**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas vayeira 5773**

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**"Sandy," The Blessings**

**Of a Blackout**

**By Rabbi Yosef Bitton**

We are expecting a big storm [Hurricane Sandy] in New York today. In our area the worst part will probably begin after 7.00 PM. We have already taken all precautions: all lose objects are placed in the garage. The windows are decorated with a big X of masking tape. We got flashlights, a batteries-less radio and we have gathered probably more food (and bottled water) than what Noach took with him to his ark.

We are ready for the worst: a blackout. No power for who-knows how many days (last time, with Hurricane "Irene", we had no power for 10 days). The big-game changer is that children have no school today and tomorrow. As I was nervously talking to my wife yesterday I noticed that she was no worried at all. On the contrary, she was excited: "A blackout is the greatest opportunity for quality family time".

She is right: in a sense these days are like a long Shabbat: no work, no school, no computers, no X-Box, etc., just the family together indoors. We are all by ourselves, with our children.

Like Shabbat, try to build a positive atmosphere of peace, with patience.

Select some books for quality reading; take from the basement old family pictures, and get ready to play games and tell stories of Abraham Abinu. Then have points of discussions and Q&A on the Perasha of the week one of the richest Perashiot for children!.

It is also a great opportunity to explain our children how privileged we are to live in a time and a place where Baruch'Hashem we have refrigerators, washing machines and electrical light.

We are hoping that Baruch'Hashem everybody will be safe and sound, but we can't get over the excitement of having this window of opportunity for quality Jewish parenting.

*Reprinted from Halakha of the Day email from the Shehebar Sephardic Center of October 29, 2012.*

**Good Shabbos Everyone**

**A Reunion in**

**Yerushalayim**

Hillel Avion (not his real name) was enjoying every minute of his visit to Eretz Yisroel. After all, he had much for which to be grateful. Hillel had faced several medical conditions over the past few years, and he was thankful to Hashem for granting him additional years, giving him the opportunity to visit the Holy Land and to spend time with his children and grandchildren.

"So what's on the itinerary today?" Hillel asked his son. "Oh, Abba, I forgot to tell you! Tonight you're in for a real treat. The children will be singing in a yeshiva choir. You will really get your nachas this evening!"

Hillel did indeed enjoy the evening. What a pleasure to hear the sweet voices of his offspring blending melodiously with the voices of so many other Jewish children! After the gala performance, Hillel joined his son and headed for home.

"Have you davened (prayed) maariv (the evening prayers) already, Abba?"

"I did," Hillel replied, "but I'd be happy to accompany you."

While his son ducked inside the building for the evening service, Hillel waited patiently in the courtyard. After several minutes, a saintly-looking elderly man, his beard long and white, wandered into the courtyard. Hillel estimated that the man must be in his mid-nineties. The elderly man addressed Hillel. "Do you know if a minyan for maariv has begun?"

Hillel gestured inside. "My son just went in for maariv a few minutes ago. The minyan has probably just begun." The man's face lit up at this information. He slowly and steadily made his way inside the building, only to emerge a few minutes later.

"Back so soon?" Hillel asked. "What happened?"

"I already missed Kaddish and Borchu," the man explained. "But they have ongoing minyanim here until eleven. I'll just wait for the next one." As the elderly man spoke, Hillel thought he detected a Persian accent. So he began conversing in Persian. The other man was surprised. "Are you Persian?"

"Actually, I am Syrian. I live in America now," Hillel replied.

"I spent some time in New York once," the man reminisced. "It was about thirty-five years ago. I attended Shaarei Tzion quite often."

Hillel listened with interest. Shaarei Tzion was a Syrian synagogue he himself had been frequenting for years. "I have one friend there," the man went on.

Hillel's curiosity piqued. "Really? Who is your friend?"

"Hillel Avion." Hillel couldn't believe his ears. He eyed the old man closely, but he did not appear the slightest bit familiar to him. Hiding his surprise, he asked, "How do you know this Hillel Avion?"

"I was in America for heart surgery, and Hillel Avion was a tremendous help to me."

Something stirred in the back of Hillel's mind. "What's your name?" Hillel asked, hoping the name would conjure up the memory. "Gorgy. My name is Gorgy."

Yes, that's right! Gorgy! Now Hillel remembered. The man, a father of fourteen, had come from Israel to consult with an expert surgeon in New York. Gorgy had no medical insurance—and no money to pay the doctor's fee. So the surgeon had turned him away: "Fifty thousand dollars, or no surgery!"

Upon hearing of Gorgy's desperate plight, Hillel undertook the tremendous financial obligation. For two weeks, by day and night, through cold and snowy weather, Hillel knocked on the doors of friends, acquaintances and strangers. When he finally amassed a sizeable sum, he presented himself at the surgeon's office. Hillel placed an enormous bag on the table. "Here's the money," he announced. "Please perform the operation."

The surgeon summoned four nurses, who sat down to count the bills. Hillel watched nervously until the surgeon looked up with a smile on his face. Every penny was there, and the doctor agreed to go ahead with the surgery. Boruch Hashem, the operation was a complete success.

"Mr. Gorgy," Hillel burst out emotionally, "I am Hillel Avion!" He grasped Mr. Gorgy's hand and kissed it. "Can you please give me a brocha?"

"Hillel ben Rivkah," Gorgy answered earnestly, "there is no need for me to bless you now. Every day for the past thirty-five years I have prayed on your behalf. Every morning I wake up and say 'Hashem, please bless Hillel ben Rivkah.'"

The tears streamed down Hillel's face as the two men parted. Hillel shared the remarkable episode with his son when he rejoined him in the courtyard. Both men marveled at the reunion that had transpired.

"Every mitzvah is recorded in Heaven, and is paid back." Many a trial and tribulation had passed by Hillel in the past thirty-five years. Hillel was certain now that it was in the merit of helping Mr. Gorgy as well as Mr. Gorgy's daily blessings, that Hillel was alive today, enjoying nachas from his grandchildren in the Holy Land.

The Midrash teaches us that there are a few ways which a Jew can change his "Mazal," i.e, from bad to good. One of these ways is by moving to a new place, as Avrohom Avinu does at the beginning of last week's parsha Lech Lecha. Another way to change one's Mazal is by giving Tzedaka - charity.

There is verse in Mishley (Book of Proverbs) which states "Tzedaka saves one from death..." (10,2) From our story above we see the power of Tzedaka. Now that we are reading the parshas of Avrohom Avinu, who personified the character trait of Chesed - Kindness, let us all strengthen ourselves in this aspect and resolve to give more and more Tzedaka. Hashem should then help us that by giving more Tzedaka we will all merit to good Mazal, to Mazal Tov!

*Reprinted from last week’s email of Good Shabbos Everyone.*

**The Secret Entrance**

**By Rabbi Mendel Weinbach**

When the tribe of Yosef set out to conquer the city of Beit El, formerly known as Luz, there was a serious problem in locating the perfectly concealed entrance to the fortified city. Some advance scouts observed a resident of the city who had exited the city and asked him to show them the

entrance.

A giant luz tree stood in front of a cave that served as the entrance, and only the city’s inhabitants were aware that the tree was hollow and could be traversed.

The scouts promised to reward this fellow with protection if he showed them the entrance. He pointed his finger toward the mysterious tree and thus enabled the Israelites to conquer the city.

True to their promise they spared the informer and his family. He subsequently moved to the Hittite area of the land and established a city that he named Luz. The kindness the guide showed to the Israelites was rewarded by this new city’s invulnerability to death. When its aged inhabitants grew weary of life they went outside the city walls to die.

This is cited by our Talmudic Sages as an example of the great reward for one who helps another in reaching his destination.

*Reprinted from last week’s email of OHRNET, the Ohr Somayach Magazine of the Internet.*

**What’s the Right Thing to Do?**

**The Mismatchmaker**

**Question:** As a professional matchmaker I once suggested a certain young man for the daughter of a friend. I provided him with the name of the boy and the yeshiva in which he studied. My friend’s investigations about the candidate indicated that he was a good catch and it wasn’t long before I was invited to the engagement party. When I was introduced to the *chatan*, I was shocked for he was not the one I had suggested but rather another boy with the same name in the same yeshiva!

Of course I have no intention of harming this match by revealing my error, but I would like to know whether I am entitled to my matchmaker fee for indirectly bringing about this *shiduch.*

**Answer:** When such a question came before Rabbi Chaim Kanievsky of Bnei Brak, he ruled that the matchmaker had no claim and could view his role in the successful match as nothing more than a cog in a Divine plan. He illustrated this point with a story.

A Jew who had lost his wife hired a girl to take care of his young children. She did her work faithfully each day and then returned to her home. One day she bought a raffle ticket which she told her employer about. Even before she became aware of it, he learned that she had won a big prize. He then decided to propose marriage to her so that he would share in her good fortune and only later tell her about her windfall. His plan seemed

to work perfectly until he told his new young wife that she was a wealthy woman. To his shock she informed him that before the prize was announced, she had sold her ticket to a friend.

When her disappointed husband discussed with his local rabbi the idea of a divorce, he was soundly scolded:

Look how many things G-d had to do to get you to marry this girl. He took away your first wife, brought this girl to take care of your children, persuaded her to buy a lottery ticket, and even arranged for her to win a big prize. After all of this was arranged so that you should marry her, how can you even contemplate divorce?

The moral of the story, concluded Rabbi Kanievsky, is that in this case the matchmaker’s role was only a part of a Divine plan and a fee is due him only when he was the agent who directly made the match.

*Reprinted from last week’s email of OHRNET, the Ohr Somayach Torah Magazine of the Internet.*

**New Hope and Fresh Paint for Synagogue in Queens**

**By Sharon Otterman and Sarah Maslin Nir**

Twenty years ago, it seemed that Congregation Tifereth Israel in Corona, thought to be [the oldest synagogue in Queens](http://www.nylandmarks.org/advocacy/preservation_issues/1.6_million_restoration_of_oldest_queens_synagogue_begins_june_22_its_100th/), was headed for a date with a wrecking ball. Its Ashkenazi Jewish congregation — whose early members included the teenager who would become Estée Lauder — had dwindled to just a few. The wooden building, coated in 1929 with an unfortunate blanket of stucco, was in disrepair.

But in the late 1990s, a charismatic kosher butcher and rabbi from Central Asia moved to the area and slowly transformed the synagogue into the spiritual home of a community of impoverished Bukharan Jewish immigrants from the former Soviet Union. Soon, the rabbi’s wife figured out that in America, there was a way to save such a historic building.

Esther Khaimov, the rabbi’s wife, called the [New York Landmarks Conservancy](http://topics.nytimes.com/top/reference/timestopics/organizations/n/new_york_landmarks_conservancy/index.html?inline=nyt-org) for help and combed through city records to find the building’s original 1911 architectural plans, according to Ann-Isabel Friedman, who guided the project for the conservancy. After years of work, the building was [given city landmark status in 2008](http://cityroom.blogs.nytimes.com/2008/02/12/landmark-status-for-1911-queens-synagogue/) and then raised enough state, city and private grants to pay for a $1.6 million exterior renovation.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Khaimov and her husband, [Rabbi Amnon Khaimov](http://www.nytimes.com/1997/11/16/nyregion/the-rabbi-s-lost-tribe.html), helped preside over a ribbon cutting for their restored synagogue. At 5 p.m. Rabbi Khaimov nailed the final nail into a mezuza, the ritual prayer scroll Jews affix to entranceways, on the synagogue’s front door frame. There is still no boiler in the building — that might have to wait until next year — but the restored siding glows sky blue, and the decorative ornament at its gabled parapet, at one point lost to time, is back in gleaming gold.



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| spacer | Photo by Kirsten Luce for The New York Times  The exterior of Congregation Tifereth Israel in Corona, Queens, was restored with $1.6 million in private and public funds. Public money cannot be used for the interior. |  |

“I believe that the best miracles are the miracles we make with our own hands, and this is such a miracle,” Rimma Kharlamov, the coordinator of the [Council of Jewish Émigré Community Organizations](http://cojeco.org/), said while standing before the bimah, the raised prayer dais in the middle of the sanctuary.

The synagogue was built a century ago by a congregation of Jews who had moved to Corona from the Lower East Side. Even though the Queens site was surrounded by open space, the congregation chose to construct a long, narrow two-story building, much like the synagogues that had been crammed between tenements and commercial buildings in their old neighborhood.

By the 1960s, Corona’s Jews began to move away, and over the decades, the area became one of the city’s most diverse, with African, Chinese, Mexican, Filipino and Puerto Rican residents, among others. The yeshiva affiliated with Tifereth Israel was shuttered and converted into a basic residence and music studio where Madonna lived briefly in the late 1970s, the conservancy said.

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Photo of the interior of Congregation Tifereth Israel. Photo by Kirsten Luce for The New York Times.

Rabbi Khaimov moved into the neighborhood in about 1997, saying he wanted to be with the poor, instead of the more successful Bukharan community flourishing in nearby Lefrak City. He held prayers in his living room and then the basement of Tifereth Israel, amid peeling paint and no heat. But the old guard at the synagogue [did not like](http://www.nytimes.com/1997/10/12/nyregion/neighborhood-report-corona-new-worshipers-are-bane-not-balm-for-old-synagogue.html) what felt like a takeover by Bukhori-speaking strangers with very different ways of praying. The last remaining member locked them out, until ordered to allow them back.

There were termites in the basement and rotting window frames that let snow in, Ms. Friedman said. But the building began winning preservation grants to restore its roof and exterior beginning in the early 2000s, including about $400,000 from the state and $1.1 million from the Queens borough president’s office.

Repairs had to be done “four feet at a time” because the building was so structurally unsound, said Richard Loduca, who along with Barry Lipsky served as general contractor for the site. Its unusual window components, like Alaskan cedar and pebbled, amber-toned Florentine glass, had to be procured from far-flung corners of the country. Its decorative cornice was missing chunks; some them replaced with auto-body putty and fiberglass.

The light blue color was deduced by analyzing faded paint chips once hidden under the stucco, since the only photo of the original, taken in 1939, was in black and white. That photo revealed a Jewish star at the building’s crown that was long gone. It has been replaced.

The inside, however, has not been restored. The paint puckers on the ceilings, chunks of plaster are missing from the walls and only a fragment of a floral fresco remains on one wall. At the ceremony, Helen M. Marshall, the Queens borough president, said that because of rules separating church and state, work on the interior could not be financed as part of the project. The synagogue is now trying to raise money to fix the dilapidated sanctuary.

The community, at a height of around 200 families when the rabbi arrived in the ’90s, has dwindled considerably, his wife said. Corona is now a predominately Latino community. Mrs. Khaimov said she hoped the restored house of worship would attract more congregants. “We hope to build community,” she said, standing in the foyer of the synagogue. “We will start again.”

*Reprinted from the October 25, 2012 edition of The New York Times.*

**The Legacy of Abraham**

**By Rabbi Tuvia Bolton**

This week we are introduced to the founder and ‘Father’ of Judaism: Abraham. But at first glance it’s not understood exactly what he founded.

The religion of Abraham seemingly has very little in common with the Judaism we know today. In fact it doesn't seem to be much of a religion at all. He left no writings, sayings, commandments or even rituals (save circumcision). All he did was follow orders and do whatever G-d told him to do.

Even more; the Torah tells us that there were righteous people before him such as Chanoch (Gen. 5:24), Methusela (see Rashi on Gen. 7:4) and, of course, Noah.

What was special about Abraham?

We can answer this with a story that occurred some 30 years ago.

David Solomon was what you would call a self-made man. He lived in Manhattan and had built himself up from almost nothing with his own 'two hands'. Today was a multi-millionaire with several factories, had substantial holdings on Wall Street and knew exactly how loud money 'talks'.

Of course there was no place in his life for Judaism and no time for anything except business ... and family.

The most precious of all his possessions was his eighteen year old daughter. She was the apple of his eye. Her picture was on his desk and every wall of his office. He dreamed of the day that she would marry and he would see grandchildren. He even had a special fund saved up to buy her a new house and whatever she needed. And that day would soon be here.

He was sitting in his office when the phone rang. 'Mr. Solomon?" asked an official sounding voice on the other end of the line.

"Yes."

'Have you got a daughter by the name of Sarah Solomon?

Again he answered yes.

"This is a police officer speaking from County hospital. You'd better get down here fast, Mr. Solomon. Your daughter has been in a pretty severe automobile accident."

Mr. Solomon asked a few questions to make sure it wasn't a prank, slammed the phone down grabbed his keys and raced out of the office.

It was a nightmare. She was in critical condition. In a coma. Wires and instruments were attached to every part of her body. The doctors said that it was impossible to operate until her condition stabilized.

He stood there weeping. What could he do? His wife arrived and she too burst out in tears.

The next few days were almost without sleep. They waited in the hall for some news from the doctors. Perhaps she opened her eyes? Perhaps there would be some improvement?

But the only message of hope he received was his father's suggestion that he consult with the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

"He's the only one that can help" his father said. "I have friends that he did big miracles for. If anyone can help you he can. Just go, get an appointment and get to see him.

David's emotions began flipping. At first he was excited; there was hope! But then he became disappointed .. in himself. What? I, Dovid Solomon, a normal, successful, normal American businessman going to Rabbis? And who ever heard of Rabbis doing miracles? Rabbis give speeches and are, at best, communal leaders….what do Rabbis have to do with healing people. ­

But maybe this was something different? After all, this was a respected Jewish Rabbi. He even heard that he was a great leader, a serious person. He was uncertain.

Then suddenly he was afraid. "I don't do any commandments. I don’t even own a yarmulke! How can I go to this Rabbi? I'll be so ashamed."

But then his confidence returned. He remembered his money. "I'll give a big donation and the Rabbi will certainly hear what I have to say."

Dovid got directions, jumped in his car and drove down to the Rebbe's headquarters in Brooklyn to arrange a private meeting (called 'Yechidut'). There he learned that usually people had to wait for even months but because of the urgency that evening he was given precedence and that evening, many hours later, he was standing before the Rebbe in the Rebbe’s office room.

"Rebbe!" He began to cry. "My daughter had a terrible accident. She is in critical condition. Rebbe, can you save her? Here, here is a check for fifty thousand dollars! For your institutions."

The Rebbe just looked at him without seeming to notice the check and said. "If you want to save your daughter you must begin to observe Shabbat."

"Shabbat? You mean not drive or turn on lights and those things on Saturday? Rebbe," he replied "I can't promise such a thing. I'm a very busy man and I'm not a religious Jew. Here!" he took out his checkbook put it on the Rebbe's desk and began writing, "Here. One hundred thousand dollars! Please, Rebbe, please add this to the first check. Just save my daughter."

The Rebbe looked at him even more intently and said. "Mr. Solomon I am here to help you. That money might help my institutions but if you want to help your daughter keep the Sabbath."

"Rebbe, here!" Said Solomon as he signed his name to another check and placed it before the Rebbe. "It's an open check. Write what you want. Take what you need, just save her!!" He was really crying now. Looking deeply into the Rebbe's eyes for some hope.

"G-d is responsible for her healing." the Rebbe replied. "You must appeal to Him. I can only help with prayer but you must also do your part”. "At least keep the Sabbath. Then your daughter will be healthy and you will even see grandchildren from her."

Mr. Solomon gathered up his checks. Said he would think about it, shook the Rebbe's hand and left closing the door after him. He waited around for a while outside the door hoping that the Rebbe would call him back. But he didn't and Solomon returned to the hospital empty handed.

That night he couldn't sleep. The meeting with the Rebbe made a deep impression on him. The Rebbe's face danced before his eyes saying "I am here to help you, not to help my projects. Keep Shabbat". It was the first time in his life he met a man that was not interested in his own personal profit.

Meanwhile Sarah's condition deteriorated.

"Nu" He said to his wife. This Shabbat we won't drive or turn on any lights. I mean we'll be staying in the hospital anyway so we have nowhere to go. And I think I remember how my father used to make Kiddush; we can at least begin to do what Rabbi Shneerson said."

That Sunday there was some improvement and the next Sunday she opened her eyes for the first time in a month.

Mr. Solomon became a 'Shomer Shabbos' Jew and his daughter Sarah not only became completely healed, she eventually got married and had several children. Just as the Rebbe said.

This answers our question.

Most religions are a sort of investment propositions; invest energy and time according to us and reap profits in heaven and on earth.

So it was with all the other righteous people before Abraham; they were spiritual people but they were interested in benefiting themselves.

But Abraham wasn't interested in himself; only in doing what the Creator wants. And he was the first to reveal that the Creator wants us to perfect His creation.

So Abraham was the first man after Adam that devoted himself totally to fulfilling the purpose of creation; to make this world into heaven on earth.

That is the foundation of Judaism.

We see that Moses was similar. He thought only of what G-d wanted and not at all for himself as Maimonides explains (Yesodi HaTorah 8:1)

And that will be the essence of Moshiach; the ‘Messiah that Jews have been awaiting for thousands of years. His only concern will be improving the entire creation by bringing Jews to Torah and Gentiles to the Noahide Commandments; something like what Mr. Solomon in our story saw in the Rebbe.

Abraham is called the ‘Father’ of Judaism because he inherited this trait to all Jews; even those who convert to Judaism, in all generations.

May we all utilize the legacy of Abraham and do all we can; even one more good deed, word or even thought, to bring Moshiach now.

*Reprinted from last week’s email of Yeshiva Ohr Tmimim in Kfar Chabad, Israel.*

**Story #779**

**The CEO Who Cared**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

[**editor@ascentofsafed.com**](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/8?folder=ABC&msgNum=0000d000:001G%5eGNS00003GJX&block=1&msgNature=all&msgStatus=all&count=1351778084&randid=585107374&content=central)

Aaron Feuerstein was born in 1925 as the son of a businessman. His father and grandfather had owned and operated a textile company named Malden Mills since 1906.

Malden Mills was one of the largest employers in the town of Lawrence Massachusetts. In the 1960s Aaron Feuerstein took control of the company. Then in 1995, disaster struck: a large fire destroyed the entire factory.

The owner's response was unique. The seventy-year old Torah-observant Jewish businessman, received international acclaim for preserving the jobs of his employees. In an age of corporate downsizing, he not only

preserved their jobs; he kept his 1400 (!) employees on the payroll for several months until the factory reopened. In addition, he continued their health benefits.

A number of years later, CBS News had a special report which reviewed his altruistic decision, and it stated: :He kept his promises. Workers picked up their checks for months. In all, he paid out $25 million and became known as the Mensch of Malden Mills - a businessman who

seemed to care more about his workers than about his net worth.

The press loved him, and so did politicians. President Clinton invited him to the State of the Union Address as an honored guest. He also received 12 honorary degrees, including one from Boston University. He became that rare duck - the businessman as national hero.

“I got a lot of publicity. And I dont think that speaks well for our times, says Feuerstein. At the time in America of the greatest prosperity, the god of money has taken over to an extreme.”

“For guidance he turns to the Torah, the book of Jewish law. You are not permitted to oppress the working man, because he's poor and he’s needy, amongst your brethren and amongst the non-Jew in your community,” says Feuerstein, “who spent $300 million of the insurance money and then borrowed $100 million more to build a new plant that is both environmentally friendly and worker friendly. And it's a union shop that never had a strike, thanks to the Feuerstein family stance towards their workers. (The Mensch of Malden Mills, CBS News, July 6, 2003)

[A religious Jew, Feuerstein went on to explain that the ideals of his religious heritage had played the major role in his decision, quoting the famous first century Talmudic scholar Hillel twice:

"In a situation where there is no righteous person, try to be a righteous person" (Pirkei Avot, ch. 2)." And: "Not all who increase their wealth are wise (ibid).]

In September, 1996, Columbia University honored Aaron Feuerstein with its 1996 Botwinick Prize in Business Ethics. An attending Jewish dignitary gave the following report:

“A graduate of Yeshiva University, Mr. Feuerstein closed poignantly on a religious note. In business, he said, he merely carries out the dictates of his daily prayers. Each morning as he recites the opening line of the Shema Yisrael prayer (which he did on the spot), he affirms the singular unity of G-d: the G-d he worships in the synagogue is the same G-d who inhabits his home and who presides over his business. One G-d alone informs all that he does.”

Aaron Feuerstein demonstrated that he did not live a schizophrenic existence where one part of his life is guided by the principles of capitalism and another part of his life is guided by the principles of the Torah. He developed a unified self through allowing the principles of the Torah to guide of his life.

**Source:** Adapted and supplemented by Yerachmiel Tilles from various sources in honor of the first yahrzeit of Yosef Ben Shlomo Hakohen on Shabbat, 4 Cheshvan (Oct. 20, 2012).

**Connection:** Weekly Reading -- exactly opposite to the business practices in Sodom.

*Reprinted from this week’s email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed* [*www.ascentofsafed.com*](http://www.ascentofsafed.com)[*ascent@ascentofsafed.com*](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/8?folder=ABC&msgNum=0000d000:001G%5eGNS00003GJX&block=1&msgNature=all&msgStatus=all&count=1351778084&randid=585107374&content=central)