



# Ohr Yerushalayim News

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## News This Week

### מזל טוב

Mazel Tov to Michoel and Simi Issler on Lazer's engagement to Elisheva Zimmel from Israel/New York

### Chaim Aruchim

We wish Chaim Aruchim to the following who have Yahrzeits this week:

- Shabbos, 1st Addar - Hillel Schijveschuuder for his father
- Sun, 2nd Addar - Ben First for his father
- Fri, 7th Addar - Zacky Graff for his father

### It Is What You Do That Counts

Rabbi J Rubinstein

Many years ago my father was a Rav in a community where many of the members did not observe Shabbos. When my father went to Shul on Shabbos, there were two routes he could follow. One involved going up many steps to get on to a bridge which crossed a railway line. The other meant he had to go along a street where there was a shop owned by a Jewish person which was open on Shabbos. He could not tolerate going past a Jewish-owned shop which was open on Shabbos. (I imagine he knew that any attempt to remonstrate with the owner would be counter productive.) So he went over the bridge. When my father developed a heart condition, he was advised to avoid climbing stairs. But he still persisted in using the route involving the steps, because he could not go past flagrant transgression of Shabbos as if it did not bother him. I was only a child then, but I have never forgotten it.

This helps me understand something Rashi describes in this week's Parshah. Rashi says, the boards which formed the walls of the sanctuary, were made of wood from trees which יעקב אבינו (Our patriarch Jacob) planted in Egypt. Before he died, he instructed his children to take the wood with them when they would leave Egypt. He told them Hashem would command them to build a sanctuary in the desert. They should make sure they had the wood ready. Rabbi Yaakov Kaminetsky comments, יעקב אבינו could have simply instructed his children to take wood with them when they left Egypt. Why did he have to go to the trouble of planting trees himself, for that purpose? Rav Kaminetsky says there was a psychological point here. יעקב אבינו wanted to bolster the faith of his descendants, that they would be brought out of Egypt and build a sanctuary. If he would just tell them about it that would have a limited effect. But if he did something, like planting the trees, because of his belief that they would come out of Egypt, that would have a far greater impact.

It is all summed up, in the translation by the Vilna Gaon's brother, of the words in Shema, וְשִׁנַּתְּם לְבִינֵךְ וְדַבַּרְתָּ בָּם. The Gaon's brother says, the word וְדַבַּרְתָּ means "And you shall lead" as we find in Psalm 47, וְיִדְבֵר עַמִּים תַּחְתֵּינוּ - "He shall lead nations under us". The only way to teach words of the Torah, is through leading by example, and doing them. That is the only thing which has a lasting effect.

Rabbi Goldwasser tells the story of the Jewish businessman who said to him. "I should be better than I am, but there is one thing I am never lax about, and that is the laws of Kosher food". He explained that he and his mother had emigrated from Poland to America forty years earlier. They were each allowed to take one package on the ship. His mother took a package of her pots and pans. She said she could not be sure of obtaining kosher pots and pans in America. On

route, the pots crashed and clanged against each other. The other passengers laughed at them, but his mother persisted. Every time the ship heaved, the pots and pans made a racket, and the other passengers pointed and mocked. He was horribly embarrassed, but his mother did not give way. Eventually they got to New York, but six months later his mother passed away. After the funeral, as he was going through his mother's possessions he bumped in to the pots and pans and they made the familiar clanging sound. Suddenly he knew that never, but never, would he compromise on Kashrus. It illustrates the same principle, we educate our children by what we do!

### "Strikes, Sparer, and Divine Winks"

Rabbi Asher Richman

Many years ago, a certain young yeshiva bocher went on a shidduch with a girl he felt was ideal. The girl's family were competitive in all areas, as the boy soon realized when board games were brought out at every family gathering, complete with a full itinerary of rules recited like a pre game ceremony. Monopoly and Risk were particularly entertaining spectacles.

Bowling was the fourth date and the boy felt hopeful that this was the one. On the way to the bowling alley, the girl spoke enthusiastically about bowling being a favourite pastime, casually mentioning that she had scored in the low hundreds before. The boy sat nervously, recalling the last time he had bowled, when he had been soundly beaten by his eight year old sister, who was wearing ballet shoes at the time. But there was no turning back now. Nevertheless, he realized he had no choice but to play on, there was no turning back.

He misfired his first roll, with his overly heavy bowling ball, slipping from his fingers. They both watched it roll slowly, but surely towards the middle... and boom, or perhaps more of a muted thud, a strike! Then another strike. And another. Then a spare, then another strike, and eventually a score of 201. The girl sat amazed, half expecting someone to appear from behind the curtain and declare that the boy she was dating was, in fact, a world bowling superstar. But no one did, and he most certainly wasn't. His best score before that day was a mere 58, which his roommate had informed him didn't count as the bumpers had been up.

As the game progressed, she played consistently well and ended with a highly respectable 87. But this was dwarfed by his effortless, well, seemingly effortless, 201. As the game finished, the boy decided one game was more than enough, especially as a small crowd had gathered to witness this 'talented' player. Many had already commented on

## Davening Times

|                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| זמן שבת & Candle Lighting | 5.30pm                   |
| Mincha & Kabbolas Shabbos | 5.35pm                   |
| Shacharis                 | 7.25am / 9.15am          |
| סוף זמן ק"ש               | 9.38am                   |
| Mincha                    | 1.30pm / 5.16pm          |
| Seuda Shlishis            | Following Mincha         |
| Motzei Shabbos            | 6.36pm                   |
| Ovos uBonim/Bonos         | 7.23pm                   |
| Sun                       | 7.15am / 8.20am / 9.30am |
| Mon / Thurs               | 6.45am / 7.10am / 8.00am |
| Tues / Wed / Fri          | 6.45am / 7.20am / 8.00am |
| Mincha & Maariv           | 5.40pm                   |
| Late Maariv               | 8.00pm                   |



his unconventional technique, which one spectator described as "clumsy, yet remarkably accurate." The girl was mesmerized by this spectacular sporting display and later went on to marry this 'bowling prodigy', the episode, a fleeting moment, soon left in the past.

A few months into married life, they returned to that very same bowling alley, this time with her family. She proudly recounted how impressed she had been by his bowling when they were dating, but what had stood out most was his humility, describing himself as 'average' on the way there and calling his score a 'complete fluke' afterwards. She saw it as an indicator of his wonderful middos, his remarkable humility.

The game commenced. Once again, his somewhat odd looking technique sent the ball rolling nervously down the lane after slipping from his fingers... yet this time, there was no Malach guiding it. They both watched, along with her family, as it rolled straight into the gutter. She scored a strike, then a spare, finishing with a respectable 85, easily beating his rather mediocre 51. Perhaps a blip, she thought to herself. The second game? Well, 54 for the once great bowler, literally once, and 87 for his wife.

She went on to realise the entire event had been a gift, not just a simple coincidence, it had, in fact, been a gift, a moment of divine orchestration, a G-d wink, as she describes it. An episode they still laugh about and draw inspiration from to this day. A glimpse of something that wasn't quite reality, but was meant to be seen at that moment. It had given her the confidence that he could well be marriage material.

They haven't been bowling since. Although recently, when this 'young' man took his children, he came third, only beating his six year old daughter, who gave up halfway through to play a princess arcade game.

And now to Purim. A story. A story of coincidence and chance. No mention of Hashem in the Megillah, yet He is so obviously present throughout. Esther just happens to become queen, and Mordechai just happens to overhear a plot to kill the king. Haman happens to despise Mordechai, who just happens to have been unrewarded for saving the king's life. All of this is recorded in the Megillah.

A tale of coincidence, a tale of chance. A story we must hear every year, men and women alike. Every word, every letter. A single mispronounced word that changes the meaning invalidates the entire reading. The Halachos of Megillah reading are, in many ways, more serious than Krias HaTorah. This rabbinic Mitzvah, this story that took place in Persia without our Beis HaMikdash, with no Krias Yam Suf, no Makkos, no mention of Hashem at all. The Gemara shares stories that point to Hashem in far more direct ways, yet there's no obligation to read them. In the Neviim, stories of resurrections and open miracles, yet they are merely glanced at, learned by some, or perhaps recounted in the Haftara, yet the Megillah, every year, every word, every person.

Yet that is the point. Purim is the reminder, the boost we all need as

we live in Galus without our Beis HaMikdash. It's the reminder that we are all living our own Purim stories daily, with Hashem constantly guiding our lives, winking at us as we just happen to meet the right person at the right time or just happen to experience an event that gives us another needed push in the right direction.

Purim is the key to life in Galus. The recognition that Hashem is always in our lives, even when we feel He's hidden. Just as we know the sun is behind the clouds on gloomy days, even in Manchester, so too we know that Hashem is by our side always. Our daily choices aren't just about the performance of mitzvos, as to whether or not we choose to put on tefillin, is hopefully, a given. The real choices we have are whether we allow Hashem in, seeing him not only in the big moments, but the small moments too.

Letting ourselves be inspired, not just by the great strikes, but the spares too!

In this weeks Parsha it says ויקחו לי תרומה - 'take' for me Terumah. Not only does the word ויקחו seem out of place it actually means the exact opposite i.e. to take whereas it should say to give, what is the understanding? The Gemara (Sukkah 69b) brings a Posuk stating how amazing it is to do Chesed, one would therefore think to just go ahead and do it, as it is seemingly straightforward! No, מה יקר חסדך - meaning to say it is actually very precious. Rashi explains the reason why it is so precious is because it takes a lot of effort to find the fitting cause to do real Chesed and this is rare. Rav Shach learns from this Gemara that having the opportunity to give to the right cause is actually a precious gift from Hashem thus 'taking' implies that one is gifted with the opportunity i.e. meriting to give to the best cause, which one should take. Outside of our homes I do not think there is a more gifted opportunity than to give to one's community! It is always heartwarming to know that as a Kehillo we are there for each other and it does not need to be perceived only at times of uncertainty like covid. I feel that showing our care and support for our community should be a regular occasion. Commitment is the only way it will get done - otherwise unfortunately it just does not happen. On that basis please sign up for the Shul's monthly Chesed project - it will not cost you a penny!

## Male Volunteers Needed

Join us for the Shul's monthly chesed project  
We are in it to particularly help our community  
Men only - time and chesed to suit!

### Requirements

- Healthy physically and mentally
- Flexible with time
- Happy to help!

### Benefit

- Build your skills
- Connect with the community
- Find friends

For more information  
and to sign up contact  
Roy Dinowitz 07427 741077



This past Motsei Shabbos, Parshas Mishpotim, saw the conclusion of another successful year of the Winter Ovus Uvonim Programme in Shul.

Fathers and sons came together to celebrate with a beautiful Melava Malka held in the Shul hall. Approximately 60 people joined to partake in delicious hot food, divrei chizuk and entertainment.

The Rov opened the evening by high lighting the importance of fathers and sons coming together on a regular basis to learn and spend quality time together. This was followed by Bonim speaker Chaim Kada who spoke about the importance of the Mitzvah of Kiduv Av Va'eim and the extent one should go to fulfil it. Reb Shaya then lead the fathers and sons in reciting Tehillim. Mr Alex Arnold expertly chaired the proceedings with grace and aplomb. Entertainment was provided in the form of music by Yeshaya Colman's wonderful keyboard playing, and "Magic Philip" a professional magician who enthralled the boys and fathers alike. Elisheva Scherer arranged the lighting to create a beautiful ambiance to match the festive mood.

The event was expertly managed by Akiva Stern and setup by Naftali Scherer, Dovi Green, Shmuel Chaim Epstein and Avrohom Yehudoh Epstein. A big thank you to Marc Zimmel for all his help and support in bringing this beautiful evening to fruition.

