

# Let My People Shmooz

Interactive Questions to Spark Your Shabbos Table Discussions



SEE THE GOOD, SAY THE GOOD!

ISSUE 9

SHABBOS PARASHAS NOACH 5785

We'd love to hear your feedback, stories, and ideas. Email us at [aderaba@cchfglobal.org](mailto:aderaba@cchfglobal.org)

## Are we talking about the same person?

**G**ershon and I are co-counselors at a sleepaway camp and visiting day is coming up. I want to talk to Gershon about some of the more difficult campers before we speak to the parents—just to make sure we're on the same page. We'll look very unprofessional if I tell a parent, "He never goes to *daven*," and Gershon tells him,

"He *davens* beautifully!" I don't have anything against any of the campers. I just think Gershon and I need to figure out how to handle some of the negative things that might need to be said.

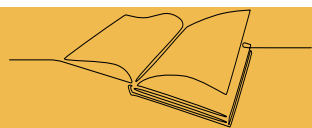
— Levi



What's the ***Psak?***  
Can you guess the halachah?

- A **Yes**, the two counselors can speak about the campers so that their stories match.
- B **No**, it is not a valid *to'eles*.

1- See Sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Loshon Hora 101:2



## The Halachah

The answer is B.

No; looking professional does not meet the requirements of *to'eles*.<sup>1</sup>

Reviewed by Rav Moshe Mordechai Lowy

Rav Avraham Yaakov Pam zt"l advised great caution when presenting halachic scenarios to the public, as each situation is unique. This *she'eilah* is for discussion only; actual halachic decisions should be made by a rav or halachic expert on a case-by-case basis.

The Shmiras Haloshon Shailah Hotline 718-951-3696 2-3PM / 9-10:30 PM

## Who Gets the Benefit?

**N**ot every "constructive purpose" is permitted. *To'eles* must be a direct benefit for the person who needs to be helped or protected, which in this case is the camper.

**Aspire Higher**

**No one** is too poor to give a gift with the words he speaks, nor too rich to **need** that gift.

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the heart  
of a Yid

שגרה מעלת חבריו

## Angels Behind Bars

Excerpted from  
"Touched by  
a Story" by  
Yechiel Spero,  
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**R**abbi Aryeh Levine zt"l was known throughout the world for his unlimited *ahavas Yisrael*. One of his great acts of kindness was to *daven* on Shabbos with a group of prisoners. They felt uplifted being around him, and they were touched that he wanted to spend Shabbos with them.

One Shabbos, a messenger burst into the prisoners' "Beis Knesses."

"Rabbi—you must come!" the man shouted. "Your daughter! Something terrible has happened." Reb Aryeh hurried home and was sent to Shaarei Tzedek Hospital. There, his wife tearfully told him that she had found their daughter in bed, nearly-comatose and burning with fever. The doctors had not yet found the cause.

Soon, around-the-clock *Tehillim* vigils were organized, and Reb Aryeh stayed by his daughter's bedside. By the following Shabbos, nothing

had changed. Reb Aryeh decided to leave the hospital to join his prison *minyan*. How could he keep from them the one thing that fed their *neshamos*?



The prisoners, who knew about Reb Aryeh's daughter, were shocked to see him. When they asked about her condition, the Rav answered with all his heart, "Hashem will help."

*Shacharis* moved along and the Torah reading began. The first *aliyah* went to Uri, a prisoner. The *gabbai* waited to hear what Uri would donate for his *Mi Shebeirach*. Peering at Reb Aryeh, Uri made a shocking offer—one day of his life to the Rav's daughter. Reb

Aryeh's amazement at this outpouring of love kept growing as the "donation" repeated itself with each new *aliyah*. When tough-talking Dov Tamari rose for *Maftir*, the room went silent.

Would he, too, offer a day of his life?

"What is our life in prison worth compared to the pain of Reb Aryeh and his daughter?" Dov asked. "I give the rest of my life to

his little girl!"

Reb Aryeh looked around at these men. Whatever mistakes they had made, today they were like angels. When he returned to the hospital that day, he learned that his daughter had inexplicably opened her eyes. But to Reb Aryeh, it was not inexplicable at all.

## Take it to the Table

**What inspired the prisoners to be so selfless?**  
What inspires kindness in you?

What's  
the real  
story?



## She Left Me Hanging!

Miriam and Nechama were ninth-graders who were close friends. On many nights, after homework was done, they spent a long time shmoozing on the phone.

One night, when Nechama was telling Miriam all about her search for a gown for her brother's wedding, Miriam stopped her. "Oh no!" she

said. "My parents are out, and my mother left a roast in the oven for

me to take out at 10:30. It's already 10:45! Hold on a couple of minutes. I'll be right back."

Miriam was holding. And holding. And holding some

more. How long could it take to get a roast out of the oven? Then Miriam heard something that hurt her feelings. She could hear another voice in the background coming through the phone. Had someone stopped by to see Nechama? Was Nechama sitting around shmoozing with the other girl while Miriam sat forgotten on the other end of the line?

By the time Nechama came back, Miriam was quite irritated.

"Sorry it took so long," said Nechama. "The pan tipped a little when I pulled it out of the oven and the gravy spilled out all over the place. I had to clean it all up."

"Well, OK. But at least be honest," said

Nechama. "You had someone else over there. I heard her talking."

"What are you talking about?" Miriam argued. "Who would visit me at 10:45 at night?"

"Well, you can say what you want, but I know what I heard," Nechama replied.

## Can you Crack the case?

Suddenly Miriam burst out laughing. "Oh! I know what you heard. My sister's obsessed with Rebbetzin Gross's *shiurim* on the *parashah*. It's on the hotline every Thursday from 10-11, and she keeps it on speaker. That's what you were hearing!"

"Oh," Nechama said. "I guess I should have known you wouldn't just forget about me..."

Adapted with permission from *The Other Side of the Story*, by Rebbetzin Yehudis Samet, published by ArtScroll/Mesorah Publications



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