



Ohr Yerushalayim News

ל כסלו תשע"ו – מוקץ – 12th December 2015 - Volume 8 - Issue 22

News This Week

מזל טוב

Mazel Tov to Mr and Mrs Noach Fletcher on the occasion of Ari's Bar Mitzva this Shabbos. The Kehilla is invited to a Kiddush after Davening in the Shul hall.

Mazel tov also to great grandmother Mrs June Fletcher.

Chanuka Family Party

A reminder that the Chanuka family party takes place this Sunday at 2pm with loads to do. The party is followed by Mincha and a guest speaker at 3.35pm - See the back page for further details.

The Inside Story Revealed

Rabbi Pinchas Winston (Torah.org)

This is a Chanukah-story I tell it every year, if only to proclaim the miracle. I can confirm its veracity, because it happened to me personally.

In my second year of marriage, we lived in a neighborhood of Yerushalayim called Har Nof. At the time, I had been learning in a kollel in the Old City, some forty-five minutes away by bus. Yet, still, Friday mornings I used to go in for the morning to learn, even on the short winter afternoons, such as erev Parashas Mikeitz which happened to fall that year during Chanukah, as it usually does.

We were having important guests for Shabbos-my father- and mother-in-law-and I wanted to prepare a special d'var Torah for the Shabbos table. As was my custom in those days, the last fifteen minutes before leaving for home, I would begin learning the parsha to search for a question to ponder on the way home, which, I hoped, would form the basis for my Shabbos table d'var Torah.

How many times I have learned this week's parsha, I do not recall. But I do know that I never stopped on the possuk I stopped on that morning, the one which has the freed and cleaned-up Yosef standing before Paroah, answering Paroah about his claim that Yosef can interpret dreams:

Yosef answered Paroah, saying, "Not I, but G-d will answer the peace of Paroah." (Bereishis 41:16)

All of a sudden it occurred to me: how could Paroah talk seriously with Yosef, let alone trust his interpretation of the royal dreams? Wasn't Yosef accused of being an adulterer? And if you tell me, so what! Egypt was an extremely immoral place, I'll counter by telling you that we learn from Avraham that, although the Egyptians didn't mind murdering people, they did hate adultery (that's why Avraham told Paroah that Sarah was his sister, and not his wife, fearing that Paroah would kill him in order to take Sarah and avoid adultery!). It was like President Clinton pulling some ex-con out of penitentiary to interpret his dreams, and then, after liking the interpretation, elevating him to the position of Vice President! Wouldn't that raise some eyebrows? As I closed my Chumash and prepared to make the long journey home, I was satisfied that I was on to something big, and began pondering the question as I left the Old City for Har Nof.

Now, for those familiar with the Old City, let me just state that in those days, buses did not enter the Old City by the Wall. To leave the Old City, you either took a taxi or you walked out Sha'arei Yaffo (Jaffa Gate) and

took the Number Twenty bus. That alone constituted a fifteen minute walk, mostly uphill. Loaded down with challahs and other Shabbos food, I headed for the bus.

However, it happened to have been a beautiful, warm, sunny erev Shabbos afternoon, even though it was December. Though I was loaded down, I was inspired to walk even further to the main post office past the Old City, where I could catch either the Fifteen or Eleven bus, both of which go directly to Har Nof, saving me the need to transfer buses later. In fact, the only difference between the two lines was the route: the Fifteen bus passed through Geulah, and the Eleven bus passed by Machanei Yehudah (the "Shuk"). For me, the only issue was, which pandemonium did I want to suffer, erev Shabbos chaos of the shuk, or of Geulah?

As I weighed my options, life became even more confusing when both buses showed up at the same time, equally as crowded. I'm not quite sure what steered me, but I headed for the Fifteen bus, and after getting on, I began my odyssey to the back of the crowded bus, hoping to find some safe place to hang on to my groceries and a pole for balance; a seat was too much to ask for.

As I made it to the back of the bus, I saw a seat in the corner that was empty. Not wanting to seem selfish and make a chillul Hashem (profanation of G-d's Name), I let the seat remain empty, just in case someone else had precedence over me. No one sat down. I began to check the seat for bubble gum, or something of the sort, but the seat checked out. Once I felt safe, I sat down, parked my groceries under the seat, and silently sang praises to G-d for my little island of calm in the midst of all the panic.

I had barely opened my pocket Chumash to re-think through my question when the bus made its way to Geulah. After fighting some traffic, it finally made it to the main stop on Malchei Yisroel, letting off many people, but taking on even more. I was engrossed in my Chumash, and barely noticed that the only seat available was the one next to me.

The Week Ahead

| פרשת מוקץ | שבת ראש חודש סבת |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Candle Lighting | 3.34pm |
| Mincha | 3.39pm |
| Seder Halimud | 8.40am |
| Shacharis | 9.00am |
| סוף זמן ק"ש | 10.09am |
| 1st Mincha | 1.30pm |
| Rov's Shiur | 2.58pm |
| 2nd Mincha | 3.28pm |
| סעודה שלישית | following |
| Maariv & Motzei Shabbos | 4.48pm |
| Ovos uBonim | 6.18pm |
| Sunday ראש חודש | 7.10am / 8.00am |
| Mon | 6.35am / 7.10am / 8.00am |
| Tues / Wed / Fri | 6.45am / 7.20am / 8.00am |
| Thurs | 6.45am / 7.10am / 8.00am |
| Mincha & Maariv | 3.35pm |
| Late Maariv | 8.00pm |

However, in the back of my mind I was somewhat conscious of the krexing (groaning) of a tired, middle-aged man, as he made his way right for the seat next to me. I had this eerie sense that he was the talkative type, and I turned myself toward the window even more, and made my Chumash even more obvious. The only thing missing was a "Do not disturb" sign.

I should have gone for the sign, because the angle at which I sat, and my raised Chumash did little to deter this American who seemed bent upon striking up a conversation with anyone who would listen, or not listen, for that matter.

"I see you're learning Chumash," he said quite innocently.

"Yes," I said politely but curtly, hoping to indicate that that was to be the end of the conversation. There was only twenty more minutes to Har Nof, and I had yet to find a satisfactory answer for why Paroah was prepared to overlook the charges against Yosef of adultery. However, the man was politely insistent.

"Where do you learn?" he asked next. I told him the name of my yeshiva, expecting little in return, but again, I had been wrong. Like Yehuda in this week's parsha, I had had other plans, and was blind to the unfolding Divine Providence.

"Really? I know your Rosh Yeshivah. In fact, his brother is my rav back in the States, and his son made my son's shidduch. It's a great story. Let me tell you how it goes ..."

And so he did, and did, and did. Defeated, I closed my Chumash, and slipped into a captive audience mode. The truth is, it was a remarkable story. Had it been any other time, and had I already developed a novel d'var Torah for the Shabbos table, the story would have thrilled me. It was hard to feel both frustration and excitement simultaneously.

As the bus made its final approach toward Har Nof, the story ended, and the man said,

"I'm sorry. I know you were learning Chumash before I interrupted you ..."

"So you noticed, eh?" I thought to myself.

"... At least let me give you a d'var Torah on this week's parsha ..."

"You might as well," I thought to myself, sarcastically, "because I sure don't have one!"

"... In fact, it is right on the possuk that you had your finger on, before you closed your Chumash ..."

My eyes, for the first time that trip, lit up. He continued,

"In that verse (the one upon which I had stopped on in the yeshiva when the question first occurred to me), there is an extra word ..." "Nu?" I said to myself, still somewhat skeptical.

"In the possuk before it, it says, 'Paroah said to Yosef, I had a dream and no one can interpret it, and I heard about you, saying (leimor), you can hear a dream and interpret it.' The next possuk says, 'Yosef answered Paroah, saying (leimor), Not I, but G-d will answer the peace of Paroah.' It seemed to me that the 'leimors,' at least one of them, was extra." "Well, it is not uncommon that the Torah speaks like that ..." I said. "I know," he jumped in, "so I went to many rabbis in my city to see what they thought, and they all agreed that the leimor was extra, but had no interpretation for it. However, one rabbi I went to had already noticed the extra word on his own, and did have an interpretation to offer, which I found very interesting. He told me that the leimor was to allude to a sub-dialogue between Paroah and Yosef." "A what?" I asked, now feeling the pressure of my stop fast approaching, and the need to get off the bus.

"The rav was basing his pshat (interpretation) upon the Talmud, in Sanhedrin (56b), which is finding sources for the Seven Noachide Laws in the Torah. It turns out that, according to the Oral Law, different words allude to different mitzvos. The word 'leimor' is the word that alludes to the mitzvah not to have illicit relationships!"

Boinggggg! "Like adultery?" I asked hesitatingly, feeling something very hashgochadik (Divine Providence-like) about to happen. "Exactly," he answered. "Paroah's leimor alludes to Paroah asking Yosef, 'How can you be an interpreter of dreams? You're an adulterer! Even your own G-d hates such illicit behavior ... why would He want to work through you?!' Yosef's leimor means, 'That's exactly the point! The very fact that I can interpret dreams correctly, which only can be done with G-d's help, proves my innocence!' (After the fact, I noticed that "leimor" also appears in the episode of Yosef and the wife of Potiphar, and Rashi makes reference to the gemora itself there in 39:9.) Yosef's point was well-taken by Paroah, which is why he felt confident raising Yosef to the position of Viceroy of Egypt! A great answer, no?"

My jaw dropped open. Shivers went up and down my spine, as I pondered the odds of such a possibility. (At that point in my life, I had not seen the gemora in Sanhedrin, and even once I would years later, would I have made the connection? Could I have, when the word "leimor" had not even caught my attention?) Within seconds before arriving at my stop, I quickly explained what had just happened, and the shocked expression on my face. The man laughed, and finished by saying,

"To think! I came six thousand miles just to answer your question!"

I smiled warmly. We said good-bye to each other, and thanked one another for what had obviously been very, very b'sheret. As I got off the bus with a far better, more fascinating Chanukah d'var Torah than I had ever bargained for, I looked heavenward and thanked G-d for what was the most important message I could ever learn:

Answers are from G-d; it is only up to us to formulate the questions, and to be available to receive that Holy, Hidden Light of creation, when G-d decides to send it down to us.

Ohr Yerushalayim's
Chanukia family party

Amazing Caricaturist!!
Great competition! Biscuit decorating
Arts 'n crafts
Candle Making
Fun for all the family!

Sunday 13th December
2pm Followed by Mincha & Guest Speaker
£3.50 a child / £10.00 per family

Hilchos Shabbos

Melocho: Zoreh (Winnowing)

Winnowing is the process of using the wind to separate waste matter from the grain for use in the Mishkon.

Practical Shailo:

Is one allowed to separate peanut shells by blowing?

Answer:

This would be forbidden, an example of Zoreh.