

The Torah Any Times

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Rabbi Moshe Bamberger

Whose Haggadah?

When I was a child, there was a special Haggadah published by a tzedakah organization known as the Diskin Orphanage. Each year, they produced a new edition by reproducing old Haggados, complete with illustrations, and distributed them widely as part of their fundraising efforts. These Haggados, with their distinctive paperback covers, became well known, forming a collectible series that was mailed to thousands of recipients.

My uncle, of blessed memory, owned a particularly distinguished and old Haggadah. The organization approached him, requesting permission to reproduce and typeset it for their publication. In gratitude, they offered him the privilege of choosing its name. He decided to honor his grandfather—his namesake—Moshe Bamberger, and thus, the Moshe Bamberger Haggadah was born.

When the Haggadah arrived in the mail, my father showed it to me, and I was captivated. I wasn't accustomed to seeing my name on book covers, so holding a Haggadah with my family's name on it felt extraordinary. It was a source of pride, almost a badge of honor. Though it wasn't my personal accomplishment, nor even my grandfather's directly, it bore his name, and that was exhilarating.

Excited to share this with my rebbe, I brought a copy to yeshiva

for a sort of "show and tell." However, before I had the chance to present it, another boy in my class approached our rebbe, proudly holding up the Moshe Bamberger Haggadah. I was stunned. How had he taken it from my bag? Indignant, I confronted him, demanding to know what right he had to take my Haggadah without permission. He denied it outright, but I refused to believe him.

After some back-and-forth, he eventually handed it back, and I remained furious. How dare he steal my moment? The nerve! I stewed over the incident the entire day. But when I got home and looked in my bag, I was shocked to find two copies of the Moshe Bamberger Haggadah inside. His father had also received one in the mail and had given it to him to bring to yeshiva.

At that moment, I realized how quickly I had jumped to conclusions. In my mind's courtroom, I had already judged him guilty, without even considering the possibility of an innocent explanation. I was so certain I was right that I never stopped to question whether I could be wrong.

This experience was an early lesson in the importance of dan l'kaf zechus, judging others favorably. We encounter people in all walks of life—on the street, in our homes, in our communities—and often, we assume we understand their actions or intentions. But in truth, we rarely have the full picture. Even when we think we do, the human mind has layers far deep-

TheTorahAnyTimes is a publication of



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er than an onion. And those layers often hold truths we cannot always or immediately see.

Rabbi Paysach Krohn

The Generational Legacy

On a Friday morning in January 1947, an unexpected and fierce snowstorm blanketed New York and New Jersey. The day had begun as any other—people went to work, and children went to school—unaware of the blizzard that would soon paralyze the region.

In Weehawken, New Jersey, Mr. Aaron and Mrs. Rosalind Rosenbaum had sent their children to the Yeshiva of Hudson County in Union City, just under a mile from their home. But by mid-morning, it became clear that bringing the children home would be a formidable challenge. Buses were stranded, and cars were struggling to navigate the snow-covered streets.

Determined to ensure their children's safety, the Rosenbaums braved the blinding snow and walked to the yeshiva. When they arrived, they found that some parents had managed to do the same, but many children remained, unable to return home. Without hesitation, the Rosenbaums gathered all the stranded children and invited them to their home, reassuring them that they would be safe, warm, and cared for.

The school immediately contacted the parents of those children to inform them that their sons and daughters could be picked up from the Rosenbaum home, which was actually closer to most of their residences than the yeshiva itself. Some parents managed to retrieve their children before Shabbos, but more than twenty children remained, unable to return home. That Shabbos turned into one of the most memorable of their lives. Even decades

later, now as grandparents themselves, some of those children still recount the warmth, kindness, and *hachnasas orchim* (hospitality) they experienced in the Rosenbaum home.

What inspired such extraordinary kindness? How did the Rosenbaums develop such a sense of responsibility for others? The answer lies in their family's history—a legacy of *chesed* passed down from a previous generation.

Mr. Aaron Rosenbaum's father, Rabbi Dovid Rosenbaum, was a paragon of generosity. A man devoted to *gemilus chasadim* (acts of kindness), he had lived in Poland before immigrating to America in 1902, settling in Lower Jersey City, now known as Hoboken. Like many immigrants of his time, he sought to establish himself in the new world while working toward bringing his family over from Europe.

In America, Rabbi Rosenbaum became an esteemed member of Mishkan Yisrael, a local synagogue. By 1910, he had finally saved enough to reunite with his wife and children. Soon after, he and his wife began hosting guests for Shabbos meals, especially those who had no place to go. Over time, word spread among visiting rabbis from Europe: the Rosenbaum home was the most reliable place for a *kosher* meal.

Among the many guests who frequented their home was a man named Label, an unfortunate soul who struggled to find work and lived in extreme poverty. Label was a heavyset man, and whenever he was invited somewhere, he would eat voraciously, his hunger overwhelming any sense of restraint. This made him an awkward guest at times, but Rabbi Rosenbaum never hesitated to invite him, under-

standing his plight and treating him with dignity.

One Friday night, a distinguished rabbi from Europe arrived in America to raise funds for his yeshiva. He had arranged to spend Shabbos with Rabbi Rosenbaum and met him at Mishkan Yisrael before walking together to the Rosenbaum home. A large crowd accompanied them, eager to witness the honor given to the visiting rabbi.

As they arrived at the house, the guests began singing *Shalom Aleichem*, and just as Rabbi Rosenbaum was about to recite *Kiddush*, he paused. Looking around the room, he suddenly asked, "Where is Label?"

"He was in shul earlier," someone replied. "Perhaps someone else invited him?" another suggested. "I don't think so," Rabbi Rosenbaum responded. "We must go back to the shul and check if he is still there." The synagogue was not nearby, and one of Rabbi Rosenbaum's children quickly volunteered to run back and bring him.

But Rabbi Rosenbaum avidly shook his head. "No, that would not be respectful. Label is not an afterthought. If he has not come, I will go myself to bring him." Turning to his guests, he said, "If anyone wishes to make *Kiddush* before I return, please do so. But I must go."

Rabbi Rosenbaum hurried out into the cold night and made his way back to the shul. As he stepped inside, he saw Label sitting in his usual seat, his head bowed over the table, his shoulders shaking with quiet sobs.

"Label," Rabbi David said gently, "why are you still here? I have been waiting for you. You always come home with me on Friday nights."

Label hesitated, wiping his tears.

"I saw the great rabbi with you and so many important people walking to your house. I thought... maybe there wasn't room for me this time." "Label, there is always room for you at my table. You are like family to me. Come now, I have not yet made Kiddush. I wouldn't do it without you."

Hand in hand, Rabbi Rosenbaum and Label returned to the Rosenbaum home. When they arrived, the crowded dining room fell silent. No one had touched the wine. They had all waited, out of

reverence, for their extraordinary host. Young Aaron Rosenbaum, witnessing this moment, would never forget the scene of his father walking in, beaming with warmth, as he led Label to his seat of honor.

This moment, etched in Aaron Rosenbaum's memory, shaped the values that would define his own home decades later. The sacred mitzvah of hachnasas orchim, welcoming guests, became a cornerstone of the Rosenbaum family. Their children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren have carried

forward this tradition, ensuring that no one is ever left out, that no one ever feels unworthy of a place at the table.

At the start of every Seder, we declare: "Kol dichfin yeisei v'yeichol—Let all who are hungry come and eat." This is not merely a ritual proclamation; it is a principle that defines our essence as a people. It is this spirit of kindness that strengthens Klal Yisrael and ensures that every individual, no matter their circumstance, knows they have a place where they belong.

Rabbi Fischel Schachter

Joining a Chaburah

Simon, as a businessman, faced an extraordinary test. He was a man of faith, a distinguished individual, but now his character was up for a challenge. But then he said to himself, "I can't go through with this. It's Yom Tov. I will be going to my Rebbe, the Lechevitcher. The moment he looks into my eyes, he will see what I have done."

But then a second thought struck him. "I won't go to my Rebbe. That way, he won't see anything. But where will I hide?" He considered staying in the shtiebel, his small local synagogue. "No, he thought, my friends will notice something is off. They'll ask me why I'm not going." So he decided, "I won't stay in the shtiebel. I'll hide under the large shul instead. No one will find me there."

But deep down, he knew the truth. "My friends will come looking for me. They will grab me and take me to the Rebbe. I

can't escape this. I can't do it."

Sure enough, when he finally stood before the Lechevitcher Rebbe, the Rebbe gazed into his eyes and said, "You see? What a Rebbe cannot accomplish, friends can."

This is what it means to be part of a chabura, a fellowship. It means that what great rebbes and rabbis might not be able to accomplish—because ultimately, the struggle is our own, it is our personal battle between the yetzer hara and the yetzer tov—our friends can help us achieve.

The Kuzari speaks about the power of tefillah b'tzibur, prayer with a minyan. Imagine someone's Shemoneh Esrei looking something like this:

"Baruch Atah Hashem Elokeinu Melech—Wait, did I park on the wrong side of the street? Did I get a ticket? "Elokei Avraham, Elokei Yitzchak, V'Elokei Yaakov—This is so unfair. I never wanted to live in this city. I wanted to move elsewhere years ago!" "Baruch Atah Hashem—Oh! I actually did park on the right

side of the street!"

Our Shemoneh Esrei may sometimes lack focus. But the Kuzari explains something incredible: when we daven together as a tzibur, Hashem gathers the best bracha from one person, the best bracha from another, and yet another from someone else, and forms a perfect Shemoneh Esrei, which is then applied to everyone in the congregation.

This principle extends beyond prayer.

When we are part of any chabura, Hashem looks at us and says: "I will take your best day, and your best day, and your best day—and I will weave them together to form a perfect communal effort."

When my father first arrived in America, he told me that he had never seen an elevator before. Coming from a small town, he watched as the doors mysteriously opened and closed on their own. "What is this?" he wondered. Then, he saw a young boy step inside, the doors shut, and moments later, they reopened, and an old man emerged. My father was terrified. He thought,



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"I'm not stepping into that time machine!"

But Hashem has, in fact, given us a powerful machine, one that can transform us. That machine is the

power of tzibbur, of community, of doing things together. All we need to do is step into the machine, press the right buttons, and allow Hashem to refine us, preparing us to re-

ceive redemption in our own lives and to welcome the ultimate geulah sheleimah.

Rabbi Joey Haber

Blessing through Action

After spending a month in the hospital following a stroke, and then entering rehabilitation, my son, Michael, moved into his in-laws' home, just a block away from my home. For a few months, he stayed in Brooklyn, slowly but surely returning to himself, and going to synagogue, learning Torah, and resuming his normal routine.

Recently, he made a significant decision to return to yeshiva, to Kollel. That evening, he moved back to Lakewood, and the next morning, he was back at Beth Medrash Govoha, seated in his usual place, immersing himself once again in learning. The Beit Midrash was filled with approximately 400 people engrossed in study, and he reclaimed his place among them.

Michael recalled that, before his stroke, he had been learning a passage from the Rashba on Mesechta Yevamot with his study partner (chavruta). When he returned, he told his chavruta, "We're picking up exactly where we left off." And so, they returned to that very Rashba, resuming their studies as if no time had passed.

The morning study session concluded at 1:40 p.m. As Michael prepared to leave, the Rosh Chaburah (head of his study group) grabbed

his hand and said, "Michael, we need to dance for you." He gathered a few others, and they began to dance. Within minutes, the entire Beit Midrash—400 people—rose from their seats and joined in. The room erupted in joyous dancing, reminiscent of Simchat Torah. Shtenders (lecterns) were pushed aside, and the entire study hall resonated with the singing of, "Chasdei Hashem ki lo tamnu ki lo chalu rachamav—The kindness of Hashem has not ended, His compassion has not ceased."

Most of these people did not even know Michael personally. They weren't all part of his study group. But that didn't matter. They were learners, immersed in Torah study all day, and they responded with pure joy. Later, I asked my son, "Mike, you must show me a picture of this moment!" He replied, "Dad, no one carries a phone in the beit midrash; there are no pictures!"

A few hours later, an administrator from the yeshiva reached out to me. "Rabbi Haber," he said, "you might have heard that the entire Beit Midrash danced with your son today at the end of seder (learning session). But since no one had a phone, there were no pictures. So, I retrieved footage from the security

cameras." He then sent me the video.

It was incredible to watch.

Michael had done the work: he underwent rigorous rehabilitation, and while there is still a long road ahead, he has persevered. And when he returned, the people around him lifted him up.

He had debated whether to go back Sunday night or Monday morning. When he left Brooklyn, he had no idea of the overwhelming response that awaited him. He told me, "Dad, when I walked into my home in Lakewood, I was emotional—it felt like coming full circle."

During that first seder, nearly every person in the Beit Midrash came over to greet him. They blessed him, embraced him, and welcomed him back. He knew he had only two weeks left in the zman (term), but he told me, "I want to give it a shot; I want to try."

Blessings don't come from passivity. You don't receive them by lying in bed. You have to take action. Having a good heart is wonderful, but it is only the beginning. At the end of the day, blessings come through action. As the Sefer HaChinuch (Mitzvah 16) teaches: when we take action, our hearts, our souls, and our emotions follow.

And this is the wonder of Hashem's creation: our physical efforts can ignite profound spiritual reactions.

Rabbi Yaakov Rahimi

Light as an Eagle

The Mishnah in Pirkei Avot (5:20) states, "Be light as an eagle," yet an eagle is one of the heaviest birds, so why

was it chosen? The commentators explain that despite its weight, Hashem gave it powerful wings to soar, underscoring that although

life presents constant challenges, Hashem grants us the strength to rise above them. Just as the eagle's wings lift it beyond its natural limitations, Torah and emunah empower us to overcome our struggles and ascend to greater heights.

Bring Them Home!

Names of Hostages in Gaza and Partial List of Injured Soldiers

(Updated: 7 Nissan)

שמות חיילים פצועים לרפואה שלמה

אביתר מנחם חיים בן זהבה
אברהם מרדכי בן יעל
אהרן בן שרה הנדל
אופק בו אלינור
אורי אברהם בן הדסה
אייל אליעזר בן חנה
אלון בן מרים
אלחנן יאיר בן דבורה
אליה בן רות
אלישע יהודה בן רות
אלעד בן שרית
אמיר בן אלה
בנימין בן ריינה
בנימין יצחק בן שרה
בר חיים בן נורית
גלעד איתי בן אפרת
דוד בן זיוה
חיים מרדכי בן שרה איטה
טל גרשון בן שרה
יאיר יונה בן דרורה צפורה מלכה
יהודה אהרון בן מרים אסתר
יהונתן יאשיהו בן כרמית
יהונתן יוסף בן שירה
יואל בן אילה
יוחאי יהודה בן סיגל חוה
ירין אליהו בן סיגל
ישראל בן ענבל אסתר
כפיר חיים בן מירה מרים
מיכאל בן פריידל
מישל בת אנג'ליקה
מנחם דוד חי בן מרים
משה אהרן בן לאה בילא
משה צבי בן עירית
מתן בן דבורה
ניר בן אורנה
עדי מנחם בן מורן מירה
עודד אפרים בן ויויאן
עוז חי בן סמדר
עידו בן ענבל
עמיחי בן סיגלית רחל
עמית יהונתן בן מאיה
רואי בן עופרה
רון בן אבישג
רון בן שרון
רועי חיים בן מירב
תום שאול בן דניאל
תומר בן צפורה

אבינתן בן דיצה תרצה (אור)
אביתר בן גליה (דוד)
איתן בן רות אדית (הורן)
איתן אברהם בן אפרת (מור)
אלון בן עידית (אהל)
אלקנה בן רוחמה (בוחבוט)
אריאל בן סילביה מוניקה (קוניו)
בר אברהם בן ג'וליה (קופרשטיין)
גיא בן מירב (גלבע דלאל)
גלי בן טליה (ברמן)
דוד בן סילביה מוניקה (קוניו)
זיו בן טליה (ברמן)
יוסף חיים בן מרים (אוחנה)
מקסים בן טלה (הרקין)
מתן שחר בן ענת (אנגרסט)
מתן בן ירדנה עינב (צנגאוקר)
נמרוד בן ויקי (כהן)
עידן בן יעל (אלכסנדר)
עמרי בן אסתר ורוניקה (מירן)
רום בן תמר נועה (ברסלבסקי)
שגב בן גלית (כלפון)
תמיר בן חירות (נמרודי)

Bring Them Home!

Names of Hostages in Gaza and Partial List of Injured Soldiers

(Updated: 7 Nissan)

INJURED SOLDIERS

Evyatar Menachem Chaim ben Zehava
Avraham Mordechai ben Yael
Aharon ben Sarah Hendel
Ofek ben Elinor
Ori Avraham ben Hadassah
Eyal Eliezer ben Chana
Eitan Asher ben Devora
Alon ben Miriam
Elchanan Yair ben Devorah
Eliya ben Ravit
Elisha Yehudah ben Rut
Elad ben Sarit
Amir ben Ella
Binyamin ben Reina
Binyamin Yitzchak ben Sarah
Bar Chaim ben Nurit
Gilad Itai ben Efrat
David ben Ziva
Chaim Mordechai ben Sarah Itta
Tal Gershon ben Sarah
Yair Yonah ben Drora Tzipporah Malka
Yehuda Aharon ben Miriam Esther
Yehonatan Yoshiyahu ben Carmit
Yehonatan Yosef ben Shira
Yoel ben Ayala
Yochai Yehudah ben Sigal Chava
Yarin Eliyahu ben Sigal
Yisrael ben Inbal Esther
Kfir Chaim ben Mira Miriam
Michael ben Freidel
Michelle bat Angelika
Menachem David Chai ben Miriam
Moshe Aharon ben Leah Beila
Moshe Tzi ben Irit
Matan ben Devorah
Nir ben Orna
Noam Avraham ben Atara Shlomit
Adi Menachem ben Moran Mira
Oded Efraim ben Vivian
Oz Chai ben Smadar
Ido ben Inbal
Amichai ben Sigalit Rachel
Amit Yehonatan ben Maya
Roi ben Ofra
Ron ben Avishag
Ron ben Sharon
Roi Chaim ben Meirav
Tom Shaul ben Danielle
Tomer ben Tzipporah

Avinatan ben Ditzza Tirtza (Ohr)
Evyatar ben Galya (David)
Eitan ben Ruth Idit (Horen)
Eitan Avraham ben Efrat (Mor)
Alon ben Idit (Ohel)
Elkana ben Ruchama (Buchbut)
Ariel ben Sylvia Monica (Konyo)
Bar Avraham ben Julia (Cooperstein)
Guy ben Meirav (Gilboa Dalal)
Gali ben Talya (Berman)
David ben Sylvia Monica (Konyo)
Ziv ben Talya (Berman)
Yosef Chaim ben Miriam (Ochana)
Maxim ben Talleh (Herkin)
Matan Shachar ben Anat (Angrest)
Matan ben Yardenia Einav (Tzangauker)
Nimrod ben Viki (Cohen)
Idan ben Yael (Alexander)
Omri ben Esther Veronica (Miran)
Rom ben Tamar Noa (Braslevsky)
Segev ben Galit (Chalfon)
Tamir ben Cheirut (Nimrodi)