

Brick by Brick

FROM THEIR DAUGHTERS' HEARTS

"My father built a magnificent edifice, brick by brick. This is but one small brick..."

"He wasn't only my father, he was everyone's father..."

"Remember, it's just a glimpse..."

We've heard of them, we've learned about them, and we may have even merited seeing them. Now, in *Binah Magazine*, you'll have the opportunity to "meet" them and experience their *gadlus* up close... through the memories their daughters share with us.

Some were leaders of *Klal Yisrael*, their Torah resonating through the hallowed halls of yeshivos, through the pages of their *sefarim*, and through their scholarly decisions. Some were builders, their energies focused on creating lasting edifices of Torah or *chessed*. All were *ovdei Hashem*, leaving eternal legacies.

And they were all fathers. Fathers to their daughters... fathers to *Klal Yisrael*.

Join us, as their daughters speak from their hearts. And when they take us inside the homes they grew up in, we'll see that it's the seemingly small stuff that builds true greatness, one small brick at a time.



Estie Florans

Yedid Hashem:

Harav Yisrael Noach Weinberg, zt"l

W

e all knew of him as Harav Noach Weinberg, but I wasn't surprised when I discovered his full name: *Yisrael Noach*.

Harav Noach Weinberg was world renowned for his devotion to *Klal Yisrael*. He built an international organization and a yeshivah that touched millions — and keeps touching. His lessons, his voice, his passion still echo across the globe, the message growing exponentially with the passage of time.

He managed to ignite the *pintele Yid*, to introduce the fire of Torah — the *aish haTorah* — to the unaffiliated, and reignite it in those whose flames barely flickered. He did it through his love, through his caring, through his brilliance and vast knowledge. And once that spark was lit, those embers continued to glow and rise vibrantly, with more Torah and *Yiddishkeit* spreading among *Klal Yisrael*.

No surprise, then, that his name was “Yisrael Noach.” So of course, one of my first questions when speaking to Mrs. Rochel Friedman — third to youngest of the *ka”h* 12 Weinberg children — is if she and her siblings are involved in *kiruv*.

Her response, though, does surprise me. “My brother, Harav Hillel Weinberg, *shlita*, is a prominent *mashpia* in the yeshivah and *kiruv* world,” she says. “The second to youngest, Yehudah, is the only one involved in Yeshiva Aish HaTorah, and my youngest

Torah. “The image of my father is that of a *kiruv* expert,” she explains, “but his overarching identity was a *talmid chacham*¹, with nothing ever coming between him and his love for Hashem.”

My father’s father, Reb Yitzchok Mattisyahu Weinberg, was a Slonimer Chassid, and a direct descendant of the first Slonimer Rebbe. Our *zeide* was forced to leave Eretz Yisrael when an Arab woman died after being pushed into the windmill he owned, and he was accused of murder by the British. He fled to America, hoping he’d be able to return to Eretz Yisrael as soon as the matter quieted down. But when he realized the situation was not improving and that it would be too dangerous for him to return, his wife, Hinda, and two of their children, Moshe and Chava², joined him in America.³

My grandmother gave birth to three more children on the Lower East Side of New York: a boy, Yaakov — later to become the *Rosh Yeshivah* of Ner Yisroel of Baltimore; a girl, our Aunt Helene, and in 1930, my father, the youngest of the Weinberg children.

Abba told us that his father gave him a dollar for each *mishnah* of *Pirkei Avos* he learned by heart. His father also instilled in him a great love for Hashem and for His People — the theme of Abba’s life — with the message that Hashem loves us unconditionally. Although his father was *niftar* when Abba was only 13 years old, Abba knew he still had his Tatte in Heaven looking out for him.

Another one of the legacies that his father left him — even at that young age — was a pull toward *kiruv*.

Abba told us that his father went collecting for Bais Yaakov and was surprised to find out that many American Jews weren’t *shomrei Shabbos*. “You don’t want my money,” they told my grandfather when he entered their homes. “I work on Shabbos... my money isn’t kosher.”

“So, if you insist on working on Shabbos, why don’t you at least go to shul... make *Kiddush*? You don’t have to give up everything.”

As a child, my father heard these sad stories. And it was these “stories” of unaffiliated Yidden that planted the seeds of awareness within Abba’s own heart.

Abba learned in Yeshiva Rabbi Chaim Berlin and later on in Ner Yisroel in Baltimore. In 1953, Abba set out by boat to Eretz Yisrael, hoping to speak with the Chazon Ish about the assimilation his father spoke of during his childhood and which he himself witnessed as an adult.

brother, Eliyahu, works with kids at risk — *kiruv kerovim*.”

But that’s it. None of the others are involved in *kiruv* through a public venue, although several of her siblings are extremely successful *mechanchim* and *mechanchos*.

“Abba loved people very much. He saw people and he loved them. But it is a mistake to think he went into *kiruv* because he loved people. Really, he went into *kiruv* because he loved Hashem and he wanted people to return to Hashem and to His Torah. His love for people stemmed from his love for Hashem and His



Harav Noach Weinberg, as a child, with his older brother, Harav Yaakov Weinberg.

THE NEW SEMINARY. Experience a year of accomplishment

INSPIRATION • GROWTH
**SEMINARY
PROGRAM**

**BA
BS**
BACHELOR OF ARTS:
SOCIAL SCIENCES
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE:
BUSINESS
NATURAL SCIENCES

BSN
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
NURSING



US BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS PROJECTS

Employment for registered nurses will grow faster than most other occupations through 2018. The U.S. nursing shortage is projected to grow to **260,000** registered nurses by 2025.

ARTICLE IN HEALTH AFFAIRS

ATT: NY & NJ DISCOVER
the opportunities
& the possibilities...

JOIN the hundreds of Bais Yaakov graduates of The New Seminary. Benefit from our individualized guidance & hadracha. Enjoy a year of Limudei Kodesh and earn credits while pursuing a BA, BS, or BSN.

Affiliated with prestigious universities, The New Seminary’s accelerated programs offer a stellar education culminating in an internationally recognized degree.

Do it quick. Do it right.

NY & NJ FINANCIAL AID OPTIONS

APPLICATION PROCESS OPEN FOR
SUMMER & FALL 2017

NY & NJ FINANCIAL AID AND ACADEMIC SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE



Rebbetzin Sora F. Bulka
MENAHELES
Rabbi Yeshaya Levy
MENAHEL

NEW YORK:
1492 EAST 12TH STREET, BROOKLYN, NY 11230
718.769.8160 ▶ f: 718.769.8640

NEW JERSEY:
139 OCEAN AVENUE, LAKEWOOD, NJ 08701
732.366.3500 ▶ f: 732.367.8640

email: INFO@THENEWSEMINARY.ORG
online: WWW.THENEWSEMINARY.ORG

DC DESIGN / 732.901.4784

But when he arrived, he heard the tragic news that the Chazon Ish had been *niftar*. So Abba headed to the Mirrer Yeshiva, where he *shteiged* diligently for two years, and became very close to Harav Leizer Yudel Finkel, *zt"l*, and other *Gedolim*. When Abba returned to America, he planned to go back to Eretz Yisrael after his marriage, hoping to dedicate himself to full-time learning there.

Abba's older brother Moshe and his wife knew a



Holding his third child, Reb Simcha Weinberg.

girl, Deena Goldman, who sometimes babysat for their children. She was strongminded and unwavering about wanting to marry someone who would devote himself to Torah, and having visited Eretz Yisrael as a 16-year-old, anticipated returning there to raise her own family. Her father, Reb Elchonon Goldman, was a businessman who had tremendous respect for *talmidei chachamim*. My aunt suggested the *shidduch* to my father.

After our parents' wedding, Abba was determined to realize his dream of moving to Eretz Yisrael to learn Torah. But he didn't have the means to support himself. So while continuing to learn, he worked part-time as an insurance salesman, hoping that by selling insurance policies he'd earn enough to relocate to Eretz Yisrael.

"What will you do when your savings run out?" he was asked. "Your funds could only last a couple of years..."

Abba responded, "You think I can answer for a different person? Once I learn for two or three years in Eretz Yisrael, I will be a different person. *I cannot*

answer for that person."

My parents were married four years and had my two oldest siblings by the time they were ready to move to Eretz Yisrael.

Abba always felt that Torah was the most important goal. For a long *tekufah*, he would leave his home in Yerushalayim for a week at a time to learn undisturbed in Yeshivat HaNegev, returning home only for Shabbos.

One late night, the *Rosh Yeshivah*, Harav Yissachar Meir, *zt"l*, heard noise coming from the *beis medrash*. He quickly got dressed and went downstairs to inspect.

He couldn't believe his eyes!

A young man was dancing and singing around the *bimah*.

"What are you doing?" he asked Abba.

"I just figured out the *terutz* on this *Gemara!*" Abba responded jubilantly. After Abba repeated the explanation to his *Rosh Yeshivah*, the two danced together, their joy filling the *beis medrash*.

During the next decade, Abba was involved with several yeshivos and organizations. He was busy learning, but ready to "change the world" when needed.

By the time I was born, our household was bustling with a large family, *ka"h*, and with our "extended family"... my father's *talmidim*. Yeshiva Aish HaTorah was established in the early 1970s,

Abba responded, "You think I can answer for a different person? Once I learn for two or three years in Eretz Yisrael, I will be a different person. I cannot answer for that person."

around the time of my own birth — so the yeshivah was always a part of my childhood.

Throughout most of my mother's childrearing years, her main occupation was raising us children and supporting my father in his learning and in spreading Torah. She did so in running our home, and making it a welcoming warm place for guests, often speaking to the women interested in *Yiddishkeit* and giving classes. She never sought employment on the "outside"; her talents and vast knowledge were



how
do you say
Refreshing
in
french?

put to full use at home.

With the establishment of a thriving boys' yeshiva geared toward *baalei teshuvah*, Ima saw a need for a girls' school dedicated specifically to helping girls from unaffiliated backgrounds learn about *Yiddishkeit*. Therefore, Ima started the girls' school around the time I began first grade (a few years after our parents became grandparents), first by giving classes in our apartment in Kiryat Sanz and then eventually in an apartment across the street from our home. So for us younger children, the yeshiva and the school were an integral part of our daily lives, with my father's *talmidim* and my mother's *talmidos* a constant presence.

We didn't really have much private "family time." For many years, our Shabbos and Yom Tov table was filled with guests from varied backgrounds. It was fun and interesting with all the different questions being asked. I remember wondering as a teenager how it could be that people didn't know the basics about *emunah* and

had embedded in him and that he, in turn, embedded in each of us. He used to ask us all the time, "Who loves you?"

The response had to be instant and instinctive: "Hashem!"

If Abba would question us, "Who else?" then the

His father often told him that saying "Hashem loves me!" is a huge mitzvah. Whenever someone asked Abba for a brachah, he would say, "My brachah is that you should know how much Hashem loves you."

answer would be, "Abba and Ima." But it was most important that our reply of "Hashem loves me" be immediate and automatic. These questions and responses between Abba and us must have taken place millions of times! He told us that his father often told him that saying "Hashem loves me!" is a huge *mitzvah*.

Whenever someone asked Abba for a *brachah*, he would say, "My *brachah* is that you should know how much Hashem loves you." Abba understood that when a person believes, *truly* believes that Hashem loves him, then nothing else in life could bother him.

As young children, we — and all the grandchildren — received an affectionate pinch on the cheek or a lollipop (lollipops for the little ones were always in Abba's pocket!) if we responded to the "Who loves you?" question with an immediate "Hashem loves me!"

From our earliest years, we were taught the *Sheish Mitzvos Temidiyos* (the Six Constant Mitzvos). When we went out in the morning, Ima reminded us that a person has to know *why* he was created and for *what* he was created. *What are you living for? Don't waste your life!*

I feel that this very strong *chinuch*, of knowing our purpose and understanding right and wrong so clearly, with that unambiguous, expressive, "Hashem loves you!" that permeated our home, shielded us from any outside negative influences.

When I was growing up, the generation of people entering our home was much more respectful than that of today. They'd come into the house, perhaps dressed in pants or other immodest attire — but they wanted to make us happy. They were respectful and eager to please. They appreciated it if my parents said, "Please don't talk about X." Unfortunately, in today's world, it's



Harav Weinberg at a sheva brachos for his son Harav Hillel Weinberg.

bitachon. But the responses to their questions were on my father's fingertips... he had all the answers to their questions and doubts. Ima also knew exactly how to respond.

I never sensed that my parents had any fears or worries about their children being exposed to secular influences.

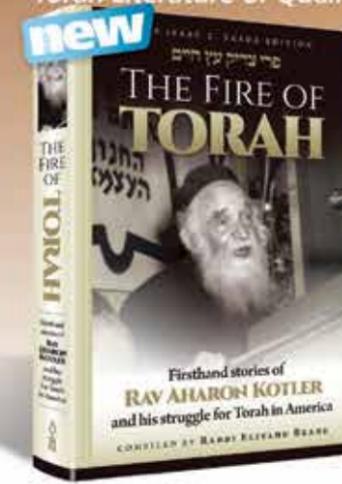
First of all, my parents had a special *siyatta diShmaya*. They trained us from a very early age to know what's right and what's wrong, and ingrained in us the absolute, unequivocal belief, *Hashem loves you!*

This was the foremost message that Abba's father

new from FELDHEIM

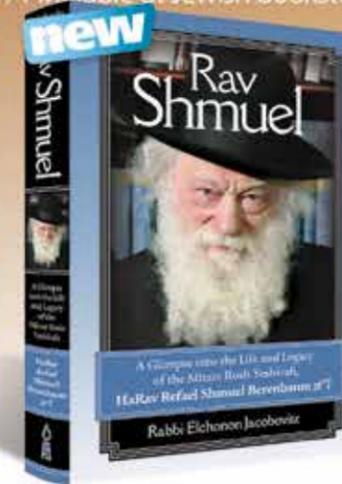
Torah Literature of Quality / Available at Jewish bookstores or at feldheim.com • 1-800-237-7149

78 Years 1939 - 2017



Meet the man who transformed the face of Torah in America...

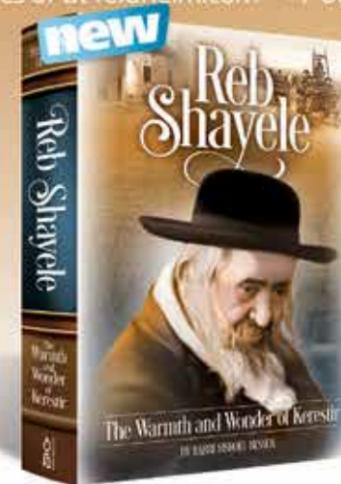
Many in our generation may not realize the enormous impact **Rav Aharon Kotler** had on Torah and Yiddishkeit in post-WWII America. This astonishing collection of firsthand stories and interviews with Rav Aharon's own *talmidim* gives us an awe-inspiring glimpse into the life and times of the *gaon* and *tzaddik* who revolutionized Torah Jewry in an era distraught with destruction.



A glimpse into the life and legacy of the Mirrer Rosh Yeshiva...

The turbulent currents of the time carried him from Knysyn to Baranovitch, Mir to Kobe, and Shanghai to Ocean Parkway, but **Rav Shmuel** was always anchored to his shtender — focused on the primacy of learning.

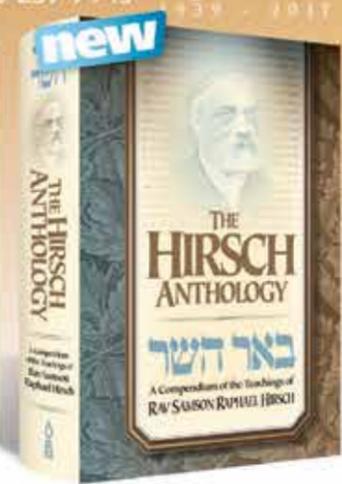
Filled with illuminating lessons and anecdotes, and highlighted with a full-color photo section, this is more than a portrait of Rav Shmuel — it is a work that truly inspires you to grow!



Now the light of Reb Shaye'le shines - in English

The Keristirer Rebbe epitomized *chesed*, *tzedakah*, *hachnosas orchim*, and genuine *ahavas Yisroel*.

More than just a biography, here is an intimate glimpse into the heart and soul of a remarkable *tzaddik*. Filled with authentic stories, marvelous anecdotes, and rare photos, those who read this special book sense the blessing in their lives and homes, as they and their children are able to feel *emunas tzaddikim*. It's not simply a great story — it's an experience!



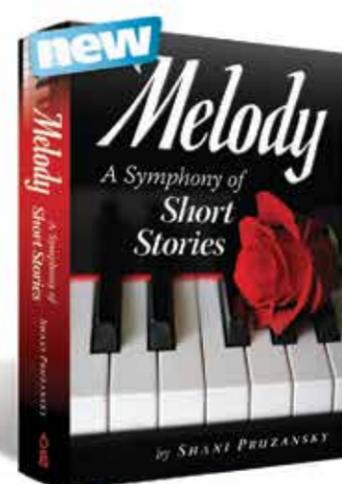
An anthology that shines with Rav Hirsch's unique perspective

Culled from the classical works of Rav Hirsch, this sampling of his profound teachings provides readers with an opportunity to learn the Torah worldview of this *Gadol B'Yisroel*. Organized by topic in alphabetical order, this veritable handbook of fundamental Jewish thought and Torah *hashkafah* is filled with treasured insight and inspiration.



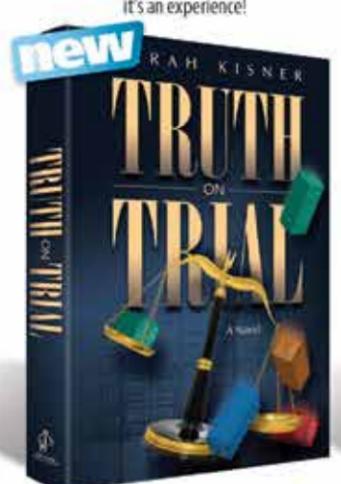
What a difference it makes when somebody cares...

A pitch-perfect look at courage, forgiveness, second chances, and the power to start over. This sharply-observed novel is filled with compelling characters, crackling dialogue, and the truth one can find along the road less traveled.



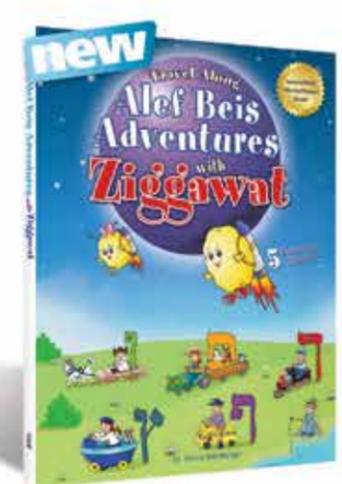
Every soul has a song to sing...

Come celebrate the music of everyday life — the challenges we face, the choices we make, the lessons we learn — in this delightful, soul-stirring collection that gently reminds us of what life is really all about. Filled with humor and heartache, warmth and wisdom, these irresistible stories are sure to strike a chord within every reader's heart.



New - from noted author Sarah Kisner

Tension filled the courtroom. Is attorney Margulies defending justice or injustice? For Elisheva, fashion is temptation. Can she somehow keep her values intact? Akiva is frightened. He witnessed something he's not sure he can keep inside. As always, Sarah Kisner's novels bristle with conflict and contradiction, the sacred and profane, and **Truth or Trial** is no exception. Readers — get ready for a richly-rewarding reading experience.



Great Afikomen gift!

Ziggawat is back once again! Learn the "alef-beis of middos" through five exciting travel adventure stories, including a hilarious trip to the Matzah Factory! In this unique book, children can transform the letters into their "Softs" shape, using the special effects action card. Children will be fascinated (adults too!) as they make the characters "move"; they will want to re-read the stories again and again!

not just the subject matter that can be damaging; speech itself lacks *eidelkeit*, making protecting children much more challenging.

Indeed, our home was open and everyone was



Pesach was Abba's favorite Yom Tov.

welcome, but our parents were wise and careful, understanding when it was necessary to “close the door.” And they were definitely cautious about which of their students took us children out and spent time with us.

At one point, though, when a few of the older children were already married, we mostly had guests during the Yamim Tovim and not necessarily on Shabbos. We younger children were getting older, grandchildren were part of our home and the schools were growing. Aish HaTorah was located in the Old City, but the girls' school was directly across the street from our home, with the girls very much part of our household.

It was important to my parents that we avoid having *bachurim* and girls at the same table. Our Seder table, though, was very long, and we'd separate the girls from the boys with couples sitting in between.

Pesach was Abba's favorite Yom Tov.

The table was set elegantly with all our silver and crystal; anything fancy was saved for the Pesach Seder. Abba made certain that *Yetzias Mitzrayim* would be real for us. He came to the Seder supplied with all kinds of visual aids: large plastic frogs to remind us of *tzefardei'a*; rubber insects so we could visualize *kinim*.... Abba kept these exciting “learning tools” hidden, our anticipation growing. When we reached the part of the *Makkos* in

Maggid, Abba brought them out, much to our delight!

Everyone knew that Abba had a “*bumba kasha*” (a “bomb question”) that he asked at the Seder. For that, too, we waited eagerly. *What will Abba/Zeidy Weinberg's “bumba kasha” be this year?*

Of course, Abba never gave away the answer. If you were his child or grandchild, you knew that you would have to think about the *kasha* and try to figure out the *terutz*. If you tried to get Abba to give away the answer, he would just give that loving and encouraging tap on the shoulder, “Come on, think about it! You *can* figure out the *terutz*...”

One of my personal favorite *bumba kashos* was the one about *Bnei Yisrael* leaving Mitzrayim “*birechush gadol*.”

When we reached that part in the *Haggadah*, Abba took out a special treasure box filled with jewelry and other expensive items that Abba accumulated throughout the year. He took out the box, making us feel that this was *our* treasure chest that we ourselves took along with us when we left Mitzrayim.

Then Abba presented his *kasha*.

The *passuk* (*Shemos* 11:2) says: “*Daber na b'aznei*

Of course, Abba never gave away the answer. If you were his child or grandchild, you knew that you would have to think about the *kasha* and try to figure out the *terutz*.

ha'am, vayish'alu ish me'eis rei'eihu v'ishah me'eis re'usah, klei kesef u'chlei zahav — Speak now in the ears of the people, and let them ask each man of his fellow and each woman of her fellow, silver vessels and gold vessels.”

Rashi comments on this *passuk* that Hashem is requesting that Moshe Rabbeinu send *Am Yisrael* to get the jewels from the Mitzriyim so that Avraham Avinu, to whom he refers as “*oso tzaddik*,” will not be upset that Hashem kept one promise (enslaving *Am Yisrael*) but not the other (that they leave Mitzrayim with abundant treasures).

Abba asked two questions on this Rashi: Why is it necessary to mention the promise Hashem made to Avraham Avinu if Hashem was going to fulfill it anyway? And why is Avraham Avinu referred to as *oso tzaddik* — *that tzaddik*?

Have you introduced your little girl or boy to the loving, inspirational, charming world of Yael and Dovy?

Yael and Dovy book/CD sets transport your child to a world of imagination and delight, breath-taking artwork and fun read-along, sing along CDs amidst a richness of role modeling, *Middos*, appreciation of Yomim Tovim, and encouraging joy, love and connection to Hashem and Yiddishkeit. Found in every preschool classroom, and Yiddishe homes the world over — Give your little girls and boys the gift of fun inspiration and empowerment today!

www.BeALiteGirl.com

double play

Get our Pesach **SALE CATALOG** in our store or at doubleplaytoys.com

The best of everything!

Open late hours Chol Hamoed
4115 14 Ave. 718-438-0664

Abba's *terutz* answers both questions and is incredibly beautiful and powerful, typifying what Abba himself stood for.

The real *rechush gadol* that Hashem promised is the Torah, which is worth more than any gold or treasures. But because Hashem promised *oso tzaddik*, Avraham Avinu — Avraham, who would feed his guests sumptuous food so that they could enjoy Hashem's world, and then respond to their thanks by saying, "Don't thank me; thank Hashem," using the delicious meal as a way of bringing them to Torah — so, too, Hashem was giving *Bnei Yisrael* treasures of gold and silver as a means to an end. Through obtaining this gift, *Am Yisrael* would learn to enjoy and take pleasure in Hashem's world, which would lead to the second stage, the

appreciation of Hashem's Torah and *mitzvos*... the ultimate treasure and gift, "our instructions for living."

Yes, throughout the *Seder*, we caught Abba's contagious enthusiasm, making us all feel like *we* came out of Mitzrayim. "Remember, when you were in Mitzrayim?" he asked. As a child, I was convinced. *I — Rochel'a Weinberg — really came out of Mitzrayim!*

Throughout my childhood, teens and adult years, Abba was extremely busy. He was either traveling to *chutz laAretz* for the yeshivah or busy in yeshivah for most of the day. Our family (my parents and we younger children) would sometimes go to Aish HaTorah for Shabbosos and Yamim Tovim, as well as to Ma'aleh Amos, a settlement established for the Aish HaTorah families.

When Abba traveled, we missed him, but we looked forward to his return. Like a "child at heart," when returning from overseas, Abba delighted in bringing us special candies and "Amazing Savings" treats.

Abba especially preferred choosing gifts in which the children could be active participants as opposed to toys that passively entertained. "Don't be zombies," he'd say to children engaged in such robotic inactivity.

It is possible that for the older children it was different, but when I was growing up, my father did not take us on Chol Hamoed trips; he was just too busy. But he did arrange for a *bachur* he trusted to accompany my teenage brothers on *tiyulim*. In the summer, Abba would join us for a two-week vacation in Netanya. My brothers fondly recall jumping the waves with Abba, and still reminisce about the

He had great aspirations for himself and for others, and was constantly setting goals.

lemon popsicles Abba purchased on the beach for everyone. The girls would go for long walks with Abba in the evening, feeling special to be strolling alongside Abba.

Even as a child, I knew unequivocally that my father's *talmidim* were one hundred-percent considered his children and their children were just like his grandchildren. But I also knew, with that same one hundred-percent certainty, that we were his top priority. He would drop whatever he was doing — if necessary — to be there for us.

If I got up early in the morning, I'd sometimes get a ride to school with Abba, a special time with just me and my father. If any of us ever needed special attention, my father would find the time to take us out for a walk and give us that individual time and care. Despite his constant busyness, we always felt his love and knew without a doubt that his children were most important to him.

When I was 16 and attending Bais Yaakov of Manchester Seminary, for midwinter vacation, I traveled to the

United States and met with Abba, who was in New York at that time. I stayed in Boro Park at my aunt's house and Abba took me all over the city: the World Trade Center, the Empire State Building, and the New York Aquarium in Coney Island. It was just me and Abba. He even took me out to eat and we posed for many photographs together.

Abba was extremely warm and loving. He loved Hashem and he loved Hashem's children — and this love emanated from his entire being.

Along with Abba's tremendous love came expectations. He had great aspirations for himself and for others, and was constantly setting goals. He was demanding of himself and of the people around him. "*Bishvili nivra ha'olam* means you must get out there and change the world!"

One time, one of Abba's *talmidim* approached him hesitantly. Abba had asked him to do something specific, but he hadn't done it. "*Rebbi*, I can't take any pressure today," he stammered. "It's too much for me right now."

"Why?" Abba asked, "What's the problem? You've accomplished so many things already... you're so strong and capable." The *talmid* felt himself relaxing, but only for a moment. Abba looked him in the eye, "So why *didn't* you do what I asked you?"

When my father was *niftar*, Rabbi Yitzchok Berkowitz said, "Reb Noach wanted his students to comprehend everything about *Yiddishkeit* in one month — and get *semichah*, and then be ready to go out into *kiruv*. He always demanded more and more out of me, setting the bar higher and higher..."⁴

When Abba met someone, he saw the person's potential, and encouraged — or rather, *demand*ed — that the person take steps upward, to keep doing, to keep climbing, to keep elevating himself to higher and greater levels. Because he believed in the person, and the person felt it.

If one of us was feeling lazy about

At Their Wits' End

Shimmy Klein's* mother hung up the phone, pale. "The principal says we have to take him to a psychiatrist," she told her husband. Shimmy had been going downhill for some time, and the school was getting impatient. There was no other choice. The Kleins complied.

The psychiatrist slapped an array of labels on the boy, as if on a container of yesterday's leftovers. Shimmy was put on meds, and everyone held their breath and hoped for the best. But a year later, they were still at square one. No progress whatsoever had been made, and poor Shimmy felt like even more of a loser.

A friend told Shimmy's parents about Rabbi Greenfeld. "They say he's helped so many kids. Try it—what have you got to lose?" With Shimmy's entire future at stake, they set up a meeting.

Rabbi Greenfeld assessed the situation with compassion, and gave the Kleins some key advice and an action plan. A week later, as this very magazine issue was going to print, Mrs. Klein called Rabbi Greenfeld in shock.

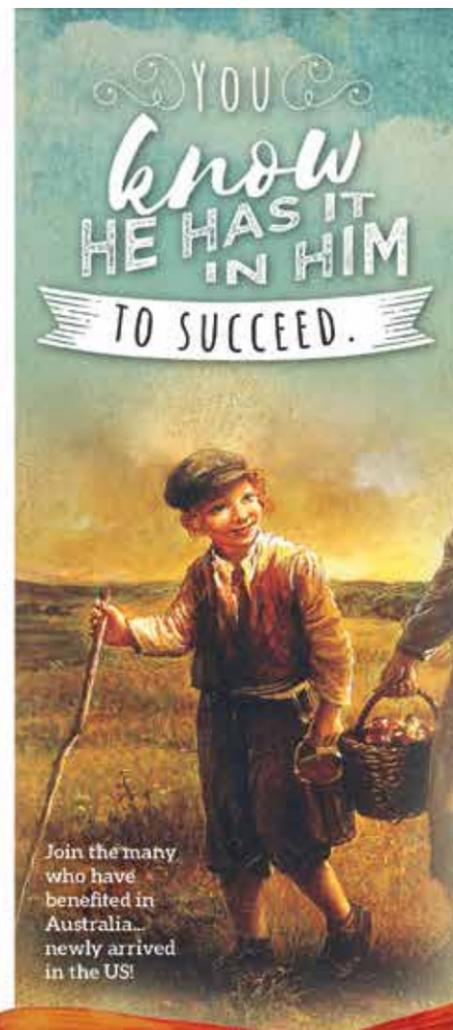
"The teacher told me he's completely transformed!" she said. "I don't know how to thank you!" There is still much to be done, but Shimmy is on the right track at last.

Rabbi Greenfeld is an educational consultant with many years of experience helping children and getting to the root of their issues. "Every child talks to us with his behavior," he says. "It's up to us to interpret the language. There are children who truly need medications and professional intervention. But many are tragically over-labelled, and it ruins their self-esteem, causing a further downward spiral."

There is a better way. No child or parent should have to suffer the paralyzing feeling of failure.

For more information,
call 845-288-2456.

*names and details have been changed



BEFORE RUSHING TO EVALUATE AND LABEL OR SPEND A FORTUNE ON SPECIAL SERVICES TALK TO RABBI GREENFELD.

Often, it's something simple that can be easily corrected.

"I don't know what you have done, but my son is a **different child**, happy and succeeding!"

**הרב אלעזר יצחק גרינפעלד
845-288-2456**

getting out of bed in the morning, Abba would say, "It's your *chamor* stopping you." Or he would ask rhetorically, "Who are you listening to? What are you living for?"

One time, either Ima or Abba asked one of us to take out the garbage.

"I can't," was the child's response.

"You can't or don't *want* to?" Abba asked. "Of course you want to do what's right!" he added encouragingly.

The child proceeded to take out the garbage. When he returned to the house, Abba said, "Here's 10 shekels. I want to buy your *mitzvah*."

(Of course, the child refused.)

It didn't matter if you were his student or his child, if he was lecturing in a classroom, giving a *shiur*, or showing his own child the right path to take. It was the same message: "Hashem loves you and wants you to do the right thing. And you'd never want to do something that Hashem doesn't want! You can do anything; there's nothing holding you back!"

Abba wanted us all to memorize the *taryag mitzvos*. He tested each of us and if the child knew them, he or she received a grand prize. The accomplishments of the *talmidim* were also celebrated by Ima baking a cake for them whenever they achieved their goals in learning.

Abba was always giving. When my children reached certain objectives, Abba handed my husband money. "Go out and buy them a prize."

At the beginning of *bein hazmanim*, he'd say, "Here's some money. Rent a car or get the kids bikes so they can enjoy Hashem's world!" And then he'd call to find out how the *tiyul* went and if everyone had a great time.

My husband enjoys relating his introduction to becoming Abba's son-in-law...

"Our *chuppah* had just ended and I suddenly felt myself enveloped in a huge bear hug with a big kiss planted firmly on my cheek. 'Here,' Abba said, releasing me as he handed me an envelope containing a significant sum of money. 'A *chassan* is like a king and must feel wealthy. This is for you and your queen to enjoy!'"

One of our *sheva brachos* took place in the yeshivah. We arrived a bit early, so we headed toward Abba's office. His secretary said that Abba was in an important meeting, but she would check if he might be available.

Sure enough, Abba welcomed us in, giving us complete attention as though he had nothing else on his mind. He then turned to my new husband and asked him if he would like a gift of the "48 Ways to Wisdom."

"Of course," my husband responded.

Abba then handed us a one-hundred-dollar bill and told us to go to the audio department of the yeshivah to purchase it.

At full price.

Even though Abba was the one who gave the classes. Even though this was Abba's yeshivah. Abba never took

Ima, *Ishah Yiras Hashem*

Abba used to say about Ima, "Everything is because of Ima."

Ima called the school EYAHT, which is an acronym for "*Ishah yiras Hashem, hi tis'halla l* — a woman who fears Hashem, she shall be praised" (*Mishlei* 31:30). Ima didn't let her "girls" get married until she felt they were ready and had learned enough Torah. The school was small and Ima was very *makpid* that her girls should integrate into the mainstream *frum* community. Those girls who remained with Ima adjusted so well that no one would recognize that they did not grow up in the same *frum* community in which they are raising their own children.

Ima remained in contact with her students and made many *shidduchim*. Realizing that "becoming *frum*" is only the first step of the life-long process, Ima eventually established an organization called Project Connect. Through Project Connect, each married *baalas teshuvah* is set up with a *chavrusa*, a woman who mentors her and helps her with different issues that might arise. Since she might not have (religious) family to turn to, this *chavrusa* is a source of guidance, friendship and information, which helps the *baalas teshuvah* stay "connected."

Ima still gives classes in the house and counsels people all the time. Shabbos remains one of Ima's most precious treasures, the highlight of her life.

May Ima, a true *ishah yiras Hashem* whose love for Hashem expands to envelop *all* His children, continue "changing the world" *ad meah v'esrim shanah*.

anything for himself and never felt anyone owed him anything.

Abba often said, "With Hashem, you can do everything; without Hashem, you can't do anything."

It wasn't a *mussar shmuess*. It was real to him... it was his life!

There were so many times, so many stories when he didn't have the means to pay his workers. He knew, for real, that Hashem would come through for him.

And He always did.

One Erev Yom Tov, Abba parked his car in the middle of Geula. As soon as he emerged from the car, someone he knew passed by and asked him, "Rabbi Weinberg, how did you find a parking spot here?"

"What do you mean?" Abba looked at him, puzzled. "I asked Hashem for a spot, and He gave it to me."

Abba always told us, "Just talk to Hashem."

"I'm your father," Abba said. "If I was a millionaire, don't you think I'd want to give you a million dollars and more? Hashem is your Father, and He loves you! If Hashem isn't answering your requests right away, ask again! Hashem *wants* to give to you!"

Executive Skylight...

Anything is Possible at

Air Power

Custom
Sukkah Skylights

open a full 90 degrees
with the famous Air Power
Shabbos system

airpower
skylights

718.599.8800

www.airpowercreations.com - Y. Y. Oberlander

One time, I was feeling saddened about something I felt I needed, but wasn't forthcoming. I told Abba, "Maybe Hashem doesn't want this for me and therefore I should stop asking."

Abba became upset. "How can you speak like that, Rochel'a?" Abba said. "Hashem wants the best for you."



Harav Noach Weinberg dancing with his new son-in-law Rav Yitzchak Chaim Friedman at his daughter Rochel's chasunah.

Hashem loves you and wants to give you everything! Just because He didn't answer you yet, it doesn't mean that you should stop asking."

Abba stressed that the *Ribbono shel Olam* has no limits. Nothing is too great or too minor to ask from Hashem.

We witnessed Abba turning to Hashem all the time. "Hashem, tell me, what am I supposed to do right now?" he would ask Hashem. "*Basheffer*, what do You want me to do?"

Abba used to say that when a person thinks something is too small to ask of Hashem, thinking, *I can't ask for this since it's small and doesn't count...* it is actually the *yetzer hara*. "What do you mean?" Abba questioned, "If you move your little pinky, *that's* not Hashem? That's your *own* power? Of course not! You're just kidding yourself if you think you don't need Hashem for the little things... You need Hashem for everything!"

When Abba first became ill, he gathered the family together, Ima, the children and their spouses, and he told us all about his illness. He was realistic about the future — facing it with a certain determination. The discussion was obviously "heavy." And then, when he finished speaking to us, he asked my brothers to bring out the cakes. He had purchased a few fancy cakes from

the bakery, with all different kinds of toppings, some with whipped cream and some covered in chocolate fudge. Abba said, "Now, let's enjoy being together..."

I don't remember what his exact words were, but this was the message: *We have something very serious to face, but we can't remain down...* Therefore, after saying what needed to be said, he chose to lighten the mood.

At first, Abba sought medical treatment in America, hoping that he would receive expert care there. However, after two months of tests, the medical team informed Abba that they regretted it, but they could not treat him.

Abba returned to Eretz Yisrael. "You know what?" he told us, "It's much better this way. Now I'm *completely* in Hashem's Hands. We don't have to rely on any doctors..."

Yes, Hashem was real to him.

During those months of Abba's illness, my husband and I spent much time with him. Abba suffered greatly, yet we observed him constantly speaking to Hashem and connecting with Him, seeking Hashem's message. "Hashem, this suffering should be for a *kapparah* for me and for *Am Yisrael*." Abba then turned to me, "And, Rochel'a, it should be a *zechus* for you."

For the first time, Abba had all the time in the world and we had the opportunity to bask in his presence.

People often choose not to think about or remember the period of a loved one's dying days, preferring to keep their memories of the healthy, happier times alive. But we have very special recollections of those months. For the first time, Abba had all the time in the world and we had the opportunity to bask in his presence... we spoke together about many of life's issues.

We also got to witness how Abba faced his illness with his characteristic wit. "Hashem has a good sense of humor," he told us. "So if you're in pain, you've got to laugh it off."

During those months of his illness, Abba tried to be in yeshivah as much as possible. Observing how weak he appeared after months of treatments, someone approached him, wanting to invoke some cheer. "Oh, Reb Noach," he said, "you look like a million dollars!"

Abba turned to him. "I didn't know the dollar dropped so low."

During the last period of Abba's illness, Abba fell and had to be rushed to the hospital with more than one

Brand Name Bonded Leather \$399 Reg. \$479

PALLISER Genuine Leather \$699 Reg. \$949 *Available in 4 Colors*

PALLISER Genuine Leather \$799 Reg. \$949 *Available in 2 Colors*

PALLISER Genuine Leather \$999 Reg. \$1299 *Available in 4 Colors*

PALLISER Genuine Leather \$1099 Reg. \$1299 *Available in 3 Colors*

Brand Name Bonded Leather Rocking Recliner \$279 Reg. \$349 *Available in 3 Colors*

33" Bunk Bed \$749 Reg. \$849 **Including mattresses*

\$100 Off Any Mattress Set*

Pesach Sale

S&S FINE FURNITURE DISCOUNTERS

*Min. of \$699. While supplies lasts.

broken bone. There were so many different medical issues needing care, the medical staff wasn't sure where to begin. The noted *askan* Benny Fischer entered the room and with a warm, calming smile asked Abba, "From all your pain, which part should we begin with... what hurts you the most?"

"*Am Yisrael*," was Abba's quick reply.

Yes, even from his sickbed, the fire of Abba's *ahavas Yisrael* could not be extinguished, the pain of intermarriage and assimilation stubbornly plaguing him.

Abba knew the dangers of his illness, but he had no questions or fears. His oncologist observed his unusual

This was something he felt he "gained" when he became a *yasom* at a young age; a special "in" with Hashem. Yes, every Jew has that "in" with the *Ribbono shel Olam*, but it's easier for a *yasom* to access it, because he's not depending on his parents. He's forced to take responsibility for himself, and not rely on a "middleman."

Throughout his life, Abba was perpetually busy, never sitting idle, always thinking about what could be done, figuring out the next project... But if he sat, he was talking to the *Ribbono shel Olam*. *In his own words*. From early childhood, I witnessed my father speaking to "my Tatte."



Harav Weinberg with his sons and sons-in-law a year before his *petirah*.

acceptance and even joy. "You know," the doctor told us, "it seems that your father is just... curious to know what's going on over There." Indeed, it was obvious to all of us that this was *pashut* to Abba: You do your job Here and then you look forward to entering the next stage. Part of life is the Next World...

I said to Abba, "But what are we going to do?" I knew that Abba had much *s'char* waiting for him up There, but how would all of us manage without Abba down Here?

Abba smiled. "When I'm not here... you're going to grow up."

Abba was saying that when your father is around you assume that he'll take care of everything. "But when I won't be here anymore, you will know what to do and how to take care... you will ask Hashem yourself, turn to Hashem on your own. You won't need me as the mediator."

Abba smiled. "When I'm not here... you're going to grow up."

Just as a person speaks to his own parent; just as a person speaks to a friend.

Even at the very end.

We were told that there was not much time left. It was late in the evening; my husband sat with Abba. But he couldn't bear to see Abba suffering.

"Abba, teach me how we can see the love of Hashem in your situation!" my husband cried out.

"*Shoifah!*" Abba hit my husband on his back. "It is all *ahavas Hashem!* You've just got to feel it!"

Who loves you the most? Hashem!

How could this be anything but *yissurim shel ahavah?* Abba was *niftar* five o'clock the next morning.

My father's name was Yisrael Noach. When my son

SAVE — THE — DATE

FOR A UNIQUE
TEACHERS' TRAINING
PROGRAM

SUNDAY MAY 7, 2017

THE NEW SEMINARY
1492 East 12th, Brooklyn, NY

Pre-Registration Required

For further information please call
718- Witness ext. 284 | Info@projectwitness.org



Make your
family history
part of your
family library.

At Dor V'Dor Legacies we help unlock the past and open new chapters, transforming your memories into the written word. The quintessential heirloom.

Because every family's story should last forever.

Estie Florans, noted author and Binah columnist can write your story



CREATING PERSONAL BIOGRAPHICAL LEGACIES
WITH ESTIE FLORANS

Personal Biographies • Memoirs • Tribute Books • Corporate Histories
www.dorvdorlegacies.com • estie@dorvdorlegacies.com
(646) 847 - VDOR (8367)

was born a few years after Abba was *niftar*, naturally, we wanted to name our son after him. My father-in-law, he should be *gezunt, ad meah v'esrim shanah*, has the name Yisrael.

So, of course, we were not going to name our baby "Yisrael Noach."

Immediately, though, a different name came to mind. Noach Yedidya... Noach, *yedid Hashem*... friend of Hashem, beloved of Hashem.

My father loved every member of *Klal Yisrael*. That love and that passion created a fiery energy within him that burst forth, touching and warming all. But that love came from his complete, infinite love of Hashem.

From being a *yedid Hashem*.

1. Harav Weinberg strongly believed that anyone embarking in *kiruv* should be an expert in Rambam and completely immersed in the wisdom of Torah.
2. Mother of Harav Shimshon Pincus, *zt"l*.
3. See *Binah*, Issue #317, "From Their Daughters' Hearts: Seeking the Truth," in which Harav Yaakov Weinberg, *zt"l*, is featured, including the details of Reb Yitzchok Mattisyahu's escape from the British.
4. As mentioned above, Harav Weinberg felt strongly that one must be a *talmid chacham*, having made great strides in *limud haTorah*, before embarking on the *kiruv* journey.
5. *Shemos* 12:29.
6. Before sending the first *makkah*, Hashem warns Pharaoh that by not freeing *Bnei Yisrael*, he is starting up with Hashem's "*B'ni, bechori Yisrael* — My firstborn, most treasured child" (*Shemos* 4:22).

The first nine *Makkos* were each a *middah k'neged middah* punishment and everyone in the country received the same *makkah*. It was a general punishment affecting everyone. However, *Makkas Bechoros* took on an extra punishment of *nekamah*, revenge. This was a "personal" revenge from Hashem directly aimed at those who hurt His children. Since this was an act of revenge, one might assume that those who had not afflicted *Bnei Yisrael* would not receive a punishment. Rashi explains that the *passuk* is specifically including the firstborn of the Egyptian captives for two reasons: 1) They, too, rejoiced at the afflictions the Mitzriyim had caused *Bnei Yisrael*, and 2) So that they would not claim that it was their gods who killed the Egyptian firstborn. Through this *makkah*, Hashem demonstrated His immense love for *Bnei Yisrael*. You started with *My precious treasure, My firstborn; I'm getting your firstborn*. And now, to answer the "atom bomb" question: It is true that just as Hashem protected *Bnei Yisrael* during the first nine

A Bumba Kasha For Binah Readers!

"Every *Leil Pesach*, when we sat around the *Seder* table with Abba, we felt the excitement mounting as he presented his *bumba kasha*," says Mrs. Friedman.

And now, we are delighted to have Mrs. Friedman present a *bumba kashah* from her father for all of us to share at our own *Seder* tables.

"Abba asked: Why, at *Makkas Bechoros*, does it say '*Ad bechor hashevi* — until the firstborn of the captive'? In ALL the *Makkos*, EVERYONE was included, the Mitzriyim as well as their prisoners — with *Bnei Yisrael* the only ones protected. So why specify here that the firstborn of the captives were included in the *Makkah*?"

"And then, Abba's enthusiasm swept across the *Seder* table as he excitedly told us that he has another *kasha* on top of the first one, making this 'bomb question' into (what Abba called) an 'atom-bomb *kasha*'!

"Abba's Atom Bomb Question: Why did *Bnei Yisrael* have to do something to protect themselves during *Makkas Bechoros*, unlike the other *Makkos*, which did not require them to do anything?"

And the answer is...

Just as Rav Weinberg made his children think before giving away the answer, we are not going to provide the answer here. But don't worry! We won't keep you in suspense either. You will find Rav Weinberg's *terutz* in the final endnote.⁶

Makkos, He could just as easily have protected us during *Makkas Bechoros*. But in this *makkah*, in which Hashem showed His immense love through the personal revenge He afflicted upon the Mitzriyim, He required of His children to take the blood of the Egyptian gods and spread it on the doorposts of their homes as a *shemirah* in order to demonstrate their ability to take responsibility and obtain higher levels. After all, we were on the 49th level of *tumah* and we needed to earn a *zechus*. By taking the blood of our captor's *avodah zarah*, we were showing Hashem that we had *mesirus nefesh*, that we could take responsibility. Two lessons that defined Rav Weinberg's credo for life: Hashem loves you, and take responsibility! ●

Estie Florans, a writer of fiction and nonfiction, is a personal biographer and is the author of "Conquer the Darkness," "Set Me Free," "Lift Me Higher" and "From Their Daughters' Hearts." She can be contacted at erflorans@gmail.com or through www.dorvdorlegacies.com.

Pine Park Kitchens

QUALITY
—
WITH
—
PERSONALITY



Pine Park Kitchens

225 2nd Street
Lakewood, NJ 08701
732.367.9107
joel@pineparkkitchens.com

Traditional
Transitional
Modern
KITCHENS
· BATHS ·
WARDROBES

IT'S A FAVOR

PERSONALIZED PARTY FAVORS

OUR
NEW WEBSITE
HAS LAUNCHED!

Visit us. You'll have a
BLAST!



- WEDDINGS
- NEW BABY
- BAR MITZVAH
- BIRTHDAY
- CORPORATE

orders@itsafavor.com 718 234 3951
www.itsafavor.com @itsafavor

BY POPULAR DEMAND!

6-WEEK PROGRAM

CALL NOW FOR MORE DETAILS.
Very limited spots are available.
(first come, first serve basis)

IS YOUR CHILD FEELING
ANXIOUS OR STRESSED ABOUT...?

- Heading to Sleepaway Camp?
- Feeling inferior?
- Being away from friends?
- Going to the Bungalow Colony?
- Being away from family?
- Meeting new kids?

In just 6 weeks, we can help your child
have a better & happier summer!

718.382.5437 | rifkaschonfeld@gmail.com | www.rifkaschonfeldsos.com

Rifka Schonfeld

CALL NOW FOR MORE DETAILS.
Very limited spots are available.
(first come, first serve basis)