

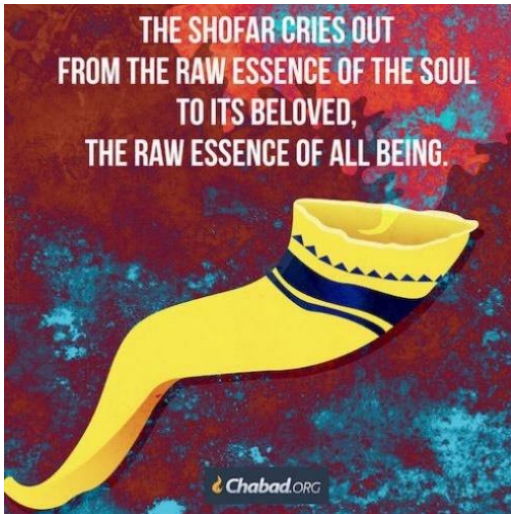


H.E.A.R.T. HAPPENINGS

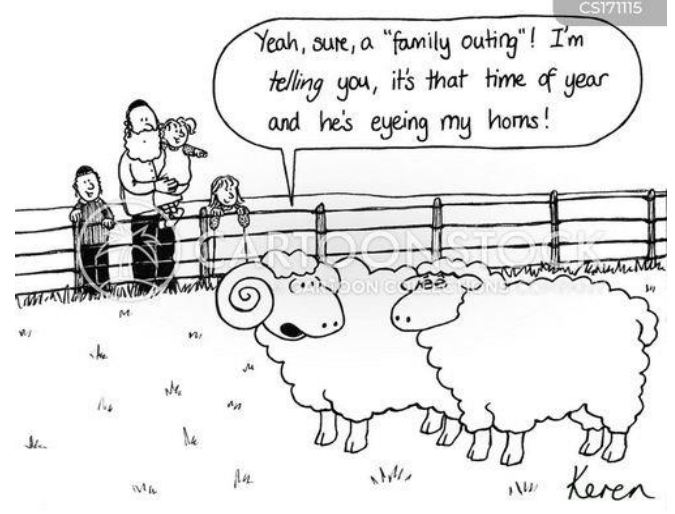
October 2024/ Tishrei 5785



K'sivah V'chasimah Tovah!



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for
special
Rosh
Hashana
Gift!



*The sound of the shofar
is not the cry of a human voice.
It is the howl of an animal's horn.*

*It is a cry so primal, so raw,
that the mind ceases to ponder,
the heart suspends its throb.*

*With the fury of a beast pent up in its cage,
the naked essence of the soul bursts out,
howling, ripping through heaven's curtains,
awakening the primal essence of all beings.*

*The raw core of your soul below
touches the primal essence above,
and now their reunion may begin.*

Upcoming Thursday Activities

October 10: Exercise with Shlomit

October 31: Exercise with Shlomit

Ladies, come join us!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Wishing you health, happiness, and nachas
ad meah vesrim shana!

*Mrs. Adler, Mrs. Breier, Mrs. Eidensohn,
Mrs. Friedman, Mrs. Itzkowitz,
Mrs. Lebovits, Mrs. Pollak,
Rabbi Herzog, Mr. Horowitz*



"Just One Blast!"

by Hirshel Tzig

This heartwarming yet chilling story was told by Rabbi Baruch Rabinovitch of Munkacs, father of the present Munkacser Rebbe, about his late father-in-law, Rabbi Chaim Elazar Spira (1871-1937), known as the "Minchat Elazar."

For a period of time, Reb Baruch and his wife lived in Warsaw. Later, when the Minchat Elazar became ill, he begged them to come back to Munkacs, in Czechoslovakia, which they did.

Rabbi Baruch had a son named Tzvi Nosson Dovid. Baruch would often recall that his father-in-law loved this boy—the Minchat Elazar's dear grandchild—in an "exaggerated way," in part due to the fact that they had waited a long time to have that first child. He would play with and "spoil" the child, and Tzvi would sit on his grandfather's lap at the Shabbat gatherings.

In the final year of his life, the Minchat Elazar took the shofar on the first day of the month of Elul and tested it to see whether it was in good condition. Tzvi was in the room and was visibly excited by the shofar and its sounds.

He asked his zeide (grandfather) for one more blast, and his zeide gladly obliged. From then on, for the remainder of the month, this became a ritual; the Rebbe blowing the shofar once each day for little Tzvi. On the day before Rosh Hashanah, Tzvi was there, awaiting his daily blast, but he was disappointed.

"Today is the day before Rosh Hashanah," his grandfather explained. "Today we do not blow the shofar. Tomorrow morning, we will blow the shofar in the synagogue."

The child did not comprehend the reasons. He knew no reason. He kicked and screamed, "Just one blast! Just one blast!"

After a while, the grandfather softened at the sound of his favorite grandchild crying, and he took the shofar and blew one blast.

On Rosh Hashanah, the custom in Munkacs was that the Rebbe spoke before blowing the shofar. That year, the Rebbe went up before the ark, opened it and said: "Master of the Universe, I have to repent. It's written

that on the day before Rosh Hashanah one mustn't blow shofar, yet I did."

He began to sob uncontrollably and called out: "Master of the Universe, do you know why I transgressed this custom? It was because my young grandchild lay on the floor begging and crying that I should only blow one blast of the shofar for him. My heart melted, I couldn't bear to watch him cry like that, so I blew once for him, though I shouldn't have.

"Tatte (Father), how can you stand by and see how millions of Your children are down on the floor, and crying out to You, 'Tatte, just one blast! Sound the blast of the great shofar which will herald the final Redemption!?' Even if the time is not right for it yet, even if the time for Moshiach has yet to arrive, Your children cry out to You: how can You stand by idly?!"

Rabbi Baruch cried as he recounted the story and recalled how at that time the entire crowd cried along with the Rebbe. The sounding of the shofar was delayed, and for a long time. "They could not regain their composure... loud wailing was heard throughout the synagogue..."



The Case of the Missing Esrog

by Chaya Shuchat

It was the second day of Sukkos and my husband came home and cheerfully informed me that his lulav and esrog were nowhere to be found. He had given his set to a yeshiva student who was making rounds to hospitals and nursing homes, to give patients the opportunity to fulfill this important mitzvah. The young man, in turn, had passed it on to someone else who promised that he would personally return it. The chain broke down at that point but it was clear that someone had my husband's set of Four Species, and it was not him.

Unfortunately, I was unable to digest this news with the same equanimity that my husband displayed. A lulav-and-esrog set is not cheap—somewhere between \$100 and \$200 for a nicely grown, plump, unblemished citron and a firm, straight-backed lulav branch. This is on top of all the additional holiday expenses—new clothing and shoes for all the children, festive meals nearly every night.

Before I reacted, though, I recalled a story that I heard in childhood, of a poor rabbi who sold an heirloom set of tefillin, his only valuable possession, in order to afford a beautiful esrog. His wife was so incensed at what he had done that she grabbed the esrog and bit off its tip, rendering it unfit for a bracha.

My sympathies at that moment were completely with the rebbetzin, and I probably would have done worse things to the esrog, had it been in my possession. But our precious set of Four Species was currently in the hands of a well-meaning yeshiva student, who at the moment was trudging around Brooklyn to find Jews who had not managed to acquire their own set. This image calmed me down somewhat, at least enough to ask through clenched teeth: "And if you must lend out your lulav and esrog, why can't you at least buy a cheap set just for lending?"

"And why," my husband inquired patiently, "should a Jew in the street make a blessing over a lulav and esrog less beautiful than the one I choose for myself?"

I found it difficult to argue with his logic. People who spend over \$100 on a set of fruit and branches will fall for a mystical argument anytime.

I reminded myself of another childhood story, of a different rabbi (or maybe it was the same one?) who set out with the precious rubles he had hoarded all year, to purchase a truly outstanding set of Four Species. Along the way, he passed a poor coachman whose horse had just keeled over and died. The poor man was now left without any means of support. Without hesitation, the rabbi handed over the entire sum to the coachman to purchase a new horse. After all, he reasoned, blessing the Four Species is a mitzvah, and charity is a mitzvah, too. When everyone else in the synagogue blesses the Four Species, he will say his blessing over a horse.

Applying the rabbi's logic to my own situation, on the cosmic mitzvah scale there really is no difference if my husband makes a blessing over his set, or if that same set is used by hundreds of other Jews on the streets of Brooklyn. Mitzvah = mitzvah, right? Especially since the mitzvah is compounded many times over, by all the people using it.

I remembered one year when my husband's esrog had been returned to him covered with brown splotches,

testimony to the dozens of hands that had gripped it. I had looked distastefully at the bruised esrog, thinking of the many hours he had spent browsing the esrog market, trying to find the most perfect, unblemished fruit. But my husband had seen it differently: "All the hand-marks make the esrog more beautiful."

Putting the missing-esrog saga into perspective, I couldn't be too angry. As the rabbi in the story had remarked to his esrog-chomping wife, family harmony is also a mitzvah, and if Hashem had seen fit to deprive them of one mitzvah there was no reason not to have the other. The rabbi kept his peace, and so did I. My husband mentally relinquished all claim to his lulav and esrog and gifted it with a full heart to the student who had borrowed it.

We made do with borrowed esrogim for the duration of the holiday, as my husband's set never was returned. I still wish he had found a more reliable agent, but mess-ups do happen. As we say in Yiddish, *zol es zain a kapparah*--"let it be an atonement," and let our forgiving attitude in this instance stand us in good stead the next time we inadvertently lose or damage someone else's property.

I am writing this story nearly a year later. Looking back, I have to say that Hashem amply repaid us for the cost of the missing esrog. In fact, we were able to set aside enough money to easily meet all of this year's holiday expenses, including the most beautiful lulav and esrog that we can find.





Wishing you a wonderful sweet new year filled with gezunt, simcha, menuchas hanefesh, and yiddish nachas.

May Hakodosh Baruch Hu restore peace in Eretz Yisroel, bestow health, healing, and happiness on all Klal Yisroel, and bring Moshiach very soon.

Please enjoy the enclosed \$200 gift card at Evergreen for your Yom Tov shopping.

K'siva V'chasima Tova,

Toby Raice
Leah Goldstein
Channi Feuer

Please sign below to acknowledge that you received the Evergreen \$200 gift card. Please fax, email or mail this sheet back to our office in the enclosed envelope as soon as possible.

Thank you!

Name

Signature

(Couples, we need both of your signatures please!)