**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas shemini 5782**

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**The Israeli Air Force Officer’s Desire to Learn in a Yeshiva**

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**Rav Elazar Shach, zt”l**

 Rav Shmuel Dovid Friedman, in the Sefer B’Didi Havei Uvdah, tells a moving story. Rav Friedman relates that he met a Yid by the name of Rav Menachem Arava from Eretz Yisroel, and heard this story from him.

 “I am a Ba’al Teshuvah, and I served in the Israeli air force. After a few years in the army, I reached the rank of lieutenant colonel. In the 1970’s I underwent a spiritual journey and discovered the beauty of Judaism, Torah, and Mitzvos. I longed to live a life of Torah and true Judaism, but due to my role and the environment in which I was surrounded, I did not have the means and circumstances to remove myself from the secular society that I was involved in, and to start a new life.

 “I was waiting for the right opportunity, which was not long in coming. In the IDF, it is customary for senior officers to receive a long vacation with reimbursement, in order to study at well-known universities. When my turn came and I was offered to go and study at a university, I requested that instead of studying science at the university, I prefered to go and study Torah in a Yeshivah.

**Needed to Get Permission from the Defense Ministry**

 “My commander replied that from his point of view there was no problem, but I had to get permission from the Defense Ministry. The Defense Ministry told me that they do not recognize a Yeshivah as a place for higher education, and therefore, they refused to pay me a salary for the year, if I chose to go there.

 “At that time, I grew thirsty for Torah and Judaism, and I began to ask questions about how to get close to Hashem. In those days, there were no famous Ba’al Teshuvah movements, and there was no one to guide me as to where to go. I made my way to Judaism on my own, and so I came to an ultra-Orthodox family in Bnei Brak, to stay with them for a Shabbos.

 “After Shabbos, I asked my hosts who the most revered Torah personality in Bnei Brak was, and without hesitation, they directed me to the home of Rav Elazar Shach, zt”l. I told him that I wanted to change my leave from the army to attend Yeshivah instead of going to a university, as I was entitled to on behalf of the Ministry of Defense, but the Defense Ministry had refused my request. I asked him what I should do.



**Rav Shlomo Lorentz**

 “Rav Shach listened to my words, and while I was in his office, he asked a Gabai, Rav Yechezkel Ishaik, to call the minister, Rav Shlomo Lorentz, and ask him to come over. Rav Lorenz immediately arrived at the house of Rav Shach, while I was there. “To my surprise, I heard Rav Shach ask Rav Lorentz to negotiate with the government a clause that would guarantee that the courses studied by IDF officers in Yeshivah would be considered equivalent to a university course.

 “Indeed, this clause was included in the negotiations, and as a result of this, I was able to study Torah in Yeshivah for two and a half years!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Beshalach 5782 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

**Story #1264**

**The Singapore Surprise**

**From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**



 Two brothers from the American Wolfson family were hoping to close  an important business deal in Singapore involving many tens of millions of dollars. After much negotiation the deal was to be signed with one of the most famous tycoons of Singapore. A man treated by most as a king, a powerful person due to his wealth, and also his character. Even though he was only a business man, many people were afraid of him.

**Arriving Several Days Early**

 The week the deal was to be signed the brothers arrived several days early in order to finalize the details with their lawyers, a team that worked on the contracts. Towards the end of the week when all was ready, the signing was to take place in the office of this entrepreneur.

 When the brothers arrived at the building, the arbitrator was waiting for them by the elevator. He turned to them and said, "Excuse me for bringing this up, but here it is not a good idea to come to this meeting wearing a *kipah* (*yarmulke,* skull cap); it might offend certain people. Even though I understand this is a religious thing, I suggest that you take it off."

 The brothers answered "We will *not* take off our *kipot!* It is a religious practice. Under no circumstances will we take them off."

**Just Put Your Kipah in Your Pocket**

 "I didn't say to throw away the *kipah*. Just put it in your pocket until after the signing. Then put it on again and wear it as much as you like."

 "No way! We won't even consider it."

 They argued back and forth. The mediator finally said, "Isn't it a pity that a deal I worked on worth several tens of million dollars will fall through just because of a *kipah* but what can I do?"

 "Well, if we will lose this contract, it is from Heaven, but we do not take of our *kipot*."

 The mediator had no choice but to go along with their decision. They entered the elevator and arrived at the lavishly appointed hall where the signing was to take place. The furniture was richly upholstered, especially the chair at the head of the table reserved for the magnate.

 When he entered the room, all present stood up. He signaled with his hand they should sit, and then he himself sat down at the head of the table. The Wolfson brothers sat on his left side.

**“And Don’t Forget to Say the “Shehakol” Blessing”**

 Turning in their direction, the magnate addressed them. "Please drink some water. And don't forget to say the "*shehakol*" blessing," he added.

 Bewildered they looked at him. What is this? To be reminded of saying a blessing before drinking in Singapore by a non-Jewish businessman? How is this possible?

 After they said the blessing, the entrepreneur answered "*Amen*." From other interactions during the meeting, they wondered if this man could possibly be a Jew.

He even had asked them in the colloquial of the Jewish people, "Did you *davven* (pray) *shacharit* (the morning prayer) today?"

 "Yes."

 "In the synagogue?"

 "Yes."

 "With a *minyan* (quorum of 10 men)"

 "Yes."

 "Did you notice that the Rabbi of the synagogue is an Ashkenazi (of European descent) Jew and the congregation is Sepharadi (of Eastern descent)?"

 This last remark showed such a knowledge of Jewish internal structure that one of the Wolfson men asked him, "Excuse me sir, but from where do you have such detailed knowledge of Jewish life?"

**Adopted by a Jewish Family**

 "I’ll tell you. I was born here in Singapore. My parents passed away when I was young, and I was adopted by a Jewish family. My adopted parents were religious people. My adopted father always took me to the synagogue, so I know what *shacharit* is, what *mincha* (afternoon prayer) is, what *ma'ariv*is (evening prayer) is, what the blessings are, etc. I know it all.

 "I never converted. I was not asked to and I stayed a gentile. But I'm well versed in all the customs. And I respect Jewish men who are not afraid to be seen as religious, who wear a *kipah* on their heads."

 They looked at the mediator and if to say with satisfaction "*Nu*, did the *kipah* cause harm?"

 In the end, in the merit of the *kipah,* the magnate smoothed the conclusion of the deal. He proclaimed, "I trust these people, they are true to their religion and tradition." As a result, the signing was done relatively quickly. The deal went through and was an enormous success.

**Story Told by Former Chief Rabbi of Israel**

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*Source*: Transcribed and translated by **C. R. Benami**, long-time editorial assistant for [www.AscentOfSafed.com](https://link.kabbalaonline.org/go.asp?li=3615E940EA3DAC605E007E886E976935&ui=E439C22B2FA14D648D98C7BD5B92F85F), from a telling in Hebrew by **Rabbi Yonah Metzger**, former chief Ashkenazi rabbi of Israel, in his WhatsApp group for a weekly video story, which was submitted by Mrs. Reba Cohen.  Adapted by **Yerachmiel Tilles**.

***Rabbi Metzger adds* :** What this story shows us is to not be ashamed of our *kipahs*, our *tzitzit*(twisted

strands upon four-cornered garments), etc. They will only help you, in daily life and in your business life.

*Connection*:  In both the story and this weekâ€™s Torah reading of *Pekudei*, mountainous amounts of monetary value are prominent â€“ more than two tons of gold and 7.5 tons of silver in the latter, tens of millions of dollars in the former -- and honesty is being probed and confirmed.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Pekudei 5782 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Safed.*

**Not Sorry to Miss This One**

[**As Told to Zelda Goldfield**](https://www.jewishpress.com/author/as-told-to-zelda-goldfield/)

\*names and details have been changed

 Sheryl Goodman’s two children had much in common as they grew up.

 Michael and Rebecca were both very bright, curious, hard-working, extremely determined and idealistic.

 Michael studied political science and environmental studies, eventually earning a professorship in a leading university. He didn’t neglect his idealistic streak and became the president of his Reform Temple and a charismatic leader in civil rights causes in the local Democratic Party.

 Rebecca’s dedication to helping mankind led her to medical school and she became a family doctor. While still in school she became friendly with Orthodox Jews. The orthodox way seemed more authentic and inviting than the occasional temple services she had attended in her youth. By the time she graduated medical school, she had married a yeshiva student and had already given birth to four of their eleven children. The next step was to come on aliyah.

**Her Children Had Chosen Very Different Paths in Life**

 Mrs. Goodman’s two talented children had chosen very different paths in their lives. Not only were the paths different, but they were diametrically opposed! Because they were separated by the Atlantic Ocean, there was little friction between them.

 Rebecca’s profession brought her much satisfaction and also enabled her to support her learned husband and growing brood in Jerusalem. Her brother, too, was successful in his profession and in all his liberal causes. When his only daughter, Sophie, decided to take off a semester from university and travel to Israel to teach English to Palestinian children in refugee camps near Gaza, Michael was elated and proud of her humanitarian act. However, he emphatically warned her not to spend time with his eccentric sister and her immense family. Sophie could visit for one Shabbos, to placate his mother – but no more than that!

 A few months passed. How shocking and unexpected was Mrs. Goodman’s urgent phone call to her daughter! Normally an active and healthy woman, Mrs. Goodman’s doctor had diagnosed her with terminal cancer and gave her less than a month to live.

 “Rebecca, I know that this may sound irrational, but I want to come to Israel to die. Please arrange for me all the papers I’ll need, medical escorts – all the red tape – and get me over to Israel as soon as humanly possible. This is my decision and wish – please, Rebecca, help me.”



 Within less than a week(!) Mrs. Goodman was comfortably lodged in Rebecca’s home. She didn’t complain about the crowded home or about the noise of her eleven grandchildren. On the contrary, she reveled in all the attention and company. Since her husband had passed away a decade ago, she longed for family. And that is what she got in Jerusalem. Plenty of it.

**Didn’t Have a Minute to Brood**

 Once the children came home in the afternoon, Mrs. Goodman didn’t have a minute to brood. She helped them with their English homework and they explained to her why they wore modest clothing, the laws honoring the Sabbath, prayers and Tehillim – in other words – a crash course in Orthodox Judaism. In the mornings when Rebecca worked in her clinic, friendly neighbors took turns spoiling their family doctor’s mother. When she had the strength, Mrs. Goodman in turn, entertained her visitors with her roaring sense of humor.

 Sophie had not yet visited her eccentric aunt, but when her father told her of his mother’s arrival in Israel and her terminal illness, she rushed over to be at her grandmother’s side. Sophie spent not only one Shabbos there, but moved into Rebecca’s burgeoning household.

 Mrs. Goodman asked her daughter to buy her some berets so that she could cover her hair like the rest of the women. She taught Sophie what the children had taught her. Her oncologist’s prediction was, fortunately wrong, and Mrs. Goodman passed the deadline for her demise. But all good things eventually come to an end, and after four months Rebecca saw that her mother was in a steep decline.

**Need to Know what Halacha Required and Permitted**

 Dr. Rebecca was not unacquainted with death. But this was different. Her own mother was dying – in her home. What was required and permitted according to halacha, especially on Shabbos? Her Rav advised her that since her mother’s death was imminent, she should perform any melacha required or requested by her mother. The Rav also told her to explain to her children that this was pikuach nefesh.

 The Shabbos before her passing, Mrs. Goodman asked Rebecca to make her a scrambled egg. Rebecca sucked in her breath, and did as her mother asked. She walked into the shabbosdig kitchen, pushed away the cholent and kugels, and proceeded to crack the eggs, whip them up and fry them. The children, all decked out in their Shabbos finery, gaped in amazement as Rebecca cooked on Shabbos. Even Sophie let out a sigh of disbelief as her eyes followed her aunt’s movements.

The dutiful daughter served her mother the freshly scrambled eggs she had requested, and was roundly reprimanded by her mother.

 “Rebecca! It’s Shabbos! Why did you make me scrambled eggs?” Mrs. Goodman wrinkled her nose in disgust. “You can’t cook on Shabbos. Ugh. Get rid of the stuff.”

 Later that afternoon, three generations of Goodman women relaxed peacefully on the porch watching the Shabbos sun setting; Sophie was perched on a deck chair, R ebecca rested in the lounge chair, and Mrs. Goodman was propped up in her wheelchair. Sophie stood up abruptly to make an announcement.

 “Grandma, Rebecca, I have made my decision. After spending time in this house watching the loving interactions between all the kids, your caring friends, Grandma’s respect for halacha, the wonderful and exciting customs, even all the strict but logical rules- I want to get on board. This is the kind of life I want for myself. I’ve signed myself up for classes at the local yeshiva for women. I start tomorrow!”

 Rebecca beamed lovingly at her niece, got up from the lounge chair and hugged her with all her might. “Mazal Tov!”

 Sophie searched for approval from her grandmother’s eyes. “Grandma, what do you say?”

“What do I say?” Mrs. Goodman winked and continued, “I say that one thing I will not be sorry to miss when I am gone, is seeing your father’s face when he hears your news.”

*Reprinted from the Parshat Pekudei 5782 website of The Jewish Press.*

**The Legacy of Rav Shraga Feivel Mendlowitz, Zt”l**



 The premier architect of Torah chinuch, education, in America was Horav Shraga Feivel Mendlowitz, zl. A complete treatment of his life and legacy would require a volume (of which we have a well-written one) just to peruse his daily schedule. His life story is an inspiration which should galvanise us to action.

 Rav Shraga Feivel arrived in the Bais Hamedrash [of Yeshiva Torah Vodaath] each morning before Shacharis. He followed this with a breakfast of hot cereal and a cup of milk at home. He would return to the Mesivta with exuberance, having thought of new approaches he wanted to try.

 He would then stand by the door, with his pocket watch in hand, to greet each student. When a boy arrived late, Rav Shraga Feivel stared at his watch in disbelief (so to speak). His gut morgen, good morning, rendered curtly, was all the rebuke the student required. He had conveyed his message.

 Rav Shraga Feivel could not fathom how anyone, student or rebbe, could be late for Torah study. He would declare to his students, “If we are striving to build Yiddishkeit, how can we afford to waste a minute?”

 Time was very important to him, and he communicated his feelings to his students. He would admonish his students to learn, and, if they did not want to learn, they should at least play ball – anything but sit around doing nothing.

 Rav Sharaga Feivel visited every classroom daily, always issuing carefully chosen comments to encourage or subtly rebuke the students. When his words went over the students’ heads; they were directed towards the rebbe. He set aside part of each day for private discussions with individual boys. He spoke to each student at least twice annually. He maintained an extremely close relationship with his rebbeim, lauding their achievements and encouraging them to grow to even higher heights.

 Late afternoon was when Rav Shraga Feivel taught his select shiurim, lessons. On most nights, he returned for night seder, evening study programs. His day did not end with his classes. When he went home, he began anew his work on behalf of the klal, community at large. He was a man who did not live for himself. This was his recipe for s.הלא פ ידוק המש ןכ מש

*Reprinted from the Parshas Pekudei 5782 email of Rabbi A.L. Scheinbaum’s Peninim on the Torah.*

**Rav Shlomo Zalman – Part 3**

 After R’ Shlomo Zalman Auerbach’s marriage, his father-in-law, R’ Leib Ruchamkin, gave him as a dowry a parcel of land near the city of Bat Yam. Rumors began to spread that the British Mandate that ruled Palestine at that time was about to impose a tax on all landowners.

 R’ Shlomo Zalman realized that worry over the parcel of land was affecting his ability to concentrate fully on his learning. He therefore traveled to Bat Yam, entered the first real estate office, and put his parcel of land up for sale.

 A buyer was found who wanted to pay a price that was considerably lower than what the piece of land was worth. R’ Shlomo Zalman sold the land, without bargaining. He returned to Yerushalayim, beaming with simcha. “Now I can learn without any worries. This was the best deal I ever made!”

 R’ Shlomo Zalman took the money that he had made from the sale and invested it in a savings account in a bank owned by non-Jews (to avoid questions of ribbis (interest)). Before depositing the money in the bank, R’ Shlomo Zalman asked if anything would be required of him once his money was deposited.

 He was told that every Friday he would have to dedicate a half hour to review the account. R’ Shlomo Zalman said, “If that is the case, then this investment is not for me. It will take my head out of my learning.”

 Towards the end of her life, R’ Shlomo Zalman’s mother-in-law lost her sight and could no longer recite Tehillim as she had so loved to do in the past. R’ Shlomo Zalman took the time to record the entire Sefer Tehillim, so she could continue her practice.

 One afternoon R’ Shlomo Zalman told his wife to tell callers that he could not be disturbed since he was preparing to deliver a shiur. When his wife entered the room, she noticed that he was lying on his bed. "But you said you were preparing for a shiur," she said in surprise. "Where are the seforim? Why are you resting?"



**Rav Shlomo Zalman Auerbach, zt”l, 1910-1995**

 R’ Shlomo Zalman answered: "Resting before giving a shiur is also preparation for that class. If the rebbi does not have strength, the shiur will not go well. A person needs to know that sometimes resting is truly a mitzvah."

 The parents of a developmentally disabled child came to R’ Shlomo Zalman to discuss institutionalizing him. When he asked what the boy said about the proposal, they replied that it had not occurred to them to ask him. R’ Shlomo Zalman was not pleased.

 “You intend to evict him from his home and consign him to a strange place with a regimented atmosphere,” he told them. “He must be encouraged and not allowed to feel that he is being betrayed.” He asked to see their son.

 “What is your name, my boy?” R’ Shlomo Zalman asked.

 “Akiva.”

 “Akiva, my name is Shlomo Zalman. I am the gadol hador, the greatest Torah authority of this generation, and everyone listens to me. You will be entering a special school now; I would like you to represent me and look after all of the religious matters in your new home.”

 The boy’s eyes were riveted to R’ Shlomo Zalman’s face and the awestruck parents sat with their mouths agape. “I shall now give you semichah which makes you a rabbi and I want you to use this honor responsibly.” Akiva enthusiastically entered the institution, and took his “rabbinical” responsibilities very seriously.

 With all his sweetness, he could be harsh too. When others tried to coerce him into signing statements he preferred not to sign, or to make statements concerning matters he had opted to remain silent about, he would not yield, no matter how strong the pressure.

**Refused to Make a Comment**

**During a Highly Contested Election**

 During an Israeli election, when the frum community in Eretz Yisroel was split, he had resolved to make no comment, in spite of monumental pressures from both sides. On two occasions, a close talmid attempted to probe him on the matter, and he rebuked the talmid, “Are you calling me about the sefer you are writing or about elections?!”

 He once apologized to a distinguished talmid chochom for not being able to attend his son’s bar mitzvah, as he had to go to a wedding and an engagement on that same evening. The father of the boy was surprised to see R’ Shlomo Zalman arrive at the bar mitzvah.

 He explained, “I remembered that I attended the bar mitzvahs of all your other boys. I thought that your son might feel hurt if I did not attend his simcha. So, I went out of my way to come this evening.”

 A drunken man once knocked on R’ Shlomo Zalman’s door, urgently requesting a letter of recommendation. R’ Shlomo Zalman wanted to refer him to someone else, but the drunk got angry, yelling, “Don’t tell me where to go! I know what is best for me!” He then lifted his hand in a threatening gesture, as if intending to strike R’ Shlomo Zalman.

**“Are You the Master of this House?”**

 One man in the house grabbed the drunk’s arm and pushed him outside. “Are you the master of this house?” R’ Shlomo Zalman asked him angrily. “Why did you do that?” The man explained that he was afraid that the drunk might strike him.

 “This fellow does not hit people,” said R’ Shlomo Zalman. “I know him. And if I had no choice, I would have given him the recommendation. Please find him and bring him back.” The man found him in an alley, lying in the dirt. R’ Shlomo Zalman talked to him for a long time until he calmed down and came to his senses.

 A school appointed a principal who, in R’ Shlomo Zalman’s view, was not suitable for the ideology of the institution. He did not hesitate to state his views publicly and speak out against the institution and its principal. One evening, the principal appeared at R’ Shlomo Zalman’s house, worried about the humiliating reception he might receive.

 R’ Shlomo Zalman received him most cordially, and with excessive courtesy. When he left, he escorted him down the steps. He explained to the principal that his objection was not against him personally; he only had the interest of the school in mind. R’ Shlomo Zalman then called his family together and said: “I want to teach you how to conduct a Machlokes LeShem Shomayim, a conflict for the sake of Heaven, without any personal interest or rancor.”

**Demonstrated Concern for a**

**Widow’s Small Wine Store**

 Near R’ Shlomo Zalman’s house there lived a widow, Rebbetzin Zlotnick, whose husband had left her a small wine store. Every Erev Pesach R’ Shlomo Zalman would go to her store to buy wine for Pesach, though everyone knew that the bottles of wine left from his mishlo’ach manos would fill his needs for the entire year. Having R’ Shlomo Zalman personally come to her store gave the lonely Rebbetzin indescribable joy.

 After many years, the widow closed the store, but every Erev Pesach she told one of her grandchildren to go to the local grocery and buy several bottles of the brand of wine R’ Shlomo Zalman used to buy every year. R’ Shlomo Zalman understood that the widow would be waiting for him in her wine store, which was open one day each year, on Erev Pesach.

 He displayed total concentration when giving his daily shiur in Kol Torah. Once when he ended his shiur a few minutes earlier than usual, and remained in the Beis Midrash, he suddenly noticed a strange electrical appliance hanging from the ceiling. When he inquired about it, he was told this appliance had been hanging there for more than two years. He had not noticed it because it was the first time in two years that he ended the shiur early, and the first time that he looked at the Beis Midrash since the insect trap was installed.

**Another Merit Equal to that of 84 Fast**

 Someone once asked R’ Shlomo Zalman if it is true that participating in a pidyon haben is worth 84 fasts. Trying to teach the person a point, R’ Shlomo Zalman replied, “Learning a daf of Gemara is also worth 84 fasts!”

 Answering a she’eilah meant not only considering the halachic ramifications, but considering the person who was asking the she’eilah. When once answering a complex she’eilah regarding borrowing money and paying interest, R’ Shlomo Zalman sensed that the person urgently needed a loan to remain afloat. He immediately arranged an interest-free loan for the distressed man.

 Once, in R’ Shlomo Zalman’s final years, he was walking home after davening Shacharis and felt terribly weak. As he reached the top step of his home, he realized that a long line of people was waiting to ask him shailos and speak with him. With his last bit of strength, he approached the line and said, “I simply have no strength. If it is possible to come another time… please come at a different time.” One of the people waiting in line was his nephew, R’ Tzvi Rotberg, rosh yeshiva of Bais Meir. As soon as R’ Shlomo Zalman noticed him, he asked him to come inside. R’ Tzvi refused, saying, “The uncle doesn’t feel well. I will come at a different time.”

**Regained His Strength by Studying Torah**

 R’ Shlomo Zalman replied, “I don’t feel well, but that will only last until we start learning together!” They began to talk in learning, and as they entered the depths of a sugya, R’ Shlomo Zalman became infused with a newfound strength.

 On another occasion, R’ Shlomo Zalman was not feeling well when R’ Rotberg came to talk in learning with R’ Shlomo Zalman, R’ Rotberg, who knew that he would not be returning to Yerushalayim before Rosh Hashanah, went to ask R’ Shlomo Zalman’s son, R’ Boruch, if he could at least go in for a minute to get a brocha in advance of the New Year.

 R’ Boruch asked R’ Shlomo Zalman, who instructed him that R’ Tzvi should be allowed in. After just a few seconds, the two became involved in a conversation about peiros that belong to a gentile during the shemittah years. Suddenly, R’ Shlomo Zalman’s weakness seemed to have disappeared. With the energy of a young man, the two debated the finer points of the sugya, with R’ Shlomo Zalman becoming so involved in the sugya that he forgot his weakness completely.

**The Last Bracha of His Life Given to His Hospital Roommate**

 R’ Shlomo Zalman gave the last bracha in his life to a young man who shared his room in the hospital, saying that he should soon be released from the hospital. Indeed, the next morning, the young man was discharged. In the middle of the night, R’ Shlomo Zalman woke up and asked, “Where is my alarm clock. Someone is sharing my room. I am afraid that the alarm might ring and wake him up. Would you please close the ringer?” Even in the most critical time, he was concerned about the welfare of others.

 He prayed constantly to remain in control of his faculties until his final day. The last week of his life saw him render a p’sak in Hilchos Shabbos for all of Klal Yisroel. Wednesday of his last week, he attended the Bris of a talmid’s son, issuing an important p’sak there, as well. Afterwards, not feeling well, he returned home and completed writing some checks, balancing his accounts, sending off support for the poor and then receiving people that night. Re’tzon Ye’rei’av Ya’aseh. The yahrzeit of R’ Shlomo Zalman ben R’ Chaim Yehuda Leib Auerbach is on 20 Adar I (1995). May his merit protect us.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayakhel 5782 email of The Weekly Vort.*