

תשפ"ד · Bnos 5784

Parshas

Ki Tzeitzei

אָחינו כָּל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל הַנִּתְּוֹנִים בַּצָּרָה וּבַשְּׂבִיָּה הָעוֹמְדִים בֵּין בָּיִם וּבֵין בִּיבְשָׁה הַמָּקוֹם יָרַחם עָלֵיהֶם וְיֹצִיאֵם מִצָּרָה לְרוּחָה וּמִאֲפֶלֶה לְאוֹרָה וּמִשְׁעָבוֹד לְגִאֲלָה הַשְׁתָּא בַּעֲגָלָא וּבְזִמְנָא קָרִיב וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן:



Story

HASHEM IS WITH ME - I DO NOT FEAR

The inhabitants of Strovitch prepared for the Yom Tov of Rosh Hashonoh with tense excitement. An important guest had come to their town - none other than the well-known Reb Boruch.

Reb Boruch was a saintly man, full of humility and kindness. To him every Jew was a fellow brother, and he loved them all, whatever their position or circumstance, rich or poor, ignorant or learned. He would spend his days traveling through the country, offering help and advice wherever it was needed. Through simple stories and parables he taught Torah to the villagers and gave them a new faith in Hashem. Now it was the day before Rosh Hashonoh. Reb Boruch's room at the Rov's house was crowded with people who had come to ask his advice, beg for a blessing or listen to words of wisdom.

Someone asked Reb Boruch whether he would honor them by acting as ba'al tekiah and blow the shofar for them on Rosh Hashonoh. Reb Boruch accepted but added softly: "It is not necessary for you to fetch a shofar. I have my own; it travels with me and is used each year."

There was a hush in the room, as Reb Boruch carefully drew from his bag what was obviously his most cherished possession. Lovingly he fingered this precious shofar. It was indeed most beautiful, gleaming even in the daylight and shaped so perfectly as to be almost hand-made.

"It has not grown old with the years," he mused aloud. Forgetting for a moment the people around, he reflected. "In every person the shofar arouses different thoughts and emotions. It holds an individual message for us all."

The room was still; no one dared interrupt. As if sensing their thoughts, Reb Boruch looked up, his eyes staring into the distance. "Yes, my shofar holds a special message. It is many years since I related the story, but there is a lesson in it for everyone, so I will tell it to you ...

"As a child, I grew up in a small village at the edge of a forest. My father was a woodchopper; my mother cared for a few hens and sheep, which she kept at the back of the house. Between them they earned just about enough money to keep us all alive.

"In those days, before I had seen much of the world, I enjoyed my own company and would spend hours walking alone through the forest. Alone with my thoughts, I could reflect on the beauty of nature, review my Chumash lessons or day-dream as all children do. Sometimes I would bring along a sheep or my favorite ram. I often felt that they too were familiar with the winding paths and hidden corners I knew so well.

"This peaceful life was suddenly shattered when my mother became mysteriously ill. For hours she tossed and turned in the grip of a strange fever. Never before had any of us recited Tehillim with such kavonah. Finally, desperate with worry, my father scraped together his last few coins, and I was sent to fetch the doctor who lived many miles away.

"I had traveled the route countless times before and so was not alarmed at the prospect of this long journey through the nearby forest. With the family's urgent blessings still ringing in my ears I set off briskly, praying all the while that Hashem would cure my mother. It was a beautiful day, but now the singing birds and pretty wild flowers could not distract me. I pressed on, eager to leave the forest and reach the doctor as soon as possible.

"An hour or two later I grew weary and sank down on a nearby log for a short rest. After what seemed like only a few minutes I opened my eyes to find the sun already sinking. Valuable time had been lost. I jumped to my feet, anxious to leave the forest before darkness fell. Pressing on urgently, I was soon forced to halt. The paths were no longer familiar. I tried a different direction, but to no avail. I was hopelessly lost.

"Even now, so many years later, I can recall the terror I felt at this moment. I despaired of ever reaching the doctor or returning home. Those hours, huddled against a tree trunk were like a dreadful nightmare. I tried to daven but found that the words choked in my throat. I felt then - may I be forgiven for thinking it - that Hashem had left me there to die.

"Eventually dawn broke, but I still had no idea where I was. As I tried every possible turning, it seemed as if I were walking in circles, always returning to the same spot. Then, when I had almost given up hope of ever finding my way out of the forest alive, I heard the sound of crackling branches. My blood froze. Something white was moving in the bushes. A moment later, my ram stood before me.

"It was incredible and, indeed, when he immediately disappeared I thought it must all have been a dream. But then he reappeared, slipped away again, and a moment later once more stood in front of me.

"It seemed clear that I was to follow. Hesitatingly I did so for about an hour. That ram seemed to know each and every corner of the forest. It would turn its head as if to ensure that I was following close behind. I had no idea where I was being led.

"Suddenly we came upon a clearing and there, a few yards ahead, was the path leading from the forest. Jumping for joy I ran forward."

At this point Reb Boruch paused and, with a start, we came back to the present. It was hard to imagine him as a child, but not for a moment did anyone doubt a word of his story. He was obviously very moved by these vivid memories. He told us that his mother recovered; the doctor arrived just in time to cure her.

With a smile he continued, "You may wonder what this has to do with my precious shofar. This horn was taken from that very ram. But I do not treasure it for sentimental reasons. It holds a Rosh Hashonoh message for me. Alone in the center of that forest I felt completely forsaken. I despaired of ever being rescued. At that moment the ram sent by Hashem to save me appeared and taught me the greatest lesson of my life. Hashem Li Lo Irah- Hashem is with me; I need not fear. In these troubled times the memory of that incident has often been of great comfort to me."

That Rosh Hashonoh was a memorable one for all the people of Strovitch. Never before had they heard a shofar produce such a clear sound. It seemed to respond to Reb Boruch's very touch. Deep in concentration, everyone listened as the Tekiah Shevarim Teruah reverberated throughout the shul. Its solemn voice seemed to echo the hopeful message: Hashem Li Lo Irah.

Parsha Quiz

**See how much
you know!**

Crack the Parsha Code:

1. a Y T is a W captured in W, which the Torah sometimes lets a Jew M
2. a B S U is a S over 13 Y O who S's from his P's and B's M and W
3. a F B S gets a D portion in his I when his F dies
4. if you F a L O belonging to a J, there is a M to R it
5. if you F B's in your F, you must L them for the P
6. a M cannot W the C of a W, and a W cannot W the C of a M
7. it is a M to S away the mother B before taking her E's or C
8. you must B a F on your R, so no one will F off
9. you cannot M 2 different P's or A's, or wear W and L mixed together
10. when L'ing M to another J, you cannot C him I
11. if a M D's his W, he cannot M her again, once she M's another man
12. when B D gives someone L's, they cannot W him more than 39 times
13. it is a M to D the N of A

Recipe

No Mixer Honey Cake

Ingredients:

Dry Ingredients:

3 ½ cups flour

1 ½ cups sugar

½ cup brown sugar

1 tbsp baking powder

1 tsp baking soda

½ tsp salt

1 tbsp + 1 tsp cinnamon

Wet Ingredients:

1 cup oil

1 cup honey

3 large eggs

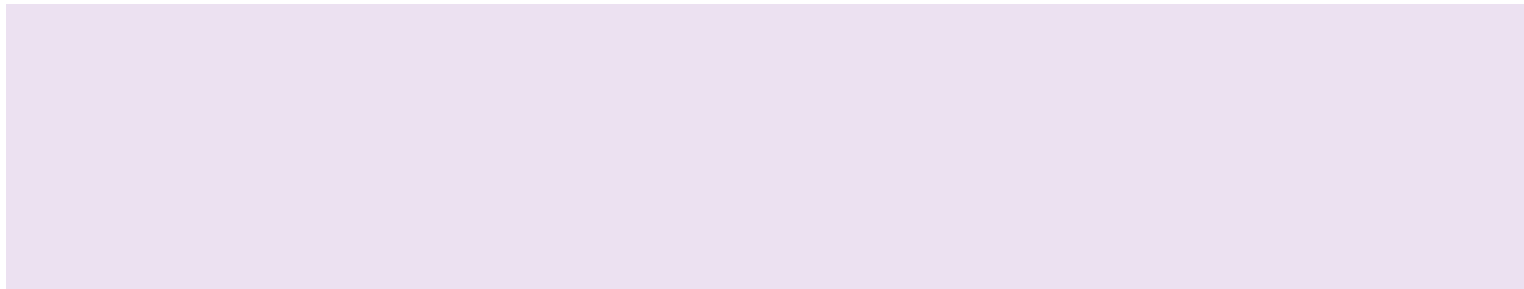
1 cup prepared coffee, cooled

½ cup orange juice

Instructions:

1. Preheat oven to 350

Middah of the Week



We want to hear from you!!

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