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AT THE ArtScroll SHABBOS TABLE

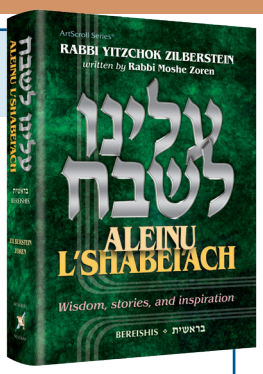
WEEKLY INSPIRATION AND INSIGHT ADAPTED FROM CLASSIC ARTSCROLL TITLES

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PARASHAH

OF HORSES AND WAGON DRIVERS

Aleinu L'Shabei'ach Bereishis by Rabbi Yitzchok Zilberstein



כִּי יֵצֶר לֵב הָאָדָם רַע מִנְּעֻרָיו

Since the imagery of man's heart is evil from his youth (Bereishis 8:21)

Hagaon R' Chaim of Brisk was once passing along a city street when he saw a wagon-driver, bent over, weak, and weighed down with troubles. The driver sat in his wagon and spurred the horses with his whip. As he plied the whip, the two powerful horses harnessed to his wagon would obey his every order, turning right or left as indicated.

He turned to his students and remarked, "Look at this wondrous thing. Those horses, whom the Creator has endowed with so much more strength than the wagon-driver, are roused by his whip to gallop down the street. Why? Don't they have the right to use the superior strength in their hooves and bodies to ignore him, or to kick their hooves and send him flying out of the wagon?"

This great teacher in Israel, who knew how to unravel the thorniest *sugya* in the Talmud, plumbed this question to its depths as well. He continued speaking to his students:

"Absolutely. Horses have far more strength than that pathetic wagon-driver holding the reins. They have strength — but not brains. They are, after all, only horses. As such, they do not know how to value their own strength." Then R' Chaim went on to explain the meaning of the words (*Tehillim* 49:21): *Man is glorious but [if he] understands not, he is likened to the silenced animals*.

"Man is glorious": In other words, man has received very special powers from *Hakadosh Baruch Hu* — powers that render him glorious. However, if he "understands not" these hidden strengths, then he is "likened to the silenced animals." Just like those horses, who did not know how to value what was hidden in them.

I believe this is the meaning of the *Yalkut Shimoni* on our *parashah* (*Remez* 36, s.v. *Tanya idach*). R' Abba compares the *yetzer hara* to a robber crouching at a crossroads and demanding the possessions of every traveler. Many, terrified by his threats, surrendered. Then a clever man arrived. Recognizing the robber's weakness, he confronted and beat him until he was defeated.

Such is the true nature of the *yetzer hara*. Like that powerless robber, it has nothing but a menacing appearance. Yet it terrifies the simple-minded, who attribute substance and power to it. The clever man, however, sees through the illusion, overcomes the *yetzer*, and leaves it crushed. The greatness of a Jew lies in crushing the *yetzer* by recognizing that the ordeals and challenges blocking his way have no true substance. He advances confidently, step by step, until he conquers it.

The most important step in this battle is the first. Once that difficult beginning has been traversed, the apparent obstacles are exposed as mere "virtual reality" projected on a screen — vivid and colorful, but unreal.

Indeed, the *yetzer's* persuasions have never possessed genuine substance. Since its creation, man has always had the power to crush it. In our spectacle-filled world, however, we can become prisoners of false enchantments. Freedom begins with the effort to take one step outward — to leap onto dry land and plant our feet on solid ground.

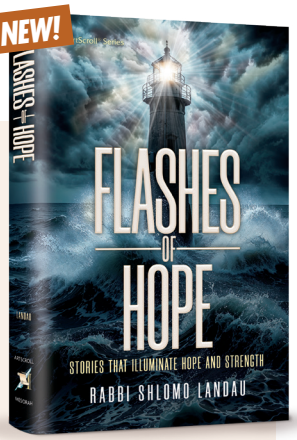
After that first step, everything becomes easier. *Siyata d'Shmaya* — Heavenly assistance — joins the struggle, granting fresh strength to break through every barbed-wire fence the *yetzer* places in our path.

THIS WEEK'S ISSUE IS DEDICATED IN IN MEMORY OF OUR GRANDPARENTS ר' יהודה אריה לייב בן ר' אברהם אליעזר ליפא ע"ה — SANIK AND הרב מנחם מנלי ב"ר יוסף ע"ה ומרת פייגא רחל בת ר' שלום הלוי ע"ה — SCHECHTER

MESORAH HERITAGE FOUNDATION

CHESSED

TRUE IDENTITY



Flashes of Hope by Rabbi Shlomo Landau

Many years ago, somewhere in the United States, an ordinary non-Jewish family lived a quiet, unremarkable life. Their oldest son, Stephen, had recently begun working at a large restaurant. It was a bustling place where orders flew, cooks shouted, and waiters hurried in every direction.

Each night, as the restaurant prepared to close, Stephen watched the same scene: large trays of untouched food, still fresh and warm, were dumped into garbage bags.

At first, he tried to ignore it. But he could not understand how so much good food could be discarded while people nearby went hungry.

One evening, he approached the owner and asked him, "Why throw all this out? There are people who would be grateful for it. Let me distribute the leftovers."

"Fine," the owner replied. "Take whatever you want. Just clear everything out by closing."

From then on, Stephen developed a routine. After his shift, he packed containers with leftover food and drove through the streets searching for people who needed a meal. He learned where the homeless gathered, where the lonely sat, and where hungry people waited unnoticed while the city hurried past them.

Soon, some began watching for him each night. But one man always refused his food.

Unshaven and disheveled, he sat apart from everyone else and rarely spoke. Stephen approached him several times, but he would accept nothing.

Finally, Stephen sat beside him and said gently, "You look hungry. Why won't you take the food?"

"You really want to know?" the man asked. "It's because you're a Jew, and I'm not taking anything from a Jew!"

"You're mistaken," Stephen replied. "I'm not Jewish."

The man shook his head. "Only a Jew would do what you're doing. Only a Jew would care this deeply about strangers. Only a Jew would lose sleep watching good food get thrown away while people go hungry. There is something inside you that you don't yet recognize."

Stephen almost laughed. "I know my family. We're not Jewish."

The conversation ended, but the man's words followed Stephen home.

That night, he sat across from his mother. "Tell me the truth. Am I Jewish?"

At first, she laughed nervously and dismissed the question. But Stephen noticed something change in her face—a flicker of panic, the expression of someone trying to bury a truth.

Slowly, she revealed the secret she had hidden for years. She had been born into a Jewish family, but married a non-Jew and concealed her past so completely that she rarely allowed herself to think about it.

"So I'm Jewish?" Stephen whispered. His mother nodded.

From that moment, his life changed direction. His mind filled with questions he had never considered. He began reading, asking, and searching. Eventually, he found a local frum rabbi and told him the entire story.

"I can teach you about Judaism," the rabbi said, "but Judaism cannot merely be learned. It must be lived. Only by living it can a person truly understand it."

Stephen took those words seriously. He traveled to Eretz Yisrael and immersed himself in Torah learning. Piece by piece, he built a new life, eventually becoming a fully observant Jew devoted to Torah and mitzvos.

Years later, people who heard Stephen's story focused on the astonishing discovery that he had unknowingly been Jewish all along. But perhaps the deeper revelation came earlier.

Before Stephen knew the truth about his family, his *neshamah* was already speaking. Something within him could not pass hungry people with indifference. Long before Stephen discovered who he was, the *pintele* Yid—the Jewish spark within him—had already begun leading him home.

YOMI SCHEDULES FOR THIS WEEK:

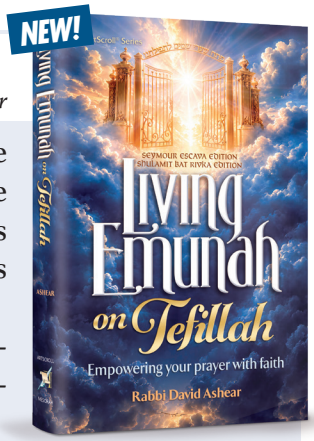
	SHABBOS OCTOBER 17 ו חשון	SUNDAY OCTOBER 18 ז חשון	MONDAY OCTOBER 19 ח חשון	TUESDAY OCTOBER 20 ט חשון	WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 21 י חשון	THURSDAY OCTOBER 22 יא חשון	FRIDAY OCTOBER 23 יב חשון
BAVLI	Bechoros 29	Bechoros 30	Bechoros 31	Bechoros 32	Bechoros 33	Bechoros 34	Bechoros 35
YERUSHALMI	Yevamos 70	Yevamos 71	Yevamos 72	Yevamos 73	Yevamos 74	Yevamos 75	Yevamos 76
MISHNAH	Oholos 10:5-6	Oholos 10:7-11:1	Oholos 11:2-3	Oholos 11:4-5	Oholos 11:6-7	Oholos 11:8-9	Oholos 12:1-2
KITZUR	9:4-9	9:10-13	9:14-End	10:1-3	10:4-12	10:13-19	10:20-End
ORAYSA	Yevamos Chazara 116b-117b	Yevamos 118a Chazara 117b	Yevamos 118b Chazara 118a	Yevamos 119a Chazara 118b	Yevamos 119b Chazara 119a	Yevamos 120a Chazara 119b	Yevamos Chazara 118a-118b

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TEFILLAH

WAYS WE COULD NEVER IMAGINE

Living Emunah on Tefillah by Rabbi David Ashear



Yeshuas Hashem k'heref ayin, literally, *the salvation of Hashem is like the blink of an eye*. Simply understood, this means that Hashem's salvation can come as quickly as the blink of an eye. The Kedushas Levi (*Likkutim*), however, offers another explanation. The word *heref* in the Torah can also mean to leave, as in *heref mimeni*, *release Me* (*Devarim* 9:14). According to this understanding, the phrase means that when every possibility of salvation has left a person's eyes — when he sees absolutely no way out — that is often when the salvation of Hashem arrives, in a way he never could have imagined.

This idea can give a person extraordinary strength in *tefillah*. Sometimes we pray and pray, and naturally we begin looking around trying to figure out from where the answer will come. We calculate possibilities. We estimate chances. But Hashem's ways are not our ways. Very often, the *yeshuah* is already on its way from a direction we could never think of ourselves. Our job is not to figure out how Hashem will help. Our job is to continue turning to Him and believing He can help.

Yosef Steinberg* realized that his three boys were being subjected to negative influences at school. He and his wife decided to seek the best Torah education possible: admission to the community's top Talmud Torah.

But it was midyear, when admission was nearly impossible. Moreover, the Steinbergs were relatively new to the community and had no connections to families in the school. According to the normal scheme of things, they had no chance.

Instead of focusing on principals and connections, Yosef first turned to the Chief Principal — HaKadosh Baruch Hu, Who teaches Torah to all Klal Yisrael.

He went to pray at his Rebbe's *kever* and poured out his heart for an hour. He begged Hashem to help his children learn in an atmosphere of holiness and purity, where they could grow in Torah and *yiras Shamayim*.

Only afterward did he make his basic *hishtadlus*. He called the principal, introduced himself as Steinberg, and asked whether his children could transfer.

"*B'simchah rabbah!*" the principal replied. "It would be our pleasure."

There were no interviews or entrance exams. The next day, all three boys began attending the Talmud Torah.

A week later, the principal received another call.

"This is Steinberg. I would like to enroll my children."

"Classes are full," the principal replied. "We do not accept children midyear."

The caller was confused. "But the donor already spoke to you and received your approval."

Suddenly, the principal understood. A major donor had requested admission for his friend Mr. Steinberg's children. When Yosef had called, the principal assumed he was that Steinberg. It never occurred to him that another Steinberg would call at precisely that time with precisely the same request.

Eventually, the other children were accepted as well, and Yosef's children remained.

What appeared impossible had already been arranged from Above. Had Yosef calculated the probabilities and concluded that there was no point in praying because there was "no chance," he could never have imagined the pathway Hashem had already prepared.

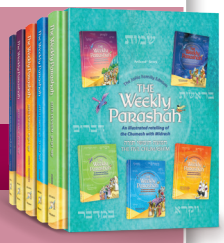
The salvation of Hashem can come in ways we could never imagine. Sometimes precisely when all visible possibilities disappear, Hashem reveals possibilities we never knew existed.

THE WEEKLY QUESTION

WIN A $36 ARTSCROLL GIFT CARD!

Which group had the most members alive during the Mabul: kosher animals, non-kosher animals, or fish?

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 Rosh Hashanah is :* MOSHE MILLER, *Oak Park, Michigan

Question for Rosh Hashanah was: Which three women were remembered by Hashem with children on Rosh Hashanah?
Rosh Hashanah Answer: Sarah, Rachel and Chanah

PART 31: JEWISH HISTORY À LA WEIN

R' Berel Wein was a truly fascinating personality. The son of a Litvishe rav in Chicago and the son-in-law of a *talmid* of the Chofetz Chaim who was the leading *rav* in Detroit, R' Wein was a *talmid chacham*, a successful attorney, a pulpit rav in Miami Beach, head of OU Kashrus, a rosh yeshivah in Monsey, a rav in Jerusalem, and one of ArtScroll/Mesorah's most popular authors. To top it all off, he was a captivating orator, a sparkling conversationalist, and a man who decided to give up his law practice and devote his life to Klal Yisrael.


R' Berel Wein

When he was a young teenager, he heard R' Yitzchok Halevi Herzog, Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi of Israel, speak in Skokie Yeshivah. There he recounted how, shortly after World War II, he appealed to Pope Pius to return the Jewish children whom their parents had entrusted to Catholic institutions during the war—an appeal the pope adamantly refused.

Through his tears, he said that we cannot do anything more for those children, but what are you going to do for the Jewish People?

Young though he was, R' Wein never forgot the impression that tearful demand made on him. It percolated within him for many years and was a major factor in his decision, years later, to give up a successful legal career and devote his life to the service of Klal Yisrael.

It is no secret that most of us know very little about Jewish history after the Chumash and a smattering of Tanach. Jewish history was one of R' Wein's great interests, and it was the good fortune of ArtScroll and our readers that he wrote several magnificent volumes on the subject.

His classic three-volume Jewish history takes us from 350 BCE to 1990. Beginning during the Second Temple era, it traces the courage, exile, and survival of a nation that refused to succumb to "reality"—a nation founded on and sustained by Torah, vanquishing its enemies in a feat not only unrivaled in world history, but also eloquent proof that our destiny is guided and guaranteed by Hashem. R' Wein intertwines our history with that of our host societies, which were occasionally tolerant, seldom benevolent, and mostly hostile.

In his *Faith and Fate*, R' Wein presents the story of our people in the harrowing twentieth century, and in *Struggles, Challenges and Traditions*, he traces how Jewish communities and Torah leaders in many lands and on three continents dealt with the challenges of emancipation, Haskalah, and assimilation from 1820 to 1940.

R' Wein was a participant in those struggles, a bearer of the *mesorah*, while a child of the New World. He not only taught the story, but demonstrated that Torah life and learning are stronger than its adversaries. Such people exemplified the well-known story of the Ponevezher Rav, who when in Rome went to the Arch of Titus, which depicts Rome's destruction of the Second *Beis HaMikdash* under General Titus and Jews being led into slavery. The rav looked up at the arch and declared, "Titus, we are here! Where are you?! But I am here!"



Jewish destiny survives.