

Pardes Yehuda

Weekly Torah Journal By Yehuda Z. Klitnick
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Parshas Bechukosei 5776 [year 6] 258 שבת חזק - שבת מברכין פרשת בחוקתי תשע"ו

Torah study promotes easier livelihood

אם בְּחֻקָּי תֵּלְכוּ וְאֵת מִצְוֹתַי תִּשְׁמְרוּ וְעִשִּׂיתֶם אֹתָם: (כ"ו ג)
 If you follow My statutes and observe My commandments and perform them.... (26:3) Rashi reads the posuk straightaway as: שתהיו
 "It is in Torah that you should be toiling." The reference point is the Mishnah in Avos (3:45) על כל המקבל עליו על
 .Whoever takes upon himself the yoke of Torah thereby frees himself from the burden of civic and governmental obligations . Stated simply, learning Torah enables one to spend less time working! Sefer Iyov (5:7) states
 אָדָם לְעֵמֶל יוֹלֵד , אָדָם לְעֵמֶל יוֹלֵד , Man is born to travail, on which Sefer Bais Pinchas (Rav Pinchas Koritzer) expounds that each person is subject to a personal decree setting the amount which he has to strive and struggle in his life. Carrying this thought to its logical conclusion: if one expends his quota of struggle by toiling in Torah study, there will be comparatively little left over to apply to purposes of livelihood! So: If you follow my statutes and toil in Torah (per Rashi), then וְנָתַתִּי גְשָׁמֵיכֶם בְּעֵתָם I will give your rains in their time (26:4), without excessive toil, paving the way to an easier parnassah/livelihood.
 Continuing to analyze these pesukim: The Alshich HaKodosh draws attention to the second person possessive plural גְּשָׁמֵיכֶם "your rains." Do the rains belong to us Yidden? Should the posuk not be saying וְנָתַתִּי גְשָׁמִי "I will bestow MY rain." --?-- The Gemara (Rosh Hashanah 17b) provides the answer, by expounding on the posuk from Devarim (11:12) אֶרֶץ אֲשֶׁר ה' a land the Lord, your God, looks after; the eyes of Lord your God are always upon it If Klal Yisroel pursue an evil path chas vesholom, a year of scant rainfall (which is emblematic of livelihood) can be decreed for them on Rosh Hashana. Then let's say that the Yidden perform teshuva/repentance at a certain point in the year. What then? While the actual amount of rainfall cannot be augmented (in the case where the gezeira has been sealed and

cannot be nullified), Hashem can send the rain just at the most opportune time for the crops. In this context, the rain will fall in direct consequence of the Jews' good deeds, and to term them "your rains" makes perfect sense: "your deeds bring your rains." (גבורות בנימין ראפפורט)

The soul can be content to remain with us if we give it a proper home
 וְנָתַתִּי מוֹשְׁבָנִי בְּתוֹכְכֶם וְלֹא־תִנְעַל נַפְשִׁי אֶתְכֶם: (כ"ו י"א)
 And I will place My dwelling in your midst, and My Spirit will not reject you (26:11) On the posuk from our daily Shacharis (Tehillim 150:6) כָּה הִנְשָׁמָה תְהַלֵּל קָה, the Medrash (Bereishis Rabbah 14:9) teaches: "עַל כָּל נְשִׁימָה וְנְשִׁימָה, one is obliged to thank the Al-mighty". The soul strives continually to be joined with its origin, which is the Heavenly Throne. Through Divine kindness, the soul is permitted to continue residing in the body. And it strives to be reunited with its root source when its host body is drawn to materialistic activities. Contrariwise, when the person in whose body the soul resides is elevated and is involved in mitzvos and ma'asim tovim, the soul is content to continue its residence there. So: returning to the eponymous posuk of our weekly Parsha: וְנָתַתִּי מוֹשְׁבָנִי בְּתוֹכְכֶם If you will be immersed in my precepts, then Hashem will cause his Presence to rest within you, since you conduct yourself properly, in keeping with His will, and then in culmination of the process, וְלֹא־תִנְעַל נַפְשִׁי אֶתְכֶם the neshama (which is the Nefesh, the element of Eloka Mima'al) will be content to remain in your corporeal body. [The term the posuk uses "(מוֹשְׁבָנִי)" echoes the status of one's neshama in a striking way -- as a "mashkon", a pledge, reclaimed by the Oibershter every night, as we say in our nightly nusach, תוֹרָה מְהַרְי"ץ - דושינסקי] In Your hand I entrust my spirit; [YZK]
 הגליון מוקדש לזכות ורפואת מרת פריידא אסתר בת רבקה פערל תחי' בתושח"א

STORY OF THE WEEK (By Yehuda Z. Klitnick and translated by Dovid Pinchas Rose)

****Raising a hand against a Yid brings an Arab to a gruesome end****

HaRav HaKodosh R' Shlomo Goldman, Admor miZhvill, זצוק"ל was the son of HaRav Mordchai, the son of HaRav Moshe, in turn the son of Rav Yechiel Mechel der Zlotschover Magid. He succeeded his father in kehilla leadership until the day arrived when he resolved firmly to leave his post and make aliya to Eretz Yisroel. Upon arrival, he sternly informed his son that he was no longer serving as a Rebbe in any way, shape, or form, had resigned from communal leadership, and henceforth sought only to sit and learn in Yeshivas Chayei Olam, totally incognito. But Shomayim had other plans.
 A wealthy Yid from Zhvill was once visiting the yeshiva, noticed Reb Shlom'ke (as he was universally known) and blurted out 'Sholom Aleichem, Zhviller Rebbe!' Horrified, the Rebbe frantically tried to stifle the man, but the damage was done. He

could no longer conceal his identity, nor, as time went on, his greatness. Actually, the episode provided to be important, because Rav Yosef Chaim Sonnenfeld, זצ"ל Yerushalayimer Rav, was once entrusted with a goodly sum of cash and requested to deliver it to the "Zhviller Rebbe", reputed to be somewhere in Yerushalayim -- where, Rav Sonnenfeld did not know. He made inquiries with due diligence until the word emerged from Chayei Olam as to his address. Rav Yosef Chaim found him at the address and asked if he were really the Zhviller Rebbe. "No, not at all. I used to be the Rebbe," came the meek reply. Rav Yosef Chaim immediately discerned the truth and turned over the package of money, which had been dispatched from the

chassidim in Zhvill. From that time on, Reb Shlom'ke began his public leadership, during which he achieved salvations for countless Yidden through the holy brochos which he bestowed.

A Yid relates that he worked in Haifa for the railway, during the time of the British Mandate rule of Eretz Yisrael (pre-1948). He spoke five languages, which was useful to the management and they allowed him, the sole Shomer Shabbos Yid among thousands of railyard workers, to take off from work on Shabbos and Yom Tovim. The status quo continued satisfactorily for years, until the wicked Arab anti-Jewish pogroms around the year 1940. There came a turnaround in the Yid's situation. His isolation as the only Yid among thousands of Arabs, who did not wish him well, to say the least, became painfully evident very rapidly. They began to taunt him with vicious threats, hurled openly and shamelessly: "We will slaughter you like a dog. We're just waiting for the right chance. Better make out your will, filthy Jew." The Yid saw that his life was in danger and never knew what the next minute would bring, and this unending state of heightened alert took a heavy toll on his nerves. Thinking that the top manager of the railyard -- likewise an Arab -- might display a modicum of human decency, the Yid turned to him, told him of the danger he felt, and begged him to protect him from the other Arabs. His hopes were dashed when the boss retorted: "Look. At least they threatened to slaughter you like a dog, and not a pig. What's so bad about that?"

The poor Yid approached every workday with trepidation and sorely would have wanted to find another job with a semblance of security. But economic conditions were harsh and jobs were scarce. Yidden turn to tzaddikim in time of crisis and our hero was no different. He went to Yerushalayim and met with a distinguished Rebbe. His advice was short and to the point: "Do as the Patriarchs did in time of danger -- flee from there! And do it quickly!" This advice was hard for our Yid to accept, since his focus was not primarily on himself, but on feeding his large family. For this, he needed a job. But he also needed to be alive. What to do? From sheer desperation and anguish, he burst into bitter tears in the street, which attracted the attention of a sympathetic gentleman. Having heard about the Yid's plight, the man advised: "There is a great tzaddik who lives not far from here -- Reb Shlom'ke Zhviller. He has obtained yeshuos for many people. Find him and hear what he has to say." Our hero lost no time in going to Reb Shlom'ke's house, only to find his rebbetzin, who said he could find the Rebbe at the Kosel HaMa'aravi.

The time was one of high tensions between the Arab and Jewish communities, which the events of 1948 later exacerbated to the extreme. On the way to the Kosel, the Yid passed a clump of hostile Arabs whose every glance contained a dagger. He overheard them saying: "Hey, guys. Here's a Jew right at hand. Let's finish him off." In his agitated state, that's all the Yid needed to hear. He took off as fast as greased lightning and ran away like a man possessed. The Arab brigands' view was that he was a crazy man and they backed off and were satisfied to launch him fleeing with all his strength.

Our Yid finally made his way to the Kosel, where he saw a man who had to be Reb Shlom'ke standing in a secluded spot. He poured out his heart to him, sure of a warm response and yeshuah. It was not to be. The Rebbe said not a word to him and seemingly ignored him completely. He repeated his tale of woe a second, and a

third time, and the response was the same: not a word of reply or acknowledgement. This was in no way the type of reception he had encountered by other Tzaddikim and it left him perplexed and chagrined. When the Rebbe left the Kosel, the man followed him home, constantly trying to rouse the Rebbe's attention to his plight, but was met with stony silence. He even burst into the Rebbe's seforim room, while the Rebbe was sitting with a sefer, but again the same scenario prevailed: not a scintilla of recognition. Our Yid was beside himself with panic and desperation and did something he would ordinarily never have done. But peril for both his life and his family's survival did not make for ordinary times. He boldly grabbed on to the Rebbe's silk gartel and wailed at the top of his voice:

"Heilige Rebbe! Holy Rebbe! Help me, I beg you. I'm at the end of my rope. I have nowhere to turn; my life is at risk every day at my job, but without a job my family will starve! Rescue me, Holy Rebbe!" That plea broke through whatever barrier there had been preventing the Yid to reach through to the Rebbe who, for the first time, raised his head and looked directly at the troubled Yid. The Rebbe buried his face in his hands for a time, in deep meditation, and finally took a sefer from the bookcase and said in a loud voice: "My son, what are you so afraid of? Whoever dares raise his hand against you will meet with a black and bitter end, and will curse the day he was born." The Yid's countenance brightened as a new-dawning day and he took out a One Pound banknote from his pocket and offered it to the Rebbe as a pidyon. In those day, one pound could support a person for a week.

The Rebbe's response took him quite aback: "What do I need that avodah zara/idolotry paper for?" "Rebbe! The money could help a lot of tzeddaka causes." "No, you are a thief!" The Yid started to cry again: "Why is the Rebbe saying such a terrible thing about me?" "In the Next World they will ask you why you diverted money that should have been used to feed your wife and children!" To make a long story short, the Yid convinced the Rebbe that he was Boruch Hashem financially able to spare the One Pound note, and the Rebbe accepted it, but reluctantly. The Yid returned home, an optimistic and totally energized person.

The next day at the railyard, one of the Arab thug ringleaders approached him brandishing a huge fist. The poor man shook again from fear from being the lone Yid among a band of Arabs, but he got a hold of himself and cried out: "Ribono shel Olam! Save me in the merit of the holy Rebbe of Zhvil!" The thug started his attack in earnest, but suddenly slipped on some machine oil and fell backwards, hitting his skull squarely on the sharp point of a rock, splitting it open until his brains emerged from the aperture. The ambulance that was called pronounced him dead on the spot. Word soon spread that the Arab troublemaker met a violent and bloody end because he had intended to harm a simple Jew. The hero of our story had not the slightest problems at his job after this gruesome episode. "A tzaddik decrees and HaKodosh Boruch Hu fulfills." Was there ever a more convincing proof than this wonder from Reb Shlom'ke Zhviller, whose yahrtzeit occurs this week?

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