

AT THE ARTSCROLL SHABBOS TABLE

WEEKLY INSPIRATION AND INSIGHT ADAPTED FROM CLASSIC ARTSCROLL TITLES

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פרשת אמור
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PROJECT DEDICATED BY THE JAFFA FAMILY

PARASHAH

HONOR FOR A KOHEN

Living the Parashah by Rabbi Shimon Finkelman

וְקִדְשָׁתוּ כִּי אֵת לֶחֶם אֱלֹקֵיךָ הוּא מִקְרִיב.

You shall sanctify him [the Kohen], for he offers the food of your G-d (Vayikra 21:8).

Rema states: "It is forbidden to make use of a *kohen* [i.e. to make use of his service], even nowadays, for it is comparable to unlawful use of *hekdesh* (Temple property)." The Chofetz Chaim comments: "For the Torah states, "You shall sanctify him . . ."

It was during the last years of the Second World War. The place was the infamous Buchenwald concentration camp. Eliezer Tzadok ("Leo") Margulies was one of the camp's "old-timers," having been there since the beginning of the war. That Mr. Margulies had survived so long under such inhumane conditions was clearly due to Hashem's blessings. The Germans had put him to work in a quarry, and miraculously, he had provided them with the required quota of stones, day in, day out. The Germans seem to have had a grudging respect for Mr. Margulies, who was calm, confident, kind, and considerate to both Jew and gentile.

One day, a transport of Hungarian Jews arrived at the camp. Among them, Mr. Margulies noticed a *chassidische bachur*. This teenager appeared rather thin and frail. Mr. Margulies realized that this boy was a prime candidate for immediate death by the Nazis, as a "useless, scrawny Jew."

Mr. Margulies approached the commandant and said, "I would be able to accomplish even more in the quarry if I had a helper. I would like to request that the boy, Dovid Katz*, who has arrived with the latest transport, become my assistant."

The commandant agreed.

For a few days, everything went well. The laborious work was made easier for Mr. Margulies, not only by the physical assistance that Dovid provided him, but also by the uplifting conversations between them.

One day, Dovid mentioned that he was a *Kohen*.

Mr. Margulies was stunned. "A *Kohen*? I had no idea! I can't have you helping me in this slave labor! Halachah prohibits it!"

Dovid was equally taken aback.

"I can't work for you? But this is my best chance for remaining alive! If I stop, the Germans will say that I'm useless."

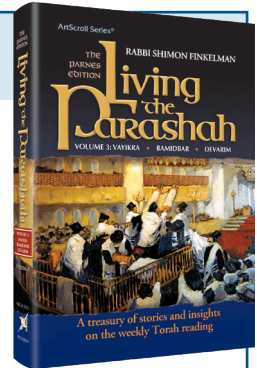
Mr. Margulies placed his hand on the *bachur's* shoulder in a calming gesture. "Don't worry, Dovid, I wouldn't dream of doing anything that might worsen your situation. You'll stay right here with me. As long as no one is watching, I'll do the work for both of us and you'll keep me company. Whenever one of the officers comes by to check on us, you'll grab a tool and get to work."

And that is what they did. Their "partnership" continued until the war ended. Then the two parted ways, and for many years, neither knew what had become of the other.

Thirty-five years later, Mr. Margulies, now in Washington Heights, received a phone call on a Motza'ei Shabbos. A "Rabbi Katz" from Williamsburg wanted to visit. Though he could not imagine why a chassidic *rav* he did not know wished to meet him, he welcomed him and asked his wife to prepare refreshments.

That evening, a regal chassidic man arrived — Rabbi Dovid Katz, now a rosh yeshivah and author of *sefarim*. "For many years I have searched for you," he said. "I came to thank you for saving my life and to present you with a *sefer* I wrote as a token of my *hakaras hatov*."

Only then did the Margulies family learn what he had done during the war to save a fellow Jew — and how he upheld a mitzvah with great sacrifice. 📖

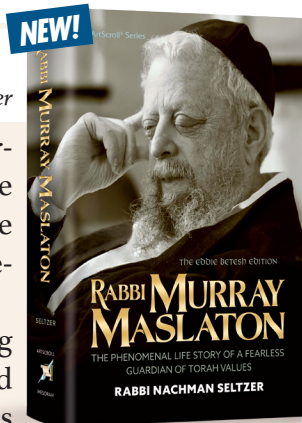


THIS WEEK'S ISSUE IS DEDICATED BY THE NYOIKE FAMILY

MESORAH HERITAGE FOUNDATION

WHAT ABOUT THE WIDOWS?!

Rabbi Murray Maslaton by Rabbi Nachman Seltzer



Rabbi Murray not only held himself to the highest standards of chessed, but actively inspired those around him to grow as well—something that would profoundly shape Mr. Eddie Betesh’s life. Though Eddie was distant from religious practice as a kid, Rabbi Murray’s persistence drew him in, beginning with a simple invitation to a vibrant Succot gathering and continuing with gentle, step-by-step guidance toward honoring his parents and reconnecting with his roots. Through warmth, encouragement, and unwavering belief in him, Rabbi Murray helped Eddie rediscover a sense of belonging, ultimately guiding him back to his family, his community, and a more meaningful path in life.

One Chol HaMoed Rabbi Murray called Eddie and asked what he was doing that night.

“A friend of mine,” says Eddie, “had invited five or six couples to his succah for dinner. But the Rabbi uttered the classic line I’d heard from him so many times before: ‘Eddie, I need you to come over to my house and pick me up right now!’”

(Rabbi Murray never learned how to drive. His *talmidim* were more than willing to take him to wherever needed to go, knowing it would inevitably be for a meaningful endeavor.)

Minutes later, Eddie was pulling up outside the Maslaton home. Rabbi Murray was waiting and got into the car, and in typical fashion, he didn’t mince words.

“The rich feeding the rich,” he said. “That’s where you’re going tonight? “What about the *yetomim*? What about the *almanot*?”

He gave Eddie directions to a building on East 23rd Street and then directed him to a basement at the back of the building. He knocked on the door, and a woman opened up and let them in. Eddie was shocked to see that there were eight people sleeping in one room. A family of eight!

Eddie stood beside his rabbi and watched as that

poor family thanked Rabbi Murray over and over for the food he had brought them and for the packages he made sure they received without anyone knowing.

Rabbi Murray wasn’t telling Eddie that he couldn’t enjoy good food or have a nice time with his friends. That wasn’t the point at all. He was teaching Eddie priorities. He was imparting the idea that his *talmid* must always remember that Hashem had blessed him with the means to do *chedesd* — and a rebbi to help him actualize that role. Rabbi Murray wanted Eddie to set expectations for himself, to constantly set the bar higher in the way he did *chedesd*.

Eddie never forgot that moment.

More than that, it helped shape his outlook on the important things in life.

“I didn’t make a move without asking the Rabbi first,” Eddie says. “I probably spoke to him ten times a day. And if I did the wrong thing, the Rabbi let me know it.

“One time I had to fire someone who worked for me. The man had been my employee for many years, but it wasn’t working anymore. Finally, one Friday, me and my partner called the man into the conference room, and we told him that we were letting him go. An hour later I got a call from one of my biggest customers, who let me know that he was canceling a huge order.

“I went to see the Rabbi and told him the entire story. ‘You don’t fire a guy on Friday,’ he said. ‘You don’t ruin a person’s Shabbos! If you have to fire someone, you do it on Monday — you give him the rest of the week to figure out what he’s going to do. Of course someone is going to cancel a huge order! What do you think is going to happen when you treat someone so badly?’”

Such was his insight about life, and he had no problem sharing it. 📖



R' Murray Maslaton with Eddie Betesh

YOMI SCHEDULES FOR THIS WEEK:

	SHABBOS MAY 2 טו אייר	SUNDAY MAY 3 טז אייר	MONDAY MAY 4 יז אייר	TUESDAY MAY 5 יח אייר	WEDNESDAY MAY 6 יט אייר	THURSDAY MAY 7 כ אייר	FRIDAY MAY 8 כא אייר
BAVLI	Chullin 2	Chullin 3	Chullin 4	Chullin 5	Chulin 6	Chulin 7	Chulin 8
YERUSHALMI	Taanis 25	Taanis 26	Taanis 27	Taanis 28	Taanis 29	Taanis 30	Taanis 31
MISHNAH	Kinnim 2:1-2	Kinnim 2:3-4	Kinnim 2:5-3:1	Kinnim 3:2-3	Kinnim 3:4-5	Kinnim 3:6 - Keillim 1:1	Keillim 1:2-3
KITZUR	85:4-86:5	86:6-87:6	87:7-17	87:18-88:1	88:2-6	88:7-14	88:15-89:3
ORAYSA	Yevamos Chazara 56b-57b	Yevamos 58a Chazara 57b	Yevamos 58b Chazara 58a	Yevamos 59a Chazara 58b	Yevamos 59b Chazara 59a	Yevamos 60a Chazara 59b	Yevamos Chazara 58a-58b

Ani Maamin by Rabbi Yechezkel Elias

There are things in life we absorb as innate truths. We consider these truths so inviolable that we would never stop to question them, and we simply proceed through life taking them as a given.

Let's give this a tangible application. Take a piece of paper and crush it into a ball. Now, with your eyes firmly closed, toss this paper ball directly upward toward the ceiling. Pause. With your eyes still closed, I ask you, where is it now? Undoubtedly, you will confidently respond that the paper ball is now resting on the floor. Are you sure? Are you positive? You threw it upward and yet you believe that ultimately it traveled in the exact opposite direction. Throwing something to the right will never cause it to land on your left, so why do you think that throwing the paper ball up will result in its descent? How can you make this statement with such absolute confidence?

The answer, of course, is that you firmly believe in the power of gravity. It's something you've experienced since your days of throwing cereal off the booster-seat tray. Everything falls down. Do you understand why the law of gravity holds true? Can you provide a precise explanation of how attraction of mass works? If you're part of the vast majority of the world's populace, you safely traverse day after day of your life without thinking twice about these intricate questions. Yet you are eminently confident that gravity is a true force, and you can confidently predict the outcome of your paper ball experiment whether your eyes are opened or closed. It's a fact. Period.

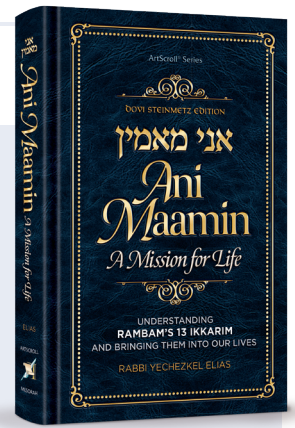
Emunah is our gravity. Our belief in Hashem and His running of the world is a fact. Period. At times I can see His orchestration of events clearly and at times

my vision is clouded; at times I can explain things, and at times I stand in silence. Regardless, I live my life confidently, with absolute certainty that this fact is true and inviolable.

Let's take the gravity analogy a step further. How often do you think about gravity? Probably very rarely. Yet it's something you subconsciously factor into every moment of your life. You take a step? Your mind is anticipating gravity. You pass a plate of food? You are calculating the force of gravity. On one hand, you never think about gravity. On the other hand, you're always thinking about gravity. It's not a conscious thought, but it's a basic factor in everything you do. The emunah we maintain is much the same: It's not necessarily about sitting down and delving into philosophy, it's about factoring the truths we believe in into every element of our life.

When I decide which job to take, I do so against a backdrop of His running the world. When I make a medical decision, it's through the prism of His ultimate control and will. All decisions I make are within the range, scope, and possibilities that the rules of emunah dictate, because I understand that there is no option beyond these rules. Much as I can't entertain the idea that I might wake up tomorrow and suddenly float out of bed into the air, I can't entertain the possibility that I will control my health, wealth, or destiny on my own terms.

Ani maamin is a proclamation that I hold the truths expressed in the thirteen Ani Maamins to be so deeply rooted that I will live with them every moment of my life. 📖



**YOU THREW IT
UPWARD AND YET
YOU BELIEVE THAT
ULTIMATELY IT
TRAVELED IN THE
EXACT OPPOSITE
DIRECTION.**

THE WEEKLY QUESTION

WIN A \$36
ARTSCROLL
GIFT CARD!

How often would the Kohen Gadol get a haircut?

Kids, please ask your parents to email the answer to shabbosquestion@artscroll.com by this Wednesday to be entered into a weekly raffle to win a \$36 ARTSCROLL GIFT CARD! Be sure to include your full name, city, and contact info. Names of winners will appear in a future edition. HINT: The answer can be found in *The Jaffa Family Edition Weekly Parashah*.

The winner of the question for Vayikra is: SONENZON BOYS, Brooklyn, NY

Question for Vayikra was: Why is a Korban Olah called a Korban Olah
Vayikra Answer: Olah means goes up. Because the entire Korban is burned and goes up to Hashem, it is called an Olah.



PART 8: RABBI HERSH GOLDWURM – A HUMBLE GAON

If we could invent an ideal *talmid chacham*, what would be his main components? He would be familiar with every area of the Written and Oral Torah. He would be a *yarei Shamayim*, an *oheiv Yisrael*, a quiet *baal chessed*, an *anav* with no airs, and a man who got along with everyone. In other words, he would be R' Hersh Goldwurm zt"l. Born in Vienna, R' Hershel grew up in America and was a *talmid* of Beth Medrash Elyon in Monsey and Belz in Yerushalayim. As a 12th grade rebbi in Forest Hills, he taught 65-70 *blatt* a year, *Nevi'im Acharonim*, and the weekly *parashah*. Today that sounds like an impossibility, but he did it and his *talmidim* adored him, but the yeshivah was forced to close down.

And, then several years later, came the sort of *Hashgachah Peratis* that marked many moments in the history of ArtScroll. R' Hershel found himself in a situation where he had no choice but to leave the world of *chinuch*, and ArtScroll needed a *talmid chacham* to assist with its new Yad Avraham Mishnah Series and to write a translation and commentary on the Book of Daniel. R' Scherman was a friend of R' Hershel from Beis Medrash Elyon days and had been the *menahel* during R' Hershel's teaching stint at Mesivta Karlin Stolin. He told R' Zlotowitz that a superstar was available. And so, R' Hershel became a member of the ArtScroll family in 1978. In one area, R' Hershel was deficient: He was too modest to project himself, but it soon became apparent



R' Hersh Goldwurm. Seated (l-r)
R' Yehezkel Danziger, R' Yosef Davis,
R' Hillel Danziger

that we had engaged an *adam gadol*, who knew everything and would help others with anything. He never sought attention or expected anyone to accept his opinion.

Once, when working on the Mishnah in Rosh Hashanah which speaks about the phases of the moon, R' Hershel wished to discuss the subject with an expert astronomer. R' Zlotowitz was able to arrange a telephone conference for him with one of the chief scientists of NASA. The conversation began with the renowned scientist speaking condescendingly to the layman with a Brooklyn accent, but as the discussion proceeded, he realized that he was speaking with an intellectual thoroughly familiar with the subject. His attitude changed. After 45 minutes of intense back-and-forth, R' Hershel beamed, "Now I understand the *sugya*."

When ArtScroll undertook the massive Talmud project, there was much internal discussion about how to formulate it, and it had to be decided what should be the focus. R' Hershel was instrumental in formulating the approach – but we'll explain that in a future column.

Tragically, R' Hershel fell ill and passed away at the young age of 56. It was a huge loss to Klal Yisrael, as well as to us, who revered him as a friend, a *gadol*, and the quintessential guide on how to present Torah to the masses.

UP NEXT: The Rabbi Elias Haggadah and Divrei Hayomim