

"Love Truth and Peace...."



Ahavat

Yisrael

Issue 892

Hftorah: "The burden of the word of The Lo-rd to Israel..."

"בואי כלה שבת מלכתא..."



Candles lighting time:

Los Angeles: 16:32
New York: 16:22
London: 15:59

Shabbat ends:

Los Angeles: 17:31
New York: 17:25
London: 17:12

Lastest Kriat Shema:

Los Angeles: 8:11
New York: 8:16
London: 8:23

Mincha Gedola:

Los Angeles: 12:03
New York: 12:05
London: 12:07

Lesson of parshat "Toldot" 5779.

Tzadik who's the son of Tzadik and Tzadik who's the son of the wicked - are they equal?

With tears and a broken heart.

With tears and a broken heart, Yitzchak our father and Rivka A"h prayed to Hashem, so that they would be blessed with sons.

Our holy Torah emphasizes that thanks to Yitzchak's prayer, Rivka became pregnant. Thanks to **his prayer** and not because of **her prayer**. **Why?** Our Sages explain: "The prayer of a **Tzadik (righteous) who's the son of Tzadik** is not like the prayer of the **Tzadik who's the son of the wicked**.

This is to say: since Yitzchak our father is a **Tzadik who's the son of Tzadik**, so his prayer was accepted before the prayer of Rivka, who was a **Tzadika who's the daughter of the wicked** [the daughter of Bethuel]. **Tzadik who's the son of Tzadik** - the way is paved before him that his prayer be received and his blessing be fulfilled. He is liked and his prayer is liked before our Heavenly Father, until he is able to immediately annul any evil decree.

To what extent?

It was about ten days before Rosh Hashana. My cell phone rang and I realized it was a call from abroad.

"Peace and blessings," I replied. On the other end of the line, the woman said, "Hello, Rabbi, I'm speaking from **Boro Park**, and it's important for me to tell you that we enjoy the Torah newsletter every week, and distribute it to all our family and friends."

Apparently, she was too upset about the subject she called about, and without waiting for a response, she continued: "I grew up in a house of Chesed (kindness), Chesed was the main axis in my parents' home. There was an **atmosphere of kindness** in our house and everywhere we went.

Guests came to our home from almost all the countries of the world, because the best professors were in the hospital in Boston next to us. This hospital treats patients who come from around the world and we have the merit to host their family members who accompany them during their difficult

time. We take care of all they need, eating, drinking and lodging. We have guests all year long.

My dear parents always told us: "Even when you get married, you should host in your home, as you are helping us here in our home."

We, the brothers and sisters, do it with great joy. On the night of my older brother's engagement, my father spoke with the bride and said to her, "I ask you to extend the Chesed to your house too, besides the great mitzvah, it will bring you a happy life."

Even on the night of my engagement, my father requested this from my groom. Thank G-d, we are five brothers and three sisters, who have been privileged to host the families of the sick. Our Father died three years ago, and from the day of his death we feel a kind of a "**holy will**" and host from all our heart and soul."

"**Amazing!**" I said, and added, "How great are you! May there be many like you in our nation, I am thrilled by your greatness! You are fortunate!"

"But I have sinned!" She burst into my words and added: "I do not deserve these words, and I will explain why. About two weeks ago, a family of a sick person from Israel called and asked to be hosted on Rosh Hashanah and the month later. "You called on time," I replied, adding, "We have exactly one last available room." They were very happy. About an hour later, my brother-in-law, my husband's brother, called and said that they wanted to come and spend the holidays with us. I kept silent, I did not know what to answer. "What happened, why do not you answer?" He asked. I immediately regained my composure and replied: "I am excited and very happy to host you, we miss you so much. We would be so happy." I could not refuse him. With great sorrow, I called the patient's family and informed them that we could not host them.

When my husband heard this, he said, "With all due respect to my brother, the patient's family comes before anybody else!" Since then we have not been able to reach the patient's family by phone. What do you say, Rabbi? What do I have to do to get a hold of the family of the patient and correct this mistake I made?" "You are a Tzadika who's the daughter of a Tzadik," I answered, "ask Our Heavenly Father to help you because of your righteous father z"l! I have no doubt that such a prayer will work and you will be able to contact them." Indeed, two days later she agreed to give a ride to a couple and their baby who asked for a lift, and as they were driving, it turned out that they were the people who wanted to be hosted. There was no limit to the joy of the hosts, who found the longed-for guests as they were doing Chesed.

Hashem will grant us that all our prayers will be accepted willingly and mercifully, and soon may our eyes see and our hearts rejoice in the coming of Mashiach and the building of our Holy and Majestic Temple, Amen!

**With blessings for Shabbat Shalom,
All-inclusive salvations and kol tuv,
Moshe Yazdi**

Tikun for the deceased!!!

Thank G-d, every Motse Shabbat, we have the merit to learn the teachings of the Holy "Or HaChaim" (Rabbi Chaim Ben Attar Ztz'l) on the weekly Parshah. This special Shiur rotates each week, and takes place at the home of one of the participants, who hosts all of us in his home.

A unique light illuminates and characterizes, the exclusivity and the virtue, of this Shiur, as after the Shiur all of the participants, about fifty, perform the "Tikun (correction, improvement)-for the deceased", presented in "Kuntrass HaYechieli". Any person may order this wonderful Tikun for his parents or other relatives of blessed memory, and the merit of the study of the Tikun helps save the soul from the judgment of Gehennom (Purgatory). Even the souls that merited, and are in Heaven, benefit thanks to the Tikun, to rise from one level of Heaven to another. As conclusive evidence that they are doing better due to the Tikun, the deceased will appear in a dream, looking well and dressed in opulence. Sometimes, they specifically thank those who made the effort for them, and dedicated their money to elevate their soul.

Below is a synopsis of some of the letters received in our office: Dear Rabbi **Moshe Yazdi** Shlit"a, After we asked to have the Tikun done for our grandfather, **Rachamim ben Rachel** z"l, he showed up in his daughter's and granddaughter's dream, wearing a beautiful white shirt, and looking very good. I have no words to thank you. **Orit: 050-8733-474.**

Dear Rabbi **Moshe Yazdi** Shlit"a, After having bad dreams about my late grandfather z"l, we, the entire family, asked you to perform the famous Tikun for him. I am happy to inform you that about a week later, he appeared in the dream of my mother Techi'. He was very happy and was laughing. We thank you very much for that. **Ruth: 050-413-4799.**

Anyone who wishes to please and gratify their relatives by ordering this wonderful Tikun, Please call 323-449-8184, or email: lfat08@gmail.com G-d bless you and Kol Tuv!

"Ask The Rabbi"



Dear Rabbi, shalom and bracha!

Question: I have been a baal teshuvah for three years. I am sure that this is the true path. I am also pained about those years I have lost.

Before I ask my question, it is important for me to emphasize: I am certain that I will keep Torah and mitzvot all my life. Until my last breath. Even if it is difficult, even harder than today, I will always be faithful to G-d.

At the same time, I will ask: Why? Why are so many things forbidden? Sometimes I feel that too many things are forbidden. Sometimes it is forbidden to eat because it is not kosher. It is also forbidden to look because this is not modest, it is also forbidden to speak because it is slander. It is forbidden to even think because "thinking of doing a transgression" is harder than the offense itself. forbidden! forbidden! And again forbidden!

Did Our Heavenly Father choose us to limit us? To prevent us from experiencing pleasures? It was only because He decided it was forbidden, that we must avoid doing so. So why? Would it not be better for Him to have decided that it was permissible, and then we would have had more enjoyment? I hope I am making myself understood correctly. I do not mean to ask in order to defy G-d, G-d forbid. I just want to understand why he forbade us so many things?

Why are the "sons of Noah" forbidden only seven things, and us, the Jewish people, we are not allowed so many things? Why burden us so much?

Our Father in Heaven loves us very much, so why did He forbid us so many things?

Please, Kevod HaRav! Explain this to me in a simple and understandable way so that this question, which digs in my head, will be completely uprooted.

**Thank you very very much for everything.
S.G. Ramat Gan.**

Answer:

My dear, beloved friend!

A. I felt the need to write to you that I read your question and smiled throughout. You are simply sweet. Very sweet.

B. With your permission I will copy for you a nice and fascinating article that I read recently:

"To all the Chicago children who started running and lifting weights, there was one common dream: to see themselves accepted into the most advanced physical activity institute. From a young age each one of them made sure to work out and build muscles, so this institute will be part of his career.

A new semester started with a rich curriculum and a group of happy students. Five full minutes before the start of the first lesson at the Institute, a heavy, muscular lecturer was waiting at the lectern. "Friends", he began with a positive voice, full of energy: Before we start on the material and deal with the load, let's listen to the foundation of fitness." The students listened with surprise to the nutrition-movement theory.

The food pyramid was spread out on an impressive slide. Proteins and carbohydrates were completely off the menu. Everyone understood that fitness began with exercising closing the mouth. The students left the room. Chocolate stopped melting, chewing gum started to disappear and empty carbohydrates stopped coming in. Rarely, very rarely, was a student seen using the vending machine and transgressing their diet, remembering what had once been his staple bread.

Once, after a bone wearying day, Jonathan, a young fit man, found himself exhausted, sweaty and shaking from effort. A short and reckless decision led him to decide to add a few calories to his body.

There, secretly, he stood in front of the vending machine for the first time since his admission to the Institute. His legs are weak, his mouth is dry, only a fizzing can of Cola will soothe his thirst and relieve his fatigue.

He paid coins into the machine. Suddenly he feels a hand on his shoulder. Jonathan turns around in a panic and meets the good teacher's eyes. Jonathan blushes and the teacher does not waiver. **"Jonathan, remember well! Exercise "closing your mouth" [i.e., close it and do not eat] will lead you to the championship!"** The teacher told him.

Another month passes. The fitness increased with the level of difficulty and the meals based on animals and plants were absorbed in the souls and bodies of the students.

Autumn evenings met Jonathan starving, like he had not starved for a while. A vegetarian meal peppered with peas were left on the kitchen table. The feelings of hunger and tiredness drove him to run to the ground floor. He quickly slipped some coins into the vending machine and a fat croissant smiled at him while it came out. The croissant slid out of the vending machine and Jonathan greeted it with open arms.

Again he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around and faced the teacher. He immediately abandoned the croissant and disappeared.

A month before the end, Jonathan finds himself very pleased with himself, proudly reviews his acceptance and decisions and draws a lot of air and strength for the following last four weeks.

One day it happened to him again. An unexplained hunger, to eat a destructive meal of croissant and to drink at least one can of cola, at least one.

Jonathan was drawn to the machine, not before he had looked around. He surveys the area from all angles. He will not take the risk again.

Jonathan is already chewing on the oily, juicy dough full of flavor. He steps closer to the machine and feels the coach's hand on his shoulder. In a fury, he throws away the croissant and the can and leaves angrily.

'What's the big deal,' he tells himself. 'What's a few grams of white dough and a few drops of soybean oil? Why does he do this to me?' He continues irritably. And the most difficult to accept: **"Why** does he only do it **to me? Everyone** is eating cakes and drinking cola. The machine thrives because of them, and **only on me** does he put his hand."

In his frustration, Jonathan promises himself that in a month, at the world championship, he will win and will become a coach.

"Then, the first step, I will flood the Institute with fast-food machines."

His dream came true. Jonathan found himself as a candidate for world championship.

Millions of viewers watched the twenty-two runners from different countries. The signal was given and they all started sprinting. Jonathan is rushing. The finishing line in front of his eyes. He is racing forward, using all the skills he has acquired in recent years. Forward, just forward. His heart racing. He already passed most of the runners. A few meters fall by and Jonathan lifts the finish flag. This is it! He won! Roaring applause accompanies his weary steps towards the judge's podium. From a distance he smiles at his family and many friends and receives the award from the President of the Judges. The orchestra accompanies him as he leaves the stage.

None of his friends have yet managed to shake his hand, and a hand rests on his shoulder, the familiar touch...

A strong handshake is the answer to croissant and to the cola can that was abandoned near the vending machine. "Perhaps now you will explain to me," Jonathan dares to ask, "what did you want from me, why was it only me who you did not allow to put one crumb into my mouth, why was I the only one who you insisted uncompromisingly I follow the **nutrition-movement** system?"

The lecturer was not intimidated by the attack. He smiled confidently, looked at Jonathan admiringly and said, "Already on the first day I saw you winning. Your posture, standing, the posture of the arms alongside the determined character, all of which convinced me that you, and only you, could win. For a student whose place is in the A team, I keep a respectful relationship. I could not afford to lose an important potential like you because of a dairy croissant and a fizzing coke can."

Do you understand my dear friend?

Only we, the Chosen People, have the potential to qualify for the final! The sons of Noah, the weaklings, can only bear seven commandments.

We have the strength to bear a lot more.

Our Father in heaven only sets us apart. Because only we can succeed!! At the time of victory we will raise the final flag and in that second we will merit to receive a reward that will make even the angels envy us.

It is true, this is forbidden, and this is forbidden, and this too is forbidden and we are surrounded by many prohibitions. These prohibitions are forbidden to us so that we exert ourselves and maintain our fitness and even improve it more and more.

At the same time, I will write to you, my dear friend: When a person merits to separate from the transgressions, he becomes more and more refined until he feels the sweetness of the observance of the commandments. This sweetness is immeasurably greater than the passing pleasure of the transgression. Who like you knows that?!

A wise saying says: **"The surrender** - never succeed
And **the successful** - never surrender. "

We should always remember: 'Shutting your mouth and jaw' brings a lively joy of life.

Shabbat Shalom, comprehensive salvation, a good life and all the best.

Faith inspires light and serenity in our life!

Once there was a king who had a Jewish advisor. This advisor had tremendous faith and trust in Hashem, and he would routinely say: "It's all for the best". One day the king went hunting in the forest and decided to only take with him his beloved advisor. The king shot some arrows, when suddenly one of the arrows got loose from the bow and injured the king's leg. Blood was gushing from the wound, and the king who had knowledge of medicine, quickly bandaged his leg. As he was tending to his wound, the king overheard his advisor whispering: "It's all for the best...". The king got angry, and ordered his advisor: "Dig a pit in the ground!"

When the advisor finished digging, the king said: "Now get into the pit and stay there, **and it should all be for the best for you**"...! The advisor did as the king ordered and he went into the pit. Once the advisor was in the pit, the king turned to go back to his palace. On his way to the palace, the king was assaulted by group of man eating cannibals; they bound him and lit a fire to roast him. Before putting him on the fire, they noticed the bleeding wound on his leg. Fearing the wound was infected and may harm them, they avoided eating him and set him free.

On his way the king was pondering: "How right was my wise advisor when he said that my wound was all for the best, for it now saved my life. The king turned back and returned to the pit. He was amazed to see his advisor dancing inside the pit, singing out loud: "It's all for the best! It's all for the best!" The king gave his Jewish advisor a hand, and helped him out of the pit. "I beg your forgiveness" said the king, "You were so right. I envy you Jews, that your faith is so great". The king told his advisor about his miraculous rescue from the cannibals, saying: "You were so right; the wound in my leg was for my benefit, if it wasn't for the wound I would have been eaten by the cannibals". The king then asked his advisor: "Just explain to me, why did you dance when you were in the pit?"

The advisor replied: "I'm surprised at your question, your majesty! It is quite clear, if I was with you, the cannibals would have eaten me, as I am healthy! Your command for me to stay in the pit saved me from death."

He then continued: "Thank G-d that I merited, and my faith is different than that of other people. Most people, only after they understand that the bad thing that happened to them was for their benefit, then they thank G-d, however, I compared to them, am fortunate, that even before I understand that the bad thing was for my benefit, I am calm and quiet, I even dance from joy, before I know and understand the benefit that would come out of it for me".

People go thru many difficulties in their life, grumbling in anger, asking: "Why? Why? Why?" The true believer asks no questions. He is certain that everything is all for the best. He can sometimes feel the hand of Hashem, Blessed be He, hugging him, and guiding him thru all hardships, all the while his heart is happy and joyful, and no worry or sadness enters his heart.

That is the power of faith, as the prophet said: "And the righteous will live by his faith". (*Habakuk 2:4*)

And King David added: "All your commandments are faithful". (*Psalms 119:86*)

May we all merit to live in the pleasantness of such faith.



Tzadik VeYashar Hu

The following is an example of the holy customs and ways of our father, who served G-d with all his being, Kvod Harav (KH), Yashar Ben Zion Tz"l ben Shifra A"h.

Mor our father Zlh"n liked this Torah pamphlet very much. He used to set a special time to read it. Every Friday, after returning from Tevilah in the Mikveh (*ritual bath*) for Shabbat, he would sit in the living room and read the pamphlet.

For almost every column, he would express his admiration to our mother techi', and he would tell us and his friends: "When I read the Torah pamphlet I feel the Neshama Yeteirah (*additional soul*) of Shabbat entering my body."

As he loved the pamphlet very much, he would distribute it among his neighbors and acquaintances. The rabbis of the synagogues in his neighborhood were also happy to receive the pamphlet from him every week.

On one occasion, when he was happily approaching one of the Rabbis to hand him the pamphlet, he said to Mor our father Zlh"n: "Don't bring me the pamphlet anymore. I don't want to read it."

It was at a time when certain people were spreading slander, muddying someone's name. Mor our father Zlh"n was very hurt by the Rabbi's words and did not say anything. When I arrived that Friday afternoon, as usual, to receive his blessing in honor of Shabbat Kodesh, father told me with great emotion: "Rabbi so and so hurt me badly in front of others. I have no doubt he will need your help at a certain point. I'm sure G-d will not be silent about this. I will only ask you that if I live when he asks you for help, you will come immediately and let me know, and if in the meantime I pass from this world, come and inform me at my grave site."

"Furthermore, I ask you," Father said, "When the time comes, help him, even though he hurt me and made me very sad."

About three years after Mor our father Zlh"n's passing, that Rabbi called me and asked to meet me urgently. At our meeting, he told me, with tears in his eyes: "My son studied at a certain Yeshiva, but unfortunately 10 months ago he left the Yeshiva and lately he even begun to desecrate the Shabbat. All my efforts to bring him back to the right path have failed. Good people advised me to ask you to talk to him and bring him back to the Torah path with your kind words. I only ask that you don't tell my son that I sent you."

The image and words of Mor our father Zlh"n appeared before my eyes. "Why are you crying?" the rabbi asked me. "Where does your son work?" I asked, ignoring his question. "On TO- GO, a women's shoe store in the center of town," he answered.

I came to the store twice to talk to this nice young man, but he was very busy with his work, so we couldn't talk properly.

The words of Mor our father Zlh"n stood before me, and I made other efforts to bring him back to the right path.

Of course, I also visited the grave site of Mor our father Zlh"n, as his requested.

Tnsb"n. His merit should protect us. To be continued next week.