

# The Torah Any Times

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## Rabbi Elazar Meisels

### Hold On

Let me tell you about Chava and Barney.

Chava was well into her thirties, and like many others, her search for the love of her life in a husband was not forthcoming. She had been at it time and again for years, but alas, she remained without. But that didn't mean she was without the most important ingredient: bitachon (trust) in Hashem. It was foundational to her life, and no matter how trying the circumstances got, she knew there was more to the story than she knew. Only Hashem knew. And that was good enough.

Chava had been working with me, and when matters reached their limit, she knew it was time to make a change. As our Sages (Rosh Hashanah 16b) teach, a change of location can spell a change in mazal (Divine fortune). She therefore approached me, presenting the news.

"I'd like to move to Israel," she said, "and see if I'll have any luck there finding someone." The thought sounded ideal in theory, and I was in full support. "I know you've been working in person and moving to Israel would mean working remotely, but I'm sure we can arrange for that," I said. "If this is what's best for you, you should do it." I knew my side of the equation would bring her relief. I knew there was another side too.

"But," I added, both Chava and I knowing my next words to come,

"I'm not the only decision maker here. You'll need to run it by the rest of the team. See what they say, and if they agree with what you'd like to do." I paused, then continued. "If they give you a hard time, please call me back, and I'll advocate for you." I meant it, truly, every word.

Soon, Chava was in Israel. She took the next few weeks to orient herself to a new land, a new life, and a new work schedule. But then she received a call. Not from me, but from the other powers at be.

Next I knew, Chava was back in America.

The other party quickly realized it would be untenable to have an employee work from so far, and they pulled the plug. They needed her back, if she still wanted her job. With no other steady source of income, and uncertainty looming just around the bend should she quit, Chava resorted to flying home.

So there she was, back at square one. Or so she believed.

It would have been the easiest route for Chava to question what she knew. Here she moved to Israel, the holiest of lands, to find a husband and grow closer to Hashem, and she was being sent back? But as a baalas bitachon, a woman of staunch trust in G-d, Chava did not waver. If this was the next chapter in the book of her life, it was meant to be written. Chava just didn't know what that chapter held in store for her.

Within weeks, she was introduced

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to a local boy. But there was one problem right out of the gate: he was too religious for her, and they both knew it. They were looking for different things, aside from each other. But they decided to give it a chance, and after meeting each other once, they agreed to meet a second time, however reluctant they may have been and however far-out they each believed the potential to be.

Next you knew, they got engaged.

Were you to trace this story, it wouldn't have been sensible. Here, Chava had looked for years for a shidduch in America, and nothing materialized. Finally, she made the bold move and traveled across the ocean to settle in Israel. But just as soon as she availed herself of a new home and a new chance at better mazal, she was reeled back in.

And then, and only then, did she meet her chassan. How does this make sense?

It doesn't need to. When Hashem runs the world, and you place your trust in Him, anything is possible. Slim possibilities become realities and obstacles become opportunities. Chava could have been all out of sorts at the pushback and need to return, but she wasn't. She knew Hashem was a part of it and doing what was in her greatest interest. And little did she expect that all of it was sending her not in the wrong direction, but the right direction. In fact, the best direction.

Now, let's meet Barney.

Barney held a senior position at a prestigious institution, and served as the second-in-charge for close to twenty years. It was expected that when the top gun executive would retire, Barney would slide into the role.

The day arrived and the chief executive announced he'd be leaving in due time. At that point, the decision as to whom would fill the role was left to the Board of Directors and Search Committee. It simply seemed to be a formality. Barney had been up-and-coming for years now, held fluent knowledge of the ins and outs of the company, and was ready and willing to assume a new role.

But the Board voiced their opinion otherwise. They weren't so certain about green lighting Barney so quickly, despite his qualifications. In the Board's view, Barney didn't hold the inside track for the job. He'd be considered alongside a pool of other candidates, but nothing was a guarantee. In fact, as the days wore on, it seemed more likely that Barney would not get the job. Left sidelined and in shock, Barney trudged along bemoaning his lost dream slipping between his fingers.

When Barney approached me, I didn't know what to say other than what felt true and right. "Look, Barney," I said. "I know you're in a tough spot, but Hashem knows what's best for you. He won't desert you. You have helped so many people in your position, and Hashem will have a job for you. If it's not at this institution, it'll be at another." Barney knew it to be true, but the matter of fact was tearing him apart. "I know, but I can't move elsewhere. I have children and I need to work in this region. Relocating or retiring isn't an option, and I still need the money." It was hard to hear from Barney, the ache in his heart true and real. But I reminded him, and myself alongside, "The Ribono Shel Olam knows what you need. He can take care of this."

And then word broke loose.

He was denied the position at the company. Flatlined, he faced two options: find a new organization to work at or continue under the new chief executive. The latter choice would have seemed reasonable and financially prudent. After all, he'd still have a job. But Barney knew it would be a daily challenge, a routine reminder of where he wasn't and what he couldn't be. And the thought alone of facing such a scene every day was enough to make his stomach turn.

But Barney decided. He'd swallow the bitter pill day in and day out. He'd do what he needed to do, despite all compunction against it.

Monday was the first day on the job for the new boss and for Barney in his old and familiar tole. Wednesday, however, brought with it different news. "Thank you very much for enabling me to stay on the job," Barney told his new boss, "but I've decided, I'm going to be leaving." "You got a job?" asked the boss. "I do," came Barney's reply.

The new position was superior in more than one way—twenty minutes closer, entailed identical job responsibilities, and demanded no fundraising obligations. And above all else, Barney never even applied for the job. They reached out to him.

Twenty years in the waiting, and he was told no. But when told no, Barney still held on. "Even if we would be killed, I still hold onto hope for you, Hashem" (Iyov 13:15). Never give up, never give in, never give out.

It was the case for Chava, the case for Barney, and can be the case for you too.

Always.

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## Rabbi Chaim Rosenfeld

### The Right Address

I remember hearing the following from Rabbi Zechariah Wallerstein zt"l and it hit home above and beyond.

Rav Shimshon Pincus zt"l once went fundraising around the country, and obtained the number of the wealthiest man in Toronto—Mr. Paul Reichman z"l. After flying to Toronto, he got to work, phoning Mr. Reichman's secretary in the interest of scheduling an appointment with him. But nothing ever turned up. His phone calls weren't returned, forcing him to call back. He planned on being there for only a few days, and to leave without speaking to Mr. Reichman would be an understated huge disappointment. What to do?

Go to Mr. Reichman's house directly.

Boldly, he arrived there one afternoon. Of course, Mr. Reichman was not home at the time, but someone else was. Mrs. Reichman. "How can I help you?" she inquired. "I've been trying to get in touch with your husband for three days," Rav Pincus said. "But I've been unsuccessful." This wasn't the first time Mrs. Reichman was hearing of a man in need of a check. But she politely probed further. "What brings you here?" Rav Pincus began detailing his community activities and affairs, emphasizing the great need that had brought him there. Mrs. Reichman simply fell in love with everything. Enamored by the magnanimous efforts of Rav Pincus, after several minutes of conversation, she stepped aside.

"Paul," she said, "I have a collector here and I scheduled for you to meet with him at six o'clock

today." Now, Mr. Reichman had no choice.

Mr. Reichman wound up sitting with Rav Pincus and writing him a substantially generous check.

When Rav Pincus returned home to Israel, he brought back with him two things: a large check and a fundraising lesson for life. "When you want to get through to the big people—speak to the wife. A husband cannot say no to his wife."

But the point doesn't end there.

Rav Pincus was once speaking in South Africa, alongside two other rabbinic colleagues. In the midst of their speaking tour, one of the rabbis received a call from back home. "Come home right away. Your mother is in the hospital and her numbers are going down to zero. It doesn't look like she has much time. She may not even be alive in a few hours."

The quandary was troubling. On the one hand, the lengthy travel had been made to inspire Jews to come closer to Hashem, and a sudden trip back home would spell a missed opportunity. At the same time, who knew if the doctor's prediction was accurate. Perhaps it was, and time was of the essence.

What to do and whom to call under such circumstances? It was decided to see if the question could be posed to Rav Chaim Kanievsky zt"l.

Rav Chaim's gabbai passed it along. "Why are they in South Africa?" asked Rav Chaim. "Inspiring hundreds of Jews," was the reason. "If that's the case, then there's nothing to worry about. Tell him that he should remain in South Africa and complete his talks, and that his mother will recover."

The next order of business was to phone the hospital and inform the

medical staff that he would in fact not be returning at this time. The doctor came on the line. "Oh yeah, great news actually..." said the doctor. "Your mother's numbers went back to normal and she's looking fine."

In reflection and on camera, Rav Pincus wondered how Rav Chaim could be so certain that the rabbi's mother would be alright? Rav Pincus looked into the camera and stated, "Because Rav Chaim is Mrs. G-d. And when Mrs. G-d speaks, G-d listens."

Now, it might sound strange to use the phrase 'Mrs. G-d,' but Rav Pincus' points strikes a truth. When someone is deeply connected to Hashem, it is akin to a relationship between a husband and wife. They are so intimately intertwined that the wife's input and advice means everything. It doesn't become a question as to whether it will be done. It will.

Those in a close relationship to Hashem hold a similar place. Hashem heeds their cries, listens to their call, and beckons to their pleas. Avraham Avinu modeled this too. Hashem Himself stated that He would be unable to hide the fact from Avraham that He wanted to destroy Sodom. So he informed Avraham of his plans, to which Avraham lobbied for their salvation. And Hashem listened closely, responding to each of Avraham's requests.

In life, a real, authentic and close relationship to Hashem doesn't just mean you can talk to Hashem. It means you can talk to Him and He listens.

And such is true for every Jew, no matter who they might be. When you take a step forward to be close to Hashem, in that moment, Hashem steps close to you. And the time for your prayers to be heard skyrockets.

Thank you for reading this edition of The TorahAnyTimes Newsletter. If you've enjoyed, please let us know – we'd love to hear from you! Email [info@torahanytime.com](mailto:info@torahanytime.com).

# Rabbi Tzvi Sytner

## Song for the Soul

**M**y family often hosts a number of guests for Shabbos. And as has become an established custom, we go around the table and have each of the guests share a Hashgacha Pratis story. Something meaningful, something personal, something that opened their eyes to the hand and presence of Hashem in their lives. It always turns out to be a riveting experience, and this one Shabbos was no exception.

It was Zayin's first time at our Shabbos table. I had the momentary thought of letting him pass and not say anything, not wanting to make him feel pressured in any way. But when we got to him, he had something he wanted to share. And he did.

"I'm a paramedic," he began, "part of the EMS in Toronto. One day we got a call about a twenty-two-year-old boy who was having a hard time breathing. We respond-

ed to the call, but by the time we got to the house, he was in full cardiac arrest. His heart had stopped and he had no pulse. We immediately started to work on him, as we hauled him onto a gurney, placed him into the ambulance, and rushed him to the hospital.

"We eventually got him into the resuscitation room. But time continued, and at some point, it had been fifty-five minutes from the time we got the call. Still no pulse.

"The doctor was about to call it, pronouncing him dead. But just as he about to, he noticed the boy's mother looking through the window. So he turned back to us, and motioned, 'Keep working on him. Let's show the boy some respect, and call the mother in to say goodbye.'

"Waving the mother to come in, we continued our efforts, trying everything we could to get a pulse. It was otherwise quiet in the room, save several monitors and devices

doing their job, attempting to revitalize the boy.

"The mother, however, almost oblivious to the surroundings, made her way to her son's side. And then she took his hand in hers, and began to sing into his ear.

"Within a minute, all of a sudden, we started to hear—beep...beep...beep... His heart had started up again.

"No one—neither the doctors nor paramedics—said a word. But when I looked up to scan their faces, there was not a dry eye in the room. Everyone was in tears."

We all experience figurative moments of lifelessness. We seem to be drifting in life, coasting along without direction or passion. Our strength is zapped and our vision clouded. Hopeless, we don't know if we'll make it back alive, ever.

But then sometimes, a person—even a single individual—comes to our side and whispers something soft into our ear. It is loving, encouraging, revitalizing, hopeful.

And it shocks new life into us, breathing a new dawn into being.

It's the song the revives the soul.

And it does wonders.

# Rabbi Eliyahu Maksumov

## Upset At Someone?

**W**hatever happens to us in life is from Hashem. If someone does something hurtful to you, that other person acting against you was an agent of Hashem. Therefore, there is never a reason to be upset with somebody, because if Hashem did not want you to interact with that person, you would never have

come across him or her. The reason it's turned out that you did cross paths and they did do something to hurt you is because Hashem sent them your way.

Baseless hatred means that you are taking your anger out on the person, when in reality, it's coming from Hashem. And the truth is, everything that occurs in our life is from Him.

With this attitude, you'll never get upset, because you recognize that it's always Hashem testing you to determine how you'll react in that situation.

Of course, this is easier said than done. But in life, the greatest accomplishments never come easy.

So embrace the challenge. You'll succeed.



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# Bring Them Home!

## Names of Hostages in Gaza

(Updated: 14 Sivan)

עופר בן כוכבה (קלדרון)	גלי בן טליה (ברמן)	אבינתן בן דיצה תרצה (אור)
עידן בן יעל (אלכסנדר)	דוד בן סילביה מוניקה (קוניו)	אביתר בן גליה (דוד)
עידן בן דלית (שתייו)	דורון בת סימונה שרה (שטיינברכר)	אברהם גלעד בן אמונה (מונדר)
עמרי בן אסתר ורוניקה (מירן)	דניאלה בת אורלי (גלבוע)	אגם בת מירב (ברגר)
צחי בן דבורה (עידן)	הירש בן פערל חנה (גולדברג פולין)	אוהד בן אסתר (בן) עמי)
קית' שמואל בן גלדיס חוה (סיגל)	זיו בן טליה (ברמן)	אוהד בן אסתר (יהלומי)
קרינה בת אירנה (ארייב)	טל בן ניצה (שוהם קורנגולד)	אור בן גאולה (לוי)
רום בן תמר נועה (ברסלבסקי)	יאיר בן רות אדית (הורן)	אורי בן עינב אפרת (דנינו)
רומי בת מירב (גונן)	יגב בן אסתר (בוכשטב)	איתן בן רות אדית (הורן)
שגב בן גלית (כלפון)	יוסף חיים בן מרים (אוחנה)	איתן אברהם בן אפרת (מור)
שגיא בן נעמית (חן דקל)	יצחק בן אנטה חנה (אלגרט)	אלון בן עידית (אהל)
שירי בת מרגיט (ביבס)	ירדן בן פנינה (ביבס)	אליה בן סיגלית (כהן)
שלמה בן מרסיל (מנצור)	כפיר בן שירי (ביבס)	אליהו בן חנה (שרעבי)
תמיר בן חירות (נמרודי)	כרמל בת כנרת (גת)	אלכסנדר בן אוקסנה (לובנוב)
	לירי בת שירה (אלבג)	אלכסנדר ששה בן ילנה לאה (טרופנוב)
	מקסים בן טלה (הרקיון)	אלכסנדר בן נינה (דנציג)
	מתן בן ענת (אנגרסט)	אלמוג בן נירה (סרוסי)
	מתן בן ירדנה (צנגאוקר)	אלקנה בן רוחמה (בוחבוט)
	נמרוד בן ויקי (כהן)	אמילי תהילה בת אמנדה פרנסיס (דמארי)
	נעמה בת איילת (לוי)	ארבל בת יעל (יהוד)
	עדן בת שירית (ירושלמי)	אריאל בן סילביה מוניקה (קוניו)
	עודד בן בלהה (ליפשיץ)	אריאל בן שירי (ביבס)
	עומר בן ניבה (ונקרט)	בר אברהם בן ג'וליה (קופרשטיין)
	עומר בן שלי (שם) טוב)	גד משה בן שרה (מוזס)
	עומר מקסים בן אורנה אסתר (נאוטרה)	גיא בן מירב (גלבוע דלאל)

# *Bring Them Home!*

## *Names of Hostages in Gaza*

*(Updated: 14 Sivan)*

Tamir ben Cheirut (Nimrodi)	Matan ben Yardena (Tzangauker)	Ariel ben Shiri (Bibas)	Avinatan ben Ditza Tirtza (Ohr)
	Nimrod ben Viki (Cohen)	Bar Avraham ben Julia (Cooperstein)	Evyatar ben Galya (David)
	Naama bat Ayelet (Levi)	Gad Moshe ben Sarah (Mozes)	Avraham Gilad ben Emunah (Mondar)
	Eden bat Shirit (Yerushalmi)	Guy ben Meirav (Gilboa Dalal)	Agam bat Meirav (Berger)
	Oded ben Bilhah (Lifschitz)	Gali ben Talya (Berman)	Ohad ben Esther (Ben- Ami)
	Omer ben Niva (Venkrat)	David ben Sylvia Monika (Konyo)	Ohad ben Esther (Yahalomi)
	Omer ben Shelly (Shemtov)	Doron bat Simona Sarah (Steinbrecher)	Ohr ben Geula (Levi)
	Omer Maxim ben Orna Esther (Neutra)	Daniella bat Orli (Gilboa)	Ori ben Einav Efrat (Danino)
	Ofer ben Cochava (Kalderon)	Hirsch ben Perel Chana (Goldberg-Polin)	Eitan ben Ruth Idit (Horen)
	Idan ben Yael (Alexander)	Ziv ben Talya (Berman)	Eitan Avraham ben Efrat (Mor)
	Idan ben Dalit (Shtivi)	Tal ben Nitza (Shoham- Corngold)	Alon ben Idit (Ohel)
	Omri ben Esther Veronica (Miran)	Yair ben Ruth Idit (Horen)	Eliya ben Sigalit (Cohen)
	Tzachi ben Devorah (Idan)	Yagev ben Esther (Buchashtev)	Eliyahu ben Chana (Sharabi)
	Kieth Shmuel ben Gladis	Yosef Chaim ben Miriam (Ochana)	Alexander ben Oksana (Lubanov)
	Chava (Segal)	Yitzchak ben Aneta Chana (Elgarat)	Alexander Sasha ben Yelena Leah (Tropanov)
	Karina bat Irena (Ariav)	Yarden ben Penina (Bibas)	Nina (Dantzig)
	Rom ben Tamar Noa (Brasalevsky)	Kfir ben Shiri (Bibas)	Almog ben Nira (Sarusi)
	Romi bat Meirav (Gonen)	Carmel bat Kineret (Gat)	Elkana ben Ruchama (Buchbut)
	Segev ben Galit (Chalfon)	Liri bat Shira (Elbag)	Emily Tehilla bat Amanda Francis (Damari)
	Sagi ben Naamit (Chen- Dekel)	Maxim ben Talleh (Herkin)	Arbel bat Yael (Yehud)
	Shiri bat Margit (Bibas)	Matan ben Anat (Angrest)	Ariel ben Sylvia Monika (Konyo)
	Shlomo ben Marcelle (Mansour)		