

AT THE ARTSCROLL YOM TOV TABLE

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WEEKLY INSPIRATION AND INSIGHT ADAPTED FROM CLASSIC ARTSCROLL TITLES

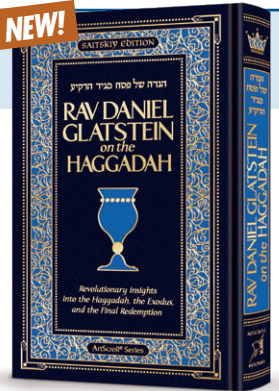
PROJECT DEDICATED BY MENACHEM AND BINAH BRAUNSTEIN AND FAMILY
L'ILLUI NISHMAS RAV MOSHE BEN RAV YISSOCHOR BERISH AND MARAS YENTA BAS YISROEL CHAIM

THE SEDER

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

Rav Daniel Glatstein on the Haggadah

NEW!



The Gemara teaches that there are four people who are obligated to show gratitude to Hashem by bringing a *korban todah*: one who crosses a sea, one who traverses a desert, one who recovers from an illness, and one who is released from captivity. The Maharsha writes that when *Klal Yisrael* were redeemed from Mitzrayim, we experienced all four of these forms of salvation. This is alluded to when the Torah uses four distinct expressions of *geulah*, redemption: *V'hotzeisi, v'hitzalti, v'ga'alti, v'lakachti*. Each represents a different miracle for which *hoda'ah* must be expressed.

The Vilna Gaon and the *Sefer Ha-Michtam* explain that the four cups of wine that symbolize these four expressions of salvation are, by extension, also expressions of gratitude to Hashem.

The *matzah*, too, is fundamentally a means whereby to convey gratitude to Hashem. The *Rosh* brings the custom of Germany and France to make the three *matzos* of the *Seder* from one *isaron* of flour, which is the quantity of flour used to make every three loaves of the *korban todah*. Thus, the *matzos*, too, are a form of a thanksgiving offering to Hashem.



A Time for Hakaras Hatov

We can now more fully appreciate one of the most fundamental objectives of the *Pesach Seder*. An integral part of our *avodah* at the *Seder* is to express *hakaras hatov*, gratitude and appreciation to the *Ribbono Shel Olam* for the miracles and incredible kindnesses He showered upon us when He redeemed us from slavery. As we recite the *Haggadah*, and especially as we read the *parashah* of *Bikkurim*, we must express sincere and heartfelt *hakaras hatov* to the *Borei Olam* for His infinite kindness and mercy.

Haggadah is Hoda'ah

Thus, we come to a novel interpretation and understanding of the *mitzvah* of *Haggadah*. When discussing the *mitzvah* of *bikkurim*, the Torah instructs:

וּבֹאֵת אֶל הַכֹּהֵן אֲשֶׁר יִהְיֶה
בַּיָּמִים הָהֵם וְאָמְרָתָ אֵלָיו הַגְּדַתִּי
הַיּוֹם לְה' אֱלֹהֶיךָ כִּי בָאתִי אֶל הָאָרֶץ אֲשֶׁר נִשְׁבַּע ה' לְאֲבוֹתַי לָנוּ.

You shall come to whoever will be the Kohen in those days, and you shall say to him, "I declare (הַגְּדַתִּי) today to Hashem, your G-d, that I have come to the Land that Hashem swore to our forefather to give us" (Devarim 26:3).

The *mitzvah* of *Bikkurim* itself includes the use of the term "*Haggadah*" — הַגְּדַתִּי הַיּוֹם.

Targum Yonasan ben Uziel explains:

וְתַעֲטְרוּן בְּסִלְיָא וְצִינְיָא וְפִיפּוֹרְיָא וְתִיעֲלוּן לְוֹת כְּהֵנָּא דִּי יְהוּי
מִמְנֵי לְכֹהֵן רַב בְּיוֹמֵינָא הָאֵינּוּן וְתִמְרוּן לִיה אֹדְיֵינּוּ יוֹמָא דִּין קְדָם
ה' אֱלֹהֶיךָ אָרוּם עֲלֵינּוּ לְאָרְעָא דְקֻיִּים ה' לְאֲבֹהֵתָן לְמַתָּן לְנָא.

And you shall put crowns upon the baskets, hampers, and woven cases, and bring them to the priest appointed to be the chief priest in those days, and shall say to him: We are grateful this day before Hashem, your God, that we have come into the Land that the Lord swore unto our fathers to give us.

The *Targum Yerushalmi* similarly translates הַגְּדַתִּי as אֹדְיֵינּוּ וְשִׁבְחֵינּוּ, *thanks and praise*. The term *higgadati* is not defined as a declaration or statement. Rather, it means gratitude and thanks.

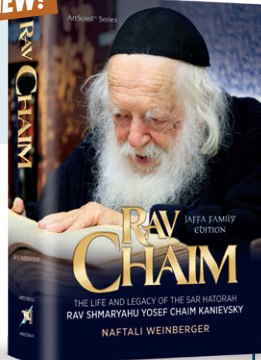
Amazingly, the *Avudraham* comments that this is the very meaning of the word "*Hagga-*

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DEDICATED IN LOVING MEMORY OF
הרב מרדכי ירחמיאל בן יצחק דוד בייזר זצ"ל – RABBI MORDECHAI BISER
BY HIS DEAR FRIENDS

MESORAH HERITAGE FOUNDATION

NEW!



PESACH WITH RAV CHAIM

Rav Chaim – The Life and Legacy of the Sar HaTorah, Rav Shmaryahu Yosef Chaim Kanievsky by Naftali Weinberger

“They Stop Off By Me As Well”

As he approached eighty-six, the age of his father’s *petirah*, Rav Chaim Kanievsky began to speak less. He told one of his sons that since it is written in *sefarim* that the number of words a person will say in this world is predetermined, he was minimizing his speech.

Rav Chaim began saying “*Buha*” (which is an abbreviation for *berachah v’hatzlachah*) on the *Chol HaMoed Pesach* after the Rebbetzin’s passing. Thousands came to him for *berachos* during *Chol HaMoed*, and he said *Buha* during that time to shorten the waiting time of the people standing on line for blessings and enable him to continue seeing the increasing number of people who came to him for advice and *berachos*. (See *Orchos Yosher*, Ch. 2, p. 9, where Rav Chaim quotes sources that the number of words a person speaks is allocated by Hashem when He creates a person’s soul.)

Rav Chaim, for his part, had equal faith in the power of his wife’s blessings. “What is the reason so many people come to seek your advice?” R’ Gedaliah Honigsberg asked his grandfather.

“They come to get advice and *berachos* from Savta,” Rav Chaim replied. “While they are here, they stop off by me as well.”

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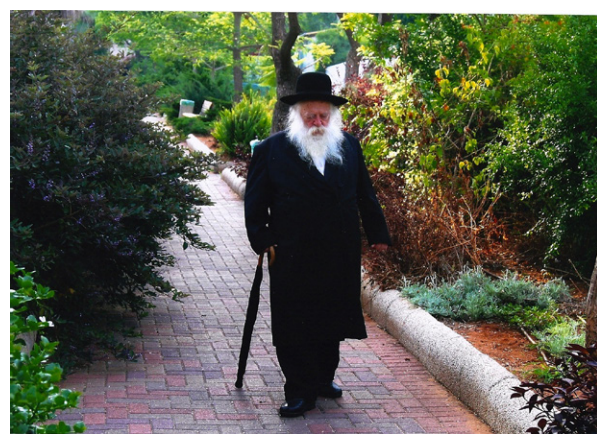
Berachah for Good Matzah

Rav Chaim’s father, the Steipler Gaon, once told Rav Chaim that Rebbetzin Batsheva’s *berachos* have an impact in Heaven. Based on this, for many years, before heading to the *matzah* bakery, he would ask her for a *berachah* that the bak-

ing of the *Pesach matzos* should be successful.

One year, the *matzos* were not coming out well, and most of the batches had *halachic* problems. Rav Chaim said to his son, “Perhaps the *matzos* didn’t come out right because we forgot to get a *berachah* from Ima this year.”

“PERHAPS THE MATZOS DIDN’T COME OUT RIGHT BECAUSE WE FORGOT TO GET A BERACHAH FROM IMA THIS YEAR.”



Rav Chaim Kanievsky

From then on, Rav Avraham Yeshayah made sure every year to get a *berachah* from his mother before baking *matzos*, just in case Rav Chaim forgot to ask. He doesn’t remember a year since then in which there were problems with the *matzos*.

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Dumpster Diving

One night, about a week before *Pesach*, Rav Chaim could not find the *lulav* he had used on *Succos*. The custom is to burn the *lulav* with the *chametz*, since it had been used for a *mitzvah*. He searched ex-

tensively, as he had seen the *lulav* earlier that day, but could not find it anywhere.

Finally, Rav Chaim and the Rebbetzin went to sleep. At about 2 a.m. the Rebbetzin noticed that Rav Chaim was not in his bed. Alarmed, she began looking for him and, not finding him indoors, she went outside. There she saw Rav Chaim inside the large dumpster in front of their house, sifting through the trash.

“I think maybe one of the visitors mistakenly threw the *lulav* into the garbage,” he told the Rebbetzin, who promptly climbed into the overflowing receptacle and joined him in picking through the rubbish, to no avail.

The next morning, one of their sons arrived before *netz*. It turned out that he had previously put the *lulav* in the upstairs apartment for safekeeping. He knew how meaningful it was for his father to adhere to *minhagim* and did not want the *lulav* to be misplaced. He never imagined that his well-meaning action would cause his father and mother to spend part of their night in a dumpster!

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Korban Pesach

Before *Pesach*, for many years, an *avreich* in Bnei Brak prepared a detailed guide to the *halachos* of *korban pesach* and made an arrangement with a farm to check several sheep and make sure they were blemish-free. There was also a form to fill out to

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ABILITY TO SOAR

Reb Meilech on the Haggadah – Insights, Stories and Commentaries from Rav Elimelech Biderman
Written by Yisroel Besser



Rav Shimshon Aharon Polansky, known as the Tep-likker Rav, was one of the *geonei Yerushalayim*, and the most accomplished *talmidei chachamim* in the city went to learn under him.

A few days before *Pesach*, he entered the full *beis medrash* and looked around. He stood up in front of the *aron kodesh* and announced that he had a list of local women who were making *Yom Tov* alone and were in need of help with some basic tasks. The *rav* asked if any of the men were prepared to close their *Gemaras* and have a share in this great *mitzvah*. Almost as one, the young men lining the benches stood up, each of them understanding the magnitude of the *zechus*.

“In order to protect their privacy,” the *rav* said, “I would ask each of you to approach me separately and I will give you a piece of paper with an address and instructions.”

They lined up and approached, one at a time, and each one received a paper with...their own address, and a very clear message about what their role was on that day.

•••••

“We are assured that even in the dark, powerful *galus*, at the moment we sit and transmit the stories of *Yetzias Mitzrayim* to our children and imbue them with fear of Heaven, Divine flow comes down as it did during that night of miracles.”

These are the words of the *Chasam Sofer* (*Derashos* 2:252, *Shabbos* 5594), a revelation into the potency of this night.

This idea was written not just in his *sefer*, but on his face. The *Chasam Sofer*'s face was often radiant, but on the night of the *Seder*, it was nearly impossible to behold his countenance.

Rebbetzin Chava Leah, wife of the *Chasam Sofer*, recalled how when she got married, her sisters-in-law told her of this phenomenon, but she assumed it was an exaggeration — but it was not, as it turned out. He perceived the reality of the words he had written, that the energy of the original night of *Yetzias Mitzrayim* comes back on the *Leil HaSeder*.

With this idea, the *Yismach Yisrael* understands the words of *Chazal* (*Pesachim* 116a), “*Maschil b'gnus umesayeim b'shevach*,” we begin by recalling the shame of our humble origins, and we close with celebration and praise for how far we have come. This means that even if a person starts the *Seder* in a situation of *gnus*, one in which he feels lowly and ashamed of who he has become, by the conclusion of the night, he can reach a place of *shevach*, worthy of praise.

The *Yismach Yisroel* says that all this is included in the assurance of *Chazal* that *V'chol hamarbeh lesaper b'Yetzias Mitzrayim*, A person who increases the time and effort invested in sharing the miracles of *Yetzias Mitzrayim*, *harei zeh meshubach*. This means he is praised, and also that he is enriched. The experience itself has elevated him and lifted him up and turned him into one who is *meshubach*.

With this mindset, we are ready to begin the *Seder*.

There was an older *Yid* in *Bnei Brak*, *R' Moshe Baum*. He was close to a hundred years old, and he had been a *ben zekunim* to his father, who had the merit of having the *Rebbe Rav Bunim of Peshischa* serve as his *sandek*. There was a real *mesorah* there, and the *tzaddikim* would go visit *R' Moshe*, eager to hear any memories of prewar Poland.

He described being by the *Yismach Yisrael* of Alexander for the *Seder* - and what an experience it had been! In contrast to other *Chassidic courts*, all the *chassidim* joined for the *Seder*, and the room was filled with thousands of *chassidim*.

He recalled how the *Rebbe* stood there in his *kittel* before the *Seder*, seemingly frozen in place, his face white with awe and fear. The *chassidim* did not dare disturb the silence, and then, suddenly, the *Rebbe* approached his seat and called out, “*Leil hiskadash hachag! A Yid who does not believe that on this night he climbs from the lowest depths to the highest heights (fuhn nidregste bechinah biz tzum hechsten madreigah)*, he is the *rasha* referred to in the *Haggadah!*”

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Rav Elimelech Biderman



Rav Shimshon Aharon Polansky

THE SEVENTEEN-MINUTE RIDE

90 Seconds – The Epic Story of Eli Beer and United Hatzalah by Rabbi Nachman Seltzer



The course was designed to teach the basics to teenagers who streamed forward to volunteer for Magen David Adom.

Sitting in the classroom and listening to the instructor, Eli Beer didn't recognize himself. For the first time in his life, he was in a classroom with a teacher and wasn't spacing out. Not only was he not spacing out, but he was even taking notes and listening closely to every word the instructor was saying. Enjoying something in a classroom setting was a completely novel experience for him and he loved

how to perform the Heimlich maneuver, how to do CPR, how to bandage a wound and administer an IV. While Eli had already done quite a number of exciting things in his short life, it was the first time he was filled with genuine and deep satisfaction on a daily basis. This was not about having a good time or making money. It was much more important than that, and in a way, he almost felt that it

It was the first real diploma he had ever received, and he couldn't stop looking at it. More than that, for the entire time he was taking the course, there was a little thought hovering at the back of his mind, a thought that had never quite disappeared, a thought that took him back to that fateful Friday afternoon when he stood at a bus stop in Bayit Vegan and heard an old man begging a five-year-old to save him. For years, his

“THEY WERE THE MOST HEARTBREAKING WORDS YOU COULD EVER HEAR.”



every second of it. This, he knew without a shadow of a doubt, was what he wanted to spend his life doing. Within a very short time, it became clear to him that he had found his calling.

The course was held at a small guest house in the Jerusalem Forest, and Eli was the first person to show up in the morning and the last to leave at night. He learned

was too good to be true.

Eli finished the course first in his class. He had never been motivated before, but that Eli had disappeared and had been replaced with an Eli who couldn't get enough. He was motivated, he was fascinated by the material he was learning, and he was proud of the diploma attesting that he had finished the course and was certified to save people's lives.

mind had taken him back to that scene any time he grew bored in class. Then his mind would wander, and he would see himself as a five-year-old and hear the sound of the explosion and see the horrendous sight of the man lying wounded on the pavement. It happened over and over again for years. He'd seen something that had traumatized him, yet instead

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THIS WEEK'S DAF YOMI SCHEDULE:

APRIL / ניסן						
SHABBOS	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
1 Sotah 3	2 Sotah 4	3 Sotah 5	4 Sotah 6	5 Sotah 7	6 Sotah 8	7 Sotah 9
8 Sotah 10	9 Sotah 11	10 Sotah 12	11 Sotah 13	12 Sotah 14	13 Sotah 15	14 Sotah 16

THIS WEEK'S MISHNAH YOMI SCHEDULE:

APRIL / ניסן						
SHABBOS	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
1 Pesachim 5:3-4	2 Pesachim 5:5-6	3 Pesachim 5:7-8	4 Pesachim 5:9-10	5 Pesachim 6:1-2	6 Pesachim 6:3-4	7 Pesachim 6:5-6
8 Pesachim 7:1-2	9 Pesachim 7:3-4	10 Pesachim 7:5-6	11 Pesachim 7:7-8	12 Pesachim 7:9-10	13 Pesachim 7:11-12	14 Pesachim 7:13-8:1

of letting the trauma paralyze him, he had channeled it in a different direction. He vowed to make sure that if he was ever in the same situation again, he would know what to do. He would finally be able to make a difference.

Diploma in hand, Eli headed to Magen David Adom headquarters in the Romema neighborhood of Yerushalayim to begin volunteering on an ambulance. He paid the fee to register, purchased the uniform he would need to wear while engaged in MDA activity, and for the first time in his life, he was given the opportunity to take a seat in the back of an ambulance. His excitement at that moment was off the charts. For Eli, riding in an ambulance on the way to save lives was literally a dream come true, and he couldn't believe that it was actually happening. It was heady stuff.

At the time, Magen David Adom had two intensive-care ambulances, which were staffed by a paramedic and a doctor, in addition to their seven regular ambulances, which were staffed by a bunch of fifteen- and sixteen-year-old volunteers and a driver who was a trained EMT.

Eli had never treated anything in his life with the seriousness with which he treated his volunteer work at MDA.



IT ENDED UP TAKING TWENTY-ONE MINUTES TO GET THERE. WAY TOO LONG.



He came to the job equipped with a notebook and pen and took copious notes, writing down every detail of what he witnessed and learned on the calls. He also began writing down the timing of the calls — the time when the emergency call came in to the dispatcher and the amount of time it took

the ambulance to reach its destination.

The volunteers weren't allowed to enter the command center where the dispatchers worked. They hung out in a large room designated for them at the MDA station until they were needed. The drivers also had their own room, where they relaxed and slept as they waited to be sent out on calls. Only volunteers who

developed close relationships with the drivers were allowed into their room. There was also a room for the paramedics. Everyone had their own place to relax when they weren't out on a call, and the boundaries were strictly enforced.

When a call came in, the dispatcher would give it to the ambulance that was next in line instead of sending whichever ambulance was closest to the spot at that time. Sometimes a driver would let the dispatcher know that he was closer, but in most cases the ambulances would be sent because it was their turn to take a call.

Since Eli was just starting out, he was usually assigned to one of the regular ambulances. This meant that he wasn't being sent to real emergencies — heart attacks, stroke victims, or car accidents — since in most cases the dispatcher sent the *continued on page 6*

This week's Yerushalmi Yomi schedule:

APRIL /
ניסן

SHABBOS	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
1 Peah 45	2 Peah 46	3 Peah 47	4 Peah 48	5 Peah 49	6 Peah 50	7 Peah 51
8 Peah 52	9 Peah 53	10 Peah 54	11 Peah 55	12 Peah 56	13 Peah 57	14 Peah 58

THE SEVENTEEN-MINUTE RIDE continued from page 5

intensive-care ambulances to deal with those situations. The young volunteers were sent to take care of people who had called complaining of stomachaches or headaches or when an elderly individual was being sent home from the hospital and needed transportation and assistance.

One of the primary tasks that the volunteers handled was writing up the bills that would be sent to the patients by the ambulance company. It didn't matter if they were elderly, Holocaust survivors, or critically ill. If Magen David Adom dispatched an ambulance for a patient, a bill needed to be sent. That was the rule, and the volunteers had to obey whether they wanted to or not. There was no such thing as a free ride. If a volunteer wrote down the wrong information on a bill, MDA wouldn't be able to charge the patient and the volunteer would be rebuked by the person in charge of billing. It wasn't long before Eli came to the realization that MDA was making a lot of money on a daily basis from the volunteers who streamed forth to assist the organization.

As soon as the announcement came over the loudspeaker about a call, Eli would rush over to the ambulance next in line and wait for the driver to unlock the ambulance so they could get inside and go save lives. Sometimes the drivers weren't young, and it took them time to get from the building and into the ambulance. Even once they

were inside the ambulance, it took another thirty to forty seconds for the diesel engine to turn on.

Eli would become more and more anxious, because he knew that someone had called the ambulance because they were in pain and



in a potentially life-threatening situation, and here it was taking them so long just to get out of the station.

"One freezing night, a call came in and I ran to the ambulance," Eli remembered. "It took the driver a particularly long time to get out of the building, because he had been sleeping when the call came in and it took him a few minutes to wake up, put on his shoes, and get himself together. We were finally in the ambulance when the driver announced that he couldn't leave

because he had forgotten his cigarettes back in the drivers' room."

Eli wasn't in a position to protest — after all, he was just a guest in the ambulance — but he was going out of his mind. He jumped out of the ambulance and ran back

into the building to bring the driver his cigarettes. It took a few long minutes just to get out of the station that night and another fifteen or twenty minutes to drive to the home of the person who had made the call. By the time they reached their destination, they found a woman lying there unconscious. She wasn't breathing, and they began performing CPR on her. It was the first time Eli performed CPR in his life, and the entire team was doing its best to revive her.

Because it was such a serious situation, the station had sent an intensive-care ambulance to assist, but a few minutes after their arrival, they pronounced her dead.

"For me, the whole scene came as a real shock," Eli recalls. "I knew that I would never forget the sight of the woman's family members crying and how they screamed at us when we finally arrived for taking so long to get there."

In the days that followed, Eli reviewed the incident over and over in his mind. He saw the ambulance waiting for the driver. The ambulance parking outside the building. The medic team running up the stairs.

The ambulance parking outside the building.

The medic team running up the stairs.

The medic team running up the stairs.

The medic team running up the stairs.



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THE SEVENTEEN-MINUTE RIDE continued from page 6

The woman lying there, not breathing.

The family crying bitter tears.

The team trying to bring her back to life.

Again and again, the scene played itself out in his mind until every detail was firmly embedded in his memory.

To his way of thinking, the problem began with the amount of time it was taking them just to get into the ambulance even before leaving the station. Over the course of the next few months, he came to see that their average response time was seventeen minutes. And while seventeen minutes isn't a very long time in the overall scheme of things, in a life-and-death situation, Eli knew that seventeen minutes was way too long.

Eli went out of his way to cultivate a connection with the different drivers. On his way to the station, he would stop off at Massov, a popular shwarma restaurant near the Central Bus Station, and order double laffas stuffed with shwarma and grilled chicken for the drivers who were starting their next shift. Everyone likes getting free food, and the MDA drivers were no exception. It wasn't long before Eli had become one of the most popular volunteers with the drivers, who not only appreciated the food he brought for them but also the seriousness with which he took his work as a volunteer.

By the time he had been working as a volunteer for a year and a half, teenaged Eli Beer had been

present and active at over a thousand emergencies, usually going out to eight or nine calls during the course of a shift. Sometimes he even did a double shift. All this meant that he came to know Magen David Adom from the inside.

"I realized that we helped a lot of people," Eli says. "But despite the fact that I'd been at so many emergencies, I never managed to bring even one person back to



life. I helped deliver many babies and took care of many people who weren't feeling well, but I was never part of a team that saved the life of someone having a heart attack or stroke. We were just not getting there fast enough. Seventeen minutes or fifteen minutes or even ten minutes was too long."

He also realized something else. The regular ambulances — the ambulances used to send out volunteers — were stocked with very little in the way of actual medical equipment. They didn't even carry defibrillators. This meant that even when they arrived at the home of someone who was suffering from cardiac arrest, they had to content themselves with performing CPR until a defibrillator was brought to the scene by one of the intensive

care ambulances.

And then one day something happened that completely turned his life around.

A call came in from a mother whose child had choked on a hot dog. The call originated from Bayit Vegan, while the ambulance Eli was on was in Har HaTzofim.

"I remember hearing the dispatcher asking if any ambulance was available to take a serious call,"

Eli says. "We had just finished another call and were really hungry. When the call came in, food was on our minds. The moment the dispatcher explained that a child was choking, all thoughts of getting something to eat were forgotten and the driver began heading to Bayit Vegan."

Since there were no seatbelts for the seats at the back of the ambulance where the volunteers sat, they bounced around as the ambulance raced down streets and bumped over sidewalks. They were getting there, but the traffic was dense, and no matter what the driver did, the odds were against getting there on time to save the child's life.

It ended up taking twenty-one minutes to get there.

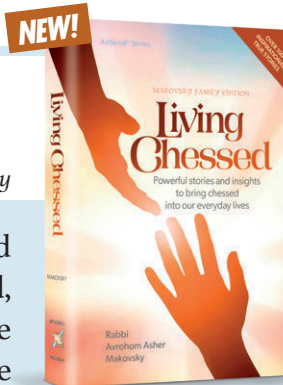
Way too long.

"I don't remember the name of the street," Eli says. "What I do recall was that the apartment was located on the third floor of the building and that we could hear the mother's voice from down in the street. The seven-year-old boy was completely blue and not breathing. We started doing

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CONSIDERING OTHERS: THE *MINHAG* OF *MINHAGIM*

Living Chessed by Rabbi Avrohom Asher Makovsky



At a time when advanced secular education, especially in the medical profession, was a rarity for a religious Jew, Rabbi Abraham J. Twerski, M.D., stepped into the wasteland of medical school to become a psychiatrist. Despite his unusual goal, he saw himself first and foremost as a grandson of the Chernobyler dynasty, and the customs of his holy ancestors were of paramount importance to him. He maintained his *chassidische* way of life in every setting and situation. To ensure that he would properly safeguard his *Yiddishkeit* throughout his training and professional career, he sought personal guidelines directly from the Steipler Gaon.

One of Rabbi Twerski's indispensable Chernobyler customs was to bake *Erev Pesach matzah*. This was so elevated an occasion that the *chassidim* would recite *Hallel* with a *berachah* as they baked — a practice conveyed in the writings of the *Me'iri*. Without fail each year, Rabbi Twerski spent his *Erev Pesach* in this exalted way.

But one year, things were different. A grandchild recalls the story: His *zeide* had donned his *Shabbos* clothing, including his *shtreimel*, in preparation for the grand occasion of baking his *Erev Pesach matzos*. When his friends arrived to pick him up, he got into the car and then, before the driver drove on, Rabbi Twerski suddenly backed out. He got out of the car and returned to his house. Everyone was in shock. What could have stopped him from performing this holy custom of his *zeides*?



Rabbi Abraham J. Twerski

“TAKING CARE OF YOUR WIFE COMES BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE.”

Rabbi Twerski later explained his behavior to his grandchild, whose eyes fill with tears as he recounts the moving story: “He told me that my grandmother, the *rebbetzin*, had been working very hard preparing for *Pesach*, and she had fallen asleep. ‘You know what’s going to happen?’ he asked me. ‘Soon, all the grandchildren are going to be coming over to wish us a *gut Yom Tov* and there will be continuous knocking on the door. If I’m not home to answer, they will wake her up.’

“If you can fathom what the *matzah* baking meant to my *zeide*, you can begin to understand what it meant that he considered my grandmother’s needs first. In fact, he told me outright, ‘Taking care of your wife comes before anything else.’”

Rav Gamliel Rabinowitz amplifies this thought. He is a Jew who exists on

an entirely different plane than most of us, who sits with his special *siddur* praying with *Sheimos Hakedoshim*. Considering his lofty perceptions, many people come to him in times of trouble to learn of a *segulah* that might help. His answer: The best *segulah* is to avoid hurting others’ feelings — to yield to others and make them feel good. This, he says, brings *yeshuos*.

This is what the people who reside up in the highest heights of Torah and *avodah* see from their perspective. The *avodah* that Hashem wants most from us is that we do no harm to His beloved children, and then go beyond that to show them our care and concern. 📖

PESACH WITH RAV CHAIM

continued from page 2

be counted as part of a *chaburah* for the *korban pesach* of that year, in the hope the *Mashiach* would come and the *korban* would be offered.

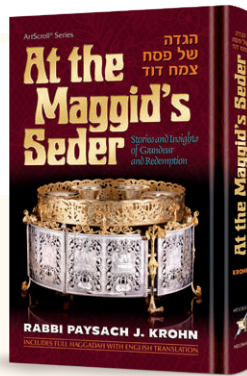
Rav Chaim was among the many *rabbanim* who joined before *Pesach*.

He often related that the Steipler had a special coat he never wore because he had prepared

it for *Mashiach*’s arrival. Rav Chaim also had a special new frock that was pressed and ready so that he would be able to greet *Mashiach* in special clothing. 📖

TEFILLAH FROM THE DEPTHS

At the Maggid's Seder by Rabbi Paysach J. Krohn



In April 2010, Rabbi Yisroel Mantel, the *rav* of Khal Adas Yeshurun in Washington Heights, New York, received a letter from Rabbi Levi Weis, a member of the *kehillah*. Rabbi Weis had enclosed a copy of a unique prayer that had been found among the papers of Mrs. Irma Haas, who died in Israel at the age of 101.

Mrs. Haas was one of the few survivors of the Bergen-Belsen Concentration Camp. She came to the United States and settled in Washington Heights. Decades later, at 97, she and her sister Hilde, 94, made *aliyah* to Israel. They were the oldest survivor sisters ever to make *aliyah*. When Mrs. Haas passed away, her papers were given to her niece, Mrs. Judy



Rabbi Yisroel Mantel

“YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT OUR WILL IS TO DO YOUR WILL.”

Marcus of Teaneck, New Jersey. When Mrs. Marcus read the creased paper with this remarkable *tefillah*, she realized the significance of the words. She made copies and sent them to Rabbi Weis, a family friend who was close to Rabbi Mantel. He, in turn, sent the *tefillah* to Rabbi Mantel.

The *tefillah* was composed by Rabbi Yissachar-Bernard Davids, who was the chief rabbi of Rotterdam, Holland before World War II. After Germany conquered Holland, he was sent to Bergen-Belsen with his family. Here is his poignant prayer:

לפני אכילת חמץ יאמר בכונת הלב:

אבינו שבשמים הנה גלוי וידוע לפניך שרצוננו לעשות רצונך ולחג את חג הפסח באכילת מצה ובשמירת איסור חמץ, אך על זאת דאבה לבנו שהשעבוד מעבב אותנו ואנחנו נמצאים בסכנת נפשות. הננו מוכנים ומזומנים לקיים מצותך "וחי בהם" ולא שימות בהם, ולזהר מאזהרתך "השמר לך ושמור נפשך מאוד." על כן תפילתנו לך שתחינו ותקיימנו ותגאלנו במהרה לשמור חוקיך ולעשות רצונך ולעבדך בלבב שלם. אמן.

“Before eating *chametz* [in the concentration camp], say this with heartfelt commitment.”

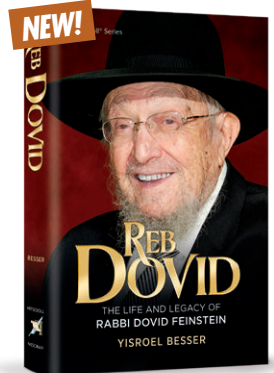
Our Father in Heaven, You know very well that our will is to do Your will and celebrate the festival of Pesach by eating matzah and being vigilant with the prohibition of chametz. But our heart aches that our enslavement restrains us and we find ourselves in mortal danger. We are set and prepared to fulfill Your commandment of “And you shall live by them” (Vayikra 18:5), “and not die by them” (Yoma 85b),” and be heedful of “beware for yourself and greatly beware for your life” (Devarim 4:9). Therefore, our prayer to You is that You keep us alive, sustain us, and redeem us quickly, so that we can observe Your laws and fulfill Your will and serve You with a full heart, amen.

Many people have told me that they read this *tefillah* at their *Seder* table to teach the assembled the *mesirus nefesh* of Jews in the concentration camps and the gratitude we must have to Hashem for the conditions we live in today. 📖

GIVING HER PARNASSAH

Reb Dovid - The Life and Legacy of Reb Dovid Feinstein by Yisroel Besser

Rav Dovid Feinstein was very *machmir*, for himself, with regard to using *chametz gamur* that had been sold over *Pesach* once



Pesach ended. One year, *Motza'ei Pesach* was Thursday night, as it is this year, and since he would not use flour from the Jewish stores because of his *chumrah*, *talmidim* wondered how he would have *challos* for *Shabbos*.



Rav Dovid Feinstein

One *talmid* took care of it, purchasing the flour and yeast from stores where there was no Jewish ownership, and on Friday morning he notified the *rosh yeshivah* that his wife would prepare extra *challos* for the *rosh yeshivah's* family as well.

Reb Dovid thanked him but said it was not necessary. The woman who owned the local bakery, Reb Dovid explained, had been closed for a week and had not had any income during that time. “Today she can finally reopen, and I will be there to give her *parnasah*,” he said, even though it meant giving up a *chumrah* he took seriously.

Clearly, this *chumrah* of benefiting another Jew was taken even more seriously. 📖

ואלו לא הוציא הקדוש ברוך הוא את אבותינו ממצרים,
הרי אנו ובנינו ובני בנינו משעבדים היינו לפרעה במצרים.

Had not the Holy One, Blessed is He, taken our fathers out from Egypt, then we, our children, and our children's children would have remained subservient to Pharaoh in Egypt.

This means that if *Yetzias Mitzrayim* had not been performed by *Hakadosh Baruch Hu bichvodo u'vatzmo*, through the personal involvement of *Hakadosh Baruch Hu*, the entire concept of human freedom would never have been implanted in the mind of mankind, and the *Bnei Yisrael* would have been permanently enslaved to the Egyptian Pharaohs, or to a subsequent governing power. The accepted norm would have been for Jews to be slaves.

This is a remarkable statement. It means that without *Yetzias Mitzrayim al yedei Hakadosh Baruch Hu* — the event of the Exodus from Egypt as an act of God's Personal intervention — there would never have been a concept of human rights, whereby the Egyptians and other civilized peoples would eventually have freed their slaves. The

now commonly accepted principle that all human beings have an inherent right to freedom had its birth at *Yetzias Mitzrayim al yedei Hakadosh Baruch Hu*. Without the personal intervention of *Hakadosh*



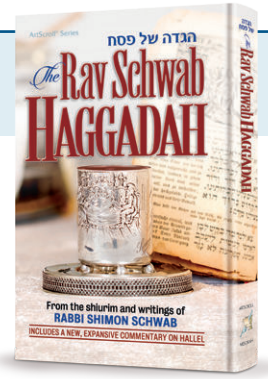
Rav Shimon Schwab

IT NEVER WOULD HAVE OCCURRED TO ANYONE THAT IT IS INHERENTLY EVIL FOR ONE GROUP OF PEOPLE TO SUBJUGATE OR EXPLOIT ANOTHER.

Baruch Hu in *Yetzias Mitzrayim*, it never would have occurred to anyone that it is inherently evil for one group of people to subjugate or exploit another. Therefore, *Yetzias Mitzrayim* was a world-historic event, not only for the *Bnei Yisrael*, but also for all of mankind.

The acceptance of this basic human right of freedom from bond-

age, which modern civilized society now takes for granted, has taken thousands of years to be accepted in the world. Indeed, the entire Greek culture was based on slavery. The middle class relied on slaves to do all their work, which allowed the Greek masters to pursue intellectual and physical pleasures. There was a similar situation in the Middle Ages in Europe. And without *Yetzias Mitzrayim al yedei Hakadosh Baruch Hu*, there never would have been an abolitionist movement here in America, which resulted in President Abraham Lincoln freeing the slaves a mere century and a half ago. In fact, even in our own times, slavery has not been totally abolished; it still exists in certain parts of the world. 📖



חַי
LACHMA
ANYA

WHOEVER IS HUNGRY ... WHOEVER IS NEEDY: THE TRUE MEANING

Pesach With Rav Belsky

כָּל דֹּכָפִין יִיתִי וְיִיכַל, כָּל דְּצָרִיךְ יִיתִי וְיִפְסַח.
Whoever is hungry, let him come and eat!

Whoever is needy, let him come and celebrate Pesach!

These two lines are very powerful, but to appreciate them one must contemplate them deeply. The translation is, "Whoever is hungry, let him come and eat! Whoever is needy, let him come and join in eating the *Korban Pesach*."

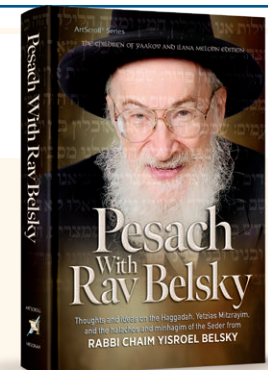
It is important to ask: Is the offer that "anyone who is needy, let him come and join in eating the *Korban Pesach*" a real possibility?

The fact is that each *Korban Pesach* was brought as

an offering in the *Beis HaMikdash* by specific members who had made arrangements to join the group before the animal was offered. Once the *korban* had been brought, no one could subsequently join that group. So, an offer at the beginning of the *Seder* for anyone not already in the group to "join" in the *Korban Pesach* is problematic, since for an outsider to "join" after the fact was prohibited.

Furthermore, if someone truly

continued on page 11



WHOEVER IS HUNGRY ... WHOEVER IS NEEDY: THE TRUE MEANING continued from page 10

wanted to invite all those who needed to join in the *Korban Pesach*, or the meal, he might want to actually step outside before proclaiming that invitation. Now, he is sitting at the *Seder* with the door closed, and he won't open it until *Shefoch Chamascha*. So, to whom is he saying *Ha Lachma Anya*? Even Eliyahu HaNavi is not invited in until after the meal!

The correct understanding is very simple. During the weeks preceding *Pesach*, we are in constant anticipation that *Mashiach* will arrive and we will be able to offer the *Korban Pesach* in *taharah*, a pure state, and fulfill all three *mitzvos* of *Pesach*, *matzah*, and *maror* as

**WE DWELL ON
THE POSSIBILITY
THAT BY NEXT
YEAR, MASHIACH
WILL INDEED
HAVE COME.**



Rav Yisroel Belsky

proper *mitzvos d'Oraisa*. Even if *Mashiach* will come within a week of *Pesach* and there will be no time for us to become *tahor* (ritually pure), we could still have a *Korban Pesach* this year, since the *Korban Pesach* could be offered even if we were not *tahor*. Even a few hours before nightfall is still enough time to offer the *korban*.

Do you know what happens when we sit at the *Seder*? It's a wonderful feeling, it's a tremendous happiness to sit at the *Seder*, but it's also a tremendous disappointment. You feel like crying.

Why? Because right now it's blatantly obvious that this year there is not going to be a *Korban Pesach*.

So, when we sit down to the *Pesach Seder* there is a twinge of pathos: *Mashiach* hasn't come yet and we are once again without a *Korban Pesach*. To alleviate that sorrow, we dwell on the possibility that by next year, *Mashiach* will indeed have come. To that end, we invite everyone present to next year's *Pesach Seder*, and to join in next year's *Korban Pesach*. We are not inviting guests for this year, but for next year (see *Chasam Sofer, Derashos L'Pesach* p. 260; for other explanations see *Pri Megadim, Eishel Avraham* 473:24).

That explains why we say the next line: This year we are here; next year may we be in the Land of Israel! 🇮🇱

THE FOUR SONS

"THERE"

Powerful Moments
by Rabbi Yitzchok Hisiger



The *Baal Shem Tov* once told his followers that in a certain village lived a *Yid* whose *Seder* was extolled in the heavens and brought great light to the world.

The *Baal Shem Tov* sought to find this jewel of a *Yid* and perhaps learn what he did that made such an impact on High.

After some searching, the *Baal Shem Tov* was told where this *Yid* lived and arranged to visit him on *Erev Pesach*. The *Baal Shem Tov* put his plan into action, found the hovel where this gentleman lived, and knocked on the door. A decidedly poor-looking soul answered. Hearing that this stranger sought to share in his *Seder*, he was overjoyed. He took the *Baal Shem Tov* for an itinerant peddler who sought somewhere to be for *Pesach*. Night fell and the *Yid* put on his threadbare *kittel* and started his *Seder*. The *Baal Shem Tov* was astounded. Nothing he heard or saw was especially remarkable. He was left wondering what it was that set this sweet, poor man's *Seder* apart from the many thousands that were being held throughout the world.

Just then they reached the passage of "*Tam, mah hu omer?* What does the simple son say?" With a great cry, the man broke down and kept repeating these words. "*Tam, mah hu omer... Tam, mah hu omer...*" Again and again he said these words, with tears streaming down his weatherworn face.

After some time, the fellow composed himself and continued his *Seder* without further disruptions. Afterward, he had an engaging conversation with his guest. The *Baal Shem Tov* couldn't restrain himself and asked his host what it was about that one passage that caused him to cry with such intensity.

The *Yid* explained simply: "I learned that the word *tam* can mean *there*. When I reach these words, I stop and think: Where am I? I am at the same place as I was last *Pesach*! Nothing has changed. I haven't really grown. Then I think: What will I say when I arrive 'there,' at my final destination after 120 years, in the *Beis Din Shel Maalah*? I will be ashamed to have to admit that I didn't take the oppor-

continued on page 13

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE continued from page 1

dah” on *Pesach*. Thus, the objective of the *Seder* is not merely to relate events of the past and discuss the power and might of the *Ribbono Shel Olam*. It is to express our heartfelt gratitude to Hashem for all He did for us as He redeemed us from *Mitzrayim*.

Zechirah and Sippur

B’siyata d’Shmaya, we are now equipped to suggest an answer to a question raised by Rav Chaim Brisker. There is the *mitzvah* of *Zechiras Yetzias Mitzrayim* that a Jew is obligated to perform every day of the year. What is different about the *mitzvah* of *Sippur Yetzias Mitzrayim* with which we are charged on the night of *Pesach*?

Based on the above, the answer is clear. There is a daily obligation to recall and mention the events of

Yetzias Mitzrayim. *Seder* night is different. In addition to merely mentioning these seminal events, we are required to express gratitude and thanks to Hashem for the miracles He performed on our behalf. While the daily *chiyuv* is to discuss

THE OBJECTIVE OF THE SEDER IS TO SAY: THANK YOU!

and recall, *leil haSeder* incorporates the element of *hoda’ah* that is not included in the *mitzvah* during the rest of the year. As the *Avudraham* teaches, this is not an aspect of the *Haggadah*; it is its *very definition*.

Perhaps we can further suggest that this fundamental difference is actually the foundation and basis

for the three differences that Rav Chaim highlights between the daily *mitzvah* of *Zechirah* and the annual *mitzvah* of *Sippur*. The reason we are *maschil b’genus umesayeim b’shvach* is because when we present our history in this manner, we engender greater feelings of gratitude. We follow a question-and-answer format at the *Seder*, and we mention the reasons behind *pesach*, *matzah*, and *maror* for the same purpose. The structure of the entire evening revolves around our need to feel and express *hakaras hatov* to the *Ribbono Shel Olam* in the fullest, most extensive way.

Thus, the underlying objective of *Sippur Yetzias Mitzrayim*, the *mitzvos* of the night, the four cups of wine, and the *achilas matzoh* is all to be able to wholeheartedly fulfill the *mitzvah* of *v’higadeta levincha*, which is to say to Hashem: *Thank You!* 📖

THE SEVENTEEN-MINUTE RIDE continued from page 7

CPR on him, and it was even more difficult than usual because the boy had been drenched from head to toe by one of the neighbors, who had poured an entire bucket of water on him, trying to wake him up. I remember how cold he felt, how blue his lips were.

“Suddenly, a doctor (he actually worked in an emergency room) came running into the apartment. He immediately assessed the situation and began assisting. The doctor lived a block from the kid’s home, but he hadn’t known about the emergency until he heard the sounds of the ambulance outside his home. He ran over as fast as he could, but after about forty minutes of working on the child, the doctor told us that there was nothing

more we could do. What he said next would remain with me for the rest of my life: ‘Get a sheet to cover him.’

“They were the most heart-breaking words you could ever hear. When the doctor told the staff to bring a sheet to cover the boy, it was the worst moment of my life. At that second, I realized that the doctor could have saved the boy’s life had he only known about the emergency sooner. He lived nearby and could have gotten there in time. But he didn’t know about it, so he didn’t come and the seven-year-old died. The mother thought that calling an ambulance was the right thing to do and that we would be there right away. She started screaming at us that we were the murderers.

“‘You killed him!’ she shouted. ‘It took you two hours to get here!’

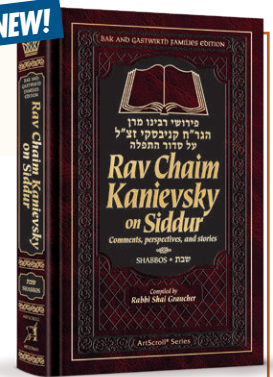
“It wasn’t actually two hours, but there’s no question that it must have seemed that way to a mother watching her child dying in front of her eyes. Every second must have been an absolute eternity.

“The worst part about what happened was the fact that saving someone from choking is a very simple procedure if you know what to do. If the doctor had known about what was happening so close to his home, he could have stabilized the situation and saved the boy’s life. By the time we arrived, everything would have been fine. But in reality, nothing was fine because the doctor hadn’t known. And so the boy died.” 📖

Rav Chaim Kanievsky on Siddur - Shabbos

compiled by Rabbi Shai Graucher, translated by Rabbi Avrohom Wagner

NEW!



Rav Chaim Kanievsky related a fascinating story:

A certain scholar was approached by the heads of a *kiruv* organization. “You are known to be a gifted speaker,” they told him, “capable of presenting lofty concepts in a manner that is both engaging and approachable. We have a group of non-observant youth who consented to come listen to a lecture about the Exodus from Egypt on *Pesach* night. Since the *mitzvah* of that night is to relate the miracles and kindnesses that Hashem performed for us, we want them to hear this lecture at that time, despite the fact that most people are busy with their families conducting the Seder. Would you please deliver the lecture to them?”

The scholar was uncertain. On the one hand, he had the unique opportunity to publicly sanctify Hashem’s Name, by teaching His children of the great salvation that He wrought for us. On the other hand, how could he leave his family on this great night, for which every Jew, from the young children to the elderly grandparents, eagerly waits?

He decided that he would ask his wife’s advice. Her response was unequivocal.

“This is not an either/or scenario; you can deliver the lecture, and then lead our *Seder*, albeit somewhat later than usual. There is no reason for these Jewish children to miss out on an opportunity to learn about Hashem’s greatness!”

The scholar agreed to deliver the lecture on the night of the *Seder*. However, on that night, as he was *davening*, an urgent message reached him — his wife had gone into premature labor! He rushed home and took her to the hospital. When they arrived at the hospital, and were settled in the labor and delivery ward, his wife turned to him and said, “What will be with your lecture?”

“It will have to be canceled,” he said. “The hospital is short-staffed on the *Seder* night, since anyone who is able to is at home with their families. I can’t leave you here on your own.”

“My dear husband,” she told him, gently but firmly, “you cannot deliver our child in any case. There is no reason for your important lecture not to take place. I will be fine here!”

The husband tried to argue, but his wife remained firm in her decision, and he found himself on the way to deliver his lecture. When he returned, he was pleasantly sur-

prised to see his wife relaxing, peaceful and content, with their healthy baby snuggled in her arms. When he asked her what had happened, she told him, “As I was lying here, a woman in a white cloak with a shining countenance came in, and told me, ‘Don’t worry about a thing! I will serve as your midwife, and everything will be all right!’ Indeed, she assisted me, and it was the easiest labor I had ever been through. The entire time, I thought that she looked familiar, but I couldn’t place her. Only after she left did I realize that she was Rebbetzin X, who passed away a few years ago!”

The shocked scholar went to Rav Chaim and told him the whole story, asking, “Was this just some kind of fantastical dream my wife had?”

“Absolutely not!” Rav Chaim replied. “She sacrificed the company of her husband, both at a timely *Seder* and during childbirth, because of Hashem’s honor, and to give His children knowledge of His miracles. Because of that, Hashem sent a messenger to ease her pain and ensure that she was taken care of!”

ABILITY TO SOAR continued from page 3

And with that, the Rebbe said “*Kaddeish*,” banging on the table to start the *Seder*. This was the *vort* said by the *Yismach Yisrael* in his *sefer* and this was the way he actually started his *Seder*!

A wise man heard this story and shared his reflection with me. The Rebbe did not just say who the *rasha* refers to, but also who it does *not* refer to; the one who stumbled, who fell into the depths of sin, is not considered a *rasha*, for he can climb up. The way one earns the title of *rasha* is only through not believing in one’s own ability to soar. 📖

“THERE” continued from page 11

tunity to become stronger in my *emunah*. I just remained firmly rooted to where I was.”

The *Baal Shem Tov* had his answer. He now understood why this man and his *Seder* were so special.

All lives are complicated. We can opt to stay put, but we can also choose to move ahead. It is worth stopping a moment to ask: Tam — what will I say “there”? 📖



Spilling the Wine

We're ready to list the Ten Makkos. As we say the name of each makkah, we remove some of the wine from our cup, just as we did when we said the words "dam, va'eish, v'simros ashan — blood, and fire, and columns of smoke."

How do we remove the wine? I can't tell you! There are different customs. Ask what your family custom is, and follow it.

One custom is to pour a bit of wine out of the cup onto a plate. The other custom is to remove a drop of wine by dipping a finger into the cup and letting the drop of wine fall off our finger onto a plate.

We don't drink the wine that was spilled. We throw it out.

So now that you know how to remove the wine from your cup when saying the makkos, and also why you're doing it — let's do it!

After we say the makkos, we say three words that are an abbreviation of the makkos — detzach,



חשב



adash, b'achav — and again remove wine from the cup for each word. As we saw before, these words were on Moshe Rabbeinu's stick.

Detzach: This stands for **D**am (blood), **T**zefarde'a (frogs), and **K**inim (lice).

Adash: This stands for **A**rov (wild animals), **D**evar (animal plague), and **S**hechin (boils).

B'achav: This stands for **B**arad (hail), **A**rbeh (locust), **C**hoshech (Darkness), and **B**echoros (death of the firstborn).

How Many Ways Can You Divide Ten?



Why were the makkos divided into three groups, "detzach, adash, b'achav"? They could have been divided into two groups of five makkos each, or five groups of two makkos each.

There are many answers to this famous question. Here is one of them:

The makkos are divided according to who brought them. The first three were done by Aharon, using Moshe's stick. The next three were done by Moshe, without the stick. The final four makkos were done by Moshe using the stick.



Why do we remove wine from our cups?

According to the custom to use a finger to remove a drop of wine, it's to remind us that as great as the miracles were, they were just a "finger" of Hashem's power.

According to the custom to pour out the wine, it's to remind us to feel a little sadness at the suffering of the Egyptians when the makkos hit them. After all, they were also Hashem's creatures.



According to the Sages, the name of each makkah was written out in full on Moshe's stick.

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THE WEEKLY QUESTION

Question for Pesach:

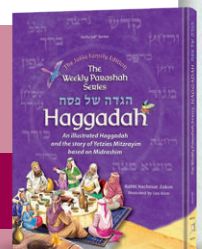
What is the shortest perek in all the twenty-four books of Tanach?

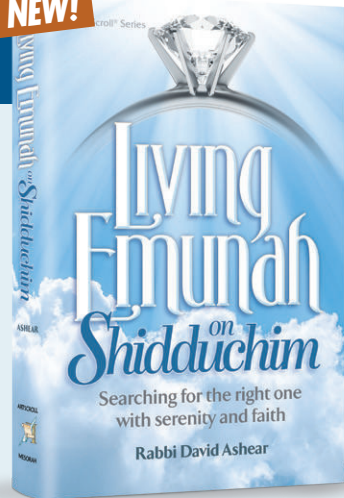
*Kids, please ask your parents to email the answer to shabbosquestion@artscroll.com by this Wednesday to be entered into a weekly raffle to win a \$36 ARTSCROLL GIFT CARD! Be sure to include your full name, city, and contact info. Names of winners will appear in a future edition. HINT: The answer can be found in *The Jaffa Family Edition Weekly Parashah Haggadah*.*

The winner of the Parshas Ki Sisa question is: MOSHE CHAIM MOEINZADEH, Los Angeles, CA

The question was: How tall, wide and deep were the Luchos?

The answer is: The Luchos were square blocks of sapphire stone, six tefachim tall, six tefachim wide, and three tefachim deep. That's about 2 feet high and wide, and a foot thick.





PRAY, PRAY, AND PRAY

Living Emunah On Shidduchim by Rabbi David Ashear

In *Parashas Va'eschanan*, Moshe Rabbeinu alludes to the fact that he prayed 515 times to get into Eretz Yisrael. Moshe, who knew the workings of prayer better than anyone, understood that just because he was not answered “yes” to “prayer 500” did not mean that

things would not change after “prayer 501.”

Every single prayer makes an impact.

Singles want to know what they could do to find their *zivug* and build a *bayis ne'eman b'Yisrael*.

Rav Yitzchok Zilberstein once received a heart-wrenching letter signed by various *moros* in Israel regarding the pain older singles are experiencing, asking for advice on what they could do to get married. Rav Zilberstein showed the letter to Rav Yosef Shalom Elyashiv *zt"l* and said, “I’m here as a *shaliach* for all the girls in *Klal Yisrael* who so desperately want to get married. What does the *rav* advise?”

Rav Elyashiv replied, “The advice I would give all of them is pray, pray, and pray.”

When Rav Zilberstein returned with the answer, many single girls were present. With tears in their eyes, they said, “We have been praying and praying. Our mouths are dry from *tefillah*. Please, tell us what else we can do.”

Rav Zilberstein then went to Rav Aharon Leib Shteinman *zt"l*. He told him about the letter, Rav Elyashiv’s response, and the girls’ tears afterwards, and asked him what he thought. Rav Shteinman opened a *Navi Melachim* (*Melachim* II, 4) to the story of when the widow of Ovadiah HaNavi was pressed for money and, eventually, Elisha made a miracle and filled all her vessels with oil. It says there that she “cried out.” The *Radak* quotes the *Targum*, which says that *tzeakah*—the words used to describe her crying—has the *gematria* of 265. She cried out for help 265 times. She went to her husband’s grave and prayed.

Rav Shteinman said, “At 264, she wasn’t answered yet. She needed 265 *tefillos* to receive the blessing she so des-

perately needed. No one should ever say ‘I prayed enough.’ It could very well be you just need a few more heartfelt *tefillos* to finally bring down the blessing you’re looking for.”

Here you have two *gedolei hador* giving the same message: the best thing a girl could do to get married is *tefillah*. We know this is true, but sometimes we need the right *chizuk* to motivate us to pray the way we should.

The *sefer Ohr David* tells a story about a man who was very sick—to the point that the doctors gave up on him. His daughter heard that in a distant city there was a top doctor who was a religious Jew with an excellent reputation. She immediately traveled there to try to convince him to come save her father. In tears, she pleaded with the doctor, begging him to cure her father.

“I will go to your father,” he said, and the girl’s hopes skyrocketed. “But first I need to eat.”

After he ate, he said he had something else to take care of. When he finished that task, there was yet another urgent one. Finally, the girl’s patience ran out.

“Doctor,” she cried, “my father’s life is on the line. Every second you delay, he is in more danger. Can we please go already?”

“I’m sorry,” the doctor replied. “I have just a few more things to do.”

The girl lifted her eyes towards *Shamayim* and cried a heartfelt *tefillah* to Hashem. “The other doctors have given up hope, and this doctor is willing to come. But who knows

if, by the time he decides to come, my father will still be alive? Please, Hashem, You are the only One Who can heal him! You are the *Rofeh rachaman v’ne’eman!*”

When the doctor heard her praying from the depths of her heart, he said, “That’s what I was waiting for!”

He explained that when she described her father’s illness, he also did not have hope that he could be healed *b’derech hateva* (in a natural way). He was hoping to get her to focus only on Hashem and pray as only a daughter could. That was the only hope.

Baruch Hashem, by the time the daughter returned home, her father was already on the road to recovery, and eventually he was fully healed.

Nothing is better than *tefillah b’emes*, from the depths of the heart. If you prayed 100 times already, then pray 101. Keep going and never stop! 📖



Rav Yosef Shalom Elyashiv



Rav Aharon Leib Shteinman

KEEP GOING AND NEVER STOP!