

AT THE ARTSCROLL
SHABBOS TABLE

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Mesorah
Heritage
Foundation

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PARASHAH

GREATNESS THROUGH SMALLNESS

Rav Yaakov Bender on Chumash 2

In one of the most famous Rashis in the Torah, the question is asked: *Parashas Behar* begins by stating, “Hashem spoke to Moshe on Mount Sinai, saying: Speak to Bnei Yisrael and say to them: When you enter the Land that I assign to you, the Land shall observe a Shabbos rest for Hashem”. What is the connection between Shemittah and Har Sinai? Were not all the mitzvos given on Har Sinai? Why is this mitzvah singled out?

Rashi answers that just as by Shemittah, all the general rules and particular details were given at Sinai, so too with all the mitzvos; not just the actual commandment, but all the minute details, were given at Har Sinai.

Seemingly, this concept could have been taught by many mitzvos, but the question still remains: Why is Shemittah chosen as the example?

The *mefarshim* use the well-known Midrash to explain it. The Midrash (*Midrash Tehillim* 68:15) tells of an argument between the mountains about where the Torah should be given, with Har Tavor saying that since it was highest, the *Shechinah* should rest upon it. Har Carmel disagreed, since its location is better and it was part of the *neis* of Krias Yam Suf.

The Ribbono shel Olam told the mountains that they were all disqualified because of their *gaavah*, and said that He desires Har Sinai, which was the lowest of all the mountains.

The Torah, Hashem was saying, can be given only against a backdrop of humility, in a place of humility, for that is the condition for Torah living.

With this, we can understand the depth of Rashi. Imagine the farmer who invests heart and soul, toil and expertise in his field. He builds up the land and develops a product and attracts customers. His success should lead him to arrogance and pride. Sud-

denly, just as he is enjoying the fruits of his labor, the Torah tells him to step back and let the field rest. Not only can he not work on it, which is hard, but he must allow others to walk in and take what they want, to let them feel like owners of his property. This takes a special sort of humility, and this is why the shomer Shemittah is connected to Har Sinai, why fulfilling the mitzvah completely requires the humility embodied by Har Sinai itself.

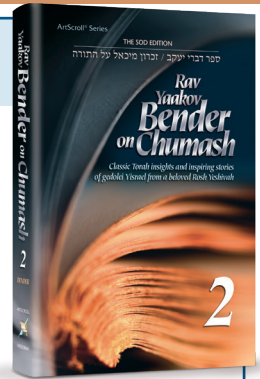
When the Chazon Ish, a master of humility, arrived in Bnei Brak, it was a small, dusty, and sweltering town. Once, R' Yankel Galinsky visited him after a streetlight was installed on his street. “Nu, R' Yaakov, what do you say about the new streetlight?” the Chazon Ish asked, then answered himself.

“You see,” he explained, “when I leave my house, I notice a long shadow stretching before me. As I approach the pole, the shadow shrinks. Standing directly beneath the light, it disappears entirely. But once I pass it, the shadow reappears and grows longer the farther I walk.”

From this, he said, he learned a powerful truth: the farther a person distances himself from the light, the more he imagines himself to be significant. But the closer one comes to the light—to the wisdom of the Torah and the sages of earlier generations—the more one recognizes his own smallness.

This perspective embodied the Chazon Ish: true humility born of deep *ameilus baTorah*, reflecting the essence of Torah itself and the humility of Har Sinai where it was given.

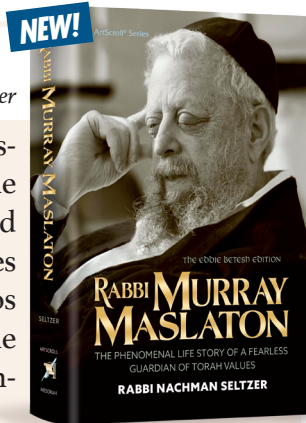
And nothing brings more blessing than being small. It is what makes a person big. 📖



THIS WEEK'S ISSUE IS DEDICATED BY ANONYMOUS FRIEND

MESORAH HERITAGE FOUNDATION

Rabbi Murray Maslaton by Rabbi Nachman Seltzer



From a very young age, the Maslaton children came to understand that their father always stood up for what he believed. Yoseph Maslaton was nine years old on a Shabbos morning when his father taught him and his siblings a lesson for life. The Maslaton family were then living in a house owned by an older, nonreligious Syrian Jew. Their home was attached to another house, also owned by the same individual.

On that Shabbos morning, the landlord showed up at the neighbor's house in work clothing and climbed a ladder to make repairs. Since the Maslaton porch and the neighbor's porch literally shared a gate, it was impossible to ignore that a Jewish man was right outside with a saw in his hand, shamelessly desecrating Shabbos.

Standing beside the gate, Rabbi Murray looked at his landlord on the ladder and said, "It's Shabbos today. You're not allowed to do any work."

The landlord couldn't deny that he was working — not with a saw in his hand. But he wasn't religious, and the fact that it was Shabbos clearly didn't mean much to him.

At first the man ignored Rabbi Murray, who kept pressing him.

"Mind your own business," the man finally replied. "I'm your landlord and you need to behave yourself."

Unspoken was the threat: stop bothering me or you might find yourself evicted.

Uncowed, Rabbi Murray gathered his children together, along with Abie Massry, who had lived in the Maslaton home so long he was like family, and brought them onto the porch.

"Everyone knows *Ki Eshmerah Shabbos*, right?"

They all nodded.

"Good. I want every one of you to sing that song right now, as loud as you can."

Needing no second invitation, the kids began to belt out the entire song, line by line. When they finished the words "*Meichel melachah b'sofa l'hachris*" — meaning that one who works on Shabbos will end up destroyed — Rabbi Murray called out, "Repeat that line!"

Not comprehending the message their father was sending, the children enthusiastically repeated the line, their high-pitched voices cutting through the crisp Shabbos air. Every time they reached the end of the line, Rabbi Murray instructed them to sing it again.

This went on for what felt like a long time but was probably about five minutes — which can feel like forever when you're standing on a ladder with a saw in your hand.

It was inevitable that the singing, and more importantly the message, would penetrate. The landlord was a Jew, after all, and the issue was Shabbos, which has a place in every Jew's heart. Eventually, the man let the saw drop from his hand and clatter onto the porch floor.

Seeing this, Rabbi Murray walked across the porch until he reached the gate that separated the two sides. Looking at the older man, he said, "Tell me something. How old are you?"

"I'm seventy-five years old."

"I don't understand you. Soon you'll be nearing eighty. How can it be that you are still *mechallel Shabbos* after all these years? Don't you realize that your life can come to an end any day? Don't you want to go to *Olam Haba* when your time comes?"

The words, emanating from deep within Rabbi Murray's heart, hung in the air. For a while, neither spoke. The old man was processing, and Rabbi Murray was content to give him time.

Eventually, the landlord spoke.

"You're right. I'll start keeping Shabbos from now on."

He passed away a few months later.

This was Rabbi Murray. On one hand, the quintessential *baal chessed*, opening his home to those in need, both materially and spiritually. On the other hand, he was uncompromising when it came to Torah and *mitzvos*. 📖

	SHABBOS MAY 9 בב אייר	SUNDAY MAY 10 בג אייר	MONDAY MAY 11 כד אייר	TUESDAY MAY 12 כה אייר	WEDNESDAY MAY 13 כו אייר	THURSDAY MAY 14 כז אייר	FRIDAY MAY 15 כח אייר
BAVLI	Chullin 9	Chullin 10	Chullin 11	Chullin 12	Chulin 13	Chulin 14	Chulin 15
YERUSHALMI	Megillah 1	Megillah 2	Megillah 3	Megillah 4	Megillah 5	Megillah 6	Megillah 7
MISHNAH	Keilim 1:4-5	Keilim 1:6-7	Keilim 1:8-9	Keilim 2:1-2	Keilim 2:3-4	Keilim 2:5-6	Keilim 2:7-8
KITZUR	89:4-90:4	90:5-14	90:15-91:1	91:2-13	91:14-92:2	92:3-End	93:1-94:2
ORAYSA	Yevamos Chazara 59a-60a	Yevamos 60b Chazara 60a	Yevamos 61a Chazara 60b	Yevamos 61b Chazara 61a	Yevamos 62a Chazara 61b	Yevamos 62b Chazara 62a	Yevamos Chazara 60b-61a

The Miracle of Me by Rabbi Yechiel Spero

R' Binyomin Gleiberman's job title at Renewal, "donor coordinator," may sound technical and clinical, but his work is far from it.

When someone urgently needs a kidney, R' Binyomin receives the call. He takes the case and stays committed until the kidney is successfully transplanted and functioning, giving its recipient a new chance at life.

The journey begins long before the operating room. Thousands of people worldwide have volunteered to donate a kidney, their information stored in an extensive database — the largest of its kind — powered by an advanced medical matching system. R' Binyomin carefully searches this system for the most compatible match. The level of compatibility is so exact that doctors describe it almost as identical twins, chosen with a singular purpose: ensuring the kidney's longevity.

As soon as R' Binyomin identifies such a match, he makes the call. Without any pressure whatsoever, he relays the information and offers the opportunity. If the donor chooses to proceed, all expenses are covered. Travel, testing, and support are provided throughout the entire process, from the initial phone call to the transplant itself. The donor is never left alone.

Before any of this can happen, however, the donor must be exceptionally healthy. The screening process is relentless.

One day, a man in dire need of a kidney came across R' Binyomin's desk. He began his search, reviewing profiles for hours. Finally, one result caught his attention. The compatibility was remarkable, almost perfect.

There was only one concern: the potential donor was young, barely in his mid-twenties. Still, something compelled R' Binyomin to make the call. The phone was answered immediately, and the reaction was a whirlwind of emotions — joy, gratitude, disbelief. The young man sounded as if he had been handed a winning ticket; he had been eagerly awaiting this call. He

spoke to his wife and rabbi, then called back, brimming with certainty. He wanted this, all of it, now.

From that point on, he pushed at every step, repeatedly calling the hospital, asking if anything could be moved up to quicken the typically slow process.

Finally, the day of testing arrived and his body was examined meticulously — bloodwork, imaging, specialists, scans, consultations. Every system, organ, and risk was scrutinized. He passed one test after another, and everything seemed ready to go.

But then came the final step.

A scan revealed something small: a tiny growth on his kidney. It was probably insignificant, but the standards were demanding. The hospital declined him as a donor.

When he heard the news, he was devastated. He asked if another hospital might allow him to still give his kidney; he wasn't ready to let go.

Before closing the file, the hospital advised him to check the growth, just to be safe. These growths appear often, they said, and are usually nothing.

This time, it was something.

The diagnosis came swiftly: stage one cancer. At his age, it would have remained undetected. There had been no symptoms or warning signs.

Surgery was scheduled immediately, and the growth was successfully removed. The prognosis was excellent, and he emerged healthy.

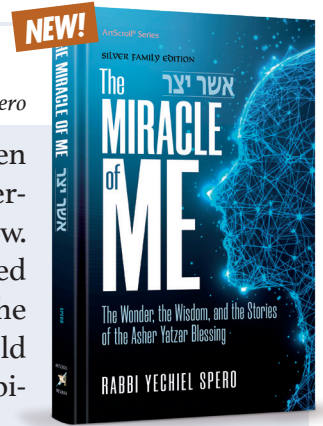
Soon after, R' Binyomin's phone rang.

The young man expressed gratitude, saying his life had been saved. The scan would never have been done had he not pursued donation.

"So now," he asked, "can I donate my kidney?"

That was all he wanted to know.

That was the reason behind his call. 📖



THE WEEKLY QUESTION

WIN A \$36
ARTSCROLL
GIFT CARD!

Why is the fiftieth year called Yovel?

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 Pesach is: MENACHEM ARON EDEL, Brooklyn, NY

Question for Pesach was: If the word "mofsim" is talking about Makkas dam, why does it say "mofsim" in the plural?
Pesach Answer: Because not only did the Nile River turn into blood, but so did all the other places where there was water!



PART 9: BEYOND TANACH – THE RABBI ELIAS HAGGADAH

Rabbi Yosef Elias *zt"l* was renowned as a *mechan-rech*, author and thinker. As a young, pre-War refugee from Nazi Germany, he wrote a series of pocket-size books on Jewish history and *hashkafah*. Their breadth and depth were dazzling. A seasoned, senior scholar would have been proud to be their author, but R' Elias was only in his twenties!

When the first ArtScroll works began appearing, Rav Yaakov Kaminetsky *zt"l* asked R' Elias, a close disciple, to review them and report back to him as R' Yaakov was very careful to investigate before lending his name to a person or project. Torah in English was important, but only if it was uncompromisingly loyal to *Chazal* and our *mesorah*. Was ArtScroll equal to the responsibility? R' Elias was very positive, and R' Yaakov became an enthusiastic supporter and always made himself available when we often sought his counsel.

As dean of the Rika Breuer Seminary and *menahel* of the Mesivta of Khal Adas Yeshurun, R' Elias was renowned for his teaching of the Pesach Haggadah. Graciously, he agreed to write a translation and commentary on the Haggadah. It was the first ArtScroll Haggadah and was published in 1977—an expanded version appeared in 2000. After nearly fifty years and over 100 Haggadahs published since, it is still a best-seller.

In many ways, the Elias Haggadah represented a turning point in the development of ArtScroll. Until then, the fledgling publishing house had focused primarily on the books of *Tanach*, building a reputation for clarity, fidelity, and accessibility. The Haggadah marked a decisive step beyond that framework, demonstrating that those same standards could—and must—be applied to other foundational texts of Jewish life. It was also the first ArtScroll work au-



R' Yosef Elias

thored by someone other than R' Zlotowitz, signaling the beginning of broader collaborations with distinguished Torah scholars.

More significantly, the nature of the Haggadah demanded a different level of clarity. Unlike many *sefarim* that are typically studied privately, it is a living text that is meant to be spoken and explained to people of every age and level at the *seder* table. A person must understand it in his own language to convey its meaning and depth to his family. For the growing English-speaking Torah community, this was essential for fulfilling the mitzvah of *Vehigad'ta Levincha*,



Reviewing the Haggadah manuscripts with his son, R' Dovid, while vacationing in the Catskills.

ensuring that the story of *Yetzias Mitzrayim* would be communicated meaningfully to the next generation. It helped crystallize a defining realization for ArtScroll: clear, accurate translation was not merely a spiritual luxury, but a necessity for the continuity of Torah life. In that spirit, the Elias Haggadah followed ArtScroll's exacting standard of drawing its

translations and commentary exclusively from Talmudic, Midrashic, and Rabbinic sources, establishing a higher bar at a time when many publishers relied on less reliable material.

Incidentally, R' Yaakov's approbation to the Elias Haggadah captured this mission as he wrote there that the Torah itself indicates that *Yetzias Mitzrayim* must be taught according to the capacity of each son, which also means that it should address each generation in its own language and degree of Torah knowledge. The teacher must adjust to the needs of his audience, but with strict loyalty to our *mesorah*—a perfect personification of ArtScroll's mission statement.

UP NEXT: Back to Bereishis