



January 6, 2012

“א טבת תשע”ב

פרשת ויקרי

Candle Lighting 5:25PM

Rabbi Binyomin Luban
Rabbi Yisroel Y. Niman
Rabbi Mordechai Palgon
ראשי הישיבה

Issue 8

Dvar Torah - Appreciating Others by Rabbi Schloss

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While we are often respectful and appreciative of those with whom we have minor interactions, we often take for granted those who are closer to us, even expecting certain things from them. In this week's פרשה, we get a glimpse into

the way the Torah expects us to deal with those closest to us. At the beginning of the פרשה, יעקב requests from יוסף that arrangements be made to bury him in ארץ ישראל instead of in מצרים; this will be a major undertaking on יוסף's part. Analysis of this episode makes it apparent that יוסף would do everything in his power to fulfill יעקב's request, no matter how difficult. After all, this is his beloved father's last request. This is the father who taught him all of his Torah, his Rebbe; the father who loves him so dearly that he gave him the כתונת פסים, and

the father who mourned his loss for 22 years. Now that יוסף has the chance to repay his father's devotion he would obviously jump at the opportunity. However, when the תורה describes יעקב's request, it quotes him as saying: “ועשית עמדי חסד ואמת”. The דעת זקנים explains that יעקב was beseeching יוסף to do this חסד even though he was not מחויב to do so. This seems a bit puzzling. What was the need for this humbling request? Is it possible that יעקב would not expect his son to fulfill his last wish?

Although יוסף perceived the request as an honor, יעקב apparently understood the proper way of requesting a favor. Even if the other person is expected, obligated, and obviously willing, one must still make a heartfelt request and show proper appreciation. If יעקב showed so much respect even in the most extreme situation, how much more so should we show this same respect in our everyday dealings. If we take this lesson to heart it will not only enhance our relationships but also enrich our lives.

Dvar Halacha - Separating On Shabbos by Yehuda Solomon, 12th Grade

It is forbidden to sort different types of food on Shabbos. If one does, he is עובר the מלאכה of בורר. If one satisfies all of the following three conditions, however, the sorting will be considered a part of the eating process and will therefore be permitted. First, condition is that one must pick out what he wants to eat from what he doesn't want to eat rather than the other

way around. The second condition is that one must eat the food immediately after the sorting. Finally, one must use his hand to separate the food as opposed to a utensil. To illustrate the three conditions: If someone has a bag of trail mix in front of him and he only wants the raisins, he should pick out only the raisins with his hand and eat them immediately.

13 Teves, 5772 / Sunday evening, January 8, 2012

YESHIVA TORAS CHAIM / TORAS EMES

27th Annual Dinner

The Weekly Quiz

Q: How long is the solar year?

Hint: the answer effects ברכת החמה.

Answers or ideas for future questions may be submitted in writing to the Spotlight office or emailed to Quiz@ytcteam.org

The first correct answer submitted will be announced in the next Spotlight. You need not be a student to participate. Hatzlochah!

Answer to last week's question:

Q. How many times a day should one say אמן?

A. 90

Yasher Koach to the Hasson family for submitting the correct answer!

Thank You!

It's hard to believe that our journal campaign has come to a close. We thank you all for your efforts and look forward to seeing you all on Sunday evening as we pay tribute to our most worthy honorees. If you have not yet made your reservations and/or communicated your seating preference, please do so ASAP by calling us at 305-944-5344 x 223, or by emailing us at dinner@ytcteam.org.

the prestigious position they were now in.

He fingered a small pamphlet which outlined several needs a visitor might have, but couldn't think of while swamped with stress and worry. With the pamphlet, they could ask for nearly anything from the robust philanthropist.

He waited . . . and waited . . . and waited. The men were a bit late. He stirred in his soft leather chair and clicked on the keyboard of one of his laptops. "Good, everything is in place" he thought. He was prepared to give nearly anything to his visitors, granted it was truly beneficial, and not just a fleeting fancy. He could easily differentiate between the two, but

Stock Market Program by Akiva Nemetsky, 11th Grade

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This past week, students in Mr. Spring's economics classes were given a hands-on experience with the stock market. Each student was given ten thousand dollars to invest in any stock included in the Dow Jones Industrial Average (DJIA). Some companies included in this are Coca-Cola, Wal-Mart, Cisco and Bank of America. Every Monday and Thursday, students are given the opportunity to sell stock and reinvest their money in other, more promising stocks. One student said about this project:

"I've never really had a full grasp on what the stock market is until now. There really is no other way to learn about the market." This enthusiasm is widespread, as students compete to gain the biggest profits.

What are these "profits", one might ask. The class to come out at the end of the program with the highest profit margin will have two points added to their grade. Also, the student in any particular class to make the most money will have an additional three points added

to his grade. "It's good to see how seriously the students are taking this," one administrator remarked. Now, with the program underway, only time will tell who will win, and who will declare bankruptcy.



Mr. Spring discussing stocks with student

Creative Writing: Only Need to Ask by Shmuel Pernicone, 10th Grade

The large, robust philanthropist walked briskly into the office, his velvet vest packed with cell phones and his silk-lined jacket bulging with hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash. His face was creased from his perpetual smile, and his eyes were soft and warm like honey. His entire build was one of reassurance and support and his connections and fortunes were to be dreamed of by most. He sat down behind the stained wooden desk, bedecked with telephones galore and computers of the latest technology. He smiled, eager to help the ten men who were soon to enter His honored office, asking for "a favor." He loved helping people; that was His job. He pondered how He had nurtured these ten men and many others for that matter to

would be elated to help the men if their needs were genuine.

Then, finally, ten minutes after the scheduled time, the visitors arrived. The skulked in slowly, sank inappropriately into their seats, and sat still, half-asleep for a few awkward moments. The philanthropist waited patiently, yet he was slightly perturbed by his visitors' disrespectful attitude. Still, he remained patient, and eyed the pamphlet which held the list of needs a visitor might have. Eventually, two of the ten men woke up from their doze, and one picked up a pamphlet. It remained closed as he began to chat with his companion in a steady, unabashed whisper. The philanthropist was silent, shocked at the foolishness of the people sitting before him. They only need to ask and he would grant! Yet eight of them slept; their heads on their arms like pillows, and two of them conversed--as if He couldn't see--talking of irrelevant, if not obscene topics.

The philanthropist felt invisible. "Don't they see me? Don't they realize I want to

help? I would be glad to assist them in whatever they want, yet they disrespect me and ignore me altogether! Why did they even come? It seems like they don't even think I'm really here!" A small tear slipped out from the philanthropist's brown eye, and slid down his cherry-red cheek. Meanwhile, a few more visitors woke up from their nap, and sat slouched, day-dreaming with pamphlets in hand. One of them said in a blank voice, plain as warm milk, "Please, Mr. Rothschild, grant me and my family support both financial and emotional. I—" a loud exaggerated yawn—"beg you." The philanthropist was stung to the core by His visitors' appalling behavior. Meanwhile, the chatting continued, a few remained asleep or at least dozing, and maybe two of them recited parts from the pamphlet, completely devoid of emotion or respect. Finally, the philanthropist stood up and left, sobbing at the visitors whom He had only tried to help. What fools they were . . .

Next Issue:

February 3, 2011

פרשת בשלה