

The Jewish Weekly

Rise Up from the Ashes

By Barbara Sofer

On a crisp Jerusalem night, beneath a wedding canopy, Rabbi Mordechai Elon touches ashes to the groom's forehead and cautions against taking for granted the fulfillment of the optimistic prophesy of Jeremiah, "Again shall be heard in this place and in the streets of Jerusalem the voice of joy and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride."

The guests couldn't be faulted for gazing at Aderet, the beautiful, spirited bride, and Yishai, the handsome, serious groom, and thinking that this pairing was a natural. Only when the couple's four grandfathers recite their blessing, can one begin to guess from their accents at the family sagas and the love of Zion that has made this wedding possible.

One grandfather orchestrated the rescue of Jews from Denmark. A grandmother, a daughter of Romanian Satmar Hassidim, survived Auschwitz. To her engagement party, Aderet wore her great-grandmother's Spanish gown, borrowed back from Beth Hatefutsoth. She'll be the sixth-generation bride in her family to light her inherited candlesticks, grabbed hastily from a Parisian apartment as another great-grandmother fled home.

Among the guests, 100 hesder yeshiva students bounce on tiptoes, at once banishing the evening chill and expressing their fervor. Others arrive direct from the army, Galil rifles slung over their shoulders. Yishai's parents are dear friends. On the other side, I know the bride's cousin, a physician who cared for my American cousin when she was wounded by a terrorist. A small town, Jerusalem.

In most of the world, the couple under the Chupa would be too young to have their own sagas, but this groom had his own story.

Who can forget that Saturday night, March 9, 2002? Terrorists struck first in a hotel in Netanya, murdering 13. In Jerusalem, tensions were high. On that Shabbat, Yishai, then 17, found himself on Rehov Ibn Gabirol, where he had volunteered to fill in as a youth group leader. After dark, he heard warnings and phoned the police. The admonitions were genuine, so he sent the 70 youngsters home.

Yishai's friends showed up at the clubhouse. Stay, they urged him. They felt like sitting on the floor, singing soulful Hebrew songs, and he was their most versatile guitarist.

At 10:30 p.m., the powerful explosion shook them. Outside, people were running up and down Ramban Street. Yishai was a volunteer with Magen David Adom. He needed to help.

The stench of burning wires, plastic, and flesh grew stronger as he approached the Moment Cafe. He was used to working as part of a crew, but this time he'd arrived before the ambulances.

He leaned over one young person, but there was no breath. Another young woman was lying nearby. He saw her flinch. Blood gushed from her leg. Like many emergency crew volunteers, he usually carried a tourniquet, but not that Motzei Shabbat. But he did have something he could use. Yishai was wearing tzitzit, a small tallit with fringes. He stripped off his white shirt and removed the garment. Together with a man named Yaron, he turned the tzitzit into a tourniquet. Wrapped tight around the young woman's leg, the cotton turned red. Minutes later, the ambulances arrived.

When Yishai got home, his clothes were soaked with blood. "I don't have my tzitzit," he told his mother. She was surprised. Yishai's fringes were special - sky blue, made from a dye extracted from sea snails. He never went anywhere without them.

Across town, orthopedic surgeon Moshe Lifschitz rushed the young woman into the operating theater. Her bones were shattered and her femoral artery was torn in two places. He found the blue tzitzit, tied like a tourniquet around her leg. Whoever did this was thinking fast, he realized.

Jerusalem really is a small town. I know the injured woman, whose name is Efrat. I track down the surgeon. "So, Yishai saved her leg?" I ask him.

"No," he answers. "I saved her leg. Yishai saved her life."

Efrat underwent many months of additional surgery and a painful convalescence, all the time agreeing to speak on behalf of Israel. Now she's fulfilling her dream of studying in England. Despite her sabra English, last month she won a university-wide competition for a prestigious scholarship. She sent Yishai and Aderet happy wishes from afar.

On the night before the wedding, Yishai and his family sat together within the Old City tunnels of the Western Wall. Holding hands, over and over they chanted the words Isaiah spoke of Jerusalem and with which we weekly greet the Sabbath bride - hitnari meafar kumi, "rise up from ashes." Yishai gathered a handkerchief full of ashes.

Under the huppa, the voices are full of joy and gladness. Yishai unfurls a brand new tallit to hold above their heads as he recites the Shehechianu. "Blessed art Thou, King of the universe, who has kept us alive, sustained us, and brought us to this season."

The garment swings in an arc as he lifts it. The fringes are blue.

Reprinted from an email of Aish.com.

It Once Happened...

Tzitzit vs. Terrorist

By Rabbi Menachem Kutner

Yair was getting ready to leave the house a few days ago in Ra'anana, Israel. Getting dressed, he looked for a pair of tzitzit (ritual fringes) that he wears under his shirt all the time, following the biblical commandment to do so.

It turns out they were all in the laundry except for the brand-new pair he had purchased in honor of his sister's wedding, which was to take place in two days.

Since he intended to keep them clean and new for the wedding, he decided he would go without wearing tzitzit that day. But at the last minute, uneasy about his decision, he turned back and put them on, knowing it was the correct thing to do (and feeling that if he didn't, he would somehow be inviting trouble).

At the bus stop, waiting for it to arrive, he felt tense because of the ongoing terror attacks that had been taking place all across Israel. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a man near him having a conversation in Arabic on his phone. The man looked very agitated and was dripping with sweat.

Before Yair could do anything, the man lunged at him, and began stabbing him in the shoulder and neck. As Yair struggled with him, despite the pain, he tried to make sure to keep the attacker away from a woman and her children nearby.

People around him came to his rescue, some tackling and holding the terrorist, while others took Yair's tzitzit and tore them into bandages to staunch the flow of blood.

Yair was rushed to Meir Medical Center in Kfar Saba, where Rabbi Menachem Kutner, director of the Chabad Terror Victims Project, came to visit him, accompanied by Rabbi Yossi Lipkin of the Chabad House in Kfar Saba. They brought him the book of Chitah (Chumash, Tehillim & Tanya), which is a segula for protection. He told them that he felt sure that G-d had protected him from worse injuries in the merit of his having worn his tzitzit that morning. Not to mention the fact that the new tzitzit itself stopped his loss of blood.

Yair underwent a series of treatments and was released from the hospital just in time to attend his sister's wedding.

Reprinted from an email of the Chabad Victims Terror Project.



Y-GRAPHICS

Shabbat Times - Parshat Shelach Lecha

	Candle Lighting	Motzei Shabbat	Motzei Shabbat ר"ת
Jerusalem	7:08	8:26	9:02
Tel Aviv	7:24	8:29	8:59
Haifa	7:17	8:31	9:03
Be'er Sheva	7:24	8:27	9:00

People are like trees. This is a message we can derive from this week's Parsha.

Moshe was sending the 12 spies into the Holy Land and he gave them a list of items to notice and to report back on, one of which was 'ה'יש בה עץ אם אין', find out please, he said, 'whether there is or is not a tree in the Land'.

Now what sense can we make of this? Moshe surely knew there were thousands upon thousands of trees in the Land of Canaan.

But according to our tradition, actually what he meant was, find out if there is a person who is like a tree. A person of stature, a person who everyone looks up to, a person through whose merits the Canaanites might survive.

So, therefore, Moshe wanted us to know that a great individual is like a wonderful tree. In this spirit, there is a fascinating anecdote in the Gemarah in Mesechet Ta'anit, it's about a traveler who is walking through the desert, he hadn't had sustenance for a number of days and fortuitously he came across an oasis. In the midst of it, there was a lovely, luscious, beautiful fruit tree with a stream of water alongside it. He immediately ate of its fruit. He drank from the water and then he rested in the shade of the boughs. And when he woke up feeling fully rejuvenated and refreshed, he turned to the tree and he said 'אילן אילן במה אברכך?', 'Oh tree, tree, how can I bless you?' I'd like to give you a Brachah, you have been so good to me!

But then he had a problem. What can I bless you with? That you would have lovely fruit - you have already got it. A lovely source of water - it is there. That you will provide shelter and shade - you do that.

And then a thought crossed his mind and he said 'ה'י רצון שכל נטיעות שנטועין ממך יהיו כמותך', 'May it be the will of Hashem that all trees planted with your seed will be just like you'.

I believe that this is a very apposite blessing for our times. Thank G-d, we are blessed with so many trees, so many outstanding, wonderful people, walking in the footsteps of their ancestors, keeping Torah law.

May it be the will of Heaven, that their children and grandchildren and great grandchildren will be just like them. To embrace a life of Torah and Mitzvot, to appreciate the great legacy that is theirs and in turn, to guarantee that they too will be wonderful and outstanding trees, to produce a flow of outstanding generations to come, and let's pray for our soldiers and healthcare professionals, and Chevra Kadisha members worldwide, for peace and for 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 and sweet Shabbat.

The Jewish Weekly's **PARSHA FACTS** *Yossi*

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 of Pirkei Avot.

The Significance of the 'Im Yirtzeh Hashem'

by Rabbi Elimelech Bideman

In the year 5685, the Chofetz Chaim informed his community in Radin that he was going to go to Eretz Yisrael. When he finished the drashah, one of the baalabatim came over and asked, "Why didn't you say 'Im Yirtzeh Hashem (if Hashem wills it)'?"

Motzei Shabbat, the Chofetz Chaim's wife fell ill, and they couldn't travel.

(This story was told by Reb Yechezkel Abramsky zt'l, who heard it from Reb Isser Zalman Melzer zt'l.)

A chassid once told the Rebbe of Kosov zt'l that he will be in Zlatipola for Shabbos. The Rebbe commented, "You really think you'll be in Zlatipola?"

The chassid set out to Zlatipola but encountered many difficulties and obstacles along the way, and he had to turn back to Kosov. The chassid asked the Rebbe, "If the Rebbe knew that I wouldn't be in Zlatipola, why didn't you clearly tell me not to go?"

The Rebbe replied, "I wasn't sure that you wouldn't get to Zlatipola, but I heard how certain you were that you'll be there, and you didn't even say 'Im Yirtzeh Hashem', so I wondered if you would succeed."

The Chida quotes the following story (Chadrei Beten; sefer Eliyahu HaNavi; Otzar HaMidrashim), which teaches the importance of always saying, "Im Yirtzeh Hashem."

There was a wealthy person who was generous with his money and helped the poor, but he thought he earned his wealth on his own. One day, he was going to the marketplace to buy oxen and met Eliyahu Hanavi, dressed like a merchant. [Apparently, although his emunah was lacking, he had merits because of his tzedakah, and Eliyahu HaNavi was sent to teach him about emunah.]

Eliyahu asked, "Where are you going?" "To buy oxen."

"Say that you are going to buy oxen, 'אם ירצה ה', if Hashem wills it.'"

"Why should I say that? I have money, and I'm going to the marketplace, so I'll certainly buy oxen. If I didn't have money, I would say 'Im

Yirtzeh Hashem'. But I am wealthy and can manage to buy the oxen on my own. "

The wealthy man continued on his way without realizing that he dropped his wallet. Eliyahu picked up the wallet filled with money and put it on a stone in the middle of the forest.

It took the merchant quite some time before he found the oxen he wanted to buy. Then, when he was ready to pay, he discovered that he had lost his money. He returned home, disappointed. Sometime later, he took money and set off to the marketplace. Once again, he met up with Eliyahu HaNavi; this time, Eliyahu appeared like an elderly person. Eliyahu asked him, "Where are you going?" The wealthy man said that he was going to buy oxen. Eliyahu HaNavi told him, "You won't succeed in buying oxen if it isn't Hashem's will. Say 'Im Yirtzeh Hashem'!" but the man refused.

Eliyahu caused the man to fall asleep and then took the man's money pouch and placed it on a stone in the forest next to where the first bundle of money lay.

The man awoke, and when he saw the money was gone, he came home distressed again. At home, he thought over what had occurred and realized he was being punished because he didn't say 'Im Yirtzeh Hashem'. He realized that he couldn't do anything without Hashem's help. So he made a kabbalah (undertaking) that, from now on, he would say 'Im Yirtzeh Hashem'.

He set off to the market to buy oxen a third time. Before he reached the market, he met Eliyahu HaNavi, who, this time appeared to him like a young lad seeking work. He chatted with the wealthy merchant, and when the lad heard that he was going to buy oxen, he offered, "If you need help to lead the oxen, you can hire me." The wealthy man replied, "Im Yirtzeh Hashem; if Hashem helps me and I buy oxen, I will hire you to help me."

The wealthy merchant found very good oxen at an excellent price. He hired the lad to help him bring the oxen back to his home. As they walked, the oxen suddenly ran into the forest, and the merchant chased them. Finally, the oxen stopped beside a stone – beside the two missing money pouches. The merchant was overjoyed and praised Hashem. When the merchant and the lad arrived at his home, the lad suddenly disappeared. That is when the merchant understood that this was Eliyahu HaNavi and that Hashem's hashgachah (divine providence) was involved in everything that occurred.

Editors note: Initially, the wealthy merchant in our story, thought he was buying oxen on his own. At that time, he had to toil hard to find the oxen he wanted and to make a deal. But when he believed in Hashem's Hashgachah Pratit, he found the best oxen for an excellent price. His business dealings became easier and more successful. This is because when we trust in Hashem, we merit Hashem's aid and Hashgachah Pratit.

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שלח לך בהעלותך
 (אמרת) (בראית)

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