

# תשפ"ד · Bnos 5784

## Parshas

Tetzaveh

אָחינוּ כָּל בַּיִת יִשְׂרָאֵל הַנְּתוּנִים בְּצַרָּה וּבִשְׂבִיָּה הָעוֹמְדִים בֵּין בַּיִם וּבֵין בִּיבֻשָׁה הַמְּקוּם יָרַחַם עֲלֵיהֶם וַיּוֹצִיאֵם מִצְרָה לְרוּחָה וּמֵאֲפֵלָה לְאוֹרָה וּמִשְׁעֶבֶד לְגֵאֵלָה הַשְּׁתָּא בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמּוֹן קָרִיב וְנֹאמַר אָמוֹ:



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# Story

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# THE BOOKKEEPER

Good help is hard to come by. This is true for both the employee and the employer. Each seeks his own satisfaction and benefit. While pondering these two points, Mr. Levinson came across a want ad in the newspaper. A competent bookkeeper with experience was looking for a job.

Mr. Levinson immediately dialed the telephone number listed in the advertisement because his knitting factory was in dire need of a competent bookkeeper. An honest, industrious worker was difficult to find. Mr. Levinson needed someone reliable, familiar with large business accounting and able to work well alone. A serious voice answered on the other end of the telephone. After inquiring whether this was the party interested in a job, Mr. Levinson arranged an interview for the following day.

Inwardly, Mr. Levinson was pleased with the serious tone of the voice on the telephone. He was optimistic. Mr. Jackman hung up the receiver with a good feeling too.

He knocked on Mr. Levinson's office door promptly at four o'clock the next afternoon. Mr. Levinson was very impressed with Mr. Jackman's answers to his questions and was ready to give him the job right then and there. Due to protocol, however, he told Mr. Jackman that a definite answer would have to wait for a few days and that he would let him know by telephone.

Yisroel Jackman left the Levinson Knitting Company in better spirits than when he had come. He had had a sad life and was looking forward to a nice change in the London atmosphere. As a boy, he

had experienced the Nazi horrors. Naturally soft spoken, he became more withdrawn after the war. He didn't voice his opinions in public and strangers thought him an introvert. People found it strange

that a middle-aged man wasn't opinionated. Others claimed that Mr. Jackman was so quiet because he was not intelligent enough to have ideas on different subjects. This led Mr. Jackman to move his family

from Scotland to England. He thought that a change of place would do his family some good. He had received Mr. Levinson's call about the job offer after two weeks of being in a rented apartment in one of London's poorer sections. Mrs. Jackman and their son Yossi were pleased with the outcome of the job interview. They understood that it was just a matter of time until Mr. Levinson would call back with an affirmative answer. Yitzchok Levinson appreciated Shabbos for the rest it gave him from his business after each hectic week of work. Motzoei Shabbos was

his only opportunity to visit friends or have guests come to his home. He had planned to call Mr. Jackman to finalize his acceptance as head bookkeeper for the firm the Motzoei Shabbos after the interview, but Mrs. Levinson reminded him that his sister Devorah would arrive shortly to visit. There was no choice but to postpone the business call until after entertaining his sister and brother-in-law.

Close knit as the Levinson family was, Yitzchok thought his sister a little too voluble at times. Nevertheless, he was grateful that she had taken care of him after their mother had died and then later married him off. Devorah and her husband arrived on time, and Mrs. Levinson took them into the living room. As usual, conversation was no problem, especially with Devorah.

While sipping coffee, she inquired about her brother's business. Yitzchok was more than pleased to inform her of his luck at finding a suitable bookkeeper. Devorah insisted on knowing more about his new employee and asked her

brother for his name. "Mr. Yisroel Jackman, who's just moved from Scotland to London," he answered. "You aren't serious?" Devorah exclaimed. "You aren't actually thinking of hiring him as a bookkeeper?" Astonished at his sister's unexpected reaction, Mr. Levinson asked for one good reason why she found him incapable of handling the job. "Yitzchok, you mean to tell me you'd be

willing to accept an employee for such an important position without even inquiring about his references? Why, I knew the man during the time I lived in Scotland, and anyone who knows him would tell you the same. He's a very nice man who doesn't happen to be too intelligent. Perhaps he gives a serious impression at first, but it's probably nothing

more than a cover for what he lacks inside." Yitzchok Levinson was totally confused. How could he have misjudged a person so badly? "Are you quite sure we're talking about the same person?" he asked. "Quite," answered the sister, in a tone that told Yitzchok she knew what she was talking about. Yitzchok explained to his sister that he was now in a predicament since it was almost

definitely understood from their interview a few days earlier that Mr. Jackman would be accepted for the job. The planned telephone call was more protocol than anything else. "Simply tell Mr. Jackman that your plans have changed unexpectedly, and his services aren't needed at the present time," she explained.

Difficult as it was, Mr. Levinson decided to take his sister's advice. His business was doing too well to risk entrusting an incompetent person with the books. Although his sister's visit had turned out less pleasant than expected, at least Yitzchok felt his sister had done his business a good turn by offering the information about Mr. Jackman.

While Mrs. Levinson was cleaning up after the guests, Mr. Levinson went into his study and called the Jackman household. He politely informed Mr. Jackman about the change and apologized for having put him to the trouble of coming down to the office for an interview.

Mr. Jackman found it hard to inform his family of the sad news. Mrs. Jackman had been so excited ever since her husband returned from the interview with Mr. Levinson; she had made all sorts of plans about what to do with her husband's first paycheck. Since they had moved to London, the household had been on a very strict budget until the head of the family would find work. It was difficult for Mr. Jackman to disappoint his wife and son so deeply. With no choice, he explained to them the reason for Mr. Levinson's telephone call. Not wasting any time, Mr. Jackman immediately began job hunting again and started answering the advertisements in the paper. Every office had the same reaction. He would be given a definite answer in a matter of days. Meanwhile, each employer was interested in Mr. Jackman's references. Word spread quickly, and it became known that Mr. Levinson had considered hiring Mr. Jackman. It was only natural for anyone considering hiring the new London resident to call Mr. Levinson and ask him for his reason for not taking on Mr. Jackman.

That Monday morning, Mr. Levinson's telephone didn't stop ringing. Everyone was asking the same questions about Mr. Jackman. Yitzchok Levinson was finding it difficult to be vague, and under pressure from all his callers, he revealed what he knew about Yisroel Jackman.

By the end of the week, Mr. Jackman had made the rounds at all the offices he had been to earlier in the week. Extremely disappointed, he returned home with no chance of being hired in the near future. He was having no luck in London, and he began to wonder if he had made the right decision in moving his family from Scotland. Mrs. Jackman took the news much harder than did her husband. They had reached the bottom of their savings and had no money left, even for basics. Mrs. Jackman couldn't control herself and broke down crying. There wasn't much with which her husband could comfort her.

Shy as he was, Mr. Jackman had no choice at this point but to accept his friendly neighbor's offer to speak to someone about finding him a job. When this was also unsuccessful, Mr. Jackman shamefully accepted his neighbor's financial loan. Other neighbors anonymously donated some money for the staples necessary to the Jackman family. After a week, this money was also gone. Winter had already arrived and the lack of proper food and warm clothing was very evident in the Jackman apartment. To make matters worse, job opportunities were nonexistent at this point. Mr. Jackman did not give up. Still inquiring about any available jobs, he received a tip on a possible opening at a factory just outside of London. Although the distance was great, Mr. Jackman was willing to try anything. He left early the next morning in a snowstorm and didn't pay any attention to the weather or to his inadequate winter coat. He was too concerned with finding work. After a long trip, Mr. Jackman reached his destination and was pleased with his interview. Mr. Lasky, who owned the factory, assured him that the bookkeeping job was his. Things finally seemed to be going right.

As he was returning home, Mr. Jackman was so excited he didn't notice how he was shivering and coughing. When he finally stepped into his apartment, it all began to catch up with him. Mrs. Jackman was pleased with the good news of work, but very worried about her husband's health. She insisted on taking his temperature and was horrified to see the mercury register shockingly high.

Mr. Jackman was complaining of piercing back pains that wouldn't let up. Mrs. Jackman phoned the doctor who came immediately. After a thorough examination, the doctor said that Mr. Jackman was suffering from a bad case of pneumonia and should be transferred to a hospital at once.

The next three days were agonizing for Mrs. Jackman and her son. Mr. Jackman lost consciousness, and the doctors were very worried. They were having trouble keeping the temperature down, and this was taking a heavy toll on the patient.

On the third day, Mrs. Jackman had stepped out into the hall for a few minutes, when she saw a familiar face. It was Rabbi Gutfreund, a friend of her husband's since they were boys. Rabbi Gutfreund was on his way to visit a sick member of his shul who was in the same hospital. When he saw Mrs. Jackman, he stopped to ask why she was there. He was terribly upset to hear that his old friend was sick, and even more dismayed to hear of the chain of events that had caused his illness. When he saw Mr. Jackman, he was shocked by the toll his recent ordeal had taken. Knowing his friend as well as he did, Rabbi Gutfreund realized that something must be horribly wrong, and he promised himself that he would get to the bottom of it.

A few phone calls to some of his baalebatim filled in the blanks. Obviously, somebody was ruining Mr. Jackman's reputation. When Mr. Levinson's name came up again and again, Rabbi Gutfreund decided to give him a call.

Once again, Mr. Levinson revealed what he "knew" about Mr. Jackman. This time, however, his caller was not so quick to accept what he heard.

"Mr. Levinson, how well do you know Mr. Jackman?"

Mr. Levinson was forced to admit that he did not know him very well, that in fact he had only met him at the interview, and that his decision not to hire Mr. Jackman was based on hearsay.

"Well, I actually know him quite well," said Rabbi Gutfreund. "In fact, we were in concentration camp together, and you can't get too much closer than that. Yisroel Jackman looked out for me, and his resourcefulness saved our lives more times than I care to admit. Not only do I question the honesty of anyone who can say that he lacks intelligence, but I question the judgment of anyone who would accept this sort of base slander. And yet, you and your fellow businessmen are killing a man based on idle gossip."

Mr. Levinson grew a bit defensive at the rabbi's criticism and protested that killing was a strong choice of words.

"Actually, Mr. Levinson, Chazal tell us that loshon hora is equivalent to murder. But in this case, your words are literally killing a man. Because of what you said, nobody in this town will hire Mr. Jackman, and he has been forced to seek work out of town. The strain has been so great that right now he is in the hospital with pneumonia, and I only hope that he will recover." Mr. Levinson felt overcome with guilt. How had he allowed himself to believe his sister

Devorah so easily? Her idle words could have cost a man his life. He thanked Hashem that he found out the truth while he could still try to repair the damage, and he hurried off to the hospital to beg Mr. Jackman's forgiveness and to offer him a job.

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# Parsha Quiz

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**See how much  
you know!**

1. What was used to light the Menorah?
2. How many special clothes did every Kohen Hedyot wear?
3. How many special clothes did the Kohen Gadol wear?
4. Who was the first Kohen Gadol?
5. Who were his sons?
6. What was inscribed on the shoham stones?
7. How many shoham stones were there?
8. On what were these stones placed?
9. What was placed in the Choshen?
10. What was written on these stones?
11. On what part of the body was the Choshen placed?
12. What was placed inside the fold of the Choshen?
13. Of what material was the me'il made?
14. What was hanging from the me'il?
15. What was placed on the forehead of Aharon Hakohen?
16. What was written on the Tzitz?
17. Of what material was the mitznefes made?
18. If a Kohen did the Avodah without even one of his special garments, what is the punishment?
19. Of what material was the mizbeiach haketores made?
20. What held the badim in place?
21. How long did Aharon and his sons train to prepare their service?
22. Where was the mizbeiach placed?

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# Recipe

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## Tortilla hamantaschen That Taste As Good As They Look

### Ingredients:

20 6 inch flour tortillas, whole wheat or regular, up to you

1 egg, lightly beaten, for egg wash  
prepared techina, for drizzling

finely chopped parsley, for garnish

### For the Meat Filling:

2 lbs extra lean ground beef

4 garlic cloves, minced

2 tbsp tomato paste

1 tsp salt

¼ tsp black pepper

½ tsp cumin

½ tsp paprika

½ tsp red pepper flakes

2-3 dashes cayenne pepper sauce (depending on how spicy you want it), such as Frank's Red Hot Sauce

### Instructions:

#### Prepare the Meat Filling:

1. In a nonstick saucepan, brown meat over medium heat. Using a wooden spoon, stir and separate until meat crumbles and breaks apart. Add garlic, tomato paste, seasoning, and cayenne pepper sauce. Once combined, cover the pot; reduce heat to low.
2. Simmer for 20 minutes, stirring from time to time. Taste and adjust seasoning/heat level to taste. Remove from flame. Let cool.

#### Prepare the Meat Tortillas:

1. Brush the perimeter of each tortilla with some of the egg wash. Place one heaping tablespoon of filling, in the center. Bring together two top corners, then fold over the bottom, to form a triangle (see images to help you). "Glue" the edges together with egg wash so they don't open while baking. As an added precaution, and to make sure your tortilla hamantaschen come out perfect, use a toothpick at each corner, to keep it together while baking (see image).
2. Brush tops with remaining egg wash. Arrange on a parchment paper-lined baking sheet. (They may be frozen at this point.)
3. Preheat oven to 375°F. Bake for 8-10 minutes, until golden and heated through.
4. (If frozen, bake directly from the freezer after preheating the oven; increase baking time by about 10 minutes.) Serve immediately with a drizzle of techina and a sprinkle of chopped parsley for color.

### Notes:

These tortillas are also great served at room temperature, which makes them a great buffet food.

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# Middah of the Week

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Shmiras Halashon

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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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