

25
Countries343
Communities

16,908

Participating families

ISSUE 90

SHABBOS PARSHAS KORACH 5786

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Please do not read during davening or Krias HaTorah.

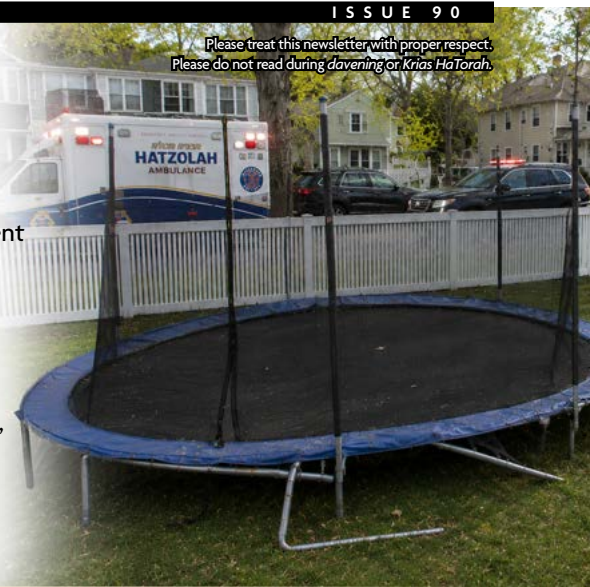
The Name Not Mentioned

My wife and I were reminiscing about the things we used to do for fun when we were kids. "Well, there was the time I broke my leg," she said. "That was fun?" I asked. "It started out as fun. I was eleven and I stayed at a friend's house for Shabbos. They had a trampoline that they always checked to make sure it was safe and up to safety standards. We were jumping together, having a blast, when one of

the legs of the trampoline broke off. I went crashing to the ground and pain started shooting through my leg. Hatzolah came. It was a whole drama. Baruch Hashem, everything healed just fine. But that was my last adventure on a trampoline."

I was about to ask, "Which friend was it?" But then I wondered, am I allowed I ask her to say the name?

—Dovid



What's the Psak?

Do you know the halachah?

A Yes.

It's nothing bad about the friend.

B No.

It gives a bad impression of that friend.

C No.

Speaking badly about other people's belongings is also loshon hora.

Blame It on the Trampoline

We're not allowed to say something about someone that will create a bad impression of that person, such as that he is negligent or careless.¹ In this case, it is unlikely that Dovid will think any less of his wife's friend, because nobody knew that there was a problem with the trampoline. Even her friend jumped on it! Therefore, Dovid may ask his wife which friend it was.

Had the friend known that the trampoline was rickety and let Dovid's wife jump on it anyway, the story would create a bad impression of the friend and her family. If that were the case, naming the friend would be forbidden.

Another variable that might make "naming names" forbidden would be if Dovid's wife had expressed disapproval of the friend

by saying something like, "That was the last time that I went to her house." In this case, asking who it was might increase the wife's bad feelings about the friend.

Also, once a name is mentioned, people add their comments, whether related to the story or not! This could present an issue of *avak loshon hora*.² And so, if Dovid thinks that he or his wife might add something negative after saying whose house it was, he should not ask her who it was.

Answer: The halachah is A.

Reviewed by **Rabbi Moshe Mordechai Lowy**

Rav Pam, zt"l, advised great caution when presenting halachic scenarios to the public, as each situation is unique. This *shailah* 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

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RABBI SHOUB OF CONGREGATION SHAARE YASHAR
FOR DISTRIBUTING ADERABA IN GREAT NECK.

Boris Green, born near Vilna, took to the forests during World War II. He joined a group of Polish partisans, but as friction developed between the Poles and the Jews, Boris formed his own group, *Nekamah*.

Unlike other partisan groups, the Jewish fighters brought their wives and children along with them. This was unheard of among the partisans. So many people, noisy children, the inability to move quickly to a new location—these factors added up to a potential death sentence.

Even so, Boris would

not separate the families. He risked his life foraging for food to feed them, while leading his fighters in operations against the Nazis. Then came word that the Nazis were sending in troops to rid the forests of partisans.

The Four Words That Saved 500 Lives



After the war, Dayan Yonasan Abraham met Boris Green

How would *Nekamah* escape? Boris decided to lead them to a small, swampy, mosquito-infested island that the Nazis had been avoiding. Five hundred Jews slogged to the island and evaded the Nazi surge.

and asked him what had given him such superhuman power. How did he merit to saved five hundred Jews?

"My real name is Boruch Greineman," Boris revealed. "I'm related to the Chazon Ish. When I was a young boy, I was quite wild. The Chazon Ish wrote me a warm letter that ended with the words, '*Zeh hakatan gadol yihyeh—This small child will become great.*' (These words are said at a *bris milah*.) Rabbi, you have no idea how often I was this close to death, but thanks to the Chazon Ish's *brachah* and his faith in me, I'm alive today and was able to save all those people!"

Those four words told Boruch, "You may be acting childish now, but you're Hashem's child. You have greatness inside you." And when that greatness was needed, it emerged to save hundreds of Jewish lives.

Adapted with permission from, *Stories That Strengthen Your Heart* by Rabbi Binyomin Pruzansky, ArtScroll/Mesorah Publications

As Mrs. Fried,* the secular studies principal of Bais Yaakov Elementary School, drove up to her reserved parking space, she stopped short. A large Honda Odyssey occupied her space.

"That's Mrs. Eisen's car!" thought Mrs. Fried. "What did she do? I have to speak in ten minutes at the Rosh Chodesh assembly!" The parking lot was full, which meant

Mrs. Fried would have to spend time finding a spot on the street. Making matters more annoying, Mrs. Eisen, the school nurse, had her own reserved spot. Why didn't she use it?

A Game Of Musical Cars

That question was answered as Mrs. Fried drove out of the parking lot. She saw that Mrs. Eisen's spot was also taken—by a white Ford Explorer belonging to Mrs. Lesser, the secretary, who

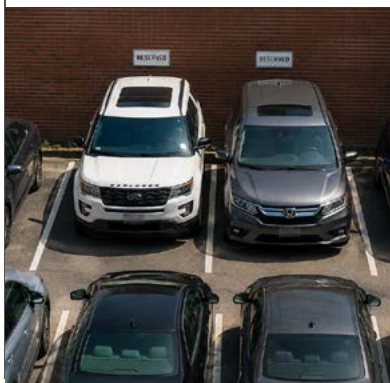
didn't have a reserved spot.

"People need to be considerate!" Mrs. Fried exclaimed to herself. "I'm going to have to speak to everyone about this. I guess people just start taking things for granted."

Was that the reason the nurse and the secretary parked in other people's spots?

*All names have been changed.

Can you **Crack** the case?



Mrs. Lesser had been having car trouble. Since her mechanic was located just down the block from the school, she had asked him if he could try to have the car ready before dismissal time. The mechanic, wanting to be helpful, drove the repaired car back to the school and parked it in the first empty space he saw—which happened to be Mrs. Eisen's reserved spot. Later, when Mrs. Eisen arrived and saw her own spot taken, she was rushing to help a student who needed her. Without paying close attention, she pulled into the next available reserved spot—Mrs. Fried's—not even realizing whose spot it was. It was like a game of musical chairs: one car in the wrong place led to another, and Mrs. Fried ended up the odd one out.

Submitted by
Mrs. Fried,
an Aderaba
participant