

# תשפ"ד · 5784 Bnos

## Parshas

Noach

אחינו כל בית ישראל הנתונים בצרה ובשביה העומדים בין בים ובין ביבשה המקום ירחם עליהם ויזיאים מצרה לרוחה ומאפלה לאורה ומשעבוד לגאולה השתא בעגלא ובזמן קריב ונאמר אמן:



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# Story

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## HELPING HIMSELF BY HELPING OTHERS

Dovid Meir wrinkled his brow again in frustration. He had been sitting at his shtender for two hours now and could not think of an original chiddush. Piled up around him were many seforim – Rishonim and Achronim – and he had learned through the Gemora sugya of Elu Metzios dealing with losses and finds for the umpteenth time, but no inspiration came. Normally Dovid Meir's chiddushim came easily, in a flood of excitement and imagination; now, however, his mind remained obstinately blank. Nothing new, nothing fresh. What was he to do? He was one of the rising stars in the yeshiva, and tomorrow he had to give a chaburah to his fellow bochorim in the top shiur. As Dovid Meir was highly regarded for his hasmodoh and wide knowledge, everybody was expecting a real "whizz-bang" of a chaburah, and there were even whispers that the Rosh Yeshiva Horav Avrohom Shmuel might "drop in" to listen. But what was he to tell them? Should he get up and lamely announce that he could not think of any chiddush? What a bizoyon! His reputation would never recover from the blow. Now he was mentally kicking himself for delaying his preparations until the last minute. Even if he had never had problems in the past, he should have been better prepared for the all-important last chaburah of the z'man. What could he do now without an original thought or path to tread? He could not find anything among the Rishonim or Achronim which sparked his imagination. Wearily, he got up from his bench went down to the dining room to make himself a strong black coffee – it looked as though it was going to be a long, difficult night. Just then, a voice roused him from his pensive reverie. "Dovid Meir! Telephone!" Dovid Meir looked up with a start. Who could it be? He'd spoken to his parents only yesterday, and there were no mazel tovs due in the family as far as he could recall. "Hello," he said hesitantly into the receiver. "Is that Dovid Meir Halpern?" the other, vaguely-familiar voice replied. "This is Sholom Tzvi..." Sholom Tzvi his cousin, now learning in London, what could he possibly want? "Listen, Dovid Meir," Sholom Tzvi hastened to explain. "I know how good you are in drush, and I need your help – urgently! I'm starting to give a weekly talk at a chassidish yeshiva ketana and the first one's due in two days' time on the inyan of Pesach. I've got to begin on the right foot and talk for about half an hour. I've been mitching on this for days, but I can't think of the right subject or enough vertlech. Then I thought of you, with your wide knowledge! Surely you can help me. I'd be very grateful."

Without waiting for Dovid Meir's agreement, Sholom Tzvi launched into a complete list of what he needed: the sort of droshos required for these occasions, the age of the young bochurim, and what types they were. Dovid Meir wanted to tell him of his own problems and explain why he could not help, but despite himself, he offered to call back within an hour or two. Perhaps he was too kindhearted to resist Sholom Tzvi's pleading tone. Dovid Meir went back to the bais medrash deeply troubled. How could he start looking at drush seforim, when he still had his own important chaburah to prepare? Why had he been so stupid to agree? Surely his own needs came first. He sat down at his shtender and tried to forget about Sholom Tzvi and his drosho problems. But his conscience would not let him. If Sholom Tzvi thought it important enough to phone from London and actually ask for his help, it must mean a great deal to him. Who knows if Sholom Tzvi was not looking towards the future, hoping to eventually get a job on those lines? Perhaps he has very good reasons for his actions. Reluctantly he got up and went into the Otzar Seforim and skimmed through various chassidische seforim on Pesach. "Dovid Meir! What're you doing here?" his old chaver Shimon Pressman asked him, clapping him on the back. "Haven't you got a chaburah to finish and polish? Don't tell me you're going to make it up as you go along?" Dovid Meir mumbled some reply, but the question cut deeply. Why was he wasting his time for Sholom Tzvi when he had to sort his own drosho out? "Nevertheless," he thought to himself, "Veahavta Lreiacha Kamocha – the ahava for others – is also important." Just then the idea hit him. That's it – ahavas Yisroel! Perfect! Moshe Rabbeinu had shown ahavas Yisroel; the shotrei bnei yisroel – the Jewish taskmasters – had also shown tremendous ahavas Yisroel when allowing themselves to be beaten and whipped rather than force their brother slaves to carry out impossible tasks. That had repaired the aveiroh of Dason and Avirom's arguments and loшон hora that had led to Matan Torah when Klal Yisroel came together at Har Sinai, learning together in yeshivos ... All those ideas and thoughts came flooding into Dovid Meir's mind. Excitedly he ran down to the telephones to dial Sholom Tzvi's yeshiva. "Sholom Tzvi? Have you got pen and paper ready? Take this down ...." As he turned away from the phones, that last thought about learning together in yeshiva was still lodged in his brain, and suddenly inspiration dawned. Perhaps there's a different halocho for a loss or find in a yeshiva bais medrash, where everybody learns together and knows each other? Yet the Gemora says that the owner despairs of his loss in shul or yeshiva – wherever there's a large gathering. On the other hand, the Ritva points out that talmidei chachomim in the bais medrash are strictly careful to return losses even beyond the rules of halacha. But there again ... Finally Dovid Meir could feel the wheels of his brain spring into action ... The Avnei Milu'im, Reb Shimon, the Rambam ... however, the Nesivos and the Ketzos ... at last the logjam was broken. A strong Torah binyan was rising in his mind. With renewed vigor, Dovid Meir hurried back to his shtender to prepare to give the chaburah of his life. The rest, as they say, is history. No one was surprised when Dovid Meir won top prize for his chaburah. And it was all due, Dovid Meir thought to himself, to helping out his cousin – true ahavas Yisroel.

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# Parsha Quiz

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**See how much  
you know!**

1. What kind of person was Noach?
2. Name Noach's three sons.
3. What were the people like in Noach's time, good or bad?
4. Did Noach try to teach others about Hashem?
5. What punishment came upon the people?
6. What is the Hebrew word for flood?
7. For which Aveirah was Noach's generation finally punished?
8. What was Noach told to build?
9. How long was the Teivah?
10. How wide was the Teivah?
11. How tall was the Teivah?
12. How many floors were there to be in the Teivah?
13. Which people were to enter the Teivah?
14. How many of each type of non-kosher animals were to be brought into the Teivah?
15. How many of each type of kosher animals were to be brought into the Teivah?
16. How long did it take Noach to build the Teivah?
17. Why did it take Noach so long to build the Teivah?
18. How old was Noach when the mabul began?
19. How long did it rain?
20. Which living things (outside the Teivah) didn't die during the mabul?
21. How long did Noach remain in the Teivah?
22. What did Noach send out of the Teivah, at first, to see if there was dry land?
23. Which bird did Noach send out after the raven?

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# Recipe

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## Stuffed Zucchini Pizza Boats

2 tablespoons + 2 teaspoons Gefen Extra-Virgin Olive Oil, divided

1 pound vegetarian ground meat

2 cloves garlic, minced or 2 cubes Gefen Frozen Garlic

1 teaspoon onion powder

1/2 teaspoon oregano

1/2 teaspoon basil

1 and 1/2 teaspoons kosher salt, divided

1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

1 small yellow onion, chopped

15 ounces Gefen Pizza Sauce or marinara sauce

1/4 teaspoon crushed red pepper, optional

4 zucchini

1 cup sliced mushrooms

1 cup chopped red pepper

2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese or cheddar cheese, or mixed

1 tablespoon fresh chopped basil

1. Heat two teaspoons olive oil in a large skillet over medium-high heat. Add vegetarian meat and cook, stirring to break up any clumps. Add garlic, onion powder, oregano, basil, one teaspoon salt, and pepper. Cook for five to six minutes until lightly browned and fully cooked. Remove from heat and set aside.

2. Preheat oven to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

3. In a small skillet, heat remaining two tablespoons oil. Add onion and cook until softened, about 10 minutes. Add sauce, crushed red pepper and remaining half teaspoon salt and cook on low for five minutes or until sauce is heated through.

4. Cut zucchini in half lengthwise and gently scoop out flesh with a spoon. Place zucchini on a baking sheet. Coat the inside of each zucchini boat with pizza sauce, then top with vegetarian meat mixture, mushrooms, and red peppers. Drizzle with more sauce, then sprinkle with cheese.

5. Bake in the oven for 15 minutes or until cheese is melted. Remove from oven and sprinkle with fresh basil.

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# Middah of the Week

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V'ahavta L'reiacha Kamocho

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**We want to hear from you!!**

Questions, comments, or suggestions?  
Email us at [bnos@agudah.org](mailto:bnos@agudah.org).

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