

בראתי יצר הרע ובראתי לו  
**תורה תבלין**  
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smile. "I don't know what this is about, son," she answered, "but the young lady in the green suit who just went by, begged me to wear this rose on my coat. She said if you were to ask me to dinner, I should tell you that she is waiting for you in the restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of test!"

## TORAH GEMS

éöøà là éé ... éöööëä úááâî éóàì äùà ç÷ú àì øùà  
(ã,â-ãë) ÷çöëì éóàì äùà úç÷là êìú éúãlà î làà

What was the difference between the daughters of Canaan and those of *Aram Naharayim*? After all, both groups of people were immersed in the idolatry of the time. Many *meforshim* believe that the Canaanites were also morally degenerate, steeped in immoral offenses and disgusting acts, as we see in the *posuk* (אֲחֵרֵי הָאָרֶץ הַזֹּאת יֵשְׁבִים בְּתוֹכָהּ, “*And after the doings of the land of Canaan, where I am bringing you, you shall not do.*” Avrohom’s family, living in *Aram Naharayim*, were on a higher moral level, even though they still worshiped idols. We see from this that אֵלֹהִים does not leave its mark on a person’s soul as strongly as certain other sins do.

**R' Avrohom Bornstein ZT"l of Sochatchov**, in **Avnei Nezer**, explains this: In regard to virtues and personal characteristics, children follow their parents. Questions of faith, though, depend on one's intellect and understanding, and these change in accordance with the condition of the generation. In any event, they are not passed on genetically. It would also be possible to say that even though the people in both places were idolaters, idolatry itself was not identical in every place. There were places where idolatry involved abominable practices, such as those of the *Ba'al Peor*. In other places, idolatry consisted of no more than erroneous beliefs. Avrohom recognized the type of idolatry they had in Canaan, and that of *Aram Naharayim*. He preferred the people who resisted abominable acts.

(ãñ-ãë) ñěúúá óéòöä ç÷úá ...äëðéò úà ä÷áø àùúá

## Why did Rivkah cover herself up with a veil the

first time she saw her future husband, Yitzchok?

**The Netziv, R' Naftoli Tzvi Yehuda Berlin**  
**ZT'L** gives us an amazing insight. Rivkah covered herself out of fear and awe. The "*Pachad Yitzchok*" was obviously evident on his holy face and from that exact moment when she saw him, Rivkah was totally consumed by an awe-inspiring fear of her husband. Not in a bad way, of course, but her relationship with Yitzchok was never one of easy, casual co-existence. Whereas Sarah could and would talk to her husband, *Avrohom Avinu*, and advise him on how she thought matters ought to be dealt with; likewise, Rochel and Leah were always able to converse with *Yaakov Avinu* regarding issues between them and their children.

Rivkah, however, did not have that same kind of conversational relationship with *Yitzchok Avinu*. This stems from that first encounter when she pervasively felt a tremor of fear from the holiness of Yitzchok and immediately covered herself up out of embarrassment. As a result, the situation that arose between Yaakov and Esav and the entire story of the *Bechorah*, Yaakov's trick to get the blessings, his eventual escape to Lavan where he met, married and fathered the *shevatim* - creating *Bnei Yisroel* - all this indirectly came about due to that first "*badeken*" when Rivkah felt fear and awe-inspiring respect of Yitzchok and covered herself up. Who knows what might have happened differently had Rivkah been able to discuss family matters, the character and upbringing of their children etc., with her husband? But since this was the obvious will of *Hashem*, things turned out the way they did and we are the Jewish Nation that we are today because of it.

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 ,íííā .íāííā ,āàòí ,āçòùí :íāā ,āāāēēā úòēçā  
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 ,áíā íí úāē āéòāāí ēāēù ,í'ēòā eùāāēç íòā ,í'òē  
 úēāòíí ÷ò íéòāā÷ āìā íéíòāā íèù í'æç āòí íéòāí  
 ,ú'èùā úçāùā ē'ò òæāò íēāù ,āēā úíāā .íéòā  
 āçāùāā íù íéíēāā íéòòíā āìā íòēā āìā íéìā÷eùā  
 .íēìā .íāēòā āāāēēā úā òāā÷ìā āēāāíā āāíí ,āòāēìò

**מעשה אבות... סימן לבנים**

(ǣ-ǣ) 'āā ēðā ī ò ãñç úéùò éé òāā āāā ÷çöèì êāàoì úçĕāā āúāā .... äéìà øîà øùà äøòðä äéäā

About 60 years ago, a young enlisted man was stationed at a Florida Army base. He was interested in books and whenever he had some free time, would make his way to the local library to peruse the shelves. It happened once, that upon removing a book off the shelf he found himself intrigued, not with the words of the book, but with the notes penciled in the margin. The handwriting and content reflected a thoughtful soul and insightful mind. In the front of the book, he discovered the previous owner's name, a Ms. Hollis. With time and effort he located her address. She lived in New York City. He wrote her a letter introducing himself, and expressed his appreciation of her comments. He invited her to correspond with him and provided his address. The next day, though, he was shipped overseas for service in WWII.

During the following year, the two began to correspond regularly and grew to know each other through the mail. The young man looked forward eagerly to these letters. He began to feel that perhaps they were meant for each other and thoughts of marriage even entered his mind. He requested a photograph, but she refused. She felt that if he really cared, it wouldn't matter what she looked like.

When the day finally came for him to return from Europe, he asked if it was okay for them to meet. She agreed. They scheduled their first meeting - 7:00 p.m. at Grand Central Station in New York. "You'll recognize me," she wrote, "by the red rose I'll be wearing on my lapel." His excitement was palpable and at 7:00 he was in the station looking for the person whose heart he knew, but whose face he'd never seen.

As he stood there anxiously waiting, he noticed a young, attractive woman coming toward him. He followed her with his eyes anticipating that she was the Ms. Hollis that he came to know so well. She wore a pale green suit and he started to move toward her, entirely forgetting to notice that she was not wearing a rose. She walked right past him and as he took a step closer to her - he saw Ms. Hollis! She was standing off to the side looking somewhat bewildered. A woman well past 40, she had graying hair tucked under a worn hat. She was more than plump, a bit on the hefty side, with shabby, low-heeled shoes. It appeared as if she was unsure as to what she doing there. But on her coat was the red rose.

A look of torn indecision engulfed him. Was this the person that was truly meant for him? It didn't seem likely that she was the one he had thought about for so long, while at war. On the other hand, he rationalized, her plump face was gentle and sensible, her gray eyes had a warm and kindly twinkle. He did not hesitate any longer. Walking right up to her, he straightened, saluted and held out her small, blue book he had brought, all the while choking back his relative disappointment. "You must be Ms. Hollis. I am so glad you could meet me; may I take you to dinner?" The woman's face broadened into a tolerant