

# תשפ"ג · Bnos 5783

**Parshas**

Va'eschanan



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# Story SOON ... VERY SOON

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Late Shabbos afternoon, Rivka and Esther Gilman were walking home with some friends from the hospital for the chronic sick. Every Shabbos they went to help feed the patients. It was a long walk and the neighborhood was bad, but they knew the patients needed them, so they went every week - rain or shine. Suddenly, Rivka felt a sharp blow on her chest and then, wild, rough hands pulled at her golden chain- the necklace with a pearl- cruelly ripping it from her neck. Shocked and speechless, the little group of girls quietly hurried home. Pale and trembling, Rivka and Esther came into the house. Rivka went to her mother. "Mommy," she started, "something happened, but it's nothing. Everything is all right." "What, Rivky?" What is it? You look..." Fighting back the tears, Rivky and Esti told the story. "It's not just that it was my only jewelry, Ma. It was so pretty ... but more than anything ... because it was a graduation present from my aunts." Rivky took the empty little gift box from her drawer and showed it to her mother, together with the beautiful note from her aunts. "To a pearl of a girl." Her graduation gift. It was hard not to cry. "Why do they always have to start up with us, Mommy? Why don't they leave us alone?" "Oi, mein kindt (oh, my child)," Mrs. Gilman sighed. "It's almost two thousand years that it's been like this - that we've been in Golus. I feel bad for you Rivka'le, but let's be grateful you weren't hurt." The girls went to their room to rest. Tatty and the boys came home and heard the story. "If I would have been there," Itzi shook his fist angrily, "I would have punched him in the nose!" And in his big, brotherly heart he thought, "Poor kid. Some day I'll buy her another chain." Tatty looked at his girls. Their hair was still wet from the rain, and they looked tired. "Are you going to stop going to the hospital because of this, kinderlach (children)?" Esti sat there, thinking. "No, Tatty. We have to go. Once you start, you can't stop." Tatty looked proud. "May Hashem bless you," he said. The doorbell rang. Who could be ringing the bell on Shabbos, everyone wondered. Mrs. Gilman was the first to get to the door and let in a detective and patrolman. One of Rivky's neighbors who had seen the incident reported the theft and the officers were there to investigate. After hearing the story and asking some questions, Detective Grasso said, "I hate to say it, girls, but you really shouldn't be walking in that neighborhood. There is no way we can patrol every single block in the city." Esti piped up. "Well, there is no other way we can get to the hospital on Saturday. We have to walk." "You have a sick relative?" asked Patrolman Flannery. Mrs. Gilman explained, "No, sir. You see, many of the patients there are too sick to feed themselves, so we organize volunteers to go at mealtimes. I go a few times a week for lunch or supper, high school girls go before school to serve breakfast, men go on days off. We have a bus that picks up the volunteers on weekdays, but on Saturdays we have to walk." "You mean you go to all that trouble for total strangers?" Grasso asked. Mrs. Gilman said, "People are strangers only until you get to know them." Everyone laughed and the two policemen left soon after. But then anger and gloom set in again. There are few feelings worse than the knowledge that it isn't safe to be on the street in broad daylight. "Kinderlach, we are in golus," Mr. Gilman said. "I remember when I was a child, how the goyim on our block threw eggs and stones and yelled 'dirty Jews!'" Mr. Gilman hardly ever spoke about his childhood. Some of his memories were very sad. "When the Nazis took us, they tore out my payos, laughing at me, having a ball." "How old were you, Tatty?" Rivky quietly asked. "About six..." Tatty answered. "I was a little boy like Tully, and I lay in the woods in Siberia and the snow was my blanket at night. Nothing else. Just the snow. There was no ceiling in my house, just the sky and the stars. "My father died of hunger. My brothers, my big, wonderful brothers, who spoiled me and loved me and took care of me ... they also died, and many others, too." Mrs. Gilman turned to her husband. "You didn't have a father, your big brothers were gone, no yeshiva, no rebbe, and yet, you were able to observe Mitzvos. How? What gave you the strength?"

Mr. Gilman was thoughtful. His family sat around him, looking at him, waiting. After a while he spoke. "My mother. Yes, my mother and her stories, my mother and her fire." His face flamed and his voice shook with emotion. "That's what kept us going. She talked to us a lot, told us about the man with the suitcase, who had his best clothes packed in a special valise, all ready and. waiting for moshiach to come." Tatty walked over to the window and stood there awhile, looking out, humming softly to himself. "My mother used to say, 'Kinderlach, every time you make a brocho, every time you do a Mitzvah, a brick goes up on the new Dais Hamikdosh. And, chas v'sholom, if you fight, or tell a lie, then a brick comes falling down.' That frightened us - we didn't want any bricks to fall down because of us. We wanted moshiach to come right away." "Tatty, could you tell us again about the Rebbe and the stick?" David asked. "Yes," Tatty said. "A holy tzaddik called the Yismach Moshe kept his walking stick by his bed, just in case moshiach came in the middle of the night. Once the Yismach Moshe's son was expected for a visit, but he was late and the family was worried. "Where is he?" When he finally came, everybody came running in to the tzaddik with the good news. "He is here!" The Yismach Moshe thought they meant that he - moshiach - is here! In great excitement, he grabbed his stick and rushed outside to greet him." Although the children had heard the story often, they still laughed happily. "When I'm big," little Tully piped up, "I'm going to be like Uncle Berel. I'm going to get a green car and put up a whole bunch of bricks on our new Bais Hamikdosh." Everybody laughed at his sudden outburst. "How, Tully?" they asked. "I'll take all the old ladies with their packages and bring them home." Uncle Berel was their good friend from around the corner, an elderly Jew, who was always looking for Mitzvos, especially with his green car. The car was a little squeaky and noisy, but when a Jew saw Berel coming down the block, his face would light up, for he knew he wouldn't have to wait in the cold for a bus, and he would have the company of this humble talmid chochoni, whose greatest joy was to do a Mitzvah. The next night Itzi came into the kitchen. "Ma," he quietly asked, "how much would a new necklace cost?" Mommy smiled. "That's a sweet brother," she said. "I had the same idea." Just then, Rivky came in, blushing softly. She looked at her mother and brother and grinned. "What are you people spoiling me for? You think I can't live without a necklace? Boruch Hashem, I have money saved up from baby-sitting and helping in the day-camp, and I can buy myself a necklace. But, surely I can do, better things with my money, no? You know, ma, everybody says how hard this golus is and how we wish moshiach would come, but are we trying enough?" "Tatty's trying," Itzi said. "He went through so much. You could think that he would say, 'Well, now business is good, so I'm going to go on trips, build a beautiful home, and have fun. But he spends every spare minute bent over his gemorrah, saying some heartwarming Tehillim, or helping people. Mommy said, "Do you know how your uncles went to the gas chambers? They went calmly, knowing they were going to die, singing "Ani Maamin" all the way. They were not afraid. They knew this was just another part of our bitter golus, like Mitzrayim or the Spanish Inquisition. They knew that any minute they might hear a shofar blowing and everybody would run out and see that moshiach is finally here. This belief kept them strong. This is what keeps us going too - no matter how many eggs they throw at us on Halloween, or how many chains are ripped from the necks of Jewish girls." The doorbell rang. Esti answered the ring, and it was Patrolman Flannery again. "Good evening, officer," Mrs. Gilman greeted him. "How about some cookies and coffee while you ask us more questions." "I'd love to, ma'am, but I'm not here to ask questions tonight. Right now, I have something to tell you. When we got back to the station house yesterday, I told the fellows about you people going to the hospital and everything. One of the guys, Jake Grossman, said his grandmother is in that hospital. He goes a couple of times a year to visit - you know, Mother's Day, Rosh Hashono and Passover - and he told us how the volunteers do more for her than her own grandchildren. "Well, to make a long story short, we got together and decided to do some volunteering of our own. Every Saturday and Jewish holiday, one of the men from our precinct will walk you to the hospital and back. You just let us know what the schedule will be." Where are you going, Mommy?" called little Tully. "Well, I don't want Officer Flannery to see me crying," she said. "Besides, I want to fill up a bag of fresh cookies for the men at the precinct. If they are going to help us put up all those bricks for the Bais Hamikdosh, we ought to show them how grateful we are, shouldn't we?"

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# Parsha Quiz

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**See how much  
you know!**

Crack the Parsha Code!

1. M D'ed 515 T's to H to A him into E Y, but H told him to S D'ing
2. M was told to A Y to L B Y into E Y
3. There is an A to A or R from the M's that H commanded us
4. Someone who K's accidentally, can R to one of the 6 U M to be P
5. 3 U M were S U on the O side of the Y
6. The 1st 5 C in the A H, are between H and M, the L 5 are between M and M
7. You must B that H is O, and you cannot S I's
8. B Y heard H's V for the 1st 2 of the A H, but asked M to say the rest
9. There is a M to L H with your H, your S, and your M
10. There are T's that one must G U his L instead of D'ing an A
11. S is written in T and in M's
12. It is a M to S S 2 T's a D. 1 in the M and 1 at N
13. B Y was C'ed to D the 7 N's that L'ed in E Y



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# Recipe

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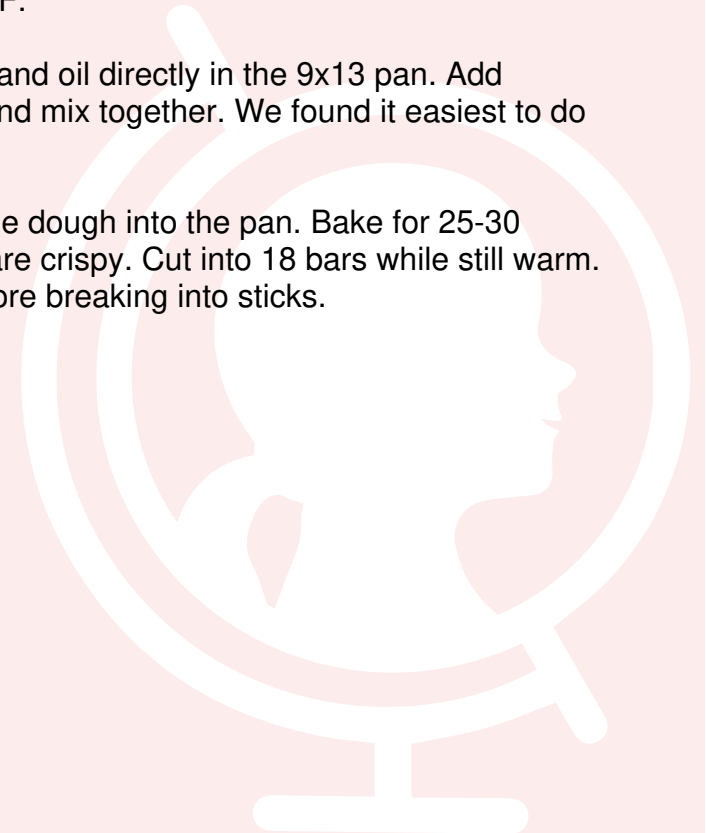
# Chocolate Chip Sticks

## Ingredients:

½ cup sugar  
½ cup brown sugar  
1 egg  
½ cup oil  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
½ teaspoon baking soda  
1 ¼ cup flour  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup chocolate chips

## Instructions:

1. Preheat oven to 350°F.
2. Mix the sugars, egg, and oil directly in the 9x13 pan. Add remaining ingredients and mix together. We found it easiest to do this with a gloved hand.
3. Once mixed, press the dough into the pan. Bake for 25-30 minutes or until edges are crispy. Cut into 18 bars while still warm. Let cool completely before breaking into sticks.



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# Middah of the Week

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Ani Maamin...