



SHABBOS PARSHAS NOACH 5787

Is "Lenient" a Bad Word?

I invited a friend from yeshiva to my family's house for an off-Shabbos. His father is a *rav* in another community. After the *seudah* on Friday night, we were getting ready to learn together and we wanted to put some snacks on the table. We were looking in the pantry to see what my mother had bought, and my friend saw a big bag of jalapeno potato chips. I said, "Oh, no, we forgot to open them before Shabbos. Let's take something else." He

told me that his father says it's no problem to rip the bag. "Yeah, but the *Mishnah Berurah* says that even though it's technically OK, it's proper to open things before Shabbos," I told him. He answered that his father doesn't always go for the strictest opinion.

Is that *loshon hora* about his father?

—Reuven



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Please treat this newsletter with proper respect. Please do not read during davening or Krias HaTorah.

What's the *Psak*?

Do you know the halachah?

A No.
Maybe his father relies on another major *posek*.

B Yes.
It insinuates that his father is not particular about halachah.

C It depends
why his father does not keep those stringencies.

What Does This Say About Him?

It is *loshon hora* to say that someone does not keep *mitzvos*.¹ Furthermore, it is *loshon hora* to say that someone doesn't do more than the halachah requires him to do, because it can make him appear lax in the eyes of the listener.²

When Reuven hears that his friend's father dismisses the recommendations of the *Mishnah Berurah*, he surely will think less of him. Therefore, the comment is forbidden.

Answer: The halachah is B.

Reviewed by Rabbi Moshe Mordechai Lowy

Rav Pam, zt"l, advised great caution when presenting halachic scenarios to the public, as each situation is unique. This *shailah* is for discussion only; actual halachic decisions should be made by a *rav* or halachic expert on a case-by-case basis.
The Shmiras Haloshon Shailah Hotline: 718-951-3696 2-3PM / 9-10:30 PM

1 Sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Loshon Hora 4:1-2. 2 Rambam, De'os 7:5

We are an **אדרבה** family

We choose
connection
over correction.





Rabbi Ari Neuwirth sat in the *beis medrash* of Camp Romimu, greeting parents on Visiting Day. In walked an entire family: a camper along with his father, mother, and sisters.

The father introduced himself and his son. "He wants to tell you a story," he said.

The boy had been among the 250 thirteen-year-olds who, a few days earlier, had heard Rabbi Neuwirth's *Shivah Asar b'Tammuz* speech about *machlokes* and shalom.

"After your

speech, I called my father. I told him that I know it's not my place to give him advice, but I know he has been in a business *machlokes* for two years. I told him the story about Charlotte that you told us, and I asked him to make peace as a *zechus* for her."

If They Could Forgive, Who Can't?



The story of Charlotte was a tragedy that occurred in June, just before *Shivah Asar b'Tammuz*, when eight-year-old Charlotte Herzberg was

fatally hit by a car while biking in front of her house. Realizing that no one was at fault, Charlotte's parents went straight to the driver of the car—Yudi Herzberg's neighbor and *chavrusa*—to forgive and forge a path forward. The two men went public, creating the Shalom for Charlotte campaign, which has already inspired tens of thousands of Jews to make shalom as a *zechus* for her *neshamah*.

This boy's father was moved, but \$35,000 was at stake. He thought about it, spoke to his wife, and before Shabbos, texted the other party in the dispute, "I'm *mochel* the \$35,000." Two years of *machlokes*—finished. And throughout Klal Yisrael, Jews have gotten the message: What are we fighting about? Is it that important? Two bereaved parents rose above their pain, and in the *zechus* of their daughter, are moving the world to Geulah.



"Support *talmidei chachamim* in Eretz Yisrael," a man called out, just loudly enough to be heard. He was one of about a dozen men collecting *tzedakah* at Asher's shul that morning.

They all accepted credit cards, and Asher tried to give a donation of a dollar or two to everyone who asked. He handed this man his card and glanced at his face. "Hey, you look familiar!"

"Wait ... I know you too! Asher! How are you?" the man replied with a big, friendly smile. It was Yosef Chaim, whom Asher remembered from his time learning at the Mir in Yerushalayim fifteen years earlier. Soon, the two were deep in conversation, catching up after all those

years.

Meanwhile, twelve-year-old Shaul hung around near the two men,

holding an envelope and a thick wad of dollar bills. He was collecting for his yeshivah and

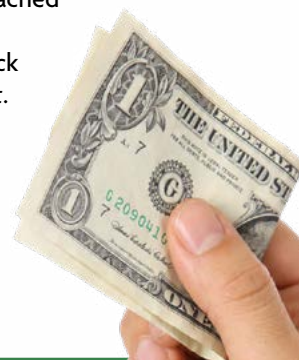
wanted a donation from Asher. But the men just kept talking. Finally, Asher noticed Shaul and gave him a dollar. Shaul went away.

A few minutes later, Shaul was back shifting impatiently from foot to foot and trying to get Asher's attention.

This Kid Just Won't Go Away!

"What does this kid want now?" Asher thought. "I already gave him a dollar. He should know not to interrupt adults!" Asher ignored him and kept talking to Yosef Chaim.

Then, Shaul reached out and lightly tugged the back of Asher's coat. Really? Why wouldn't this boy leave Asher alone? What did he want to tell him?



Can you
Crack
the case?

"What can I do for you?" Asher asked, with much more patience than he felt. "Everyone who gives a dollar gets a scratch-off lottery ticket," Shaul explained, holding it out. "I just wanted to tell you—you won!"

Submitted by
an **Aderaba**
participant

DEDICATIONS

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