

הוא היה

A few days later, after the *Shivah* was over, R' Schneur called the *Bluzhever Rebbe* and thanked him for his heartfelt words of advice which had given him so much courage and strength to overcome the most difficult days of his life.

TORAH GEMS

éð÷æì àéóáìà ìðääì àù î æð÷ éðéî ùä í áéá éääéá
(á,à-è) 'áää íàò èì ç÷ ìðää ìà ø íàéá .ìæùé

The word "אָז" - "*summoned*," appears to be a seemingly inappropriate usage of the word. After all, *Aharon Hakohen* and his sons were working with Moshe for the previous seven days. For what reason did Moshe feel it necessary to summon them? He could have merely informed them to bring the mandated *korbonos* - sacrifices.

R' Moshe Feinstein ZT"l teaches us a very important lesson here: The *posuk* is telling us that although Aharon and his sons had just finished performing the *mitzvos* of the יָדוּ אֶת הָאֵלֹהִים וְיָדוּ אֶת הָאָדָם and that of sitting in the Courtyard, they still required preparation and intent for a new *mitzva*, just as if they were entering anew. The reason for this was so that they should rejoice with this *mitzva* just as with the acceptance of the previous one, similar to the joy at the giving of the *Torah*. One must perform each *mitzva* as though this was the only *mitzva* given to him at the time.

So should it be with *Torah* study as well, for this will afford one joy and pleasure from the *mitzva*. If approached in this fashion, one will remember his learning very well, as well as if he had learned it in his youth, when he had only that to remember. In one's adulthood, one must do the same. When one comes home from work, he should make an effort to take his mind off all mundane affairs and concentrate completely on learning.

Alternatively, we learn from here that in spite of any preparations one may have made to become holy, he must still feel as if he is just starting out. One must realize that to serve in sanctity he must sense that he is not prepared at all.

(âî-àé) õøǎùǎ õøùǎ ìěá íěéúùôđ úàǎ÷ùú ìà

The *gemara* (:אִם אֵלֶּם הָיָה) tells us an amazing thing: If the deliverance from Egypt had been for no reason other than for *Bnei Yisroel* to observe the *mitzva* of refraining from eating insects and vermin, that would have been adequate. The reason for this special significance, more than other *mitzvos*, is because bugs are naturally repulsive.

The **Ksav Sofer, R' Avrohom Shmuel Binyomin Sofer ZT"L** explains: There are many things that a person would not do because of logical dictates or natural inclinations. There are both positive and negative *mitzvos* that fall into this category, e.g. prohibitions against theft, murder, etc. So too, on the positive side: respecting one's parents, caring for the sick and needy. However, if one observes *mitzvos* because he thinks they are reasonable, one is following one's own will and is not necessarily being subservient to the will of *Hashem*. The *Torah* assumes that people will not eat things that are repulsive, but what the *Torah* expects of us is to avoid them because they are forbidden rather than because they are repulsive.

"éíéúä÷ íúéää íúü÷÷üää" - "*And you shall sanctify yourselves and be holy,*" - means that only when we do something in subservience to G-d that we develop holiness, and this principle applies to every precept of our behavior. When we do something or refrain from acting in deference to the Divine will, we achieve *kedusha*. The same action or inaction without this motivation does not enhance *kedusha*. Thus, the deliverance from Egypt was in order that *Bnei Yisroel* become a holy nation. This can be achieved only if we subjugate our intellect and will to that of *Hashem*.

íéðíæá íí ííæá éðá - "ʔáííà íéð÷æá éðù áúáíé éúíí"
 æáá, ííáòðá íí øéðáí íðæáá áùí íù íúòù ðéáú
 áðéíð íé íáá, íàðùéé éðá íð íé úá áéáðáí áðéíð íéáé
 ééù íðù éáé, áðù áúááí íðæúáí áéùéð íéçúáí
 .íðæáá áùí áíé øááá úá áéáðáí
 úá á÷éçøáá íðáááá ø÷éðá áéá íúáðé ííáá
 íáùíá - "áùíé ááò íàðùéá í÷ áí" ðááéé éé, í íðò
 . íúáá úéíá á"á÷á ééá

àùéà òùùéí úáéí íðíà ,ùíí òéèò èùáà- àéà ,íùáàø-ùá ààø è"ò - "àùíéà 'à éðòí íùáà-à" àçà íáéà àòéàà ééàà .ù"èùà òà íéòàíééà íéòààòò òáéà" 'íàà òùíàà àø òò ?òùáéà ààà àààààà ààéòííí ííæí òáé ,òíàíé - "íàéòçà íééíàí àààéààà ààò áéà íàé òàààà àòéàø àùí ééòí éòçà íééíàà òààà éòà áéà òùáà àùòàí àíàùòà íà íàà ,òáààà éàéàòííà éìààà ,íààà àààéààà ààò àòíà àé ,íéèàà . íà ààéòàù òààéòííà

מעשה אבות... סימן לבנים

(â,á-é) 'âââ îðää íãéá 'ä éðôi áúîéá íúáà îëäúá 'ä éðôi î ùà àöüá

When the Lakewood *Rosh Yeshiva*, **R' Schneur Kotler ZT"L** lost his young beloved son, the **Bluzhever Rebbe, R' Yisroel Spira ZT"L**, though well advanced in years, traveled with one of his devoted students from his home in Brooklyn, to New Jersey, to show respect and pay the customary condolence call during the *Shivah*.

When they entered R' Schneur's house, the *Rebbe* was shocked at what he saw. R' Schneur, as prescribed by *halacha*, was sitting on a low mourner's stool. Around him were sitting about sixty men, rabbis and *yeshiva* students, and no one uttered a single word or sound. A pervasive sentiment of gloom and despair hung heavily in the room.

The flickering candles continuously played with the lingering shadows on the walls, while a deafening silence could practically be felt. As the *Bluzhever Rebbe* entered, a chair was immediately placed for him next to that of R' Schneur. All remained silent, despite the fact that it is prescribed by the mourners' law that the mourner must open the conversation. When R' Schneur continued in his tortured silence, R' Yisroel decided to speak.

"I envy you, R' Schneur," began the *Rebbe* in a soft voice. "Your son passed away, yet he left a young wife and child to carry on his name. *Boruch Hashem*, you know the place where your son is buried. *Hashem* blessed you with other children, and so many people are coming to comfort you in your sorrow. Not everyone has the same situation."

R' Yisroel closed his eyes and a pained expression came over his face. "I had but one daughter whose face brightened the world, a son-in-law who was a most promising young *Talmid Chacham*, and a grandchild who was the absolute delight of my heart. Nothing made me prouder and happier than my family. Then came the bitter war years, the Holocaust. Years of separation, torture, pain and sorrow. I don't even know the day my family was murdered, nor have I any idea where the site of their graves lie, if they even have one at all. And believe me, no one came to comfort me because we were all being murdered. Everyone experienced the same emotions and suffered through the same torturous existence." The *Rebbe* looked up. "R' Schneur, how can I not envy you?"

All those present remained still - there were no words to be spoken - and the *Rebbe* continued to talk. "Chazal tell us, 'Sorrow shared is sorrow halved.' So many people, *rabbonim*, students, friends, and neighbors, have come to share your sorrow; R' Schneur, you must be comforted! I beg of you, *Rosh Yeshiva*, please be strong, for in a strange way, you are privileged."