

AT THE ARTSCROLL SHABBOS TABLE

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PARASHAH

JOURNEYS OF HOPE

Touched By The Parashah by Rabbi Yechiel Spero

The beginning of *Parashas Masei* seems more like a travel guide than the beginning of a *parashah*. Why is it necessary for the Torah to inform us about the travel log of the Jewish people?

The *roshei teivos* of the *pasuk* (*Bamidbar* 33:1), אֵלֶּה מַסְעֵי בְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל — *These are the journeys of the Children of Israel*, stand for אֲדוֹם/Rome, מִדְּי/Persia, בָּבֶל/Babylonia, and יוֹן/Greece. The travels that are mentioned in this reading represent the travels of the Jewish people, not only during their time in the Wilderness, but their sojourns throughout the landscape of Jewish history.

And furthermore, writes the *Nesivos Shalom*, every Jew makes 42 travels throughout his life. These travels begin the moment he is born, symbolized by the Exodus from Egypt, as we are told that the birth of the Jewish people and their Exodus were similar to that of a baby leaving its mother, and each person endures 42 stops along the way. Each segment of these 42 journeys symbolizes a challenge that a person faces in his lifetime. Some of them may be obvious, but others are more subtle. Nevertheless, each one is another important step along the road of life and we must trust that every step of the way is guided by Hashem's kindness.

The Jewish year contains two distinctive 21-day periods of time. The first occurs during the Three Weeks, the days from the Seventeenth of Tammuz until the Ninth of Av. These are days of sadness and contemplation, as the *Beis HaMikdash* was destroyed during that time, and we commemorate its destruction every year at this time. The second period of 21 days occurs about seven weeks later, on Rosh Hashanah, at the beginning of the Jewish year, and ends 21 days later on Hoshana Rabbah. These are days of judgment and introspection.

When we add these two periods of time together,

we have 42 days, perhaps corresponding to the 42 journeys of the Jewish people.

Every year, we experience journeys — on a personal as well as a collective level — as we go through days of sadness and contemplation, as well as judgment and introspection, which culminate in the joyous days of Succos.

The *Darash Mordechai* learns another important lesson from these journeys. Throughout one's lifetime, a person may become accustomed to a certain lifestyle: the good and the bad. But there are times when we must stop being stubborn and try to move forward. We cannot accept the status quo in our life. We cannot be afraid to even change course if necessary, and conquer the next challenge that lies before us.

An *adam gadol*, who was involved in counseling, was dealing with a couple who were having trouble getting along. For a long time, he tried to get the husband to change his ways and compromise regarding certain issues, but he was unable to. Although there were things that bothered the man about his wife, she was willing to be flexible and bend, but the husband couldn't change himself.

Soon, the counselor discovered that every single time this man went to shul — three times every day — he insisted on traveling the exact same route, no matter what. Nothing ever changed. And so, the counselor realized, quite sadly, that nothing would ever change in this individual's life. He was stuck in a routine and could not alter his schedule and his habits. He was a prisoner of his own making, chained in bad habits, unable to break free.

Life is a constant journey. We must learn to adapt to the challenges of every destination Hashem has planned. 📖



The Rebbe of Kretchnif by Yisroel Besser



One Shabbos afternoon, the Rebbe walked into the *beis midrash* and saw a chassid learning Gemara with his son. The Rebbe approached and looked into the Gemara, as if checking where they were up to. Later, the Rebbe asked the chassid if he had merely been learning with his son, or if he had been testing him on the material of the previous week.

The Rebbe explained his question. “If you wish to test him, then it’s better to do it on Erev Shabbos or Motza’ei Shabbos, but not on Shabbos — because if the child doesn’t know the material that well, he might have *agmas nefesh*, and you can’t cause another Yid distress on Shabbos!”

...

The Rebbe was spending Shabbos in Bnei Brak at a *simchah* in the home of his children, the Biala Rebbe and Rebbetzin. He davened in the Biala *beis midrash*, but the *seudah* and *tisch* were being held at a larger hall, which was some distance from the *beis midrash*.

Suffering from swollen feet, it was clear that each step of the walk to the hall was painful. The Rebbe didn’t complain, however, making his way down the stairs with the help of the *gabbaim*, then walking toward the hall. It took quite some time, and the Rebbe realized that the *gabbaim* were tense, no doubt worried that he was in pain.

“Ahhh, we are so fortunate,” he said to them, a radiant smile on his face. “Chazal say that two *malachim* accompany a Yid home from shul on Leil Shabbos — the longer the walk, the more they accompany him. When do we ever get to have such a long walk with *malachim bagleiting* (escorting) us all the way?”

...

The Rebbe’s brother-in-law, R’ Duvid Moshe, ad-

vised the Rebbe to visit Bnei Brak specifically to encounter the Chazon Ish. After that initial meeting, the Rebbe asked his halachic questions to the Chazon Ish and it was out of respect for his opinion that the Rebbe preferred not to use commercial electricity on Shabbos or Yom Tov.

One day, the Rebbe went back to the humble home of the Chazon Ish to ask if it would be permitted to use the electric fan in his shul, especially on Yom Kippur, when the oppressive heat might present a health risk to people already weakened by fasting. The Chazon Ish ruled that even this was forbidden and the Rebbe accepted it, understanding that even the loyal, steady members of his minyan would daven elsewhere on the Yamim Noraim as a result.

...

During the years in which the Rebbe lived in Yerushalayim, he had to travel to Haifa to attend to personal business. Upon arriving, he first went

to be *menachem avel* the family of a respected Rebbe.

“It means so much to us that the Rebbe came especially from Yerushalayim for this,” one of the *aveilim* remarked.

When they left the *shivah*, the Rebbe asked the driver to take him back to Yerushalayim. He felt that, since he had not protested the comment, he had acknowledged its veracity, and now, to use the visit to Haifa for any other purpose would not be completely honest.

The driver didn’t bother arguing; he could only marvel at how the Rebbe, who cherished every moment, had quickly arrived at the conclusion that he would pay a second visit to Haifa. 📺



The Rebbe of Kretchnif

	SHABBOS JULY 11 ב' תמוז	SUNDAY JULY 12 ג' תמוז	MONDAY JULY 13 ד' תמוז	TUESDAY JULY 14 ה' תמוז	WEDNESDAY JULY 15 ו' תמוז	THURSDAY JULY 16 ז' תמוז	FRIDAY JULY 17 ח' תמוז
BAVLI	Chullin 72	Chullin 73	Chullin 74	Chullin 75	Chulin 76	Chulin 77	Chulin 78
YERUSHALMI	Chagigah 23	Chagigah 24	Chagigah 25	Chagigah 26	Chagigah 27	Chagigah 28	Moed Katan 1
MISHNAH	Keilim 17:6-7	Keilim 17:8-9	Keilim 17:10-11	Keilim 17:12-13	Keilim 17:14-15	Keilim 17:16-17	Keilim 18:1-2
KITZUR	183:4-184:5	184:6-185:4	185:5-187:End	188:1-189:5	189:6-191:End	122:1-6	122:7-11
ORAYSA	Yevamos Chazara 81b-82b	Yevamos 83a Chazara 82b	Yevamos 83b Chazara 83a	Yevamos 84a Chazara 83b	Yevamos 84b Chazara 84a	Yevamos 85a Chazara 84b	Yevamos Chazara 83a-83b



If you're looking for something to worry about, you don't have to look far. We live in turbulent times with an abundance of challenges. But if you want to live a life free from anxiety, then you need bitachon. It is the one thing that keeps us calm in any storm: the profound knowledge that Hashem is the Captain of our life's journey. He will steer us exactly where we need to go, but we must be willing to place our complete trust in Him. When you truly let go, you will feel His presence guiding you, as this story by R' Fishel Schachter so perfectly illustrates.

One Thursday morning, my phone rang. A friend asked, "Can I send you a guest for Shabbos?" This caller has a reputation for sending me... very interesting people. I asked who he was sending. "A fellow named Andrew. He lives in Boca and he's driving in."

I was coming home Erev Shabbos, and as I was about to park, a little blue Honda Civic pulled up. Out stepped a tall fellow clad in a leather jacket that was far too short and a sideways baseball cap. "Andrew?" I ventured. He was stunned. "How did you know it was me?" "Divine inspiration," I joked. "Come on in, I'll give you a piece of kugel."

"Rabbi," he started, "where do I park?"

"Right here is fine."

His face clouded with worry. "But it's on the street! Cars get stolen in Brooklyn!" I tried to reassure him. "Andrew, my car has been stolen only twice in ten years, and once they even brought it back. Relax."

He was not relaxed. "I don't have any anti-theft devices!" He went out and found an auto parts store and purchased lights, sirens, and "The Club" for his steering wheel. "It's the original," he told me proudly. "Cost \$250." He even had a thick metal casing installed around the steering column. "Some people cut the wheel to get The Club off," he explained.

That Friday night, he was a nervous wreck, con-

stantly running to the window to check on his car. Finally, I said, "Andrew, are you being shomer Shabbos?"

"Yes!" he declared, pulling out a book listing the thirty-nine forbidden acts. "I'm not plowing, I'm not planting..."

"You're right," I confirmed. "But there's another aspect of Shabbos you're missing. What Hashem wants on Shabbos is for us to let go. To say, 'Hashem, I'm in Your hands.' That is the essence of Shabbos." His eyes filled with tears. "That's so beautiful," he whispered. Then he immediately ran back to the window to check on his car.

Motza'ei Shabbos, I saw fire engines on our block. A massive tree branch had fallen and crashed onto Andrew's car.

The front of the car — where all the sirens and "The Club" were — was untouched. The back half, however, was completely crushed. As Andrew and I approached the wreckage, I told him, "Andrew, I have some good news and some not-so-good news."

"What's the good news?" he asked.

"Your car was not stolen."

"And the not-so-good news?" I just pointed. He stared at the wreckage in disbelief. "Why did Hashem do this to me?!" he yelled.

"I don't know," I replied. "But since you asked, I'll venture a guess. Hashem wants us to do our part, but at some point, we have to recognize where our effort ends and our trust must begin. You were obsessed with turning your car into Fort Knox. You left no room for the unknown — but life is the unknown. That is the point where we must simply rely on Hashem." 📖

THE WEEKLY QUESTION

WIN A \$36
ARTSCROLL
GIFT CARD!

How many years did it take for the shevatim of Gad and Reuven to divide up the land?

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*.

The winner of the question for Shelach is: MIRI ROKOWSKY, New City, NY

Question for Shelach was: If Levi didn't send a spy, and there are 12 shevatim, how could there be 12 spies?
Shelach Answer: Because Ephraim and Menashe each sent a spy. That makes 12, even without Levi!



PART 18: THE “AMERICAN MAGGID” – THE STORY BEHIND THE STORIES

As the ArtScroll readership grew, so did the vision. There were other forms of Torah inspiration waiting to be shared — not only translations and commentaries, but stories: living lessons of *emunah*, *middos*, *chesed*, and greatness, told in a way that could touch every Jewish heart. One of the first and most enduring examples of that new direction began with two remarkable figures.

Rav Sholom Schwadron was one of Eretz Yisrael's most charismatic speakers, whose weekly *derashos* in Geulah's Zichron Moshe shul drew standing-room-only crowds.

R' Paysach Krohn was a young American *talmid* of Torah Vodaath and the son of an outstanding *mohel* who trained his oldest son — then still a teenager — in the holy calling of *milah*.

One would think that R' Sholom and R' Paysach — from two worlds and two generations — had little in common. But beneath those differences, they shared a deep and meaningful bond. R' Paysach's father was a great admirer of R' Sholom, the “Maggid of Yerushalayim,” and made sure that whenever R' Sholom came to America, he would be a guest of the Krohns.

Tragically, R' Krohn senior passed away when Paysach was only 21. R' Sholom continued to be a guest of the Krohns, and his fatherly concern and wisdom had a profound influence on young Paysach.

Over his formative years, R' Paysach had been regularly regaled by R' Sholom's fascinating and inspiring stories, and — meticulous person that he always was — kept notes of the stories. In 1987, two years after we published R' Paysach's authoritative book on *Milah*, R' Paysach came to us with a suggestion for the sort of book we had never contemplated before: a collection of R' Sholom Schwadron's stories. It sounded interest-

ing. We told him to get to work. R' Paysach wrote. R' Scherman edited. And “The Maggid Speaks” became a best-seller, and deservedly so. The content was captivating and R' Krohn knew how to tell a story that would make the reader a better person.

The “Maggid” of that title, of course, was the Maggid of Yerushalayim, but the next step seemed rather obvious. Why not follow up with more books of the same genre, and in the process R' Paysach Krohn became the “American Maggid,” collecting stories from

his own sources, researching them, and presenting them in the way only R' Paysach could. Eighteen books later, R' Krohn is still writing, one best-seller after another, R' Scherman is still editing, and the public is still waiting impatiently for the next Maggid book. Not only that, we suggested to R' Krohn that his infectious personality and skill as a presenter would make him

an excellent speaker. A bit fearfully, he accepted the challenge, and became one of the Torah world's most popular and sought-after speakers, from America to Australia, to Antwerp, to South Africa.

In recent years, R' Paysach has written perhaps the most inspiring chapter of his life. At an Agudas Yisrael Convention a few years ago, he suffered a debilitating stroke. Most people in similar circumstances would have felt that they had no choice but to spend the rest of their lives in secluded retirement — but not R' Paysach Krohn. He would not surrender. He endured sometimes excruciating therapy and slowly resumed his career as a lecturer and spellbinding writer, producing another Maggid classic, this one on *tefillah*. The Maggid speaks on — and, in fact, R' Paysach is now in the finishing stages of a new book on Shabbos *tefillos*, another gift from the master storyteller whose voice continues to inspire Klal Yisrael.

UP NEXT: A Siddur for Our Time



The “Maggid of Yerushalayim” and the “American Maggid” in their element