

עדת אש קודש Adass Aish Kodesh



Blessings Flowing For All

By Harav Y. Reuven Rubin Shlita

It is a well-known question that our sages ask in Parshas Toldos in regard to the matter of how Hashem arranged that Yitzchok Avinu's blessings were given to his son Yaakov. Why the whole rigmarole with Yaakov only being able to receive these sacred blessings thru seemingly deceptive means? Why did Yitzchok have to think he is blessing his wayward son Esau, when this blessings were truly meant for Yaakov?

The Rebbe Reb Yitzchok of Vorke Zt"l has a very moving explanation. The Rebbe explains that these blessings weren't only meant for Yaakov Avinu alone, but for his children, children's children and all his further generations.

If the blessings would have gone directly from Yitzchok to Yaakov then those brochos would have been tailored specifically for Yaakov, who was a tzadik and knew of no sin. If that would have been the case then those blessings would never be able to fall upon any of his children who were not Tzaddikim as well. This is why the whole pantomime had to take place, so that Yitzchok would give the blessings for someone who he thought was Esau the wayward child, the one not righteous. In this way in future generations even the Jewish soul that may stray will still have the ability to tap into the holy blessings of Yitzchok Avinu. No matter how far we may slide, we will eternally be worthy of those unique blessings.

This then is why the whole scene was set up by Hashem so that the great Tzadik Yitzchok would give his blessings not merely to the righteous of his future generations but more uniquely to those who may stray.

Our generation is certainly in need of those blessings. No one can be certain about anything. Even our seemingly steadfast young can fall, and it is those blessings of old that help hold us together.

After Churban Europe the remnants of the Jewish nation gathered to piece together their broken lives. There were a few great heroes of that time, one of which was the famed Rav Godel Eisner of Ger. Reb Godel worked tirelessly to heal the wounded souls of the

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chaverim that had shared his life in Ger before the war. He was the mashgiach in the Yeshiva Chiddushei Harim in Tel Aviv and was key to the healing of so many. One young man who had been in Ger before the war gave up all his Yiddishkiet after the years of suffering he experienced in the death camps. Reb Godel tracked him down and invited him regularly to visit and shmooz.

This fellow really was angry; he sat with this Firediker Gerrer mechanech with no head covering and ate treife food. Nothing fazed Reb Godel; he would schmooze of times past and hope for the future. One day the fellow came in and told Reb Godel that he had become engaged. "Mazel Tov, to who?" "To a non-Jewish girl." Reb Godel frowned slightly and shook his head from side to side. "Aye, a chassidishe bochur with a non-Jewish girl? Ach, it's not possible. It's not really suitable; it's not a worthy shidduch." The young man looked into Reb Godel's eyes, all the sadness welled up... "I'm no chossid, you saw me eating treif" "No, you're wrong; you are a chassidishe bochur; you're just a bit lost, but you will come back soon. We all have had to take our time coming back; it hasn't been easy and some take longer than others."

The young man fell to the ground with rivers of tears, tears from a soul finally reconnected. "Reb Godel, please.... buy me a chassidishe hat now."

We are all a bit lost at times. We try but we often stumble. The Vorke Tzadik tells us that the brochos of Yitzchok Avinu await us all. The kids who are broken by any number of things, they too are recipients of those blessings.

Our lives are lived precariously, nothing is certain, and no one is as he seems.

The Holy Izbetzer would say, "People are complicated, the world is complicated, and more than anything else, Kaveuchal Hashem is complicated. Yet we have belief and total betochen, and that is the most complicated of matters of all." This seems like a simple riddle but is extremely deep. We are all complicated, humans work at so many different levels, and you can never really know where anyone is coming from. We each are driven at so many different levels that it's almost impossible that we should know ourselves. The same is with the world around us. So many variants, so many concurrent challenges, not one can factor them all in, not even with today's wondrous computers. With all this comes the most difficult matter of all, the Oneness of Hashem and the truth of His ways. Books may be written, scholars may scratch their heads, yet, Hashem's Oneness follows no human rules and are a mystery that even Moshe Rabbenu could not understand.

So what keeps us going, what gives a Yied the wear with all to grow? It is the brochos of Yitzchok and all the Avos. Their love was complicated, and thus perfect fit for their complicated generations. May these blessings find their spark in each one of us, and bring us strength to grow and flourish.

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