**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas emor 5782**

Volume 13A, Issue 37 – 13 Iyar 5782/May 14, 2022

**Printed L’illuy nishmas Nechama bas R’ Noach, a”h**

For a free subscription, please forward your request to ***keren18@juno.com***

Past stories can be found on the website **ShabbosStories.com**

**Reform, Conservative, Haredi — It’s All in the Family**

**By**[**Robyn Frisch**](https://forward.com/author/robyn-frisch/)



**Right to left: Mother and son – Robyn and Benji Frisch**

 I’m a Reform rabbi, my husband Seth is a Conservative rabbi, and one day our son Benji will probably be a haredi rabbi.

 A few months ago, when everyone I know was obsessed with the Netflix series “Unorthodox,” a lot of them got curious about Benji’s life. Everyone wanted to know: Is Benji Satmar? (No, in fact he’s not actually Hasidic.) Does he speak Yiddish? (Some, though people in his community also speak English and Hebrew.) Will he have an arranged marriage? (No, but in a few years, when he’s ready, he‘ll be “fixed up,” go on a few dates — in public — and he and a woman who both choose to marry each other will marry within a relatively short time. And yes, men and women will be separate at the wedding.) Could he leave his community if he wanted? (Yes … but that’s the last thing he wants.)

**How Did the Son of Two Liberal Rabbis Become Hareidi?**

 Most of all, though, people wonder, how did Benji, the son of two liberal rabbis, become haredi — and what does that mean for our family?

 This certainly wasn’t the path we put Benji on. He attended liberal Jewish schools from preschool through 9th grade, when he became interested in traditional Jewish law and community. At first, Benji becoming a *ba’al teshuvah*, someone who grew up Jewish but becomes Orthodox, was very difficult for me and Seth.

 It was hard for us, as adults who were passionate about Judaism, to have Judaism be the exact thing that was distancing us from our son. We felt a sense of rejection as he came to inhabit a Jewish world so different from our own. As Benji became more and more observant, we wondered where his journey would end. We comforted ourselves by insisting that this was “just a phase” and that Benji wouldn’t become “too Orthodox.”

 But Benji was all in. And through persistence and determination — two things Benji has a lot of — he spent 11th and 12th grade boarding at a haredi yeshiva in Baltimore, far from our home in suburban Philadelphia. (If anyone had told me a few years earlier that we’d ever let Benji go away to boarding school — not to mention a haredi boarding school — I would’ve said that they were crazy.) High school was followed by learning in a yeshiva.

**Benji Returned to a Home**

**Unlike that of His Yeshiva Peers**

 Benji was loving his time in yeshiva, until his life, like everyone else’s, changed dramatically with the advent of the coronavirus. Like most of his peers — secular and Orthodox — Benji returned home. But unlike his yeshiva peers, Benji didn’t return to a home where kashrut is observed in the way he observes it, where Shabbat is practiced in the way he practices it, where Judaism is understood and Jewish life is lived in the way he understands it and lives it.

 Having Benji home for more than the typical “off Shabbos” or month in the summer that we were used to had its challenges for all of us. For one thing, he hovered over me and Seth in the kitchen, questioning every single pot, pan and utensil we used, concerned that most of them weren’t up to his standard — which often they weren’t.

 But overall, it was wonderful having Benji home. I loved taking our dogs on hikes with him, blessing him on Friday nights and celebrating Havdalah with him at the end of Shabbat, and watching him be silly with his brother and sister.

**Making Peace with Our Religious Differences**

 One of the things that helps me make peace with our religious differences is the midrash that all Jews — not just those who were living at the time, but all who would live in the future as well — stood at Sinai for G-d’s revelation. Over time, rather than lament our differences, I’ve come to embrace the journey of my wonderful son who has a different understanding of revelation, and who has therefore chosen a Jewish lifestyle so different from the rest of our family’s.

 In September, Benji went to Israel to learn at the Mir Yeshiva in Jerusalem, where he plans to be for a couple of years. As excited as he was for this next phase of his life, Benji leaving for the Mir scared me. Israel was at the height of its coronavirus spread.

 Even with Benji and his peers all going into quarantine after they arrived and then being very limited in their exposure to others, I worried about his health. Moreover, after enjoying having him home for much of the prior six months and feeling such a sense of closeness, my old fears came back, and I worried that his being in an haredi yeshiva so far away could distance him from our family more than physically.

**Our Son Calls Us Every Friday Morning from Israel**

 Benji’s been gone for over four months now, and while we miss him tremendously, I’m grateful that he’s loving his time in Israel — and thankful that he’s healthy, too. He calls every Friday morning, before Shabbat starts in Israel, sharing his week and wanting to know what’s going on with the rest of the family before wishing us a heartfelt “Gut Shabbos.”

 Hours later, when Shabbat arrives here, it’s bittersweet for me as I bless my other two children on Friday evening. On Saturday, I miss my chess games and long Shabbat conversations with Benji. But I know that Benji is thriving and growing into the young man he has chosen to become — perhaps even that he was meant to become. For that I thank G-d — something that Benji and I can both agree on.

 *Rabbi Robyn Frisch is the Director of the Rukin Rabbinic Fellowship for 18Doors. She is also the Spiritual Leader of Temple Menorah Keneseth Chai in Philadelphia.*

 The views and opinions expressed in this article are the author’s own and do not necessarily reflect those of the Forward.

*Reprinted from the December 24, 2021 edition of the Forward.*

**A Slice of Life**

**Where Do You Need to Go?**

**By Malka Goldstein**

****

 Kenny H was kind, caring and calm. He was a loner by nature, and he had no family that we knew of. He was an only child and had never married. Kenny had been an accountant, and also a projectionist in a movie theater. He was a Vietnam army veteran who had served some of his time Alaska.

 But when I got to know him, Kenny was a car driver. The passengers in Kenny’s car were considered his friends. Many of us were his clients for over 20 years or more. No place was too far, no matter snow or sleet, Kenny was always available to us. And his fees were based on 1950s rates.

**Kenny Agreed to Put on Tefilin**

 When the opportunity presented itself, I encouraged Kenny to put on tefilin with one of our Chabad rabbis, Rabbi Levi Shapiro. He also readily agreed to affix a mezuza to his door. He shared with us that as a young man he had the privilege to meet the Rebbe at Lubavitch World Headquarters, 770 Eastern Parkway, and received dollars from the Rebbe. He also worked on a documentary of the Rebbe. Kenny’s sense of humor was very unusual. For example: When a sales person for funeral arrangements that can be paid monthly called one time while I was a passenger in Ken’s car, I heard him respond, “Actually I’m not feeling that well today, can I have my funeral tomorrow?”

 Sadly, much too soon after that humorous reply, Ken passed away. Ken had recently had some serious medical issues. Two friends and I had offered to help him with whatever he wanted or needed. Due to his desire for privacy, Ken would always politely refuse any help. So, amongst ourselves, Ken’s clients and friends, we used to check up on Ken via phone.

 When I didn’t hear from him for several days and couldn’t reach him on the phone, I called the police and asked them to check on him. The police reported that he was ok at that time, thank G-d. The second time I called the police and asked them to check up on him, sadly it was already too late. I immediately called our Chabad rabbi, Rabbi Boruch Chazanow.



**Rabbi Boruch Chazanow**

 I was obviously very upset, in fact, nearly hysterical. What would become of Kenny? How could we provide him with a proper Jewish burial? And in a timely fashion as Jewish law requires? All night I prayed to Hashem (G-d) to help us be successful in releasing Ken’s body from the medical examiner. Then we could arrange for Ken to be laid to rest according to Jewish law.

 Rabbi Chazanow moved mountains to achieve this. And just two days after I had called the police to check on Ken and we had found out that he had passed away, we were able to make Ken’s funeral. To have the body released so quickly in this kind of situation and be able to make all of the necessary burial and funeral plans was nothing less than a miracle. To me, this was a “Mait Mitzva miracle.”

 What is a “mait mitzva”? A “mait mitzva” is a deceased person who has no one to provide a proper Jewish burial. We knew Ken’s first and last name. We also knew his mother’s Jewish name as we, his client/friends, had been praying for his return to good health.

 With this information and the help of the internet, Rabbi Chazanow was able to locate the cemetery that Ken’s parents were buried in. We were pleasantly surprise when we found out that his parents had had the foresight to obtain a plot for Ken right next to their own plot. The remainder of the funeral and burial costs were donated by our congregation and other generous-hearted people. The funeral took place on a freezing cold day in January. Snow and thick mud was on the ground. Yet men came from near and far to honor Ken with a minyan so the appropriate grave side prayers could be said.

 Many of these people didn’t even know Ken. But they came to participate in this mitzva known as “chessed shel emet – true kindness” since the recipient of the mitzva can’t possibly reciprocate. We shared stories with the minyan about how thoughtful and generous Ken was. For instance, after completing a ride, Ken would ask his passenger, “Do you need to go anywhere else? Do you need food? Milk or juice or anything else?”

 G-d was so merciful and truly guided us, our Chabad rabbis and rebbetzins are so devoted, our community and extended community so generous of heart, the police were so helpful and courteous – everything coalesced to allow Ken to be laid to rest in a respectful and gracious manner.

 About two weeks after Ken’s funeral, I had a dream about him. I saw Ken with a serene face. This comforted me to know that he is at peace with G-d and his parents. He now knows that his friends are also his family. And we cared very much for him. Just like he took us to our destinations in all types of weather, we accompanied him to his final destination on that wintery cold day. May Ken’s soul go higher and higher.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Tazria 5782 edition of L’Chaim Weekly, a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, NY.*

**The Reincarnation of Rabbi Pinchas ben Yair**

 The Tiferes Shlomo explains that the achievements of tzaddikim inspire for generations to come – long after they have left this world. He relates an incident that occurred concerning the Arizal (Rabbi Yitzchak Luria, 1534-1572), one time when he was sitting surrounded by his students.

 In came Horav Shmuel DiOzida, zl, author of the Midrash Shmuel, who was a young man at the time. He came to speak with the Arizal. When the Arizal saw him, he immediately rose from him chair and stood up for the young Rav Shmuel. He sat him down by his side and spoke with him endearingly and with great respect. When Rav Shmuel left, Horav Chaim Vital, zl, primary student of the Arizal, asked his revered Rebbe why he had shown favour to the young man. He had observed many distinguished Rabbanim come and go and never did the holy Arizal express himself in such a manner.

 The Arizal explained that it was the neshamah, soul, of Rabbi Pinchas ben Yair that had entered into Rav Shmuel, so he deferred to him. Apparently, Rav Shmuel had performed a mitzvah in such a special manner that was consistent with the way in which Rabbi Pinchas ben Yair acted. Therefore, it was decided that the neshamah of the holy Tanna had transmigrated into Rav Shmuel, so that he would be inspired to continue acting in such a manner.

 Rav Chaim immediately took leave of his Rebbe and pursued Rav Shmuel. “What mitzvah did you perform that created such a stir in Heaven?” he asked.

 Rav Shmuel explained, “My practice is to go to shul early, so that I can be among the first ten worshippers to form the minyan, quorum. As I was on my way, I walked by a house from which I heard loud weeping. I entered immediately to see a family without clothes on. (They were obviously concealing themselves behind whatever makeshift furniture they had.)

 “They said that robbers had broken in, ransacked their house and taken anything of value. They even took their clothing off their backs. I took pity on them and removed my clothing which I gave to the head of the household. I ran home to put on my Shabbos clothes which you can see I am now wearing.”

 When Rav Chaim heard this story, he immediately kissed Rav Shmuel and returned to the Arizal, who verified the story.

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

**The Extra Reward for Learning Torah with Tzar (Difficulty)**

 HARAV BINYOMIN FINKEL א''שליט said over the following story.

 There was a farmer who was like Rebbe Akiva before he started to learn Torah, and one day he decided to close his business and to just sit and learn. He came to the Beis Medrash and he asked other people to explain to him each word, until he managed to learn one Mishna.

 He toiled and pushed himself to understand the Gemara, and after a long stretch of time, he succeeded in learning one daf. On the one hand, he had a tremendous joy that he reached the end of the daf, yet on the other hand, maybe all his toil wasn't worth only one daf.

 He asked the people sitting near him how many dafim they learned during the time that he was learning his daf. One told him that they learned sixty daf, another learned eighty dafim, and a third learned fifty together with a few simanim in Tur Bais Yosef.



**The Chofetz Chaim**

 He went to the Chofetz Chaim and told him all that he experienced… and the Chofetz Chaim said it was a hard question and he needed to think about it. The Chofetz Chaim put his head on his hands and started to talk to himself, "He wants to know if it is worth all the tircha for one hundred daf."

 Over and over the Chofetz Chaim repeated himself. When the farmer heard, he corrected the Chofetz Chaim saying that he had only learned one daf, but the Chofetz Chaim kept repeating to himself and then said to himself, "He thinks that Yisroel Meir didn't hear his words, but Yisroel Meir knows that one daf learned with difficulty - בצער is equal to one hundred without צער ,and it is questionable if it was worth the toil for one hundred daf?"

*Reprinted from the Parshas Tazria 5782 email of the Eitz Chayim parsha sheet.*

**Itche, the Hero of Ger**

**By Rabbi Yechiel Spero**

 Throughout his life, the Imrei Emet, Rav Avraham Mordechai Alter of Ger, was particular that no one should touch his clothing. He was so concerned that his clothes not be affected by impurity, that he even chose his tailor very carefully. There was one person, however, who was allowed to touch his clothing. He was neither a Rebbe nor a learned individual, nor did he come from a prestigious background.

 Itche Greinemous was a rather simple fellow. However, because of one amazing day in his life, he had the privilege of helping the Rebbe don his Kittel on Pesach night. At the time of the story, the Sfat Emet, Rav Yehudah Aryeh Leib, stood at the helm of Ger Chassidut.

****

**The Sfat Emet and the Imrei Emet**

 One day, word began to spread that a plague had broken out in the city. Immediately, everyone ran to their homes and tried to protect themselves against the deadly plague. But it was too late; the plague spread quickly and mercilessly, claiming the lives of many, especially children.

 By the time daybreak had arrived, the streets were littered with the bodies of lifeless children. The authorities, desperate to get the situation under control, decreed that these bodies should be cremated to prevent the plague from spreading any further. The heartbroken families, who wanted so badly to give their children a proper final farewell, watched helplessly from inside their homes, since they knew that they were risking their lives by going outside.

 The Sfat Emet was beside himself. There was really nothing anyone could do, as no one was prepared to risk his own life. After much thought, the Sfat Emet issued a declaration: Anyone who was prepared to bury one of the dead children would be guaranteed a portion in the World to Come. Families heard about the Rebbe’s promise, but the streets remained eerily empty, until suddenly, one towering figure emerged.

 It was Itche Greinemous. With a shovel in his hand, he bent down next to a small child in the middle of the street and wrapped him in a tallit. Then he went to the cemetery and buried the boy. At the end of the day, he showed up at the doorstep of the Sfat Emet. The Rebbe had heard about his act of selfless dedication and promised him that he would receive a special portion in the World to Come, for his Mesirat Nefesh.

**Standing at the Rebbe’s Door, Exhausted and Filthy**

 But Itche just stood there at the doorstep, exhausted and filthy. “Rebbe, what you promised was based on someone burying one child. I just came from the cemetery. Rebbe, I buried 16 children!”

 The Sfat Emet looked incredulously at the broad-shouldered fellow. He could hardly believe what he had just heard. “Sixteen children?” The Rebbe contemplated the immeasurable comfort that Itche had provided to those 16 families. Instead of their children being reduced to ash, they now had a final resting place of dignity, where the parents could come visit them and pray.

 “So what can I possibly give you?”

 Itche did not hesitate for a moment. He knew exactly what he wanted. It was neither riches nor monetary rewards he was seeking. Nor was he interested in honor or glory. Instead, he asked the Rebbe if he could have the privilege of helping him put on his Kittel every year at the Seder.

**Every Year, the Sfat Emet Allowed**

**Itche to Help Him Put on His Kittel**

 Immediately, the Rebbe agreed, and so it was. Every year, after they came back from davening, the Sfat Emet allowed Itche to help him with his Kittel, a privilege that was allowed to no one else. The obvious connection was never spoken about. While Itche had risked his life to prepare the 16 children he had buried and to dress them in their תכריכים) burial shrouds), the Rebbe had given him the privilege of dressing him in his Kittel, a special garment reserved for the Seder, and used later for burial.

 In the last year of the Sfat Emet’s life, as Itche helped him with his Kittel, he let out a krechtz (a sigh of pain), “Oy! There are thousands of Jewish soldiers who have written to me asking that I daven on their behalf. All they want is that they should be Zocheh (Merit) to receive a ישראל קבר) a proper Jewish burial). How can I begin my Seder with this enormous burden on my shoulders? Who can carry such a burden? I can’t do it anymore. I just can’t do it.”

 Anyone who was in the room at that time was greatly moved by the Rebbe’s cry, but perhaps no one was more moved than Itche, who had risked his life to bring so many children to Jewish burial. After the Rebbe’s passing that year, Itche continued to perform his yearly practice with the Imrei Emet, the son of the Sfat Emet. Although the Imrei Emet was particular about who touched his clothing, Itche was more angel that man.

 Years later, on the first day of Sukkot, as he stood in the Gerrer Beit Midrash holding his Lulav and Etrog, Itche breathed his last breath. With thousands of people in the surrounding area, Itche was taken out of the Beit Midrash. The following day, he was brought to his final resting place, in one of the largest funeral processions the city of Ger had ever seen.

 Of course, the Imrei Emet was in attendance, as well. Itche was buried right near the children he had buried years before.

*Reprinted from the Pesach 5782 edition of Jewish Living. Originally published in the ArtScroll book – “Haggadah Touched by Our Story by Rabbi Yechiel Spero.”*

**The Remedy Before**

**The Disease**



 Natan Sharansky, famed Israeli politician and former Soviet prisoner, shared the following powerful message:

 “When I was growing up in Donetsk, Ukraine, there were people from many nations and nationalities. Some had ID papers that said ‘Russian,’ ‘Ukrainian, ‘Georgian,’ or ‘Kozak.’ These were not so important since there was not much difference between them. The single designation that stood out was ‘Jew.’ If that was written as your identity, it was as if you had a disease.

 “We knew nothing about Judaism. There was nothing significant about our Jewish identity other than the anti-Semitism, hatred, and discriminatory treatment we experienced because of it. When it came to a university application, for example, no one tried to change his designation from ‘Russian’ to ‘Ukrainian’ because it did not matter. However, if you could change your designation of ‘Jew,’ it substantially improved your chances of university admission.

 “This week I was reminded of those days, when I saw thousands of people standing at the borders of Ukraine trying to escape. People are standing there day and night and there is only one word that can possibly help them get out, and that’s ‘Jew.’ If you are a Jew, there are Jews outside who care about and are waiting for you. There is someone on the

other side of the border who is actively searching for you. Your chances of leaving are excellent.

 “The world has changed. When I was a child, ‘Jew’ was an unfortunate designation. No one envied us. But today on the Ukrainian border, identifying as a Jew is a most fortunate circumstance. It describes those who have a place to go, where their family, **an entire nation**, is waiting for them on the other side.”

 “There is no such thing as coincidence.” The realization that everything in this world is orchestrated by Hashem is a fundamental principle of Judaism. Understanding this belief enables us to entrust our lives to the care of Hashem and should be a motivation for us to live our lives according to G-d's commandments.

*Reprint from the Parshat Vayikra 5782 email of Rabbi Amram Sananes as written by Jack E. Rahmey.*

**In the Merit of the**

**Alter of Kelm’s Son**

****

 On one night in Elul, the Alter of Kelm had a dream. He dreamt that Rabbeinu Yonah was coming to visit Kelm. A sign went up announcing that at a certain time, the great Rishon, Rabbeinu Yonah, would be delivering a Shiur in the large Shul in the center of town.

 Everyone in town headed for the Shul to hear this legendary Torah giant, as it was a once in a lifetime opportunity, and nobody wanted to miss it. However, the Shul could not hold so many people, so the local Askanim placed security guards at the door. Only people they recognized to be great would be allowed in. Everyone else would have to stand outside the windows and hope to hear a few holy words here and there.

 Of course, to hear even one word spoken by Rabbeinu Yonah would be special, but who could be satisfied with just that? The Alter of Kelm also headed for the Shul, but when he got there, a guard refused to let him in. The guard asked him his name. He replied, “I am Simcha Zissel of Kelm.”

 The guard replied that he never heard of him, and that he would have to leave and make way for the important people of the town. Although he was usually very humble and would have walked away without making a commotion, this time was different. There was no way the Alter would miss the opportunity to see and hear Rabbeinu Yonah, so he began to bother the guard.

 He started mentioning his Yichus, but that was of no help. Then he said, “Do you know who my Rebbi is? I am a Talmid of Rav Yisroel Salanter!” That was also of no help.

**Never Heard of Rav Salanter’s Student – Simcha Zissel**

 “I heard of Rav Yisroel Salanter,” the unlearned guard said, “but I never heard of his student, Simcha Zissel.”

 The Alter was getting nowhere, when suddenly, the guard asked him if he had any other relatives whose names he had not yet mentioned. He started mentioning his children. “I am the father of Nochum Velvel.”

 The guard interrupted him, as he was quite impressed. “You are the father of Nochum Velvel? Why didn’t you mention that earlier?? Nochum Velvel’s father gets in. You may enter the Shul.”

 At that point, the Alter woke up, shaken from his dream. He quickly sent for his son, Nochum Velvel, to find out what zechus he had, that in his merit, the door was opened for him to enter the Elul Shiur of Rabbeinu Yonah. Rav Nochum Velvel went to his father, but he could not think of anything special that he had done to be a greater source of merit than the zechusim of his father, the Gadol of Mussar and head of the Yeshivah!

 After much urging by his father, Rav Nochum Velvel sat and contemplated all he had done over the prior months. And then he finally recalled something he could tell his father. He described that due to his poverty, he walked around town with worn-out shoes that were torn and held together with string.

 During one of his many trips to the shoemaker, he saw a new pair of comfortable and sturdy shoes that were for sale. As much as he needed them, he couldn’t afford them. That day, he began saving up money to purchase those shoes. He had very little money to begin with, so this took quite some time. Finally, his pennies added up and he had enough money to buy the shoes, so he headed to the shoemaker and purchased them.

 They were not only comfortable and protective of his feet, but they also helped his stature and position in the Yeshivah, and he suspected that they would also help him make a better impression when he went to see wealthy individuals for fundraising.

 That night, there was a snowstorm, and a cold wind was blowing fiercely. He was anticipating to be able to go out to Daven with his feet covered for the first time in a long time, but before he got to go anywhere, there were knocks on his door. Rav Nochum Velvel opened the door to find a poor man with ripped clothes, shivering from the cold.

 He brought him into the house, warmed him up, gave him a few kopeks, and was about to send him on his way. But then he looked down at the man’s feet. The poor guy had no shoes and was trudging around in the snow with worn out cloths wrapped around his bloodied feet.

 The man saw the Rav looking at his feet and explained that he could not afford shoes. Without hesitating, Rav Nochum Velvel took his new shoes, the ones he had saved for and waited so long to get, and handed them to the poor man. The Alter looked at his son lovingly. He now understood why he would be allowed into Rabbeniu Yonah’s Shiur in the merit of his son!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Tazria 5782 from the Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

**In Your Best Interests**

 The Baal Shem Tov was once approached by a student who complained that he was unable to come closer to Hashem. He said, “Each time I feel that I am approaching closer to Him, I find myself farther away than ever.”

 The Baal Shem Tov replied with an example. “When a parent wishes to teach his child to walk, he first waits until the child is well enough developed to be able to stand firmly. He then stands close to the child, and stretches out his arms within inches of the child.

 “Although the child is afraid to move so he does not lose his balance and fall, the closeness of knowing that his parent’s protective arms are right there, combined with his desire to reach his parent, encourages him to take the first step. When this is accomplished, the parent moves back a step, and continues to urge the child to come to him. As this process is continued, the child learns to walk.”

 The Baal Shem Tov explained that the child is undoubtedly thinking, “What is going on here? Every time I make a greater effort to reach my parent, he distances himself more and more from me! What is actually happening, is that the parent and child have different goals. The child’s goal is to reach the parent, but the parent’s goal is to teach the child to walk. Allowing the child to reach him too soon would stop the child’s learning process. Your situation is quite similar,” said the Baal Shem Tov.

 “You wish to reach Hashem. However, Hashem’s goal is for you to learn how to search for Him, because that is how you grow in Ruchniyus. If Hashem were to allow you to reach Him as you desire, your growth would come to an end, and this is not in your best interest!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Tazria 5782 from the Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

# A German Silver-Gilt Kiddush Cup, late 17th century



**Sold for $11,875 at the 2012 Sotheby’s Judaica auction in New York City.**