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forbid, stray from the way of your forefathers. Now, however, that you are happy and comfortable in your town, which I know is not a place of high spiritual content, it is only a matter of time until you forget your traditions. *Now* is the time for you to come home.”

TORAH GEMS

(â-äî) 'âââ áéôô î àìäáó éë áúà úáòòì áéçà àìëé àìá

When Yosef revealed himself to his brothers, they recoiled in shock from before him. The *Medrash* quotes the famous words of Abba Kohen Bardela: *"Woe unto us on the day of judgement, woe unto us on the day of rebuke...Yosef was the youngest of the tribes and his brothers could not withstand his criticism. How much more so when the Holy One Blessed Be He will come and rebuke each and every one according to what he is!"*

R' Eliezer Menachem Mann Shach ZT"l referred to these words of Abba Kohen Bardela, in relation to an amazing event that he himself witnessed. A young boy was once possessed by a *dybbuk* - evil spirit. The boy had lost total control and was writhing on the ground, talking without cessation. What was most amazing to behold, was that the boy called each and every person who was present by name and he publicly exposed all of their secrets. People ran away in shame as he revealed their innermost secrets.

The truth of the *Medrash* was felt as clearly as never before. Even though Yosef was from the youngest of *Yaakov Avinu*'s sons, nevertheless, his brothers could not stand up to his rebuke and recoiled in shame and embarrassment. Likewise, people were hearing rebuke and revelations of their secrets - and not even from a great man such as a son of *Yaakov Avinu*, but rather from a simple boy who had no control over himself - yet they were running away in shame. Thus, when *Hashem* will rebuke us and cross-examine us concerning everything we did or wanted to do, as well as what we could have accomplished but did not - woe unto us from that judgement and that rebuke!

äëìà éç éóá óñáé äåò áø àøùé øîàéå
(çë-äî) 'ååå úåîà íøéå åðåøåå

When the brothers returned to Canaan and told Yaakov that Yosef was still alive, they began describing his exalted position as a viceroy of the Egyptian empire. Yaakov exclaimed, “*Enough! My son Yosef yet lives.*” This seems a rather unusual way to embrace such wonderful news.

R' Avrohom J. Twerski Shlit"z uses a unique *moshol* – parable, to explain the sequence of events. A woman was walking along the beach with her little son when a violent storm broke out. Without warning, a huge wave came ashore and swept the child out into the sea. The distraught, helpless mother fell to her knees and screamed out, “G-d, please give me back my baby!” Moments later, another wave arrived and deposited the tot, unharmed, at her feet. The grateful woman, at first overwhelmed, embraced the child for a few moments, unable to utter a word. Then, regaining her composure, she turned her tearful eyes toward heaven and cried, “Oh, thank You G-d, thank You for Your kindness. My gratitude to You is eternal.” Suddenly, she took a good look at the child, then lifted her eyes again upward, and in a demanding tone called out. “But G-d, he was wearing a hat!”

When the brothers wished to tell of Yosef's greatness, Yaakov interrupted, "Stop! It is enough for me that my son Yosef is alive. Everything else is superfluous." We are often the beneficiaries of profound goodness, and may even express some degree of thanks, yet we still remain dissatisfied, like the lady in the parable, because things are not exactly the way we would like them to be. *Yaakov Avinu's* words teach us a lesson in true gratitude..

[illegible]

āaə ələn ādā ōkīāē ūā ādēāā ā÷ōē ōāōn ədōn āūāāā
 əəəōūā ,āāāēāī āī āūčō āēāā īēūn ā"ē əāē āūāā
 āūāēī īāō īā÷īā āəōāēī āčēēī ū"÷ ūāə÷ī ā÷ōē
 īēūāāī ūīī ēōēā āə ūīāāā .āāāāāā āčīūā
 āīēōāā ūāōīā īī əāēō īūčūn īēāā ōāāē ēəāū ,īēāūō
 īāūī īōēāā .ā"ōāēē ū"÷ īāāē ūāēāāčē ūāōīī
 īāə īīāā āāəāā īē÷ēāō ē"āūī ,īāāēī īāēē ādēāū
 ūāēə÷ā əūāēā əūāēē ō÷āūā īāāēī āā ,āčīūā ūākō

מעשה אבות... סימן לבנים

(çë-â î) 'âââ îûâ äöøà ààéâ äðûâ áéðîî úâââî óñâé à àéðîî çì ù äâââé úââ

In the city of Belz lived a *chasid* who was experiencing financial difficulties. Venture after venture failed and he felt thoroughly discouraged. Eventually, he decided to seek business opportunities elsewhere and when a lucrative offer came up he decided to speak to the **Belzer Rebbe, R' Yehoshua Rokeach ZT"l**. He informed his *Rebbe* that, due to his financial problems, he will be moving away to Germany, to a town where there were no *chassidim*. The *Rebbe* listened quietly and then wished him well and blessed him with success. The man left Belz and moved to a new country where he devoted much time and effort to his new business. However, he missed his *Rebbe*, as well as the environment in which he had grown up and which had nourished his spiritual growth. Every year he would travel back to his hometown, Belz, to visit his *Rebbe* and stay for a *Shabbos*.

The first year he came back, he made his way to see the *Rebbe* and talk to him. The *Belzer Rebbe* questioned him all about his new business, his physical well-being and the spiritual situation of his town. Business was fine, responded the *chasid*, and he was well. But then a pained look came across his face. “*Oy, Rebbe,*” he said, “There are no *chassidim* in my town and I really feel that I must move back to Poland so that I can again enjoy the spiritual environment that I am used to.”

The *Rebbe* smiled and said, “If you truly want to make the effort, you can be a religious Jew in your German town. I understand that you have a *Beis Medrash* in the town where there are *shiurim*. It is not necessary for you to come back.”

The next year the *chasid* again came to Belz, and the same conversation took place. The *chasid* complained about the town and its lack of spirituality and the *Rebbe* encouraged him, again advising him not to move back to Poland.

One year when the *Rebbe* asked him the usual question about how he was managing spiritually, the *chasid* gave a different answer. He quoted what the *Rebbe* had told him on previous occasions: The town had spiritual facilities, a *Beis Medrash* and *shiurim*, and he now felt quite happy there, no longer believing that it was necessary to move back to Poland. To his surprise the *Rebbe* told him, “I want you to move back as soon as possible.”

The *chasid* looked at R' Yehoshua and said, “*Rebbe*, I don't understand. Until now, every year I was told to stay in Germany and not come back! Why all of a sudden must I come back now?”

The *Rebbe* smiled warmly. “My son, as long as you were unhappy with the spiritual condition of the town and were nostalgic for your old *chassidische* environment. I was not afraid that you would. Heaven