

תשפ"ד · Bnos 5784

Parshas

Terumah

אָחינו כָּל בַּיִת יִשְׂרָאֵל הַנְּתוּנִים בְּצָרָה וּבִשְׂבִיָּה הָעוֹמְדִים בֵּין בָּיִם וּבֵין בִּיבְשָׁה הַמְּקוּם יָרַחם עֲלֵיהֶם יְיֻצִיאֵם מִצָּרָה לְרוּחָה וּמֵאֲפֵלָה לְאוֹרָה וּמִשְׁעֶבֶד לְגֵאֲלָה הַשְּׂתָא בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזֶמֶן קָרִיב וְנֹאמַר אָמוּן:



Story

THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL

It was the first day after Succos and Laya was excited to be going back to school. There was Brocho, her best friend, waiting for her. Laya ran to her, school-bag flying.

"Hi!"

"It's about time, slow-poke! How's everything? Did you have a nice Yom Tov? Did Blima start to walk yet?" The words came tumbling out; Brocho seldom paused for breath or for answers.

"Guess what, Laya, we have a new girl from Hungary in our class. She looks so shy and so different."

Laya and Brocho stood a minute in the doorway of the classroom. The girls were gathered in little groups, catching up on news of the holiday. Sonya sat alone, pretending to be absorbed in her new American book. She was thin and pale, and yes, she did look different.

Laya stood still for a moment, thinking. Then she smiled and ran in. "Hi! I'm Laya, and you must be Sonya Weiss. I must say, Sonya, you're so smart to pick the best seat in the room – right next to me."

Brocho stood open-mouthed. It really wasn't Laya's seat. At least, it hadn't been, but it certainly was now. That was how it began. Days passed into weeks, and Laya and Sonya, from two different worlds, came to love each other. Still, a barrier remained between them. Laya often invited Sonya to her home to do homework, but Sonya always refused, so they had to stay in class late to study together. Sonya spoke often about her parents, her brothers and sisters, but never invited Laya to her home.

Winter was on its way; a light snow had fallen, but Sonya was still wearing the same gray jacket she wore when she first came to class. It must have been made from some marvelous European cloth because, as Sonya smilingly explained to Laya, "It's really wonderful! When the weather is cold it makes me feel so warm."

At last Laya knew that Sonya would have to come to her house. Laya's mother had told her she could have a birthday party in honor of her twelfth birthday, the day when she would become responsible to keep all the Mitzvos of a Jewish woman. It would be on a Shabbos afternoon, and she could invite her whole class.

Laya hugged her mother with joy. "Oh thanks, Mommy. Now you'll be able to meet Sonya, and maybe you'll be able to make her smile and be happy. I try so much and she tries too, but there's something bothering her. I wish I knew how to help her."

Laya stayed up late, making fancy invitations to give to her classmates. Next morning there were cries of Oh! And Ah!

As the girls admired the pretty folded squares. Only Sonya looked at hers without comment.

“Don’t you like it, Sonya? Aren’t you happy I’m inviting you to my party?”

Sonya forced a smile. “Oh yes, it’s lovely, but I – I don’t think I’ll be able to come.”

“Of course you’ll come! It’s about time you came over on Shabbos. You’ll have fun, I promise you.”

Sonya stood gazing into space and shook her head. Laya was puzzled; not only puzzled, but hurt and annoyed. Angry thoughts went through her mind. “Here I tried so hard to help Sonya and to make her feel at home. Why can’t she act like the other girls? Why can’t she ever come on Shabbos to visit me? Why doesn’t she ever invite me to her house? Well, I’ve tried hard enough, I’m mad!” And Laya went and took her books from her desk and sat down in a back seat.

That day both girls were miserable. Laya thought about Sonya all day, one minute hating her for her coldness and the next minute thinking, “What’s the trouble? Why is she like this? What can I do to help her?”

When class was dismissed, Sonya slowly gathered her books, put on her “wondrous, warm jacket” and walked sadly, thoughtfully homeward. She did not realize she was being followed by Laya. They walked through a run-down neighborhood Laya had never seen before. How many blocks was it now, ten, twenty? No wonder Sonya had usually stayed home on bad rainy days. Finally, on a narrow, shabby street, Sonya stopped at the side of a shoe repair shop, opened the door, and walked in.

Laya pictured Sonya walking up narrow, dingy flights of stairs, and from the love and compassion in her heart, she suddenly understood. “That’s why she hardly ever smiles! Why was I so blind? All I could think about was my party and I never realized that poor Sonya is ashamed to come because she doesn’t even own a Shabbos dress. How can I help her?” As soon as Laya got home, she rushed to the phone to consult Brocho. Together they called Miss Weberman, their teacher, who told them she would speak to the principal immediately.

Rabbi Goldfischer was the smartest, kindest principal in the whole world – and the fastestworking, also. He stopped off at the Weiss home that very evening to “welcome Mr. and Mrs. Weiss to the community.” He told them what an outstanding student Sonya was and what fine work she was doing. Mrs. Weiss went to the kitchen to make tea, and the two men sat and talked about the years in Hungary. With tears in his eyes, Mr. Weiss told of secret sacrifices they made every day in their struggle to remain true to Torah. Rabbi Goldfischer was filled with admiration for the bravery of these quiet, modest people. As he listened and looked around at the poorly furnished apartment, he felt grateful to Laya for giving him this opportunity to help. No one deserved it more than the Weiss family.

“Have you heard about our “Welcome Stranger Loan Fund”?” the Rabbi asked.

Mr. and Mrs. Weiss had not; in fact, no one else had ever heard of it either. Rabbi Goldfischer explained that the school had a special fund which could be used for only one purpose,

to provide loans for the families of new students. Every family moving into a new neighborhood runs into big expenses, and the “Welcome Stranger Loan Fund” was the schools’ way of letting newcomers know that they were among good friends and neighbors, who were anxious to make them feel at home. The loan could be repaid whenever it was convenient – in a few weeks, a few months, even a few years. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss would not accept charity, but, as Rabbi Goldfischer explained the fund, it was a loan – who could refuse?

Mission accomplished, the Rabbi called Miss Webberman who called Laya with the good news.

Laya and Brocho got busy on the phone mapping out a secret tzedakah campaign to raise money quickly and quietly. Without mentioning names, they explained to their friends and their parents’ friends that this was for a needy, deserving family.

How kind people were, how understanding! They all realized that there was no need to inquire into the personal details, so as not to risk embarrassing people who were suffering enough already. The sincerity of Laya and Brocho were enough for them.

Generous as ever, Aunt Dora said, “Sure, darling, I’ve been saving some money on clothes lately by sewing my own. Now I know why I did it. I’ll mail you a check tonight.”

Judy, Laya’s older sister who was now a “working girl,” promised to contribute her “maaser money” for the next three weeks, and to ask her friends to do likewise.

Brocho’s Uncle Joe believed in quick action. Within fifteen minutes after he received the phone call, he knocked at Brocho’s door with his contribution. “And listen, honey, maybe the man wants a job in my bakery? Or maybe I can help him find a job someplace else? That’s the type of help they might appreciate more than money.”

When an exhausted Laya said the Shema that night before going to sleep, she said a special prayer to Hashem for things to go smoothly and for her to be able to help the Weiss family without hurting their feelings.

Next morning, Laya went to school and went back to her old seat next to Sonya. She was rewarded by seeing a slow smile turn up the corner of Sonya’s mouth. Sonya reached over shyly and took Laya’s hand. “Guess what, Laya, I can come to your party!”

It was Erev Shabbos, busy as usual, and even a little more so because of preparations for the party. Everyone pitched in, and even Brocho came over to help make potato salad and spring salad. Mother called, “Will someone go to the door? Someone’s knocking, but you’re so busy talking you don’t hear.” There was Sonya and her father holding a big, beautiful cake, decorated with rosettes and flowers, tempting and luscious. Brocho and Laya gaped, their eyes wide with admiration and their mouths watering. “Just a little present for your birthday,” said Mr. Weiss. “You know I used to be a baker in Europe and —”

“Baker!” screamed Brocho. “What a coincidence!” My Uncle Joe is looking for a baker to work in his bakery.”

Now it was Mr. Weiss’ turn to get excited. “Do you mean it? Really? Perhaps I can get a job!” Brocho and Laya had already run to the phone to call Uncle Joe. Back they ran and thrust a slip of paper with the address into the hands of a man trembling with joy. After a noisy exchange of thanks, Mr. Weiss left, walking a little straighter already, and Sonya stayed awhile to help. Laya slipped away from her chattering friends. She walked slowly and pensively to her room, closed the door and lay down in her bed to cry tears of joy. How happy she was, how lucky she was, to be able to celebrate her twelfth birthday with a Mitzvah of tzedakah. Hashem had given her the greatest gift of all, the gift of being able to help someone else.

Parsha Quiz

**See how much
you know!**

1. In what were the Luchos placed?
2. What was on the Aron?
3. Of what material was the Aron made?
4. What covered the wood, inside and out?
5. How many rings were outside of the Aron?
6. Of what metal were the rings made?
7. Of what material were the poles made?
8. Were the badim of the Aron permitted to be removed from the rings?
9. Of what material was the Kapores made?
10. What was at the top of the Kapores?
11. From where did Hashem speak to Moshe Rabbeinu?
12. Of what material was the Shulchan made?
13. Of what material were the keilim of the Shulchan made?
14. Of what was the Menorah made?
15. How many branches did the Menorah have?
16. Of how many pieces were the yerios Hamishkan (curtains) made?
17. How many hooks were there?
18. Of how many pieces were the yerios ezim (goat hair curtains) made?
19. Where was the Paroches hung?
20. What was placed opposite the Menorah?
21. How many mizbechos were there?
22. How many sockets did each plank have?
23. How many bars were there on each side? What was special about the middle bar?

Recipe

Ice Cream Treat Logs (Rice Krispie, Fruity Pebble, or Peanut Chew flavors)

Ingredients:

Rice Krispie or Fruity Pebble version:

2-3 tbsp oil

1 large container Marshmallow Fluff

8 cups Rice Krispies or Fruity Pebbles

Peanut Chew Version:

1 recipe Oven Peanut Chews (excluding topping)

1 56 to 64 oz container ice cream (dairy or pareve), slightly soft

Instructions:

1. Add oil and Fluff to a 9×13. Cover and bake at 350F for 4-5 minutes.

2. Quickly add in the Fruity Pebbles (or Rice Krispie Treats), a couple cups at a time, mixing well in between.

3. Assemble the log. Press the treat mixture on the bottom first and press down until smooth. Then, press the mixture against the sides.

4. Fill it with ice cream, then cover with plastic wrap and keep frozen until ready to serve.

5. To serve, turn the loaf pan over (sometimes it comes out smoothly, sometimes you need to bend the pan a little) and slice using a sharp knife.

Middah of the Week

Tzedakah

We want to hear from you!!

Questions, comments, or suggestions?
Email us at bnos@agudah.org.
