

# Parsha Knowledge

TORAH THOUGHTS, STORIES, AND INSPIRATION ON THE WEEKLY PARSHA

פְּרָשָׁת כִּי־תְבוֹא

י"ח אלול תשפ"ד

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וּבָאוּ עֲלֶיךָ...

“*And all these blessings will come upon you and reach you ...*” (Devarim 28:2)

In this week's Parsha, we are told about the immense blessing that the Jewish people will accrue upon following Hashem's law. The Pasuk says, *U'Vau Aecha kol ha'Berachos ha'Eleh v'Hisigucha*, and all these blessings will come upon you and reach you. There is a question here: Seemingly the word *V'Hisigucha* - "and will reach you" is extraneous. Why is it necessary? The Torah could've just said that all the blessings will come upon you. It's implicit. It's obvious that the blessings will reach you. I heard a beautiful answer from my father, Rav Yitzchok Fingerer shlita: Rav Shaul Yedidya Taub zt"l, the Modzitzer Rebbe, says, *v'Hisigucha* – reach you, could also mean *Hasaga* which means comprehension and understanding.

One could be blessed with the greatest blessings. He can have health, a good job, loving family members, or a warm home - however, he may not recognize it. He may not acknowledge it. So many blessings come to us but we take it for granted. There's no blessing in that. We must be grateful and recognize and understand how blessed we are. Says the Modzitzer, the real blessing is when all the blessings come upon you *v'hisigucha* - and you have the *hasaga*, you have the awareness to understand how fortunate you are. You realize how blessed you are and what a privilege it is. That's when you become truly blessed. Let's try to recognize the blessings in our lives and become happier and more fulfilled people. Gratitude is so important.

On a cold and rainy day, Rav Elazar Menachem Man Shach zt"l, who was quite elderly called his grandson and asked him if he would be available to drive him to a funeral in Haifa. It was a long drive from where they were in Bnei Brak to Haifa but eventually, they made it. It was a woman's funeral with only four other people present. After the funeral, Rav Shach told

his grandson that he could go back to the car, but he wanted to wait outside for a few minutes. It was freezing cold and raining, and Rav Shach was not in the best of health. A little while later, Rav Shach came back into the car. As they drove away, Rav Shach's grandson asked, "Why did you go to this funeral? Who was this woman? What did this woman mean to you? Why did you insist on waiting outside in the pouring rain?"

Rav Shach then shared with his grandson a remarkable story: "When I was 11 years old, I was recruited to join the Ponevezh Yeshiva in Lithuania. I loved learning, but I had to sleep on a cold hard floor. I didn't have a blanket or pajamas. I was freezing. One day, I received a letter from my uncle who was a very successful blacksmith. He said, 'Elazar, I want to take you as my apprentice, and you will succeed me. You will have a lucrative career. You will have everything you need. You'll be a great blacksmith.' I was contemplating giving up my learning and joining my uncle as a blacksmith. The contemplation slowly graduated to a resolute and decisive decision. I decided that I wanted to leave the yeshiva for good. I couldn't take the hunger, pain, and poverty.

The next morning, however, changed my life forever. A young woman appeared at the yeshiva, and she said that her husband had just died. He was a blanket salesman, and she had nothing to do with the blankets. She came to donate those blankets to the Yeshiva. She wanted to give over those few leftover blankets to boys in need. I was lucky enough to receive one of those precious blankets. That night I finally had a normal sleep. Because of that, I changed my mind. I made a life-changing decision, to stay in yeshiva. I decided to devote and dedicate my life to Torah. As you know, continued Rav Shach, I am not a young man. The reason why I came to this funeral, is because I have *hakaras hatov*. The woman who passed away was the one who gave me the blanket. She saved my entire future. It was that blanket that made me who I am. If not for her I would've become a successful blacksmith. At the end of the funeral, I stood outside in the freezing and pouring rain to remember how it felt to be cold. I remembered how I felt as a young boy without a blanket in yeshiva." This wasn't just a blanket - this was a pivotal moment that shaped Rav Shach's future. What a story! Let's work on appreciating everything and being more grateful. Let's realize the true blessings in everything!

# Have a Great Shabbos!

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