

# תשפ"ד · Bnos 5784

## Parshas

Emor

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



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# Story

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# LAST MINUTE SARA

Sara, could you please watch the baby for a minute – I must go get something from Mrs. Perlman across the street.”

“Sure. Coming.”

CRASH!

Sara ran into the kitchen. Her nine-month-old baby sister had pulled the tablecloth, and a colorful display of shattered glasses and dishes bore testimony to the deed. The baby smiled happily at Sara, proud at the noise and mess she had generated. She rolled over and proceeded to investigate what she had accomplished.

Sara gasped as she scooped up the baby out of harm's reach. She was entirely at fault! Guiltily, she wondered how long ago the reassuring “coming” had been carelessly tossed. It must have been a good five minutes ago. Five minutes was a long time in the life of a crawling baby – time enough to do considerable damage, thought Sara ruefully. Boruch Hashem the baby wasn't hurt – but boy, was she in for trouble!

That was Sara. Expressions like “right now” and “this very minute” were strictly reserved for oral use. As for carrying them out in practice, that just wasn't Sara's style. Homework was left till just before bedtime, tests were studied for the night before, and projects were handed in the day (or the day after) they were due.

The problem was that Sara got along just fine this way. Somehow she scraped by with completed homework, great test results and projects completed to perfection. It was one of life's mysteries how she managed, but she did. Which wasn't really such a good thing, because Sara was too happy with the way things were going to have the slightest inclination to change .... It seemed that her luck had not held true this time. But Sara was a quick thinker. She could also work fast – when the need arose. Acting fast, she scooped up the mess. A quick appraisal of the damage revealed that the situation looked worse than it was. In reality, one plate (an odd one, anyway) and a glass compote bowl were the only casualties. Sara had triumphed once again. Her mother would surely forgive her once the mess was cleaned up. Besides, how would she know that she hadn't been in the room at the time of the Great Crash?

And so it was. Mrs. Stein was so relieved that the baby was unhurt that she paid little heed to Sara's by-the-way mention of the ill-fated plate and compote bowl.

The teacher's words were met with a buzz of excitement. It had been a long time since their school had held a competition. And this was going to be some competition! Mrs. Bard and Mrs. Lieder, two members of the school board and very distinguished personalities, were to decide on the winners. All the presentations would be on display for parents to look at and admire.

Sara was almost dazed at the thought. Seeds of ideas were beginning to sprout within her, waiting to blossom and take shoot. Sara, who was nothing if not creative, was oblivious to the goings-on around her. Dreamily, she envisioned her masterpiece sitting on the judge's table, just waiting to collect first prize.

"Sara, that's the second time I've called you," her friend Reeve sounded a little irritated.

"Sorry," apologized Sara. "I've just thought of this marvelous idea. It's not so difficult to do, but it's going to look super. Listen ...."

Reeve's eyes gleamed as she listened to Sara's suggestion. That they would be partners did not even have to be verbalized – practical, down-to-earth Reeve and dreamy, last-minute-Sara made the perfect pair in everything they did.

That afternoon there was a phone call for Sara. It was Reeve. "Okay, Sara, when are we going to get cracking?" she asked in her no-nonsense, businesslike voice.

Sara laughed. "Please, Reeve. We have another three whole weeks. There's plenty of time still. What's the rush?"

Reeve sighed. She was used to this line. She would capitulate for today, but tomorrow, she thought determinedly, they would begin – by hook or by crook.

The next day found Sara reluctantly giving in to Reeve's insistence. They planned and shopped and sketched and cut. The theme of the competition was to build a model home suitable for the year 2000 – with any modern inventions conceivable. Sara and Reeve's brainstorm was to build a model of the Third Bais Hamikdosh – complete with all the little details.

It was two days before the Great Day. The model was almost completed. The girls were in the basement, where they had just finished applying the last coats of gold paint on the pillars and had painstakingly arranged the carefully sewn clothing of the Kohen Godol on tiny models. The final result was breathtaking.

Sara stepped back to admire their work. "It's a dream," breathed Reeve, standing at her side. Sara nodded in agreement. She was too absorbed in her observations to even speak.

Reeve looked at her watch. "Ooops!" she exclaimed. "I didn't realize how late it is. I told my mother I'd be home by 5:30. I really must run. Please remember to put this away in a safe place, somewhere high up where nobody can get to it. On the day of the competition I'll come and we'll take it to school together."

"Sure," agreed Sara, "I'll put it away right away. Come on, I'll walk you home first."

Ten minutes later Sara had walked Reeve home and was back home herself. "I ought to put away the model," she thought. "But first I'll take a snack. I'm hungry after all those hours of work."

Sara finished her snack and was about to go down to the basement when she remembered the book she had been longing to read all those days when Reeve was tugging at her sleeve urging her to get to work. There was only a brief struggle with her conscience before she turned about and curled up on the armchair with the book. "I'll get to the model in another minute," she thought.

"Sara," called her mother. "Could you please give Ari a bath and put him to bed? I've already got the bath water running."

“Okay,” replied Sara, “I’m coming right now.” So saying, she turned another page and read on. The plot was thickening... she had to find out what happened next. Just one more page and she’d see to Ari. Meanwhile, her brother was happily playing with his Lego. He had no objections to delayed bedtime.

The minutes passed; the pages were turned. Half an hour passed. Sara was halfway through her book when she looked up at the clock. “Could it really be?” she wondered in disbelief. “I just about sat down ....”

Feeling just a little guilty, she took Ari by the hand and led him to the bathroom. Outside the door she gave an exclamation of shock.

Oh no! Water was seeping under the door and leaking through the carpet in a slow but steady trickle. It was then that she remembered her mother’s words: I’ve already got the bath water running ....

Fearful of what she would find, she gingerly opened the bathroom door. The room was flooded with water. She had to practically wade through to get to the faucet. How on earth was she going to get rid of the deluge? She had no choice. She would have to alert her mother. Two hours later, the water was mopped up, the suitable telling-off doled out, and Sara was feeling considerably subdued. Yet the worst was still to come.

Sara stepped down into the basement to put away the model. She had learned her lesson, she thought, and was putting duty first from now on. But she was soon to find out that it was too late – this time.

Sara gasped when she saw the damage. Her model, their model, the fruits of their labor for the past three weeks was ruined beyond repair. She stared up at the ceiling, watching the water trickling down menacingly. What was she going to do now? How could she ever face Reeva again? How could she ever forgive herself?

Sara’s despair deepened as the enormity of the irreversible situation sank in. There was a lump in her throat as she headed toward the telephone to tell Reeva.

In times like these one knows who is a true friend. After the initial shock had worn off, it was Reeva who was doing the comforting. “It’s too bad it happened,” she said, “but after all, it’s only a model and in a few years from now we’ll have long forgotten about it. The main thing is to take note on how to prevent similar things from happening in the future ....”

Sara took her words to heart. Sometimes it takes something really dramatic to shake a person up from a lethargic attitude. Sara’s lesson was dramatic indeed, but learn she did.

(Reprinted from Hamodia)

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# Parsha Quiz

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**See how much  
you know!**

1. May a Kohen make himself tamei by touching a dead person?
2. To which seven relatives may a Kohen make himself tamei if any of them should die?
3. To which relatives may a Kohen Godol make himself tamei if any of them should die?
4. When may any Kohen touch a dead person?
5. Who must make sure that the Kohanim remain holy?
6. May a Kohen marry a divorced woman?
7. How do we show respect to the Kohen?
8. What kind of woman may a Kohen Godol marry?
9. What kind of blemish prohibits a Kohen forever from doing the Avodah?
10. How old must an animal be to be brought as a Korbon?
11. May you slaughter a mother animal and then her child on the same day?
12. May you slaughter a father animal and then his child on the same day?
13. If you first slaughtered the child, may you then slaughter the mother animal on the same day?
14. For what three Aveiros must a person give up his life rather than transgress them?
15. Who has the right to proclaim a leap year?
16. Which month is always the leap month?
17. Why does the Parsha about the Yomim Tovim begin with the Shabbos?
18. Who must sanctify the new month?
19. On which day of which month do we celebrate Pesach?
20. On which day of which month is the Korbon Pesach slaughtered?
21. According to the Torah, for how many days is Pesach celebrated?
22. What kind of work may be done on Yom Tov?
23. What kind of work may you do on Chol Hamoed?

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# Recipe

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## Chocolate-Yogurt Muffins

### Ingredients:

#### Muffins:

2 eggs  
1/4 cup oil or Glicks Applesauce  
2/3 cup sugar  
1/2 cup plain yogurt (regular or Greek)  
1 and 1/2 teaspoons coffee dissolved in 1/4 cup boiling water  
1 cup white whole-wheat flour such as Shibolim  
1/2 cup Gefen Cocoa  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
1/2 teaspoon Haddar Baking Powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
1/2 cup Haddar Mini Chocolate Chips, optional

#### Topping:

1/2 cup plain Greek yogurt  
1 egg yolk  
1 and 1/2 tablespoons sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

### Directions:

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Grease or line 12 muffin tins.
2. Prepare the muffin batter: In a mixing bowl, lightly beat eggs, oil, and sugar by hand.
3. Add remaining ingredients; mix until smooth.
4. Spoon batter into prepared muffin tins. Bake 10 minutes, until a crust begins to form.
5. Meanwhile, prepare yogurt topping: In a small bowl, mix ingredients until smooth.
6. Indenting the center of the muffins slightly, spoon a dollop of topping into the center of each muffin.
7. Bake 15 more minutes.

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# Middah of the Week

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Zerizus

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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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