

AT THE ARTSCROLL SHABBOS TABLE

WEEKLY INSPIRATION AND INSIGHT ADAPTED FROM CLASSIC ARTSCROLL TITLES

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RABBI YEHUDA MUNK
EDITOR

DESIGN & LAYOUT:
MRS. AVIVA KOHN

PARASHAH

CHESSSED FOR THE SAKE OF CHESSSED

Rav Druck on Chumash by Rabbi Yisroel Meir Druck

Rashi teaches that Hashem brought the sun out of its sheath so Avraham would not be troubled by guests. Yet when He saw Avraham distressed by the absence of visitors, He sent angels disguised as men.

Why was Avraham distressed? If no wayfarers needed hospitality, there was no mitzvah of *hachnasas orchim* to perform! Would someone be upset that there were no sick people to visit?

The Gemara (Bava Metzia 86b) teaches that in reward for three acts of hospitality Avraham performed for the angels, his descendants merited three gifts: the *mann*, the Pillar of Cloud, and the Well of Miriam.

But Avraham performed countless acts of kindness throughout his life. Why were these particular acts so richly rewarded? After all, angels did not actually need his hospitality!

The answer lies in understanding two kinds of *chessed*.

Often, a person performs *chessed* out of compassion for someone in need. The greater the suffering, the greater his desire to help.

But there is a higher form of *chessed*, motivated not by the recipient's need, but by the giver's desire to give.

This was Avraham's *chessed*. He welcomed guests not merely because he could not bear to see hungry travelers, but because he genuinely longed to benefit others. Thus, when no wayfarers appeared, Avraham was distressed. His desire to give remained, but there was no one to receive his kindness.

And this is precisely why his hospitality toward the angels was so extraordinary. Although they needed nothing, Avraham's eagerness to give was undiminished.

In this, Avraham emulated Hashem Himself.

Hashem created the world in order to bestow

goodness, as the *pasuk* states (Te-hillim 89:3): עוֹלָם חֶסֶד יִבְנֶה. His giving could not have originated in the needs of His creations, since those creations did not yet exist! Rather, Creation itself sprang from His desire to give.

Avraham's *chessed* reflected this Divine quality. And Chazal teach that we, too, must follow Hashem's example: "Just as He performs kindness, so should you perform kindness."

With this understanding, we can explain another remarkable teaching.

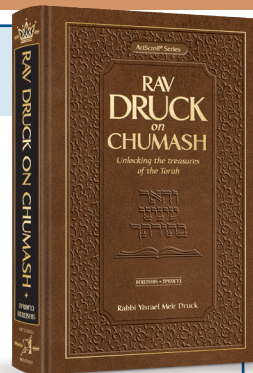
The Gemara (Berachos 6b) describes the extraordinary rewards earned by one who gladdens a *chassan*: He merits the Torah, it is as though he brought a *todah* offering, and it is as though he rebuilt one of Jerusalem's ruins.

But why is gladdening a *chassan* so meritorious? A groom on his wedding day is already overflowing with joy! Why should bringing him happiness earn greater reward than comforting someone who is miserable?

The answer is that when we cheer someone who is unhappy, our kindness may stem primarily from compassion. But when we bring joy to a *chassan*, who is already filled with *simchah*, we demonstrate something greater: **We give not merely because someone needs to receive, but because we ourselves desire to give.**

And when our kindness flows from that pure desire to benefit others, we rise beyond compassion to emulate the goodness of Hashem Himself.

That is the extraordinary *chessed* of Avraham Avinu — and the greatness to which every Jew can aspire. 📖

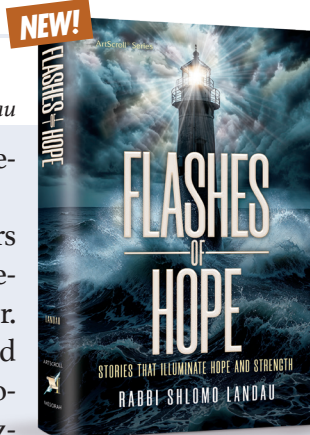


R' Yisroel Meir Druck

THIS WEEK'S ISSUE IS DEDICATED BY SHMUEL AND BONNIE WINZELBERG AND FAMILY

לעילוי נשמת ח' הענא בת יהודה דב - כ"ד מר חשוון

MESORAH HERITAGE FOUNDATION



In 2004, an elderly Jew named R' Leib Yadovin passed away in Karmiel. About ten years earlier, he had left an unforgettable impression on the members of a local shul. The following story was shared by R' Avraham Tzvi Margalit.

One Erev Shabbos, an elderly Yid entered the central shul in Karmiel. He placed his trembling hand upon the mezuzah, adjusted his woolen cap, and took a seat facing the aron kodesh.

Between *Kabbalas Shabbos* and *Maariv*, the rav rose to speak. Suddenly, the old man began searching the walls with his eyes. His gaze finally settled upon a bookcase filled with sefarim.

He hurried toward the shelves, stretching out his hand before he even reached them. Tears gathered in his eyes as his fingers gently caressed the bindings, one sefer after another.

Then he reached the volumes of Shas Bavli.

The Vilna Shas!

A glow spread across his face. He embraced the large volumes, searching until he found *Maseches Yoma*.

With trembling hands, he removed the Gemara, pressed it against his heart, and sat down. Tears streamed down his cheeks as his fingers raced across the pages, frantically searching for something.

After davening, the elderly Yid approached the rav and apologized for leaving his seat during the derashah. He explained that he had arrived that very Friday from Vitebsk, in the former Soviet Union, and had

immediately searched for a shul.

"But I simply could not hold myself back," he said.

Sensing a story, the people gathered around him. Speaking in thick Russian Yiddish, he began.

"Sixty-five years ago, when I was a young child, my parents sent me to a melamed who secretly taught Torah in a basement somewhere in Soviet Russia.

"I loved my rebbi. He had a white beard and a shining face, and all he wanted was to teach us Torah. We learned Gemara, and I had, how should I say it, a *gutte kup*.

TEARS GATHERED IN HIS EYES AS HIS FINGERS GENTLY CARESSED THE BINDINGS, ONE SEFER AFTER ANOTHER.

"One day, I asked a difficult question. My rebbi began turning his large yarmulke around, as he always did when thinking deeply. Then he smiled.

"Ah, Leibeleh, what a wonderful question!"

"But before he could answer, we heard heavy footsteps approaching. It was the NKVD, the Soviet secret police!

"They smashed through the doors and dragged us out by force. As they took my rebbi away, he shouted after me, 'Leibeleh! Leibeleh! The answer to your question is in *Maseches Yoma*, on daf...'

"And from that day onward, I never

again saw a Gemara.

"The years passed. I became a doctor. Slowly, I drifted away from Torah and mitzvos.

"And then, tonight, during the derashah, it all came rushing back. Little Leibeleh's question! The question whose answer was waiting somewhere in *Maseches Yoma*!"

He turned toward the rav, tears pouring down his cheeks.

"Do you understand, *taiyere* Rav? I waited sixty-five years to hear the answer to my question! Could I possibly wait even one more second?"

"I suddenly realized that this shul must have a Shas, and somewhere inside *Maseches Yoma* lay the answer to the question of a little boy who once learned Torah with his rebbi.

"How could I possibly remain sitting in my seat?"

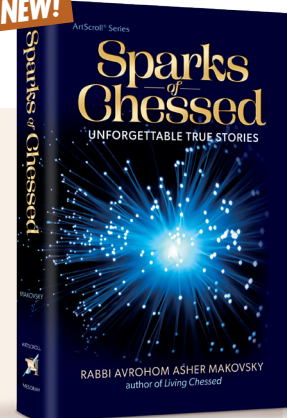
And with those words, R' Leib Yadovin burst into bitter tears.

Sixty-five years earlier, the NKVD had dragged a rebbi away before he could answer a young boy's question. They had succeeded in separating that boy from his rebbi, his Gemara, and the life he might have lived.

But there was one thing they could never take away.

Little Leibeleh's burning desire for Torah. 📖

	SHABBOS OCTOBER 31 ב' חשוון	SUNDAY NOVEMBER 1 ג' חשוון	MONDAY NOVEMBER 2 ד' חשוון	TUESDAY NOVEMBER 3 ה' חשוון	WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 4 ו' חשוון	THURSDAY NOVEMBER 5 ז' חשוון	FRIDAY NOVEMBER 6 ח' חשוון
BAVLI	Bechoros 43	Bechoros 44	Bechoros 45	Bechoros 46	Bechoros 47	Bechoros 48	Bechoros 49
YERUSHALMI	Yevamos 84	Yevamos 85	Yevamos 86	Yevamos 87	Yevamos 88	Kesubos 1	Kesubos 2
MISHNAH	Oholos 14:3-4	Oholos 14:5-6	Oholos 14:7-15:1	Oholos 15:2-3	Oholos 15:4-5	Oholos 15:6-7	Oholos 15:8-9
KITZUR	15:1-6	15:7-End	16:1-End	17:1-7	17:8-18:2	18:3-9	18:10-14
ORAYA	Yevamos Chazara 121b-122b	Kesubos 2a Chazara Yevamos 122b	Kesubos 2b Chazara 2a	Kesubos 3a Chazara 2b	Kesubos 3b Chazara 3a	Kesubos 4a Chazara 3b	Kesubos Chazara 2a-2b



A maggid shiur in Eretz Yisrael had a difficult talmid. The boy seemed to put little effort into his learning. Worse yet, he disrupted the shiur. Sometimes the maggid shiur would send him out of the beis medrash so that everyone else could learn without the distractions this boy created.

As the year progressed, the maggid shiur saw nothing that changed his view of this boy. He was a source of irritation when he began in Elul and was still playing the same role when he came back to yeshivah after Pesach.

Lag BaOmer came along and this boy joined tens of thousands of others to daven at the kever of R' Shimon bar Yochai in Meron. There, tragedy struck Klal Yisrael with an unforgettable blow. The crowds of visitors surged in a confined space, and forty-five men lost their lives in the crush. According to the reports, this boy was among those who died.

The morning after the disaster, the rebbi was asked to prepare a hasped for this talmid's funeral.

"What can I say about this boy?" the rebbi wondered. "I have to sit myself down and give this some thought. I'm sure he has maalos (good traits) to talk about."

Poring over his memories of the boy's time in his shiur, the rebbi recalled one instance when he committed himself to learning for two uninterrupted hours; he pushed himself and did it. That memory opened the door to others: acts of kindness, friendship, helpfulness. He compiled a list of ten positive attributes he could sincerely credit to this talmid — the boy from whom he had not had a moment of nachas.

By the time the maggid shiur had finished his list

and thought about the hesped he would give, a keen sense of regret began to rise in his heart. "Why did I have to wait until this boy was niftar to see the good in him?" he wondered. "If I had focused on his maalos while he was alive, I could have used them as a basis to encourage him. I could have given him positive reinforcement, and he could have grown from it. Now it's too late."

However, later that day the maggid shiur received the incredible news that it was not too late. Reports of the boy's death had been mistaken. He was alive and well, and the maalos the rebbi had finally seen in him were also alive and well. The rebbi and the boy both had a second chance.

This *maggid shiur* went public with his story because he wanted everyone who has influence over another person, whether it's a *talmid*, a child, a spouse, a friend, or an employee, to recognize the hard truth: We often do not recognize people's value until they're gone.

We don't have to wait until it's too late to refocus ourselves. Everyone has some praiseworthy traits, and the greatest kindness we can do for them is to see them in that light. When we acknowledge their strengths, we can build their sense of self-worth and help them access the gifts they've been given to accomplish their mission in the world. It's a gift to us as well, because this view brightens our world. Instead of being populated by irritating people, it is graced with people who have traits to admire and much to offer. 🌟



R' Avrohom Asher Makovsky

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ARTSCROLL
GIFT CARD!

THE WEEKLY QUESTION

On what day of the year did the Akeidah take place?

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 Succos is: YITZCHOK HUNGER, Brooklyn, NY

Question for Succos was: What are the minimum and maximum permitted heights of a succah, and is there a maximum length or width?
Answer for Succos: It must be lower than 20 amos, at least 10 tefachim high, and at least 7 tefachim long and wide.



PART 33: RABBI SHEAH TWERSKI: THE MANY THREADS OF AN EXTRAORDINARY AUTHOR

When R' Avrohom Yehoshua Twerski — affectionately known as Sheah, and to the wider world as Rabbi Abraham J. Twerski, M.D. — brought his first manuscript to ArtScroll, it marked the beginning of an important chapter in our publishing history. That relationship would produce more than fifty books, creating an enduring tapestry that wove together Torah wisdom, *Chassidic* inspiration, and practical guidance for life's challenges. Bringing his distinctive voice to the Jewish bookshelf became a treasured part of ArtScroll's mission: helping readers draw upon the riches of our *mesorah* to enrich their lives in modern times.

The son of a *chassidishe* rebbe, R' Twerski grew up in 1940s Milwaukee where there were no yeshivos, attending public high school, taught Torah by his father and being raised in a home steeped in Torah and chess. A scion of an illustrious Chassidic lineage that included the Maggid of Mezritch and the Baal Shem Tov, and a nephew of the Bobover Rav, R' Shlomo, *chassidus* was both his heritage and the heartbeat of his home. A gifted *talmid*, he distinguished himself in yeshivah, and the teachings he absorbed from his parents and *rebbeim* remained the foundation of his life.

To understand R' Twerski, consider this: He learned Mesillas Yesharim more than 250 times. The *mussar* classic was central to his outlook, shaping how he understood himself, how he viewed others, and how he helped people confront their challenges.

His accomplishments were extraordinary. A psychiatrist, he founded and headed one of the country's leading hospitals treating substance abuse. He was a sought-after lecturer, a prolific author, and a gifted public speaker. He wrote for the psychiatric profession and for the Torah public, delivered *derashos*, composed *grammen*, and shared *Chassidic* stories with warmth and insight. His magnetic personality and wonderful sense of humor made even a difficult subject easier to approach.



R' Avrohom
Yehoshua
Twerski

Wherever he went — a hospital, a professional conference, or a Torah gathering — his Chassidic garb, warmth, and passion were proudly apparent. His beard, *payos*, and *bekitches* expressed something essential about him. *Chassidus* defined his essence: the way he thought, the way he lived, and the wisdom he shared. The teachings of his parents and *rebbeim* animated his encounters with people and guided the use of his extraordinary talents.

R' Twerski used to joke that he had essentially written the same book fifty times. Beneath the variety of subjects lay one consistent outlook. Whether writing as a rav or drawing on his experience as a psychiatrist, he returned to the Torah principles that shaped his understanding of people and life.

We looked forward to his many visits and manuscripts. His books included collections of Chassidic stories, insights into the weekly parashah, and works on his beloved Mesillas Yesharim. He could draw a practical lesson from a memorable encounter or show how a familiar teaching spoke directly to a reader's struggles.

Of particular interest were his books addressing personal and emotional difficulties. Readers could recognize problems they themselves faced but were too embarrassed to discuss, even with close friends or relatives. R' Twerski explored how inner pain can emerge as anger or pessimism, affecting both the person who suffers and those around him.

His professional experience gave him a keen awareness of these struggles. His compassion, common sense, and grounding in our *mesorah* gave his guidance its distinctive character. And for those seeking an enlightening, enjoyable read, his stories offered humor, warmth, and insights that lingered long after the book was closed. His books catered to a very broad range of people, inspiring many to Yiddishkeit when seeing how *chazal's* wisdom applied to them.

More than fifty books later, R' Twerski's works had become a lasting part of ArtScroll legacy — the wisdom of a life steeped in Torah and *Chassidus*, placed within reach of a new generation of English-speaking readers. 📖