

YESHIVA TORAS CHAIM TORAS EMES

בס"ד

KLURMAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

OCTOBER 2, 2014

ח תשרי תשע"ה

**TEAM SPIRIT**

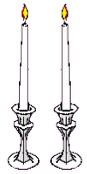
**יום כפור**

EREV YOM KIPPUR

CANDLE

LIGHTING

6:47 pm



גמר חתימה טובה

5775

תשע"ה

## BIRCHAS HABONIM

**T**he blessing of one's children on Erev Yom Kippur is an exceptionally beautiful and meaningful prayer. Let its recitation sensitize us to the profound responsibilities and opportunities that our children bring to us, as well as allowing the wellsprings of parents' love to be showered upon them. In the spirit of the Yomim Noraim, the administration and staff would like to ask forgiveness from parents and children for anything we may have said or done improperly this past year.



## ATERES ZVI TZEDAKAH CAMPAIGN

**E**veryone is asked to participate in our Tzedaka campaign on behalf of needy families in Eretz Yisroel. The campaign continues through Sukkos. Please bring in the collected monies to school after Sukkos.



## HASMODA PROJECT

**W**e will once again be conducting our semi-annual *Yom Tov* learning program over *Sukkos*. We welcome your support of the children's voluntary learning by becoming a sponsor as a *zechus* for a *Refuah Shelaima*, or in memory of a loved one. Sponsorships begin at \$50. Please speak with Rabbi Baumann to let him know that you are interested.



## REFUAH SHELAIMA

Elchonon ben Rochel Leah

Shlomo Dovid ben Chaya Rivka

Mina Yehudis bas Masodi

Raizel bas Pessel

Dov Beirish Nachum ben Esther

Yitzchak Shmuel ben Pesha Sara

Yehuda Pinchas ben Osna

Tichye Esther bas Minya Baila



## MAZEL TOV

To Mr. and Mrs. Alejandro Rotholc and family on the birth of a daughter.



## SUMMER REVIEW LUNCHEON

We are very proud of all the students, grades 2 through 5, who participated in the Torah Studies Summer Review Program. They were rewarded with a special Pizza Luncheon today. Yasher Kochachem!



## ASSEMBLIES

Our first assemblies of the year were a huge success! On Wednesday, the boys and girls each came to the auditorium for what were in reality school wide meetings, complete with class greetings, a sharing, an activity and a message! Rabbi Baumann presented the children with information and encouragement about the upcoming world-wide Shabbos Project, taking place in a few weeks on Shabbos Parshas Noach. The students also learned about the Ateres Zvi Tzedakah Campaign (see Page 2). They enjoyed and were inspired by a video presentation about judging others favorably—just in time for Yom Kippur. There was a spirit of camaraderie among the classes as they filed into the auditorium (looking special in their official uniforms!) We look forward to our next assemblies on November 4th!



Erev Yom Kippur 5775

Dear Parents,

*Roshei HaYeshiva*  
Rabbi Binyomin Luban  
Rabbi Yisroel Y. Niman  
Rabbi Mordechai Palgon  
*Founding Rosh HaYeshiva*  
Rabbi Bentzion Chait

*Principal*  
Rabbi Kalman Baumann

*Secular Studies Principal*  
Dr. Deborah Lerer

*Assistant Principal*  
Rabbi Noam Grossman

*President*  
Dr. Allan I. Jacob

*President*  
Dr. Jonathan Rubin

*Vice President*  
Rabbi Moshe Lehrfield

The concept of Teshuva is absolutely remarkable in that bad deeds can actually be forgiven and then erased. Over and beyond this Chessed, loving kindness from Hashem, is an added dimension of forgiveness for one who is “Ma’avir Al Midosav”, known also as a vatran, one who ‘overlooks’ slights, insults and humiliation. The Gemara in Rosh Hashana 17a tells us that for such a person, one who ‘overlooks’ that which would ordinarily bring forth an angry or harsh reaction, Hashem forgives all of his aveiros.

Rav Eliyahu Eliezer Dessler zt'l, as quoted in Sefer Sifsei Chaim (HaRav Chaim Friedlander zt'l) explains that there is Din(strict judgment), and there is Rachamim (mercy not restricted to the usual rules of strict judgment). To qualify as one who has done Teshuva on his misdeeds, there is a certain formula to follow to achieve atonement. If one accomplishes this, then Al Pi Din (according to strict judgment), he has accomplished Teshuva and is ‘entitled’ to be forgiven. However, there is a person who can achieve forgiveness even without going through the normal procedure. One who is Ma’avir Al Midosov, as a reward, or consequence for not following the normal ‘Din’ type reaction to an insult but instead acts humbly and mercifully and doesn’t react as one normally would, merits receiving the same treatment from Hashem. Even though he didn’t technically satisfy the requirements of a proper Teshuva, he gets a free pass, if you will, because of his being Ma’avir Al Midosov.

This is an incredibly challenging attribute to aspire to, and clearly, most of us have difficulty achieving it. If so, why even mention it? The answer is, it’s important, very important, to know what there is to strive for, even if we only achieve partial success. In raising our children we need to ask ourselves – are we modeling and teaching being easy going and forgiving, or do we tend more to the side of entitlement and standing up for our rights. If we stop and analyze ourselves and our own behavior and values, we would find justification for either approach. Rav Dessler (in a simplified version of his explanation) demonstrates that Shammai and Hillel, the great Tannaim, represented the two opposing viewpoints of this very question. Shammai clearly felt that the honor of the Torah was so great it required the Din approach, while Hillel followed the Rachamim approach. Neither side was technically more right than the other.

-continued-

At the end of the day however, the one with more `clout' in heaven was Hillel, because of the Rachamim approach. That's because Hashem was swayed, so to speak, to also deal with Hillel with Rachamim and not Din. Before we conclude which way we want our children to go, it behooves us to keep this in mind. A person who can be forgiving, easygoing and pleasant to deal with, is a person who has a lot going for him, and can anticipate a life blessed with benevolence and favor from Above. As we pour out our hearts to Hashem this Yom Kippur, let's keep this in mind in our yearning for a year of Bracha and Hatzlacha for ourselves, our children and for all of Klal Yisroel .

With Best Wishes for a G'mar Chasima Tova,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Rabbi Kalman Baumann".

Rabbi Kalman Baumann

Principal

## Save The Date

Yeshiva Toras Chaim Toras Emes  
30th Annual Dinner

1.11.15

Jungle Island Treetop Ballroom

Hernan and Paola Leonoff  
Guests of Honor

Mrs. Minnie Schraga  
Aishes Chayil Award

## 30TH ANNUAL DINNER—BREAKING NEWS!

We are excited to announce that

*Mrs. Minnie Schraga*

will be receiving the Aishes Chayil Award the YTCTE 30th Annual Dinner. Mrs. Schraga has been a very good friend of our Yeshiva for many years.

Mrs. Schraga, mother of Mr. Shopsie Schraga, is well known in the Surfside community as well as the entire South Florida for her commitment to Torah growth in South Florida.

## *Hernan and Paola Leonoff*

Guests of Honor

Hernan and Paola Leonoff joined the Yeshiva Toras Chaim Toras Emes family in 2010. The Leonoffs are an integral part of the YTCTE family and the South Florida community. They are prime examples of people that want to help and will go out of their way to do so.

Hernan and Paola, originally from Argentina, came to the United States in 2002. The Leonoffs moved to Aventura where they became active members of the South Florida Jewish Community and specifically the Aventura Shul.

Hernan comes from a long history of entrepreneurs that built one of the largest and most renowned chain of retail optical stores in Argentina. Hernan became a partner in MG3 Developer in 2004. Hernan has worked tirelessly, with mesiras nefesh, behind the scenes on behalf of the Yeshiva. It is as a result of his efforts that we were able to move into our new facility at the beginning of this school year.

Paola is involved with the JCS Kosher Food Bank. Paola coordinates the food drive at Klurman Elementary School every year. Paola is always eager to help in class productions; taking the initiative to make sure every detail is taken care of. Paola also volunteers for the Chevra Kadisha of South Florida.

Hernan and Paola have played an integral role in the growth of the Yeshiva. They are encouraging and inspiring to any new families who are considering joining our YTCTE family.

Hernan and Paola have four children, Sofia, Simcha, Dan and Orly. Sofia and Simcha are graduates of Klurman Elementary School and are currently attending Bais Yaakov. Dan is currently enrolled in the third grade at KES and Orly is currently in Pre-K at Hillel. We wish them continued hatzlocha in their wonderful ways and much nachas from all their children.



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# יום כפור

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יום כפור Thoughts



We begin Yom Kippur in shul by reciting Kol Nidrei. The chazzan slowly and carefully chants the paragraph three times, louder and louder each time. It is a haunting melody that stirs our souls to do teshuva. Kol Nidrei must be discussing something very holy if it is the tefila chosen to be said at the beginning of Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the year.

But, when we read the translation, we find that Kol Nidrei discusses our promises and oaths. We are erasing certain promises when we say Kol Nidrei.

Why are we worried about promises at this most important moment of the year?

The answer is based on a mashal (story) of a young child who wanted to plant a seed. He up the china cabinet and took out the nicest Kiddush cup he could find. He then filled the Kiddush cup with dirt, planted a seed, and added water. When his mother discovered what her child had done, she wasn't worried at all. She simply emptied the dirt and seed into a plastic cup, and then filled the Kiddush cup with wine. It was ready for Kiddush! The people who were watching were shocked. "Aren't you going to first clean the Kiddush cup with soap and hot water to remove the dirt?"

Our mouths are opened like the Kiddush cup. During the year, we might have used our mouths to say things we shouldn't say. Maybe we spoke loshon hara, or made another person feel bad, or made promises we didn't keep. Our mouths are dirty and need to be cleaned so we can use them to say tefilos to Hashem. Kol Nidrei is like the soap and hot water that prepares our mouths for Yom Kippur. What we say makes a difference. If we don't try to fix our mouths; they will not be helpful for davening to Hashem.

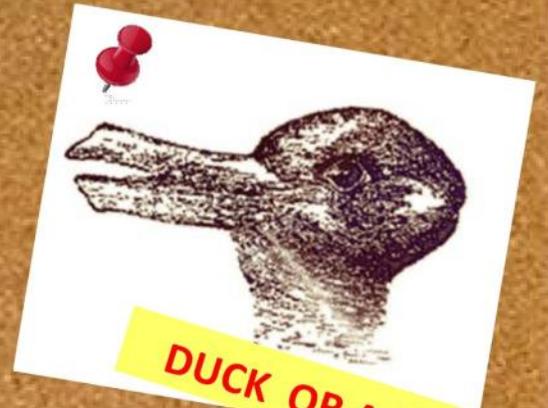
May Hashem help us use our mouths for the proper things. May He answer our tefilos by granting us a year of life and good!



# Fun



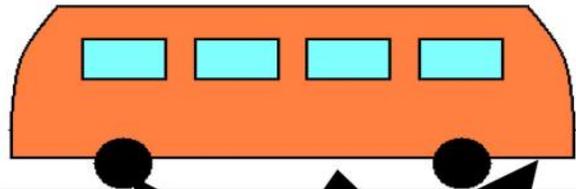
# Bulletin



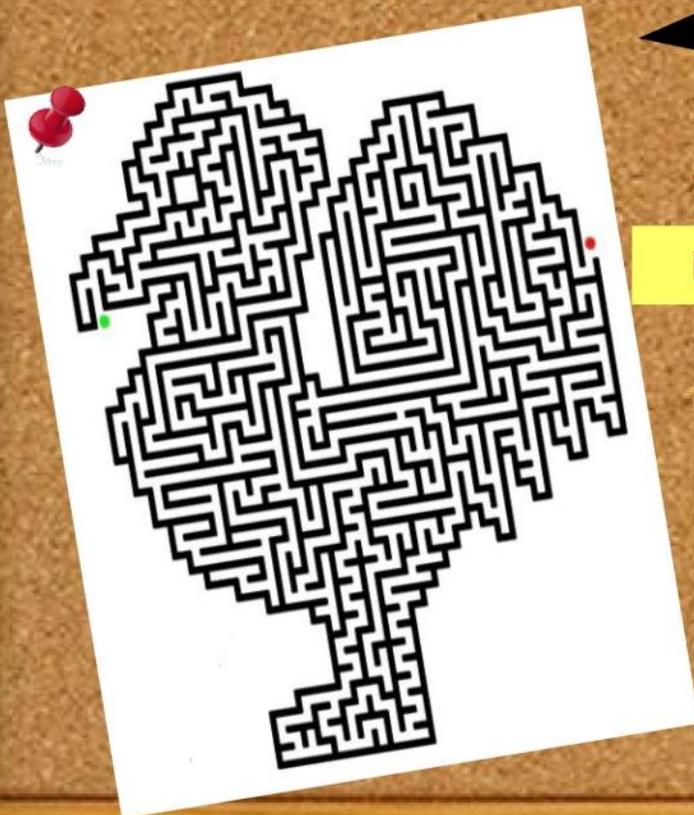
**DUCK OR A RABBIT!**

## CHALLENGE !

- ⇒ In which direction is this bus going?
- ⇒ And how do you know?

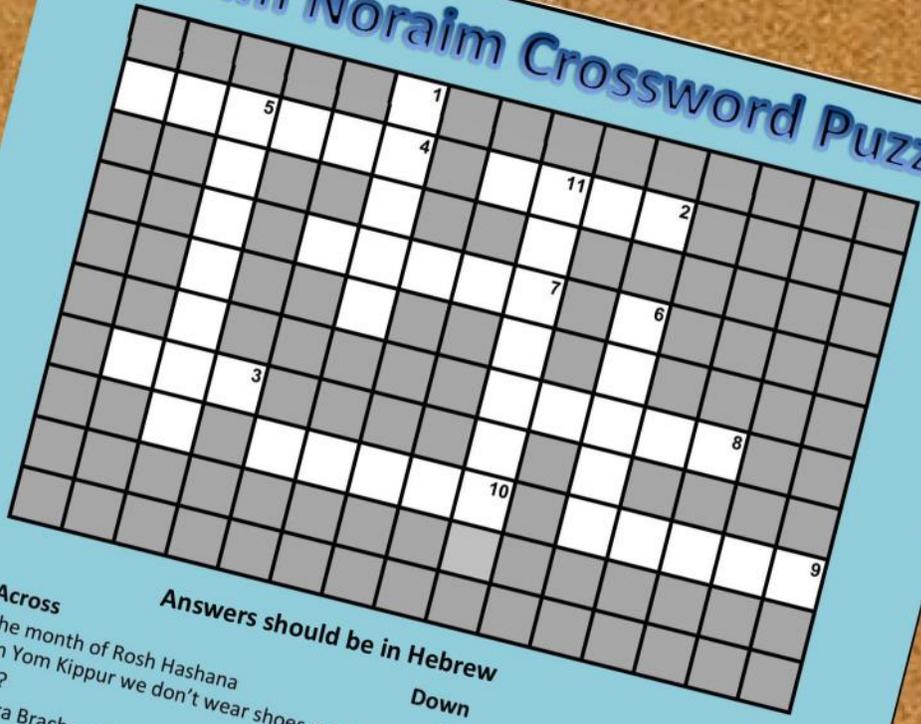


*All correct answers to the challenge will be entered in a raffle to win a prize!*



**KAPAROS MAZE**

# Yomim Noraim Crossword Puzzle

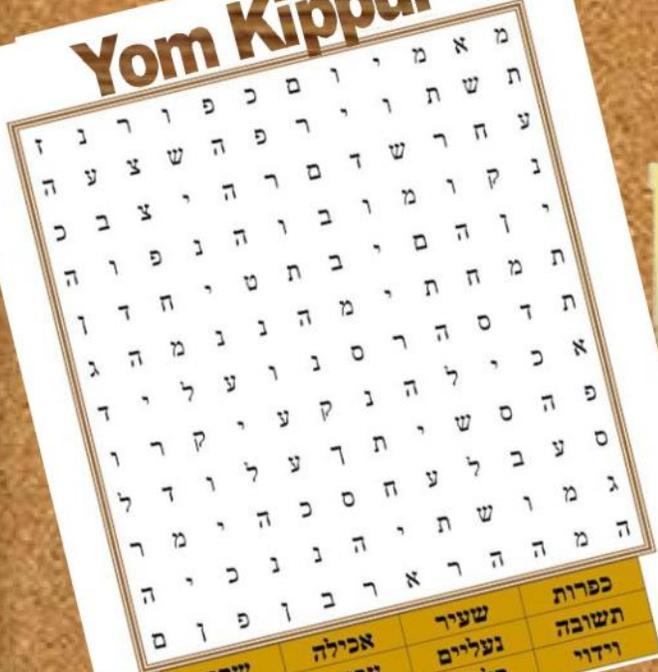


**Across**  
**Answers should be in Hebrew**

- 2 The month of Rosh Hashana
- 3 On Yom Kippur we don't wear shoes made of
- 4 Extra Bracha added each yom tov
- 7 Three short blast on the shofar
- 8 Nine very short blasts on shofar
- 9 Prayer
- 10 Closing prayers on Yom Kippur

- Down**
- 1 Throw away sins at the river
  - 5 10th of Tishrei
  - 6 Returning to Hashem
  - 8 Long blast on the shofar
  - 11 Head of the year

## Yom Kippur



שתייה	אכילה	שעיר	כפרות
תענית	עבודה	נעליים	תשובה
חתימה	נעילה	סליחה	וידוי

**Can you find all the Yom Kippur related words?**



## Kuti's Chicken

By Leah Dolinger



Yekutiel Siri was eight years and his favorite uncle, Dode (Uncle) Sa'adiah was in the hospital in Tveria (Israel), where the Siri family lived. The doctors looked grimmer and grimmer and shook their heads sadly as the days passed. The old, childless widower's only regular visitor was his little nephew, Kuti. Actually Kuti was not permitted to visit in the hospital—after all, he was only eight years old—but the hospital staff was very kind because they knew that the old man didn't have much hope, and that Kuti was his greatest nachas! (joy). Rosh Hashana was past and Yom Kipper was approaching, when Kuti came for his daily visit. He pulled up a chair, as usual, climbed up, as usual, scrambled onto the bed, as usual, snuggled next to his uncle and emptied his pockets onto the clean, fresh sheets. "Look, Dode Sa'adiah, see what's here. Look what I have!" The two of them examined each thing carefully. "Here's a piece of chocolate for you; I took a little piece—but only to make sure that it is good," Kuti said with a smile. "it is! Also, here's a Tehillim (Book of Psalms) I Found, and an apple. Oh, and here is the Hilbeh (Yeminite salad) that my sister, Yael, made for you." Kuti gave Dode Sa'adiah a container of something that looked a little like mayonnaise. When Kuti had finished showing his treasures, Dode Sa'adiah said, "Now Kuti, you must listen to me. Next week is Your Kippur. On Erev Yom Kippur (the day before Yam Kippur), I want you to bring me a big, beautiful rooster for Kaparot (a special ritual that is performed before Yom Kippur, while one twirls a bird or money over his head and says certain prayers). I don't know how much time I have left. "I know what the doctors think and I can't take a chance, you know. I will give you the money for the rooster, but don't forget that you have

him, come up the back way, because the nurses won't let you in if they see him. Do you promise me?"

Kuti's dark chocolate eyes sparkled a happy "Yes!" That day, on his way home, Kuti stopped in at the chicken market to speak to his brother's friend, Gavriel the Shocker (man who kills animals for food according to Torah law). Gabi was standing in the middle of a crowd of squawking chickens and women. He was broad and tall, and his voice was deep and strong. Kuti could not shout the bargaining women and the squawking chickens, so he pushed his way through the lively crowd until he reached his bushy-bearded friend. Kuti tugged hard at the shochets long coat and shouted, "Gabi! Gabi! I also want to buy a cheap chicken for free!" Gavriel looked down and to his surprise, there stood Kuti. He bent down and, cupping his ear, listened to Kuti's story. ". . . . so, I promised, concluded Kuti.

"And I can promise you a lot of trouble if you bring a chicken into the hospital!" laughed Gavriel. "But I will help you because it's a mitzvah. And because it's for your favorite, old uncle, and most especially it's for my favorite Kuti!"

Kuti hugged Gavriel, and with a happy "Todoh" (thank you) ran home. That night at the supper table, Abba (Father) cleared his throat. "K.uti," he said sternly, "where were you today?"

"I went to visit Dodo Sa'adiah in the hospital," Kuti answered respectfully. "Is that all?"

Kuti hung his head. "I went to look at the chickens . . ."

"Just to look?"

". . . and to say 'hello' to Gavriel . . ."

"Just to say hello?"

Kuti hung his head lower still and didn't answer.

"I do not want you playing in the chicken market. You are a little boy and you have no business there," said Abba. "To cheder (school) and home! But you may go to Dode Sa'adiah, because you make him so happy when you visit him . . . but that is all!" But Kuti had no intention of breaking his promise to Dode Sa'adiah. The next morning, before anyone else was up, Kuti slipped out of his house. shoes in hand and hurried to Gavriel's house. He sat down at the side of the doorway and waited until the front door was opened Kuti sprang up as Gavriel came out of the house.

"Wha—? What are you doing here?" asked Gavriel, surprised at his unexpected visitor. "Do you know what time it is???" Kuti quickly told him why he had come. "I can't come to the chicken market anyone, so please take the nicest, strongest rooster for my uncle. I

pray to Hashem that the mirzveh will make him better. Oh, Gabi, I love him so much and I don't want anything bad to happen . . ." and Kuti began to cry. Gavriel wrapped the boy in his big arms and said, "Don't cry, Kuti. I will make sure that your rooster is the biggest, the best, the whitest and the finest. And I will tie him up well and put him in a sack so that he won't squawk and make noise. Now hush . . . don't cry. Your nose is getting red and you are a big boy. Take my handkerchief.

"Run back home now, and on Erev Yom Kipper, on my front porch you will find my red and blue basket. The chicken will be in a brown sack in the basket. May Hashem bless you!" Erev Yom Kipper came and the family decided to visit Dede Sa'adiah in the

(Continued on next page)

# STORY CORNER Junior

hospital to wish him "Shanah Tovah" (a good year), but Kuti nowhere to be found. He visits Dede Sa'adiah every day and I am sure that he won't miss today; don't worry—he will show up," said Imma (Mother). In the hospital they met a cluster of mournful doctors, who were discussing Dode Sa'adiah. "Not more than a week ..." said one. "A few more days if he's lucky," said another. "Let's hope that he lasts through Yom Kippur ..." said a third. "It will be a miracle if he has a few hours left," said a fourth. "Why don't you say your last good-byes now?" suggested the fifth doctor. Imma Siri began to wail. The other children, seeing their mother cry, began to do the same. The first doctor, seeing that before long everyone would be crying in the hallway, hurried them all into his office. Meanwhile, Kuti was on his way with the familiar red and blue shopping basket. It didn't look suspicious—except that once or twice the sacking would rustle. When Kuti arrived at the hospital he sneaked through the back doors and unused hallways until he reached his uncle's room and looked in. There lay Dode Sa'adiah ... gray, exhausted, and breathing in gasps. As soon as he saw Kuti, he smiled ever so slightly and color seemed to come to his cheeks. Kuti went in and closed the door. He pushed the biggest chair against the door. Then he pushed the clothes rack against that, and in front of that, he pushed the nightstand with its many little bottles of multi-colored drops, medicines and pills.

Kuti climbed onto the bed and pulled the rooster from Gavriel's sack. His uncle sat up for the first time in days. Kuti stood up on the bed, and began to swing the chicken over Dode Sa'adiah's head, as the patient weakly recited the Kaporot prayer. Round and round went the big, white, handsome rooster over the old man's head; Gabi had certainly picked out the nicest one in the market! Kuti was proud and happy. However, the rooster wasn't very happy to have his wings and pride so mistreated. He began to flap his wings wildly in an effort to free himself. His angry squawks filled the room together with the uncle's chanting of the tefilos (prayers). There they were, the old man in bed, bent over an old yellowed siddur, and holding onto the legs of a little boy who, with payes (earlocks) flying and yalmulke askew, attempted to swing the big, squawking and cackling rooster over the uncle's head. Suddenly, into this hysterical scene, burst Kuti's family and a team of doctors and nurses, knocking over the chairs, the clothing rack, the nightstand and sending all the bottles flying in every direction. Kuti fell off the bed, the rooster broke loose and started flying crazily around the room. Everything was in an uproar. Feathers fly, nurses shriek, doctors holler, mother wails, brothers laugh, sisters cry—and Abba tries to catch Kuti. Dode Sa'adiah faints from all the excitement—and the chicken-ESCAPES!!! Up the corridor ran the rooster with Kuti chasing after him. After Kuti came his father, his brothers and then the doctors. Then came the nurses. Imma, his sisters and two elderly ladies who worked in the kitchen. Out the front door, up the alleyways and under the fence. Across the street and through the bushes ran the chicken,

with Kuti and his entourage in hot pursuit. One by one, the line grew shorter as people dropped out, exhausted.

Soon there was only a squawking chicken. A sobbing Kuti, and a shouting Abba. Down one alley and up another—through the courtyards and down the bend and then straight through the city until the chicken reached the Kever (tomb) of Rabbi Meir Baal HaNess (Rabbi Meir the Miracle Worker). There he flew up out of reach and began to crow and crow, loud and long without a stop. Kuti saw that there was no way that he could catch the rooster now, and he wept in anger and disappointment. By this time, Abba had caught up with Kuti and seeing him so broken-hearted over the escaped bird. And his uncle's illness, he put his arms lovingly around his little boy. Abba opened up a tehillim and they both began to pray at the kever. They stood together for a long time, praying. It was late afternoon now and a large minyan had gathered at the Kever for the last minchah (afternoon prayer) before Yom Kipper. Kuti and his father joined them.

The next night, when Yom Kippur ended. Kuti and his father rushed to the hospital expecting the very worst. There, they met an amazed team of doctors.

"Yesterday, late afternoon," they said. "Dode Sa'adiah awoke from a very long fainting spell and began to change for the better. By Yom Kippur afternoon he was davening in his wheelchair in a corner of the hospital Bes Haknesset (shul). And of course, all day he would not touch a morsel of food!"

Now it was night — and Dode Sa'adiah had broken his fast—and was awaiting his favorite nephew. Of course!



# The Yom Kippur Drinker

The day before Yom Kippur, the air in a small town in Russia was already filled with the holiness of the day. Reb Shmuel, a respected scholar, sat in a corner of the shul in prayer when the door swung open and a peddler entered the room. He threw himself down on a bench and tossed his bag on the floor. "How are you, brother?" asked Reb Shmuel. "Oy," sighed the man. "The exile is dark and terrible. Just today I was walking past the palace of the local duke. Everyone knows his evil reputation. Whenever I pass that place, I walk as fast as I can to get away from it. Suddenly, someone cried out, 'Hey, Jew!' My blood ran cold. Thank G-d, it was only the duke's servant, who wanted to buy a scarf from me. He told me about a Jewish family imprisoned in the duke's dungeon. They owe him rent, and if they don't pay by tomorrow, they'll all be killed. If only I had that money...what a terrible and dark fate."

By the time the man had finished his tale, Reb Shmuel had left the shul; soon he was knocking at the gates of the duke's palace. "I must speak with His Honor," he said to the guard. He was allowed to enter and he proceeded to the room where the duke sat. When the duke saw the Jew, he was furious: "How dare you enter my house! What do you want, Jew?" "I want to know what is the debt of that poor, unfortunate family you have imprisoned. "The cold-blooded duke's eyes lit up with the thought of adding money to his pocket. "Let me think about it," he smiled slyly and began to calculate: "Well, there's the debt, then there's all the money I put out to feed the whole family, then there's the penalty payment; there's also the money required to cancel their hanging on the gallows -- it would have provided good entertainment." At the end of his "calculations," Reb Shmuel was faced with an overpriced sum. "Somehow G-d will help me raise that sum," Shmuel replied to the laughing duke.

It was getting late. Reb Shmuel went from door to door, telling everyone about the troubles of the imprisoned family, and although they were as giving as possible, they themselves were poor. When he had finished his rounds, Reb Shmuel had a pitifully small sum in his hands. "This will never do," he thought to himself. "I must do something else, and fast." He was walking, thinking of his next move, when he looked up and found himself in front of a tavern. The sound of loud, drunken voices emerged from within, and Shmuel thought that just perhaps his money was waiting for him inside, if only he could figure out how to get it. As soon as he

entered, he was sickened by the smell of liquor such as vodka and beer. A group of card players looked up, surprised to see a Jew in the tavern. "What do you want, Jew?" "I am here on a mission of mercy. The lives of an entire family are at risk. I must raise a large sum of money." One of the players replied, "Well, if you can down this bottle of whisky, I just might give you this money," and he pointed to a towering stack of gold coins. Reb Shmuel was never much of a drinker, but what choice did he have? He downed the whisky, and true to his word, the card player handed over the money. After this, the other players offered their winnings if he would drink two more huge bottles of vodka.

Reb Shmuel's began to feel sick, but the glittering piles of coins helped him continue. An hour after he had entered the tavern, he walked out with his pockets full and stumbled in the direction of the duke's palace. The duke couldn't believe his eyes, but he selfishly accepted the gold and released the grateful family who had barely escaped death.

Reb Shmuel could barely put one foot in front of the other; his eyes no longer focused, but he still remembered the holy day coming up. He managed to get to the shul, where he immediately fell asleep. The worshippers were dressed in their white robes, looking so much like the ministering angels. They were startled to see Reb Shmuel snoring away, dressed in his weekday clothes which showed evidence of his tavern experience. "What could have come over him?" they wondered. Reb Shmuel lay asleep throughout the evening of prayers which marked the beginning of the holiest day. His snoring could be heard as the congregation prayed. The prayers ended, tehillim was recited, and the shul emptied out. Reb Shmuel slept on.

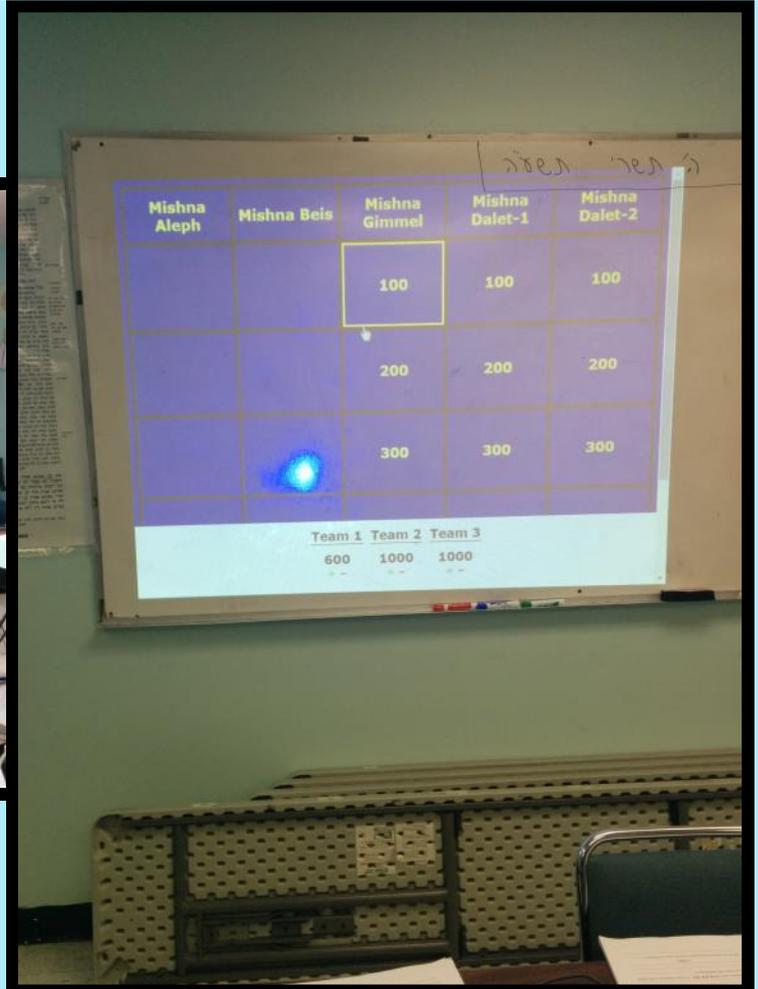
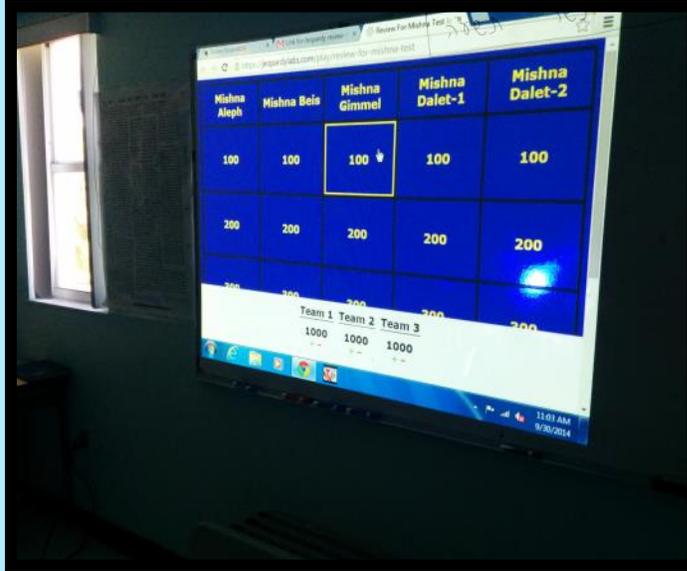
At the first morning light, the worshippers returned to the shul for the long day of prayers. Reb Shmuel was beginning to wake up. They watched curiously as he opened his bleary eyes and stood up. Walking straight to the bima, Reb Shmuel banged on the wood with his fist, and in a booming voice, exclaimed The ending of Neilah

The congregation fell into confusion. What was Reb Shmuel doing reciting the last words of the neilah in the morning?! Why, didn't he realize that it wastime for shachris of Yom Kippur? Suddenly the rabbi rose and turned toward the congregation: "Leave Reb Shmuel alone. He is far ahead of us. With the great deed he has done, his atonement is complete, and he is waiting for us at at the end of the day.

Thank you so much to the members of 5b-1 and 2g-1 for decorating our Chodesh Elul bulletin boards! They did a beautiful and creative job!



**Our fifth grade boys enjoyed a thrilling game of Jeopardy as they prepared for their first Mishna test.**  
**It was a close game until the very end.**  
**A good time and great learning for everyone!**



# 1G-1 CREATES BEAUTIFUL SUKKAH DECORATIONS



# P.M. POWWOW IN KITAH ALEF 1G-2



# STAMP THE SHORESH IN KITAH ALEF 1G-2

