, becoming more aware and sensitive towards racism.

Visiting an Ethiopian shul to celebrate the arrival of a new sefer Torah to their community, Jay and I realized what it felt like to be a minority, the only white people within a large group of Ethiopians.

Abi himself quickly learned to deal with racial slurs. When a boy called him a ‘*kushi*’ (a derogatory term for an Ethiopian) Abi immediately responded, “And you are cottage cheese!”

Sometimes we saw a bit of humor in the situation too. Once when we were discussing healthy food choices, I pointed out that brown bread and brown rice were healthier than white bread and white rice. “I’m brown so I’m healthier too!” Abi pointed out with a grin.

Just as Abi has grown accustomed to our culture, we try to incorporate some elements of his into our lives. We have become friendly with two sweet Ethiopian sisters in our neighborhood. I learned to cook Ethiopian food (thanks to youtube videos) though I still draw the line at eating berbere, a fiery spice similar to jalapeno peppers. When Abi was old enough to understand, we told him about the 2,500-year old dream of Ethiopian Jews to return to Israel, their bravery to undertake that long difficult journey and their fervent belief the Temple was still standing in Jerusalem.

One sunny afternoon Abi and I were walking past a dumpster on our street when he noticed a huge teddy bear perched on top of it. His brown eyes went wide. “Who threw away this nice bear?” he asked, shocked.

“Maybe the kid who owned him doesn’t want a teddy bear anymore since he’s all grown up,” I suggested.

“So why don’t his mom and dad adopt a new kid like you and Daddy adopted me?”

For a moment I felt stunned. Abi is well aware of the fact that he is our second-time-around child but we’d no idea how

normal a process he thinks this is. We rescued the teddy bear, perfectly clean and in great shape. Perhaps on some level Abi identified with it. Someone else no longer wanted it, but he sure did! Though it's a huge bear, taking up a lot of space in his bed, he sleeps with it every night. It's exactly the right size to fill his heart, just as Abi has filled ours.[TT]

A Shabbat on the Battlefield that Saved My Life

By [Shmuel Gurewicz](#) (from Chabad.org)



The battle during the Six Day War

In 1960, I married an Israeli girl and, in 1964, we settled in Israel. I was conscripted to the Israeli army in 1965 and was assigned to the reserve troops.

In May of 1967, the Egyptians

amassed troops in the Sinai Desert, close to the Israeli border, and closed the Straits of Tiran to shipping. Israel regarded this as a declaration of war.

While the diplomats were running between Washington, London, Paris and Tel Aviv, the Israeli public was preparing for war, expecting the worst. The Arab leaders were violently inciting their populations with dramatic promises to "push the Jews into the sea."

In Israel, the army started a general mobilization. First, the pilots and armored corps were called up. Then, more and more reserves were called to duty.

"The Jewish burial society of Tel Aviv alone dug fifteen thousand graves, ready for civilian casualties. The threat was real"

More and more homes were left without parents and siblings. People were frightened, concerned for the future of Israel and their families.

Israel was outnumbered one hundred to one. The Egyptians had German scientists developing missiles and the Russians supplying them with tanks and combat jet planes. The French, who supplied Israel with Mirage fighter planes, declared an embargo on supplies to Israel with the excuse that they do not supply arms to a combat zone.

The Jewish burial society of Tel Aviv alone dug fifteen thousand graves, ready for civilian casualties.

The threat was real.

Shmuel in his uniform on the battlefield

I was called on May 25th to report for duty the following day, Friday, the 26th. My regiment organized themselves by Sunday, where we were moved to a hill, 500 feet from a Jordanian village called Budrus.

Prior to the next Shabbat, the commanding officer, Victor, announced that ten percent of the soldiers could go home for Shabbat, a twenty-four hour leave. We were 130 soldiers and the first permitted to leave were fathers of three children and more. I fell into this category.

Unfortunately, the truck that came to take us back to civilization arrived at 7:00 p.m., twenty-five minutes before Shabbat began. Therefore, I could not go—as doing so would have caused me to desecrate the holy day. The following evening, Saturday night, again, another thirteen soldiers could take leave and I was hoping that this time I would be able to go. But again the truck came at 7:00 p.m., while it was still Shabbat. Once again, I missed out.

Victor, my commanding officer, who was not a religious man, took pity on me and said that since I missed out on my leave because of my religious principles, he would let me go on Sunday night for forty-eight hours. To me, forty-eight hours was an eternity! I impatiently waited for the day to pass.

On Sunday afternoon, we heard on the radio that Iraq sent two armored divisions into Jordan to bolster their army for the forthcoming war with Israel.

A little later, Victor came to announce that all leave was cancelled. Since we were in the center line defending Israel from Jordan, the readiness level was raised to the uppermost limit.

I was terribly disappointed, not so much because of the prospect of the war, but because my leave was cancelled!

I tossed and turned a whole night. On Monday, the 5th of June, at 5:00 a.m. I went to Victor's tent and begged him to let me go see my family even for a short period of time. Victor told me he would

let me go, but only for eight hours. I'd have to be back by 3:00 in the afternoon.

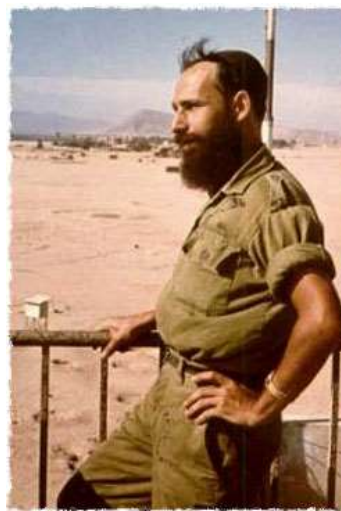
No one knew that the war was to begin in another two hours. Even Victor, a commanding officer, did not know.

I did not wait to argue about the eight hours. I took my rifle, put my prayer shawl in my backpack and ran! I got a lift with a motorcyclist and arrived in Jerusalem at

8:30 a.m., where my wife and children were at the home of my sister-in-law.

One can imagine the reunion with my wife and children!

Soon after, the radio reported that heavy fighting had broken out in the south. So the long-expected war had begun. But in Jerusalem, people felt safe. Though Jerusalem was then a divided city, with



Shmuel in his uniform with his wife Chava



Jordanian-controlled East Jerusalem in close proximity to Israeli West Jerusalem, no one believed Jordan would start hostilities.

But at about 11:00 a.m., the Jordanians started shelling West Jerusalem. We all went down to the air raid shelter, and I was the only soldier in a packed shelter full of women and children.

A little later, I called up the town-major to report that I was in Jerusalem and asked what I should do. I was told to return to my unit and, in fact, I should have not been away in the first place... So I had to say goodbye to my family and in midst of Jordanian shelling, made my way to the main road where I waited together with many more soldiers. I got a ride with a police car that dropped me off in Ramla. From there, I had to walk about two hours to join my unit on that hill near Budrus. All along the way, shells were exploding in the distance and also nearby.

I got to my unit at about 5:00 p.m. I tried to look for my foxhole to take cover but could not find it. Something had changed since I left that morning. I found Victor and reported that I returned. He looked at his watch and sternly told me off for being two hours late. I began excusing myself that I got stuck in Jerusalem and so on....

He then turned to me with a smiling face and tears in his eyes, "Now I know that there is a G-d in heaven! At exactly 3:00 p.m., a shell fell and exploded in your foxhole!"

If I would have taken leave on the previous Friday night, I would not have been away on that Monday! And I would have not been here telling this story...[TT]

On Cue

Posted on August 2, 2018 (5778) By Rabbi Mordechai Kamenetzky (From <https://torah.org/torah-portion/drasha-5757-eikev/>)

Not often does G-d Almighty tell anybody to leave him alone. But then again, Moshe isn't everybody.

This week, Moshe recounts the sad tale of the Golden Calf. Moshe had promised to return from Mount Sinai after receiving the Torah in forty days, but the Jews miscalculated. According to their calculations, he was late. Fearing that Moshe would never return from his celestial mission, the Jews made themselves a golden calf and worshipped it while proclaiming, "this is our god that took us out of Egypt." Obviously, the calculations and miscalculations of the Jewish People are not as simple as they appear on the surface. That, however is an entirely different issue.

I'd like to focus in on the aftermath of the calamity of the Golden Calf. Hashem actually wanted to destroy the Jewish Nation and rebuild a new folk with Moshe, as its patriarchal leader. "Release me," said G-d, "and I will destroy them and build a new nation from you" (Deuteronomy 9:14)). Immediately after the words, "release me" Moshe sprung into action. In the Book of Exodus, it details how Moshe pleaded, cajoled, and reasoned with Hashem with a multitude of persuasive arguments that calmed His wrath. The Jews were spared.

What is troubling is Moshe's chutzpah. Didn't Hashem specifically tell him, "leave me alone"? What prompted him with the audacity to defy a direct command of Hashem?

Herbert Tenzer (in photo) served as a distinguished congressman from New York in the 1960s. More importantly, he was an observant Jew who was a proud activist and was instrumental in providing relief for many Holocaust

survivors. A few months before his passing, some years ago, he related to me the following story:



The energetic and often outspoken Rabbi Eliezer Silver of Cincinnati, Ohio was a prominent force in the Vaad Hatzallah

Rescue Committee. He worked tirelessly throughout the terrible war years and their aftermath to save and place the victims of Nazi depravity. In addition to his prominence in the Jewish world, Rabbi Silver enjoyed a personal relationship with the very powerful Senator Robert Taft of Ohio.

Rabbi Silver had a very difficult request that needed much political pressure and persuasion to accomplish. He asked Mr. Tenzer to accompany him to the Senator.

"Shenator Taft!" he exclaimed, mixing his distinct accent in which the s would sound as sh, with a high pitched intoning of emotions. I have a very important and difficult request!"

Rabbi Silver went on to plead his case of obtaining a certain number of visas for some refugees who may not have met all the criteria. Senator Taft looked nonchalant and non-committal. The Senator thought for a while then grimaced. He slowly and carefully stretched his response. "It would be arduous and burdensome," he began. "but technically," he continued, implying all the while that he was not the least bit anxious to get his hands dirty, "it can be done."

But Rabbi Silver did not hear anything except the last three words.

"IT CAN BE DONE?" He shouted with joy. "SHO DO IT!" Needless to say the stunned Senator got to work immediately and obtained the visas for the beleaguered Jews.

Moshe heard one line from Hashem, "leave me alone, and I will destroy them." That was his cue. The Talmud in Berachos explains that hearing those words, Moshe knew that now it all depended on him. The only way Hashem would destroy His people was if Moshe left him alone. And he didn't. Moshe badgered, cajoled, and pleaded with the Almighty and we were spared.

My Rebbe once quoted legendary slugger Ted Williams, the last player to achieve a batting average of over .400. "Every player gets one pitch that he definitely can hit. To hit .400, don't miss that pitch." Instead of recoiling at the words "release me" or "leave me be," Moshe saw his pitch. And he hit it awfully hard.

In life there are many cues. This week Moshe teaches his nation that when you get your cue, don't miss it. Even if it takes a little chutzpah.

Dedicated by B. David & Shani Schreiber in memory of Naomi BasSheva Bas Rav Boruch Yosef of blessed memory[TT]

The Land of Milk and Honey

By Rabbi Reuven Abenaim and the Chamai emet



“ארץ חטה ושערה וגפן ותאנה ורמון ארץ זית” - “שמן ודבש” - “A land of wheat, barley, grape, fig, and pomegranate; a land of oil olives and honey” (Devarim 8:8)

In Parashat Ekev, Moshe describes to the Jewish people the reward they will receive if they fulfill the mitzvot properly. He tells them Hashem will bring you to a good land, and praises it as a land of wheat, barley, grape, fig, etc.

In his sefer “Nishmat Chaim,” Ribei Chaim Messas (Meknes, Morocco 1843-1904) asks an obvious question: There are many lands that grow these grains and fruit; what is the great praise that the land of Israel contains these foods?

To understand this, *Ribei Chaim* asks a different question: Why does the Torah use the singular form for each food? Shouldn't it say, “figs,” “grapes,” “pomegranates,” etc. in the plural?

Ribei Chaim explains that the land of Israel is praised for the fact that its fruit will be very rich in vitamins and nutrients, so that only a small amount will be sufficient for a person's needs and to satisfy him. On the other hand, in other lands one must eat many fruits and grains to receive all the vitamins and nutrients that one needs, and because of the need for a bigger amount of food, there is more garbage produced that could bring to different sicknesses R”L.

Now we understand what Moshe is telling the Jewish people. It is a land of “wheat” (which is written in Hebrew in the singular חטה) barley (also in the singular שערה), grape, fig, pomegranate—i.e. this is a land where you don't need to consume a lot in order to receive what you need. Even one grain of wheat or barley, or one grape, fig, or pomegranate, etc. is already sufficient. Yes, other lands have these fruit, but not with the same quality.

The Power of a Drink

By Rabbi Reuven Abenaim and the Chamai emet

וברך פרי בטןך

And He will bless the fruit of your womb. (Devarim 7:13)

Every night, Ribei Yisrael Abuchatzera, the Baba Sali (Tafilalt, Morocco-Netivot, Israel, 1890-1984) would wake up at midnight to recite Tikun Chatzot and learn Torah until morning.

Once at 2 a.m., he heard a knock on the front door. His wife found two young men standing there, and they asked if they could speak with the Baba Sali. When she brought them in to the Baba Sali, one of the young men explained why they had come at such a late hour. “My wife is at the end of her pregnancy,” he said, “and she fell unconscious and was brought to the hospital. The doctors said they have no solution for the mother or for the baby.”

The Baba Sali said immediately: “Futility! Doctors have no permission to give up. The truth is that with great difficulty do they have permission to heal!” He then made a bracha on water, gave the bottle of water to the man, and told him to give his wife to drink from it and she will be healed.

The man asked: “But if she is unconscious, how can she drink?”

The Baba Sali responded: “Put a little water on her lips and she will wake up; then she could drink.”

They thanked the Baba Sali and departed. When they arrived back at the hospital, the husband told his wife's sister to rub a little water from the bottle on his wife's lips. It was strange to her, but nevertheless she went ahead and did it.

They were amazed when she opened her eyes and asked that she wanted a drink! They brought the bottle to her lips and she drank it. From then on her situation took a turn for the better, and Baruch Hashem she gave birth to a baby boy with no complications.

From this story we learn that the only true doctor is Hashem.

Did you know?

והיה עקב תשמעון את המשפטים האלה

And it will be because of your listening to these ordinances (Devarim 7:12).

The last letters backwards spell out the word המתן, “wait.” This hints to the idea that the reward of the mitzvot will be in the future. Alternatively, sometimes we need to be patient to see how great of an

impact our mitzvot had. (Based on “Shurot Haomer” by Ribei Amur Abitbol of Sifru)

When making the beracha “Hamotzi Lechem Min Haaretz,” one should place his ten fingers

on the bread. In his sefer היכל הקודש , Rabenu Moshe bar Maimun Elbaz* (Tarudant, Morocco) explains that the ten fingers represent the ten sefirot. By putting our ten fingers on the bread we are bringing down a blessing from all ten sefirot to our sustenance.

*Note: Rabenu Moshe lived in the same era of the Arizal but did not see his teachings, so all the kabala he writes is from before the Arizal's time.

Shabbat Shalom Umevorach!

Written by Rabbi Reuven Abenaim and edited by Rabbi Avraham Menachem Kener

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Who is *Your* Favorite Artist?

By Rabbi Label Lam (from <https://torah.org/torah-portion/dvartorah-5770-eikev/>)

And now Israel what does HASHEM your G-d ask of you? Only to fear HASHEM, your G-d, to go in all His ways and to love Him, and to serve HASHEM, your G-d, with all your heart and all your soul. (Devarim 10:12)

Based upon this verse our sages understood the following important principle of life: “Everything is from heaven except for the fear of heaven”. What does that mean? The Sefas Emes explains that HASHEM’s interaction with the world is unlike that of a regular king of flesh and blood. An earthly monarch has as part of his egoistic job description to impose fear upon his subjects while demanding through taxation that they pay the price tag of his policies.

In sharp contradistinction, HASHEM, the King of Kings generously showers endless varieties of continuous goodness upon His world. His subjects are the beneficiaries of boundless blessings more hidden than revealed. What is expected in return? What is our job? It is our only real task to develop, on our own, something called “Yira”, a true recognition. How is this accomplished? How does one stir a stilled heart to awaken to the authenticity of this overwhelming experience?



The Rambam asks, “Which is the way love Him and to fear Him?” He answers rather poetically, “At the moment when a man contemplates His deeds and His awesome and grandiose creations and he sees within them His inestimable wisdom which is without limit, immediately he loves and praises and intoxicated and desires with a great and overwhelming

desire to know the greatness of HASHEM. (Hilchos Yesode’ HaTorah 2:2)

These days with the encyclopedic explosion of scientific knowledge about the universe one might expect that there would be more and more “Ahava”-love and “Yira” -fear of HASHEM than ever before.

However, Vaclav Havel- poet and president the Czech Republic, observed, “We may know immeasurably more about the universe than our ancestors did and yet it increasingly seems they knew something more essential about it than we do, something that escapes us.”

Since life is an open book test and the entire cosmos is on display and equally available to all, then how come some people “get it”- a jolt of “Yiras HASHEM” and others “walk on by” blithely unaware remaining eminently unimpressed? That’s the \$64,000 question!

Years back I went with a friend on Shabbos to visit Rabbi Mordechai Schwab ztl. He invited us to sit and chat. It was an awesome treat. His eyes kept darting up to the heavens, resetting his orientation. At one moment he stared lovingly at a dumb-cane plant in the corner of the room as if he was noticing its large ornate leaves for the first time. Chuckling quietly to himself, he asked rhetorically in the most innocent and child-like way, “Who painted this?” It was stunning!

When Chana was finally granted a child she too declared, “There is no (tzur) rock like our G-d!” The Talmud plays on the word “Tzur”- rock and says there is no “tzair”- artist like our G-d!

Gazing at a sunset or a cloud filled sky, a child’s face, a finger, a fly or anything, my wife and I have a running joke. “I ask, “Who’s your favorite artist?” She says, “HASHEM! I say, “Mine too! I guess that’s why we got married to each other!” The Rambam spells it out, “At the moment when a person contemplates His deeds...” The deeds are already perceived and understood as “His”. Scientific inquiry alone is inadequate. An

important question must be asked and answered first! The seriousness of this question cannot be overstated! It’s no joke! However you phrase it: “Who painted this?” “**Who is *your* favorite artist?**” [TT]

The Wayward Shochet and the Holy Hitchhikers

By [Asharon Baltazar](#) (from Chabad.org)



Face flushed with emotion,

Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua Heschel, then rabbi of Kolbuszowa, Poland, finished recounting his story and fell quiet. His peers, Rabbi Mordechai of Neshchiz and Rabbi Aryeh Leib (known as the Shpoler Zeide), seemed oblivious that the story had come to an end.

“Esteemed gentleman,” said Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua loudly, “What is the verdict? I accept whatever you decide.”

Concerned, the rabbis agreed that the details were too scarce to settle on a ruling. It took another hour of pointed questioning before they felt ready to deliver a verdict.

“The circumstances surrounding your actions classify you as an accidental murderer,” they decided. “Technically, you did nothing wrong, but a man of your spiritual stature should have pursued an alternate set of actions. An extended exile would be the appropriate remedy for your soul.”

Because they had issued the verdict upon their friend, the rabbis assumed his punishment too. All three would aimlessly wander the country for three years, relying on G-d for their sustenance.

Several weeks prior, a small delegation of Jews from a neighboring town had traveled to Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua with shocking news about the behavior of their *shochet* (ritual slaughterer). Moshe had fallen on tough times, and was now known to frequent the local watering holes, whiling away entire nights in a drunken stupor.

Witnesses reported seeing him swaying wildly, slurring local folk songs at the top of his lungs.

Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua could hardly believe his ears. There was nothing harmless about Moshe's behavior! A *shochet*, the individual responsible for providing the town's supply of kosher meat, was expected to act with decorum. He packed a few belongings, and left the very next day to investigate.

The scenery rolled by uneventfully as the carriage gently rocked its passenger. Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua noticed a man, hunched with age, walking deliberately along the roadside. "Why are you tiring yourself out?" he called from the carriage window. "Please, come share the bench with me. There's plenty of space."

The man climbed aboard, and although the rabbi attempted to engage him in friendly conversation, the newcomer made it clear he preferred to be left alone.

Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua did not notice the tiredness descending. Without even a yawn of warning, he found himself overcome by a strong and sudden urge for deep sleep.

"How is the Rabbi of Kolbuszowa swayed by slander about a shochet who is revered by the angels themselves?"

Convinced it was the old hitchhiker who said these words, Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua forced his eyes open and whirled around, only to discover that the carriage had stopped and he was alone inside it.

The driver tended the horses, then hoisted himself back up onto the seat and promptly resumed the journey.

Once again, Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua spotted a lone figure trudging along the road, a heavy sack slung over his shoulder. He ordered the driver to slow the carriage and invited the young traveler inside.

Cheered by the kind offer, the young traveler took a seat and stared out the window wordlessly. Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua, grateful for the company, asked a few questions, but was once again met with silence.

For the second time that day, the rabbi felt himself overcome with a sudden, heavy exhaustion, and as his eyes drooped, he heard the familiar thundering voice.

"Is it true the Rabbi of Kolbuszowa wishes to fire a shochet who even the angels above dare not approach?"

Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua woke up and realized they had arrived at their destination. The seat opposite him was empty.

In the back of his mind, the thought that his dream might not have been a dream after all frightened him.

As evening morphed into night, Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua made his way to Moshe's home—a cabin on the city's outskirts, not far from the cemetery. Everything was shrouded in darkness by the time he stepped up to the door and knocked gently. A woman, clearly Moshe's wife, opened the door and regarded the holy visitor with wide-eyed reverence.

"Where is your husband?" Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua asked.

Tight-lipped, the woman directed a shaking finger at a small hut in the corner of the yard. "There."

With a quiet murmur of thanks, Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua left the woman by the door and approached the hut, treading slowly and softly through the yard. He peered through a small crack in the door and studied the scene inside: Sitting in the center of the room, swaying over a large book with utmost reverence, were Moshe the *shochet*, the old hitchhiker, and the young traveler who carried the heavy bundle. Their faces emanated a golden glow that filled the small room.

Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua crept back to Moshe's wife, who was still standing in the doorway.

"Please, can you please call your husband?" he asked.

The woman obliged and disappeared inside the hut. Moshe then staggered from the darkness towards Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua, barely keeping his balance, a sloshing bottle of spirits swinging in one hand.

EASY SCHNITZEL



Ingredients

- Kraft original Shake and Bake
- Eggs(use as needed)
- Corn Flakes
- Sesame Seeds
- Boneless Chicken

Directions

1. Preheat oven to 400
2. Smash cornflakes into crumbs
3. Mix cornflake crumbs, sesame seeds, and shake and bake and put in a small container (enough that fit a few small pieces of chicken). Make this mixture as needed.
4. Cut up chicken into sizes you would like.
5. Dip cut chicken in eggs
6. Put chicken in covered container and sake inside of it.
7. Bake chicken on 400 for about 15-30 minutes, depending on thickness.
8. Frying the chicken is option as well. Follow same steps except just use a frying pan.

"I demand you cease this act at once!" said Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua sternly. "Tell me what is happening here."

Moshe's expression transformed mid-step into one of utter seriousness. He dropped the bottle and pulled Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua out of his wife's earshot.

"For a long while, I've kept my true identity a secret. Time after time, I buried it under various guises and behaviors. But now that you have revealed my secret, I realize my role here in this world has come to an end. I ask one thing of you — please arrange that my wife and children receive a monthly stipend."

Moshe's body was laid to rest the next day. Leading the funeral procession,

Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua bared his anguish in heaving sobs, a tormenting guilt seared forever into his soul. The life of an innocent, righteous man had been severed short, and it was his fault.

Rabbi Abraham Yehoshua used the eulogy to reveal Moshe's identity as one of the [36 hidden righteous people](#) and described the extreme measures he had taken to maintain his disguise. Now seeing their wayward *shochet* in a new light, the townspeople rushed to fulfill Moshe's last wishes.[TT]

Welcome!

by [Rabbi Eli Scheller](#) (from <https://www.aish.com/tp/b/1-min-vort/216344671.html/>)

You shall love the proselyte for you were strangers in the land of Egypt. (Deut. 10:19)

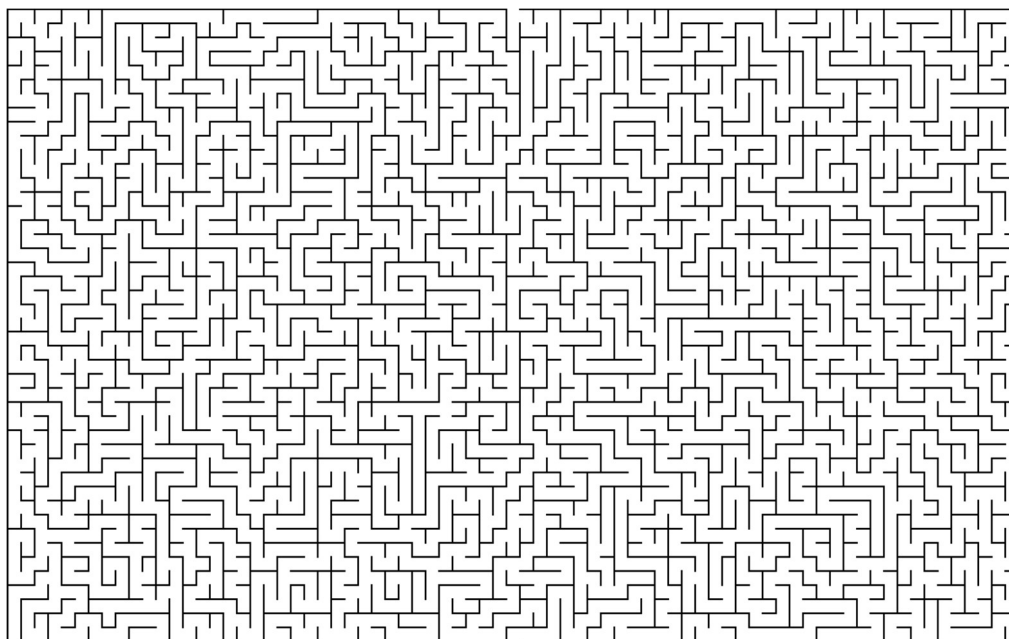
Aaron was very nervous. He had just moved to a new community and wasn't sure what it would be like. Would he fit in? Would the people be nice? He walked in to Shul nervous and tense; it was his first time attending. He looked around hoping someone would come over but no one said a word to him. He found an empty seat and sat down. A minute later a man walked over and tapped him on the shoulder. Aaron felt excited that finally someone would make him feel at home.

"I'm sorry," the man said, "but you're sitting in someone's seat. Please vacate it."

Aaron stood up and remained in the aisle; feeling extremely uncomfortable...

Although converts are included in the commandment to love one's fellow Jew, the Torah nevertheless added an additional mitzvah to love the convert who is a stranger to his new environment. The Chinuch broadens this commandment to include all strangers, such as a newcomer to a neighborhood, a new student in a school, or a new employee.

When someone is in a new situation he feels insecure and uncomfortable. Just doing a small thing such as approaching him with a warm smile and asking him his name may help him in a big way. "Although to the world you may be just one person, but to one person you may just be the world!"[TT]



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A mix of sun and cloud	Sunny	Sunny	Sunny	Sunny
Night	Night	Night	Night	Night
9°C	8°C	10°C	10°C	14°C
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Please Respect the Beach Hours:
Sunday-Friday

Family Swim* 10AM-1PM

Women's: 1PM-4PM

Men: 4:30-7:30

*Family Swim means men with t-shirts, and women must be dressed.

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