

# The Jewish Weekly

In Loving memory of  
**Mendy Klein**  
 ר' מנחם משה ז"ל  
 בן ר' נפתלי הירצקא  
 נפטר ל"ג בעומר  
 י"ח אייר תשע"ח  
 ת.נ.צ.ב.ה.

## All is in the Torah

By Asharon Baltazar

# It Once Happened..

Once, Rabbi Yitzchak Meir of Zinkov spent Shabbat in the town of Kamenitz, Belarus. The normally quiet town overflowed with visitors, from chasidim of great stature to simple townfolk. All wanted to see the great rabbi and hear his wise words.

During the morning Shabbat meal, Rabbi Yitzchak Meir asked for a copy of Avodat Yisrael, by Rabbi Yisrael Hopstein, known as the Maggid of Kozhnitz.

"Very few know of the secrets this book contains," he remarked to the gathered crowd. "In general, the true greatness of the Maggid has sadly gone unnoticed by the public."

Seeing that the book had not yet made its way through the packed throng, the Maggid continued, "My father, Rabbi Avraham Yehoshua Heschel of Apta, once instructed me to spend Shabbat in the Maggid's presence in Kozhnitz.

"An incredible miracle, brought about by the holy Maggid, happened during my stay there."

The crowd of chasidim leaned forward and strained their ears to catch every last word. After all, who doesn't love a story?

"It had been ten years since Yaakov Baruch and his wife Leah stood under the chupah, and they had still not been blessed with a child. Yaakov Baruch managed to mask his depression behind a face that radiated happiness. But it was a façade. Inside, he was a broken man. Leah, on the other hand, didn't even attempt to appear self-possessed, living as a downtrodden shell of her former self. Her blank eyes reflected the agony that gripped her heart.

"One day, Leah's close friend told her, 'I'm surprised that you still haven't done anything about your situation, preferring instead to mope all day with folded hands.'

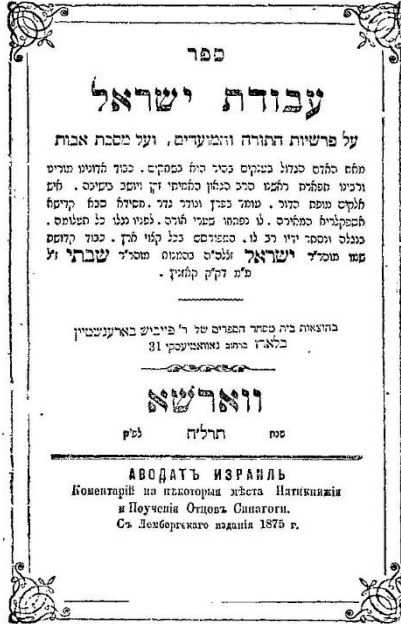
"Leah turned to her friend. 'What else could I possibly do? I've been to doctors, attempted countless segulot, and my Tehillim has long been drenched with my tears.'

"You have to visit the Maggid of Kozhnitz,' her friend said gently but firmly. 'Many have already seen wonders through his blessings.'

"When Yaakov Baruch returned home later that day, he found his wife's face glowing with joy.

"What's all this about?" he asked cautiously.

"Soon, with G-d's help, we'll have a child!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. 'I will travel



The front page of the Avodat Yisrael from 1875

to Kozhnitz and ask the Maggid for a blessing. I will not leave his house without his promise of children.'

"OK then,' Yaakov Baruch said, his skepticism undetected by his wife.

"For weeks, Leah determinedly traveled the roads leading to Kozhnitz. Upon reaching her destination, she didn't stop to rest from her difficult journey and instead made her way directly to the Maggid's house. Striding up to the assistant, she described her woes and demanded to be let inside the Maggid's room.

"Ever patient and respectful, the gabbai listened to her story and appreciated her determination in traveling to Kozhnitz.

'Listen to what I have to say,' the gabbai said once she finished speaking. 'Tomorrow is Friday. In the hours before Shabbat, the Maggid reads the Torah along with the commentary of Onkelos. I suggest that you take advantage of this opportune moment. Quietly come into his study and remain until he finishes reading. Then you can approach him with whatever you need, and we'll see what happens.'

"To prepare herself for the long-awaited visit, Leah rented a room at the local inn and spent the night reading Tehillim, splattering the worn pages with her tears until she lay down to rest. At the earliest hint of sunlight, Leah rose, prayed and returned to her Tehillim.

"Around noon, Leah walked over to the Maggid's house and stood outside his study. Inside, the Maggid was bending over a Torah

scroll, as was his custom. Surrounded by his disciples, the Maggid read the text with a fiery passion. Without warning or a knock, the study door swung open and the woman was quietly ushered inside by the assistant. The Maggid remained fixated on his reading and didn't hear the arrival of this new guest.

"After finishing the last verse, the Maggid lowered himself into a chair and requested to see the visitor.

Leah presented herself silently.

"Is your name Leah bat ('daughter of') Zissel?"

"Yes,' she said, somewhat surprised. She had never mentioned her name to anyone in Kozhnitz, much less the Maggid.

"You come here because you seek G-d's blessing of children?"

"Yes,' replied Leah breathlessly. 'That is my prayer and request.'

"If so, your salvation has already been spoken of in this week's Torah portion, in which we read how Hashem tells Moshe to tell off the people of Israel and tell them, that the small children, who you say will be captives, Hashem will bring them into the Promised Land.

"The word used for captives (לבוז), is an acronym for Leah Bat Zissel, so the verse can read 'Your small children who will be for Leah Bat Zissel'".


G-d will grant your request.'

"Leah's eyes welled with tears of happiness. She retraced her footsteps and left the room, head still buzzing with the Maggid's promise.

"And it goes without saying that Leah and Yaakov Baruch were blessed with a child."

As Rabbi Yitzchak Meir finished his story, a hand emerged from the crowd and placed the book on the table. Picking it up, Rabbi Yitzchak Meir remarked, "Now that you have an inkling of the Maggid's greatness, allow me to read a short passage from inside his book - true G-dly wisdom!"

*Reprinted from an email of Sichat Hashavua.*



**Shabbat Times - Shelach Lecha**

	Candle Lighting	Motzei Shabbat	Motzei Shabbat ר"ת
Jerusalem	7:10	8:28	9:03
Tel Aviv	7:25	8:31	
Haifa	7:18	8:32	
Be'er Sheva	7:26	8:29	

**The Power of a Dream**  
By Rabbi Yosef Weiss



Chacham Baruch ben Chaim

Mr. Azar, a successful salesman for a children's wear business, frequently traveled to all parts of the world. As a young boy in the 1930's, Mr. Azar had been educated in a Talmud Torah, then moved on to a yeshiva high school, where he stayed until he was 20. As he became more and more involved in his business, however, he began to move further away from mitzvah observance.

One day he happened to glance down at his tzitzit. He became lost in thoughts of his yeshiva days when he had been immersed in Torah and mitzvot.

"How can I desecrate my tzitzit with my current behavior?" he thought. So he decided to stop wearing tzitzit. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Azar scheduled a major sales trip to commence a few weeks later. In the interim, he worked overtime to finish up his local work. He would come home exhausted every night with barely enough energy to eat before he fell into bed.

One night he dreamt that he was driving a rented red car, headed toward Louisville, Kentucky. With no traffic, he had plenty of time to get to his appointment scheduled for half an hour from then. But he lost control of the car, which spun around several times, and then headed off the road toward a 20-foot embankment.

Mr. Azar tried desperately to turn the wheel, but to no avail. He closed his eyes and braced for the impact as the car crashed into the mountain. When he opened his eyes, he was amazingly unhurt. He tried to exit the car, but the doors were jammed shut. Then he smelled something burning. The car was on fire!

He started to yell, "Help! I don't want to die! I'm young, I have a whole life to live! Please, someone save me!" But no one was there to hear. The flames grew larger and suddenly the car exploded.

Mr. Azar sat bolt upright in bed, bathed in a cold sweat. It was a dream, but it had seemed so real. Still feeling shaken in the morning, he went to his Rav, Chacham Baruch ben Chaim, and relayed his dream.

He asked his Rav, "Are they trying to tell me something Upstairs? Am I going to die?"

The Rav asked him, "Is there anything you are doing now that you haven't done in the past? Or is there something that you aren't doing now that you were doing before?"

The first thing that came to Mr. Azar's mind was – tzitzit!

The Rav told him to immediately buy a pair of tzitzit. He made Mr. Azar promise that he would always wear them. "Do as I say and all will be well," assured the Rav. Mr. Azar complied and began wearing tzitzit again that very day.

A week later, Mr. Azar left on his trip. He visited Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago. He then rented a car – as it turned out it was a red car – and drove to Louisville, Kentucky. He had plenty of time until his meeting and there was no traffic. And then he lost control of the car! It was uncanny! He was living through his dream!

The car spun and spun, and headed off toward a 20-foot embankment. Mr. Azar tried to gain control of the car, but it was hopeless. The car crashed into the mountain, but Mr. Azar found himself unhurt. He had a dreadful feeling about what would happen next. Sure enough, the doors were jammed shut.

Then he heard a woman's voice telling him that she had seen his car lose control and she called the police. "Relax," she said, "they'll be here soon to get you out."

Mr. Azar screamed frantically, "There's no time!" He located a shattered window and dove through. He screamed to the woman to run away, and as they ran up the embankment, there was an ear-splitting explosion. They dove to the ground and then turned to see the car engulfed in flames. Later, in the emergency room, the medical staff shook their heads in disbelief as they examined Mr. Azar. "You are very lucky," they told him.

They removed his shirt, and then began to take off his tzitzit to remove the glass from his body. "No!" he said, "Don't touch those – they saved my life!"

Reprinted from an email of KabbalaOnline.org.

The Midrash Tanchuma on this week's Parshah brings two incredible parables that I would like to share.

There was a king that approached his closest loyal subject. He told him, "Come with me to a place, I want to give you a special present." While they were on this journey the loyal subject died. The King called the son of this loyal subject and told him, "Look, I promised your father that I would give him a present, and I am not taking back my word, please come and take it."

Hashem told Avraham, His beloved, as it says "בני אברהם - אהבי - Avraham, My beloved" "לך לך מארצך - Come on a journey" "אל הארץ אשר אראך - to a place that I will show you" "ואתן לך ולדורעך את הארץ הזאת - and I will give to you and your children this land". Hashem says to Moshe, "Avraham, Yitzchak and Yaakov have died but I am still keeping the promise I made, to give them and their children this land of Eretz Yisrael.

There was a king that approached his son and told him "look, I found a beautiful good and rich girl, one like no other, for you to marry, I want you to go and marry her." The son does not believe his father and tells him "I want to see her." The father tells him "You can't see her yet, but you can send a messenger to see her, but I am not happy at your response because you don't trust me, you will never see her in your home, as I am saving her for your son."

Hashem had already told the Jewish nation before they left Egypt, I am taking you out to bring you to the Land of Milk and Honey. Later on, it says again, "I am bringing you to a good place." Even though it says "שלח לך אנשים - you should send people to scout the land", you should know that it was not Hashem who wanted them to go, He gave them permission, but because we did not trust Hashem, He said, "They will come back and tell you not to go, and you will not inherit the land." "ימת כל הדור ההוא" and the entire generation who heard the prophecy that Hashem took them out of Egypt to take them to the beautiful Eretz Yisrael, died and it was left for their children.

And it was given to them, the children, those under 20 who did not die in the plague, because Hashem made a promise that He will give to Avraham and his children, Eretz Yisrael.

My friends, Hashem promised "והשיב את שבות עמי ישראל", I will return the captives, My nation Israel. Do we believe Him? Do we really trust that it can happen at any moment?

So I bless you that we should believe in Hashem's promise and let's pray with all our hearts for the recovery of all those who are sick from this crazy pandemic, as well as praying for our soldiers and healthcare professionals, Hatzalah members and Chevra Kadisha members worldwide, who go out to protect us, and those who need healing, shidduchim, children and parnassah and may we be blessed to have the most awesome, gorgeous, beautiful, peaceful, healthy, amazing, relaxed, spiritual, sweet and happy Shabbat.

The Jewish Weekly's  
**PARSHA FACTS**

NUMBER OF MITZVOT: 3  
MITZVOT ASEH: 2  
MITZVOT LO TAASEH: 1

NUMBER OF PESUKIM: 119  
NUMBER OF WORDS: 1540  
NUMBER OF LETTERS: 5820

HAFTORA: Yehoshua 2:1 - 24

This week we study Chapter 3 (Diaspora and some in Israel study chapter 2) of Pirkei Avot

שלח לך

We are waiting for our Halachic guidance to give us the go ahead to print. if you would like to sponsor The Jewish Weekly, please email us: [editor@thejweekly.org](mailto:editor@thejweekly.org)