

# תשפ"ד · Bnos 5784

## Parshas

Eikev

אָחינו כָּל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל הַנִּתְּוֹנִים בַּצָּרָה וּבִשְׁבִּיָּה הָעוֹמְדִים בֵּין בָּיִם וּבֵין בִּיבְשָׁה הַמָּקוֹם יָרַחם עֲלֵיהֶם וְיֹצִיאֵם מִצָּרָה לְרוּחָה וּמֵאֲפֵלָה לְאוֹרָה וּמִשְׁעָבוֹד לְגֵאֲלָה הַשְׁתָּא בַּעֲגָלָא וּבְזִמְנָא קָרִיב וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן:



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# Story

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## A PEARL TO REMEMBER

As a dynamic young man in the early 1960's, Zev Feit was a hard worker who brought home a good paycheck every week. With his mother's birthday just around the corner, Zev decided to spend part of his savings on a special present for her. He considered the matter for some time before settling on a necklace as the perfect gift.

Zev called Baruch, a family friend, and asked him for advice. "I don't know the first thing about jewelry, but I want to get my mother something really nice. Do me a favor and find me a good, honest dealer. I need someone I can trust or I'll really be taken for a ride."

Baruch thought it over for a moment. "I know just the person for you, Zev. Give me a day or two and I'll arrange everything."

A few days later, Baruch personally escorted Zev to a tiny shop where an elderly Polish Jew sat behind a narrow counter. Baruch introduced Zev to the dealer and explained that the young man wanted to purchase a birthday gift for his mother.

"Zev is a good friend of mine," Baruch stressed. "Please treat him the same way you would treat me."

The elderly dealer nodded reassuringly, and Baruch gave Zev an encouraging pat on the shoulder and left.

"Well, young man," the old man began. "You want to buy a necklace for your mother. How much do you want to spend?"

"A few hundred dollars," Zev said cautiously. "Can you show me some necklaces in that price range?" The dealer pulled out several trays of pearl necklaces. "Here. These necklaces cost two hundred fifty dollars, these four hundred, these three hundred ..."

Zev helplessly eyed the strings of pearls. "I-I really don't understand the difference between them. Could you please explain?"

Patience, the dealer pointed out the differences in colors and sizes, explaining why one type of pearl was considered more valuable than another. As the "lesson" continued, the old man asked Zev about his family background.

"It isn't every young man who wants to buy a necklace for his mother," he commented. "What is your family name? Where are you from?"

"My full name is Zev Feit," Zev replied. "I was brought up here in America. But my mother is originally from Poland, from Galicia, from the city of Sanok."

The dealer stopped fiddling with the pearls and looked up at Zev. "What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Rivka Berger," answered Zev. "Her mother was Sarah Berger."

The dealer studied him for another long moment. "So you are buying this pearl necklace for Sarah Berger's daughter?"

"Well, yes," Zev said, puzzled. "But —"

Without another word, the dealer suddenly snatched up the trays of pearls and thrust them out of sight beneath the counter.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Zev protested. "I haven't decided which necklace to buy."

"I cannot sell you any of these," the dealer said firmly. He turned and disappeared through a door at the back of the store. Zev stood there, bewildered by the sudden change of events.

Why wouldn't this elderly Jew sell him a pearl necklace for his mother?

Moments later, the dealer came marching back, holding a single necklace in his hand. "Here," he said, laying the necklace on the counter. "I will sell you this one. It costs five hundred dollars."

"But — but —" Zev sputtered. "What about the other necklaces? Why do you want me to buy this one?"

The dealer shook his head. "No, this one. I will sell you only these pearls. They cost five hundred dollars."

"I don't understand," Zev said, upset. "You told Baruch you would treat me well, but you —"

"I treating you well," the old Jew interrupted. "I assure you. I am treating you just as I would Reb Baruch, and I am telling you to buy these pearls. Believe me, they are perfect for your mother."

Zev looked down at the string of pearls in the dealer's hand. To his untrained eye, they seemed practically identical to the other necklaces now hidden out of sight beneath the counter.

Why should he pay five hundred dollars for this particular necklace? On the other hand, he trusted Baruch, and Baruch evidently believed that this Jew was an honest, trustworthy dealer.

Zev decided to purchase the necklace.

A few days later, Zev proudly gave his mother the birthday present he had so carefully chosen for her. Mrs. Feit was both delighted and astonished by her gift.

"They're beautiful, Zev," she said. "But you didn't have to do this. I'm sure you paid too much for them. How much did they cost?"

Zev refused to tell his mother how much he had spent, saying only that he had purchased the necklace through Baruch. "Don't worry. I know I got a good deal, and I'm glad I was able to do it."

Mrs. Feit cherished her precious birthday gift, saving the long string of pearls only for the most special occasions. When she was not wearing them, she kept them hidden in a small box behind the dressing table in her bedroom.

Fifteen years passed. The pearl necklace appeared at Zev's wedding and at other special family affairs, but the bizarre tale of the Polish dealer had been long since forgotten.

Events took a new turn when the mirror on the dressing table fell down and crashed right onto the little box containing the pearl necklace. While the pearls themselves were undamaged, the string snapped in two. The impact sent the pearls flying all over the room, rolling into corners and underneath chairs.

Upset, Mrs. Feit carefully gathered all the pearls together and took them to a jeweler she knew, asking him to arrange to have the necklace restrung. The jeweler promised Zev's mother he would take care of it and sent the pearls to a fellow dealer to do the job.

When the man brought the restrung necklace back to the jeweler, he commented, "You don't often send me jewelry of this quality. I didn't know that you had such rich customers."

"What do you mean?" the jeweler demanded. "My customer isn't rich."

"Yeah?" The man looked skeptical. "So what's she doing with a pearl necklace worth over six thousand dollars?"

The jeweler was astonished. "It can't be!" he blurted. "It's impossible. The customer is a friend of mine. She's not rich at all." The man shrugged. "I don't know about that, but I do know pearls, and I would value these at over six thousand dollars."

The jeweler called Mrs. Feit on the telephone. "How can you wear such expensive pearls?" he asked her. "You never struck me as the showy type."

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Feit asked, mystified. "Are my pearls ready or not?" "Yes, yes, they're all ready. You can come down and get them." When Mrs. Feit arrived at the shop, the jeweler was waiting impatiently. He waved the pearls at her. "This necklace is worth over six thousand dollars! How can you walk around with pearls like this?"

Zev's mother was speechless. Six thousand dollars! It was impossible. Could her son have really paid so much money all those years ago for a birthday gift?

"I can't explain it," she mumbled. She paid the jeweler for restringing the pearls and gingerly carried the necklace home. She carefully locked the door before calling up Zev and indignantly demanding why he had spent so much money on her. "But I didn't," Zev protested.

"You must have," Mrs. Feit asserted. "The jeweler said my pearls are worth six thousand dollars. How could you spend so much money on a necklace?"

"I didn't," Zev insisted. "I paid five hundred dollars, that's all. If the dealer sold me a six-thousand-dollar necklace for five hundred dollars.... Look, talk to Baruch. He introduced me to the dealer in the first place. Maybe he can explain it."

Mrs. Feit did call Baruch, but Baruch was unable to explain why an old Polish Jew had sold Zev such a valuable string of pearls for such a low price. "Well, can you ask him?" Mrs. Feit pressed.

"Mr. Mikovsky died many years ago," Baruch said regretfully. "I wish I had an explanation for you, but there's no way we'll ever find out now." Baruch was wrong. A few months later, Mrs. Feit was talking to her older sister and related the entire story. "Imagine, Zev paid five hundred dollars for a pearl necklace that's valued at over six thousand! Why should this Mr. Mikovsky do such a thing?"

“Mikovsky,” her sister repeated thoughtfully. “Mikovsky ... Oh, yes, of course! Listen, Rivka. I think I have the explanation. “By the time you were born, the czars were no longer in power, but I can still remember how the czar would send soldiers into town to round up the young Jewish children and conscript them into the army. We all knew that it was a death sentence to these young boys. Richer families were able to bribe the soldiers into leaving their children alone, but the poorer families in town were forced to try to hide their children or run away before they could be caught.

“During one of these roundups, a young boy named Mikovsky came scratching at our door in the middle of the night. He told our parents that the soldiers were after him and begged them to help him hide. It was dangerous, but our parents took him into the house and hid him in the cellar, feeding him and guarding him until the soldiers had left town in search of other victims.

“They never found Mikovsky. He left our home when it was safe, and the last news we heard of him was that he had managed to escape to America. That must be the explanation, Rivka. The old Polish dealer was none other than the same boy that our parents saved from forced conscription into the army.”

Mrs. Feit called Zev and excitedly told him the story. “What do you think, Zev? Could this possibly be the answer?”

Zev thought back, trying to remember an incident that had taken place fifteen years before. “Yes. Yes, that must be it! I remember, he asked me about our family. I told him your maiden name, and he very carefully asked if I was buying the necklace for Sarah Berger’s daughter. He must have recognized the name and felt that this was his chance to repay an old debt of gratitude. No other explanation makes sense.”

Zev’s mother treasured the precious pearls for the rest of her life, awed at the tremendous hakoras hatov inherent in their value. After her passing, the pearls were given to Zev’s daughter Sarah, named after the grandmother who had saved Mikovsky’s life so many decades before.

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# Parsha Quiz

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**See how much  
you know!**

1. What was the purpose in giving Bnei Yisroel the Mann?
2. To what does Hashem compare the way He rebukes Bnei Yisroel?
3. What is the danger of Bnei Yisroel living in a land full of goodness?
4. What are the sheish zechiros? Which one is mentioned in this Parsha?
5. How many times in total did Moshe Rabbeinu go up Har Sinai?
6. Why did he go up each time?
7. What was the date of each ascent?
8. Why was Hashem angry with Aharon? In which way did Hashem want to punish him?
9. What happened to Dasan and Aviram?
10. When does Hashem decide how much rain Eretz Yisroel will get?
11. In which Parshiyos would I find the three paragraphs of Shema?
12. What is tefillah called?
13. Explain the Mitzvah of "V'halachta bidrachav".

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# Recipe

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## Zaatar Bagel Tuna Melt

### Ingredients:

Zaatar Tuna Salad

2 cans Gefen White Albacore Tuna

1/2 a lemon, squeezed

pinch of salt

pinch of pepper

2 tablespoons celery, chopped fine

2 tablespoons red onion, chopped fine

2 tablespoons Gefen Light Mayo

1/2 teaspoon Pereg Za'atar

1/2 teaspoon dried dill

1 bagel (your favorite)

### Toppings:

spinach leaves

tomatoes

Chevington Mild Cheddar Cheese

Pereg Za'atar

### Directions:

1. Open the tuna cans and drain well. Place into a bowl. Squeeze the lemon on top. Mix the other ingredients together to make the zaatar tuna salad.

2. Toast two bagels and cut open. Top with spinach leaves, tuna, and sliced tomatoes. Add a slice of Chevington mild cheddar cheese on top. Sprinkle with zaatar. Continue to toast until the cheese has melted.

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# Middah of the Week

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## Hakaras Hatov

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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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