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Interactive Questions for Your Shabbos Table

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ISSUE 110

SHABBOS PARSHAS CHAYEI SARAH 5787

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

It's Good Enough for Him

I'm looking around at the renovations we just had done by Bonayich Builders, and my eyes keep focusing on the flaws. I see a small paint drip on one of the walls. I see where the angle of the molding along the floor is a hair's breadth off at one corner. I'm a bit of a perfectionist, and I can't *unsee* these things. They bug me, but no one else even notices. Now, my friend Chezky has asked me about using Bonayich for a few small remodeling projects he wants to do in his house. I know that Chezky is not at all a perfectionist, and he'd probably be perfectly happy with Bonayich. Can I tell him that I don't recommend Bonayich based on my experience?

—Shloimy

What's the *Psak?*

Do you know the halachah?

A Yes.
It's a *to'eles* to save him from getting an inferior job done.

B No.
Bonayich will lose out on business for no reason.

C No.
Just show him the flaws and let him decide.

It All Depends on What **He** Wants

Does Shloimy need to protect Chezky from Bonayich's not-quite-perfect workmanship? It all depends on what Chezky—not Shloimy—wants and needs. Shloimy admits that he's a perfectionist and that no one else even notices the flaws. Also, he knows that Chezky is more easygoing and doesn't need everything to be just so. It would be a *to'eles* to save Chezky from a loss, but if Chezky wouldn't feel he's lost anything—he'd be perfectly happy with Bonayich's work—there's no loss to protect him from. That means there's no *to'eles*.

The Torah says: "Do not stand by idly while your fellow's blood is being spilled."[1] This teaches us that we must prevent harm or loss to the lives and possessions of our fellow Jews—even if it means giving a negative report another Jew.[2] But when no one's "blood is being spilled," because the other person doesn't have the same taste or the same needs as you, this doesn't apply.

We have to give advice based on the needs of the person who is asking. If Bonayich would be fine for Chezky, Shloimy should recommend them to him.

Still, Shloimy should get a clear picture from Chezky of exactly what type of job he wants Bonayich to do. Based on those responses, if Chezky would resent Shloimy recommending Bonayich Builders, Shloimy should not do so.

Answer: The halachah is **B**.

1 *Vayikra* 19:16 2 *Sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Loshon Hora* 4:11

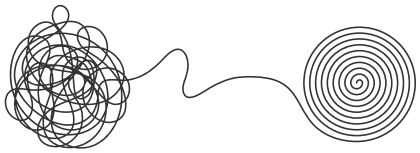
Reviewed by **Rabbi Moshe Mordechai Lowy**

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

My אַדְּרַבָּה moment

I almost rolled my eyes—



and smiled instead.

THANK YOU!



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אדרבה
SHABBOS PARSHAS CHAYEI SARAH 5787
ISSUE 110

Be the good
Pursue Peace



Why Won't the Rebbi Talk Torah?

"Wow! What an honor!" Shmuel celebrated silently. His rebbi, the renowned *talmid chacham* Rav Reuven Fain, had just invited him for the Shabbos *seudos*!

Shmuel was a talmid at Yeshiva Torah Vodaath, and he loved R' Reuven's deep, complicated Friday morning *chaburos*. That's when the rebbi took the bits and pieces of the week's learning and put them together—step by intricate step.

Shmuel had been walking his rebbi home after one of these *chaburos* when he mentioned that his parents were going to Los Angeles for Shabbos. R' Reuven grabbed the opportunity and invited his student to be his guest.

They attended Friday night davening together and went to R' Reuven's home, where the aroma of the *rebbetzin's* delectable cooking filled the air.

After making *Kiddush* and *Hamotzi*, Shmuel asked R' Reuven to clarify a point made during the *chaburah*.

But R' Reuven leaned toward Shimon and said softly, "Not now. We can talk about the *parashah* or other things, but not the *chaburah*."



Shmuel was perplexed, but he put the question aside as the meal went along, with wonderful food, *zemiros*, and *divrei Torah*. After they had bentched and the *rebbetzin* had left the table, R' Fain turned to Shmuel and said, "Now we can discuss the *chaburah*. But first I want to explain why I didn't want to do it earlier.

"You see, our children live in Eretz Yisrael, and we don't often have guests at the table. My wife was so excited. She cooked and baked all her specialties. It was really her *seudah*, and I didn't think she'd enjoy a discussion she would not understand. Now you can ask your question."

Thirty years later, Shmuel still remembers this lesson. The Shabbos table must be fit for the Shabbos Queen—and the queen of the household as well.

Adapted from an article in *Inyan Magazine*, July 2026

See the good
What's the Real Story?



Couldn't He Wait Another Two Minutes?

Eight-year-old Shlomo was that kind of kid—the kind who wanted to do the right thing, just as soon as he found out what it was. One Shabbos morning, about fifteen minutes before his father would arrive home from shul, Shlomo's mother saw him taking a bottle of orange juice from the fridge.

"You know, Shlomo, really we're not supposed to eat or drink again after breakfast before we hear Kiddush," his mother told him. "Tatty's going to be home soon, so maybe it's better to wait."

And as she expected, he put the bottle back in the fridge with an, "Oh, Okay!"

Shlomo went off to play with his brother while his mother finished preparing for the Shabbos *seudah*.

A while later, his father came home, and Shlomo and his brother were called to the table.

That's when Shlomo saw something that wounded his pure little heart. His Tatty—who Shlomo always thought was a real *tzaddik*—was sitting on the couch with a mug in his hand! How could he be drinking before he made *Kiddush*?



Submitted by **Shlomo and his Mommy, Aderaba participants**

Can you Crack the case?

When Shlomo's father came home from shul, his wife was in the process of removing the crock pot of *cholent* from the heating element. Some of the gooey liquid had overflowed, glueing the pot in place.

"Can you give me a hand?" she asked her husband. "Sure," he said. "I'll hold the outside part down while you pull the crock pot up."

In the process of releasing the cholent pot, the husband's finger touched the metal heating element, and a blister started to form. He took some cold water in a mug, sat down on the couch, and soaked his finger to soothe the burn.

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