

SCHEDULE

ליל שבת קודש

Candles	7:32 PM
Early Mincha & Kabalas Shabbos	6:31 PM
Mincha & Kabalas Shabbos	7:31 PM

יום שבת קודש

Daf Yomi @Main Shul	7:30 AM
SHACHARIS	
@Main Shul	6:50 AM
@Main Shul	8:30 AM

Netz - 6:19 am | Sof Zman K"ס 8:59 א"ש | Sof Zman Tefilah - 10:50 א"ש

Followed by Kiddush

Mincha	2:15 PM
Bnos @Upstairs Classroom	2:15 PM
Pirkei Avos	6:50 PM
Mincha	7:25 PM

Followed by Shalosh Seudos

Maariv/Havdala	(50min) 8:41 PM
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89/64 75/47	מזג האוויר בשבת Ohel Moshe Weather	CANDLES NEXT SHABBOS - 7:39 PM
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WEEKDAY MINYANIM

SHACHARIS

Sun-6:50 & 8:30

Monday, Thursday-6:35, 7:50

Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday-6:45, 7:50

MINCHA & MAARIV

Mincha: Sunday - Thursday	1:45 PM
Mincha/Maariv: Sunday-Thursday	7:40 PM
Maariv: Sunday - Thursday	9:50 PM

SEE THE SHIURIM PAGE FOR THE LATEST
www.ohelmoshebaltimore.com/shiurim

AM Daf Yomi -	Sha/Sun 7:30 AM ~ M-F 5:45 AM
PM Daf Yomi - Sun - Thu	6:50 PM
Smichas Chaver Program - Sunday	9:15 AM
Royal Tea - Mon	8:15 PM
Daf Hashavua - Mon. & Wed.	9:00 PM
Breathing Life - Monday	9:10 PM
Holy Machlokes - Tuesday	9:00 PM
Begging For More - Tuesday	9:10 PM
Connections - Tuesday (for Women)	8:00 PM

SPONSORSHIPS

KIDDUSH

@Hashkama

Sponsored by:

???

@Main Minyan

Sponsored by:

Frank & Beverly Berger

In commemoration of the Yahrzeit of Beverly's father,
 Sender ben Mordechai
 on 27th of Nissan

SHALOSH SEUDOS

Sponsored by:

???



As you may have already noticed, the construction of a fence around the yard began. The project should be done in 2 or 3 days.

This privacy/security fence (which will double as a construction site fence when things get going) is funded by security grant money we were awarded before COVID. With the social hall down, instead of letting the funds expire, we decided to enclose our now larger than ever outdoor space so we can safely and privately use the property until construction begins.

Speaking of construction; while some development of plans has resumed based on progress overcoming the Baltimore County stormwater management application requirements, we have still not received a formal green light from them. We are pushing with everything we have to get this delay behind us so we can really start gaining momentum. IYH all in the right time.

CONGREGATION OHEL MOSHE

שבת קודש

פרשת תזריע-מצורע

ראש חודש אייר

א' אייר תשפ"ג

אהל משה

16

1 וספרתם לכם ממחרת העשבת... שבע שבחות תמימות 49



Rabbi Zvi Teichman

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Issue #777

RABBI'S MESSAGE:

You Are Truly Special!

The Ibn Ezra points out a striking similarity between the process of purification of the *Metzora* and the bringing of the *Korban Pesach* in Egypt. Both implemented the use of a bundle of *Ezov* — Hyssop. In the case of a *Metzora*, to sprinkle seven times, together with cedar wood, the blood-mixture upon the *Metzora*, and in Egypt, to use the hyssop plant to paint the blood of the *Pesach* upon the lintel and doorposts.

He adds that these two items, the cedar wood and hyssop, represent the 'tallest' and 'smallest' of plants.

In the context of the *Metzora* — who we are taught is smitten with this unique disease due to his arrogant attitude, and the slew of offenses towards his fellow man catalyzed by that haughty nature — we can well understand the symbolism of the humble hyssop being employed to minimize the cedarlike insolence of the *Metzora*. But what purpose could there be in using a meek hyssop alone to protect an already degraded people from the Plague of the Firstborn?

The Ibn Ezra directs us to a verse in *Melachim I*, that describes an aspect of King Solomon's newfound wisdom in the following way: *And he spoke of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springs out of the wall...* (5 13)

The citation of this verse is not meant solely to emphasize that King Solomon was endowed with wisdom that encompassed from the highest to the lowest of plants. It is much more about fathoming the depth and breadth of creation and realizing that each detail is pertinent, valuable and a critical entity to the furthering of G-d's masterplan.

The *Ezov* represents each being's purpose. Arrogance stems from an individual's need to assert oneself by diminishing the worth of others. One who sees the greatness within oneself has no need to promote oneself. People who devalue others and are blinded by their own self-generated needs, will verbally, and eventually physically, assault others. The antidote to this plague is discovering self-worth, which must simultaneously be accompanied by an appreciation of others and their qualities.

The downtrodden Jewish slaves took in hand the seemingly modest hyssop and painted their homes bright red exclaiming with newfound pride their worthiness. They were declaring that no matter how modest our abilities may appear they are cherished and significant in G-d's eyes.

Rav Efrayim of Regensburg, the 12th century Tosafist, in his commentary writes that the enlarged letter *gimmel* in the word *והגבילה*, that appears amid the details of the laws of *Tzara'as* — which according to the '*mesorah*' is the midpoint of verses in the Torah — coupled to the letter *daled* that appear in last week's reading, *דלש דרש* — which according to our oral tradition is the midpoint of words in the Torah — stand for *גבול דלים* — to benefit the meager. This principle to bestow kindness to others is accentuated at the center of Torah to teach us that all the Torah that precedes and follows is equaled by the virtue of kindness one does. This notion is planted in the portion of the *Metzora* since we are taught *tzara'as* afflicts those who have a stingy attitude and narrow view of others — as evidenced in the law regarding the owner of the home whose house is afflicted with *tzara'as* — because he was unwilling to share his possessions with others — is forced to empty his house and display his stinginess publicly.

We are all familiar with the famous adage that 'because we kept our identity in Egypt, by not changing our names, language and clothing, we were redeemed.'

The Tanna D'Bei Eliyahu tells us that what preceded that display of self-pride was a pact they made in Egypt — during those depressing times — to unite and commit to doing *גבילות חסדים זה לזה* — bestowing kindness to one another. (פ"ב)

It was only when they fortified one another of their inherent worthiness by reaching out to assist each other lovingly in all ways, that they regained their ability to be 'proud' once again and no longer defeated by feelings of dejection and unworthiness.

In *Shir HaShirim* (5 1), G-d tells how "I have drunk my wine with my milk."

The illustrious son of the Rebbe Reb Elimelech, Rav Eliezer Lipa of Chelminik, sees in this verse G-d alluding to wine — which relates to the *midas hadin* — strict judgment, since wine in its undiluted form is very potent — being tempered by milk — which represents *midas harachamim* — compassion, the nutritious and mild liquid that nurtures the young with a warmth of a mother. (אורה לבידק)

The next part of the verse, "*Eat, My companions, Drink and become intoxicated, O friends*," is what instigates this dilution. In the words of the great Rebbe of Slonim, "*the friendship that exists between them, will be as satisfying as food, and they will become inebriated with their camaraderie.*" (תורת האבות)

A remarkable story was retold by a grandmother, Pessel, who had survived the nightmare of Auschwitz together with her two sisters, to her granddaughter.

After describing the unfathomable pain of hunger, they endured daily, she described how the three sisters affected a plan to survive:

The first day we received our 'bread' rations, we were so mad with hunger that we gobbled them up immediately. And then began an excruciating 24 hour wait until the next rations were doled out. After a few days of this, we realized that it was unsustainable. There was no way we could survive in Auschwitz if we didn't ration our daily excuse for a meal, so we came up with what we thought was a foolproof solution. When the daily crumbs were doled out, each of us would oversee one 'meal.' I, Pessel, would use my rations to feed myself and my two sisters in the morning; Chanu would feed us at lunchtime, and Shifra's crumbs would be our dinner. If any of us lacked the momentary courage to save our crumbs, the other two sisters would go hungry as well. This would be our primary motivation, enabling us to be strong. The was bound to work, due to the close bonds we shared. We guarded our crumbs of moldy bread with our very lives, knowing that without this life-giving sustenance, we would not be able to survive to see the destruction of our enemies, and carry on our family name. And then came the day our resolve, our very determination to survive, was sorely tested. It was a frigid evening in one of the harshest winters in memory. We spent hours outdoors, draped only in threadbare rags. By the time the roll call ended, and we dragged our weary bodies into the barracks, we were spent. It was then that I was approached by Ita, a darling girl from a small village near Uhel. Ita was a noble young woman, the daughter of a local Rav. She and her sister Faiga were the sole survivors of their illustrious family. Although our emotions had become numb, and we rarely cried in the camps, Ita's eyes were red rimmed. "Pessel, I need a favor from you," she said tearfully. "It's my sister, Faiga. She collapsed this morning, and I can't wake her up. She keeps crying for bread. I'm afraid — I don't think she's going to make it. I feel terrible because I ate my bread ration before she collapsed, and I don't have anything to give her. Pessel, I know you and your sisters pool your rations. Can you please give me some crumbs for Faiga? Otherwise, I don't think she will make it." I felt terrible for Faiga, but I had my own two sisters, who were starving and emaciated, to worry about. "I don't know what to say," I began. "I can't make such a decision on my own. It's only a few crumbs of bread, but it's all we have until tomorrow. Let me discuss it with my sisters." "Please." Ita's face had a haunted look. "My sister is all I have left. If she goes, I have nothing to live for." I told Ita to wait a few moments and went to call my sisters. "Chanu? Shifra? I need to talk to you," I said. In urgent whispers, I explained that Ita needed us to give her our rations to save her sister's life, and possibly risk our own.

We argued back and forth, trying to remember what the halacha was in such a situation. I recalled my father once teaching us that if one was stuck in a desert, or shipwrecked on the ocean, and there was only enough bread to sustain one person, one's own life came first. "But that is if it is certain that we won't survive without the rations," said Chanu. "But perhaps, perhaps we can make it? The war is almost over; it can't be much longer. And Faiga will definitely not survive without the bread." I admired Chanu's heroism and was moved to tears when Shifra agreed. The three of us went to Ita, and delivered our precious parcel, the crumbs of bread that were keeping the three of us alive. We watched as Ita spooned the crusts into Faiga's mouth, along with a few drops of water. Miracle upon miracles! The half-dead young woman suddenly came alive, her eyelids fluttering, some color blooming on her withering cheeks. Within a few hours she was up and about, her hope in humanity restored. Both sisters lavished us with their enduring gratitude, promising to be eternally in our debt. And while we were weak with hunger, we were sustained by the memory of the miracle, a miracle enabled by our sacrifice. Liberation came several weeks later; the three of us spent some time in a DP camp, and then emigrated to New York, where we married and rebuilt our lives. From time to time, I would wonder what happened to Ita and Faiga. Fast forward fifty years. I was in Eretz Yisroel, taking part in a family simcha, when I suddenly spotted a familiar face, I would recognize those features anywhere. "Faiga?" I whispered, coming closer. "Pessel?" she asked, her eyes wide with awe and wonder. We embraced and caught up on each other's lives. Remarkably, Faiga was the matriarch of a large and glorious family, living in Bnei Brak. "Every single year, I make a seudas hodaah on the anniversary of the day you gave me your last crust of bread," she related, through her tears. "I tell my children and grandchildren that they all owe gratitude to my friend Pessel and her sisters. Everything that I have today— nearly fifty descendants, Boruch Hashem, they are all thanks to you, and to the Borei Olam who kept us alive." (CB Weinfeld, Yated Magazine)

Years ago, the saintly Chofetz Chaim penned the following words: Especially in these days when the measure of strict judgment is intensifying throughout the world daily we must recommit to upholding the measure of compassion. This will awaken an equal measure of compassion from above to protect us from the harsh measure of strict judgment.

May we reaccept this pact of love and support, not just to act dutifully kindly to one another, but to restore a deeper appreciation of others and thereby gain confidence in ourselves, something that is more satisfying than food, and happily intoxicating!

באהבה,

צבי יהודה טייכמן

MEMBER NEWS

!!!HAPPY ^{HEBREW} BIRTHDAY!!!

Temimah Becker, Eliezer Herman, Frada Siegel, Aaron Felder, Gabbi Langer, Mayer Rubin, Esther Shafranovich, Bella Gedalius, Chaim Mordechai Meister, Ari Braun, Tova Dickstein, Gershon Waxman

!!!HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!!!

Yaakov & Essie Berkowitz

!!!BAR/BAT MITZVAH PARSHA ANNIVERSARY!!!

Chaim Mordechai Meister, Reuven Sackett

!!!BAR/BAT MITZVAH COMING UP SOON(ish)!!!

Sruli Levin (Bamidbar)

YAHARZEIT

Aryeh Dickstein, for his father, Rabbi Leonard Dickstein

ד"ר אליעזר דייס בן שלמה זלמן

Aryeh & Miriam Dickstein
on the marriage of their
daughter
Tova to Zecharya Shear

SEFIRA CHALLENGE

Have you joined the Sefira Challenge?
Count every day of sefira with a bracha
to be entered in a raffle to win a \$49 gift
card to Dunkin Donuts! plus everyone
who makes it gets their name listed in
the bulletin following shavuot. bragging
rights for the win!

If you miss a day and are "out", count
the number of remaining days of sefira
and donate twice that amount to ohel
moshe. ex: missed counting day 21? 28
days remaining x 2= \$56 donation
Get the kids involved! kids (up to age 13)
who make it through will be entered in a
raffle to win one of five \$5

PIRKEI AVOS

6:50 PM