

AT THE ARTSCROLL SHABBOS TABLE

WEEKLY INSPIRATION AND INSIGHT ADAPTED FROM CLASSIC ARTSCROLL TITLES

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פרשת ויקהל
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PROJECT DEDICATED BY MENACHEM AND BINAH BRAUNSTEIN AND FAMILY
L'ILLUI NISHMAS RAV MOSHE BEN RAV YISSOCHOR BERISH AND MARAS YENTA BAS YISROEL CHAIM

PARASHAH

ROUND TRIP GREATNESS

Living the Parashah — Shemos by Rabbi Shimon Finkelman

וַיֹּאמְרוּ אֶל מֹשֶׁה לֵאמֹר מִרְבִּים הָעָם לְהֵבִיא ... וַיֹּצֵו מֹשֶׁה ...
אִישׁ וְאִשָּׁה אֶל יַעֲשׂוּ עוֹד מְלָאכָה לְתִרְוַמַת הַקֹּדֶשׁ

*They said to Moshe as follows: "The people are bringing more than enough ...
[Therefore] Moshe commanded ... "Man and woman shall not do more work
toward the gift for the Sanctuary" (Shemos 36:5-6).*

The builders and artisans informed Moshe that there were more than enough materials for the construction of the *Mishkan*, its vessels and the making of the *Kohanim's* vestments. Moshe therefore issued a call which brought the preparation of materials to an end.

Why did Moshe say, "Man and woman shall not *do more work*"? Why didn't he say, "Man and woman shall not *bring any more materials*"? *Sefer Kli Chemdah* suggests the following:

Picture a person who had prepared materials for the *Mishkan*, was getting ready to transport them to where the construction was taking place, and then heard the announcement that nothing more was needed. Surely, he would be hurt to see that his efforts were for naught. Moshe Rabbeinu did not want this to happen. Therefore, he announced that no more "work," meaning preparation of materials, was needed. However, if someone had already prepared the materials, he was asked to bring them. They could be used for future repairs or to make additional vessels.

It is upsetting and frustrating for a person to see that his efforts were fruitless. Great people are careful to recognize the efforts of others on their behalf and to make them feel appreciated.

For Yonason Goldberg, it was a moment for which he had been waiting for a long time. He had traveled from Queens to Monsey to seek advice on

an important matter from one of the generation's luminaries, Rabbi Yaakov Kamenetsky.

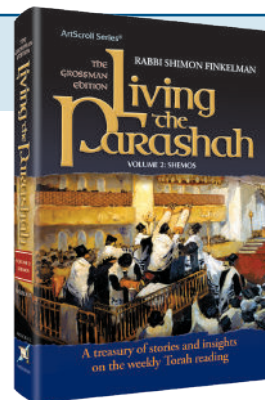
The discussion did not last as long as Yonason had expected. With his keen insight and unparalleled wisdom, R' Yaakov quickly cut through to the heart of the matter, resolving it clearly and succinctly. With the discussion apparently over, the sage asked his visitor, "Are you returning from here to Queens?"

Yonason nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, then," R' Yaakov went on, "I have a favor to ask of you. Our grandchild has been staying with us and needs to go to the airport in Queens. We already arranged for a neighbor of ours to undertake this mitzvah. But for whatever reason, he is not comfortable driving alone. My rebbetzin and I had said that we would accompany him on the round trip. However, if you can take our grandchild, there will be no need for us to go along."

Yonason was only too happy to save R' Yaakov and his rebbetzin from having to make such a trip. However, he was not ready to leave just yet. He had waited so long for this opportunity; there were other questions, none of them terribly urgent or important, that he wanted to ask R' Yaakov. He proceeded to ask his questions, one by one. As soon as R' Yaakov answered a question, Yonason had something else to ask. Only later did he realize that R' Yaakov had been

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Rav Yaakov Kamenetsky

Moshe Walkin, a 21-year-old bachur from Lakewood, was learning at Yeshivas Mir in Yerushalayim. A few days before Lag B'Omer, his close friend ran to him bursting with excitement. "You're not going to believe it!" he said. "I got a few VIP passes to pour the oil for lighting the Toldos Aharon bonfire in Meron!"

Moshe and his friends would be up-front and close to the center of the action. They would be able to pour the oil that the Toldos Aharon Rebbe would light!

The boys reserved an apartment in Meron and thought about little else but their thrilling upcoming adventure. However, Moshe got a call from his father, Rabbi Aharon Walkin, that would change the plan. Reb Aharon had been putting in a concerted effort to obtain all the permits needed during those times of Covid-restricted travel to come to Yerushalayim and pay a long overdue visit to his elderly father. He would be arriving right before Lag B'Omer and he wanted his son to come with him to visit his zeidy.

Moshe was disappointed. Instead of spending the night with his friends in Meron, he would be spending it with his father and Zeidy in Yerushalayim. However, Moshe knew what his priorities had to be. He told his father about his arrangements for Meron, adding, "But of course I'll stay with you, Totty."

On Erev Lag B'Omer, at 5 p.m., Reb Aharon arrived at Ben Gurion airport. He took a cab directly to his father's apartment in Yerushalayim, where he and Moshe spent several hours. At about 10 p.m., Reb Aharon told Moshe that he would drive with him to Meron to catch the remainder of the celebration.



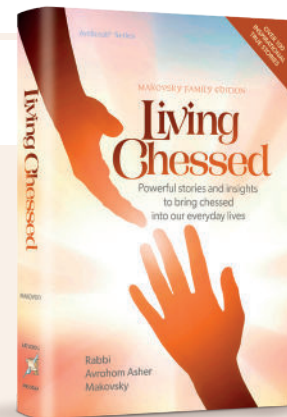
Reb Aharon and Moshe Walkin on the way to Meron.

THEY AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING TO THE SHOCKING NEWS.

However, by the time they arrived in Meron, several hours later, the police were stationed along the road turning everyone back. "No one is allowed into the area," they were told. The Walkins had no choice but to return to Yerushalayim. They awoke the next morning to the shocking news. The combination of overcrowding and limited exits had resulted in causing the people to lose their balance, fall upon and crush each other. The epicenter of the tragedy was the Toldos Aharon bonfire, and the two friends with whom Moshe was supposed to share the experience — Dovi Steinmetz and Yossi Kohn — had perished in the crush.

The Torah gives us two ways to merit arichus yamim. One is the mitzvah of kibbud av v'eim. As Reb Aharon so eloquently stated, it took two hefty doses of this mitzvah to save Moshe's life. "For me, leaving Lakewood to go visit my father in Eretz Yisrael was very hard to arrange. For my son, he had to give up this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. It was with magnificent mesiras nefesh that he did kibbud av v'eim for me. With these two zechusim, he merited to be saved."

No matter what happens, we have to look for the ray of light Hashem will always show us. In our present times, we often see it against the darkness, but we will soon arrive at the time when Hashem's light will forever drive the darkness away. 🌟



THE MIRACLE YOU DON'T SEE

continued from page 1

trying, in his very polite and friendly way, to draw the visit to a close.

Then the doorbell rang. It was R' Yaakov's neighbor, who had come to make the trip to the airport. R' Yaakov had been unable to reach him at home and cell phones did not yet ex-

ist. "We'll be with you shortly," R' Yaakov told his neighbor with a smile.

Then he said quietly to Yonason, "We will have to go with my neighbor. Had you left before he came, I would have explained to him that we found a ride that made it unnecessary for my rebbetzin and me to come along — and he certainly would have un-

derstood. But now that my grandchild is still here and the neighbor is ready and eager to make the trip, I think that he will feel bad if we tell him that we have found a different ride."

And so, to avoid hurting the feelings of their neighbor, R' Yaakov and his rebbetzin made the trip to Queens and back. 🌟

YOMI SCHEDULES FOR THIS WEEK:		SHABBOS MARCH 22 כב אדר	SUNDAY MARCH 23 כג אדר	MONDAY MARCH 24 כד אדר	TUESDAY MARCH 25 כה אדר	WEDNESDAY MARCH 26 כו אדר	THURSDAY MARCH 27 כז אדר	FRIDAY MARCH 28 כח אדר
	BAVLI	Sanhedrin 95	Sanhedrin 96	Sanhedrin 97	Sanhedrin 98	Sanhedrin 99	Sanhedrin 100	Sanhedrin 101
	YERUSHALMI	Eruvin 3	Eruvin 4	Eruvin 5	Eruvin 6	Eruvin 7	Eruvin 8	Eruvin 9
	MISHNAH	Eduyos 2:6-7	Eduyos 2:8-9	Eduyos 2:10-3:1	Eduyos 3:2-3	Eduyos 3:4-5	Eduyos 3:6-7	Eduyos 3:8-9
	KITZUR	76:5-13	107:1-108:3	108:4-109:6	109:7-110:5	110:6-12	110:13-111:6	111:7-13

Little Leah was growing up in a *Chassidishe mish-pachah*. Like most five-year-olds, she had her little routines, and when she woke up in the middle of the night, she always knew where to go—to the comforting embrace of her parents' bedroom. That's where the world felt safe, where she could drift back to sleep, enveloped by their presence.

One cold, dark night, Leah woke up and ran to her parents' room, only to find it... empty. The beds were untouched, the lights were off, and there wasn't a trace of her beloved father and mother. The house felt eerily quiet. She called out, "Mommy! Tatty!" but was answered with silence. A wave of fear gripped her. Where could they be?

She began wandering through the house, her small feet padding against the cold floor, her sobs growing louder as she searched each room. Yet her parents weren't anywhere to be found. The house that had always been her haven now felt unfamiliar and vast. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she whispered to herself, "I just need someone... someone to help me fall asleep."

What Leah didn't know was that her parents had stepped out to a wedding, deciding to quickly run and say mazel tov. They had arranged for a neighbor to check in on Leah, but at this late hour, the neighbor wasn't there. Leah was alone.

Then her eyes caught sight of a small piece of paper stuck to the fridge. On it was written a phone number. Leah had heard her parents talk about this number once. It was a number they said was only for the direst of emergencies. The kind of number you call when there's no one else to turn to.

With trembling hands, Leah picked up the phone and dialed.

The phone rang. And rang. And rang. Each ring felt endless to the frightened little girl. Finally, just as she was about to hang up, someone picked up. A warm, calm voice came through the receiver. "Who is this?" the voice asked gently.

Leah took a shaky breath. "It's Leah. I'm home alone, and I'm scared. My parents aren't here."

There was a pause on the other end. Then the voice spoke again, full of reassurance. "Don't worry, Leah.



The Pnei Menachem

One for the Books by Rabbi Yechiel Spero

Your parents will be home soon. You'll be okay."

"But I'm scared," Leah countered. "And when I'm scared, my parents usually tell me stories. That's what helps me fall asleep."

The man on the other end of the line, with much sensitivity and warmth, didn't hesitate. "Then I'll tell you a story."

And he did. He told her a beautiful story, weaving a world of comfort and imagination for the little girl. Her tears slowed; her breathing calmed. And then, as he began the second story, the line grew quiet. Leah was finally falling asleep, clutching the phone, her fears fading into the night. Now relaxed, she hung up the phone and went to back to bed.

The next morning, Leah ran to her parents, her face alight. "Mommy, Tatty," she exclaimed, "I was scared, but I called the number on the fridge, and the man told me stories until I fell asleep."

Her parents exchanged puzzled glances. "What number?"

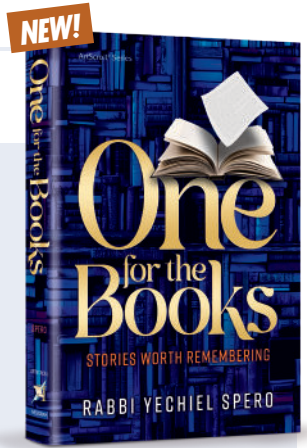
Leah pointed to the refrigerator, and when they saw the number, their faces went pale. That number served as a direct line to one person: their Rebbe, the Pnei Menachem, the Admor of Ger.

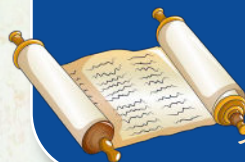
They asked Leah to repeat what happened, hoping it was a child's dream. But Leah's details were too vivid, too real. Their little daughter, in her moment of need, had called the Rebbe himself.

Overcome with a mix of awe and embarrassment, they rushed to the Rebbe's house to apologize. How could they have allowed such a thing to happen? The Rebbe simply smiled, his face radiating joy. "There's no need to apologize," he said. "*Baruch Hashem*, the stories worked. That's what matters."

The Pnei Menachem taught them what it means to truly care for another Yid. Even a little girl in the middle of the night. Even when she calls unexpectedly. Because to him, every Yid mattered, no matter how small.

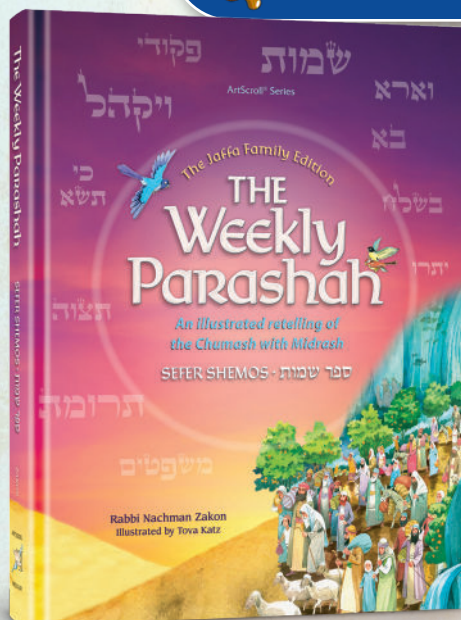
And Leah? She would carry that night in her heart forever, the night a tzaddik made her feel safe, simply by telling her a story. 📖





Parashah for Children

פרשת ויקהל



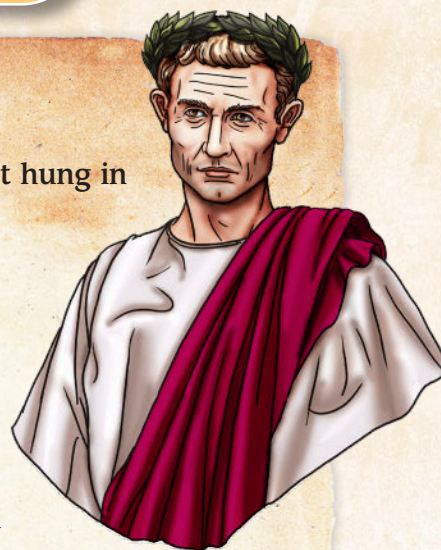
Rome

Whatever happened to the Paroches that hung in the Second Beis HaMikdash?

It was taken to Rome.

How do we know?

Once, in the time of the Gemara, the Romans made laws forbidding the Jews to keep Shabbos and bris milah. R' Shimon bar Yochai and R' Elazar bar R' Yose went to Rome to convince the Romans to cancel



the evil decrees. When they got there the Caesar's daughter was very sick, and R' Shimon miraculously healed her. As a reward, the Caesar allowed the Rabbis to enter the treasure rooms of Rome and take whatever they wanted.

The Rabbis weren't interested in gold or silver or money! They searched for the scrolls on which the Romans wrote the evil laws. When they found the scrolls, they ripped them up. Now the Jews could keep Shabbos and bris milah without breaking the law.

R' Elazar later told the Rabbis that while they were there he saw the Paroches. The Romans had taken it to Rome when they destroyed the Beis HaMikdash. It still had the bloodstains of the Yom Kippur korbanos that had been offered before the Beis HaMikdash was destroyed.

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THE WEEKLY QUESTION

Question For Vayakhel:

What was the name of the animal needed for the Mishkan that came on its own to Moshe?

Kids, please ask your parents to email the answer to shabbosquestion@artscroll.com by this Wednesday to be entered into a weekly raffle to win a \$36 ARTSCROLL GIFT CARD! Be sure to include your full name, city, and contact info. Names of winners will appear in a future edition. HINT: The answer can be found in *The Jaffa Family Edition Weekly Parashah*.



Winner for Beshalach: YOSEF FEIGLIN, Los Angeles, CA

Question for Beshalach was: What blessing did the Jews make on the mahn?
Answer for Beshalach is: Hamotzi lechem min hashamayim

Winner for Yisro: ARYEH APFEL, Passaic, NJ

Question for Yisro was: Can you give an example of how we are meant to remember Shabbos?
Answer for Yisro is: Making Kiddush or saving something special for Shabbos are examples of remembering Shabbos.

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