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young man had an idea. "Naftali, we will give you the entire amount of 20 zlotys that you need. All you have to do is to walk through the main street of town wearing a priest's robes." Naftali, amazingly, agreed. They all walked behind him singing, hooting, laughing. It was a terrible sight, but he got the 20 zlotys. Naftali went home a broken man. He threw the priest robes they had given him in the back of his closet and collapsed into bed.

A year later, the **Sanzer Rebbe, R' Chaim Halberstam ZT"l** passed through that same town. As he was passing the house where Naftali lived he exclaimed, "I smell the fragrance of *Gan Eden* - Paradise, here." They went into the house and began to question Naftali about what he could have done that would cause the fragrance of *Gan Eden* to descend upon his house. Naftali recounted the incident of the priest robes. R' Chaim commanded the Burial Society that when Naftali's time comes, he should be buried in those same priest robes, his own personal **אֲדָמָה עֲלֵי**. The angels of destruction will not dare to touch him. And they obviously didn't.

TORAH GEMS

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Chazal tell us that Moshe's name is not found in this entire *parsha* because after the sin of the Golden Calf, when *Hashem* threatened to destroy the Jewish people, Moshe pleaded with Him not to do so and even asked to have his name removed from the *Torah* if *Hashem* would not listen to his pleas. What is unusual is that when Moshe said the words, "חֲמַדְךָ לְיָיִךְ" - "*Erase me from Your book (Torah)*," Rashi explains this to mean from the entire *Torah*, and not just from one *parsha*. Why then is Moshe's name missing just from this one *parsha*; if it was to be erased at all, it should have been from *אֵלֶּיךָ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ*?

R' Yitzchok Sorotzkin Shlit" a writes that although *Hashem* did in the end forgive *Bnei Yisroel* for the לְאֹהֲרָאֵךְ , there still remains, even till this day, traces of that terrible sin, which we still bear a measure of responsibility for in the form of every misfortune and disaster that occurs to the Jewish people. There was forgiveness, but it wasn't total and it just served to stave off total extinction, through the heartfelt prayers and pleas of *Moshe Rabbeinu*. Thus, Moshe, our fearless leader who was willing to forgo everything for his people, offered a sort of bargain: If *Hashem* was unwilling to allow the survival of *Bnei Yisroel*, then Moshe refused to have his name mentioned at all in the *Torah*. But if *Hashem* would resist destroying them, even without a total forgiveness, then Moshe asked that his name at least be removed from just one *parsha*. *Hashem* chose not to destroy His nation and Moshe was omitted from $\text{אֲשֶׁר יִהְיֶה לְךָ בְּיָמֶיךָ}$.

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מעשה אבות....סימן לבנים

(á-çë) 'âââ úøàòúíâ ãâäëì êéçà ìøäàì ùãâ÷ éãââ úéùòâ

After WWII, the Polish authorities decided to build a highway through an old Jewish cemetery. The local *Chevra Kadisha* - Burial Society, was ordered to remove all the bones to a new resting place. To their amazement, however, they found one body that had not decomposed - a sure sign of great righteousness. But even more to their wonderment, he was buried in the robes of a priest! They made inquiries among the elders of the town, and this is the story that was told.

R' Naftali ZT"L was the *Gabbai Tzedakah* - Overseer of Charities, of the town. He was well respected and he would always distribute any funds he received fairly. One day, after he had already collected quite a sum of money for a dire emergency, a man knocked on his door. "Naftali, please you must help, I have nowhere else to turn," he begged. The man, already burdened by the expense of a large family, had a child who was quite ill and the medical bills were putting the family under tremendous financial distress. Wordlessly, Naftali got up and went out to collect again; and people helped, but not like the first time. He returned home exhausted, but satisfied that he had done the right thing.

Soon after, there was a knock on the door again. A man whose roof had caved in on his house was in the doorway. His family of ten souls was left homeless. Could Naftali please help. R' Naftali thought to himself, "I can't go around collecting again," three times in one day - but he did! This time, he went to beseech the son of a wealthy merchant who was entertaining some of his friends at the local pub. "Don't tell me you're collecting again," he screamed in disbelief. Then, they all began to ridicule Naftali mercilessly. Suddenly, the